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THE
NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND
Ladies Literary Gazette.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.



VOLUME VI.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR, AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1829.

NUMBER 28.

VILLAGE SKETCHES.

DORA.

BY MISS MARY S. MITFORD.

Few things are more delightful than to saunter along these green lanes of ours, in the busy harvest-time; the deep verdure of the hedge-rows, and the strong shadow of the trees contrasting so vividly with the fields, partly waving with golden corn, partly studded with regular pies of heavy wheat-sheaves; the whole population abroad; the whole earth teeming with fruitfulness, and the bright autumn sun careering over-head, amidst the deep blue sky and the fleecy clouds of the most glowing and least fickle of the seasons. Even a solitary walk loses its loneliness in the general cheerfulness of nature. The air is gay with bees and butterflies; the robin twitters from amongst the ripening hazel-nuts; and you cannot proceed a quarter of a mile, without encountering some merry group of basers, or some long line of majestic wains, groaning under their rich burden, brushing the close hedges on either side, and knocking their tall tops against the overhanging trees; the very image of ponderous plenty.

Pleasant, however, as such a procession is to look at, it is somewhat dangerous to meet, especially in a narrow lane; and I thought myself very fortunate one day last August, it being so near a five-barred gate, as to be enabled to escape from a cortege of labourers and harvest-wagons, sufficiently bulky and noisy to convey half the wheat in the parish. On they went, men, women, and children, shouting, laughing, and singing, in joyous expectation of the coming harvest-home; the very wagons nodding from side to side as if tipsy, and threatening every moment to break down bank, and tree, and hedge, and crush every obstacle that opposed them. It would have been as safe to encounter the car of Juggernaut; I blest my stars; and after leaning on the friendly gate until the last gleaner had passed, a ragged rogue of seven years old, who, with hair as white as flax, a skin as brown as a berry, and features as grotesque as an Indian idol, was brandishing his tuft of wheat-ears, and shrieking forth, in a shrill childish voice, and with a most ludicrous gravity, the popular song of "Buy a broom." After watching this young gentleman—the urchin is of my acquaintance—as long as a curve in the lane would permit, I turned to examine in what spot chance had placed me, and found before my eyes another picture of rural life, but one as different from that which I had just witnessed, as the Arcadian peasants of Pousin from the boors of Toniers, or weeds from flowers, or poetry from prose.

I had taken refuge in a harvest-field belonging to my good neighbour, Farmer Creswell; a beautiful child lay on the ground at some little distance, whilst a young girl, resting from the labour of reaping, was twisting a rustic wreath of enamelled corn-flowers, brilliant poppies, snow-white lily-bines, and light fragile hare-bells, mingled with tufts of the richest wheat-ears, around its hat.

There was something in the tender youthfulness of these two innocent creatures, in the pretty, though somewhat fantastic occupation of the girl, the fresh wild flowers, the ripe and swelling corn, that harmo-

nized with the season and the hour, and conjured up memories of "Dis and Proserpine," and of all that is gorgeous and graceful in old mythology; of the lovely Lavinia of our own poet, and of that finest pastoral of the world, the far lovelier Ruth. But these fanciful associations soon vanished before the real sympathy excited by the actors of the scene, both of whom were known to me, and both objects of a sincere and lively interest.

The young girl, Dora Creswell, was the orphan niece of one of the wealthiest yeomen in our part of the world, the only child of his only brother; and having lost both her parents whilst still an infant, had been reared by her widowed uncle as fondly and carefully as his own son Walter. He said that he loved her quite as well—perhaps he loved her better; for though it was impossible for a father not to be proud of the bold handsome youth, who, at eighteen, had a man's strength and a man's stature, was the best ringer, the best cricketer, and the best shot in the country; yet the fairy Dora, who, nearly ten years younger, was at once his handmaid, his housekeeper, his plaything, and his companion, was evidently the apple of his eye. Our good farmer vaunted her accomplishments, as men of his class are wont to boast of a high-bred horse, or a favourite greyhound.

She could make a shirt and a pudding, darn stockings, rear poultry, keep accounts, and read the newspaper; was as famous for gooseberry wine as Mrs. Primrose, and could compound a syllabub with any dairy-woman in the county. There was not so handy a little creature any where; so thoughtful and trusty about the house, and yet out of doors as gay as a lark, and as wild as the wind; nobody was like his Dora. So said, and so thought Farmer Creswell: and before Dora was ten years old, he had resolved that in due time she should marry his son Walter, and had informed both parties of his intention.

Now Farmer Creswell's intentions were well known to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He was a fair specimen of an English yeoman, a tall, square-built, muscular, stout and active man, with a resolute countenance, a keen eye, and an intelligent smile; his temper was boisterous and irascible, generous and kind to those whom he loved, but quick to take offence, and slow to pardon, expecting and exacting implicit obedience from all about him. With all Dora's good gifts, the sweet and yielding nature of the gentle and submissive little girl was undoubtedly the chief cause of her uncle's partiality. Above all, he was obstinate in the highest degree, had never been known to yield a point, or change a resolution; and the fault was the more inveterate, because he called it firmness, and accounted it a virtue. For the rest, he was a person of excellent principle and perfect integrity; clear-headed, prudent, and sagacious; fond of agricultural experiments, which he pursued cautiously, and successfully; a good farmer, and a good man.

His son Walter, who was in person a handsome likeness of his father, resembled him also in many points of character, was equally obstinate, and far more fiery, hot, and bold. He loved his pretty cousin, much as he would have loved a favourite sister, and might very possibly, if let alone, have become attached to her as his father wished; but to be dictated

to, to be chained down to a distant engagement, to hold himself bound to a mere child—the very idea was absurd; and restraining with difficulty an abrupt denial, he walked down into the village, predisposed, out of sheer contradiction, to fall in love with the first young woman who should come in his way; and he did fall in love accordingly.

Mary Hay, the object of his ill-fated passion, was the daughter of the respectable mistress of a small endowed school at the other end of the parish. She was a delicate, interesting creature, with a slight, drooping figure, and a fair, downcast face, like a snow-drop, forming such a contrast with her gay and gallant wooer, as Love, in his vagaries, is often pleased to bring together.

The courtship was secret and tedious, and prolonged from months to years; for Mary shrunk from the painful contest which she knew that an avowal of their attachment would occasion. At length her mother died, and, deprived of home and maintenance, she reluctantly consented to a private marriage; an immediate discovery ensued, and was followed by all the evils, and more than all, that her worst fears had anticipated. Her husband was turned from the house of his father, and in less than three months, his death, by an inflammatory fever, left her a desolate and penniless widow—unowned and unassisted by the stern parent, on whose unrelenting temper neither the death of his son, nor the birth of his grandson, seemed to make the slightest impression. But for the general sympathy excited by the deplorable situation and blameless demeanour of the widowed bride, she and her infant might have taken refuge in the workhouse. The whole neighbourhood was zealous to relieve, and to serve them; but their most liberal benefactress, their most devoted friend, was poor Dora. Considering her uncle's partiality to herself as the primary cause of all this misery, she felt like a guilty creature; and casting off at once her native timidity and habitual submission, she had repeatedly braved his anger, by the most earnest supplications for mercy and for pardon; and when this proved unavailing, she tried to mitigate their distresses by all the assistance that her small means would permit. Every shilling of her pocket-money she expended upon her poor cousins; worked for them, begged for them, and transferred to them every present that was made to herself, from a silk frock to a penny tartlet. Every thing that was her own she gave, but nothing of her uncle's; for, though sorely tempted to transfer some of the plenty around her, to those whose claims seemed so just, and whose need was so urgent, Dora felt that she was trusted, and that she must prove herself trust-worthy.

Such was the posture of affairs at the time of my encounter with Dora and little Walter, in the harvest-field; the rest will be best told in the course of our dialogue.

"And so, madam, I cannot bear to see my dear cousin Mary so sick, and so melancholy; and the dear, dear child, that a king might be proud of—only look at him!" exclaimed Dora, interrupting herself, as the beautiful child, sitting on the ground, in all the placid dignity of infancy, looked up at me and smiled in my face; "only look at him," continued she, "and think of that dear boy, and his d-

ther living on charity, and they my uncle's lawful heirs, whilst I, who have no right whatever, no claim at all—I, that, compared to them, am but a far-off kinawoman, the mere creature of his bounty, should revel in comfort and in plenty, and they starving! I cannot bear it, and I will not. And then the wrong that he is doing himself, he that is really so good and kind, to be called a hard-hearted tyrant by the whole country side. And he is unhappy himself too; I know that he is; so tired as he comes home, he will walk about his room half the night; and often, at meal times, he will drop his knife and fork, and sigh so heavily. He may turn me out of doors, as he threatened, or, what is worse, call me ungrateful or undutiful, but he shall see this boy."

"He never has seen him then? and that is the reason you are tricking him out so prettily."

"Yes, ma'am. Mind what I told you, Walter! and hold up your hat, and say what I bid you."

"Gan-papa's fowers!" stammered the pretty boy, in his sweet childish voice, the first words that I had ever heard him speak.

"Grand-papa's flowers!" said his zealous teacher.

"Gan-papa's fowers!" echoed the boy.

"Shall you take him to the house, Dora?" asked I.

"No, ma'am, for I look for my uncle here every minute, and this is the best place to ask a favour in, for the very sight of the great crop puts him in good humour; not so much on account of the profits, but because the land never bore half so much before, and it's all owing to his management in dressing and drilling. I came reaping here to-day, on purpose to please him; for though he says he does not wish me to work in the fields, I know he likes it; and here he shall see little Walter. Do you think he can resist him, ma'am?" continued Dora, leaning over her infant cousin, with the grace and fondness of a young Madonna; "do you think he can resist him? poor child! so helpless, so harmless; his own blood too, and so like his father, no heart could be hard enough to hold out, and I am sure that his will not. Only," pursued Dora, relapsing into her girlish tone and attitude, as a cold fear crossed her enthusiastic hope, "only, I am half-afraid that Walter will cry. It's strange, when one wants any thing to behave particularly well, how sure it is to be naughty; my pets especially. I remember when my lady countess came on purpose to see our white peacock, that we got in a present from India, the obstinate bird ran away behind a bean-stack, and would not spread his train, to show the dead white spots on his glossy white feathers, all we could do. Her ladyship was quite angry. And my red and yellow marvel of Peru, which used to blow at four in the afternoon, as regular as the clock struck, was not open the other day at five, when dear Miss Ellen came to paint it, though the sun was shining as bright as it does now. If Walter should scream and cry, for my uncle does sometimes look so stern; and then it's Saturday, and he has such a beard! if the child should be frightened!—Be sure, Walter, you don't cry!" said Dora, in great alarm.

"Gan-papa's fowers," replied the smiling boy, holding up his hat; and his young protectress was comforted.

At that moment the farmer was heard whistling to his dog in a neighbouring field, and fearful that my presence might injure the cause, I departed, my thoughts full of the noble little girl and her generous purpose.

I had promised to call the next afternoon, to learn her success; and passing the harvest-field in my way, I found a group assembled there, which instantly dissipated my anxiety. On the very spot where we had parted, I saw the good farmer himself, in his Sunday clothes, tossing little Walter in the air; the child laughing and screaming with delight, and his

grandfather apparently quite as much delighted as himself. A pale, slender, young woman, in deep mourning, stood looking at their gambols with an air of intense thankfulness; and Dora, the cause and sharer of all this happiness, was loitering behind, playing with the flowers in Walter's hat, which she was holding in her hand. Catching my eye, the sweet girl came to me instantly.

"I see how it is, my dear Dora! and I give you joy from the bottom of my heart. Little Walter behaved well, then?"

"Oh, he behaved like an angel."

"Did he say, gan-papa's fowers?"

"Nobody spoke a word. The moment the child took off his hat, and looked up, the truth seemed to flash on my uncle, and to melt his heart at once—the boy is so like his father. He knew him instantly, and caught him up in his arms, and hugged him just as he is hugging him now."

"And the beard, Dora?"

"Why, that seemed to take the child's fancy; he put up his little hands and played with it, and laughed in his grandfather's face, and flung his chubby arms round his neck, and held out his sweet mouth to be kissed; and how my uncle did kiss him! I thought he never would have done; and then he sat down on a wheat sheaf and cried; and I cried too! Very strange that one should cry for happiness!" added Dora, as some large drops fell on the wreath which she was adjusting round Walter's hat; "Very strange," repeated she, looking up, with a bright smile, and brushing away the tears from her rosy cheeks with a bunch of corn-flowers; "Very strange that I should cry, when I am the happiest creature alive; for Mary and Walter are to live with us; and my dear uncle, instead of being angry with me, says that he loves me better than ever. How very strange it is," said Dora, as the tears poured down faster and faster, "that I should be so foolish as to cry!"

SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

FROM THE LONDON REVIEW.

The Picture of Scotland. By Robert Chambers, author of "Traditions," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1828.

THE literature of Scotland, it need not be said, is decidedly national; and still less need we say, that a people like the Scotch must of nature and necessity be a nation of topographers. The statistical account of Scotland is, perhaps, the most memorable work that ever was written since the doomsday book of William the Conqueror; but if a collection could be made of all the personal, family, and local history and description with which the literature of the country is saturated, the statistical account would look as meagre and unsatisfactory as a Scotch cow before it has crossed the Tweed.

Mr. Chambers, the author, who has the good fortune to find us in this laudatory vein, is a young Scotchman, who—*mirabile dictu*—without being excited by the hope of gain, or by any thing whatever except pure enthusiasm, walked, in nineteen weeks, two thousand and twenty-six miles upon the surface of Scotland, for the purpose of elevating "a topographical work into the superior region of the belles-lettres." "It has been his wish from earliest boyhood, in the words of Burns,

'Some useful plan or book to make,
'For puir auld Scotland's cherished sake.'

He has already done more than perhaps his years would give reason to expect, towards the preservation of what is dearest to her—the memory of her ancient simple manners and virtues; the celebration of her native wit and humour; and, in a more extended view of the subject, for the reclamation of that which is altogether poetry—the wonderful, beautiful, glorious past. In the present work, he has steadily pursued the same object; conscious and certain that, though many of his own generation may not give him credit for so exalted a purpose, the people who shall afterwards inhabit this romantic land will appreciate what could not have been preserved but with a view to their gratification."

do not know what share the belles-lettres may have in the composition of the work, but we know that these two volumes are by far the most readable topographical books we ever read.

We could wish that some part of the author's admiration had floated further down the Clyde. He tells us, indeed, in the preface, that he does not possess a taste for the beautiful and grand in nature in any extraordinary degree—a fact which we believe to be worthy of all acceptance; but still it is inconceivable to us how the gorgeous, glorious scene which bursts upon the eye after passing Dumbarton, could fail to awaken the enthusiasm of a cod—not to talk of Mr. Chambers. When we have said that the author's sentiments, although Scottish, appear to be neither Scotch nor manly upon the subject of those magnificent spirits, the old covenanteders, we have said our worst. If Mr. Chambers will read the history of his country in the pages of Sir Walter Scott, he should think, while he reads, that a less splendid name would have been obscured and disgraced for ever by political feelings like his. Before turning to the more pleasant part of our task, we would also advise Mr. Chambers to get rid, as soon as convenient, of a certain boyish flippancy of manner, which disgraces many passages of his really clever book. He tells us, for instance, of a miserable wretch falling from a height of four hundred feet, "and leaving himself by instalments on the rock." This silly and brutal joke is even repeated in another part of the work. We now gladly proceed to offer some specimens of the spirited and amusing manner in which the book, generally speaking, is written. Take the following graphical description of Caledonia, in the first place:

"Scotland is neither triangular like England, square like France, leviathan-like like Russia, nor boot-like like Italy. There is, however, one object in nature which it resembles, and by comparing it with which, it may almost be possible to communicate an idea of its real figure and proportions. This object is an old woman—one who has a hunchback, and who may be supposed to sit upon her hams, while she holds out and expands her palms at a fire. The knees of this novel and somewhat startling personification of Caledonia are formed by the county of Wigton. Kirkcudbright, Dumfries, Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Lerwick represent the lower part of her limbs, upon which the whole figure is incumbent. Ayr, Renfrew, Lanark, Peebles, and the Lothians represent the upper part of the limbs. Fifeshire—including Kinross—stands, or rather sits, for the sitting part of the old lady. Argyll hangs in pieces from a lap formed by Dumbarton and Sterling. Perth is the abdomen. Angus and the Mearns make the back. Aberdeen, Banff, Moray, and Nairn constitute the prodigious hump. Inverness is the chest. Ross looks like a voluminous kerchief enclosing the neck. Sutherland is the face, ears, and brow. And Caithness is a little nightcap surmounting all. To complete the idea—the isle of Skye is the right palm turned upwards; that of Mull, the left inclining downwards. The fire must be understood, unless the distant archipelago of Lewis be held as untowardly representing something of the kind; and the islands of Orkney and Shetland may be pressed into service, by a similar stretch of fancy, in the capacity of a rock or distaff which the figure bears over her head, after the manner of a flag-staff."

The following anecdote of Leyden illustrates the nationality of the Scotch:

"The Teviotdale yeomanry marched into Jedburgh early in the morning of the alarm, playing the spirit-stirring old tune, 'Wha daur meddle wi' me?' On this being told to Leyden in India, he is said to have started up from the sick bed on which he was reclining, and, shouting, 'Wha daur meddle wi' me?' 'Wha daur meddle wi' me?' at the top of his voice, rushed out of the apartment to give vent to his feelings. Intense nationality seems to have been one of the most remarkable characteristics of this wonderful man."

The national enthusiasm of the lower classes is also agreeably painted:

"It is observable that in all the traditional notices to be obtained of Wallace, the work of Henry the minstrel is invariably referred to, and this in all other places besides Ayr. 'The Wallace,' however despised by rigid historians, is a prodigious favourite with the lower orders of the Scottish people, for whose use it was modernized about a century ago. It is to be found, associated with the works of Boston and Erskine, on the shelf or window-bow of the serious old peasant; and it is read and learned by heart on the hill-side by the shepherd-boy. We were once told an

amusing anecdote, illustrative of the fascination which it exercises over the imaginations of Scotsmen, by Mr. Alexander Campbell, well known for his publications connected with Scotland. An aged Highland soldier, who could not read, was such an enthusiastic admirer of the exploits of Sir William Wallace, that he used to go out to the fields where a little boy was engaged in minding cattle, and hire him with money to read aloud, from an old tattered copy of *Blind Harry*, a chapter or two at a time, of the Herculean labours of the Scottish hero. While the boy read, the old man strode backwards and forwards, with a drawn sword in his hand, listening with a heaving breast and a beaming eye. Whenever a passage occurred where Wallace was rather hard bested, he would stamp on the earth, gripe hard his sword, and clench his teeth fast together, as if suffering under some strange paroxysm. But when, on the contrary, victory declared for the hero, off went the bonnet from his lint-white locks, his gray eye was raised to heaven in a species of rapture and extending the sword, he exclaimed, and could only exclaim, 'Och, an I had been there!'

An excellent anecdote of Sir Walter Scott:

"When the editor of the *Waverley* of the Scottish Border made what he now—in private conversation—calls his 'raids into Liddisdale,' in order to collect the materials of that work, he found the country almost inaccessible, and the people as *strange* to the appearance of a visitor, as the Indians were at the advent of Columbus. On his visiting the house of Willie o' Milburn, in company with a friend from Jedburgh, the gudeman happened to come home just as he was engaged in tying up his horse in the stable. The farmer, like all the other people of Scotland, entertained a profound respect for the character of a lawyer; and this added considerably to the embarrassment which he felt regarding his visitor. In a little time, however, he came up to Sir Walter's friend, who had gone into the house, and asked if *yon was the advocate*. Being answered in the affirmative, he slapped his hands with joy, and exclaimed, 'De'il a me's feared for him—he's just a chield like ourself!' What idea this honest farmer had formed of the person of the future great unknown, must for ever remain a mystery."

The following wonderful tale beats Sir Walter's inventions hollow:

"Among the traditions of Selkirk, there is a tale of diablerie of almost Germanic horror. It was, at a remote period, the custom of the sutors, on the winter mornings, to rise and begin working long before daylight. Early one morning, a sutor, who lived in the Kirk Wynd, and whose shop was the nearest of all others to the church, being at work, was called upon by a stranger, who ordered a pair of shoes, which he said he would call for at the same hour on a certain future day. The customer accordingly came, and got and paid for the shoes. The sutor, thinking there was something extraordinary in his manner and appearance, was induced by curiosity to follow the stranger, in order to see where he would go. He went into the churchyard, which was then, and till lately, uninclosed, and, to the sutor's great astonishment, disappeared at a particular grave. The shoemaker, in his haste, had brought his awl in his hand; this he stuck into the grave, that he might recognise it on his return. When daylight came, he went, along with a great body of his wondering neighbours, and, breaking open the grave, found his shoes snugly deposited in the coffin. Forgetting that they were no longer his property, he took them home with him. Next morning, as he was sitting at work, the stranger suddenly stood before him, with a countenance whose ferocity almost froze his blood to perfect roset. He accused him of having taken away that which had been bought and paid for. 'You have thus,' he continued, 'made me a world's wonder; but I shall soon make you a greater.' So saying, he dragged the unhappy sutor to the churchyard; and at daylight poor Crispin's body was found torn limb from limb upon the grave which his curiosity had so unjustifiably violated."

The following is the story of "Fair Helen, of Kirkconnel Lee:"

"Fair Helen is said to have been a lady of the name of Irving, and to have lived about three centuries ago. She was the daughter of a person of rank, but beloved for her beauty only, by a gentleman named Adam Fleming. Another lover, whom she had rejected, entertaining the most ferocious emotions of revenge, stole one day upon their privacy as they were conversing in a bower upon the banks

of Kirtle Water, and fired a carbine across the stream at the bosom of Fleming. Helen leapt in before her lover, and, receiving the shot, immediately fell down and expired. Fleming then drew his sword, pursued the murderer, and is said not to have been satisfied with vengeance till he had cut his body into a thousand pieces. After this, he went abroad, and served as a soldier in some foreign army; but, finding no peace of mind, at last came home and laid himself down upon the grave of his mistress, from which he never again rose. The graves of both the lovers are pointed out in the churchyard of Kirkconnel, near Springkell; that of Fleming is distinguished by a stone bearing the figure of a cross and sword, with the inscription, 'Hic jacet Adamus Fleming.' A heap of stones is raised on the spot where the murder was committed; and the peasantry still point out the place where Fleming slew the murderer, at a little distance, upon the opposite bank of the Kirtle."

The following account of Alexander Selkirk is interesting:

"Alexander, coming home one evening, and feeling thirsty, raised a pipkin of water to his mouth, in order to take a drink. It turned out to be salt water, and he immediately replaced the vessel on the ground with an exclamation of disgust. This excited the humour of his brother, who was sitting by the fire, and with whom he had not lately been on good terms. The laugh and jibe were met, on Alexander's part, with a frown and a blow. Both brothers immediately closed in a struggle, in which Alexander had the advantage. Their father attempted to interpose; but the offended youth was not to be prevented by even paternal authority from taking his revenge. A general family combat then took place, some siding with the one brother and some with the other; and peace was not restored till the whole town, alarmed by the noise, was gathered in scandalized wonderment to the spot. Matters such as this were then deemed fit for the attention of the kirk-session. Alexander Selkirk, as the prime cause of the quarrel, was accordingly summoned before that venerable body of old women, and commanded to expiate his offence by standing a certain number of Sundays in the church, as a penitent, to be rebuked by the clergyman. He at first utterly refused to submit to so degrading an exhibition of his person; but the entreaties of his friends, and the fear of excommunication, at length prevailed over his nobler nature. He submitted to the mortifying censure of the church, in all their contemptible details. No sooner, however, had the term of his punishment expired, than, overwhelmed with shame and disgust, he left his native town, and sought on the broad ocean the sea-room which had been denied to his restless spirit at home. After an absence of several years, during which he had endured the solitude of Juan Fernandez, he returned to Largo. He brought with him the gun, sea-chest, and cup, which he had used on the uninhabited island. He spent nine months in the bosom of his family; then went away on another voyage, and was never more heard of."

We quote also an account of a female wanderer, whose adventures are quite as singular as those of Selkirk:

"At a place called the Mill of Steps, in the low bottom, between two of the hills over which the road passes, there stood, and perhaps still stands, a cottage, which, little more than thirty years ago, was the residence of an old woman, known as the mother of the empress of Morocco! To explain this seeming mystery, it is necessary to inform the tourist, that the daughter of a poor woman here resident, about sixty or seventy years ago, was sailing over to America, when she was captured, along with all her fellow-passengers, by an African pirate, and carried into Morocco, where, happening to attract the affections of the emperor, she very soon after became empress. She had children by his majesty, and became in time completely naturalized in that savage country; but, nevertheless, continued, till the day of her death, to keep up a correspondence with her humble relations in Scotland. It may perhaps be in the recollection of some persons intimately acquainted with modern British history, or it may perhaps be gathered from the Annual Register of the period, that, about forty years ago, two Morocco princes applied to the government of this country for a military force, to assist them in asserting their right to the throne of their deceased father, in opposition to an usurping kinsman. They urged their request with the plea that, by the mother's side, they were of British descent; and government had actually fitted out an expedition at Gibraltar, in obedience to the demand, when intelligence came that the two young men had been surprised

and cut off by their relation; upon which the fleet was of course remanded. When the circumstances are laid together, it seems unquestionable that these unfortunate persons were the grandsons of the old woman who lived at the Mill of Steps. The reader may pause before he gives credit to a story so singular; but our information is derived from a source which precludes the slightest shade of scepticism in our own mind. We cannot give the maiden name of the empress; but it may be at least mentioned that her mother was aunt to a person of the name of Duncan Macpharig, or Macgregor, who was well known in the south of Perthshire, about forty years ago, as one of the surviving heroes of 'the Forty-five,' and who was often heard to boast that he had a cousin an empress."

The following is entitled, "Dying for Love:"

"There is a tradition in Tweeddale, that when Neidpath castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family and a son of the Laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence, the young lady fell into a consumption; and, at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognising her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock, and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants."

The reformation of a swearer is excellent:

"Among the *outré* characters of Ayr, fifty years ago, there was none so remarkable as an oldish little man, who was ordinarily called the *Devil Almighty*. He had acquired this terrific soubriquet from an inveterate habit of swearing, or rather from that phrase being his favourite oath. He was no ordinary swearer—no mincer of dreadful words—no clipper of the king's curses. A man of vehement passion, he had a habit, when provoked, of shutting his eyes, and launching headlong into a torrent of blasphemy, such as might, if properly divided, have set up a whole troop of modern swearers. The custom of shutting his eyes seemed to be adopted by him as a sort of salvo to his conscience; he seemed to think that, provided he did not 'sin with his eyes open,' he did not sin at all; or it was perhaps nothing but a habit. Whatever might be the cause or purpose of the practice, it was once made the means of playing off upon him a most admirable hoax. Being one evening in a tavern along with two neighbouring country gentlemen, he was, according to a concerted scheme, played upon, and irritated; and, of course, soon shut his eyes, and commenced his usual tirade of execration and blasphemy. As soon as he was fairly afloat, and his eyes were observed to be hard shut, his companions put out the candles, so as to involve the room in utter darkness. In the course of a quarter of an hour, which was the common duration of his paroxysms, he ceased to speak, and opened his eyes; when, what was his amazement, to find himself in the dark! 'How now?' he cried, with one of his most tremendous oaths, 'am I blind?' 'Blind!' exclaimed one of the company, 'what should make you blind?' 'Why, I can see nothing,' answered the sinner. 'That is your own fault,' coolly observed his friend: 'for my part, I can see well enough;' and so he drank a toast, as if nothing whatever had happened. This convinced the blasphemer that he had lost his sight; and, to add to his horror, it struck him that Providence had inflicted the blow as a punishment for his intolerable wickedness. Under this impression, he began to rave and cry, and he finally fell a praying, uttering such expressions as made his two companions ready to burst with restrained laughter. When they thought they had punished him sufficiently, and began to fear that his mind might be affected if they continued the joke any longer, one of them went to the door and admitted the light. He was, of course, overwhelmed with shame at the exhibition he had been compelled to make, which had such an effect, that, from that time forward, he entirely abandoned his abominable habit."

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LATE MR. DANIEL H. BARNES.

PREPARED BY MR. VERPLANCK.

DANIEL H. BARNES was born in the county of Columbia, in this state, in or about the year 1785, and was educated at Union College, in Schenectady. He early devoted himself to the instruction of youth, and soon after he had completed his collegiate course, was appointed master of the grammar school attached to Union college. Here he gained not only experience but reputation, and, some years after, was chosen principal of the respectable academy at Poughkeepsie, one of the incorporated seminaries of education under the patronage and visitation of the regents of the university of this state. That institution flourished under his charge for several years, and in it many individuals, now filling honourable stations in various walks of life, received the most valuable part of their classical and scientific education. He was, however, tempted to leave this station by an invitation to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he was placed at the head of an incorporated academic or collegiate establishment for the higher branches of education. At Cincinnati, his situation was honourable, and his services, as usual, were laborious and successful. The enterprise, the activity, the rapid growth and improvement so conspicuous in that country, unparalleled in its progress in population, cultivation, and refinement, were congenial to the unwearied activity and benevolent ardour of his own mind. The yet unexplored natural riches of that region of the west added, besides, fresh excitements to his liberal and indefatigable curiosity.

But he found the climate of Ohio unfriendly to his constitution, and was reluctantly obliged, some years ago, to resign his duties there, and return to his native air on the Atlantic coast. He then established a private classical school in this city, where he soon acquired the same reputation which he had enjoyed at other places of his residence. In this city, his mind was enlarged and excited by new objects of curiosity and instruction, and the society of men eminent in various ways for talent or acquirement. His studies took a wider range. He became an ardent and successful student of natural history. From the study of the languages and literature of antiquity he advanced on to the higher branches of philology and the philosophy of language. He improved his knowledge of chemical and physical science, and became conversant with their application to the useful arts.

During this period, too, his early and deep-seated religious convictions and feelings which had long ruled his life, led him to the more regular and systematic study of theology, and he became an ordained minister of the Baptist church.

Sensible, doubtless, that the instruction of youth was the peculiar talent which had been entrusted to him, and believing that he could thus, "according to his ability," best serve his Master, he never became the regular pastor of any church or congregation. His appearance in the pulpit was, therefore, rare and occasional; but I am told that his discourses and public prayers were distinguished for the soundness of their doctrine and the earnest fervour of their eloquence. His theological opinions were those of the Calvinistic Baptists. That he believed the doctrines he professed, firmly and conscientiously, his life is a proof. That sincerity in his own belief was united in him with charity for those who differed from it, is attested by his friendly connexion in this institution with an associate principal of the Society of Friends, and a board of trustees of various other denominations; and still more, by the earnestness and fidelity with which, on proper occasions, he here enforced

the great principles of faith and morals, upon a large body of pupils educated in all the different modes of worship known amongst us, without ever irritating the feelings or exciting the prejudices of any parent or pupil.

The respect and confidence with which he was regarded by that numerous and respectable body of Christians with whom he was immediately connected were shown, first by his appointment to a professorship of Hebrew and Greek in a theological institution, founded some years ago, for the instruction of candidates for the ministry in the Baptist church; and more recently, by his unanimous election to the office of president of the Columbian college in the District of Columbia, a seminary of general learning, under the peculiar, though not exclusive, patronage and government of the same communion. This last appointment, after some suspense, he relinquished in favour of this institution, to which he had been devoted from its foundation.

Our deceased friend's natural ardour of mind, directed, as it always was, by the sense of duty and the sentiments of philanthropy, made him one of those who can never become the slaves of routine and custom, and who cannot be content with what is merely well, as long as it seems practicable to make it better. Alike in the government of his own heart and conscience, in the pursuits of science, and in the business of education, his constant aspiration was to improvement.

It was, therefore, that his attention was early directed to the monitorial system of Bell and Lancaster, and its extension from simple elementary instruction to the mathematics, ancient and modern languages, and such branches of science as do not require the aid of lectures or experiment. He had satisfied himself of the value of this system, by trial, on a small scale, in his own private classes, when his confidence in its efficacy was increased by its successful application in the High School of Edinburgh, by Professor Pellans, as well as by the attestations of Doctors Mann and D'Oyley to its use in the Charter-House School of London.

He, therefore, eagerly co-operated in the foundation of the High School for boys in 1824, became one of the two associate principals, and has ever since been the faithful and efficient head of the classical department.

The several preceding annual reports, and those of the school committees, drawn up by some of our most distinguished citizens, show the high sense of the value of his services entertained by the successive boards of trustees; while the great number of pupils—always averaging from four hundred and fifty to six hundred—give still stronger evidence of his reputation with the public.

The school was often thronged with visitors and teachers from abroad, anxious to learn and diffuse its methods of instruction; and one of the best proofs of its merit, and that of its principals, is the fact that it has been the model of numerous and most valuable similar establishments in various parts of the Union.

It was in the midst of this career of useful and honourable service that he was snatched from us.

He had been invited last month, by the trustees and officers of the "Rensselaer School," recently founded near Troy by the well-judged munificence of one of our most honoured and patriotic citizens, to attend their annual examination. He had taken great interest in this school from its foundation, as it had been in part modelled on the plan of his own system of instruction, and because it combines with the usual elementary course, the rudiments of natural and physical science, and the practice of agriculture.

"I must go," said he, in words of fatal import.

I need not detail the circumstances of his death. On his way thither he was thrown from a stage, and expired a few hours afterwards.

He died regretted and honoured by all who knew his public services, and deeply mourned by those friends who more intimately knew and loved his private virtues.

In this simple narrative of Mr. Barnes's life, much of his character has been anticipated. It is due, however, to his memory to say something more of his character as a scholar and man of science, and his merit as an instructor.

He was an excellent classical scholar, accurately skilled in the Latin and Greek languages, to which he added considerable acquirements in the Hebrew, and a familiar acquaintance with modern languages and literature. As a philologist, like other zealous cultivators of that branch of study, he was perhaps disposed to push favourite theories to an extreme; but he was learned, acute, and philosophical. His acquirements in mathematics were highly respectable, but I think that he never devoted himself to this science with the same zeal as to other collateral studies.

It is probably as a naturalist that his name will be best known to posterity, as it already is in Europe. He was a most industrious member of the Lyceum of Natural History in this city, a society which, without parade or public patronage, displaying in a rare degree the love of learning without the parade of it, has for many years cultivated the natural sciences with admirable zeal, industry, and success. They have joined us in paying the last honours to the memory of our deceased associate; and it is to one of their members, himself a naturalist, of well-earned reputation, that I am indebted for the following brief but very honourable tribute to Mr. Barnes's labours and attainments as a naturalist.

"About the year 1818, he turned his attention to the natural sciences, and his connexion with the Lyceum of this city nearly at the same time, gave additional impulse to the characteristic zeal with which he prosecuted his new studies. The departments of mineralogy and geology occupied his attention, and the first fruits of his inquiries are to be found in a paper read before the Lyceum, entitled a 'Geological Survey of the Canaan Mountains, with observations on the soil and productions of the neighbouring regions.' In this paper he showed himself well conversant with botany and zoology. To this latter branch of natural history he subsequently devoted his leisure hours with greater avidity; and communicated to the Lyceum a curious and original paper, 'On the Genera Unio et Alasmiodonta,' a family of fresh-water shells, distinguished for their beauty and their almost infinite variety of form. Shortly after appeared in the annals of the Lyceum several other papers from Mr. Barnes, on similar subjects. Two of these may be particularly noted, one on 'the Genus Cluton,' and the other on 'the Doubtful Rep-tiles.'"

The reputation of Mr. Barnes as a naturalist, will be immovably established upon his memoir on the shells of his country. The introductory observations applicable to the whole study of conchology are marked by that precision, clearness, and lucid order, for which he was remarkable. He described above twenty new species; and, a short time before his death, he received a flattering proof of the estimation in which his labours were held by the learned of Europe.

The great and splendid work of Humboldt on Mexico, of which the zoological part is now in course of publication, contains beautiful plates and descriptions of the genera just referred to. The first zoological critic of Europe—the Baron de Ferussac—in commenting upon this work, points out many errors into

which the author has fallen; "errors," he observes, "which had arisen from his not having consulted the works of American naturalists, and especially the labours of Mr. Barnes."

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

BRIDGET PLANTAGENET.

THE life and death of Bridget Plantagenet, fourth daughter of Edward the fourth and his queen Elizabeth Woodville, affords a beautiful picture of repose and innocence, in the midst of those troublous and "disjointed" times, when, if the world were not more generally corrupt and sinful than it is in our own days, it was less enlightened and civilized; and the fierce and ruthless passions of ambition, hatred, and revenge, more openly outraged the holiest ties, and set at nought the barrier of the laws, sowing anarchy and dissension; especially among the heterogeneous branches of the royal family, and the turbulent nobles still partially submitting to the ascendancy of the star of York. The most zealous adherents of that unhappy family rather contributed to subvert than to establish its power, by espousing the jarring interests of its several branches, with the same fierce spirit and blood-thirsty animosity which had so long ensanguined the stars of the white rose and the red.

Dear! bought was Elizabeth Woodville's ill-starred elevation! And many were the sadly retrospective glances she cast from her fearful eminence, to that comparative lowliness when, "in maiden meditation, fancy free," she strayed among the quiet shades of her paternal Grafton. It may be also, that the thoughts of England's queen—of the wife of Edward Plantagenet, sometimes reverted to her second home of Groby, and to the husband of her youth, the father of her first-born—not that her second union had been contracted solely, or perhaps chiefly with ambitious views. Edward, the handsomest and most engaging man of his times; a lover—a prince—and the generous protector of herself and her bequeathed orphans, could not fail to awaken reciprocal tenderness in the still young and susceptible heart of Elizabeth; and whatever were his after derelictions from conjugal fidelity, to all outward seeming his affection for her experienced no diminution, and her influence over the royal mind remained unabated to the last hour of their union.

But though the queen was discreetly blind to those causes of offence which no quick-sightedness could have averted, the woman and the wife could not steel her heart against all the arrows of jealous and wounded feeling. And too often, when she looked around the splendid circle of her court—whether toward the phalanx of her own aggrandized relatives, or at the kindred of the king, their sinister smiles and hollow courtesies—her spirit sank with sad and sick forebodings, and involuntarily her thoughts fled back to Groby; to the husband in whose house she had been loved and honoured, not only by himself, but by all connected with him in friendship or consanguinity.

Among such, Sybilla, the sister of Sir John Grey, had been the beloved playmate and companion of her happy childhood and maturer youth; but far different were their after destinies. Elizabeth was reserved for the splendid misery of envy and greatness; and the happier Sybilla, whose earthly prospects were for ever darkened, at the period of her brother's death, by the loss of her affianced husband, who fell in the same battle, retired to the nunnery of Dartford, where she took the veil, and in course of time became superior of the sisterhood.

Far differently had the lot fallen to Elizabeth Woodville and Sybilla Grey; but among all "the chances and changes" of their lives; even from the days of

Childhood innocence,

When with their needles, creating both one flower;
Both on the sampler; sitting on one cushion;
Both wailing of one song; both in one key:
As if their hands, their sides, voices, and minds
Had been incorporate, they grew together
Like to double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet in union in partition—

to that after-time, when the great gulf between a cloister and a throne divided their mortal destinies, sisters they remained in mind and heart; and perhaps the whitest hours of the queen of England's fateful life, were those when, rapt from the gilded shackles of her state—from hol-

low hearts and dissembling smiles—from covert enemies and rashly aspiring friends—she took temporary refuge at Dartford, in the quiet parlour of the lady abbess, the revered mother St. Agnes, whose heart was as tender and true to its early affections, as when Sybilla Grey and Elizabeth Woodville "shared sweet counsel and sisters' vows" together; and as lowly, as though she had been still but sister Agnes, an undistinguished member of the pious community.

The queen was generally accompanied by one or more of her children, in these visits to the nunnery of Dartford. Very frequently, by the young Dorset and his brother Richard, her sons by Sir John Grey, and consequently nephews to the lady abbess; often, by Elizabeth and Cicely, the elder princesses; or by others of the royal offspring; but always—almost always, by one lovely little creature; the dove-eyed Bridget—the fourth and fairest, and in secret, perhaps, the dearest of her six surviving daughters.

Young as they were, the three elder princesses were already contracted nobly; and Edward—who had it especially at heart to match his daughters royally—was negotiating marriages between Mary and Catherine his youngest born—the king of Denmark and the Spanish Infante.

Far other espousals were decreed for the young Bridget, in resigning whose sweet promise to the seclusion of a cloister, Edward and Elizabeth, influenced by the superstition of their faith and unenlightened times, considered they were making a sacrifice acceptable to heaven; and perhaps a propitiatory offering, to secure the earthly aggrandizement of their other children. Such, at least, and to gratify the queen's earnest desire, were probably the sole motives of Edward for this pious dedication; but deeper, and holier, and more tender incentives had worked within the heart of Elizabeth, disposing it to that, which was indeed on her part an incalculable sacrifice. She had entered, perhaps, with a too worldly and ambitious spirit, into the views of Edward, for the establishment of her other daughters; but there were moments, in the very height of her most exulting anticipations of their future greatness, when more maternal feelings, thoughts of tender anxiety and fond misgivings crept into her heart; and her eyes, while proudly riveted on her royal offspring, became suddenly suffused with tears, as she drew to her bosom the young, unconscious creatures, whose lot was apparently cast on that envied elevation which she too well knew was not the abiding place of peace, nor the haven of happiness and security.

From her very cradle, the young Bridget's disposition had evinced such heavenly sweetness, such saint-like meekness and tender sensibility, as, combined with extreme delicacy of constitution, had peculiarly endeared her to the maternal heart; and the lovely child was moreover characterized by a degree of pensive seriousness, probably the result of physical delicacy, which made her more frequently the companion of the queen's retired and thoughtful hours, than a sharer in the youthful sports of her more sprightly sisters, and the young princes.

Her happiest holidays were those, when she was selected to accompany her royal mother to the holy sanctuary of Dartford, and the society of its venerated superior. To that exemplary woman the young Bridget Plantagenet attached herself as to a second mother, and the innocent endearments of the royal child soon obtained for her a larger portion of the recluse's heart than the pious St. Agnes had believed it possible could ever again have been engrossed by an earthly affection. Then sprang up an earnest and devout longing to sanctify that affection, by winning over its youthful object from the snares and temptations of a corrupt and sinful world, to a life of dedicated purity; from the splendour of earthly courts, to dwell for ever in the courts of the Lord's house, and to minister in his holy temple.

"Spare her to heaven, my sister! this one dear little one—this lamb from thy fair flock. Thou hast enough beside to make thee mother of princes in all lands. Secure to thyself, at least, this treasure in heaven; and to thy child, a crown that shall not pass away—in which there are no thorns, Elizabeth, like those in thy golden circlet."

So spake the lady abbess to her royal friend, laying her gentle hand upon the fair child's head, as she stood one day beside the queen; while the latter, in the fulness of a vexed and wounded spirit, was pouring her secret sorrows and accumulating cares into the ear of sisterly affection; and detailing the causes of anxiety which had already risen, to overshadow the brilliant prospects of her affianced daughters.

At that moment of mental depression, the pomps and vanities of the world were superseded in Elizabeth's heart by womanly fears and maternal fondness; and after confiding to St. Agnes the state-difficulties which had been started to perplex Edward's negotiations for the royal marriages, she continued, "and at best, my sister, if all ends well—if all is successfully concluded, and my daughters become the wives of sovereign princes—will it ensure their happiness or increase mine? Alas! St. Agnes, my sister! shall not I be bereaved of my children—of all my sweet daughters?—for this dear little one will in turn be taken from me. They will make thee a queen too, Bridget!—my bird! my blossom! my fearful dove! they will take thee, too, away from me, and make a queen of thee!" and Elizabeth drew the child into her bosom, and wept upon her fair young head.

"Nay, nay, my mother! I will not go: I will not be a queen," whispered the little Bridget, in sobbing murmurs, lovingly clasping her royal mother's neck. "But yesterday I said so to mine uncle Glo'ster, when he jested with me, and bade me say what crown I pleased to wear."

"Did he jest with thee, poor lamb! Oh! Glo'ster, Glo'ster, bitter are thy jests! Did he smile on thee, Bridget, while he talked?"

"Ay, mother; but I do not love mine uncle's smiles, they are so strange—as if he mocked the while; and yet he speaks kind words, and kissed me yesterday so lovingly?"

"Judas!—what saidst thou, sweet one! when the duke was pleased to be so merry with thee?"

"Mother! I said I would not be a queen for all the world. 'Indeed!' mine uncle cried, and looked so strangely: 'wherefore not, fair cousin? must not the daughters of the Lady Grey—I cry her pardon—of my brother's wife, be mated like her grace, right royally? Come, little cousin, thou shalt have a king.' And then he laughed; and his looks troubled me, I scarce knew why, for still he smiled upon me—and so I wept, and said the same again. I would not be a queen, to go from England, from thee, my mother, and my royal father, and dear St. Agnes here, my other mother."

"Hear her, Elizabeth—the blessed child!" exclaimed St. Agnes, drawing pious augury from the artless prattle of the little princess. "And did thine uncle Glo'ster question thee further, Bridget?"

"Ay, did he, till I was sick and weary. So I told him my sisters might be queens, and go away; but I would stay, and be a nun in England. 'And wilt thou so, fair cousin?' quoth my uncle. 'Now, by my halidome, a most wise choice; keep to it, little cousin! and, heaven willing, thou may'st live out in peace a good old age; and then he laughed again, and whispered something to my lord of Buckingham; and while his head was turned, I slipped away to where my mother sat, and shrank from sight behind her mantle.'"

"But wilt thou be a nun, in sober truth? and wherefore, sweet one!" asked the holy mother, drawing the young princess from the queen's arms to her own bosom.

"Because you are a nun, and seem so happy; and I am always happy here—so happy! and all the sisters are so good to me. There are none here, I'm sure, but love me well, as I love them; and my sweet mother is my mother here—more than a queen—much more—ten thousand times, than when we are in London, or at Eltham, or any other of my father's houses."

"But if thou livest here, and art a nun, I shall not be with thee, my little Bridget; and wouldst thou leave the king, thy father, too, who loveth thee well, and is so good to thee?"

"Not if I might always live with him and thee, my mother, away from all the crowd, in some green wood, where birds and fawns are singing and at play all summer time, and I might be like them, as free and happy; but, alack! they say, mother!—thou saidst thyself a minute past—that I must be a queen, and go away from thee, and dear, dear England."

"Alas, mine own! thy mother spake but truth," said the poor queen; "I must not keep thee, dearest!"

"Pray my father, then," pleaded the lovely child, "to let me come and live here all my life, and be a holy nun, like good St. Agnes; then wilt thou have me still, mine own sweet mother!—still here, when all my sisters are away; and when thou art not here, my second mother will help me pray for you; and so at last, when our time comes to die, we shall be sure to meet again in heaven, and live together always."

"As if an angel spake!" was the soft pleading of that blessed child; a glance of awe-struck meaning was interchanged between St. Agnes and the queen; but both were silent for a while. At last, "Elizabeth!" said the lady abbess, "doth not the will of God manifest itself by the mouths of babes? Hath He not spoken by the lips of this innocent, and wilt thou withstand His pleasure?"

"Forbid it all my hopes of heaven and happiness!" the queen fervently replied, as, devoutly raising her eyes to the image of the crucifixion, she inwardly ejaculated a solemn vow to win from Edward the sacrifice of all earthly views for this one beloved creature, and his sanction for her heavenly espousals.

Elizabeth was faithful to her solemn engagement. The pious purpose met with no strenuous opposition from her royal consort; and it was soon publicly known that the princess Bridget was destined to take the veil in the nunnery of Dartford, and at a proper age to enter upon her novitiate.

It is probable that the queen, whose heart, sick of innumerable cares, found sweet consolation in the endearments of her loving and beloved child, would have deferred the consummation of her pious sacrifice till the latest expedient season, had not circumstances supervened to convince her that, if seriously purposed to make good her solemn promise, it behoved her rather to accelerate than retard the hour of its accomplishment. Fresh obstacles were perpetually sown, by the tortuous policy of Louis XI., in the way of the Dauphin's marriage with the Princess Elizabeth; and Edward's mind was agitated by jealous doubts, that his favourite object was thus thwarted by the secret machinations of the French king, whom he justly suspected of seeking to gain time; while, in despite of his engagement with England, he sought to obtain for his son Charles the hand of Mary, the young heiress of Burgundy, and her rich possessions. On the part of James of Scotland, there seemed also a disposition to annul the contract between the Duke of Rothsay and the Princess Cicely.

These contrarieties, and the unfavourable aspect of his negotiations with the court of Castile, for an alliance between the Infante and his daughter Catherine, had so irritated and unsettled the king's mind, that Elizabeth was justly apprehensive lest, with a view to strengthen his hands by some fresh and powerful alliance, he might be tempted to rescind his permission for the dedication of the Princess Bridget, and exchange her spiritual betrothment for an earthly contract. The health of the young princess, now eight years of age, had strengthened with her growth. Already the delicate blossom yielded sweet promise of uncommon loveliness; and Edward, a passionate idolater of beauty, had more than once commented on her personal improvement with something like regret that the comeliest of his daughters should be devoted to the seclusion of a cloister. About this juncture, also, the Princess Mary—next sister to Bridget—affianced to the king of Denmark, fell sick of the languishing disorder which ultimately terminated her life, at Greenwich, before she was of age to fulfil the nuptial contract; and the queen, painfully foreboding the event, looked forward also to its probable consequence—a determination on the part of Edward still to secure the Danish alliance, by substituting the Princess Bridget in the room of her deceased sister. As yet, no anticipation of such future contingencies had suggested itself to the mind of Edward; and Elizabeth, having consulted with her friend St. Agnes, and with her pious counsellor, Rotherham, archbishop of York, was decided, by their concurring apprehensions and strenuous advice, to press for the king's consent that the young princess should be forthwith consigned to the care of the lady abbess of Dartford, and admitted, notwithstanding her tender years, to enter immediately on her novitiate. The royal and paternal assent was obtained, though not without some show of reluctance on the king's part, and, with all accustomed pomp of regal and religious ceremony, the sacrifice was finally consummated. Throughout the public pageant, Elizabeth had borne up like a queen, with dignified composure; but when all was over, and, with no other witnesses than her friend and the archbishop, she was admitted to an interview with her daughter, in the oratory of the lady abbess, the chord of overstrained resolution suddenly relaxed, and all the mother rushed into her heart, as flinging herself on her knees, she wrapt her arms round the sweet innocent, who looked indeed an offering acceptable to heaven, as she stood between the superior and the queen; her celestial countenance and form of infant beauty, invested with the veil and robe of snowy whiteness

descending to her naked feet, which was only to be exchanged for the black dress of the order, when the royal novice was admitted to make her last irrevocable profession.—"Take her—take her, St. Agnes! I have given her to thee—I have given her to heaven—my best and dearest, now no longer mine!" cried the queen, as, drawing back her head from the bosom of the now weeping child—on which she had sobbed for a moment with convulsive agony—she resigned her to the wardship of the holy mother, who received the precious deposit with a solemn appeal to heaven, so to bless and prosper her, here and hereafter, as she faithfully acquitted herself of the delegated trust.

"And she is still thine, my sister—more than ever thine!" tenderly continued the mild St. Agnes. "Thou hast lent her to the Lord, and he will keep her for thee; and perchance, even in this world, when all thy princely offspring, beside this little one, are parted from thee by their several fortunes, thou mayest resort for comfort and sympathy to the filial heart, which will not cherish thee less dutifully, because thou hast preferred for thy child a heavenly inheritance before a perishable kingdom: and hast lain the sacrifice, unspotted, thus early at the feet of thy Creator."

These words of the lady abbess of Dartford nunnery, were uttered in a prophetic spirit. By thus yielding up to heaven, and her sense of religious duty, the child of her tenderest affection, Elizabeth was unwittingly laying up for herself a source of sweetest comfort and consolation against the evil days, when a black and final eclipse fell on her greatness and her joys; and the descendant of royalty—the wife of a king, the mother of princes, the queen of a mighty nation—was held captive within the realm which had owned her for its sovereign, on the throne of which her daughter Elizabeth still sat with nominal sovereignty.

The mean and rancorous spirit of Henry VIIIth never forgave the real or imputed wrongs of Richmond; nor had he consented but with extreme reluctance, and as the only means of securing himself on the throne of England, to mingle his Lancastrian blood with the hated stream of York, by a marriage with Edward's daughter. His secret antipathy to that ill-fated princess manifested itself throughout their union, by a series of unkindnesses and contemptuous slights, that would probably have proceeded to more openly insulting lengths, had not the cautious monarch politically abstained from all measures which might tend to agitate the question of his dubious rights to the crown, and those of Elizabeth, more cordially admitted by the English nation.

But on the queen dowager, the especial object of his aversion, he wreaked without fear or scruple the avengeful malice of his hateful temper. On the frivolous pretence of punishing her for the imputed crime of having yielded up to Richard's guardianship the persons of her five daughters, Henry condemned the unfortunate Elizabeth to perpetual imprisonment in the abbey of Bermondsey; by a refinement of cruelty, rejecting her earnest petition to be allowed the choice of her prison, and permission to retire to Dartford nunnery, where—though the friend of her youth had lately been removed by death—the society of her daughter, her still dearest and most dutiful child, would have rendered more than endurable the lot of her captivity. But within the gloomy walls of Bermondsey was the widowed queen fated to languish out the remaining years of her joyless existence; deprived even of the filial sympathy and pious cares of her four married daughters—the royally mated, but wretched wife, Elizabeth, and her three sisters—all united to English subjects; and strikingly exemplifying, by the contrast of those inferior alliances to the splendid marriages early contracted for them by the deceased Edward, how impotent is the will of man and the power of princes, when Providence is pleased to annul his decree and set at naught their councils.

Not content with immuring the queen dowager in a conventual prison, the mean-souled Henry farther indulged his inveterate dislike by restricting her—under colour of guarding against intrigue and secret influence—from all intercourse with her married daughters, beyond the miserable comfort of receiving from them, at long intervals, a cold and short visit of heartless ceremony. And such is the baneful influence of worldly cares and courtly policy over the best affections of our nature—and such, alas! is the proneness of human hearts, seared by selfishness and ambition, to shun and to forget the unfortunate and the absent, that there was little of bitterness to any but the worse than childless mother, in Henry's tyrannical restriction; and her daughters gradually relaxed even in the poor unfrequent

proofs of filial duty and affection, wherewith it was still permitted them to cheer the captive loneliness of their royal parent. After the lapse of a few years, it was well nigh forgotten—not only by the nation at large, but by her immediate family and more familiar friends—that Elizabeth—the widowed queen of Edward IVth, the stepmother of England's reigning monarch, and of three proud and puissant nobles—still languished out the years of her desolate old age—for grief kills not—in the cloistered gloom of Bermondsey. But though the memory of Elizabeth—the once lovely and beloved—the admired and envied—the flattered and calumniated—the minion and the sport of fate and fortune—had well nigh passed away from the land she had ruled over, before a little of its cold earth was required to heap on her remains, Providence had kept in store for the creature thus severely chastened, one drop of sweetness to mingle with her bitter cup, and make "the end more blest than the beginning."

Towards the latter years of Elizabeth's life, Henry so far relaxed in his vindictive cruelty, as to permit occasional intercourse between the captive queen and her daughter Bridget. The former was not allowed to exchange her prison of Bermondsey for the convent of Dartford; but the royal nun was indulged in the liberty of absence from her own cloister, and the inestimable privilege of sharing, for weeks together, and with no long intervals, the solitude of her declining parent; for the meek and blameless nun, the humble sister Alice, of Dartford nunnery, had merged those fatal distinctions so obnoxious to the distrustful temper of the king. Of her, therefore, he entertained no jealous apprehension; and his hatred and suspicion of the queen dowager being in some measure satiated and laid to rest, by the oblivious neglect into which her very name and living memory had already fallen, he foresaw no danger of reviving influence in that quarter, or of recalling Elizabeth to the recollection of the people, by permitting her occasional intercourse with one, "by the world forgot."

So it was, that having "cast her bread upon the waters," Elizabeth "found it again after many days;" and that, when forgotten by the world, and forsaken by those of her own family whose earthly prosperity she had most laboured to secure, the treasure she had "lent unto the Lord" was returned into her bosom—as had been prophetically promised—at the hour of her greatest need. The child, to whose eternal welfare she had sacrificed so large a portion of her own happiness, was sent, like a ministering angel, to bind up her bruised and broken heart—to pour into its wounds the balm of filial love and holy consolation—to cheer, and comfort, and sustain her in the decline of age, at the time of sickness, and in the hour of death.

Of Bridget Plantagenet little more is known, than that, after fulfilling the last offices to her departed parent, she returned to her own cloister, and the humble obscurity of her conventual life; "and there," saith the chronicler, "spending the remainder of her days in devotion and contemplation, she died, and was buried in the same convent, *an. Dom.* 1517, in the eighth year of king Henry VIIIth.

The effigy of Elizabeth Plantagenet still lies at Westminster, in marble magnificence, beside that of her royal consort. Emblematic of their living union and joyless grandeur, is the cold and stern repose of those two marble images, side by side, extended in sepulchral state.

No sculptured marble, nor humbler stone, with its forlorn "*hic jacet*," marked out at Dartford, even before the dissolution of religious houses, the last resting-place of Bridget Plantagenet. Yet, in those troublous times, when "every man's hand was against his brother;" compared with the royal wretchedness of the two Elizabeths, how enviable was her obscure and peaceful destiny! Pleasant and good it is, to turn for a moment from the disastrous annals of those evil days, to one unsullied page—to the life of one who, "born to great cares, the daughter of a king," early descended from that fearful eminence, and so escaping the ravages of the storm that laid waste her royal house, lived out the term of her natural life in un molested quiet—in the exercise of all duties and charities that fell within the sphere of her limited responsibility; and having her hope in heaven, "and her conscience clear of offence to all men," so passed away from earth—unrecorded by its proud chronicles of fame, but having her name written in that book wherein, at the great day of summing up, so many a one shall be found wanting that the world worshippeth; and not a few of those it despiseth or remembereth not, appear blazoned in characters of light.

VARIETIES.

DANCING.—We are glad that private balls for children are becoming more common. These meetings refine their thoughts and manners, exercise them most advantageously in a salutary accomplishment, and afford them the highest innocent delight. The consideration last mentioned ought ever to have weight; enjoyment should be studiously provided for the season of life in which it has its keenest zest. The true balcyon days are those of well-treated children.

"Gay hope is their's, by fancy fed,
"Less pleasing when possess;
"The tear forgot as soon as shed,
"The sunshine of the breast:
"Their's, buxom health of rosy hue,
"Wild wit, invention ever new,
"And lively cheer of vigour born;
"The thoughtless day, the easy night,
"The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
"That fly th' approach of morn." *Nat. Gazette.*

READERS.—A cook, whose business it should be to cater for the palates of some three or four thousand persons, and who should be obliged to provide for each individual the dish he preferred, would have a somewhat difficult task to perform. Precisely so with the editor. No two of his readers think exactly alike as to what would constitute proper matter to fill a paper. We would like to see a sheet which all of our subscribers should have a hand in compiling, and which should contain suitable proportions of matter adapted to the taste of every one. It would be as spacious as heaven's canopy; and we would be willing to perform a pilgrimage to Mecca in order to get a peep at it. *Litch. Po.*

WHITTLING.—The propensity for whittling seems to have been legitimately derived by New-Englanders. An English writer recommends the following method to nip the evil in the bud: Paint the benches and book-boards for schools, and while the paint is fresh, sprinkle fine sharp sand upon it; when dry, put on another coat of paint. No boy, who takes his knife as "a rare piece of stuff," will make more than one incision.

SCOLDING.—I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How then can they govern others? Those who govern well, are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

PUNING.—A young lady reprimanded her shoemaker for not following her directions respecting a pair of shoes which she had ordered; and among other charges, insisted that they were not *felloes*. Honest Crispin acquiesced in the propriety of this remark, and stated that he purposely made them so in order to oblige her, well knowing the purity of her disposition, and that she was not fond of *felloes*.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Mrs. Jackson.—A Nashville paper, of the twenty-third of December, conveys the tidings of the death of Mrs. RACHEL JACKSON, wife of the president elect. She expired on the night of the twenty-second, after an illness of only four days, in the sixty-second year of her age. The citizens of Nashville and its vicinity, the personal friends and neighbours of the deceased, experienced a severe shock from this unexpected event. In order to testify to the general and his lady their feelings of respect and attachment, the twenty-third had been selected for a splendid dinner and ball, to be given in honour of them before their departure for the seat of government, that being the anniversary of a desperate conflict with a part of the British army near New-Orleans, which kept them in check until the eighth of January. The news of Mrs. Jackson's sudden death, as might be expected, produced the most distressing sensations, and threw a general gloom over the town. She was taken away without being permitted to fill, with her distinguished consort, the most dignified station in the human family. But she was spared to witness a gratifying triumph over enemies who had propagated the foulest falsehoods and slanders against her. As nothing can be more unmanly and base, than, from mere political motives, to vilify and traduce an irreproachable and exemplary matron, we are glad, for the honour of our country, that these things were confined to a few hollow-hearted and abandoned EDITORS; some of whom, if retribution had followed on the heels of iniquity,

would have experienced a summary and severe chastisement.

Although there was abundant cause to allow to Mrs. Jackson the reputation of a pure and estimable woman, we have taken pains to make inquiries concerning her disposition and character, of a number of gentlemen, some of whom are ministers of the gospel, who had made visits to the Hermitage, all of whom bear ample testimony to the good sense, discretion, hospitality, kindness, and unaffected piety of this lady. We have never meddled with party politics, nor do we intend to do so now; but, taking into view that she was the wife of the man whom the nation, by a powerful voice, have called to be their ruler, and that she was herself an ornament to her sex, we have felt that we should not pass the event unnoticed, and that a tribute, although humble on our part, was due to her memory.

In addition to the above, believing, as we do, that all our readers wish to be told the truth respecting this much injured and lamented lady, we copy the following from the Nashville Republican of the twenty-sixth ultimo:

"Mrs. Jackson's health, which had for some months been more delicate than usual, became seriously impaired about a week ago, by the fatigue of a long walk. She was attacked with alarming spasms in the chest; which, after remitting and recurring for a few days, became transferred to the heart, and, in a moment of apparent convalescence, terminated without a groan or struggle her well-spent life.

"This melancholy event, which has visited her family with unspeakable sorrow, and clothed our community in sadness, will excuse the following faint and brief notice, which, though far inferior to the dignity of her virtues, is the best offering we can make to her beloved and venerated memory. The history of Mrs. Jackson, from her early years, is closely, and, considering her sex, remarkably connected with the history of our country. Her father, Colonel John Donelson, who was a gentleman of fortune, probity and enterprise, removed with his family, while she was yet a child, from Pittsylvania county, Virginia—the place of her birth—to the western country; and settled in this neighbourhood, on the banks of the Cumberland. Surrounded by the dangers which our brave pioneers had to encounter, he was killed, in the prime of manhood and flush of success, by the Indians in Kentucky. At the time General Jackson first came to this country, she was residing with her widowed mother; and in August, 1791, she became his wife. His well known hardships and perils in our Indian and English wars, his distant and dangerous campaigns, his frequent battles and triumphs, made her a silent but anxious sharer in the dangers and glories of the nation; and many of her relatives, following the standard of her martial husband, gave her a more painful interest in our struggles. General Coffee, the husband of her niece, was always in the front of the battle; and her nephew, Alexander Donelson, fell gloriously fighting by his side.

"In the recent political contest, which has terminated so honourably for the illustrious partner of her heart, the same connection subsisted. In order to obstruct his course, she was made the object of injuries more barbarous than murderous savages could inflict. And Providence, after permitting her to witness the downfall and confusion of those who committed these atrocities, gently withdrew her wounded spirit to the mansions of eternal bliss, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Even after death, the course of public feeling is blended with her name. The honours with which it was intended to commemorate the anniversary of a national victory, were suspended by her death, and exchanged, by a patriotic people, for public expressions of respect for her virtues, and regret for her departure. And those who, in the evening, had expected to salute her with joy and gratulation, hurried next morning to look, for the last time, on her inanimate countenance, and to follow her cold remains to the tomb. Piety and age, innocence and childhood, the brave and the fair, the humble and the exalted, mingled their tears and blessings around her grave, and attested, in accents of deep and spontaneous sorrow, in sobs of affection converted into agony by the awful presence of death, her endearing merits and her exemplary life.

"In the character of this excellent and lamented lady, feminine charms, domestic virtues, and Christian perfections were united. Her person in youth was beautiful, her manner was always engaging, her temper cheerful, her sensibility delicate and mild. She was a tender wife, an affectionate friend, a benignant mistress, a generous relation, a

kind neighbour, and an humble Christian. Her pure and gentle breast, in which a selfish, guileful, or malicious thought never found entrance, was the throne of benevolence; and under its noble influence her faculties and time were constantly devoted to the exercise of hospitality, and to acts of kindness. To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to supply the indigent, to raise the humble, to notice the friendless, and to comfort the unfortunate, were her favourite occupations; nor could the kindness of her soul be repressed by distress or prosperity; but, like those fountains which, rising in deep and secluded valleys, flow on in the frost of winter and through summer's heat, it maintained a uniform and refreshing current. Thus she lived, and, when death approached, her patience and resignation were equal to her goodness; not an impatient gesture, nor a vexatious look—not a fretful accent escaped her; but her last breath was charged with an expression of tenderness for the man whom she loved more than her life, and honoured next to her God.

"The lamentable bereavement suffered by our society in the death of Mrs. Jackson, has excited more universal regret than any circumstance of a similar nature which we have any recollection of. No lady had a more extensive acquaintance, and none enjoyed such entire and unqualified esteem and affection to the extent of that acquaintance.

"The day set apart for the manifestation of the personal regard and affection entertained by the citizens of this place and its vicinity for General Jackson, previous to his departure for the seat of government—appropriated and announced as a day of rejoicing—was ushered in by the mournful intelligence that this heaviest of afflictions had overtaken him—the wife of his bosom was no more! To him we can offer no consolation. If any there be, it is to be found in the reflection that she passed into eternity with the brightest hopes of a Christian. The active discharge of those duties to which he will shortly be called, more than any thing else, will tend to sooth the poignancy of his grief; and to leave, as soon as practicable, those scenes which can only tend to recall more vividly and more frequently to his mind the lost object of his affections, would certainly be the advice of his best friends.

"The preparations making for the festivity were immediately stopped upon the arrival of the melancholy information; and in their stead the committee of arrangements, together with the mayor and aldermen of the city, recommend to the citizens, as an evidence of their deep regret and sympathy for the calamity which had befallen their fellow-citizen, to suspend for one day—Wednesday—the ordinary business of life; which was cordially observed.

"The following were the resolutions on the occasion, by the committee of arrangements and the mayor and aldermen of the city:

"The committee appointed by the citizens of Nashville to superintend the reception of General Jackson on this day, with feelings of deep regret, announce to the public that Mrs. Jackson departed this life last night, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock.

"Respect for the memory of the deceased, and a sincere condolence with him on whom this providential affliction has fallen, forbid the manifestations of public regard intended for the day.

"In the further consideration of the painful and unexpected occasion which has brought them together, the committee feel that it is due to the exemplary virtues and exalted character of the deceased, that some public token should be given of the high regard entertained towards her whilst living:—They have, therefore, resolved,

"That it be respectfully recommended to their fellow-citizens of Nashville, in evidence of this feeling, to refrain on to-morrow from the ordinary pursuits of life."

"The committee in behalf of the citizens, having determined that it is proper to abstain from business on to-morrow—therefore,

"Resolved—That the inhabitants of Nashville are respectfully requested to abstain from their ordinary business on to-morrow, as a mark of respect for the memory of Mrs. Jackson; and that the church bells be tolled from one until two o'clock—being the hour of her funeral.

"FELIX ROBERTSON, Mayor."

Finch's Vegetable Specific.—We have witnessed the beneficial effects of this excellent composition, and deem it our duty to state, that, as a remedy for colds, coughs, bleeding at the lungs, it is a most invaluable medicine, and can be procured at No. 183 Bowery, corner of Broome.

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY E. S. BARCLAY.

I LEFT THEE WHERE I FOUND THEE, LOVE.

WRITTEN BY MRS. HARRIET MUZZY.—ORIGINALLY SUNG BY MRS. BURKE.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY CHARLES GILBERT.

MODERATO.

I left thee where I found thee, love, Thron'd gai - ly in those laugh-ing eyes: 'Twere fol - ly to have bound thee, love; For

love is loveliest while - - - he flies. 'Twas sa - fest, best, to leave thee, love; For flight may end both

hopes and fears. I did not wish to grieve thee, love; For love's re - sist - less - when in tears. I

WITH FEELING. DA CAPO.

At distance I may view thee, love,
Uncheck'd by glances, smiles, or sighs:

Thou didst not dream I knew thee, love,
So wrapp'd in friendship's deep disguise.

No splendid shrine I made thee, love;
Thy presence hallowed every spot:

No kind farewell I bade thee, love;
For love's last look is ne'er forgot.

TO *****.

BY THE LATE EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

'Twas eve; the broadly shining sun
Its long celestial course had run;
The twilight heaven, so soft and blue,
Met earth in tender interview,
Ev'n as the angel met of yore
His gifted mortal paramour,
Woman, a child of morning then—
A spirit still—compared with men.
Like happy islands of the sky,
The gleaming clouds reposed on high,
Each fixed sublime, deprived of motion,
A Delos to the airy ocean.
Upon the stirless shore no breeze
Shook the green drapery of the trees,
Or, rebel to tranquillity,
Awoke a ripple on the sea.
Nor, in a more tumultuous sound,
Were the world's audible breathings drown'd;
The low strange hum of herbage growing,
The voice of hidden waters flowing,
Made songs of nature, which the ear
Could scarcely be pronounced to hear;
But noise had furled its subtle wings,
And moved not through material things,
All which lay calm as they had been
Parts of the painter's mimic scene.
'Twas eve; my thoughts belong to thee,
Thou shape of separate memory!
When, like a stream to lands of flame,
Unto my mind a vision came.
Methought, from human haunts and strife
Remote, we lived a loving life;
Our wedded spirits seemed to blend
In harmony too sweet to end,
Such concord as the echoes cherish
Fondly, but leave at length to perish.
Wet rain-stars are thy lucid eyes,
The Hyades of earthly skies;
But then upon my heart they shone,
As shines on snow the fervid sun.
And fast went by those moments
Like meteors shooting through
But faster fled the wild
That clothed them with their
Yet love can years to days
And long appeared that
It was—to give a better
Than time—a century.

FROM P'S AND Q'S.

THE SERENADER.

I'm almost tir'd of waiting here,
"Awake! my love! arise!"
Here, like a sleepless tabby cat,
I'm howling at the skies.

The stars are twinkling merrily,
But they no answer make;
Inferior, they resign to thee—
"Arise! my love! awake!"

But soft—the lattice opens—"My love—
What is my love's decree?"

(BLACK GIRL AT WINDOW.)

"My missy wishe you go 'way,
And let her quiet be."

(Exit serenader, whistling "Hey, Betty Martin.")

AN ADIEU.

Adieu!—the chain is shiver'd now,
That linked my heart and hopes with thine;
I leave thee to thy broken vow—
Thy dreams will often be of mine;
And tears—be those the only tears
Thine eyes may ever learn to weep—
Shall tell the thoughts to other years
Thy spirit cannot choose but keep!
Adieu!

Adieu! enjoy thy pleasant hours,
Find other hearts—to fling away!
Thy life is in its time of flowers,
Gather May-garlands while 'tis May!
Oh! till the dreary day draws in,
And winter settles round thy heart,
And memory's phantom-forms begin
To take a wounded spirit's part,
Adieu!

Adieu! thy beauty is the bow
That kept the tempest from thy sky,
And all too bright, upon thy brow,
The sign which must, so surely, die!
These drops—the last for thee!—are shed
To think that there will be not one
To love thee, when its light is fled,
To shield thee when the storm comes on!
Adieu!

Adieu!—oh! wild and worthless all
The heart that wakes this last farewell!

Why—for a thing like thee—should fall
My harpings like a passing-bell?
Why should my soul and song be sad?
Away!—I fling thee from my heart,
Back to the selfish and the bad,
With whom thou hast thy fitter part!
Adieu!

Adieu! and may thy dreams of me
Be poison in thy brain and breast,
And hope be lost in memory,
And memory mar thy prayer for rest!
Why seeks my soul a gentler strain?
For thee my harp be henceforth mute,
Never to wake thy name again,
Thou stranger to my love and lute!
Adieu!

DEATH OF BRAINARD.

The turf is on thee, Brainard!
Thy human life is done;
We do not meet thy pleasant eye,
We feel that thou art gone!
'Tis hard to give thee up, so young,
With that yet joyous glance,
Like one who hath been summon'd
With a whisper from the dance.

The world thy praise hath spoken,
But that is nothing now—
It will not lift the leaden band
That lieth on thy brow.
Oh how it seemeth idle
To talk about the dead,
When praise availeth only
To tell us they are fled!
How can we stand above the grave,
And feel that thou art there?
The warm and breathing form we lov'd,
Shut from the blessed air!
The moving lip we stay'd to hear—
The gentle, thoughtful eye—
Left in that close, unsunn'd abode,
To perish silently!

Oh plant his grave with many flowers,
And go to it sometimes,
And talk of him as if he heard,
And sing his pleasant rhymes—
It may be true that he is there
With his keen spirit-ear,
And it must be a joy to know
He's not forgotten here.

THE WARRIOR.

His foot's in the stirrup,
His hand's on the mane—
He is up and away,
Shall we see him again?
He thinks on his lady-love,
Little he heeds
The levelling of lances,
Or rushing of steeds:
He thinks on his true love,
And rides in an armour
Of proof, woven sure
By the spells of his charmer.
How young and how comely—
Lo! look on him now,
How steadfast his eye,
And how tranquil his brow!
The gift of his lady-love
Glitters full gay,
As down, like the eagle,
He pours on his prey.
Go, sing it in song;
And go, tell it in story—
He went in his strength,
And returned in his glory.

SONG.

Day departs this upper air,
My lively, lovely lady;
And the eve-star sparkles fair,
And our good steeds are ready.
Leave, leave these loveless halls,
So lordly though they be;
Come, come—affection calls—
Away at once with me!
Sweet thy words in sense as sound,
And gladly do I hear them;
Though thy kinsmen are around,
And tamer bosoms fear them.
Mount, mount—I'll keep thee, dear,
In safety as we ride;
On, on—my heart is here,
My sword is at my side!

GEO. P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR, AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1829.

NUMBER 29.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

How happily, how happily the flowers die away!
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they!
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
Then drop without decrepitude, or pain, into the tomb!

The gay and glorious creatures! they neither "toil nor spin;"
Yet, lo! what goodly raiment they're all apparelled in!
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright
Than ever brow of eastern queen endiamed with light.

The young rejoicing creatures! their pleasures never pall;
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all!
The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy, blessed air,
Spend nothing of their freshness, tho' all may freely share.

The happy careless creatures! of time they take no heed;
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed;
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light away;
Nor when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, Would God that it were day!

And when their lives are over, they drop away to rest,
Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy Nature's breast;
No pain have they in dying—no shrinking from decay—
Oh! could we but return to earth as easily as they!

THE CASKET.

A CHAPTER ON PORTRAITS.

BY HARRY CORNWALL

Of all the Souvenirs, and Keepsakes, and Bijoux;
Of all the Christmas Boxes, Amulets and Gems, Anniversaries and Forget-me-nots—flowers of cold weather!—of all the presents with which we should choose to commemorate a birth-day or a festival, or to offer to one whom we regard, as an indication of good-will or friendship, we think that we should select—a portrait; a portrait—perhaps our own. It should not be cast in gingerbread—which would be too provocative; nor in brass—which would be out of character; nor in paper—for we are already but too inflammable: neither should we desire to ride on boys' shoulders, triumphant in pipe-clay, smeared over with blue and scarlet—immortal as plaster could make us—among Dukes of Wellington, and Napoleons, and Voltaires—among dumb Paul Prys and silent parrots. An humbler lot be ours! We should scarcely choose to look out from a snuff-box blazing with brilliants—for it would be too imperial; and we might, for the first time, forget ourselves.

We have said that it should, perhaps, be a portrait of *ourselves* (selves)—but we recall our words. We are inclined to abandon that agreeable notion. At all events, it should not *always* represent our own features, to the exclusion of philosophers and heroes. We would not invariably usurp the place of Shakespeare and Bacon: we do not love ourselves so immeasurably. Some face, however, which we love or respect, it should ever be; in preference even to a hamper of Johannisberg or Hockheim, or a haunch of the bravest buck that ever nipped the grass of a Scottish moor.

There is something delightful in the intercourse which we have with another's likeness. It is himself, only once removed; he is visible, not tangible: we have his moiety. In a picture of history, there is often indeed more to admire than in the mere face of one individual man or woman. There is more room for the skill of the artist: it is better adapted to exemplify a moral. But the *sentiment* that chains us to the other, is wanting: we are not *familiar* with it;

one is a brave matter—a splendid thing; the other is a *person*, and becomes our friend. We could never worship, as some do, the complicated strife of arms and shoulders; or think only of the way in which each is subdued by the painter, and made—by the wonders of light and shadow—to represent a great event. We would rather look upon the eyes of some Italian "dama," whom Titian or Giorgione painted long ago—without a name, and catalogued only as "portrait of a lady"—or face one of Titian's piercing heads—a noble of Venice or Rome—than sit down before the most elaborate composition of history, or see brought out, in dazzling array before us, all the battles of Alexander, or all the triumphs or processions of the Cæsars.

We were exceedingly struck by the delicacy of two or three friends, who conspired lately to give an old acquaintance pleasure on his return from a distant part of India. His wife had been obliged to come to England for her health, and his friends secretly caused her portrait to be painted, in order that, on his return to Calcutta or Bengal, he might find the *likeness* at least of her who was dearest to him in the world. It is thus that affection and kind feeling are perpetuated. It is thus that the form and features of the child are made known to its pining parents afar off. It is thus that the faces which we loved to look upon, are redeemed from the grave, and sent to us, across deserts, and woods, and mountains; or over a thousand leagues of water. This is the greatest boast of art, as well as its most delightful victory; it annihilates space—if not time—and makes the absent happy.

An historical scene is a fiction merely. Be it ever so true to nature, it is still the fiction of the *painter*. But a portrait is truth itself. No imagination can compete with it: it is either the very thing we desire, or nothing; all depends on its truth. Even in a portrait—to use the term—of inanimate nature, what assemblage of cataracts and hills and forests, what glories of sunset or meridian, may compete with the little landscape, which restores to us the scene of our own quiet home—which brings before us our childhood—the tree under which we have played—the river beside which we have walked or sported? Art, which never addresses itself, strictly speaking, to our reason, is valuable only in proportion as it operates upon our feelings: these are seldom—and then but little—excited by the mere invention of a painter: we rather sympathize with *his* difficulties; we congratulate him on *his* success: we say, "How admirably has he grouped those figures! how finely are the light and shade distributed! what a grand expression! what dramatic effect!" We look upon the artist as a hero; he has done so much—for his own fame. But he who gives us the very smile which won or warms our hearts—the frank or venerable aspect of our friend or father—the dawning beauty of our child—or shows us the tender eyes with which the wife or mother looks love upon us from a distant region—he seems to have thought of *us* rather than of his own renown, and becomes at once our benefactor and our friend!

It is very pleasant, to our thinking, to traverse some country mansion, where the portraits of its former owners hang up, side by side with each other; frail records, it is true, of vanity and glory! We love

to trace them upwards, into absolute barbarism; to mailed, bearded, ferocious warriors, powerful and—forgotten. And, among them, it is hard if we cannot detect *one*, whom learning or science has honoured—a poet, a monk, or a philosopher—perhaps one, even, whom love has made immortal. We once saw such a one—there he was, with nobility on his forehead, and sadness in his eye—the humbled inheritor of a proud name—the impoverished master of thousands! Can one help pitying such a sufferer? We see him; and pass on: we see another—and other—and another: but he still remains fixed in our memory—"heret lateri lethalis arundo"—and we turn back, after viewing all the rest, once more to sympathize with him alone. We say, "Rich one! are you there still—still pale, and dumb, and melancholy? Had the foul fiend so seized upon you, that not even the flattering painter could take the sorrow from your eye—the sting that had ran, piercing through your heart? 'Faith, you are fallen indeed!"

Let not the reader suppose, from what we have said, that we are wanting in a due respect for the illustrious painters who have conferred honour upon art. We love or admire them all. We can pore over a book of prints even, and forget ourselves among the old masters of the Italian school of painting. We can begin with Giotto, and go on untired, to the last of the school of the Caracci.

There is great fervour, and—so to speak—devotion of spirit in some of Giotto's works. Did the reader ever see his two saintly heads, in the possession of Mr. Rogers, the poet?—There is great skill and some grandeur in Massaccio, and infinite beauty in Perugino. Then, there are the quaint loveliness of Leonardo da Vinci—the frowning power of Michael Angelo—the splendours of Giorgione and Tizian—the suavity of Correggio—and the life, and spirit, and beauty—the grace, and intelligence, and unequalled propriety of Raffaele! There, too, are Guido's pale heads, and Domenichino's divine expressions—the stern realities of Annibal—the touching looks of Fra. Bartolomeo—the halcyon skies of Claude—and the stormy landscapes of Salvator Rosa. In a word, all that beauty and power, or the spirit of religion and love have dictated—all that great Nature herself has taught, are therein assembled, to delight whoever has the taste to value them. The most radiant visions open themselves upon us—the grandeur of the old world—the fantastic elegance of the new—the creation of Adam—the visage of Cæsar—Cleopatra and her asp—Roman temples—Egyptian pyramids—angels, and hierarchies, and prophets—warriors of all times—women, lovelier and more variable than the rainbow—all are brought back before us, by a power, greater than that of Prospero's wand. And can we refuse our homage? No: we gaze, and acknowledge that, even in its degradation and decline, Italy had still some spirits able to perpetuate her glory, and, in some degree, even to elevate her name!

The great painters to whom we have adverted—for the purpose of recording our respect for art in general—were painters of history or landscape. But they could at times abandon their professed employment, and sketch the likeness of their mistress, or of their friend—or of some excellent beauty of their age and nation; such as artists—above all other people—d-

light to honour. The Transfiguration was done by Raffaele for the sake of eternal renown—which it has won—but the Fornarina was a work of love; and the artist's own portrait—more than once painted by himself, and given to his friend or patron—is well worthy the double commendation that men have conspired to bestow upon it. It is a masterly deed, twice honoured, for its own merit, and for the principle of gratitude in which it had its origin.

Few of the great Roman artist's pictures have been more admired, than his portraits of Leo and Julius the Second. There is so much of integrity in the design, so much truth in the detail, that no one who gazes can for a moment doubt but that they are true representations of those famous men. Raffaele's life was employed on works of imagination, such as no one else has equalled; but he could descend from the "dignity of history," as it is called, and submit to transcribe a faithful lesson of nature, like one of a less gifted intellect.

We can scarcely imagine a thing much more pleasant indeed, to an artist, than to be brought face to face with some famous person, and permitted to examine and scrutinize his features, with that careful and intense curiosity that seems necessary to the perfecting a likeness. It must have been to Raffaele, at once a relaxation from his ordinary study, and a circumstance interesting in itself, thus to look into faces so full of meaning as those of Julius and Leo—and to say, "That look—that glance, which seems so transient, will I fix for ever. Thus shall he be seen, with that exact expression—although it lasted but for an instant—five hundred years after he shall be dust and ashes!"

This was probably the feeling of Raffaele; and it must have been with a somewhat similar pride that our excellent artist, Mr. Leslie, accomplished his portrait of Sir Walter Scott, which the reader will have already admired in the print-shops. It is surely a perfect work. No one, who has once seen the great author, can forget that strange and peculiar look—so full of meaning and shrewd and cautious observation—so entirely characteristic, in short, of the mind within—which Mr. Leslie has succeeded in catching. One may gaze on it for ever, and contemplate an exhaustless subject—all that the capacious imagination has produced, and is producing—the populous, endless world of fancy.

Let the reader look, and be assured that *there* is the strange spirit that has discovered and wrought all the fine shapes that he has been accustomed to look upon with wonder—Claverhouse, and Burley, and Bothwell—Meg Merrilies and Elspeth—the high and the low—the fierce and the fair—cavaliers and covenanted, and the rest—presenting an assemblage of character that is absolutely unequalled, except in the pages of Shakspeare alone. There is no other writer, be he Greek, or Goth, or Roman, who has ever astonished the world by creations so infinitely diversified. The mind of the author appears so free from egotism, so large and serene, so clear of all images of self, that it receives, as in a lucid mirror, all the varieties of nature. It was thus that the greatest and rarest of all poets was enabled to perform his wonderful task. Thus free from egotism and turbid vanity was Shakspeare himself. And thus, we may prophesy, must every author be, who shall succeed in stirring the hearts of men by dint of example only.

A NEW INVENTION.

It is said in a letter from Paris, that much encouragement is given to the following *new* invention for heating rooms:—"A piece of quick-lime dipped into water, and shut hermetically into a box constructed for the purpose, gives almost a purgatorial heat, and prevents the necessity of fire during the winter."

THE ESSAYIST.

THE PAINTER'S REVELATION.

"I CANNOT paint it!" exclaimed Duncan Weir, as he threw down his pencil in despair.

The portrait of a beautiful female rested on his easel. The head was turned as if to look into the painter's face, and an expression of delicious confidence and love was playing about the half-parted mouth. A mass of luxuriant hair, stirred by the position, threw its shadow upon a shoulder that but for its transparency you would have given to llys, and the light from which the face turned away fell on the polished throat with the rich mellowness of a moon-beam. She was a brunette—her hair of a glossy black, and the blood melting through the clear brown of her cheek, and sleeping in her lip like colour in the edge of a rose. The eye was unfinished. He could not paint it. Her low, expressive forehead, and the light pencil of her eyebrows, and the long, melancholy lashes, were all perfect; but he had painted the eye a hundred times, and a hundred times he had destroyed it, till, at the close of a long day, as his light failed him, he threw down his pencil in despair, and resting his head on his easel, gave himself up to the contemplation of the ideal picture of his fancy.

I wish all my readers had painted a portrait, the portrait of the face they best love to look on—it would be such a chance to thrill them with a description of the painter's feelings. There is nothing but the first timid kiss that has half its delirium. Why—think of it a moment! To sit for hours gazing into the eyes you dream of! To be set to steal away the tint of the lip and the glory of the brow you worship! To have beauty come and sit down before you, till its spirit is breathed into your fancy, and you can turn away and paint it! To call up, like a rash enchanter, the smile that bewilders you, and have power over the expression of a face, that, meet you where it will, laps you in Elysium! Make me a painter, Pythagoras!

A lover's picture of his mistress, painted as she exists in his fancy, would never be recognised. He would make little of features and complexion. No—he has not been an idolater for this. He has seen her as no one else has seen her, with the illumination of love, which, once in her life, makes every woman under heaven an angel of light. He knows her heart, too—its gentleness, its fervour; and when she comes up in his imagination, it is not her visible form passing before his mind's eye, but the apparition of her invisible virtues, clothed in the tender recollections of their discovery and development. If he remembers her features at all, it is the changing colour of her cheek, or the droop of her curved lashes, or the witchery of the smile that welcomed him. And even then he was intoxicated with her voice—always a sweet instrument when the heart plays upon it—and his eye was good for nothing. No—it is no matter what she may be to others—she appears to him like a bright and perfect being, and he would as soon paint St. Cecilia with a wart, as his mistress with an imperfect feature.

Duncan could not satisfy himself. He painted with his heart on fire, and he threw by canvass after canvass till his room was like a gallery of angels. In perfect despair, at last, he sat down and made a deliberate copy of her features—the exquisite picture of which we have spoken. Still, the eye haunted him. He felt as if it would redeem all if he could give it the expression with which it looked back some of his impassioned declarations. His skill, however, was, as yet, baffled, and it was at the close of the third day of unsuccessful effort that he relinquished it in despair, and, dropping his head upon his easel, abandoned himself to his imagination.

Duncan entered the gallery with Helen leaning on his arm. It was thronged with visitors. Groups were collected before the favourite pictures, and the low hum of criticism rose confusedly, varied, now and then, by the exclamation of some enthusiastic spectator. In a conspicuous part of the room hung "The Mute Reply, by Duncan Weir." A crowd had gathered before it, and were gazing on it with evident pleasure. Expressions of surprise and admiration broke frequently from the group, and, as they fell on the ear of Duncan, he felt an irresistible impulse to approach and look at his own picture. What is like the affection of a painter for the offspring of his genius? It seemed to him as if he had never before seen it. There it hung like a new picture, and he dwelt upon it with all the interest of a stran-

ger. It was indeed beautiful. There was a bewitching loveliness floating over the features. The figure and air had a peculiar grace and freedom; but the eye showed the genius of the master. It was a large, lustrous eye, moistened without weeping, and lifted up, as if to the face of a lover, with a look of indescribable tenderness. The deception was wonderful. It seemed every moment as if the moisture would gather into a tear, and roll down her cheek. There was a strange freshness in its impression upon Duncan. It seemed to have the very look that had sometimes beamed upon him in the twilight. He turned from it and looked at Helen. Her eyes met his with the same—the self-same expression of the picture. A murmur of pleased recognition stole from the crowd, whose attention was attracted. Duncan burst into tears—and awoke. He had been dreaming on his easel!

"Do you believe in dreams, Helen?" said Duncan, as he led her into the studio the next day, to look at the finished picture.

Legendary.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

ROBERT FULTON.

THIS celebrated civil engineer was born in the town of Little Britain, in the county of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in the year 1765. His father died when he was only three years of age. After receiving an English education, he was placed with a jeweller in Lancaster, with the intention of acquiring the trade. This pursuit, however, did not prevent him from cultivating and exercising his talent for painting, which he afterwards pursued with great success. With the advice of his numerous friends, he made a visit to London, and placed himself under the direction of Mr. West: he immediately became an inmate of that gentleman's house, and very soon, his companion and friend. The friendship thus formed, subsisted, unabated, until the death of Fulton.

For some years after leaving the family of Mr. West, he employed himself as a painter. He did not, however, feel himself entirely satisfied with his progress in the art, and was, at length, wholly withdrawn from its further cultivation, by his ruling taste for the mechanic arts.

As early as the year 1793, he brought forward his project of propelling boats by steam, with much confidence; and in September following, he communicated his ideas on steam navigation to Lord Stanhope, who acknowledged it by letter, dated October, 1794.

In 1794, the British government granted him patents for a double-inclined plane, to be used in transportation; for a machine for spinning flax; and another for making ropes, &c. &c.

In the year 1796, he submitted to the British board of agriculture a plan for the improvement of canal navigation, which was favourably received, and for which he received a patent in the year 1797. He then went to France, with a view to introduce it into that country.

In 1798, pursuing this interesting subject with great zeal, he published a series of letters, addressed to Earl Stanhope, in which he clearly exhibits the advantages to nations arising from canals and home improvements generally, simple taxation and free trade.

On his arrival at Paris, a friendship commenced between him and Joel Barlow, which ended only with their lives. At the invitation of Barlow, Fulton took up his residence at the hotel of the former, where he continued to remain during seven years. In this time, he studied the high mathematics, physics, chymistry, and perspective. He also acquired the French, Italian, and German languages.

Barlow, about this time, was preparing for the press his elegant edition of the Columbiad, which he afterwards dedicated in terms of glowing affection to Fulton. The splendid plates which adorn this work were executed under the superintendence of Fulton.

In December, 1797, he made his first experiment on submarine explosion on the river Seine, in company with Barlow.

In December, 1806, he returned to this city, and immediately recommenced his experiments on sub-marine war. He also directed his attention to steam navigation.

After several successful experiments, he published, in 1810, his interesting work, entitled "Torpedo War," which contains a full account and clear explanation of his system. At the earnest solicitation of the honourable R. R. Living-

ston, who had pointed out to him the incalculable advantages which would arise out of a perfect system of steam-navigation, had the desired effect of arousing the energies of his genius to a subject which he had not bestowed much attention upon since the year 1793.

After his return to the United States, in 1806, he and Mr. Livingston commenced building a steam-boat called the "Clermont," which afterwards navigated the Hudson at the rate of five miles per hour. From this memorable era in the life of Mr. Fulton, the art of navigating by steam continued to advance towards perfection, and the last boat built under his direction was better than any that had preceded it.

On the breaking out of the late war, he again turned his attention to his favourite project of sub-marine warfare, and after various successful experiments, obtained, in 1813, a patent for a "sub-marine battery."

It was from his sub-marine battery that he conceived the plan of the "steam man-of-war."

This invention was readily patronized by government, and in March, 1814, a law was passed to build one; the cost estimated at three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. He was appointed the engineer; and, in little more than four months from the laying of the keel, she was launched under the name of "Fulton the First." Since her equipment, she is allowed to be the most formidable engine for warfare that human ingenuity has ever contrived.

The last work on which he was engaged was a modification of his sub-marine boat; her model was approved, and he had received the sanction of the executive to construct one at New-York; but unfortunately his country had to lament his death before he had completed it. He terminated his valuable life on the 24th of February, 1815, a martyr to his efforts in the cause of science.

Mr. Fulton was about six feet high. His person was slender, but well-proportioned and well-formed. His features were strong, and of manly beauty.

In all his domestic and social relations, he was zealous, kind, generous, liberal, and affectionate. He knew of no use for money, but as it was subservient to charity, hospitality, and the sciences. At the time of his death, he was a member of the principal literary and scientific societies in the United States.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE HAIR.

This "grand feature of the human countenance," as it is denominated on the labels which are affixed to the bottles of genuine Macassar oil, has not occupied, according to Monsieur Cuvier, the celebrated naturalist, that rank to which it is entitled in zoological treatises. He considers the system with which the hair is connected, as analogous to that of the senses, and even as forming a part of it. To substantiate his doctrine, he adduces the fact, that in many animals the hairs are a very delicate organ of perception. The slightest impression—even that produced by a hair from the human head—is sufficient to make a cat, for example, contract her skin and cause it to tremble, as she always does to rid it of slight bodies resting on the back, and of the presence of which she seems to be apprised through the medium of this peculiar sense of touch.

These speculations, however, upon the hair cannot be particularly amusing, to one portion of our readers at least. To them, hair is only interesting when lopped from one head and transferred to another. Perhaps some of them would like to know the process by which this important article of the toilet is prepared for use, and with an apology to friseurs and curl-twisters for interfering in a matter which belongs to their province, we will detail the particulars. If it is a little too red to be classed with the auburn locks, or too gray for common wear, it is first washed clean and then thoroughly moistened with a solution of silver in aqua-fortis. On drying it in the sun, it becomes a rich brown or black. Hence it appears that the white locks of age, unseemly as they may appear, may be doomed to decorate the brow of sweet "sixteen." If the hair does not curl naturally, and persists, in spite of all ordinary applications, in retaining a puritanical straightness, it receives the following harsh treatment: first, it is boiled most furiously in an iron pot, about as long as one would stew a lobster. Then they take it from the cauldron, dispose it in parcels of equal length, roll it up on little earthen cylinders

which are hollowed out. Again it is condemned to the hot water for two hours; after which, they dry it carefully, and spread it out on sheets of brown paper, which are committed to the pastry-cook. It is then enclosed in pie-crust and deposited in the oven. When the paste is three-quarters done, the hair is ready to be woven into bands and fillets of curls; but as to the final destination of the pie-crust, we cannot positively speak.

Philad: Gaz.

POETRY, MUSIC, AND PAINTING.

Poetry breathes a charm over the cold realities of life, and imparts a brilliant colouring to every object that surrounds us, and an interest to the most trivial incidents that occur. Seen through her glowing medium, earth is paradise, and love is heaven. Music etherealizes humanity, and lifts the soul to its original sphere; with a powerful hand she strikes the sensitive chords of memory, awakening alike the thrilling recollection of former enjoyments, or the mournful remembrance of past sorrow. But Painting possesses the power of an *enchautress*; beneath her magic pencil spring those forms which are endeared to us by love, or rendered sacred by esteem and reverence. Over these cherished *shadows* death hath no power! we wear them in our bosoms, we place them in our closets, and enjoy with them a sweet and holy communion in our hours of retirement. As relics of those who sleep in the dust, they seem to confer with us in the language of other years; and while we remember some useful precept of friendly monition which once passed their lips, we regard them as benignant spirits still hovering in our paths, to remind us of our duty, and that we are also perishable.

Mrs. Ware.

TURKISH WOMEN.

The Turkish women—says Mr. Embury—are beautiful, though their beauty is of a different character from that of European females. Their eyes are blue and bland, their hair luxuriant, their faces fresh and rosy, and their persons possess great symmetry of proportion. I accompanied a German merchant, at Raffia, in the Crimea, to the mart of slaves, where an Armenian had exposed for sale two Circassian girls of the most exquisite loveliness. We feigned an intention of purchasing them, in order to gratify our curiosity and ascertain the mode of conducting such inhuman sales. The maidens were introduced to us one after another. Their deportment was graceful and modest to diffidence. The first girl presented was in her sixteenth year. She was elegantly dressed, and her face was covered with a veil, through which her blue eyes, as well as neck and shoulders—which rivalled the Parian marble in whiteness—shone like stars piercing a black cloud. She advanced towards the German, bowed down, and kissed his hand; then, at the command of her master, she walked backward and forward in the tent to show her fine figure, and the easiness of her carriage; she then raised her robe, so as to show the beautiful delicacy of a foot that would have charmed a Praxiteles. When she took off her veil, our eyes were dazzled with the surpassing loveliness of her face, in which the lily and the rose were blended on the cheeks of blooming youthfulness. Her tresses, as black as ebony, fell carelessly over her bust; and when she smiled—for smile she did, and appeared much pleased with the exhibition—she discovered teeth of a dazzling whiteness and enamel. She rubbed her cheeks with a wet napkin, to prove that she had not used art to improve or heighten the bloom of her complexion. We were permitted to feel her pulse, that we might be convinced of the good state of her health and constitution. She then retired with all the agility of one of Diana's nymphs coming out of the fountain. Her attractive charms won the heart of my German friend, who purchased this lovely girl for four thousand piasters.

TO KINDLE A COAL FIRE.

Let the stove or grate be empty, or nearly so; put in a few blocks of dry wood, or a handful or two of charcoal in the bottom, set fire to these, and cover them over with lumps of coal about the size of a walnut; shut the stove door, or put up the blower, and in five minutes the whole will be ignited, when the stove or grate is to be filled up with coal. If the grate is of a proper size, and the draught properly regulated, a supply of coal every twelve hours will keep the fire from going out from one year's end to the other. No person need, unless he chooses, let his fire go out more than once in a year. We will take this oppor-

tunity of correcting an error which seems to be generally entertained, that coal requires a very powerful draught to keep it in a state of ignition. After it is once ignited, nearly the reverse is the fact. It requires a quick draught at first, until the fire is lighted, that is, if you are in haste to have the room warm, but not otherwise, and then the draught necessary to ignite a wood fire is amply sufficient for one made of anthracite coal. There ought to be some mode of quickening the draught in every convenience for using stove coal, for the facility of speedily kindling and increasing the fire; but when the fire is once ignited, no more draught ought to be applied to it than will keep the coal in lively combustion. There are but few chimneys which have not more draught than is necessary. One other matter ought to be observed; the bottom of the grate should not be more than four or five inches from the floor.

WOMAN.

Governor Metcalfe, of Kentucky, in his late message to the state legislature, recommends that public provision should be made in that state for the education of females. "In every age, and in every clime—he remarks—man, in the exercise of his dominion over his companion, has made it extremely difficult for her to rise with himself in the scale of intelligence. Among the barbarous and uncivilized, how cheerless is her condition! How degraded by the decree of the Mussulman! In every quarter of the world, how hopeless are her prospects, except it be under the auspices, and in the bosom of a Christian community! It may, to his honour, besaid of the Christian, that he has done much for the improvement and melioration of her condition; and in doing so, he has contributed little less to his own, than to her happiness. It is true that she acts her part in the shade of domestic retirement. She is not often an active agent in the perils of war. Her voice is not heard in our senates. But this detracts nothing from the importance of her station. Her place in life is one of high, if not awful responsibility. We are indebted to her for our first, and frequently for our best impressions. In susceptible childhood, while we are looking up to her as the most pure and the most perfect, as she is sure to be the most beloved of created beings, she imparts to us our first lessons of morality and religion. The wild and irregular passions of fantastic infancy are subjected to her soft and endearing control. In riper years she exercises no small degree of influence over us; and in the dreary winter of our days, she sustains us by her fortitude, whilst from her kindness and fidelity we draw the last and greatest of all our earthly consolations. Surely her mind should be cultivated and adorned by the instruction and the grace of a systematic education. Will not the legislature of Kentucky confer upon their state the honour of having taken the first step for the promotion of this desirable object? The act, I am persuaded, will be hailed with delight by the present and succeeding generations."

AN OLD BOY.

An old bachelor, upwards of eighty years of age, recently died in Paris, worth three millions of francs. He always appeared in garments that were thread-bare, scarcely allowed himself the food necessary to keep himself alive, and frequently went to a small cafe, to save the expense of fire. Perhaps the next accounts from Paris will bring us this story in the shape of a drama.

ELSIE WHIPPLE.

This wretched woman was married, a few evenings since, at New-Brunswick, New-Jersey, to Mr. Nathan Freeman. They were schoolmates in their younger days.

LITERARY NOTICES.

OUR readers will be gratified to learn that the following popular works are in press, and will be speedily republished in this city:

- "The Disowned;" by the author of Pelham;
- "Trials of Life;" by the author of De Lisie;
- "Tales of St. Bernard;" by the author of Salathiel;
- "The Protestant;" by the author of the White Hoods;
- "The Man of Two Lives;"
- "Life in India;"
- "Nollekins and his Times," and the
- "Literary Remains of the late Henry Neele."

TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

From the bright stars, or from the viewless air,
Or from some world, unreach'd by human thought,
Spirit, sweet spirit! if thy home be there,
And if thy vision with the past be fraught,
Answer me, answer me!

Have we not communed here, of life and death!
Have we not said that love, such love as ours,
Was not to perish, as a rose's breath,
To melt away, like song from festal bowers?
Answer, oh! answer me!

Thine eye's last light was mine—the soul that shone
Intensely, mournfully, through gathering haze;
Didst thou bear with thee, to the shore unknown,
Nought of what lived in that long, earnest gaze?
Hear, hear, and answer me!

Thy voice—its low, soft, fervent, farewell tone
Thrilled through the tempest of the parting strife,
Like a faint breeze—oh! from that music flown
Send back one sound, if love's be quenchless life!
But answer, oh! answer me!

In the still noontide, in the sunset's hush,
In the dead hour of night, when thought grows deep;
When the heart's phantoms from the darkness rush,
Fearfully beautiful, to strive with sleep;
Spirit! then answer me!

By the remembrance of our blended prayer;
By all our tears, whose mingling made them sweet;
By our last hope, the victor o'er despair;
Speak!—if our souls in deathless yearnings meet,
Answer me, answer me!

The grave is silent—and the far-off sky,
And the deep midnight:—silent all, and lone!
Oh! if thy buried love make no reply,
What voice has earth? Hear, pity, speak! mine own!
Answer me, answer me!

THE TRAVELLER.

A SKETCH OF RUSSIAN MANNERS.

AN amusing anecdote, illustrative of Russian manners, is told by a gentleman who has recently travelled in the north of Europe. An officer in the prime of manhood, of high rank in the Russian army, was appointed by the emperor Alexander to the command of a remote province of the empire. On his arrival at the chief town of his government, he was visited by the nobility and great officers of the district, and among the rest by a certain count, whom he recognised as one of his old class-mates at a military school, where they had parted in hostility, on account of an insult received by the count, which he had not courage to resent. Of all the visitors, this count was the most overpowering in his civilities. Meeting the governor as one whom he had never seen before, he endeavoured to give the impression that they had always been strangers to each other. To his new ruler he spoke as if he had no remembrance of his person or name, and played his part so well, that the former was almost convinced that the youthful quarrel had escaped his recollection. Knowing, however, the duration of Russian resentment, the governor prudently resolved to be upon his guard. Still every thing continued to proceed smoothly, and the smiles and civilities of the count continued to be lavished upon his old enemy, and nothing occurred to awaken suspicion or to cloud their mutual courtesies. At length the count appointed a day for giving a great *fete* at his castle. This castle was situated on a rough and difficult tract of country, protected by mountainous defiles, yet but a few miles distant from the head quarters of the governor. To this castle his excellency was invited to attend the feast, which was to be adorned with all the splendour and magnificence of the Russian noblesse. He accepted the invitation; but, after he had done so, was visited by certain doubts as to the sincerity of his host, notwithstanding the complete oblivion to which a period of twenty years had apparently consigned the resentment of the count. He took the precaution, therefore, to order a body of dragoons, twenty of whom should be provided with stirrup-leathers or leather thongs, to follow him privately, and when the clock should strike nine, to close around the castle, while the subaltern officer in command proceeded to report himself to him, wherever he might be. To this officer the orders were strict. No matter when, how, or about what, the governor might be engaged when the clock struck nine, the officer must be in his presence, and ready

to receive his commands. Giving these orders, the governor repaired to the *fete*. He was received with great politeness, and greeted with every demonstration of respect. The halls were decked with oriental magnificence. Barbaric pearl and gold were literally showered upon the splendid draperies of the ample halls, and the dresses of the ladies glittered with jewelry. Rich music, formed by a concert of horns—on which each performer is taught to sound only a single note, so that there must be as many performers as there are notes in the gamut, in order to play a single tune, and an immense number to compose a band—was pouring forth its inspiring harmony. Plumes were nodding, bright eyes were glancing, generous wines were sparkling, every thing was in accordance with festivity and joy. Still the governor observed, that, of all the guests, whether ladies or the noblemen, not one was present who was not connected by blood or marriage with the lord of the castle. He gave himself up to the fascinations of the scene, however; enjoyed the splendid arrangements; suffered himself to be led from the grand saloon to the library; from the library to the picture hall; from the pictures to the cabinet of genius, through the variety of apartments which had been prepared for the gratification of a refined and luxurious taste, until, at length, he observed, that of those who had attended him there were only six who remained, all the nearest blood-relations to the count.

His ease of manner continued, and he moved forward with them toward the cabinet of minerals, when, as he was passing through a smaller apartment, the doors were suddenly shut and fastened, and himself seized and bound at once, without the slightest notice of the intention. His doubt then became a very unsatisfactory certainty. The count now proclaimed his hatred, reminded him of their ancient quarrel, and proceeded, with the assistance of his kinsmen, to inflict a severe flagellation.

After gratifying their malignity with this infliction, the count and his kinsmen directed their guest to return to the dancing-room, and display his disgrace to the company by dancing till supper time. The governor, who had not from the first betrayed the slightest expression of suffering, walked with a firm step, and a manner not the least confused, to the ball-room, and, accosting one of the ladies, desired the honour of her hand for the dance. The lady only laughed in his face. He tried another—and another—with the same success. The shrill voice of female derision, and the sneers, and jests, and ridicule of the gentlemen, were heard throughout the apartment, "coward and cowskin," and a variety of other juxtapositions, were bandied about with great alacrity. Still the composure of the high-bred governor was imperturbable. He had now asked the hand of every lady in the room but one, whom he had purposely omitted till the last, for she was the loveliest of them all, and had a sweet and compassionate expression of countenance, and did not join in the general laugh, and looked as if she could not have the heart to wound the feelings of a slave. To this lady he now advanced, and begged that she would honour him so much as to be his partner in the merry ring. She consented, and he had just led her to commence the waltz, when, as his features were beginning, for the first time, to assume an appearance of anxiety, the clock struck nine. He listened a moment—he heard nothing—his features grew darker—he listened again, and the heavy tramp of a dragon's footsteps greeted his ear. Presently, in marched the fierce and whiskered subaltern; taking his way straight through the bery of ladies and gay noblemen, who shrunk from him in breathless stillness, he proceeded to his master, and making his military salute, awaited his orders. Now, for the first time, the governor's manner changed entirely. His shout rang loud and free—"Let no one leave the castle—guard every gate. Let twenty dragoons advance with their weapons to this room." Then turning to the lady who had consented to dance with him, he committed her to the charge of an officer, to be led to her carriage, and sent home with the greatest respect. For the rest of the company, they were in a sad predicament. The count and his male companions were seized by the dragoons, and flogged severely with the stirrup-leathers. After undergoing this discipline, all the ladies and gentlemen were compelled to dance till supper time, for the gratification of the governor, who had already been exhorted by them to go through the same exercise for their own particular amusement. When the dance was done, the governor departed, telling the company that he hoped they were satisfied with their entertainment.

TALES OF OUR VILLAGE.

FANNY'S FAIRINGS.

BY MISS MITFORD.

A HAPPY boy was Thomas Stokes, of Upton Lea, last May morning: he was to go to B—fair, with his eldest brother William, and his cousin Fanny, and he never closed his eyes all night for thinking of the pleasure he should enjoy on the morrow. Thomas, "for shortness called" Tom, was a lively, merry boy, of nine years old, rising ten, as the horse-dealers say, and had never been at a fair in his life; so that his sleeplessness, as well as the frequent soliloquies of triumphant "ho! ho!"—his usual exclamation when highly pleased—and the perpetual course of broad smiles, in which his delight had been vented for a week before, were nothing remarkable. His companions were as wakeful and happy as himself. Now that might be accounted for in his cousin's case, since it was also her first fair; for Fanny, a pretty dark-eyed lass of eighteen, was a Londoner, and, till she arrived that winter on a visit to her aunt, had never been out of the sound of Bow bell; but why William, a young fellow of one-and-twenty, to whom fairs were so familiar, why he should lose his sleep on the occasion, is less easy to discover—perhaps from sympathy. Through Tom's impatience, the party were early astir; indeed, he had roused the whole house long before daybreak; and betimes in the forenoon they set forth on their progress; Tom, in a state of spirits that caused him to say "Ho! ho!" every minute, and much endangered the new hat that he was tossing in the air; William and Fanny, with a more concentrated and a far quieter joy. One should not see a finer young couple: he, decked in his Sunday attire, tall, sturdy, and muscular, with a fine open countenance, and an air of rustic gallantry that became him well; she, pretty and modest, with a look of gentility about her plain dark gown and cottage bonnet, and the little straw basket that she carried in her hand, which, even more than her ignorance of tree, and bird, and leaf, and flower, proclaimed her town breeding; although that ignorance was such, that Tom declared that on her first arrival at Upton Lea, she did not know an oak from an elm, or a sparrow from a blackbird. Tom himself had yet to learn poor Fanny's excuses, how much oaks and elms resemble each other in the London air, and how very closely in colour, though not in size, a city sparrow approaches to a blackbird.

Their way led through pleasant footpaths; every bank covered with cowslips and blue-bells, and overhung with the budding hawthorn and the tasselled hazel; now between orchards, whose trees, one flush of blossom, rose from amidst beds of daffodils, with their dark waving spear-like leaves and golden flowers; now along fields newly sown with barley, where the doves and wood-pigeons, pretty innocent thieves! were casting a glancing shadow on the ground as they flew from furrow to furrow, picking up the freshly planted grain; and now between close lanes peopled with nightingales; until at last they emerged into the gay high road, where their little party fell into the flood of people pouring on to the fair, much after the manner in which a tributary brooklet is lost in the waters of some mighty stream.

A mingled stream in good sooth it was, a most motley procession! Country folks in all varieties, from the pink-ribboned maiden, the belle of her parish, tripping along so merrily, to the sober and demure village matron, who walked beside her with a slow lagging pace, as if tired already; from the gay Lothario of the hamlet, with his clean smock-frock, and his hat on one side, who strutted along, ogling the lass in the pink ribbons, to the "grave and reverend signor," the patriarch of the peasantry, with his straight white hair and his well-preserved wedding suit, who hobbled stoopingly on, charged with two great grandchildren—a sprightly girl of six lugging him forward, a lumpy boy of three dragging him back. Children were there of all conditions, from "mamma's darlings," in the coronet carriage—the little lords and ladies, to whom a fair was, as yet, only a "word of power"—down to the brown gipsy urchins strapped on their mother's back, to whom it was a familiar sight—no end to the children! no end to the grown people! no end to the vehicles! Carts crammed as full as they could be stowed; gigs with one, two, three and four inside passengers; wagons laden with men instead of corn; droves of pigs; flocks of sheep; herds of cattle; strings of horses; with their several drovers, and drivers

of all kinds and countries—English, Irish, Welch, and Scotch—all bound to the fair. Here an Italian boy with his tray of images; there a Savoyard with her hurdy-gurdy; and lastly, struggling through the midst of the throng, that painful minister of pleasure, an itinerant showman, with his box of puppets and his tawdry wife, pushing, and toiling, and straining every nerve for fear of being too late. No end to the people! no end to the din! The turnpike-man opened his gate and shut his ears in despairing resignation. Never was known so full a May-fair.

And amongst the thousands assembled in the market-place at B—, it would have been difficult to find a happier group than our young cousins. Tom, to be sure, had been conscious of a little neglect on the part of his companions. The lectures on ornithology, with which, *chemin faisant*, he had thought fit to favour Fanny—children do dearly love to teach grown people, and all country boys are learned in birds—had been rather thrown away on that fair damsel. William and she had walked arm-in-arm; and when he tried to join them on one side, he found himself cast off—and when on the other, let go. Poor Tom was, evidently, *de trop* in the party. However, he bore the affront like a philosopher, and soon forgot his grievances in the solid luxuries of tarts and gingerbread; in the pleasant business of purchasing and receiving petty presents; in the chatter, the bustle, and the merriment of the fair. Amidst all his delight, however, he could not but feel a little curiosity, when William, having lured him to a stall, and fixed him there in the interesting occupation of selecting a cricket-ball, persuaded Fanny to go under his escort to make some private purchases at the neighbouring shops. Tom's attention to his own important bargain was sadly distracted by watching his companions as they proceeded from the linen-draper's to the jeweller's, and from the jeweller's to the pastry-cook's; looking, the whilst, the one proud and happy, the other shy and ashamed. Tom could not tell what to make of it, and chose, in his perplexity, the very worst ball that was offered to him; but as he had seen their several parcels snugly deposited in the straw basket, he summoned courage to ask, point blank, what it contained; at which question Fanny blushed, and William laughed; and on a repetition of the inquiry, answered, with an arch smile, "Fanny's fairings." Now, as Fanny had before purchased toys, and cakes, and such like trifles, for the whole family, this reply, and the air with which it was delivered, served rather to stimulate than to repress the vague suspicions that were floating in the boy's brain. A crowd, however, is no place for impertinent curiosity. Loneliness and ennui are necessary to the growth of that weed. If there had been a fair in Bluebeard's castle, his wives would have kept their heads on their shoulders; the blue chamber and the diamond key would have tempted in vain. So Tom betook himself to the enjoyment of the scene before him, applying himself the more earnestly to the business of pleasure, as they were to return to Upton Lea at four o'clock.

Four o'clock arrived, and found our hero, Thomas Stokes, still untired of stuffing and staring. He had eaten more cakes, oranges, and gingerbread, than the gentlest reader would deem credible; and he had seen well nigh all the sights of the fair; the tall man, and the short woman, and the calf with two heads; had attended the in-door horsemanship, and the out-door play; the dancing dogs and two raree shows; and lastly, had visited and admired the wonders of the menagerie, scraped acquaintance with a whole legion of parrots and monkeys, poked up a boar-constrictor, patted a lioness, and had the honour of presenting his blunderbuss to the elephant, although he was not much inclined to boast of this exploit, having been so frightened at his own temerity as to run away out of the booth before the sagacious but deliberate quadruped had found time to fire.

Not a whit tired was Tom. He could have wished the fair to last a week. Nevertheless, he obeyed his brother's summons; and the little party set out on their return, the two elder ones again linked arm-in-arm, and apparently forgetting that the world contained any human being except their own two selves. Poor Tom trudged after, beginning to feel, in the absence of other excitement, a severe relapse of his undefined curiosity respecting Fanny's fairings. On tripped William and Fanny, and after trudged Tom, until a string of unruly horses passing rapidly by, threw the whole group into confusion; no one was hurt, but the pretty Londoner was so much alarmed as to afford

her companion ample employment in placing her on a bank, soothing her fears, and railing at the misconduct of the horse-people. As the cavalcade disappeared, the fair damsel recovered her spirits, and began to inquire for her basket, which she had dropped in her terror, and for Tom, who was also missing. They were not far to seek. Perched in the opposite hedge, sat Master Tom, in the very act of satisfying his curiosity by examining her basket, smiling and ho! ho!ing with all his might. Parcel after parcel did he extract and unfold: first a roll of white satin ribbon—"ho! ho!"—then a pair of white cambric gloves—"ho! ho!" again; then a rich-looking, dark-coloured, small plum-cake, nicely frosted with white sugar—"ho! ho! Miss Fanny!"—last of all a plain gold ring, wrapped in three papers, silver, white, and brown—"ho, ho!" once more shouted the boy, twirling the wedding-ring on his own finger, the fourth of the left hand—"so these are Fanny's fairings! Ho! ho!—ho! ho!"

THE REPOSITORY.

ABBOTSFORD,

THE RESIDENCE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"STEPPING westward," as Wordsworth says, "from the hall, you find yourself in a narrow, low, arched room, which runs quite across the house, having a blazoned window again at either extremity, and filled all over with smaller pieces of armour and weapons, such as swords, fire-locks, spears, arrows, darts, daggers, &c. Here are the pieces esteemed most precious by reason of their histories respectively. I saw, among the rest, Rob Roy's gun, with his initials, R. M. C., Robert Macgregor Campbell, engraved upon it; the blunderbuss of Hofer, a present to Sir Walter from his friend Sir Humphrey Davy; a most magnificent sword, as magnificently mounted, the gift of Charles the First to the great Montrose, and having the arms of Prince Henry worked on the hilt; the hunting bottle of Bonnie King Jamie; Bonaparte's pistols—found in his carriage at Waterloo, I believe—*cum multis aliis*. I should have mentioned that stag-horns and bulls' horns—the petrified relics of the old mountain monster, I mean—and so forth, are suspended in great abundance above all the doorways of these armories; and that, in one corner—a dark one, as it ought to be—there is a complete assortment of the old Scottish instruments of torture, not forgetting the very thumb-screws under which Cardinal Carstairs did not flinch, and the more terrific iron crown of Wiseheart the martyr, being a sort of barred head-piece, screwed on the victim at the stake, to prevent him from crying aloud in his agony.

Beyond the smaller, or rather, I should say, the narrower armory, lies the dining-parlour proper; however, and though there is nothing Udolphoish here, yet I can well believe that, when lighted up and the curtains drawn at night, the place may give no bad notion of the private snuggery of some lofty lord abbot of the time of the Canterbury Tales. The room is a very handsome one, with a low and a very richly carved roof of dark oak again; a huge projecting bow window, and the dais elevated *more majorum*; the ornaments of the roof, niches for lamps, &c. In short, all the minor details are, I believe, *fac similes* after Melrose. The walls are hung in crimson, but almost entirely covered with pictures, of which the most remarkable are—the parliamentary general, Lord Essex, a full length on horseback; the Duke of Monmouth, by Lely; a capital Hogarth, by himself; Prior and Gay, both by Jervas; and the head of Mary Queen of Scots, in a charger, painted by Amias Canrood the day after the decapitation at Fotheringay, and sent some years ago as a present to Sir Walter, from a Prussian nobleman, in whose family it had been for more than two centuries. It is a most deathlike performance, and the countenance answers well enough to the coins of the unfortunate beauty, though not at all to any of the portraits I have happened to see. I believe there is no doubt as to the authenticity of this most curious picture. Among various family pictures, I noticed particularly Sir Walter's great-grandfather, the old cavalier mentioned in one of the epistles in *Marmion*, who let his beard grow after the execution of Charles the First, and who here appears, accordingly, with a most venerable appendage of silver whiteness, reaching even unto his girdle.

A narrow passage leads to a charming breakfast-room, which looks to the Tweed on one side, and towards Yarrow and Etrick, famed in song, on the other: a cheerful room,

fitted up with novels, romances, and poetry, I could perceive at one end; and the other walls covered thick and thicker with a most valuable and beautiful collection of water-colour drawings, chiefly by Turner, and Thompson of Duddingstone—the designs, in short, for the magnificent work entitled, "Provincial Antiquities of Scotland." There is one very grand oil-painting over the chimney-piece, *Fast-castle*, by Thompson, alias, the Wolf's Crag of the Bride of Lammermoor, one of the most majestic and melancholy sea-pieces I ever saw; and some large black-and-white drawings of the vision of Don Roderick, by Sir James Steuart, of Allanbank—whose illustrations of *Marmion* and *Mazeppa* you have seen or heard of—are at one end of the parlour. The room is crammed with queer cabinets and boxes, and in a niche there is a bust of old Henry Mackenzie, by Joseph, of Edinburgh. Returning towards the armoury, you have, on one side of a most religious-looking corridor, a small green-house, with a fountain playing before it—the very fountain that, in days of yore, graced the cross of Edinburgh, and used to flow with claret at the coronation of the Stuarts—a pretty design, and a standing monument of the barbarity of modern innovation. From the small armoury you pass, as I said before, into the drawing-room, a large, lofty, and splendid *salon*, with antique ebony furniture and crimson silk hangings, cabinets, china, and mirrors *quantum suff*, and some portraits; among the rest, glorious John Dryden, by Sir Peter Lely, with his gray hairs floating about in a most picturesque style, eyes full of wildness, representing the old bard, I take it, in one of those "tremulous moods," in which we have it on record he appeared, when interrupted in the midst of his *Alexander's Feast*. From this you pass into the largest of all the apartments, the library, which, I must say, is really a noble room. It is an oblong of some fifty feet by thirty, with a projection in the centre, opposite the fire-place, terminating in a grand bow window, fitted up with books also, and in fact constituting a sort of chapel to the church. The roof is of carved oak again—a very rich pattern—I believe chiefly *a la Roisin*; and the book-cases, which are also of richly carved oak, reach high up the walls all round. The collection amounts, in this room, to some fifteen or twenty thousand volumes, arranged according to their subjects: British history and antiquities filling the whole of the first wall; English poetry and drama, classics and miscellanies, one end; foreign literature, chiefly French and German, the other. The cases on the side opposite the fire are wired and locked, as containing articles very precious and very portable. One consists entirely of books and manuscripts relating to the insurrections of 1716 and 1745; and another—within the recess of the bow window—of treatises *de re magica*; both of these being, I am told, and can well believe, in their ways, collections of the rarest curiosity. My cicerone pointed out, in one corner, a magnificent set of Mountfaucon, ten volumes folio, bound in scarlet, and stamped with the royal arms, the gift of his present majesty. There are few living authors of whose works presentation copies are not to be found here. My friend showed me inscriptions of that sort in, I believe, every European dialect extant. The books are all in prime condition, and bindings that would satisfy Mr. Dibdin. The only picture is Sir Walter's eldest son, in hussar uniform, and holding his horse, by Allan, of Edinburgh, a noble portrait, over the fire-place; and the only bust is that of Shakspeare, from the Avon monument, in a small niche in the centre of the east side. On a rich stand of porphyry, in one corner, reposes a tall silver urn, filled with bones from the Piræus, and bearing the inscription, "Given by George Gordon, Lord Byron, to Sir Walter Scott, Baronet." It contained the letter which accompanied the gift till lately: it has disappeared; no one guesses who took it, but whoever he was, as my guide observed, he must have been a thief for thieving's sake truly, as he durst no more exhibit his autograph than tip himself a bare bodkin. Sad, infamous tourist, indeed! Although I saw abundance of comfortable-looking desks and arm-chairs, yet this room seemed rather too large and fine for work, and I found accordingly, after passing a double pair of doors, that there was a *sanctum* within and beyond this library. And here, you may believe, was not to me the least interesting, though by no means the most splendid, part of the suite.

The lion's own den proper, then, is a room of about five and twenty feet square by twenty feet high, containing of what is properly called furniture, nothing but a small writing table in the centre, a plain arm-chair covered with black leather—a very comfortable one though, for I tried

it—and a single chair besides, plain symptoms that this is no place for company. On either side of the fire-place there are shelves filled with duodecimos and books of reference, chiefly, of course, folios; but, except these, there are no books, save the contents of a light gallery which runs round three sides of the room, and is reached by a hanging stair of carved oak in one corner. You have been both at the Elisee Bourbon and Malmaison, and remember the library at one or other of those places, I forget which; this gallery is much in the same style. There are only two portraits, an original of the beautiful and melancholy head of Claverhouse, and a small full length of Rob Roy. Various little antique cabinets stand round about, each having a bust on it; Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims are on the mantel-piece; and in one corner I saw a collection of really useful weapons, those of the forestcraft, to wit—axes and bills, and so forth, of every calibre. There is only one window, pierced in a very thick wall, so that the place is rather sombre; the light tracery work of the gallery overhead harmonizes with the books well. It is a very comfortable-looking room, and very unlike any other I ever was in. I should not forget some highland claymores, clustered round a target over the Canterbury people, nor a writing-box of carved wood, lined with crimson velvet, and furnished with silver-plate of right venerable aspect, which looked as if it might have been the implement of old Chaucer himself, but which, from the arms on the lid, must have belonged to some Italian prince of the days of Leo the Magnificent, at the furthest.

The view of the Tweed from all the principal apartments is beautiful. You look out from among bowers, over a lawn of sweet turf, upon the clearest of all streams, fringed with the wildest of birch woods, and backed with the green hills of Ettrick forest. The rest you must imagine. Altogether, the place destined to receive so many pilgrimages, contains within itself beauties not unworthy of its associations. Few poets ever inhabited such a place; none, ere now, ever created one. It is the realization of dreams: some Frenchman called it, it is said, "a romance in stone and lime."

THE HUMOURIST.

TOO HANDSOME FOR ANY THING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF PELHAM.

MR. FERDINAND FITZROY was a model of perfection. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was an only son. He was such an amazing favourite with both his parents that they resolved to ruin him; accordingly, he was exceedingly spoiled, never annoyed by the sight of a book, and had as much plum-cake as he could eat. Happy would it have been for Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy could he always have eaten plum-cake, and remained a child. "Never," says the Greek tragedian, "reckon a mortal happy till you have witnessed his end." A most beautiful creature was Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes—such hair—such teeth—such a figure—such manners, too—and such an irresistible way of tying his neckcloth! When he was about sixteen, a crabbed old uncle represented to his parents the propriety of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy to read and write. Though not without some difficulty, he convinced them—for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments respecting the nurture of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him. So our hero was sent to school. He was naturally—I am not joking now—a very sharp, clever boy; and he came on surprisingly in his learning. The schoolmaster's wife liked handsome children.

"What a genius will Master Ferdinand Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him!" said she to her husband.

"Pooh, my dear, it is of no use to take pains with him."

"And why, love?"

"Because he is a great deal too handsome ever to be a scholar."

"And that's true enough, my dear!" said the schoolmaster's wife.

So, because he was too handsome to be a scholar, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy remained the lag of the fourth form! They took our hero from school.

"What profession shall he follow?" said his mother.

"My first cousin is the lord chancellor," said his father, "let him go to the bar."

The lord chancellor dined there that day. Mr. Ferdinand

was introduced to him. His lordship was a little, rough-faced, beetle-browed, hard-featured man, who thought beauty and idleness the same thing—and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer.

"Send him to the bar!" said he, "no, no, that will never do!—Send him into the army; he is much too handsome to become a lawyer."

"And that's true enough, my lord!" said the mother.

So they bought Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy a cornetcy in the regiment of dragoons.

Things are not learned by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy had never ridden at school, except when he was hoisted; he was, therefore, a very indifferent horseman; they sent him to the riding-school, and every body laughed at him.

"He is a dunce!" said Cornet Horsephiz, who was very ugly.

"A horrid puppy!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem, who was still uglier.

"If he does not ride better, he will disgrace the regiment!" said Captain Rivalhate, who was very good-looking.

"If he does not ride better, we will cut him!" said Colonel Everdrill, who was a wonderful martinet. "I say, Mr. Bumpemwell"—to the riding-master—"make that youngster ride less like a miller's sack."

"Pooh, sir, he will never ride better."

"And why will he not?"

"Bless you, colonel, he is a great deal too handsome for a cavalry officer!"

"True!" said Cornet Horsephiz.

"Very true!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem.

"We must cut him!" said the colonel.

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly cut.

Our hero was a youth of susceptibility—he quitted the regiment, and challenged the colonel. The colonel was killed!

"What a terrible blackguard is Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" said the colonel's relations.

"Very true!" said the world.

The parents were in despair!—They were not rich; but our hero was an only son, and they sponged hard upon the crabbed old uncle!

"He is very clever," said they both, "and may do yet."

So they borrowed some thousands from the uncle, and bought his beautiful nephew a seat in parliament.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitious, and desirous of retrieving his character. He fagged like a dragon—conceded pamphlets and reviews—got Ricardo by heart—and made notes on the English constitution.

He rose to speak.

"What a handsome fellow!" whispered one member.

"Ah, a coxcomb!" said another.

"Never do for a speaker!" said a third, very audibly.

And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sneered and *heard*!—Impudence is only indigenous in Milesia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embarrassed.

"Told you so!" said one of his neighbours.

"Fairly broke down!" said another.

"Too fond of his hair to have any thing in his head," said a third, who was considered a wit.

"Hear, hear!" cried the gentlemen on the opposite benches.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy sat down—he had not shone; but, in justice, he had not failed. Many a first-rate speaker had begun worse; and many a county member had been declared a phoenix of promise upon half his merit.

"Not so," thought the heroes of corn laws.

"Your Adonises never make orators!" said a crack speaker with a wry face.

"Nor men of business either," added the chairman of a committee, with a face like a kangaroo's.

"Poor devil!" said the civilest of the set. "He's a deuced deal too handsome for a speaker! By Jove, he is going to speak again—this will never do; we must cough him down!"

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down.

Our hero was now seven or eight and twenty, handsomer than ever, and the adoration of all the young ladies at Almack's.

"We have nothing to leave you," said the parents, who had long spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having once enjoyed it.—"You are the handsomest man in London; you must marry an heiress."

"I will," said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming young lady, with a hare-lip and six thousand a year. To Miss Helen Convolvulus then our hero paid his addresses.

Heavens! what an uproar her relations made about the matter.

"Easy to see his intentions," said one: "a handsome fortune-hunter, who wants to make the best of his person!"

"Handsome is that handsome does," says another; "he was turned out of the army, and murdered his colonel."

"Never marry a beauty," said a third; "he can admire none but himself."

"Will have so many admirers," said a fourth.

"Make you perpetually jealous," said a fifth.

"Spend your fortune," said a sixth.

"And break your heart," said a seventh.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was prudent and wary. She saw a great deal of justice in what was said; and was sufficiently contented with liberty and six thousand a year, not to be highly impatient for a husband; but our heroine had no aversion to a lover, especially to so handsome a lover as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Accordingly she neither accepted nor discarded him; but kept him on hope, and suffered him to get into debt with his tailor and his coachmaker, on the strength of becoming Mr. Fitzroy Convolvulus.

Time went on, and excuses and delays were easily found; however, our hero was sanguine, and so were his parents. A breakfast at Chiswick and a putrid fever carried off the latter, within one week of each other; but not till they had blessed Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and rejoiced that they had left him so well provided for.

Now, then, our hero depended solely upon the crabbed old uncle and Miss Helen Convolvulus:—the former, though a baronet and a satirist, was a banker and a man of business—he looked very distastefully at the Hyperion curls and white teeth of Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

"If I make you my heir," said he, "I expect you will continue the bank."

"Certainly, sir!" said the nephew.

"Humph!" grunted the uncle, "a pretty fellow for a banker!"

Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew pressing to Miss Helen Convolvulus.

"It is a dangerous thing," said she, timidly, "to marry a man so admired—will you always be faithful?"

"By heaven!" cried the lover—

"Heigho!" sighed Miss Helen Convolvulus, and Lord Rufus Pumlion entering, the conversation was changed.

But the day of the marriage was fixed; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a new curricule. By Apollo, how handsome he looked in it! A month before the wedding-day the uncle died. Miss Helen Convolvulus was quite tender in her condolences.

"Cheer up, my Ferdinand," said she; "for your sake, I have discarded Lord Rufus Pumlion."

"Adorable condescension!" cried our hero; "but Lord Rufus Pumlion is only four feet two, and has hair like a peony."

"All men are not so handsome as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" was the reply.

Away goes our hero, to be present at the opening of his uncle's will.

"I leave," said the testator—who, I have before said, was a bit of a satirist—"my share of the bank, and the whole of my fortune, legacies excepted, to"—here Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy wiped his beautiful eyes with a cambric handkerchief, exquisitely *brode*—"my friend, John Spriggs, an industrious, pains-taking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I did once intend to have made my nephew Ferdinand my heir; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not beauty; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy is a great deal too handsome for a banker; his good looks will, no doubt, win him any heiress in town. Meanwhile, I leave him, to buy a dressing-case, a thousand pounds."

"A thousand devils!" said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, banging out of the room.

He flew to his mistress. She was not at home. "Lies," says the Italian proverb, "have short legs;" but truths, if they are unpleasant, have terribly long ones! The next day Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy received a most obliging note of dismissal.

"I wish you every happiness," said Miss Helen Convolvulus, in conclusion—"but my friends are right; you are much too handsome for a husband!"

And the week after, Miss Helen Convolvulus became Lady Rufus Punition.

"Alas! sir," said the bailiff, as, a day or two after the dissolution of parliament, he was jogging along with Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy in a hackney coach, bound to the King's Bench—"Alas! sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prison!"

PAPER PEAT.

The clerical worthy distinguished far and wide by the above literary cognomen, was, not long ago, the spiritual director of a small parish, a spot now much resorted to as a watering-place by the natives of the "Modern Athens." Its mineral spa is generally believed to be the St. Ronan's Well of the northern magician. The village is delightfully situated on the banks of the Tweed, where its waters are joined by the river Quair. The surrounding scenery is beautifully picturesque, the fine mansion of the Earl of Traquair forming a prominent feature in the landscape. The parish church is a curious old structure; but not such a curiosity as its former worthy occupant, known by the name of Paper Peat. The origin of his being complimented for life with the above facetious title, is attributed to a certain unlucky sermon he preached many years ago. His gude folk held in most orthodox abhorrence all read discourses, and even shuddered at the idea of notes, however brief. They considered this practice as a manifest proof of the incapacity of the minister; and if he really happened to be an able man, it was viewed by them as an unpardonable aggravation, since, by gluing his optics on a few scraps of paper, he lameably and sinfully fettered his gifts and graces, and left no door open for the inpouring of the spirit. The good pastor well knew the extreme dislike his hearers had to the weary bits of paper; but being plagued with a treacherous memory, he was obliged to have recourse to them. In order, however, to elude as much as possible the vigilant eyes of the congregation, he made use of sundry half-sheets of paper, headed, firstly, secondly, thirdly, and so on to the final scrap, containing *uses of terror, or encouragement*, according as the thunders of Mount Sinai, or the blessings of Mount Zion, happened to predominate in the discourse. These important slips of paper were deposited on the left page of the Bible; and when he had exhausted one, he, in a truly legerdemain style, slid it over to the right page. But, alas! cunning as the poor minister thought himself, he was one fatal day doomed to essay the pangs of complete exposure and lasting mortification. He had got as far as *thirdly*, when, lo! the indispensable scrap had vanished, as if by the agency of the foul fiend himself. In a state of unspeakable confusion, he thus went on: "Thirdly, my beloved brethren"—a long and awful pause, wound up by an emphatic hem, or rather groan—"I say, my beloved brethren, *thirdly*—hem, hem. We come now, my dear friends, in the third place—hem, hem, hem"—all the time groping amongst the papers with increasing agitation, and the perspiration breaking upon his poor oblivious brow in agonising drops. The manuscript truant in question had unluckily fallen over the pulpit, where it was picked up by an aud wife, seated, for deafness' sake, on one of the steps. With the aid of her spectacles, she contrived to make out the leading word, and forthwith bawled out, to the infinite discomfiture of the miserable minister, "Dear sir, here's *thirdly* lying here!"

GENUINE LAZINESS.

A young farmer inspecting his father's concerns in the time of hay and harvest, found a body of the mowers asleep when they should have been at work. "What is this?" cried the youth. "Why, you are so indolent, that I would give a crown to know which is the most lazy among ye." "I am he," cried the one nearest to him, still stretching himself at his ease. "Here then," said the youth, holding out the money. "Oh, Master George, do take the trouble of putting it into my pocket for me."

CONJUGAL GRATITUDE.

Frank Hayman was a dull creature. When he buried his wife, a friend asked why he expended so much on her funeral? "Ah, sir," replied he, "she would have done as much and more for me with pleasure."

GOLDSMITH AND ROUBILLIAC.

Goldsmith thought at one time he could play the flute as well as most men; and at other times, as well as any man living: but in truth he understood not a character in which music is written, and played on that instrument, as many others do, merely by ear. Roubilliac, the sculptor, a merry fellow, once heard him play, and minding to put a trick upon him, pretended to be charmed with his performance, as also that he himself was skilled in the art, and entreated him to repeat the air, that he might write it down. Goldsmith readily consenting, Roubilliac called for paper and scored thereon a few five-line staves, which having done, Goldsmith proceeded to play, and Roubilliac to write; but his writing was only such random notes on the lines and spaces as any one might set down who had ever inspected a page of music. When they had both done, Roubilliac showed the paper to Goldsmith, who looked over it with seeming great attention, said it was very correct, and that if he had not seen him do it, he never could have believed his friend capable of writing music after him.

Lockhart's Coll.

ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.

Mr. Henry Erskine being one day in London, in company with the duchess of Gordon, asked her, "Are we never again to enjoy the honour and pleasure of your grace's society at Edinburgh?" "Oh," said she, "Edinburgh is a vile dull place, I hate it." "Madam," replied the gallant barrister, "the sun might as well say, this is a vile dark morning, I won't rise to-day."

REPARTEE.

The duke of Marlborough drove up to the door of his grace of St. Alban's, at Brighton, the other day, and said to the footman, "My compliments to her grace. I have called to pay my respects." "Tell the fellow," bellowed out the duchess, "I'd rather he'd pay the one thousand pounds he owes me."

Coleman being once asked if he knew Theodore Hook, answered, "Oh, yes: Hook and Eye are old associates."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Judge Hollingsworth.—The Washington Chronicle—an excellent weekly paper, published at the seat of government—contains a brief notice of the late Judge Hollingsworth, of Maryland, a gentleman whose lively conversational powers rendered him the choice guest of many convivial meetings. "Having had the pleasure of his acquaintance," says the writer, "for some time previous to his death, I was enabled to collect many of his brilliant sayings and pungent witticisms, which had been floating about in society. His mind, however, appeared to be so saturated with information on every subject, that perhaps some diligent person in his *anecdotal* age, may, in reference to a few of the *bon mots*, apply to him what Sheridan said of Dundas, 'that he was indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts.' Many of his repartees might figure to advantage along with the most brilliant ones of Norbury, Rogers, or Parr." We have only room for the following:

"Some gentlemen were talking, at the Athenæum, about the number of private memoirs lately published; and it was observed that the authors of these autobiographies must find it a profitable employment. 'Ay,' exclaimed Mr. H., 'and one that shows a great deal of courage.' 'How so?' 'Because they take care to sell their lives as dearly as possible.'"

"According to Symmes' and Reynolds' theory, there is a large opening at each pole. One of the candidates for the Maryland legislature, a few years ago, told the judge he feared that he had little chance of being elected. 'In Mr. Reynolds' opinion,' answered he, 'you are certainly mistaken, for he appears firmly persuaded there is still a great opening at the polls!'"

"An elephant being advertised as newly arrived in some town, it was asked if he was to remain any time. 'I suppose so,' gravely answered Mr. H., 'for I observed he brought a very large trunk with him.'"

"On board one of the steamboats there was a very beautiful girl, whose comeliness and grace attracted much attention. When the bell rang for the passengers to pay their money, a stranger asked what it was for, and was told

it was the bell for the money. 'No,' said Mr. H. pointing to the girl, 'there is the belle for the money.'"

"A couple of gentlemen left Baltimore to fight a duel. There was considerable anxiety to know the event, which proved fatal to one of the parties. Mr. H. who had heard the news, was passing a group who were hazarding conjectures about the probable termination of the affair. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'the thing now admits of no doubt—but is reduced to a dead certainty.'"

"In a company which Mr. H. was enlivening by his wit, was a gentleman whose ruling passion was hunting, and whose conversation among the young men, who were his chief companions, turned generally on guns, pointers, and 'all that sort of thing.' When he left the room, the judge observed—"The whole of that fellow's business in this world appears to be to teach the young idea how to shoot."

Cobbett's directions to young men who wish to accomplish much.—"Be sober—be abstinent—rise at four in the morning, and retire to bed at eight in the evening." The last advice he insists on more than the first. This singular man asserts that the best articles he ever composed were written before ten in the morning. He denies that the lamp ever shines auspiciously on literary efforts. It was a favourite maxim of George Frederick Cooke, that no man could be great unless he rose from his bed two hours earlier than his neighbours—a maxim, by-the-by, he seldom practised himself, however warmly or sincerely he may have advocated it.

Music for the Flute.—Bourne, in Broadway, has just published a music case, fitted for the pocket, containing a great variety of airs for the flute. It is a new thing, very ingeniously conceived and neatly executed. Each piece of music is on a small coloured card. It is well worth the attention of musicians and amateurs.

Zillah; a Tale of the Holy City.—The Messrs. Harpers have just published a neat edition of this superior work. It is by the author of "Brambletye House," the "Tor Hill," "Reuben Apsley," &c. It needs no other recommendation.

A Female Clerk.—We learn, from the Exeter Post, that, in the village of Misterton, a woman, named Mary Munderford, has officiated in church, as clerk and sexton, upwards of twenty years, to the great satisfaction of the parishioners; and this, together with the making of bread-puddings, for which she has a constant demand in the surrounding country, affords her a comfortable maintenance.

Love and its effects.—A young lady of respectable connexions and the pride of her circle, in one of the towns of Massachusetts, committed suicide a few days since. She rose from her bed in the silence of the night and threw herself into a neighbouring pond. The Boston Traveller says, it is understood that the "sad impulse of disappointed affection led to this melancholy catastrophe."

A new Comedy.—The late English papers state that Mr. Canning left a comedy, in five acts, upon the plan of the School for Scandal, which is now in the hands of a noble family to which he was allied.

The Original.—Miss Whipple, the editor of a new paper, called the Original, published at the village of Pawtucket, is said to be a young lady of considerable talents and taste. She is very industrious, and writes with ease and facility. "Will the time ever come?" asks Mr. Noah—"when the press will be managed altogether by the fair sex?"

To-day's Paper.—This number of the Mirror forcibly reminds us of Mr. Barker's reply to the publisher who called on him for a preface to the "Lady of the Lake," dramatized by Mr. B. from Sir Walter Scott's poem of the same name. "I have," said he, "merely made a garland of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, except the thread that ties them." This is precisely the case with our paper of to-day, it being made up principally of selections—not even the editorial head having been entirely supplied by the—editorial head. Now, be it understood, this circumstance is not owing to any lack of original matter; for we have more—in quantity—than we can publish, and much—in quality—that we will not publish. "We hold this truth to be self-evident," that good selections "are, and of right ought to be," preferred to bad originals; and as we cannot—this week—display an entire new set of diamonds, we have ventured—for the sake of variety—to make our appearance with a second-hand selection of the very first water. In conclusion, it is fair to state, that since we arranged them for the present occasion, several of our contemporaries have worn them in public in this very

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

THE MAID OF LANGOLLEN.

AS SUNG BY MR. BARCLAY, AT THE LATE CONCERT OF THE EUTERPIAN SOCIETY, AT THE CITY-HOTEL.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED IN AMERICA.

Though low-ly my lot; and though poor my estate, I see with-out en-vy the weal-thy and great; Con-tent-ed and proud a poor shepherd to be, While the maid of Langollen smiles sweet-ly on me, While the maid of Lah-gol-len smiles sweet-ly on me.

Though lowly my lot, and though poor my estate,
I see without envy the wealthy and great;
Contented and proud a poor shepherd to be,
While the maid of Langollen smiles sweetly on me.

My way o'er the mountain I cheerfully take
At morn, when the song-birds their melody wake;
And at eve I return with a heart full of glee;
For the maid of Langollen smiles sweetly on me.

Glenarvon's rich lord passes scornfully by,
But wealth can ne'er make him so happy as I;
Then prouder than even the proudest I'll be,
While the maid of Langollen smiles sweetly on me.

LINES FROM THE PORT-FOLIO

OF THE LATE EDWARD C. PINKNEY.
NO. 1.

We met upon the world's wide face,
When each of us was young—
We parted soon, and to her place
A darker spirit sprung;
A feeling such as must have stirred
The Roman's bosom when he heard,
Beneath the trembling ground,
The god, his genius, marching forth
From the old city of his mirth,
To lively music's sound,
A sense it was, that I could see
The angel leave my side—
That thenceforth my prosperity
Must be a falling-tide;
A strange and ominous belief,
That in spring-time the yellow leaf
Had fallen on my hours;
And that all hope must be most vain,
Of finding, on my path again,
Its former, vanished flowers.
But thou, the idol of my few
And fleeting better days—
The light that cheered, when life was new,
My being with its rays—
And though, alas! its joy be gone,
Art yet, like tomb-lamps, shining on
The phantoms of my mind—
The memories of many a dream
Floating on thought's fantastic stream,
Like storm-clouds on the wind!
Is thy life but the wayward child
Of fever in the heart,
In part a crowd of fancies wild,
Of ill-made efforts part?
Are such accursed familiars thine,
As by thee were made early mine?
And is it as with me—
Doth hope in birthless ashes lie,
And seems the sun an hostile eye,
Thy pains well-pleased to see?
I trust, not so:—though thou hast been
An evil star to mine,
Let all of good the world has seen
Hang ever upon thine.
May thy suns those of summer be,
And time show as one joy to thee,
Like thine own nature pure:
Thou didst but rouse, within my breast,
The sleeping devil from a rest
That could not long endure.
The firstlings of my simple song
Were offered to thy name:
Again the altar, idle long,
In worship rears its flame.
My sacrifice of sullen years,
My many hecatombs of tears,

No happier hours recall—
Yet may thy wandering thoughts restore
To one who ever loved thee more
Than fickle fortune's all.

And now, farewell!—and although here
Men hate the source of pain,
I hold thee and thy follies dear,
Nor of thy faults complain.
For my misused and blighted powers,
My waste of miserable hours,
I will accuse thee not:—
The fool who could from self depart,
And take for fate one human heart,
Deserved no better lot.

I reckon of mine the less, because
In wiser moods I feel
A doubtful question of its cause,
And nature, on me steal—
An ancient notion, that time flings
Our pains and pleasures from his wings
With much equality—
And that, in reason, happiness
Both of accession and decrease
Incapable must be.

ZADIG AND ASTARTE.

He sought her east, he sought her west,
The vision that had blessed his sight,
She robbed his bosom of its rest,
Of joy by day, of sleep by night;—
He turned and turned to shun his care,
Only to miss her every where!

In vain for him o'er fields of flowers
The mighty star of day arose;
In vain for him, 'mid jasmine bowers,
The nightingale, at twilight's close,
Sang to the gathering lamps of night:—
In nought his spirit asked delight.

How changed from Zadig, in the days
When, through the streets of Babylon,
The cynosure of every gaze,
Wild couriers drew his chariot on;
And him, the cherished of their king,
Did sages praise and poets sing!

And wearier day, and wearier week,
And listless month went lagging by,
While still was Zadig doomed to seek
What fate was destined to deny,
As morning, noon, and evening brought
Astarte to his longing thought.

Long, long he wandered—long in vain—
She seemed a star that from the sky
Had perished, ne'er to rise again—
A flower that had but bloomed to die—
An angel sent man's sight to bless,
Then leave him to his loneliness.

Where had she fled?—Her beaming brow
For him had earth an Eden made;

Where had she vanished?—Was she now
In the city of the silent laid?
Should hope still shine to sooth his care?
Or must he bow to blank despair?

Thus weary night, and wearier day,
In travail spent, gloomed o'er his head;
And hope on hope had waned away,
As still he searched, and on he sped;
And, far remote from friendly eye,
He had no wish, save one—to die.

When, lo! amid a summer plain,
He saw a maiden on the sand,
Reclining in a vacant vein,
And tracing letters with a wand:
He lingered, and he looked to note
Why there she lay, or what she wrote.

Behold! the letters of his name,
Each following each, he saw her trace;—
Astarte! could it be the same?
She rose, and sank in his embrace!
And thus the parted and deplored
To love were given, to life restored!

Love is the life of human life!
Oh, if the earth one moment gives
With deep ecstatic rapture rife,
'Tis when before us breathes and lives—
Absence, and doubt, and danger o'er—
Her, whom we feared to meet no more!

VIOLA.

She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm I the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument smiling at grief.

The secret by her tongue concealed,
Her fading charms declare,
And what by words is unrevealed,
Is better written there;
The silent tale by sorrow traced,
Of "young affections run to waste."

The radiance of her down-cast eye
Is shadowed by a tear,
Faint as the light of evening's sky,
That tells the night is near—
The long, the moonless night of rest,
When life is waning in its west.

And seems her cheek, whose bloom is fled,
—So beautiful and brief—
As if the white rose there had shed
Its frail and fallen leaf;
Which summer's genial sun and rain
Shall never wake to life again.

But she is hastening to the bowers
That bloom in happier spheres;
Where fond affection's fadeless flowers
Shall not be nursed by tears;
Where love's pure flame shall ne'er expire,
Nor kill the heart that feeds its fire.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Again the flowers we loved to twine
Wreath the wild round every tree;
Again the summer sun-beams shine,
That cannot shine on thee.
Verdure returns with fresher bloom
To vale and mountain-brow;
All nature breaks as from the tomb;
But—"Where art thou?"
At eve, to sail upon the tide,
To roam along the shore,
So sweet while thou wert at my side,
Can now delight no more:—
There is in heaven, and o'er the flood,
The same deep azure now;
The same notes warble through the wood;
But—"Where art thou?"

Men say there is a voice of mirth
In every grove and glen;
But sounds of gladness on the earth
I cannot know again.
The rippling of the summer sea,
The bird upon the bough,
All speak with one sad voice to me;
"Tis—"Where art thou?"

EVERGREENS.

When summer's sunny hues adorn
Sky, forest, hill, and meadow,
The foliage of the evergreens,
In contrast, seems a shadow.

But when the tints of autumn have
Their sober reign asserted,
The landscape that cold shadow shows
Into a light converted.

Thus thoughts that frown upon our mirth
Will smile upon our sorrow,
And many dark fears of to-day
May be bright hopes to-morrow.

And thine unfading image thus
Shall often cheer my sadness,
Though now its constant looks reprove
A momentary gladness.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK.

If, at the bottom of a cask,
Be left of wine a little flask,
It soon grows acid:—so when man,
Living through life's most lengthened span,
His joys all drain'd or turn'd to tears,
Sinks to the lees of fourscore years,
And sees approach death's darksome hour,
No wonder if he's somewhat sour!

GEO. F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR, AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1829.

NUMBER 30.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TO MARY.

THY mind is an *album*, unsullied and bright,
Just opened—for angels and spirits to write
Each thought and affection, intent and desire,
That wisdom may sanction—that love may inspire.

The book is immortal—oh; guard it with care,
Least demons should sully its pages so fair;
Repulse such intruders, nor shrink from the strife,
And heaven will smile on "*the book of thy life*." W.

VILLAGE SKETCHES.

SHOPPING.

BY MISS MARY R. MITFORD.

HAVE any of my readers ever found great convenience in the loss, the real loss, of actual tangible property, and been exceedingly provoked and annoyed when such property was restored to them? If so, they can sympathize with a late unfortunate recovery, which has brought me to great shame and disgrace. There is no way of explaining my calamity but by telling the whole story.

Last Friday fortnight was one of those anomalies in weather with which we English people are visited for our sins; a day of intolerable wind, and insupportable dust; an equinoctial gale out of season; a piece of March unnaturally foisted into the very heart of May; just as, in the almost parallel mis-arrangement of the English counties, one sees—perhaps out of compliment to this peculiarity of climate, to keep the weather in countenance as it were—a bit of Wiltshire plumped down in the very middle of Berkshire, whilst a great island of the county palatine of Durham figures in the centre of canny Northumberland. Be this as it may, on that remarkable windy day did I set forth to the good town of B—, on the feminine errand called shopping. Every lady who lives far in the country, and seldom visits great towns, will understand the full force of that comprehensive word; and I had not been shopping for a long time: I had a dread of the operation, arising from a consciousness of weakness. I am a true daughter of Eve, a dear lover of bargains and bright colours; and knowing this, have generally been wise enough to keep, as much as I can, out of the way of temptation. At last a sort of necessity arose for some slight purchases, in the shape of two new gowns from London, which cried aloud for making. Trimmings, ribbons, sewing-silk, and lining, all were called for. The shopping was inevitable, and I undertook the whole concern at once, most heroically resolving to spend just so much, and no more; and half comforting myself that I had a full morning's work of indispensable business, and should have no time for extraneous extravagance.

There was, to be sure, a prodigious accumulation of errands and wants. The evening before, they had been set down in great form, on a slip of paper, headed thus—"things wanted." To how many and various catalogues that title would apply, from the red bench of the peer to the oaken settle of the cottager—from him who wants a blue ribbon to him who wants bread and cheese! My list was astounding. It was written in double columns, in an invisible hand; the long intractable words were brought into the ranks by the

Procrustes mode—abbreviation; and, as we approached the bottom, two or three were crammed into one lot, clumped, as the bean-setters say, and designated by a sort of short-hand, a hieroglyphic of my own invention. In good open printing, my list would have cut a respectable figure as a catalogue too; for, as I had a given sum to carry to market, I amused myself with calculating the proper and probable cost of every article; in which process I most egregiously cheated the shopkeeper and myself, by copying, with the credulity of hope, from the puffs in newspapers, and expecting to buy fine solid wearable goods at advertising prices. In this way I stretched my money a great deal farther than it would go, and swelled my catalogue; so that, at last, in spite of compression and shorthand, I had no room for another word, and was obliged to crowd several small but important articles, such as cotton, laces, pins, needles, shoestrings, &c. into that very irregular and disorderly storehouse—that place where most things deposited are lost—my memory, by courtesy, so called.

The written list was safely consigned, with a well-filled purse, to my usual repository, a black velvet bag; and, the next morning, I and my bag, with its nicely-balanced contents of wants and money, were safely conveyed in a little open carriage to the good town of B—. There I dismounted, and began to bargain most vigorously, visiting the cheapest shops, cheapening the cheapest articles, yet wisely buying the strongest and the best; a little astonished at first, to find every thing so much dearer than I had set it down, yet soon reconciled to this misfortune by the magical influence which shopping possesses over a woman's fancy—all the sooner reconciled, as the monitory list lay unlooked at, and unthought of, in its grave receptacle, the black velvet bag. On I went, with an air of cheerful business, of happy importance, till my money began to wax small. Certain small aberrations had occurred, too, in my economy. One article that had happened, by rare accident, to be below my calculation, and, indeed, below any calculation, calico, at ninepence—fine, thick, strong, wide calico, at ninepence!—did ever man hear of any thing so cheap?—absolutely enchanted me, and I took the whole piece: then, after buying for M. a gown, according to order, I saw one that I liked better, and bought that too. Then I fell in love, was actually captivated by a sky-blue sash and handkerchief—not the poor, thin, greeny colour which usually passes under that dishonoured name, but the rich, full tint of the noon-day sky: and a cap-ribbon, really pink, that might have vied with the inside leaves of a moss-rose. Then, in hunting after cheapness, I got into obscure shops, where, not finding what I asked for, I was fain to take something that they had, purely to make a proper compensation for the trouble of lugging out drawers, and answering questions. Lastly, I was fairly coaxed into some articles by the irresistibility of the sellers—by the demure and truth-telling look of a pretty quaker, who could almost have persuaded the head off one's shoulders, and who did persuade me that all-wide muslin would go as far as yard-and-a-half: and by the fluent impudence of a lying shopman, who, under cover of a well-darkened window, affirmed, on his honour, that his brown satin was a perfect match to my green pattern, and forced

the said satin down my throat accordingly. With these helps, my money melted all too fast: at half past five my purse was entirely empty; and, as shopping with an empty purse has by no means the relish and savour of shopping with a full one, I was quite willing and ready to go home to dinner, pleased as a child with my purchases, and wholly unsuspecting the sins of omission, the errands unperformed, which were the natural result of my unconsulted *memoranda* and my treacherous memory.

Home I returned, a happy and proud woman, wise in my own conceit, a thrifty fashion-monger, laden, like a pedlar, with huge packages in stout brown holland, tied up with whipcord, and genteel little parcels, papered and packthreaded in shopmanlike style. At last we were safely stowed in the pony-chaise, which had much ado to hold us, my little black bag lying, as usual, in my lap; when, as we ascended the steep hill out of B—, a sudden puff of wind took at once my cottage-bonnet and my large cloak, blew the bonnet off my head, so that it hung behind me, suspended by the ribbon, and fairly snapped the string of the cloak, which flew away, much in the style of John Gilpin's, renowned in story. My companion pitying my plight, exerted himself manfully to regain the fly-away garments, shoved the head into the bonnet, or the bonnet over the head—I do not know which phrase best describes the manœuvre—with one hand, and recovered the refractory cloak with the other. This last exploit was certainly the most difficult. It is wonderful what a tug he was forced to give, before that obstinate cloak could be brought round: it was swelled with the wind like a bladder, animated, so to say, like a living thing, and threatened to carry pony, and chaise, and riders, and packages, backward down the hill, as if it had been a sail, and we a ship. At last the contumacious garment was mastered. We righted; and, by dint of sitting sideways, and turning my back on my kind comrade, I got home without any farther damage than the loss of my bag, which, though not missed before the chaise had been unladen, had undoubtedly gone by the board in the gale; and I lamented my old and trusty companion, without in the least foreseeing the use it would probably be of to my reputation.

Immediately after dinner—for in all cases, even when one has bargains to show, dinner must be discussed—I produced my purchases. They were much admired; and the quantity, when spread out in our little room, being altogether dazzling, and the quality satisfactory, the cheapness was never doubted. Every body thought the bargains were exactly such as I meant to get—for nobody calculated; and the bills being really lost in the lost bag, and the particular prices just as much lost in my memory—the ninepenny calico was the only article whose cost occurred to me—I passed, without telling any thing like a fib, merely by a discreet silence, for the best and thriftiest bargainer that ever went shopping. After some time spent very pleasantly, in admiration on one side, and display on the other, we were interrupted by the demand for some of the little articles which I had forgotten. "The sewing-silk, ma'am, for my mistress's gown." "I don't know—look about." Ah!

enough! no sewing-silk was there. "Very strange!" Presently came other inquiries—"Where's the tape, Mary?" "The tape!" "Yes, my dear; and the needles, pins, cotton, stay-laces, boot-laces;"—"the bobbin, the ferret, shirt-buttons, shoe-laces?" quoth she of the sewing-silk, taking up the cry; and forthwith began a search as bustling, as active, and as vain, as that of our old spaniel, Brush, after a hare that has stolen away from her form. At last she suddenly desisted from her rummage—"Without doubt, ma'am, they are in the reticule, and all lost," said she, in a very pathetic tone. "Really," cried I, a little conscience-stricken, "I don't recollect; perhaps I might forget." "Depend on it, my love, that Harriet's right," interrupted one whose interruptions are always kind; "those are just the little articles that people put in reticules, and you never could forget so many things; besides, you wrote them down." "I don't know—I am not sure"—but I was not listened to; Harriet's conjecture had been metamorphosed into a certainty; all my sins of omission were stowed in the reticule; and, before bed-time, the little black bag held forgotten things enough to fill a sack.

Never was reticule lamented so by all but its owner; a boy was immediately despatched to look for it, and on his returning empty-handed, there was even a talk of having it cried. My care, on the other hand, was all directed to prevent its being found. I had had the good luck to lose it in a suburb of B. renowned for filching, and I remembered that the street was, at that moment, full of people: the bag did actually contain more than enough to tempt those who were naturally disposed to steal for stealing's sake; so I went to bed, in the comfortable assurance that it was gone for ever. But there is nothing certain in this world—not even a thief's dishonesty. Two old women, who had pounced at once on my valuable property, quarrelled about the plunder, and one of them, in a fit of resentment at being cheated in her share, went to the mayor of B. and informed against her companion. The mayor, an intelligent and active magistrate, immediately took the disputed bag, and all its contents, into his own possession; and as he is also a man of great politeness, he restored it as soon as possible to the right owner. The very first thing that saluted my eyes, when I awoke in the morning, was a note from Mr. Mayor, with a sealed packet. The fatal truth was visible; I had recovered my reticule, and lost my reputation. There it lay, that identical black bag, with its name-tickets, its cambric handkerchief, its empty purse, its unconsulted list, its thirteen bills, and its two letters; one from a good sort of lady-farmer, inquiring the character of a cook, with half a sonnet written on the blank pages; the other from a literary friend, containing a critique on the plot of a play, advising me not to kill the king too soon, with other good counsel, such as might, if our mayor had not been a man of sagacity, have sent a poor authoress to the tower. That catastrophe would hardly have been worse than the real one. All my omissions have been found out. My price-list has been compared with the bills. I have forfeited my credit for bargaining. I am become a by-word for forgetting. Nobody trusts me to purchase a paper of pins, or to remember the cost of a penny ribbon. I am a lost woman. My reticule is come back, but my fame is gone.

THE CROUP OR RIVE.—The following has been mentioned to us as an infallible cure for this distressing disorder: take a strip of linen, about four inches long, by two and a half broad, spread upon it a thin coat of simple cerate or tallow, and sprinkle upon it a sufficient quantity of Scotch snuff to cover it; apply this to the throat, from the top of the breast bone to the bottom of the chin, and, within an hour, effectual relief will be obtained. The source of our information on this subject is of the first respectability, and we, therefore, publish it with the assurance that there is no quackery in the remedy.—*Ed. N. Y. Mirror.*

THE HUMOURIST.

FROM THE KEEPSAKE, EDITED BY F. M. REYNOLDS.

AN INCIDENT.

"Honour, wit, genius, wealth, and glory,
"Good luck, good luck, are transitory!
"Nothing is sure, and stable found;
"The very earth itself turns round:
"Monarchs, nay ministers must die;
"Must moulder, rot, ah me! ah why?
"Ah woful me, ah woful man,
"Ah woful all, do all we can!"

In London, deaths, accidents, suicides, or the loss of a few thousands of fellow-creatures by war, conflagrations, shipwrecks, plagues, and so forth, are regarded with all the high-minded philosophy of indifference; while a waist longer, or shorter, than the prescribed *ex cathedra* limits, a bad picture, or a bad actor, are the important causes that daily call into action the thousand bad and good feelings of this vast metropolis.

It was on this principle, I suppose, that, some ten or twelve years ago, we were all excited by the wonderful accounts of a then forthcoming ball and supper to be given by Lady d'Elmont. It was assiduously promulgated by the *attarés* of fashion, that three months had been expended in preparations; though those who wished to be thought on a particularly intimate footing with its fair donor, with inflated faces, and important air, mysteriously implied that they *knew* that four months and as many days was the precise time the preparations had occupied. Which party, however, was correct, cannot, I fear, be now determined: suffice it, therefore, to say, that when the long-desired evening arrived, half the fashion, character, and eccentricity of the metropolis was present; some, in gratitude for their invitation, ready to render themselves disagreeable to any body, or every body; some panting with envy, and some panting for the supper; hundreds wishing the absence of their neighbours, and a few that of themselves; two-thirds, in fact, in ill-humour with others, and *selon la règle*, on these occasions, all discontented with their hostess.

The majority of the ladies, however, were of the real bon ton; and lounged, limped, languished, and fiddled-faddled, with the exact mixture of vanity, levity, and affectation, prescribed by the highest breeding at that time.

The men, too, were especially fashionable; they stared with pertinacity, wore mustachios, talked of races, and paid particular attention to—themselves.

However, in an assembly of four or five hundred people, it is scarcely possible that all should be equally select; consequently, there was to be seen a strange jumble of peers and plebeians; countesses, and citizens' wives, introduced by their husbands' influence into the lower house; barons and retainers; old ladies and young; professors of all the liberal arts; opulent men, and penniless gentlemen.

Among this heterogeneous mass were two friends, young men of fortune. The one was called Mortimer, and the other Bryant: the first was the son of a rich Yorkshire landholder, a wild, good-natured, handsome, scatter-brained fellow of about three-and-twenty, whose leading trait was a mad penchant for chymistry, which he had acquired when a boy, during his education at one of the principal schools in the neighbourhood of London. The other was a mild, gentlemanly young man, a few years older than his companion; less handsome in his appearance, but evidently more under the control of his reason.

At the period of the introduction of this pair to the reader, Bryant was talking most energetically to his companion, when the eye of the latter was attracted by the figure of Lady d'Elmont, the donor of the fête, who, exhausted by the heat and confusion, half reclined on a sofa, unnoticed and neglected.

She appeared about five-and-twenty; her eyes were black and sparkling; her foot was small and beautiful; her ebony-coloured hair hung in rich clusters of curls over her forehead, and formed a striking contrast with its brilliant white; her nose was Grecian, her mouth small, her teeth polished and regular, and her lips were naturally fragrant, pouting, and red; but when they were not, she mumbled and bit them till they became so: an admirable recipe, and infinitely preferable to painted salve.

"Now, you do not mean, with all your hyper-caution," cried Mortimer, as though replying to some expostulation on the part of his friend, "that any evil can accrue from my being civil to a beautiful but forsaken woman?" and, so saying, Mortimer, advancing up to Lady d'Elmont, addressed her in his most conciliating tone.

"If you are not engaged, may I have the honour of dancing with you, madam?"

The baroness raised her eyes, and admired the fine manly figure before her.

"Sir, I thank you, but I do not dance."

"You are fatigued, then, madam?"

"Yes, sir," and she agitated her fan with becoming languor.

"I must confess that the room is certainly most intensely warm. Will you allow me to procure you an ice?"

"I thank you—no."

"You are right, I believe, madam; in this heated state

of the atmosphere it might not be prudent;" then, after a pause, "The Lady d'Elmont acts very foolishly in thus overfilling her rooms?"

Her ladyship looked at him for a moment with surprise, and then replied:

"Yes, sir."

"But it all results, madam, from the love of notoriety; from, in fact, the love of shining in the newspapers."

"Yes, sir."

"And for this paltry, reprehensible vanity, many a charming cheek is deprived of its roses, and many a lovely creature oppressed;" glancing at the baroness with a most significant and tender expression.

"Yes, sir."

"But Lady d'Elmont, I understand from good authority, is a weak—a very weak woman indeed, madam."

The baroness arose, and walked away.

"Do you know, sir, to whom you have been speaking all this while?" cried a listener to Mortimer, with agony in his countenance.

"No, sir."

"It was Lady d'Elmont."

Mortimer was paralyzed for an instant; but looking round and finding that his friend was not a witness to his *elourderie*, he speedily recovered himself, and walked away, muttering, "It is her own fault; public characters in parties, like decanters on tables, should be labelled, to warn us whom to pass and whom to taste; or ticketed like pictures in an exhibition-room, so that as one looks for the name of the artist, to ascertain the merits of the painting, one might have the advantage of seeing the personal charms of the lady through the medium of her reputation."

In the meantime the baroness walked away, apparently as calm and unruffled as though no *contre-temps* had occurred; for what woman of fashion ever allows herself to be ill-humoured with any body but her husband? As to the baroness, whether she had one or no, was a subject of indecision even with her intimates; for, if she had one, her grandeur threw so vast a shadow around her, that he was lost in it.

But her ladyship was really not disconcerted; for though her reputation as a woman of understanding had been, perhaps, a little mangled by Mortimer's remarks, yet too many compliments had been implied to her person not to render the set-off perfectly satisfactory.

Shortly afterwards Bryant rejoined Mortimer, and was, no doubt, in the act of inculcating prudence, when the eye of the latter was again attracted by a very pretty girl; whom he immediately accosted, and engaged to dance the next quadrille with him.

Thus passed the evening, until supper was announced; and then, alas! it appeared more than probable, inferring at least from the rush of the ladies to the head of the stairs, and their active exertions in the struggle for precedence, that *gourmandise* formed no inconsiderable organ in the structure of the pericraniums of even the most lovely.

Great, however, must have been the disappointment of all those possessing a due development of the culinary propensity, when, after all their well-fought efforts, they reached their goal, to find that the supper was not of that vulgar sort, where chickens, hams, patisseries, and things meant to be eaten, are offered to the guests: no! this was a decidedly fashionable supper, for there was nothing to eat. When I say this, however, I am wrong; for there was a profusion of silver and gold plate, plateaux, candelabras, and cut glass; things that, though not usually recommended for the diet of dyspeptic patients, have yet been eaten: besides, too, there were temples, pagodas, and pyramids in barley sugar; statues in the most beautiful and delicate Parian and Italian marbles; tables of mosaic; various coloured confectionaries; ices; pine-apples; blancmange; jellies, froths, syllabubs, and abundance of flowers and shrubs, the admiration of all botanists, particularly of those who had previously supped.

Every part of the whole arrangement was, in fact, perfect. The footmen were all of a size; fine tall men, of that species technically called "ladies footmen." They were somewhat narrow-shouldered, it is true; but for this the tasteful uniformity of their livery was an ample compensation; they were lamed by the tightness of their shoes, but then their feet looked small; and they had no calves to their legs, but their faces were considered very pale and interesting.

Two much shorter than the rest attracted attention: their faces were black instead of white, and their hair white instead of black; their calves, though, were very ample; and their heads inclined towards the earth, while their toes and their noses turned towards the sky. Malice whispered them to be sheriff's officers, but the report was only believed by her ladyship's most particular friends.

At this faultless banquet, fortune arranged that Mortimer should be seated next to the fair Lady d'Elmont. Not as well aware, however, as the reader, of the real effect his *betise* had made on her ladyship's mind, he felt at first rather shy of addressing her; and he attempted to ply his conversation with his fair neighbour on the other side. But it was hopeless; not a word could he extract from her, till at last, abandoning his fruitless efforts, he sat in resigned silence.

In the meantime, at other parts of the table, the conversation proceeded more freely. It was, generally speaking, most excessively learned; indeed it was worse, it was most horribly blue, for *blueism* was the rage of the day. Cranio-logy was the first most prevailing topic: then ladies desecrated on organs of destructiveness, amateness, and half a dozen other organs with equally discordant terminations. This laudable investigation was superseded by a mineralogical discussion; and here the ladies were again of service, illustrating the subject by a loan of their jewels. Then, when it had been sufficiently debated whether diamond was carbon, or carbon was diamond; whether iron was the colouring matter of amethyst, and what was the base of topaz, the different necklaces and bracelets were returned to the lovely necks and wrists of their respective owners, by the practical philosophers nearest to them.

With all this scientific conversation and practical illustration, Mortimer was delighted: and the elation of the moment inspired him with sufficient courage to address Lady d'Elmont.

"Pray, is your ladyship fond of chymistry?"

"Dotingly. I am a regular attendant at Mr. Brande's lectures."

Mortimer was now on his hobby-horse, and most gallantly did he prance away.

"He is a delightful lecturer; clear, scientific, and elegant."

"I perfectly agree with you."

"What branch of chymistry does your ladyship peculiarly like to study? The salts, the metals, the gases, the earths, the alkalies, or what?"

"I think I am particularly partial to the experiments on oxygen and carbon."

"Do you believe diamond to be the real base of carbon?"

"I do not know. I sometimes think it is. You may easily, however, resolve your doubts by consuming a diamond under a burning-glass; you will then get at the fact synthetically."

"I am sorry to say that I do not possess so many diamonds, that I am inclined to waste any of them."

"Pardon me, your ladyship has an inexhaustible mine of them—in your eyes."

"Sir, you are a flatterer."

"I only speak what I feel, madam."

"And sometimes, perhaps, look more than you speak."

"Perhaps—I wish, like old Fontenelle and his fair marchioness, you would allow me to take you under my tuition, and give you lectures in chymistry. I have made the science my special study; and if you would engage to be as tractable as the marchioness, I would endeavour to be as instructive as the old philosopher."

"And possibly as gallant, too? However, to save you your compliments, I will tell you that they would be all wasted. When I was young, and perhaps pretty, I was, doubtless, as prone to vanity as others of my age; but now—pausing on the now, with an affected sigh, a radiant glance at Mortimer, and then a half arch and half complacent one at her own fine person—"but now, I have grown mistrustful of praise, and hard of heart. As Schiller says, 'The perjuries of men are innumerable; an angel would grow gray ere he could write them down.' Besides, too, I consider love an odious, enervating passion."

"O! say not so, madam: love to a woman is like varnish to a picture; it modifies all her indifferent qualities, and enhances all her good. A woman really, truly in love, is a thousand times more amiable in the eyes of"—

"Her lover than in those of any body else. I agree with you perfectly. My ideas of a love-sick damsel are always connected with something *sonnetering*, *pale-faced*, and *afflicted*; and with all my heart, I pity those natures inflammable!"

"Now that's just what I say, my lady," cried a stentorian voice opposite to them; "its nature must be inflammable; for if the oxygen do not burn!"

"Her ladyship, I am sure," eagerly interrupted his opponent, "sees the utter fallacy of your argument."

"Sir, I have never argued at all—you won't let me!"

"I say," continued his inflexible adversary, "the oxygen, my lady!"

"I say," vociferated the other, "the nitrogen, my lady!"

"And I say," exclaimed an old fat gentleman, who had been talking incessantly for the previous two hours, "that nobody will let me speak! I say, that the most beautiful specimen of combustion I ever witnessed was at the French opera the other night."

"Do you mean the red flame that?"

"To be sure I do!" cried the fat gentleman; and then grumbled *tollo voce*, "how people do love talking!—I say that you have no idea of the effect of this red flame—the Parisians are all quite wild about it, and introduce it in every spectacle piece."

"I saw it!" exclaimed a little red-skinned man, whose tiny nose was the centre of a circle described by the outline of his forehead, cheeks, and chin; and whose whole face, in fact, would have served as an excellent substitute for Gibbon's, in engendering Madame du Defand's extraordinary idea. "I saw it! and I candidly own, that my evidence is completely confirmatory of the prolocutor's; the red flame is wonderful!"

"O," cried the Lady d'Elmont, "pray tell me where I

can get some of this miraculous flame, for I intend, when I return to —, to get up Don Giovanni at my theatre there; and how excellently and delightfully such a magnificent light as you describe would aid the effect of his descent with the ghost! I declare, it will be so charming, I think we must make him, if we can, go to the—you know where—twice in the same evening."

"I am sorry that I cannot gratify your ladyship's curiosity," replied the "prolocutor," as the circular-faced gentleman termed him, "but the composition of the powder that produces the flame is a profound secret; one for which the inventor asks an almost incredible sum."

"O," exclaimed the baroness, her desires particularly excited by this unexpected opposition to their gratification, "I would give the world to get some of it."

"Would you?" cried Mortimer, eagerly; "then you shall have some within a few minutes, and as much as you can desire in a few days; that is, if you will be kind enough to allow me to send one of your servants to my hotel, which is only a score of yards from hence."

Of course, the permission was readily accorded, and in a few minutes the servant returned bearing a small piece of folded paper, which he delivered to Mortimer; who opened, and displayed to her ladyship about three or four ounces of a gray-coloured powder.

"This," cried he, "is the source of the 'red flame' that these gentlemen have been describing to you. The moment I heard of its wonderful effects, I set strenuously to work to discover its composition; and knowing, of course, that hyper-oxy-muriate of potash must form a principal portion, after a fortnight's incessant labour, I at length discovered the secret. Now should your ladyship like to see a small portion of it burnt, which I can easily effect on the back of one of these plates?"

"I should be delighted," replied Lady d'Elmont. "And so should I!"—And so should I! echoed some score of half-starved wanderers, whom the emptiness of their stomachs rendered locomotive.

"Well, then," replied Mortimer, "I will immediately have the pleasure of gratifying your ladyship;" and he inverted a plate on the table in the centre of the room, and proceeded to arrange his materials; his friend Bryant, at his elbow, vainly counselling him to desist.

In the meantime there circulated among the company enough reports of "red flame," "handsome young man," "only son," and "ten thousand per annum," to bring more than half of them round the spot where our hero was stationed: for such, at any rate, in his present situation, he may with propriety be designated.

Immediately over Mortimer's head hung an immense chandelier, all the lights of which, with the exception of some half dozen or so, he, with the consent of Lady d'Elmont, and in order to enhance the effect and splendour of his flame, desired to be extinguished. All the candles too were then removed.

Mortimer having distributed a certain portion of the powder on the plate, and deposited the rest in the paper on the table, rested for a moment over his labours, the great object of attraction, scrutiny, scandal, quizzing, and admiration to all of that immense assemblage, who were conscious of what was proceeding. Then, lighting his paper, he slowly applied it to the powder, when, alas! alas! instead of red flames and beautiful coruscations, the powder violently exploded, and communicating with the large residue in the paper, ascended in a huge volume of brilliant flame to the ceiling; totally extinguishing the lights in the chandelier, and leaving the room in utter darkness.

The first impulse of each was, of course, to stand motionless and aghast with astonishment; the second, to rush towards the door as rapidly as possible; which all doing simultaneously, the pressure closed upon it as effectually as though it had been barred with hooks of steel. In vain those near it struggled and struggled to open it; they could scarcely move a hand, much more the door.

Conceive, then, if you can, tender-hearted reader, the uncomfortable situation of three or four hundred people thus caged together in utter darkness. Conceive, if you can, the feelings, the ideas, the sensations, the fears, the distresses, and apprehensions of the females present. Conceive, too, the sudden alteration of character; the instantaneous exchange of all the fashion of inertness and listlessness for all the vulgarity of activity and excitement; the squeezing of the *elegantes*, and the elbowing of the transients; in fact, imagine that, like a fiat from heaven, the extinction of a few candles tore from each the mask of factitiousness, and laid her bare in all her native beauty, or deformity.

As to the sensations of the gentlemen, I will not attempt to describe them; they are too acute, too susceptible, too sensitive, and too delicate, to be communicable to an unknown, who might not duly appreciate the candour of my exposition.

However, to increase, if possible, this general scene of confusion and misfortune, a spark remaining in the ashes of the powder lighted an unconsumed portion of it, which, slightly exploding, brilliantly flamed, and then disappeared; after having illuminated the room for a few seconds, and set fire to some drapery about the table, to two or three gowns, and to a most ample, frizzy, oily, and inflammable

wig of the gentleman like Mr. Gibbon, the celebrated historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

The moment this unhappy gentleman felt the fire at his head, with all his might he beat it, and another might have assisted him without injury to its contents; but as this did not succeed in extinguishing the flame, like a maniac, he forced his headlong way through the crowd, kindly imparting in his progress a portion of his superfluous warmth to all the inflammable materials within his reach, until he attained one of the windows, which being open at the top, in the frenzied hope of escape, he began to climb, setting instantaneously the whole of the light curtain drapery in one universal blaze. Finding matters, therefore, rather hotter in that quarter even than below, he turned his mind toward a descent; when, alas! and again alas! he became at that moment a beacon to a passing fire-engine without, the conductors of which seeing flames and smoke issuing from a window, began to pump with the utmost promptitude against the body of the unfortunate circular-faced gentleman, who, after a due quantity of soaking, burning, kicking, and screaming, was at length washed headlong into the room, a miserable addition to the comforts of his companions, leaving at the window a convenient vacancy for the triumphant entrance of a magnificent stream of water, of more than one inch in diameter, and three in circumference!

The moment the splashing from the body of the unfortunate circular-faced gentleman touched the ladies and their clothes, those theorists who were not thoroughly acquainted with the capabilities of the female voice, internally pronounced the noise to be at its climax, conceiving that neither human nor mechanical means could increase it; but when the water in torrents, and a man into the bargain, were rained into the room, the aforesaid theorists penitently confessed themselves to be totally mistaken in their conjectures, and frankly and ingeniously added that they did not think all purgatory itself could make such an uproar.

Thanks to the discriminate selection of the firemen, the window broken was in the very centre of the room, and thus commanded a perfect range of the whole crowd within. Some of them sought refuge beneath the tables, and thus partly escaped; some got under the window itself, and allowed the torrent to pass over them, and some forcibly endeavoured to shelter themselves behind others. Vain were threats, tears, and supplications to stop the horrid spouting; the more they cried the more the men pumped; for though the flames had disappeared from the window, the inconceivable noise within convinced the inveterate pumpers without that the fire must still rage somewhere. So they continued with the most obstinate diligence, till every one of their unfortunate victims was literally drenched to the bone.

It is hardly possible, indeed, to convey to the mind by description the confusion and disasters of that unparalleled scene. The fine statues and jellies, the diamond necklaces and blanc-manges, the bruised shins and bleeding noses, the bottles, slippers, turbans, wine, and false hair, the legs of men and legs of tables, arms of women and arms of chairs, all blended together in one inextricable combination. Add to this, the struggling, quarrelling, weeping, reproaching, regretting, and the soaking to boot, and yet, even then, the picture will fall far short of the reality.

At last, by the time the floor of this once magnificent room was ankle deep in water, the servants and people without managed to force an entry into it with lights; when forth rushed the victims in every variety of plight, from that of tolerable misery down to the extremity of desolation and despair.

Changed, indeed, was their appearance, as wildly they rushed down the grand stairs, from that which they had made when they last stood on them. One lady, who, when she ascended them, had been particularly noticed for her auburn silken locks, *mirabile dictu*, descended them without any hair at all. Another, who had all the evening acted Thalia, to show a beautiful row of pearly teeth, stalked down them Melpomene, in the vain hope of hiding her toothless gums. In fact, she that had gone in fair, walked out brown; and she that had been straight limped out crooked. Like the alchemist's crucible, the events of the evening had transmuted fair into foul, and bad into worse; and I doubt whether husband, brother, or father could have recognised his property, as she made her luckless exit from Lady d'Elmont's famous party.

Thus ended this eventful night, which, strange to say, made little noise at the time, and less since. All the papers spoke of the splendour of Lady d'Elmont's party, but not a word about the red flame. How the secret was so well kept has often been matter of surprise to me; but perhaps the disgrace was too universal, and too equal, for any to desire to promulgate it. Curious, however, as is the circumstance, it is a positive fact, that few knew the particulars of the occurrence in that day; and in this, I'll venture to say, that scarcely one of my readers has ever even heard of it at all.

On a poet who was compelled by poverty to

Oh, how cruelly fortune the poet made
He labours, and writes; and does
Till, rejected and scorned by a nint
He's forced to put up with a

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FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE FEMALE INVINCIBLES.

I.

WHEN Love's reveillé summons matron and maid,
 Julia-Ann is the first to appear on parade;
 Ever ready at roll-call, with weapon in hand,
 To advance, wheel, and halt, at the word of command.
 With a passing salute, as we march in review,
 To the rub-a-dub-dub and the rat-lat-too!

SPOKEN.—Attention, company!—Right dress!—Support arms!—By platoons, right wheel!—Forward, guide left, march!

With a passing salute, as we march in review,
 To the rub-a-dub-dub and the rat-lat-too!

II.

For conquest prepared, yet determined to yield,
 Fair Therese and Sophia are the next in the field;
 Where they gayly manoeuvre their bright polished charms,
 Waiting Hymen's command for presenting their arms.
 With a passing salute, as they march in review,
 To the rub-a-dub-dub and the rat-lat-too!

SPOKEN.—Halt!—Ready!—Aim!—As you were!—By the right flank, file left—march!

With a passing salute, as we march in review,
 To the rub-a-dub-dub and the rat-lat-too!

III.

Well armed and equipped for a trial of skill,
 Fair Eliza and Jane next appear at the drill;
 Though reckless of danger, they'll face any man,
 Yet their fire often proves but a flash in the pan.
 With a passing salute as they march in review,
 To the rub-a-dub-dub and the rat-lat-too!

SPOKEN.—On right, file into line!—Rear rank, open order, march!—Present arms!—Carry arms!—Close order!—Right face, march!—Recover arms!

With a passing salute, as we march in review,
 With the rub-a-dub-dub and the rat-lat-too!

C. F.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

The following admirable story—for which we are indebted to the Atlantic Souvenir—is said to be from the pen of Mr. COOPER, the distinguished American novelist. As we have not seen it noticed by, or copied into, any of the public journals, we have reason to think it has been but little read, and, therefore, transfer it to the columns of the Mirror, in the full belief that we could not fill the space which it occupies, more to the satisfaction of our readers. "The brilliant exploit on which the tale is founded, was performed in the early part of the revolution in Peru. San Martin, after freeing Chili from the Spanish yoke, had pushed his army to the very gates of Lima; and, with the co-operation of Lord Cochrane by sea, took possession of the ancient capital of Peru soon after the occurrences here detailed."

THE ESMERALDA.

It was on a bright and sunny summer evening, that a curious cavalcade was seen issuing from the gate of Lima, and taking the road to Callao. It was composed of the "liberty men"* of the American frigate Macedonian, then lying in the harbour. A crowd of Peruvian boys followed it; and the very sentinels forgot their military gravity, and indulged in the irrepressible laughter which it excited. First came some half dozen sailors, arm-in-arm, whom a tiny midshipman in vain strove to keep in order. Then followed some dozen mules, each carrying two drunken sailors, slung like panniers, amid-ships, and guided by a stout Peruvian lad, seated *en croupe*. Two or three midshipmen, with some twenty steady fellows of the crew, brought up the rear. The pinioned tars had no idea of the propriety of their mode of conveyance, and vented all their tipsy rage on the "after-guard," as they styled the driver. But once on shore during a three years' cruise, the sailors had gone from the extreme of temperance and abstinence, to the extreme of excess; and having spent their last dollar, were now literally carried back to their vessel. Those in front, as they passed the soldiers, cocked their eyes, thrust their tongues into their cheeks, and throw-

* Sailors on shore with leave.

ing out their legs horizontally, performed the mock military to perfection: then bursting into a roar of laughter at their own wit, trod on each other's heels, kicked each other's shins, shouted "heads up, ye lubbers!" and set order at complete defiance. The living panniers were less noisy, and groaned and hiccuped their discontent at being "triced up" to such heavy sailers, as they termed the mules; kicked the sides of the animals, aimed ineffectual blows at the "after-guard," and ran desperate risk of life, as some restive beast, throwing his heels in the air, threatened to dislodge them. The rear, exhilarated, but not tipsy, with just enough aboard to show off the sailor to perfection, cracked their jokes, trolled their songs, practised their manual fun upon the drunkards, and moved most merrily along. By dint of driving and swearing, the procession was urged over the seven miles from Lima to the sea, and reached Callao just as the sun flashed his last rays upon the Chilean brig, which was cruising, hull down, in the offing. The wharf or quay, alongside of which the frigate's boats were lying in readiness to receive the "liberty men," was crowded with people. Sailors, soldiers, guarda-costas, Indians, and idlers of all descriptions, were collected there. The clattering of the oars of newly arrived boats, the roll and splash of those leaving the landing, the voice of command, the English and American "damn," the Spanish "caramba," the French "sacre," and the Dutch "der teufel," were all heard, were all mingled in the general clamour and hurry at the close of day. These sounds were dying away as the Americans approached the quay; and by the time that the "liberty men" were tumbled aboard the two cutters and pinnace, nobody remained to witness their departure but a few guarda-costas, whose duty detained them along the shore.

It was a beautiful and tranquil bay across which the Macedonian's boats now pulled. On the right lay the castles of Callao, the long line of ramparts serried with the bayonets of the Spanish soldiers. On the left, anchored head and stern, were the frigates Macedonian and Esmeralda; the latter a new ship, fully armed, provisioned, manned, and equipped for a six months' cruise; and a little farther out lay the British frigate Hyperion; all three within half gunshot of the castles. Within the men-of-war the merchantmen were securely moored. A few black whale ships dotted the bay; and far off, in the shadow of the island of San Lorenzo, lay the patriot blockading squadron of Lord Cochrane.

The stern sheets of the pinnace were occupied by two midshipmen. At home, by his own fire-side on the Roanoke, the youngest would have been called a boy; but here, in the Pacific, the officer of a yankee frigate, it would have been sword and pistol work to have rated him any thing but a man. There was an air too of command about him, which sustained his pretensions to the character; and the sailors at the oars regarded him with that respectful kindness and ready obedience that showed he was a favourite among the crew. In place of a chapeau-bras, like that worn by his companion, the large straw sombrero of the Peruvians lay beside him, while a black handkerchief twisted around his head, shielded it from the damp air, which already began to float over the water.

"In the name of sense, Hal," said his companion, taking up the sombrero, and measuring its immense brim against the sky, "where did you get this upper rigging? and what boot did you give in exchanging a chapeau?"

"It is too long a yarn to spin now," said the Virginian, evidently willing to avoid the subject; "put the broad brim down, and mind the yoke ropes. Here we are athwart the hawse of a merchantman."

The sudden shock which threw the oars out of the rowlocks, created a confusion on board the pinnace which effectually interrupted the conversation. The

hail from the merchantman was answered. The commands, "back water;" "steady;" "pull ye'r starboard oars;" "altogether now;" "give way, boys," followed in quick succession; and the pinnace shot by the obstacle which had momentarily checked its progress. All the vessels which the boat had hitherto passed, had hailed it at the usual distance, and it was now directly under the bows of the Esmeralda.

"Strange that the Spanish frigate does not hail," said the Virginian. "So fine a ship should have a livelier watch on board. A sleepy dog that, whose bayonet I see just abaft the mainmast."

"They're deep in a frolic," replied his companion. "I met a crowd of Spanish gentlemen going on board to dine, as I came ashore this morning, and the guarda-costa at the landing told me that they had not returned at sun-down."

"The more fools they," answered the other, "to blow it out with Cochrane at two gun-shots of them."

"He is not the man to interrupt them," was the reply; "he lies so idly under the island, that his men will soon not know brace from buntline."

"I don't know," continued the Virginian; "his vessels showed their teeth pretty plainly as we made the land here, and his flag-ship walked across our fore foot in as gallant a style as I have seen this many-a-day."

"Nothing but show," said the other.

"The commodore did not think so, however, or else all hands would not have beat to quarters, the ship cleared for action, bulk-heads down, decks sanded, and matches smoking. No, no. Cochrane will be alongside of the Esmeralda yet, and that before long. It may be superstition, Will, but for a commodore's broad pennant I would not sling my hammock to night to the best battens on board of her. In my eye, she looks like a doomed ship. Her sails bent, her guns run out, and yet so still—not a living soul to speak to us from her decks; no sound about her but the rippling of the tide against her hawse."

The farther remarks of the Virginian were interrupted by the loud hail from the Macedonian. It was promptly answered, and in a short time the sailors and their officers stood upon the deck of the frigate.

The bustle occasioned by the arrival of the boats was soon over. The sailors betook themselves to the fore-castle, and became listeners to an interminable love song, which a sentimental blue jacket was droning forth to his companions. The officers, after reporting themselves on the quarter-deck, either turned in for the night or joined the different groups that were lounging about the after-part of the ship. Seated on the breech of a gun, with his sombrero on his knee, and surrounded by a crowd of reefers, was the Virginian. The Peruvian hat had already been tried on the heads of all around, and made the subject of sailor jests; and assuming all the dignity of one who was aware of the interest attached to his story, its owner commenced his account of the manner in which he obtained it, and the cause of his wearing it.

"You see, reefers, the purser and I having come to a reckoning, I determined to have a regular blow out in Lima: not a tipsy spree, you understand, but something to recall the Roanoke and old Virginia. So off I started in the cutter, and having reached the shore, I hired the horse of a guarda-costa, to carry me to town, and engaged its master to serve me as a guide. I took the sheep-skins, and he trudged it on foot. It was sunset when we left the wharf, and before we had proceeded half-way, the mist came rolling over from the sea, and concealed from our view even the trees which lined the sides of the road. We were the only travellers. Some loaded mules passed us; but, with the exception of these, we were the solitary occupants

of the king's high-way. I possessed Spanish sufficient to maintain a broken conversation with the guarda-costa, and we chatted cosily enough, until we heard the clatter of a horse's hoof upon the road behind us. In another moment, a horseman, nobly mounted, but dressed in the poncho and sombrero of the country, dashed by us at full speed. He came, and he was gone. Here, and away. Lightning could scarcely have been quicker. But still, as he galloped, I was struck with his appearance. I noticed that he rode with civilized stirrups, and not the wooden shoes of the Peruvians. I thought, too, that he had holsters; and I would swear to the long straight sword which clinked against the stirrup-iron. Small time for observation, you say. Well, so it was; but time enough for all. The guarda-costa saw every thing that I did. 'Bravo!' he said, as the stranger, unmoved in his saddle, bore the wide leap which his startled horse made in passing. 'Bueno Caballero! That fellow sits well, signior.' 'Like a hero,' replied I, equally pleased with the dexterity of the horseman; but before the words had passed my lips he had disappeared, and we again moved solitarily along. When we had proceeded about a mile further, to our great surprise, the single horseman again dashed by us at his utmost speed. But this time he came in the direction of Lima, and rode so furiously as almost to capsize the guarda-costa. After passing us, he turned at right angles to the road, and continued his way far to our left. He had scarcely vanished in the mist, before a vidette of Spanish cavalry came on us, with almost equal speed. The officer commanding it reined his horse upon its haunches beside me, and asked imperatively the direction taken by the single horseman, whose appearance and dress he described. I, however, had no idea of turning informer, so I pretended not to understand him, and talked as fast in English as he did in Spanish. He cursed big and large, and then repeated his questions to the guarda-costa. I was afraid all would be blown now, and was consoling myself by calculating the advantage the delay had given to the fugitive, when I heard my guide log a deliberate lie, in assuring the Spaniard that 'Caballero' had pushed on to Callao; and in a moment more, the vidette were, as they supposed, pushing after him. We now continued our way. The Peruvian chuckled, and did not pretend to conceal his satisfaction at having crossed the trail of the vidette. 'Santa Maria! how he rode!' said the guarda-costa, as if thinking aloud; 'and those cursed Spaniards to think to overtake him.' 'You speak roughly of your friends,' said I. 'Friends!' repeated the man, in as fiendish a tone as I ever heard. He laid his hand upon the pommel of the saddle, threw back the broad brim of his straw hat, and rose many inches in height, as he darted his quick keen eyes full in my face, to read in the deep gloom the expression of my countenance. For a moment he looked cautiously around, and then rapidly whispered, 'I, signior, am a Peruvian, but not a free-born man. Who made me? who made the Incas slaves? The Spaniards.' The guarda-costa paused; then, pointing first in the direction of San Martin's camp, and then towards the Chilian fleet, he continued in the same energetic tone. 'No, signior, there are our friends.' I scarcely recognised the stupid custom-house drudge in the man who now addressed me. His extended arm—his bold carriage—his upright figure, which loomed large in the evening mist, belonged, I thought, to another being. But the change was momentary. The soldier turned slowly away, and before I could reply, he was again as when I hired him.

"In the meantime we approached the city. The guarda-costa appeared to have struck upon a train of thought which was far from pleasing, for he strode rapidly along, and occasionally muttered discontented

sounds, as thought came unwittingly to his tongue. I tried to catch his meaning, without success. His sultry answers prevented conversation, and we proceeded most unsociably, until challenged by the sentinel at the gate. 'Que viva?' sounded hoarsely from beneath the old archway. 'San Martin,' fiercely replied my guide. In a moment the musket of the Spanish soldier on guard rattled in his hands. I heard the sharp click as he cocked it. Another second, and the guarda-costa had been a dead man. I sprung from my horse in time to strike up the levelled weapon, and shouted 'viva le rey,' in tones that brought the whole guard to the spot. My guide was more alarmed than I was. San Martin was uppermost in his thoughts, and the name of the patriot chief, at which the Limanians trembled, was pronounced, instead of the usual reply to the hail of the Spanish sentinel. We were now overhauled by the officers on duty; and after some impertinent examination, I was damned as a North American, and suffered to proceed. My guide, however, was detained. This was unlucky enough. I knew nothing of Lima, and none of those whom the bustle at the gate had collected, seemed at all disposed to assist me. Recollecting that Frank Lindesay's horse, in old Virginia—and I rode it often enough to know—stopped at all the grog-shops, I threw the reins on the neck of my steed, hoping that he would carry me to the place where his master usually put up. The animal's intentions may have been good; but I soon saw that the crowd were determined to thwart them. To make a long story short, I was in the centre of a Lima mob, led on by a little contemptible looking rascal, who persuaded the people that I was the head spy of San Martin's army. At first I pretended not to understand what was said, but my valour at last got the better of my discretion, and I could not resist the temptation of putting my fist between the eyes of a villain who was grinning his impudence in my face. This brought things to a crisis: 'A la muerte' was the cry, and the last thing I can recollect was a blow on the temple, which brought me to the ground.

"How long I remained insensible I cannot exactly say. When I recovered, I found that I had been laid at the door of a huge church; under the idea, I suppose, that I was dead. I felt miserably stiff and cold, and for some minutes did not attempt to move; at last, after one or two efforts, I got upon my feet, and ascertained that my limbs were unbroken, and that my doubloons were still at the bottom of my fob. Some Peruvian gentleman had taken a fancy to my watch, and to a new chapeau, mounted for the occasion. He might have spared them, as they were borrowed articles. No matter, however, the watch never had any insides, and the hat must have suffered pretty severely in the scuffle. The first thing I did, on turning around, was to peep in at the door of the church, which stood conveniently ajar. As I peeped in, some one from the interior peeped out; for I thrust my nose into the pale face of a tall, monkish-looking person, who was about leaving the building. Both of us were sadly scared, and starting back, we stood staring at each other in the star-light, until, recovering the first from the panic produced by the unexpected rencontre, I turned and ran with the best speed my stiff limbs would admit of. After going a considerable distance, I stopped to listen. No sounds came from the direction of the church; but from the opposite quarter, I heard the steps and clattering arms of a relief of soldiers. I stood by a low garden wall, and in a moment I was on the other side of it. The relief passed by, and the noise it made was soon lost in the turning of the streets. I was now in a large and handsome garden. The smooth walks, the fountain which tossed its waters so coolly on the night, broad grass-plats, the rows of flowers, the neatly trimmed hedges, amused me for some time, and re-

solving to wait here the return of light, I threw myself upon a garden-bench, and summoned all the recollections of past pleasures to assist the slow progress of time. But time, notwithstanding, took his own way, and jogged most lazily on. I got up—I drank at the fountain—I walked about, and at last, attracted by the sound of music, set myself to discover whence it proceeded. After losing it, and recovering it several times, I found myself under the verandah of the house to which the garden was attached, and which some lines of tall hedges had at first prevented me from seeing. Curiosity brought me to the house; curiosity led me into the verandah; and curiosity placed me snugly enough at the window of the very room at which the musician was. Of course I went on tiptoes, and, scarcely daring to breathe, ventured to peep into the apartment; intending, if all things permitted, to discover myself, and ask for a night's lodging, and a hat of some sort or other. The room was a large one, lighted by a shaded lamp, which hung from the ceiling, and made every thing appear soft and moonshiny. Next to the window at which I sat, was the door leading to the verandah, directly opposite to which was another door, and in the right-hand wall a third, of a much smaller size, might have led to a sleeping apartment. A table covered with a crimson cloth stood in the centre, and upon a sofa beside it, and opposite to the small door, was reclining the minstrel of the hour. The guitar which had attracted me was lying on the table, and the lady who had touched it was reading what appeared to me to be a letter. I'd tell you what, reefers, she was worth looking at. I could not see her eyes; but then her exquisite figure, and the prettiest little foot you ever beheld, seen to such advantage on the dark covering of the sofa, and her jet black hair, and beautiful mouth, and high commanding forehead—she was a glorious craft, such as I have not seen since I left old Virginia.

"Thinks I, she can't be hard-hearted enough to refuse me shelter; and I was on the point of giving an introductory 'hem!' when, 'tap, tap, tap,' on the opposite door, announced a visitor. Not at all alarmed, the lady put away the letter, and answering the summons, introduced a tall, strapping fellow, dressed in the common apparel of a guarda-costa. Matters looked promising, I thought, for another adventure, and drawing myself a little farther from the window, I awaited it. The guarda-costa sat down without much ceremony, and had not uttered twenty words before I ascertained the whole secret of the matter, and heard some of the finest love-speeches that were ever made to mortal woman, so far as my knowledge of Spanish enabled me to comprehend them."

"Let us have them, Hal, do," said the listeners, crowding even closer round the orator. He shook his head, and proceeded.

"Such things always lose in the telling, and are, in fact, arrant nonsense to all but the parties interested. The Peruvian took off his straw hat, and showed a noble countenance, and a head of thick and curling hair. He threw the poncho over his shoulder, and I saw plainly enough, the uniform of one of San Martin's officers; another glance, and I became convinced that this was the stranger whose horsemanship had excited my admiration on my way from Callao. It was not very fair to be a listener, I allow; but I considered the Peruvian as a friend, having seen him before, and curiosity to see a real love affair, after one or two twinges, overcame all scruples of conscience. From what I could gather, the lady was the daughter of a Spanish royalist, and the officer was a lover of unprecedented constancy. The country had made him join the patriot father had retained the lady in Lima, was conquering with San Martin."

the capital of Peru. Arrived at last in its neighbourhood, and fearing for her safety if the place was entered by force, he had obtained admission to the town in disguise, appointed the present hour, in the letter which I had seen her reading, for an interview, and now urged her rapid and immediate flight with him to Valparaiso, in a vessel lying in the harbour. She spoke of her father, his hatred of the patriot cause, and his consequent inveteracy against her lover; she urged her duty, and the danger of flight. To all this my friend pleaded like a hero, as I have no doubt he is. He rose from the seat which he had occupied beside her, and paced the room with impatient steps; and at last stopping before her, with his back turned towards the smaller door, began to repeat his arguments for flight. Suddenly her eye became fixed, the colour fled from her face; she looked as if she would have screamed, but could not. Her lover bent forward with anxious eagerness, and vainly solicited the cause of her visible alarm. I saw it, and one moment more found me involved in difficulty and adventure. While the impetuous lover was detailing his plans, the smaller door had been pushed gently open, and a person, whom I can swear was the father, followed by two others, all well armed, entered the room and sprung towards the Peruvian. I shrieked aloud, however, before they reached him, and he turned in time for defence. In a moment the broad straight sword was gleaming over the head of the companion of the old man, and would have descended fatally, had it not struck against and extinguished the only light in the chamber, that hanging from the ceiling. All was shrieking and screaming for a moment, when some one jumped from the open window, overturned me, and darted into the garden. I was now very seriously bruised, and, when lights were brought, was discovered lying in the verandah. But the Peruvian was gone, and the lady was no where to be found. The broken glass of the lamp, and an immense straw hat, were all that remained in evidence of the occurrence.

"The old don swore at me until he was exhausted, and shut me up for the night in the cellar, as an accomplice of the Peruvian. In the morning, he carried me before a magistrate, who would have committed me to prison, had I not been recognized by a Spanish gentleman who had seen me in the frigate. By his exertions I was released, and with the sombrero of the runaway lover to pay me for bruises and broken bones, I joined the liberty boys; and here I am, spinning long yarns to a parcel of sleepy reefers."

The attention of many of the listeners had, during the latter portion of the Virginian's story, been diverted by the crowd which had collected on the quarter-deck, and were leaning over the larboard side of the ship, and the Virginian now joined a group of them himself, with the question,

"Well, reefers, what's the go now? Is this the first time you have seen a whaler's boat towing his casks to the watering-place, after eight bells?"

"Devilish big casks those the leading boat has in tow," said a sailor, who had ascended a few feet in the main-shrouds.

"Casks!" repeated a midshipman, dropping a night-glass at the same time into his left hand. "If those black-looking things are not boats filled with men, and coming on with a long and steady pull, this glass is not worth a rotten rope-yarn."

Every eye was now exerted to its utmost powers of vision; the glass was passed from hand to hand, and in a few minutes all on deck were satisfied that a long line of barges, each crowded with men, was pulling up directly astern of the Macedonian.

"The Scotchman is on the waters to-night," whispered the Virginian. "What did I tell you in the boat? My life for it, Cochrane is in the foremost barge; and see how he keeps us between him and the Esmeralda."

His companion made no reply, but turned to look at the tall masts and taper spars of the Spanish frigate, and then again upon the advancing boats. By this time the word which had been passed below, had brought the whole ship's crew upon deck, every man of which watched with almost breathless interest the approach of the barges. The topmen stole silently aloft, and most of the sailors and officers instinctively placed themselves in the neighbourhood of their respective posts. Not a wave was upon the waters, and the night breeze, as it passed fore and aft the ship, was scarcely felt against the cheek. The Chilians came on with muffled oars, and their long steady strokes soon brought them under the stern of the Macedonian. So silently did they move, that, as they passed along-side, no sound of voice or oar could be distinguished, and, clad as they were in white, they seemed like a band of spirits, rather than mortal men, moving on the deep. No hail was given by the American ship. Officers, quartermasters, sailors, were spell-bound with intense interest, and the very sentinels seemed to forget their existence, as they gazed on the Chilians, whose approach undiscovered by the Spaniards became every moment more doubtful. Already had they passed, and breaking off alternately to the larboard and starboard of the Esmeralda, clasped the fated vessel in their embrace. Instead of following in the line, the last of Cochrane's boats pulled under the cabin windows of the Macedonian, and held on to the rudder chains. The officer commanding begged, entreated, threatened his crew. They would not proceed. In sullen cowardice they concealed themselves during the combat which followed. In vain did the officers of the Macedonian order them to let go, and urge them to avoid disgrace; the chaplain even joined his entreaties; they made no answer, but kept their place, the only cowards of that eventful night. When the fight was over, they pulled silently to the Esmeralda, and, preserving the secret of their baseness, participated in the honours of the occasion.

In the mean time one of the barges glided to a gunboat under the bows of the American. The clash of sabre upon steel, the words "*silencio o muerte*," a hum of voices, a dead stillness, and the gunboat had changed masters. This broke the spell on board the Macedonian. A kedge was carried out, the gib hauled up, the chain slipped, and as the head fell off from the wind, a cloud of canvass dropped from her spars and solicited the breeze. Long ere these preparations were complete, the Esmeralda was the scene of conflict. The first man who boarded from the main-chains, after cutting down the sentinel at the gangway, was shot by the sentinel at the fore-castle. Cochrane was the next, and in a few moments the deck was crowded with his followers. The Spaniards were sleeping on their arms, and as they struggled from below, the contest became fierce and doubtful. There was one pause only in which the assailants ceased to slay, as they watched with intense anxiety the effect of the wind upon the gib. Had the head fallen towards the shore, the Esmeralda must have been deserted and burnt by the Chilians; but fate decreed it otherwise, and there was one loud "*hurrah*" as the bows gently turned towards the island of San Lorenzo. The Chilian sailors on the spars soon clothed the vessel with her canvass. From royals to courses every sail was set, and falling astern of the Macedonian, the Esmeralda followed her slowly from the shore.

The fight continued while the vessel got under way, and "*Jesu*," "*Santa Maria*," "*caramba*," joined with English oaths and exclamations, came loud through the din of battle. At one time the voice of Lord Cochrane was heard encouraging his men, and ordering more sail to be packed upon the spars. Then came a volley of fire-arms, which drowned all sounds besides, and illuminating the deck, showed

the rapid gleam of descending sabres. Then there would be a momentary pause, as one party or the other gained a temporary advantage, and then again the wild uproar swelled with redoubled fury. At last the Chilians collecting in a dense mass upon the quarter-deck, made a quick and fierce charge upon their opponents. It was met, and for an instant met successfully; but the strength of the Spaniards was broken, and the next moment they were heard dropping into the sea, as their pursuers forced them over the bows. The spar-deck was now still, but below all was confusion. A gun-brig, which had repelled its assailants, fired its single piece of artillery directly under the cabin windows of the Esmeralda, and the indiscriminate slaughter of friend and foe was the consequence. This, however, produced no effect upon the combatants, and the victory on the gun-deck was still doubtful, when Cochrane, with his successful followers, rushed down the gangway, and quickly decided the fate of the Spaniards. The wave was their only refuge; and springing from the ports, some gained the shore by swimming, others found their graves where they fell.

The Virginian, and his companion in the cutter, had watched the progress of the fight from their station in the foretop of the Macedonian, and were still gazing on the deck of the Esmeralda, when a flash from the shore, the howl of a ball passing between the masts, and the dull report of a cannon, drew their attention to another quarter. Lights were seen hurrying along the ramparts of the fortress of Callao, and the sound of drums came faintly from them. Flash after flash succeeded the first in quick succession, until one continued stream of fire gushed from the long line of batteries. To the eyes of the young men, every gun seemed intended especially for them.

"What! not a spar gone yet? and only one hole through the main-top-sail?" said the Virginian at last, after coolly casting his eyes upwards upon the canvass of the ship. "It can't be so long, however; the light duck scarcely draws, and the courses and top-sails hang like lead. There goes the cross-jack-yard," he continued, as the crash of splintered wood was heard upon the quarter-deck. "The lanterns at the peak and gib-boom end would have distinguished us from the Esmeralda, if Cochrane had not hoisted them as soon as we did."

"By heavens! though, there goes his peak light," cried his companion, as a shot severed the rope. The lantern fell over into the sea, floated a moment, and was extinguished.

A better aim on the part of the Spanish gunners, or the gradual approach of the vessel within the range of some of the cannon of the fortress, made the situation of the ship more perilous than it had yet been, and three or four balls almost grazed the heads of the fore-top men. Still both spar and sail were uninjured, and the only effect of the shot was to hush the whispered conversation which had been hitherto maintained.

The silence was at last interrupted by an interjectional whistle from the Virginian, as a shot went through the sail immediately above him.

"This firing will deaden the wind until canvass nor duck will hold it: and the Scotchman hangs on our quarter, determined that, if he sinks, so shall we."

"Don't whistle for the wind, mister," said an old sailor in a superstitious tone; "it never comes when it is called, and we want it too much to anger it."

"That whistle brought it, though," cried the other. "The Esmeralda's courses draw, and our heavy sails begin to feel it; we'll walk yet, if the puff holds."

The communication was accompanied by a visible change in the spirits of the seamen, as the sail, after one or two heaves, swelled steadily before the wind. The progress of the vessel, however, was still slow, although the danger every moment decreased,

and it was upwards of an hour before the shot of the fortress fell short. Daylight by this time began to dawn, and showed the sullen batteries, surmounted by a heavy dun cloud, and frowning over a bay which they had so fruitlessly attempted to guard. The Macedonian cast anchor far beyond their reach, and the Esmeralda, uninjured, and in gallant style, moved to the island of San Lorenzo.

During this eventful night, the captain of the American frigate had been detained in Lima, and at sunrise of the second day after the fight, the launch and gig were ordered down to Chorillos to meet him, and to receive on board such Americans as feared the consequences of remaining in the city during the first moments of excitement which would follow the intelligence of the capture of the Esmeralda. The gig was commanded by our friend the Virginian, and after a long and heavy pull, he found himself beneath the high and rugged cliffs of Chorillos. Here the boats remained without the surf, while the Indians, wading through it, brought the passengers on board. "All aboard," had been already cried, and the oars were in the rowlocks to return, when the appearance of a troop of San Martin's cavalry on shore, and their loud shouts and earnest beckonings, delayed their departure. As the sailors rested on their oars, an officer, who appeared to be the commander of the soldiers, came hurrying to the beach, bearing on his arm a female, whose horse he had been seen to guide as his troops came full gallop on. He gave her to the huge Indian who offered his assistance, and followed him into the surf. A short and low conversation was held between San Martin's officer and the American commander. The former then returned to the shore, and the latter gave his rapid orders to proceed to Callao. By evening the party were again in their frigate, and a knot was soon seen to assemble round the young Virginian, as on the preceding evening. He seemed to be urging a doubtful point with peculiar energy.

"How did I know them? Why, didn't I see him plain enough in the room, and didn't I hear his plan of getting her to Valparaiso? The captain ordered me to the launch, but not before I saw her face. No, reefers, no! True love got the weathergauge of the old don, her father, in Lima, and kept it at Chorillos."

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM THE ANNIVERSARY, EDITED BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

It has been said by some one, and if not said, it shall be said now, that no woman is incapable of inspiring love, fixing affection, and making a man happy. We are far less influenced by outward loveliness than we imagine. Men speak with admiration and write with rapture of the beauty which the artist loves, which, like genius in the system of Gall, is ascertained by scale and compass: but in practice, see how they despise those splendid theories, and yield to a sense of beauty and loveliness, of which the standard is in their own hearts. It is not the elegance of form, for that is often imperfect; it is not in loveliness of face, for there nature has been perchance neglectful; nor is it in the charm of sentiment or sweet words, for even among women there is an occasional lack of that; neither is it in the depth of their feelings, nor in the sincerity of their affection, that their whole power over man springs from. Yet every woman, beautiful or not, has that power more or less; and every man yields to its influence.

The women of all nations are beautiful. Female beauty, in the limited sense of the word, is that outward form and proportion which corresponds with the theories of poets and the rules of artists—of which every nation has examples, and of which every woman has a share. But beauty, by a more natural definition of the word, is that indescribable charm, that union of many qualities of person, and mind, and heart, which insures to man the greatest portion of happiness. One of our best poets has touched on this

matter with the wisdom of inspiration; these are his words:

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.
She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be:
But she is in her grave, and, oh!
The difference to me!

This was a maiden something more to the purpose than the slender damsels whom academics create on canvass, or of whom some bachelor bards dream. The poet of Rydal Mount is a married man, and knows from what sources domestic happiness comes. The gossamer creations of the fancy, were they transformed to breathing flesh and blood, would never do for a man's bosom. Those delicate aerial visions, those personified zephyrs, are decidedly unfit for the maternal wear and tear of the world. Not so the buxom dames of our two fine islands. Look at them as they move along. If art with its scale and its compasses, and its eternal chant of "the beau ideal—the beau ideal," had peopled the world, we would have been a nation of ninnies, our isles would have been filled with lay figures and beings "beautiful exceedingly," but loveless, joyless, splendidly silly, and elegantly contemptible. It has been better ordered.

I have looked much on man, and more on woman. The world presents a distinct image of my own perception of beauty; and from the decisions of true love I could lay down the law of human affection, and the universal sense entertained respecting female loveliness. There is no need to be profound, there is no occasion for research; look on wedded society, it is visible to all. There, a man very plain is linked to a woman very lovely; a creature silent as marble, to one eloquent, fluent, and talkative; a very tall man to a very little woman; a very portly lady to a man short, slender, and attenuated; the brown weds the black, and the white the golden; personal deformities are not in the way of affection; love contradicts all our theories of loveliness, and happiness has no more to do with beauty than a good crop of corn has with the personal looks of him who sowed the seed. The question, therefore, which some simple person has put, "which of the three kingdoms has the most beautiful ladies?" is one of surpassing absurdity. Who would ever think of going forth with rules of artists in their hands, and scraps of idle verse on their lips, to measure and adjust the precedence of beauty among the three nations? Who shall say which is the fairest flower of the field, which is the brightest of the stars of heaven? One loves the daisy for its modesty, another the rose for its splendour, and a third the lily for its purity; and they are all right.

We know not, indeed, by our natural theory of female loveliness, which of the nations has the most beautiful women, because we know not which of them is the happiest. Wherever there is most bosom tranquillity, most domestic happiness, there beauty reigns in all its strength. Look at that mud hovel on one of the wild hills of Ireland: smoke is streaming from door and window; a woman, to six healthy children and a happy husband, is portioning out a simple and scanty meal; she is a good mother and an affectionate wife; and though tinged with smoke and touched by care, she is warmly beloved; she is lovely in her husband's eyes, and is therefore beautiful. Go into yon Scottish cottage; there is a clean floor, a bright fire, merry children, a thrifty wife, and a husband who is nursing the youngest child and making a whistle for the eldest. The woman is lovely and beautiful, and an image of thrift and good housewifery, beyond any painter's creation; her husband believes her beautiful too, and whilst making the little instrument of melody to please his child, he thinks of the rivals from whom he won her, and how fair she is compared to all her early companions. Or here is a house at hand, hemmed round with fruit trees and flowers, while the blossoming tassels of honeysuckle perfume us as we pass in at the door. Enter and behold that Englishwoman, out of keeping with all the rules of academic beauty, full and ample in her person, her cheeks glowing with health, her eyes shining with quiet happiness, her children swarming like summer bees, her house shining like a new clock, and her movements as regular as one of Murray's chronometers. There sits her husband, a sleek contented man, well fed, clean lodged, and softly handled, who glories in the good looks and sagacity of his wife, and eyes her affectionately as he holds the shining tankard to his lips, and swallows slowly, and with protracted delight, the healthy beverage which she has brewed. Now, that is a beautiful woman; and why is she beautiful? She is beautiful, because the gentleness of her nature and the kindness of her heart

throw a halo around her person, adorning her as a honey-suckle adorns an ordinary tree, and impressing her mental image on our minds. Such is beauty in my sight—a creation more honourable to nature, and more beneficial to man, and in itself infinitely more lovely, even to look upon, than those shapes made according to the line and level of art, which please inexperienced eyes, delude dreamers, fascinate old bachelors, and catch the eye and vex the heart.

The following selections are from the Keepsake:

THE THIEF DETECTED.

As lovely Nature once explored
Her cave of treasures, rich and rare,
She missed of female charms a hoard,
Enough to form a thousand fair.

To Love the goddess quickly flew,
And plainly told him her belief,
Indeed, conviction, that he knew
The person who had been the thief.

Scarce ended was her tale of woe,
Ere roguish Love the goddess left,
And speeding straight to one I know,
Abruptly charged her with the theft.

The trembling maid denied with grief;
But Cupid has a judgment sound:
"Tis plain," he cried, "that you're the thief.
"For on you all the goods are found."—REYNOLDS.

ON TWO SISTERS.

Young Dora's gentle, pure, and kind,
With lofty, clear, and polished mind;
But Dora, rich in mental grace,
Alas! is somewhat poor in face:
Pity her noble soul don't warm
A Grecian statue's perfect form!
But, Ann, in thee all charms combine;
Each gift of beauty, sweet, is thine!
Thy form surpasses e'en desire;
Thine eyes are rolling orbs of fire!
Enchanting, perfect, is the whole:
Pity the statue wants a soul!—REYNOLDS.

EPIGRAMS.

Last Monday all the papers said
That Mr. — was dead;
Why, then, what said the city?
The tenth part sadly shook their head,
And shaking sighed, and sighing said,
"Pity, indeed, 'tis pity."
But when the sad report was found
A rumour wholly without ground,
Why, then, what said the city?
The other nine parts shook their head,
Repeating what the tenth had said,
"Pity, indeed, 'tis pity."—COLERIDGE.

That e'er my visits will become
Too frequent, much I doubt;
For though I've found you oft at home,
Too oft I've found you out.—REYNOLDS.

Your poem must eternal be,
Dear sir—it cannot fail—
For 'tis incomprehensible,
And wants both head and tail.—COLERIDGE.

They told me with their feelings bitter,
That in your wealth your beauty lies;
And I believed them, for there glitter
Ten thousand diamonds in your eyes.—REYNOLDS.

Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.—COLERIDGE.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

New Works.—By the late arrivals from London, we have received the Keepsake, the Anniversary, the Bijou, and several other elegant and entertaining volumes. These being expensive works, and but a few copies having been imported, we shall, after a more careful perusal—even to the exclusion of ORIGINAL matter—make further extracts from them next week.

Correspondents will grant us their usual indulgence. Their kind favours shall be attended to in due season.

In order to make room for "Esmeralda," and the interesting selections contained in the present number, we are necessarily compelled to postpone any editorial remarks.

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY B. S. BARCLAY.

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

A SACRED MELODY, BY THOMAS MOORE.—AS SUNG BY MADAME FERON.

MUSIC BY BEETHOVEN.

ANDANTE. PIA.

The bird let loose in east-ern skies, When hast'ning fond-ly home, Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies Where

i - dle warblers roam; But high she shoots through air and light, A - bove all low de - lay, Where nothing earthly

bounds her flight, Nor sha - dow dims her way, Where nothing earth-ly bounds her flight, Nor sha - dow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care,
And stain of passion free,

Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!

No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;

Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

LINES FROM THE PORT-FOLIO

OF THE LATE EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

NO. II.

By woods and groves the oracles
Of the old age were nursed;
To Brutus came in solitude
The spectral warning first,
When murdered Caesar's mighty shade
The sanguine homicide dismayed,
And fantasy rehearsed
The ideas of March, and, not in vain,
Showed forth Philippi's penal plain.
In loneliness I heard my hopes
Pronounce, "Let us depart!"
And saw my mind—a Marius—
Desponding o'er my heart:
The evil genius, long concealed,
To thought's keen eye itself revealed,
Unfolding like a chart—
But rolled away, and left me free
As stoics once aspired to be.
It brought, thou spirit of my breast,
And Naiad of the tears,
Which have been welling coldly there,
Although unshed, for years!
It brought, in kindness or in hate,
The final menaces of fate,
But prompted no base fears—
Ah, could I with ill feelings see
Aught, love, so near allied to thee?
The drowsy harbinger of death,
That slumber dull and deep,
Is welcome, and I would not wake
Till thou dost join my sleep.
Life's conscious calm—the flapping sail—
The stagnant sea, nor tide, nor gale,
In pleasing motion keep—
Oppress me; and I wish release
From this to more substantial peace.
Star of that sea!—the cynosure
Of magnet-passions, long!—
A ceaseless apparition, and
A very ocular song!—
My skies have changed their hemisphere,
And forfeited thy radiant cheer:
Thy shadow still is strong;

And, beaming darkness, follows me,
Far duskier than obscurity.

Star of that sea!—its currents bear
My vessel to the bourne,
Whence neither busy voyager
Nor pilgrim may return.
Such consummation I can brook,
Yet, with a fixed and lingering look,
Must anxiously discern
The far horizon, where thy rays
Surceased to light my night-like days.

Unwise, or most unfortunate,
My way was; let the sign,
The proof of it, be simply this—
Thou art not, wert not, mine!
For 'tis the wont of chance to bless
Pursuit, if patient, with success;
And envy may repine,
That, commonly, some triumph must
Be won by every lasting lust.

How I have lived imports not, now
I am about to die,
Else I might chide thee that my life
Has been a stifled sigh:
Yes, life; for times, beyond the line
Our parting traced, appear not mine,
Or of a world gone by;
And often almost would evince,
My soul had transmigrated since.

Pass wasted powers; alike the grave,
To which I fast go down,
Will give the joy of nothingness
To me, and to renown;
Unto its careless tenants, fame
Is idle as that gilded name,
Of vanity the crown,
Helvetian hands inscribe upon
The forehead of a skeleton.

List the last cadence of a lay
That, closing as begun,
Is governed by a note of pain,
Oh, lost and worshipped one!—
None shall attend a sadder strain,
Till Memnon's statue stand again
To mourn the setting sun—
Nor sweeter, if my numbers seem
To share the nature of their theme.

FROM THE BIJOU.

THE SLEEPERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Sleep!—let thy mother's spirit bless her child!
And let thy sisters, to the dreaming land,
Greet thee with song! each gentle voice be there
Of early fondness—each familiar face—
Only th' unkind be absent!

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!
A holy thing is sleep,
On the worn spirit shed,
And eyes that wake to weep:

A holy thing from heaven,
A gracious dewy cloud,
A covering mantle, given
The weary to enshroud.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!
Revere the pale still brow,
The meekly-drooping head,
The long hair's willowy flow!

Ye know not what ye do,
That call the slumberer back,
From the world unseen by you,
Unto life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away,
In her childhood's land perchance,
Where her young sisters play,
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound
Her spirit haply weaves;
A harmony profound
Of woods with all their leaves:

A murmur of the sea,
A laughing tone of streams:
Long may her sojourn be
In the music-land of dreams!

Each voice of love is there,
Each gleam of beauty fled,
Each lost one still more fair—
Oh! lightly, lightly tread!

WRITTEN ON A HUNDRED-POUND NOTE.

A little while ye have been mine,
Nae langer can I keep ye;
I fear ye'll ne'er be mine again,
Nor only itner like ye.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

As o'er a bright and rapid rill
A self-enamoured rose was bending,
A loveliness more lovely still
The waters to her image lending;
An envious gust, with ruthless power,
Of all her leaves despoiled the flower.

Her leaves the brooklet's mirror strew'd,
O'er which they smiled so sweet before:
The brook its heedless path pursued:
They past, and were beheld no more:
And thus, alas! without a stay,
The bloom of beauty flits away!

TIME.

Warm is the heart in boyhood's days,
And warmer are the smiles which greet it:
But time will come when those light rays
Of hope and love no longer meet it.
How bright the dream when young eyes sleep
And brighter glows the heart with gladness;
But time will doom such eyes to weep,
And change their beams to tears of sadness.

How beautiful the book of life;
If fancy glances o'er its pages,
She feels no sorrow, sees no strife,
In the fair scenes of future ages.
But changed are those unblotted lines,
When feelings, hopes, and all are slighted:
And dim the fire of genius shines,
When all its wanderings have been blighted.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

Mark how that cloud, whose blackness blots the skies,
Beneath yon planet, unilluminated, lies;
While the bright star with scintillating ray,
Strives, but in vain, to chase its gloom away.
So vainly bright, so impotently fair,
Shines Joy's remembrance, smiling on Despair.

GEO. P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1829.

NUMBER 31.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE KEPSAKE.

THE TAPESTRIED CHAMBER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

THE following narrative is given from the pen, so far as memory permits, in the same character in which it was presented to the author's ear; nor has he claim to further praise, or to be more deeply censured, than in proportion to the good or bad judgment which he has employed in selecting his materials, as he has studiously avoided any attempt at ornament which might interfere with the simplicity of the tale.

At the same time it must be admitted, that the particular class of stories which turns on the marvellous, possesses a stronger influence when told, than when committed to print. The volume taken up at noonday, though rehearsing the same incidents, conveys a much more feeble impression than is achieved by the voice of the speaker on a circle of fire-side auditors, who hang upon the narrative as the narrator details the minute incidents which serve to give it authenticity, and lowers his voice with an affectation of mystery, while he approaches the fearful and wonderful part. It was with such advantages that the present writer heard the following events related, more than twenty years since, by the celebrated Miss Seward, of Lichfield, who, to her numerous accomplishments, added, in a remarkable degree, the power of narrative in private conversation. In its present form the tale must necessarily lose all the interest which was attached to it, by the flexible voice and intelligent features of the gifted narrator. Yet still, read aloud, to an undoubting audience, by the doubtful light of the closing evening, or, in silence, by a decaying taper, and amidst the solitude of a half-lighted apartment, it may redeem its character as a good ghost-story. Miss Seward always affirmed that she had derived her information from an authentic source, although she suppressed the names of the two persons chiefly concerned. I will not avail myself of any particulars I may have since received concerning the localities of the detail, but suffer them to rest under the same general description in which they were first related to me; and, for the same reason, I will not add to, or diminish the narrative, by any circumstance, whether more or less material, but simply rehearse, as I heard it, a story of supernatural terror.

About the end of the American war, when the officers of Lord Cornwallis's army, which surrendered at Yorktown, and others, who had been made prisoners during the impetuous and ill-fated controversy, were returning to their own country, to relate their adventures, and repose themselves, after their fatigues; there was amongst them a general officer, to whom Miss Seward gave the name of Browne, but merely, as I understood, to save the inconvenience of introducing a nameless agent in the narrative. He was an officer of merit, as well as a gentleman of high consideration for family and attainments.

Some business had carried General Browne upon a tour through the western counties, when, in the conclusion of a morning stage, he found himself in the vicinity of a small country town, which presented a scene of uncommon beauty, and of a character peculiarly English.

The little town, with its stately old church, whose tower bore testimony to the devotion of ages long past, lay amidst pastures and cornfields of small extent, but bounded and divided with hedge-row timber of great age and size. There were few marks of modern improvement. The environs of the place intimated neither the solitude of decay, nor the bustle of novelty; the houses were old, but in good repair; and the beautiful little river murmured freely on its

way to the left of the town, neither restrained by a dam, nor bordered by a towing-path.

Upon a gentle eminence, nearly a mile to the southward of the town, were seen, amongst many venerable oaks and tangled thickets, the turrets of a castle, as old as the wars of York and Lancaster, but which seemed to have received important alterations during the age of Elizabeth and her successor. It had not been a place of great size; but whatever accommodation it formerly afforded, was, it must be supposed, still to be obtained within its walls; at least, such was the inference which General Browne drew from observing the smoke arise merrily from several of the ancient wreathed and carved chimney-stalks. The wall of the park ran alongside of the highway for two or three hundred yards; and through the different points by which the eye found glimpses into the woodland scenery, it seemed to be well stocked. Other points of view opened in succession; now a full one, of the front of the old castle, and now a side glimpse at its particular towers; the former rich in all the bizarrerie of the Elizabethian school, while the simple and solid strength of other parts of the building seemed to show that they had been raised more for defence than ostentation.

Delighted with the partial glimpses which he obtained of the castle through the woods and glades by which this ancient feudal fortress was surrounded, our military traveller was determined to inquire whether it might not deserve a nearer view, and whether it contained family pictures, or other objects of curiosity worthy of a stranger's visit; when, leaving the vicinity of the park, he rolled through a clean and well-paved street, and stopped at the door of a well-frequented inn.

Before ordering horses to proceed on his journey, General Browne made inquiries concerning the proprietor of the chateau which had so attracted his admiration; and was equally surprised and pleased at hearing, in reply, a nobleman named, whom we shall call Lord Woodville. How fortunate! Much of Browne's early recollections, both at school and at college, had been connected with young Woodville, whom, by a few questions, he now ascertained to be the same with the owner of this fair domain. He had been raised to the peerage by the decease of his father a few months before, and, as the general learned from the landlord, the term of mourning being ended, was now taking possession of his paternal estate, in the jovial season of merry autumn, accompanied by a select party of friends to enjoy the sports of a country famous for game.

This was delightful news to our traveller. Frank Woodville had been Richard Brown's sag at Eton, and his chosen intimate at Christ Church; their pleasures and their tasks had been the same; and the honest soldier's heart warmed to find his early friend in possession of so delightful a residence, and of an estate, as the landlord assured him with a nod and a wink, fully adequate to maintain and add to his dignity. Nothing was more natural than that the traveller should suspend a journey, which there was nothing to render hurried, to pay a visit to an old friend under such agreeable circumstances.

The fresh horses, therefore, had only the brief task of conveying the general's travelling-carriage to Woodville castle. A porter admitted them at a modern gothic lodge, built in that style to correspond with the castle itself, and at the same time rang a bell to give warning of the approach of visitors. Apparently the sound of the bell had suspended the separation of the company, bent on the various amusements of the morning; for, on entering the court of the chateau, several young men were lounging about in their sporting-dresses, looking at, and criticising, the dogs which the keepers held in readiness to attend their pastime. As General Browne alighted, the young lord came to the gate of the hall, and for an instant gazed, as at a stranger, upon the countenance of his friend, on which war, with its fatigues and its wounds, had made a great alteration. But

the uncertainty lasted no longer than till the visitor had spoken, and the hearty greeting which followed was such as can only be exchanged betwixt those who have passed together the merry days of careless boyhood or early youth.

"If I could have formed a wish, my dear Browne," said Lord Woodville, "it would have been to have you here, of all men, upon this occasion, which my friends are good enough to hold as a sort of holiday. Do not think you have been unwatched during the years you have been absent from us. I have traced you through your dangers, your triumphs, your misfortunes, and was delighted to see that, whether in victory or defeat, the name of my old friend was always distinguished with applause."

The general made a suitable reply, and congratulated his friend on his new dignities, and the possession of a place and domain so beautiful.

"Nay, you have seen nothing of it as yet," said Lord Woodville, "and I trust you do not mean to leave us till you are better acquainted with it. It is true, I confess, that my present party is pretty large, and the old house, like other places of the kind, does not possess so much accommodation as the extent of the outward walls appear to promise. But we can give you a comfortable old-fashioned room, and I venture to suppose that your campaigns have taught you to be glad of worse quarters."

The general shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "I presume," he said, "the worst apartment in your chateau is considerably superior to the old tobacco-cask in which I was fain to take up my night's lodging when I was in the bush, as the Virginians call it, with the light corps. There I lay, like Diogenes himself, so delighted with my covering from the element, that I made a vain attempt to have it rolled on to my next quarters; but my commander for the time would give way to no such luxurious provision, and I took farewell of my beloved cask with tears in my eyes."

"Well, then, since you do not fear your quarters," said Lord Woodville, "you will stay with me a week at least. Of guns, dogs, fishing-rods, flies, and means of sport by sea and land, we have enough and to spare; you cannot pitch on an amusement but we will find the means of pursuing it. But if you prefer the gun and pointers, I will go with you myself, and see whether you have mended your shooting since you have been amongst the Indians of the back settlements."

The general gladly accepted his friendly host's proposal in all its points. After a morning of manly exercise, the company met at dinner, where it was the delight of Lord Woodville to condescend to the display of the high properties of his recovered friend, so as to recommend him to his guests, most of whom were persons of distinction. He led General Browne to speak of the scenes he had witnessed; and as every word marked alike the brave officer and the sensible man, who retained possession of his cool judgment under the most imminent dangers, the company looked upon the soldier with general respect, as on one who had proved himself possessed of an uncommon portion of personal courage; that attribute, of all others, of which every body desires to be thought possessed.

The day at Woodville castle ended as usual in such mansions. The hospitality stopped within the limits of good order: music, in which the young lord was a proficient, succeeded to the circulation of the bottle: cards and billiards, for those who preferred such amusements, were in readiness: but the exercise of the morning required early hours, and not long after eleven o'clock the guests began to retire to their several apartments.

The young lord himself conducted his friend, General Browne, to the chamber destined for him, which answered the description he had given of it, being comfortable and old-fashioned. The bed was of the massive kind of the seventeenth century, and

faded silk, heavily trimmed with tarnished gold. But then the sheets, pillows, and blankets looked delightful to the campaigner, when he thought of his "mansion, the cask." There was an air of gloom in the tapestry hangings, which, with their worn-out graces, curtained the walls of the little chamber, and gently undulated as the autumnal breeze found its way through the ancient lattice-window, which pattered and whistled as the air gained entrance. The toilette, too, with its mirror, turbaned, after the manner of the beginning of the century, with a coiffure of murrey-coloured silk, and its hundred strange-shaped boxes, providing for arrangements which had been obsolete for more than fifty years, had an antique, and in so far a melancholy, aspect. But nothing could blase more brightly and cheerfully than the two large wax candles; or if aught could rival them, it was the flaming bickering faggots in the chimney, that sent at once their gleam and their warmth through the snug apartment; which, notwithstanding the general antiquity of its appearance, was not wanting in the least convenience that modern habits rendered either necessary or desirable.

"This is an old-fashioned sleeping apartment, general," said the young lord, "but I hope you find nothing that makes you envy your old tobacco-cask."

"I am not particular respecting my lodgings," replied the general; "yet were I to make any choice, I would prefer this chamber, by many degrees, to the gayer and more modern rooms of your family mansion. Believe me, that when I unite its modern air of comfort with its venerable antiquity, and recollect that it is your lordship's property, I shall feel in better quarters here than if I were in the best hotel London could afford."

"I trust—I have no doubt—that you will find yourself as comfortable as I wish you, my dear general," said the young nobleman; and once more bidding his guest good night, he shook him by the hand, and withdrew.

The general once more looked round him, and internally congratulating himself on his return to peaceful life, the comforts of which were endeared by the recollection of the hardships and dangers he had lately sustained, undressed himself, and prepared for a luxurious night's rest.

Here, contrary to the custom of this species of tale, we leave the general in possession of his apartment until the next morning.

The company assembled for breakfast at an early hour, but without the appearance of General Browne, who seemed the guest that Lord Woodville was desirous of honouring above all whom his hospitality had assembled around him. He more than once expressed surprise at the general's absence, and at length sent a servant to make inquiry after him. The man brought back information that General Browne had been walking abroad since an early hour of the morning, in defiance of the weather, which was misty and ungenial.

"The custom of a soldier," said the young nobleman to his friends—"many of them acquire habitual vigilance, and cannot sleep after the early hour at which their duty usually commands them to be alert."

Yet the explanation which Lord Woodville then offered to the company seemed hardly satisfactory to his own mind, and it was in a fit of silence and abstraction that he awaited the return of the general. It took place near an hour after the breakfast bell had rung. He looked fatigued and feverish. His hair—the powdering and arrangement of which was at this time one of the most important occupations of a man's whole day, and marked his fashion as much as, in the present time, the tying of a cravat, or the want of one—was dishevelled, uncurled, void of powder, and dank with dew. His clothes were huddled on with a careless negligence, remarkable in a military man, whose real or supposed duties are usually held to include some attention to the toilette; and his looks were haggard and ghastly in a peculiar degree.

"So you have stolen a march upon us this morning, my dear general," said Lord Woodville, "or you have not found your bed so much to your mind as I had hoped, and you seemed to expect. How did you rest last night?"

"Oh, excellently well! remarkably well! never better in my life!" said General Browne rapidly, and yet with an air of embarrassment which was obvious to his friend. He then hastily swallowed a cup of tea, and, neglecting or refusing whatever else was offered, seemed to fall into a fit of abstraction.

"You will take the gun to-day, general?" said his friend and host, but had to repeat the question twice ere he re-

ceived the abrupt answer, "No, my lord; I am sorry I cannot have the honour of spending another day with your lordship: my post-horses are ordered, and will be here directly."

All who were present showed surprise, and Lord Woodville immediately replied, "Post-horses, my good friend! what can you possibly want with them, when you promised to stay with me quietly for at least a week?"

"I believe," said the general, obviously much embarrassed, "that I might, in the pleasure of my first meeting with your lordship, have said something about stopping here a few days; but I have since found it altogether impossible."

"That is very extraordinary," answered the young nobleman. "You seemed quite disengaged yesterday, and you cannot have had a summons to-day; for our post has not come up from the town, and therefore you cannot have received any letters."

General Browne, without giving any further explanation, muttered something of indispensable business, and insisted on the absolute necessity of his departure in a manner which silenced all opposition on the part of his host, who saw that his resolution was taken, and forbore all further importunity.

"At least, however," he said, "permit me, my dear Browne, since go you will, or must, to show you the view from the terrace, which the mist, that is now rising, will soon display."

He threw open a sash-window, and stepped down upon the terrace as he spoke. The general followed him mechanically, but seemed little to attend to what his host was saying, as, looking across an extended and rich prospect, he pointed out the different objects worthy of observation. Thus they moved on till Lord Woodville had attained his purpose of drawing his guest entirely apart from the rest of the company, when, turning round upon him with an air of great solemnity, he addressed him thus:

"Richard Browne, my old and very dear friend, we are now alone. Let me conjure you to answer me upon the word of a friend, and the honour of a soldier. How did you in reality rest during last night?"

"Most wretchedly, indeed, my lord," answered the general, in the same tone of solemnity; "so miserably, that I would not run the risk of such a second night, not only for all the lands belonging to this castle, but for all the country which I see from this elevated point of view."

"This is most extraordinary," said the young lord, as if speaking to himself; "then there must be something in the reports concerning that apartment." Again, turning to the general, he said, "For heaven's sake, my dear friend, be candid with me, and let me know the disagreeable particulars which have befallen you under a roof where, with consent of the owner, you should have met nothing save comfort."

The general seemed distressed by this appeal, and paused a moment before he replied. "My dear lord," he at length said, "what happened to me last night is of a nature so peculiar and so unpleasant, that I could hardly bring myself to detail it even to your lordship, were it not that, independent of my wish to gratify any request of yours, I think that sincerity on my part may lead to some explanation about a circumstance equally painful and mysterious. To others, the communication I am about to make might place me in the light of a weak-minded, superstitious fool, who suffered his own imagination to delude and bewilder him; but you have known me in childhood and youth, and will not suspect me of having adopted, in manhood, the feelings and frailties from which my early years were free." Here he paused, and his friend replied:

"Do not doubt my perfect confidence in the truth of your communication, however strange it may be; I know your firmness of disposition too well to suspect you could be made the object of imposition, and am aware that your honour and your friendship will equally deter you from exaggerating whatever you may have witnessed."

"Well, then," said the general, "I will proceed with my story as well as I can, relying upon your candour; and yet distinctly feeling that I would rather face a battery than recall to my mind the odious recollections of last night."

He paused a second time, and then perceiving that Lord Woodville remained silent, and in an attitude of attention, he commenced, though not without obvious reluctance, the history of his night's adventures in the Tapestry Chamber.

"I undressed and went to bed so soon as your lordship left me yesterday evening; but the wood in the chimney, which nearly fronted my bed, blazed brightly and cheerfully, and, aided by a hundred exciting recollections of my childhood and youth, which had been recalled by the unexpected pleasure of meeting your lordship, prevented me from falling immediately asleep. I ought, however, to say, that these reflections were all of a pleasant and agreeable kind, grounded on a sense of having, for a time, exchanged the labour, fatigues, and dangers of my profession for the enjoyments of a peaceful life, and the reunion of those friendly and affectionate ties, which I had torn asunder at the rude summons of war.

"While such pleasing reflections were stealing over my mind, and gradually lulling me to slumber, I was suddenly aroused by a sound like that of the rustling of a silken gown, and the tapping of a pair of high-heeled shoes, as if a woman were walking in the apartment. Ere I could draw the curtain to see what the matter was, the figure of a little woman passed between the bed and the fire. The back of this form was turned to me, and I could observe, from the shoulders and neck, it was that of an old woman, whose dress was an old-fashioned gown, which, I think, ladies call a *sacque*; that is, a sort of robe completely loose in the body, but gathered into broad plaits upon the neck and shoulders, which fall down to the ground, and terminate in a species of train.

"I thought the intrusion singular enough, but never harboured for a moment the idea that what I saw was any thing more than the mortal form of some old woman about the establishment, who had a fancy to dress like her grandmother, and who, having, perhaps—as your lordship mentioned that you were rather straitened for room—been dislodged from her chamber for my accommodation, had forgotten the circumstance, and returned by twelve, to her old haunt. Under this persuasion I moved myself in bed and coughed a little, to make the intruder sensible of my being in possession of the premises. She turned slowly round, but, gracious heaven! my lord, what a countenance did she display to me! There was no longer any question what she was, or any thought of her being a living being. Upon a face which wore the fixed features of a corpse, were imprinted the traces of the vilest and most hideous passions which had animated her while she lived. The body of some atrocious criminal seemed to have been given up from the grave, and the soul restored from the penal fire, in order to form, for a space, an union with the ancient accomplice of its guilt. I started up in bed, and sat upright, supporting myself on my palms, as I gazed on this horrible spectre. The hag made, as it seemed, a single and swift stride to the bed where I lay, and squatted herself down upon it in precisely the same attitude which I had assumed in the extremity of my horror, advancing her diabolical countenance within half a yard of mine, with a grin which seemed to intimate the malice and the derision of an incarnate fiend."

Here General Browne stopped, and wiped from his brow the cold perspiration with which the recollection of his horrible vision had covered it.

"My lord," he said, "I am no coward. I have been in all the mortal dangers incidental to my profession, and I may truly boast that no man ever saw Richard Browne dishonour the sword he wears; but in these horrible circumstances, under the eyes, and as it seemed, almost in the grasp of an incarnation of an evil spirit, all firmness forsook me, all manhood melted from me like wax in the furnace, and I felt my hair individually bristle. The current of my life-blood ceased to flow, and I sank back in a swoon, as very a victim to panic terror as ever was a village girl, or child of ten years old. How long I lay in this condition I cannot pretend to guess.

"But I was roused by the castle clock striking one, so loud that it seemed as if it were in the very room. It was some time before I dared open my eyes, lest they should again encounter the horrible spectacle. When, however, I summoned courage to look up, she was no longer visible. My first idea was to pull my bell, wake the servants, and remove to a garret or a hay-loft, to be ensured against a second visitation. Nay, I will confess the truth, that my resolution was altered, not by the shame of exposing myself, but by the fear that, as the bell-cord hung by the chimney, I might, in making my way to it, be again crossed by the fiendish hag, who, I figured to myself, might be still lurking about some corner of the apartment.

"I will not pretend to describe what hot and cold fever-

fits tormented me for the rest of the night, through broken sleep, weary vigils, and that dubious state which forms the neutral ground between them. An hundred terrible objects appeared to haunt me; but there was the great difference betwixt the vision which I have described, and those which followed, that I knew the last to be deceptions of my own fancy and over-excited nerves.

"Day at last appeared, and I rose from my bed ill in health, and humiliated in mind. I was ashamed of myself as a man and a soldier, and still more so at feeling my own extreme desire to escape from the haunted apartment, which, however, conquered all other considerations; so that, huddling on my clothes with the most careless haste, I made my escape from your lordship's mansion, to seek in the open air some relief to my nervous system, shaken as it was by this horrible rencounter with a visitant, for such I must believe her, from the other world. Your lordship has now heard the cause of my discomposure, and of my sudden desire to leave your hospitable castle. In other places I trust we may often meet; but heaven protect me from ever spending a second night under that roof!"

Strange as the general's tale was, he spoke with such a deep air of conviction that it cut short all the usual commentaries which are made on such stories. Lord Woodville never once asked him if he was sure he did not dream of the apparition, or suggested any of the possibilities by which it is fashionable to explain apparitions—wild vagaries of the fancy, or deception of the optic nerves. On the contrary, he seemed deeply impressed with the truth and reality of what he had heard; and, after a considerable pause, regretted, with much appearance of sincerity, that his early friend should, in his house, have suffered so severely.

"I am the more sorry for your pain, my dear Browne," he continued, "that it is the unhappy, though most unexpected result, of an experiment of my own. You must know, that, for my father and grandfather's time at least, the apartment which was assigned to you last night, had been shut on account of reports that it was disturbed by supernatural sights and noises. When I came, a few weeks since, into possession of the estate, I thought the accommodation which the castle afforded for my friends was not extensive enough to permit the inhabitants of the invisible world to retain possession of a comfortable sleeping apartment. I therefore caused the Tapestried Chamber, as we call it, to be opened; and without destroying its air of antiquity, I had such new articles of furniture placed in it as became the more modern times. Yet, as the opinion that the room was haunted very strongly prevailed among the domestics, and was also known in the neighbourhood and to many of my friends, I feared some prejudice might be entertained by the first occupant of the Tapestried Chamber, which might tend to revive the evil report which it had laboured under, and so disappoint my purpose of rendering it as useful part of the house. I must confess, my dear Browne, that your arrival yesterday, agreeable to me for a thousand reasons besides, seemed the most favourable opportunity of removing the unpleasant rumours which attached to the room, since your courage was indubitable, and your mind free from any preoccupation on the subject. I could not, therefore, have chosen a more fitting subject for my experiment."

"Upon my life," said General Browne, somewhat hastily, "I am infinitely obliged to your lordship—very particularly indebted indeed. I am likely to remember, for some time, the consequences of the experiment, as your lordship is pleased to call it."

"Nay, now you are unjust, my dear friend," said Lord Woodville. "You have only to reflect, for a single moment, in order to be convinced that I could not augur the possibility of the pain to which you have been so unhappily exposed. I was yesterday morning a complete sceptic on the subject of supernatural appearances. Nay, I am sure that, had I told you what was said about that room, the very reports would have induced you, by your own choice, to select it for your accommodation. It was my fortune, perhaps my error, but really cannot be termed fault, that you have been afflicted so strangely."

"Strangely, indeed!" said the general, resuming his temper; "and I acknowledge that I have no right to be offended with your lordship for treating me like what I think myself—a man of some firmness and courage. My post-horses are arrived, and I must not detain your lordship from your amusement."

"My old friend," said Lord Woodville, "since you

cannot stay with us another day, which, indeed, I can no longer urge, give me at least half an hour more. You used to love pictures, and I have a gallery of portraits, some of them by Vandyke, representing ancestry to whom this property and castle formerly belonged. I think that several of them will strike you as possessing merit."

General Browne accepted the invitation, though somewhat unwillingly. It was evident he was not to breathe freely, or at ease, till he left Woodville castle far behind him. He could not refuse his friend's invitation, however; and the less so, that he was a little ashamed of the peevishness which he had displayed towards his well-meaning entertainer.

The general, therefore, followed Lord Woodville through several rooms, into a long gallery hung with pictures, which the latter pointed out to his guest, telling the names, and giving some account of the personages whose portraits presented themselves in progression. General Browne was but little interested in the details which these accounts conveyed to him. They were, indeed, of the kind which are usually found in an old family gallery. Here, was a cavalier who had ruined the estate in the royal cause; there, a fine lady who had reinstated it by contracting a match with a wealthy round-head. There, hung a gallant who had been in danger for corresponding with the exiled court at Saint Germain's; here, one who had taken arms for William at the revolution; and there, a third that had thrown his weight alternately into the scale of whig and tory.

While Lord Woodville was cramming these words into his guest's ear, "against the stomach of his sense," they gained the middle of the gallery, when he beheld General Browne suddenly start, and assume an attitude of the utmost surprise, not unmixed with fear, as his eyes were caught, and suddenly riveted, by a portrait of an old lady in a sacque, the fashionable dress of the end of the seventeenth century.

"There she is," he exclaimed, "there she is, in form and features, though inferior in demoniac expression to the accursed hag who visited me last night."

"If that be the case, said the young nobleman, "there can no longer remain any doubt of the horrible reality of your apparition. That is the picture of a wretched ancestress of mine, of whose crimes a black and fearful catalogue is recorded in a family history in my charter-chest. The recital of them would be too horrible: it is enough to say, that, in yon fatal apartment, incest and unnatural murder were committed. I will restore it to the solitude to which the better judgment of those who preceded me had consigned it; and never shall any one, so long as I can prevent it, be exposed to a repetition of the supernatural horrors which could shake such courage as yours."

Thus the friends who had met with such glee, parted in a very different mood; Lord Woodville to command the Tapestried Chamber to be unmantled, and the door built up; and General Browne to seek, in some less beautiful country, and with some less dignified friend, forgetfulness of the painful night which he had passed in Woodville Castle.

THE BUTTERFLY.

The butterfly was a gentleman,
Of no very good repute;
And he roved in the sunshine all day long,
In his scarlet and purple suit:
And he left his lady-wife at home,
In her own secluded bower;
Whilst he, like a bachelor, flirted about,
With a kiss for every flower.

His lady-wife was a poor glow-worm,
And seldom from home she'd stir;
She loved him better than all the world,
Though little he cared for her.
Unheeded she passed the day—she knew
Her lord was a rover then;
But, when night came on, she lighted her lamp,
To guide him over the glen.

One night the wanderer homeward came,
But he saw not the glow-worm's ray:
Some wild-bird saw the neglected one,
And flew with her far away.
Then beware, ye butterflies all, beware,
If to you such a time should come:
Forsaken by wandering lights, you'll wish
You had cherish'd the lamp at home.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

PRIDE.—Pride, in its usual acceptation, is an opinion of our superiority, far beyond what we can justly entertain. In different individuals we see it variously directed: some pride themselves on intellectual, others upon personal gifts: some derive to themselves merit from their ancestry, and others value, more than they deserve, the favours of fortune. In all these cases, admiration, submission to the will of judgment, and sometimes adulation, are required from surrounding connections and dependents, while the return granted—degrading the objects on whom it is bestowed—is either condescending affability, or contempt and scorn. Pride is easily mortified when the homage it demands is not duly paid; and by this mortification many disorders of the heart and mind are engendered and cherished—unjust anger, dislike, revenge and tyranny, ill-humour, and the loss of that cheerful spirit which is common to those only who are neither discontented with their fellow-creatures, nor with themselves or their lot in life.

PROPRIETY.—A venerable authoress, in one of her earliest publications, says, that propriety is to a woman what it has been said action is to an orator, the first, and second, and third essential: that propriety is the centre in which the lines of duty and amiability meet: and is to the character, what proportion is to the figure, and grace to the attitude. Propriety, thus characterized, is the union of every desirable quality in woman, by which her conduct and manners are influenced under every circumstance. Propriety never desires a deviation from any of the laws of refined society, and neither seeks notice nor admiration, which, from their natures, would be incompatible with its own characteristics. Improper familiarities, haughtiness, intrusive forwardness to superiors, and insolence to inferiors; the indulgence of any whim, by which our conduct to others may be influenced, are all equally unknown to propriety.

MANNER.—Ease of manner in a woman is very pleasing, when the self-possession which gives it is unaccompanied by masculine courage, or by an undue value for herself. In general, the manners will be free from any painful degree of constraint, when the mind is not engaged upon self, or occupied with the idea of exciting attention and admiration from those around. Affectation has its origin from these sources; and this, besides being a symptom of a weak mind, is entirely destructive of good manners. Good sense and simplicity of manners are generally companions, forming a natural gentility, which is far preferable to any artificial politeness, inasmuch as the one is a part of the individual herself, and the other only a garb worn when occasion calls for it. However, those who possess this natural gentility may, by mixing in good society, have the additional polish given to it, which afterwards distinguishes it as the perfection of good manners.

CONVERSATION.—Is there not range sufficient for the exercise of the greatest wit, or for the display of the liveliest humour, without touching upon hallowed or licentious ground? Good taste, as well as good feeling, if permitted to mark out the boundary of conversation, will yet leave space enough for it to "flow like waters after summer showers."

THE MIND.—A mind, even if not naturally vigorous, may receive from the aid of good principles the strength which nature has denied to it, and may be enabled to act with judgment and decision on every point which can be balanced in the scales of right and wrong.

SINCERITY.—Sincerity is as essential to the health of our minds, as wholesome food and pure air to our bodies. Whatever may be our other deficiencies and defects, this sterling virtue should be our sheet anchor.

RETIREMENT.—A life of retirement soon renders us unfit and unwilling to mingle in general society.

CENSURE.—Deserved censure is more difficult to endure than that which is unmerited.

PROVERBS.—Put a bridle on thy tongue, set a guard before thy lips, lest the words of thine own mouth destroy thy peace.

Let him that scoffeth at the lame, take care that he do not himself. Whoso speaketh of another's fault for pleasure, shall hear of his own with bitterness.

A talkative man is a nuisance to society of his babbling, the torrent of his words.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

REFLECTIONS.

I look back on the vanished year, and sigh
To think upon its changes—Time has crushed
Hope's sweetest flowers, in passing on his course,
And left them, in their early bloom, to die.
My heart foreboded it—I knew, for me,
They could not blossom in their beauty long;
I knew that disappointment's blight must come,
Ere they had shed their fragrance o'er my path;
For it was ever thus: and each new bud,
Blown by the breath of this cold world, still wears
A paler, sicker hue. I hear the words,
"A happy new-year," and I look for those
Whose once-familiar voices seemed to thrill
Like echoes of sweet music on my ear.
I thought not that the change would come on all,
All I have loved—e'en he whom I had placed
Above all others, in my silent thoughts;
Whose name I never classed with other names;
Whose friendship was, to me, a sacred thing,
Shrined in my inmost soul, and kept apart
From other feelings—even he came not,
As he was wont, to hail the opening year,
To speak the hackneyed words of compliment
In custom's form—and leave the passing wish
For me to separate in memory
From blending voices, and to register
With unforgotten things. He never dreamed,
Perhaps, that the omission would be felt.
He thinks but little of the etiquette,
And idle ceremonies of the world.
Surrounded by admirers, he is still
A solitary being on this earth.
It is his destiny—for he was born
To tread the lofty and the lonely track
Of talent and of genius—and the crowd
Who seem to hold companionship with him,
Have still, in spirit, no communion. Life
Will be to him but as a meteor-spark,
Whose flashing light shall burst on others. Thus
The magic of his brilliant converse bids
The sands of time to glitter as they pass,
Like fabled gold beneath Pactolus' waves.
His smile comes o'er the anxious, troubled heart,
Like moonlight on the ocean—and his glance
Seems ever, like the first bright star of eve,
The harbinger of sparkling gems concealed.
But it is past for me. The parted year
Has borne its pleasures with it; and has left
Its marks of desolation on my heart.
What is existence worth, when its young hopes
Have proved a falsehood, and a mockery—
When its bright dreams have faded, and its joys
Are covered by the hand of ruin? Few
Would cling to life when happiness is fled;
But, that there still is spread such mystery
Over the "visioned future," that we wait
Unconsciously, for something yet in store;
Some unknown good, some unimagined bliss;
Some fertile spot amidst the desert waste,
Where bright and fragrant flowers may bloom again,
And form, like Pæstum's roses for the year,
A second spring in life.

ESTELLE.

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM THE ANNIVERSARY.

SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT,

BART.

We have met with few men whom we wished so much to meet again as Sir George Beaumont. We have met with men of greater talents, of higher rank, of equal learning, and of finer powers of conversation; but we never met with one who represented so gracefully and naturally the man of rank, of learning, and of literature. He had all the easy dignity which we assign to the Sidneys and the Raleighs of Elizabeth's court; united to the polished manners, refined taste, and sense of propriety which distinguish that of George the Fourth. His kindness of nature and generosity of heart were his own. The man and his manners had a dignity about them which were inherited, not copied. His learning was extensive, and sat gracefully on him, like an every-day dress; while his love of literature, and his admiration of art, dawned modestly out, and brightened upon you fuller and fuller.

He was of old descent, and had reason to be proud of it, for he came from a race of great warriors and poets, yet he was not proud; he had cause to be vain of his possessions, for they were ample, and of that picturesque kind which the owner loved, yet he was not vain; he had also

good cause to be proud of his learning, his taste, his talents, and his influence, yet he seemed unconscious of them all. You could see at once that he was not of the common order of men, for his looks were full of talent and intelligence; nor could you fail to feel that the graceful and simple stateliness of his manners was something hereditary—belonged a little to other days, and had nothing at all to do with the upstart lordliness of those who are the first of their family that find a gold spoon in their mouths.

If we had uttered the words we have now written, during the lifetime of our friend, and had they been doubted by any one, a single glance of the unbeliever at Sir George Beaumont, at the company he loved to keep, and at the house which he inhabited, would have wrought his cure. At home, his good taste and his good sense were alike visible. His house was not a glittering museum of shells and spars, and specimens of clay and bits of bone, and cracked porringers, and things rare and strange, and dirty and far-fetched—for the walls were hung with the noblest paintings, the finest efforts of the human intellect, which taste and riches had united in obtaining; his shelves were stored with the learning and genius of all ages, and his table was surrounded by men who had a claim on the world, not because the fire-new stamp of honour was upon them, nor because their fathers had been the "tenth transmitter of a foolish face," but from the more unquestioned title, of learning, talent, and genius. Men were there whose genius honoured the age; men of rank, whose taste and attainments rendered their titles less necessary; the poets and the artists most famous in their time. Nor were they there because they happened to be momentary bubbles sparkling on the stream of fashion; but from a sense of their worth and a feeling of their merits. Their entertainer could taste their various excellencies for himself; he could anticipate their future as well as present fame; he was no feeder of the popular lion that roars in the mobs which surround the mere rich man's table.

There were few men of eminence with whom Sir George Beaumont was not friendly and familiar. Of the genius of Wordsworth he was a rewarder, as well as a warm admirer; and the poet has repaid his affection by many touching verses and graceful allusions embodied in his works. They were companions. They planted trees, planned arbours, erected altars, and ornamented fountains among the picturesque domains of Charnwood and Grace-Dieu; and nothing can display more touchingly the brotherhood of nature and union of taste and feeling than their joint employments. The fame of the poet was warmly aided by the friendship of Sir George. It is true that the original power of thought and deep sympathy with nature, and the supremacy claimed for genius over the artificial dignities of the earth, which distinguish the poet's works, were sure to make their way to public affection, for nature will assert her own power at last; but all this is wondrously facilitated by a friendly voice calling out, like the herald in scripture, "Behold the man whom the king delighteth to honour."

Let Wordsworth speak for himself of this honourable brotherhood. "Several of my best poems were composed under the shade of your own groves—upon the classic ground of Coleorton—where I was animated by the recollection of those illustrious poets of your name and family who were born in that neighbourhood; and, we may be assured, did not wander with indifference by the dashing stream of Grace-Dieu, and among the rocks that diversify the forest of Charnwood. Nor is there any one to whom such parts of this collection as have been inspired or coloured by the beautiful country from which I now address you, could be presented with more propriety than to yourself, who have composed so many admirable pictures from the suggestions of the same scenery."

To the former illustrious proprietor the poet elsewhere refers when he is singing of Coleorton—and refers very happily:

"There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,
"Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager child;
"There, under shadow of the neighbouring rocks,
"Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks;
"Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,
"Heartbreaking tears, and melancholy dreams
"Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,
"With which his genius shook the buskin'd stage."

This is very honourable to all. In an age like this, when the patrons of literature are far from abounding; and in a country where a marketable borough, which contains ten inhabitants, and returns two members to parliament, has more influence than all the genius of the land united, we could ill spare such a man as Sir George Beaumont. He

lived long and profitably for his country; he influenced its works of art and its productions in literature, and gave his friendship to modest worth, and his protection to all who merited it.

We remember once of meeting at his table that wizard in conversation, Coleridge the poet. The discourse at first was discursive, and shifted with the shifting dishes; it glanced upon art, upon prose romances, and then shone full upon poetry. Coleridge burst out like a conflagration. We had met the inspired man before, and were aware of the untiring fascination of his eloquence, and how effectually he could keep a listener captive. It was at a midnight supper; he took up a prawn, and from that diminutive text preached upon the flux and reflux of the ocean, the wild theory of St. Pierre, the immensity of the leviathan, and the magnificence of the great deep. Had we supped upon a whale entire, he could not have done more with his subject. At the baronet's table, however, he seemed less inclined to pursue his wild career, though verse presented an ample field, and Lady Beaumont found time to say, "I wish, Mr. Coleridge, you would give us a volume of such poems as the Genevieve." "The Genevieve, my lady," said the bard, in a voice as musical as the inimitable poem itself, "I shall give you a far worthier work than the Genevieve." He then proceeded to draw the character of a work of a devout nature, in which his learning and his talent would be poured freely out; and if the excellence of the book equal the splendid summary of its contents, it will be a treasure to the church. From this a transition to the Revelation was easy and natural; but if it had been neither, the orator would have made it both, for he is unequalled in the art of transition, and never seems embarrassed for a moment. From the Revelation, the hand of his friend, the Rev. Edward Irving, was then seeking to lift the veil, and to this new and magnificent task the poet turned with sparkling eyes and glowing brow—he had found a theme suitable to his own lofty imagination, and as mystical as his own mind. How he soared! He appeared to think that the Apocalypse was a divine poem rather than a revelation.

We have said that Sir George Beaumont was a lover of art; he was much more; he was a very beautiful landscape painter. But he felt the poetry of the profession better than he could fix his conceptions in suitable colours. His works have less of the fresh glow of nature—the dashing freedom which deals with grand scenes, and the sunshiny radiance of open fields and sloping hills—than some of the high masters of the calling. He had the soul of the artist—he wanted the complete discipline of hand, without which all feeling is vain and useless. The dignity of his household was well maintained by his lady, who in look and taste so much resembled him that they seemed akin. We have known many men of old descent and fine taste, inheriting splendid houses and enjoying fair estates, but we know of no one who continues to the nation the dignified image which Sir George Beaumont has left on our heart and mind.

THE CENSOR.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EATING.

Pars in frustra secant, veribusque tremantia figunt.
Ligne ab-uo locant alii, flammisque ministrant.
Tum victu revocant vires: fusique per herbas
Implentur veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ference.—*Virgil.*

The limbs, yet trembling, in the caldron boil;
Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
Stretched on the grassy turf at ease they dine,
Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls with wine.

My subject needs no elaborate explanation. It is our common lot thus to wind up the machinery of the human system, and I have often felt grateful to nature that she has made the process so agreeable. Notwithstanding the triumphs of intellect and the endearments of affection, the most scientific and sensitive descend like statues from their pedestals, and meet at the dinner-table upon a common level. The lover forgets his mistress and the poet his song, the mathematician studies out angles only upon his plate, and even the wretched wonder at the weakness of their mind and the meanness of their organization, which, after the ruin of all they most valued, still derive satisfaction from so unromantic a source. We all understand that eating and drinking are very ancient and general practices. Cookery has become a trade. Like the rest of the simple pleasures which nature has bestowed on man, civilization has elevated it to new importance. It has been cultivated with

great assiduity by all enlightened nations. It has been moulded into extraordinary shapes, and hunted down into subtle refinements. Earth, air, and sea, are ransacked for discoveries, by which new combinations may be effected, and other objects collected to add to its treasures. The sciences descend from their wildest flights to minister to its wants and vary its perfection, and it branches out into such innumerable ramifications as, in many instances, to seem the sole and often the fatal object of man's existence. The suppers of Heliogabalus, the Roman emperor, were said to have cost six thousand pounds every night, and Mark Antony expended sixty thousand pounds in an entertainment given to Cleopatra. Æsop, the famous Roman tragedian, had upon his table a single dish valued at eight hundred pounds, filled, we are told, with speaking and singing birds, some of which cost fifty pounds. His son dissolved pearls for his guests to drink, a piece of silly extravagance not uncommon among the ancients, and the king of Wurtemberg, who preceded the present monarch, is reported to have glutted his appetite with a hash composed of the tongues of nightingales.

It is asserted by physicians, that a great share of the diseases which have come into the world with its improvements, and which are unknown to nations in a barbarous state, result from immoderate eating and drinking; and it is probable that most of us have sufficiently experienced its evil consequence to acknowledge how it stupifies the spirits, and clogs the operations of the mind. Well said poor Cæsar,

"Let me have men around me that are fat
"Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep of nights.
"You Cassius has a lean and hungry look.
"He thinks too much—such men are dangerous."

Our bad habits of eating and drinking, like many others which pester us through our course of life, are formed during early youth. When master Dickey comes home from boarding-school he must be denied nothing which his appetite demands. Pa and ma think, while he has been away he has had nothing but thin beef-soup and stalo bread-and-butter, so now he must be compensated for his deprivations. Like the camel upon the desert, who, when he comes after weary travel to a delicious spring, not only quenches his present thirst, but drinks in sufficient to last him until he reaches another, so the dear boy is stuffed with the choicest morsels, and indulged with sips of the richest wines. The ordinary temperate fare of his school fades into insignificance when contrasted with the various profusion which here dazzles his eyes and seduces his appetite, and is afterwards associated with tedious confinements and hackneyed books. He trudges off to his old quarters, stuffed full of sweetmeats, giuberbread, and sugar-candy, and drags through his duties with careless haste, till time again conducts him to new dainties.

I remember one of my school-mates who was distinguished only for eating and drinking. Whether it was that a vulgar nature led him to seek gratification only in sensual enjoyments, or whether the excesses in which he indulged degraded a character not naturally bad to the level which it then occupied, might have been a question with some; yet it always seemed to me that he had not been created without many excellent qualities both of head and heart; but the habits of gluttony into which he had fallen, led him away from all lofty feelings and noble pursuits. He was the veriest young epicure I ever knew. To eat and drink seemed his only joy—to carve his only ambition. He adopted system about nothing except his victuals. He was mad if he could not get his favourite slice of beef or part of chicken, and he measured out the pepper, salt, mustard, and vinegar, with the precision of an apothecary weighing drugs. When the meal was concluded, grace pronounced, and his companions were in their ranks and marching out to their sports, I have often laughed to behold Peter sneaking back towards the dining-room, stealing affectionate glances at the relics which strewed the table, like the confused wrecks of a hard-fought field of battle, and peeping into the hollow bone of the abandoned beef to disengage the luscious marrow with the handle of a teaspoon. The same taste pervaded all his hours. He was never satisfied with the ordinary meals; but at frequent intervals would draw forth from some secret and seemingly inexhaustible source his little tit-bits, and you might catch him often with his back turned, swallowing, in solitary delight, the last of some nameless and particular piece of confectionary, which had probably haunted his imagination for the previous hour, until the temptation to despatch it admitted of no longer delay. His desk and his pockets

were generally full of crumbs, and the leaves of half his books were stained with cranberry tarts, or glued together with little pieces of molasses candy. To feel an interest in his education was out of the question. He loathed his lesson as a labour, and hated his teacher as a tyrant. Fear of disgrace would not drive, nor the hope of approbation influence him.

We were all one day much amused by a scene between him and his instructor. It seems poor Peter had committed one of those heinous offences which generally swell the criminal records of such literary institutions, and his rude and reckless character, and uninteresting manners, rendered him, according to universal opinion, the most unlucky dog among them all. It was necessary to address him before his class. The venerable man upon whom this duty devolved was of a mild and insinuating disposition, and from the variety and extent of his information, and the unfeigned kindness of his manners, admirably calculated to acquire influence over his pupils. He possessed a kind of simple and natural eloquence, by which he could generally touch the heart as well as enlighten the understanding, and when he flung his hand across the strings of their feelings, the whole system thrilled. But friend Peter's strings were not fashioned of an over-delicate material, and as for the thrilling—heaven saw the mark!—you might as well have speechified to an old rail-fence. Peter's cause came on at the proper time. He was brought out in form, after the invariable fashion of seminaries of learning, and stood in the middle of the floor, in awful and conspicuous solitude. Around was a circle of some eighty or ninety faces—of all kinds of shapes and dimensions, full of inquiry and expectation—some slightly faded into unwonted paleness, from the mischievous representations of their own conscience, some distended with pity, and others wrinkled with mirth.

The master took his seat. The various noises of the eager crowd died entirely away. There stood Peter with his toes in; his hands—by no means "whiter than monumental alabaster"—twirling and twisting the corner of his pocket-flap into divers shapes—his head down, and his under lip out. The judge proceeded to the necessary preliminaries, and explained, in a clear style, the nature of his crime. This had little effect. He next appealed to his reason in a forcible manner, and demonstrated, from the intimate connexion which existed between wickedness and misery, that Peter was in a very bad way. Still the offender remained quiet, and appeared thinking about something else. The kind monitor then instituted a comparison between him and his more innocent and happy school-fellows. No change yet in the subject. His feelings were next attacked. He had a father, mother, and sisters. The disgrace of the transaction was not confined to himself: it extended to them; and, although he did not seem to suffer from remorse, what must be their sorrow? Peter stood all the while as if he had been hewn out of granite; not a feature of his face relaxed from the stupid firmness into which his dull and contented countenance had settled. But when, at length, he heard pronounced against him the awful sentence of bread-and-water for one or two days, his composure fled. The nerve was touched. His eyes filled with tears. His wide mouth was screwed up into wrinkles of anguish, and as the fragrant dishes, upon which his affections were now vainly placed, rose up in fancy before him, he seemed suffering under a pain as violent, if not as tender, as that of the lover who bids farewell to the object of all his thoughts.

I should probably have forgotten this little incident, had I not accidentally met friend Peter the other day in the street, and found, that although time has matured him from the boy into manhood, he yet preserves the same character, and has become exactly the kind of man which I had anticipated. I followed him before he recognized me, for some distance, and observed the old peculiarities of his dress and manner. He still walks with his toes in and his head down. His face retains all its ancient stupidity triumphant over the efforts of experience, and his hands, as they hung dangling down by his pocket-flaps, looked as if they had scarcely been thoroughly washed since the bread-and-water tragedy in which he was the principal actor. Some alterations, however, were obvious. The soft complexion and boyish form of youth had disappeared, and, in their place, he had a shape resembling Falstaff's, and a nose not unlike that of Bardolph's. He knew me after a moment's vacant stare, and invited me, before we had walked the distance

of five blocks, to slip into a confectioner's and take a lunch. I was too polite to refuse, or else too curious to discover how much of his old appetite yet remained, so in we went. He drew largely on the long-necked cordial-bottle, whose oily sweets seemed rather to excite than quench his thirst; and the good woman's eyes sparkled to behold with what rapidity her cream-tarts, pound-cakes, and other nick-nacks, disappeared from before her.

I complimented him upon his good health.

"How do you know I am in good health?" he asked with a bluntness which brought back upon my memory a throng of half-faded associations.

"I perceive it by your appetite," answered I, "which is generally an excellent criterion."

"Pshaw, nonsense!" he exclaimed, munching a delicate tart with the energy of a steam-mill, and wiping off from his mouth the crumbs and apple with the sleeve of his coat. "Nonsense. I have been out of health these ten years. The doctors have almost given me up. The gout, dyspepsy, and two or three other complaints, allow me no peace. They have prescribed a course of diet; but that is worse than all the rest. I tried it a little while, however. They gave me thin chicken-broth, bread-and-milk, and roasted apples." Here he uttered a horse-laugh, and tossed into his mouth a couple of gingersnats with the motion of a cartman heaving coal into a cellar. "Bread-and-milk and roasted apples! But it would not do. I got along tolerably well for a day or two; but then I went to see a friend of mine about dinner time. There was a strong smell of roast turkey and onions in the room. I am very fond of onions. Up they came. Down I sat. I had eaten a hearty meal, rounded it off with a piece of mince-pie, and treated myself to a couple glasses of brandy-and-water, before the doctor came into my head at all. I never could go back to bread-and-milk and roasted apples. I know they would be the death of me.

I parted from him soon, and never saw him again. He fell down, a short time afterwards, in a fit of apoplexy, as he was returning from an ordinary where he had been partaking of a luncheon of mock-turtle soup.

Nature is inexorable in her decrees, and the penalties which she has prescribed against those who overstep her limits will inevitably be inflicted.

F.

THE ESSAYIST.

LOVE.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

WHAT is love? Ask him who lives, what is life; ask him who adores, what is God.

I know not the internal constitution of other men, nor even of thine whom I now address. I see that in some external attributes they resemble me, but when, misled by that appearance, I have thought to appeal to something in common and unburthen my inmost soul to them, I have found my language misunderstood, like one in a distant and savage land. The more opportunities they have afforded me for experience, the wider has appeared the interval between us, and to a greater distance have the points of sympathy been withdrawn. With a spirit ill fitted to sustain such proof, trembling and feeble through its tenderness, I have every where sought, and have found only repulse and disappointment.

Thou demandest what is love. It is that powerful attraction towards all we conceive, or fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. If we reason, we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once and mix and melt into our own; that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood—this is love. This is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with every thing which exists. We are born into the world, and there is something within us, which, from the instant that we live, more and more thirsts after its likeness. We dimly see within our intellectual nature, a miniature as it were of our entire self, yet deprived of all that we condemn or despise, the ideal prototype of every thing excellent and lovely that we are capa-

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

REFLECTIONS.

I LOOK back on the vanished year, and sigh
 To think upon its changes—Time has crushed
 Hope's sweetest flowers, in passing on its course,
 And left them, in their early bloom, to die.
 My heart foreboded it—I knew, for me,
 They could not blossom in their beauty long;
 I knew that disappointment's blight must come,
 Ere they had shed their fragrance o'er my path;
 For it was ever thus: and each new bud,
 Blown by the breath of this cold world, still wears
 A paler, sicklier hue. I hear the words,
 "A happy new-year," and I look for those
 Whose once-familiar voices seemed to thrill
 Like echoes of sweet music on my ear.
 I thought not that the change would come on all,
 All I have loved—e'en he whom I had placed
 Above all others, in my silent thoughts;
 Whose name I never classed with other names;
 Whose friendship was, to me, a sacred thing,
 Shrined in my inmost soul, and kept apart
 From other feelings—even he came not,
 As he was wont, to hail the opening year,
 To speak the hackneyed words of compliment
 In custom's form—and leave the passing wish
 For me to separate in memory
 From blending voices, and to register
 With unforgotten things. He never dreamed,
 Perhaps, that the omission would be felt.
 He thinks but little of the etiquette,
 And idle ceremonies of the world.
 Surrounded by admirers, he is still
 A solitary being on this earth.
 It is his destiny—for he was born
 To tread the lofty and the lonely track
 Of talent and of genius—and the crowd
 Who seem to hold companionship with him,
 Have still, in spirit, no communion. Life
 Will be to him but as a meteor-spark,
 Whose flashing light shall burst on others. Thus
 The magic of his brilliant converse bids
 The sands of time to glitter as they pass,
 Like fabled gold beneath Pactolus' waves.
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This is very honourable to all. In an age like this, when the patrons of literature are far from abounding; and in a country where a marketable borough, which contains ten inhabitants, and returns two members to parliament, has more influence than all the genius of the land united, we could ill spare such a man as Sir George Beaumont. He

lived long and profitably for his country; he influenced its works of art and its productions in literature, and gave his friendship to modest worth, and his protection to all who merited it.

We remember once of meeting at his table that wizard in conversation, Coleridge the poet. The discourse at first was discursive, and shifted with the shifting dishes; it glanced upon art, upon prose romances, and then shone full upon poetry. Coleridge burst out like a conflagration. We had met the inspired man before, and were aware of the untiring fascination of his eloquence, and how effectually he could keep a listener captive. It was at a midnight supper; he took up a prawn, and from that diminutive text preached upon the flux and reflux of the ocean, the wild theory of St. Pierre, the immensity of the leviathan, and the magnificence of the great deep. Had we supped upon a whale entire, he could not have done more with his subject. At the baronet's table, however, he seemed less inclined to pursue his wild career, though verse presented an ample field, and Lady Beaumont found time to say, "I wish, Mr. Coleridge, you would give us a volume of such poems as the Genevieve." "The Genevieve, my lady," said the bard, in a voice as musical as the inimitable poem itself, "I shall give you a far worthier work than the Genevieve." He then proceeded to draw the character of a work of a devout nature, in which his learning and his talent would be poured freely out; and if the excellence of the book equal the splendid summary of its contents, it will be a treasure to the church. From this a transition to the Revelation was easy and natural; but if it had been neither, the orator would have made it both, for he is unequalled in the art of transition, and never seems embarrassed for a moment. From the Revelation, the hand of his friend, the Rev. Edward Irving, was then seeking to lift the veil, and to this new and magnificent task the poet turned with sparkling eyes and glowing brow—he had found a theme suitable to his own lofty imagination, and as mystical as his own mind. How he soared! He appeared to think that the Apocalypse was a divine poem rather than a revelation.

We have said that Sir George Beaumont was a lover of art; he was much more; he was a very beautiful landscape painter. But he felt the poetry of the profession better than he could fix his conceptions in suitable colours. His works have less of the fresh glow of nature—the dashing freedom which deals with grand scenes, and the sunshiny radiance of open fields and sloping hills—than some of the high masters of the calling. He had the soul of the artist—he wanted the complete discipline of hand, without which all feeling is vain and useless. The dignity of his household was well maintained by his lady, who in look and taste so much resembled him that they seemed akin. We have known many men of old descent and fine taste, inheriting splendid houses and enjoying fair estates, but we know of no one who continues to the nation the dignified image which Sir George Beaumont has left on our heart and mind.

THE CENSOR.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EATING.

Pars in frustra secant, verubosque tremantia figunt.
 Livore ab-nu locant alii, flammisque ministrant.
 Tum victu revocant vires: fusiue per herbas
 Implentur veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ference—Vergil.

The limbs, yet trembling, in the caldron boil;
 Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil;
 Stretched on the grassy turf at ease they dine,
 Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls with wine.

My subject needs no elaborate explanation. It is our common lot thus to wind up the machinery of the human system, and I have often felt grateful to nature that she has made the process so agreeable. Notwithstanding the triumphs of intellect and the endearments of affection, the most scientific and sensitive descend like statues from their pedestals, and meet at the dinner-table upon a common level. The lover forgets his mistress and the poet his song, the mathematician studies out angles only upon his plate, and even the wretched wonder at the weakness of their mind and the meanness of their organization, which, after the ruin of all they most valued, still derive satisfaction from so unromantic a source. We all understand that eating and drinking are very ancient and general practices. Cookery has become a trade. Like the rest of the simple pleasures which nature has bestowed on man, civilization has elevated it to new importance. It has been cultivated with

great assiduity by all enlightened nations. It has been moulded into extraordinary shapes, and hunted down into subtle refinements. Earth, air, and sea, are ransacked for discoveries, by which new combinations may be effected, and other objects collected to add to its treasures. The sciences descend from their wildest flights to minister to its wants and vary its perfection, and it branches out into such innumerable ramifications as, in many instances, to seem the sole and often the fatal object of man's existence. The suppers of Heliogabalus, the Roman emperor, were said to have cost six thousand pounds every night, and Mark Antony expended sixty thousand pounds in an entertainment given to Cleopatra. Æsop, the famous Roman tragedian, had upon his table a single dish valued at eight hundred pounds, filled, we are told, with speaking and singing birds, some of which cost fifty pounds. His son dissolved pearls for his guests to drink, a piece of silly extravagance not uncommon among the ancients, and the king of Wurtemberg, who preceded the present monarch, is reported to have glutted his appetite with a hash composed of the tongues of nightingales.

It is asserted by physicians, that a great share of the diseases which have come into the world with its improvements, and which are unknown to nations in a barbarous state, result from immoderate eating and drinking; and it is probable that most of us have sufficiently experienced its evil consequence to acknowledge how it stupifies the spirits, and clogs the operations of the mind. Well said poor Cæsar,

"Let me have men around me that are fat
"Slew-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
"You Cæsar! has a lean and hungry look.
"He thinks too much—such men are dangerous."

Our bad habits of eating and drinking, like many others which pester us through our course of life, are formed during early youth. When master Dickey comes home from boarding-school he must be denied nothing which his appetite demands. Pa and ma think, while he has been away he has had nothing but thin beef-soup and stale bread-and-butter, so now he must be compensated for his deprivations. Like the camel upon the desert, who, when he comes after weary travel to a delicious spring, not only quenches his present thirst, but drinks in sufficient to last him until he reaches another, so the dear boy is stuffed with the choicest morsels, and indulged with sips of the richest wines. The ordinary temperate fare of his school fades into insignificance when contrasted with the various profusion which here dazzles his eyes and seduces his appetite, and is afterwards associated with tedious confinements and hackneyed books. He trudges off to his old quarters, stuffed full of sweetmeats, gingerbread, and sugar-candy, and drags through his duties with careless haste, till time again conducts him to new dainties.

I remember one of my school-mates who was distinguished only for eating and drinking. Whether it was that a vulgar nature led him to seek gratification only in sensual enjoyments, or whether the excesses in which he indulged degraded a character not naturally bad to the level which it then occupied, might have been a question with some; yet it always seemed to me that he had not been created without many excellent qualities both of head and heart; but the habits of gluttony into which he had fallen, led him away from all lofty feelings and noble pursuits. He was the veriest young epicure I ever knew. To eat and drink seemed his only joy—to carve his only ambition. He adopted system about nothing except his victuals. He was mad if he could not get his favourite slice of beef or part of chicken, and he measured out the pepper, salt, mustard, and vinegar, with the precision of an apothecary weighing drugs. When the meal was concluded, grace pronounced, and his companions were in their ranks and marching out to their sports, I have often laughed to behold Peter sneaking back towards the dining-room, stealing affectionate glances at the relics which strewed the table, like the confused wrecks of a hard-fought field of battle, and peeping into the hollow bone of the abandoned beef to disengage the luscious marrow with the handle of a teaspoon. The same taste pervaded all his hours. He was never satisfied with the ordinary meals; but at frequent intervals would draw forth from some secret and seemingly inexhaustible source his little tit-bits, and you might catch him often with his back turned, swallowing, in solitary light, the last of some nameless and particular piece of confectionary, which had probably haunted his imagination for the previous hour, until the temptation to despatch admitted of no longer delay. His desk and his pockets

were generally full of crumbs, and the leaves of half his books were stained with cranberry tarts, or glued together with little pieces of molasses candy. To feel an interest in his education was out of the question. He loathed his lesson as a labour, and hated his teacher as a tyrant. Fear of disgrace would not drive, nor the hope of approbation influence him.

We were all one day much amused by a scene between him and his instructor. It seems poor Peter had committed one of those heinous offences which generally swell the criminal records of such literary institutions, and his rude and reckless character, and uninteresting manners, rendered him, according to universal opinion, the most unlucky dog among them all. It was necessary to address him before his class. The venerable man upon whom this duty devolved was of a mild and insinuating disposition, and from the variety and extent of his information, and the unfeigned kindness of his manners, admirably calculated to acquire influence over his pupils. He possessed a kind of simple and natural eloquence, by which he could generally touch the heart as well as enlighten the understanding, and when he flung his hand across the strings of their feelings, the whole system thrilled. But friend Peter's strings were not fashioned of an over-delicate material, and as for the thrilling—heaven saw the mark—you might as well have speechified to an old rail-fence. Peter's cause came on at the proper time. He was brought out in form, after the invariable fashion of seminaries of learning, and stood in the middle of the floor, in awful and conspicuous solitude. Around was a circle of some eighty or ninety faces—of all kinds of shapes and dimensions, full of inquiry and expectation—some slightly faded into unwonted paleness, from the mischievous representations of their own conscience, some distended with pity, and others wrinkled with mirth.

The master took his seat. The various noises of the eager crowd died entirely away. There stood Peter with his toes in; his hands—by no means "whiter than monumental alabaster"—twirling and twisting the corner of his pocket-flap into divers shapes—his head down, and his under lip out. The judge proceeded to the necessary preliminaries, and explained, in a clear style, the nature of his crime. This had little effect. He next appealed to his reason in a forcible manner, and demonstrated, from the intimate connexion which existed between wickedness and misery, that Peter was in a very bad way. Still the offender remained quiet, and appeared thinking about something else. The kind monitor then instituted a comparison between him and his more innocent and happy school-fellows. No change yet in the subject. His feelings were next attacked. He had a father, mother, and sisters. The disgrace of the transaction was not confined to himself: it extended to them; and, although he did not seem to suffer from remorse, what must be their sorrow? Peter stood all the while as if he had been hewn out of granite; not a feature of his face relaxed from the stupid firmness into which his dull and contented countenance had settled. But when, at length, he heard pronounced against him the awful sentence of bread-and-water for one or two days, his composure fled. The nerve was touched. His eyes filled with tears. His wide mouth was screwed up into wrinkles of anguish, and as the fragrant dishes, upon which his affections were now vainly placed, rose up in fancy before him, he seemed suffering under a pain as violent, if not as tender, as that of the lover who bids farewell to the object of all his thoughts.

I should probably have forgotten this little incident, had I not accidentally met friend Peter the other day in the street, and found, that although time has matured him from the boy into manhood, he yet preserves the same character, and has become exactly the kind of man which I had anticipated. I followed him before he recognized me, for some distance, and observed the old peculiarities of his dress and manner. He still walks with his toes in and his head down. His face retains all its ancient stupidity triumphant over the efforts of experience, and his hands, as they hung dangling down by his pocket-flaps, looked as if they had scarcely been thoroughly washed since the bread-and-water tragedy in which he was the principal actor. Some alterations, however, were obvious. The soft complexion and boyish form of youth had disappeared, and, in their place, he had a shape resembling Falstaff's, and a nose not unlike that of Bardolph's. He knew me after a moment's vacant stare, and invited me, before we had walked the distance

of five blocks, to slip into a confectioner's and take a lunch. I was too polite to refuse, or else too curious to discover how much of his old appetite yet remained, so in we went. He drew largely on the long-necked cordial-bottle, whose oily sweets seemed rather to excite than quench his thirst; and the good woman's eyes sparkled to behold with what rapidity her cream-tarts, pound-cakes, and other nick-nacks, disappeared from before her.

I complimented him upon his good health.

"How do you know I am in good health?" he asked with a bluntness which brought back upon my memory a throng of half-faded associations.

"I perceive it by your appetite," answered I, "which is generally an excellent criterion."

"Pshaw, nonsense!" he exclaimed, munching a delicate tart with the energy of a steam-mill, and wiping off from his mouth the crumbs and apple with the sleeve of his coat. "Nonsense. I have been out of health these ten years. The doctors have almost given me up. The gout, dyspepsy, and two or three other complaints, allow me no peace. They have prescribed a course of diet; but that is worse than all the rest. I tried it a little while, however. They gave me thin chicken-broth, bread-and-milk, and roasted apples." Here he uttered a horse-laugh, and tossed into his mouth a couple of gingernuts with the motion of a cartman heaving coal into a cellar. "Bread-and-milk and roasted apples! But it would not do. I got along tolerably well for a day or two; but then I went to see a friend of mine about dinner time. There was a strong smell of roast turkey and onions in the room. I am very fond of onions. Up they came. Down I sat. I had eaten a hearty meal, rounded it off with a piece of mince-pie, and treated myself to a couple of glasses of brandy-and-water, before the doctor came into my head at all. I never could go back to bread-and-milk and roasted apples. I know they would be the death of me.

I parted from him soon, and never saw him again. He fell down, a short time afterwards, in a fit of apoplexy, as he was returning from an ordinary where he had been partaking of a luncheon of mock-turtle soup.

Nature is inexorable in her decrees, and the penalties which she has prescribed against those who overstep her limits will inevitably be inflicted.

F.

THE ESSAYIST.

LOVE.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

WHAT is love? Ask him who lives, what is life; ask him who adores, what is God.

I know not the internal constitution of other men, nor even of thine whom I now address. I see that in some external attributes they resemble me, but when, misled by that appearance, I have thought to appeal to something in common and unburthen my inmost soul to them, I have found my language misunderstood, like one in a distant and savage land. The more opportunities they have afforded me for experience, the wider has appeared the interval between us, and to a greater distance have the points of sympathy been withdrawn. With a spirit ill fitted to sustain such proof, trembling and feeble through its tenderness, I have every where sought, and have found only repulse and disappointment.

Thou demandest what is love. It is that powerful attraction towards all we conceive, or fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. If we reason, we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once and mix and melt into our own; that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood—this is love. This is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with every thing which exists. We are born into the world, and there is something within us, which, from the instant that we live, more and more thirsts after its likeness. We dimly see within our intellectual nature, a miniature as it were of our entire self, yet deprived of all that we condemn or despise, the ideal type of every thing excellent and lovely that we are

ble of conceiving as belonging to the nature of man. Not only the portrait of our external being, but an assemblage of the minutest particles of which our nature is composed: a mirror whose surface reflects only the forms of purity and brightness: a soul within our own soul that describes a circle around its proper paradise, which pain and sorrow and evil dare not overleap. To this we eagerly refer all sensations, thirsting that they should resemble and correspond with it. The discovery of its antitype; the meeting with an understanding capable of clearly estimating our own; an imagination which should enter into and seize upon the subtle and delicate peculiarities which we have delighted to cherish and unfold in secret, with a frame, whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres, strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibrations of our own; and a combination of all these in such proportion as the type within demands: this is the invisible and unattainable point to which love tends; and to attain which, it urges forth the powers of man to arrest the faintest shadow of that, without the possession of which, there is no rest nor respite to the heart over which it rules. Hence in solitude, or that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathize not with us, we love the flowers, the grass, the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring, in the blue air, there is then found a secret correspondence with our heart.—There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which, by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awakens the spirits to dance of breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone. Sterne says, that if he were in a desert he would love some cypress. So soon as this want or power is dead, man becomes a living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives is the mere husk of what once he was.

VARIETIES.

AS FAIR AS I AM.—The following anecdote of Benjamin West, the celebrated artist, a native of Pennsylvania, is copied from a volume of his memoirs, compiled by John Galt. In the early part of his life he visited Rome for the purpose of studying the fine arts, where he was kindly received by many distinguished gentlemen. Mr. Robinson, his conductor, had accompanied him to the house of an English gentleman, where an evening party was to be held. Among the distinguished persons whom Mr. West found in the company, was the celebrated cardinal Albani. His eminence, although quite blind, had acquired, by the exquisite delicacy of his touch, and the combining powers of his mind, such a sense of ancient beauty, that he excelled all the virtuosi then in Rome, in the correctness of his knowledge of the verity and peculiarities of the smallest medals and intaglios. Mr. Robinson conducted the artist to the inner apartment, where the cardinal was sitting, and said, "I have the honour to present a young American, who has a letter of introduction to your eminence, and who has come to Italy for the purpose of studying the fine arts." The cardinal, fancying that the American must be an Indian, exclaimed, "Is he black or white?" and on being told that he was very fair, "What, as fair as I am?" cried the cardinal, still more surprised. This latter expression excited a good deal of mirth at the cardinal's expense, for his complexion was of the darkest Italian olive, and West's was even of more than the usual degree of English fairness. For some time after, if it be not still in use, the expression of "as fair as the cardinal," acquired proverbial currency in the Roman conversations, applied to persons who had any inordinate conceit of their own beauty.

A BOLD PRACTITIONER.—A steam doctor in Cincinnati, in a publication, acknowledges that he actually had the temerity to take a dose of his own medicine, in presence of a witness; and to the astonishment of Æsculapius, he survived it.

PIQUANT REPROOF.—The Chevalier Duplessis, a very middling poet, and author of a bad opera, called Pizarro, used to indulge himself in the bitterest satire against other poets. Once he asserted, with great vehemence, that he did not know a worse lyric poet than Guillard. Cheron, the actor, archly replied, "Ah, chevalier, you forget yourself."

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

ON HEARING A LADY PLAY ON THE PIANO.

Whence come those strains that onward roll,
And, gently rising with seraphic swell,
Enchain each sense, and bind the soul
In music's soft and mystic spell?
Is that some bard of former days,
Who wakes his harp of ancient fire;
That sings again prophetic lays,
And strikes with master-hand the lyre?
Ah, no! those notes, so soft and clear,
From Mary's hand derive their charm;
Her gentle touch enchants the ear,
And bids the heart with rapture warm.
Then, Mary, strike those chords again,
For ever thus my senses bind;
Thy touch can free the heart from pain,
And wake to ecstasy the drooping mind.

AWKWARD MISTAKE.—A mistake of rather an awkward description occurred a few evenings ago to a couple of youthful lovers, residing not far from Chelmsford. The unfortunate swain, it appears, had incurred the displeasure of his mistress's father, who forbade him to enter the house, and laid a strict injunction on his daughter not to "pass the threshold" without leave. This she obeyed to the very letter, but hit upon an expedient to gratify her lover also, by breaking a square of glass in the pantry window, through which many

"A long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love," had been given. Three times had the square been replaced, and four times had it been broken, when Miss attributing it to the cats, her father concealed himself in the place, in order to watch. About ten o'clock, the lover approached, with slow and "cautious step;" which the father hearing, put his face to the aperture, to ascertain who was coming at "that unhallowed hour;" and the swain, mistaking it for his soul's softest treasure," saluted him with the "heart's token." The whiskered face made him start. "By heavens!" thought he, "it is not you—it is somebody else;" and soon the direful truth flashed upon him, in the shape of the sturdy farmer and an old musket. A parley now ensued, and the mistaken swain agreeing to pay the glazier's bill, he was allowed to depart.

NAPOLEON AND THE STONE-CUTTER.—Napoleon, when in the height of his power, being once at Amiens, whilst traversing the square, in the midst of the acclamations of the inhabitants who had assembled around him, cast his eyes upon the multitude, and perceived, in one of the corners of the square, a stone-cutter, who had not been induced to quit his work by the curiosity which animated the crowd by whom he was surrounded. The indifference of this man excited the curiosity of Napoleon. He wished to know something about him; and, passing through the crowd, urged on his horse until he arrived close to him. "What are you doing there?" said Napoleon. The workman raised his eyes, and recognised the emperor "I am cutting stone." "You have served under me," quickly observed the emperor, who recognised an old soldier. "It is true, sire." "You were present at the campaign of Egypt—you were a brigadier in such a corps?" "Yes, sire." "Why have you quitted the service?" "Because I had completed my time, and obtained my discharge." "I am sorry for it; you were a brave man—I shall be happy to do for you any thing in my power: say, what do you require from me?" "That your majesty will leave me to cut my stone in quiet; my work suffices me; I am in want of nothing." This fact brings to mind the interview of Diogenes with Alexander; but the modest pride of the Greek philosopher was not equal to the reply of the stone-cutter.

LOVE AND RESPECT.—The following lines—says the American—were written by an elderly lady of this city, on receiving a pair of scissors from a friend:

How sweet to the heart, when stricken in years,
When the lamp of existence burns dimly and slow,
Is a proof of regard; for attention endears
The profession of friendship you warmly bestow.
No fears are allied to my bosom whatever,
That a sharp-pointed steel could have any effect
On the cherished affection that time cannot sever,
For the friend and the donor I love and respect.

SEA AIR.—The atmosphere, in the vicinity of the sea, usually contains a portion of the muriates over which it has been wafted. It is a curious fact, but well ascertained, that the air best adapted to vegetables is pernicious to animal life, and vice versa. Now, upon the sea-coast, accordingly, animals thrive and vegetables decline.

FLOWERS.—The following fact is deserving of record, as an interesting addition to what has hitherto been discovered on the subject of vegetable physiology, and as enabling the lovers of flowers to prolong for a day the enjoyment of their short-living beauty. Most flowers begin to fade after being kept twenty-four hours in water; a few may be revived by submitting fresh water; but all—the most fugacious, such as the poppy, and perhaps one or two others excepted—may be completely restored by the use of hot water. For this purpose, place the flowers in scalding water, deep enough to cover about one third of the stem, and, by the time the water has become cold, the flowers will become erect and fresh; then cut off the codled ends and put them into cold water.

LONGEVITY OF A BEE.—A short time ago—says a Hull paper—the stone-masons employed in repairing Trinity church, when cutting down one of the jambs of the stone work of an old window, found a bee within an aperture in the centre of the stone, where it is supposed to have been confined for at least five hundred years! The insect was quite lively; indeed, attraction was drawn to the stone by its humming, on a chisel being withdrawn, which had been driven into the jamb; and it would have taken flight had not one of the workmen enclosed it in a glass. After that period it gradually became more and more torpid, until the other evening, when apparently it ceased to exist. The bee, and the fragment of the stone in which it was discovered, are in the possession of the workmen, by whom they have been exhibited to a great number of persons. The aperture, in size and shape, would contain a small pear, and there was not the least seam or outlet in the stone by which air could be admitted.

SPLENDID BANKER.—It was in the reign of Edward VI. and his father, that the very celebrated firm of the Foulcare, Foulkers, or Fuggers—as called in the King's Journal—was established at Antwerp; a firm to which the sovereigns of Europe, in general, were driven to have recourse for assistance in the way of loans. From this firm, the Emperor Charles V. in particular, had borrowed a very large sum, in order to carry on his famous expedition against Tunis. The emperor, afterwards, in the year 1534, had occasion to visit Antwerp, and was invited by Fugger to a grand entertainment at his house; on which occasion the proud, but liberal banker, caused a fire to be made in his hall entirely of cinnamon, and when lighted, threw into it, before the face of the emperor, all the imperial bonds. Eleven years after this, the very same merchant gave to Henry VIII. of England, an acquittance for the sum of one hundred and fifty-two thousand one hundred and eighty pounds, Flemish, which the king had borrowed of him.

DENNIS THE CRITIC.—Among the peculiarities of this author was his intolerance of punning. So much did he execrate this species of wit, that he would quit the company where puns were made and tolerated. One night, at Button's, Steele was desirous of excluding Dennis from a party he wished to make, but which he could not conveniently manage, Dennis being at that time in the coffee-room. While he was at a loss to get rid of him, he observed Rowe sitting on the opposite side of the box to Dennis, the latter of whom he asked, "What was the matter with him?" "Why do you ask the question?" inquired the critic. Steele replied, "you appear to me like an angry waterman, for you look one way and Rowe another." The effect of this pun was successful; and the critic left the room execrating all puns and punsters.

DOUBLE MISTAKE.—An Englishman, travelling a few weeks since in one of the northern mails, in company with an Irishman, charged the latter with having taken his handkerchief; but, on afterwards finding it in his own hat, where he himself had placed it, he stammered out an apology, and expressed a hope that no offence would be taken at what he had said. The Irishman answered, quite gaily—"Faith, an' as to that, you may keep your mind aisy. I, sur, was as far wrong as yourself; for you, you know, took me for a rogue, and I, botheration, took you for a gentleman."

HOW TO DRY A CANDLE.—In a village not far from Chester, a lady entered her kitchen, and found the oven swimming with grease. On asking the servant, a Welsh girl, the cause, the Cambrian maid answered with the greatest simplicity, "Look you, mistress, the candle was fall in the water, and I was put her in the oven to dry."

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

NEW-YORK.

Famed city of Gotham—proud queen of the west!

With your steeples and spires, and short narrow streets;
Your Park and your Broadway, and, what I like best,
Your wave-girdled garden and Battery with *seats*!
Your Hall of white marble, which looks, where it stands,
Like hope springing up from surrounding despair;
Your bay, sprinkled over with ships from all lands,
And *small-craft* as countless as birds of the air.

Proud city of Gotham—where mirth, wit, and song,
Flow free as the streams your manhattan supplies,
Where the day would be short were it ever so long,
For the gay, busy throngs who catch time as he flies.
The mart for all ages—the refuge for all,
Where nature's antipodes neighbourly greet:
Salmagundi of cities—where nothing can pall,
For salt, sweet, and sour promiscuously meet.

Fair city of Gotham—though "crooked your ways,"
Like spots on the sun, your defects all appear,
The tongue of the poet has spoken your praise,
Yes, "enterprise, genius, and spirit are here."
Where wit is home-made, ay, and sentiment too,
Where editors flourish, and newspapers thrive;
Where nothing is thought of, but just something new,
And constant excitement keeps fancy alive.

Famed city of Gotham—though often my way
Thro' your long muddy streets I've been forced to inquire,
Still justice and candour compel me to say,
Though much to condemn, you've far more to admire.
There the warm social current unfrozen may flow,
And the spice of variety gives it a zest:
Great city of Gotham—this much we all know,
Thou'rt of places the *oddest*, the *worst* and the *best*.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Infant Schools.—It is high time that the public attention, in this city, should be directed to the general encouragement and support of these useful establishments. We believe that to Mr. Brougham is due the credit of having first demonstrated their utility in a number of spirited and practical essays which appeared in the English reviews, and which attracted no small share of attention here. Repeated attempts have been made, in consequence, to introduce them into our large towns, and in Boston these attempts have been remarkably successful. At a fair, lately held in that enlightened place, for the benefit of two infant school societies, and which was conducted exclusively by the ladies as managers, the amount received for sale of tickets of admission was five hundred and nine dollars and eleven cents; for the sale of articles for Salem-street school, one thousand five hundred and nineteen dollars and two cents, and for the sale of those of the Bedford-street school, six hundred dollars—total, two thousand six hundred and twenty-eight dollars and thirteen cents. This exhibition of liberality is highly creditable to "the cradle of American liberty," and, we hope, it will be imitated in New-York. It may not be uninteresting to state, in this place, the more immediate plans upon which these schools are founded, and the good results attending their successful erection. Children, from eighteen months to six years old, are admitted, and, for their accommodation, an ample and well ventilated apartment, a spacious play-ground, and means of recreation and amusement, combined with those of instruction and general improvement, are liberally provided. The mind of the infant is directed to the attainment of knowledge by having presented to it sensible objects, calculated, by their agreeable and useful qualities, to awaken its curiosity and furnish it with ideas. Moral example and instruction are, however, the leading features of the system, and it is to the beneficial effects resulting from an enlightened administration of these indispensable helps to virtue and knowledge, that the greatest blessings of these infantile seminaries are to be attributed. Objections have been raised against them, on the ground that children are removed from parental authority, and are thus exposed to a diminution, if not an utter extinction of social and family relations. Allowing full force to this argument, it will apply to those cases only in which parents have the means and the capacity to inspire their offspring with these desirable affections. A large class of the community, however, is prevented, by necessity, from attending to this duty; and the nature of their avocations too, frequently removes them, for the greater portion of their time, from home altogether. Their infants are then left either wholly unattended

ed to, or in the care of some inexperienced and indiscreet person, generally a child itself. It is to meet the exigencies of this class, more especially, that these institutions are intended; and it requires no deep sagacity, or acquaintance with the facts of the case, to foresee the immense advantages attending their establishment amongst us.

State of Education in New-York.—If we were called upon to designate the most meritorious and public-spirited of our citizens, we do not know whom we could, in fairness, name before the teachers of the Sunday schools. Their disinterested application of time and talent to the noble object of redeeming the rising generation from ignorance and vice, fully entitles them to this distinguished rank. Not satisfied, however, with the cold and bare performance of a duty voluntarily assumed, they have displayed an ardour and enthusiasm above all praise. Undertaking the laborious task of investigating the condition of the whole population of this diversified and large city, they have ascertained the extent to which education has been enabled to reach its hallowed influences, and the actual wants and sufferings to which a large number is in this important view still subjected. From the returns furnished from ten out of the fourteen wards, and partial returns from all, excepting the tenth, it appears that there are twenty-two thousand and two children, between the ages of four and fifteen living in these wards. Of these, nine thousand three hundred and sixty-eight attend Sunday schools, and twelve thousand five hundred and sixty-eight do not; four thousand six hundred and forty-three are willing to attend; five thousand six hundred and twenty-five attend the public schools, and four thousand five hundred and sixty-eight attend no day-school. There are three hundred and fifty-five white adults who cannot read; twelve hundred and eighty-nine blacks who do read, and nine hundred and sixty blacks who do not. There are fit subjects, under four years of age, for the infant school, three thousand four hundred and forty. These statements are alike interesting to the philanthropist, the political economist, and the mere inhabitant of New-York, jealous of its reputation for diffused intelligence and moral character. They call aloud upon every thinking mind to lend its active efforts in support of a system calculated to extend the dominion of knowledge, and lessen the amount of poverty, infamy, and general ruin.

Ladies' Reading Room.—It is in contemplation to establish a ladies' reading room in Boston. We shall not wish our brethren of "Athens" joy on the success of the scheme. It has, to us, a most unfeminine and untoward aspect. What! remove our wives, mothers and sisters, even in the hours they devote to intellectual recreation, from their proper sphere and circle at home! What becomes, then, of "the domestic duties" and the endearing ties which bind our rougher sex to the fireside, lighted up more by the animated smiles of the beings which welcome us there, than even by the intense flames of the most brilliant Lehigh? Away with the thought! It is enough to dye the whole population blue.

Gymnastics for Ladies.—An institution to extend to females the benefits of physical, in addition to their moral and intellectual education, has been established in Paris under very favourable auspices. Mad'llie Masson, who has, for twenty years, devoted her time and attention to this subject, is the conductress of the establishment, while Dr. Morge, a physician of talents and experience, assists her in regulating the degrees of exercise suitable to each individual case. All the means calculated to develop the bodily strength, and impart to the muscles and limbs grace and agility, are put in requisition. The parallel bars, the spring-board, the ladder, dumb bells, &c. are had recourse to. These instruments, used with judgment, may even be used for the invaluable purpose of removing or correcting personal deformities, such as high shoulders, irregular projections of the spine and ribs, and curvatures of the same, when not too far advanced. To reduce distortions generally, no means are more useful; and in promoting the general health, affording an innocent and healthful source of recreation, and diverting the youthful mind in its hours of leisure from foolish or dangerous amusements, none are more efficient or more generally approved of by the medical and moral philosopher. We sincerely hope to see similar institutions successfully attempted in the United States, and particularly in this city.

Literature in New-York.—It is stated, in some of the daily papers, that one bookselling establishment alone, in

Philadelphia, has paid to authors, during the last year, the sum of twenty thousand dollars, and that they expect to pay thirty thousand in the current year. If this be indeed the case, and we have no reason to dispute it, it may be regarded as an honourable and decisive evidence of the advancement made by the inhabitants of that city in general literature, and of their generous encouragement of its professed votaries. We should be pleased to ascertain the amount paid by all the biblioplists of New-York for the same purpose, and in the same period; but we much fear it would leave an overwhelming balance against us, and one not much calculated to flatter our vanity. There are, in fact, so many other evidences existing of a deficiency of literary taste in New-York, that we think it the bounden duty of every one of its journalists to direct public attention to the lamentable fact, and lend his efforts towards awakening a better spirit in the community. Certain it is, that no means more efficacious can be suggested in diverting the ardent mind of youth from the pursuits of idleness and dissipation, than the diffusion of a taste for elegant literature, and the formation of intellectual habits. Removed at once from the seducing but gross joys of sense, and the uninviting mysteries of profound and abstract studies, they offer to all classes, of whatever rank, age, or occupation, the most delightful and edifying themes for thought and employment in the hours necessarily abstracted from the fatigues and cares of business, and wisely devoted to reflection and amusement. And it is a just remark, often made, that in proportion to the relish evinced by a people for the belles-lettres and the fine arts, is the estimate of their moral and intellectual character to be more or less favourable. What result the application of this test to our citizens would produce, we are not prepared to say. The removal of Signor Daponte's Italian library to Washington does not, in our opinion, warrant a very auspicious decision. After the rapturous love, affected by certain classes since the introduction of the Italian opera, for whatever related to Italy and its rich stores of elegant and finished composition, we are utterly at a loss to account for the want of spirit that could not be awakened to a single effort to detain that valuable and varied collection here. Is it not, with justice, suspected, that the professions of attachment to Rossini and Monti, which were in the mouth of every would-be dilettante, were the mere offspring of conceit and imitation? Far be it from us to underrate the talent, the learning, and the cultivated taste, abundantly existing in our community; but a master-mind seems wanting to collect the scattered rays, give them a proper direction and force, and elicit their real intellectual fire, to enlighten and adorn our literary horizon. A day will come, sooner or later, fraught with these happy results. Be it our individual care and aim not to retard, but accelerate its advent.

Increase of Pauperism.—It appears that the number of paupers in New-York has increased, during the past year, to an alarming extent, viz. from sixteen hundred and sixty-five to two thousand one hundred and twenty-nine, or twenty-eight per cent. a ratio truly astonishing, when we consider the general state of the country. This surprise will abate much of its force, however, when we investigate the local condition and history of our city for the last twelve months. The number of strangers who arrived in the port, during that period, has been eighteen thousand nine hundred and forty-five, a number which, of itself, was sufficient to furnish the addition made to our pauper list. When to this fact are added the great depression of commerce, stopping up the avenues to employment among the lower classes—there being no houses, or but few, erecting; no ships on the stocks, and few coming in or going out—we shall have sufficient means to account for the increase of distress and suffering, without having recurrence, as many of our contemporaries have had, to the dram-shop and the theatre. These, undoubtedly, have some share in producing the evil; but it is comparatively trifling. Both of them are necessarily neglected for the want of the wherewith to enter the one and make the usual libation at the other.

In Press.—We are requested to state that "Adalia, or the Belles of Broadway, with particulars of the last fancy ball, a poem, by a member of good society," is in press, and will shortly be published.

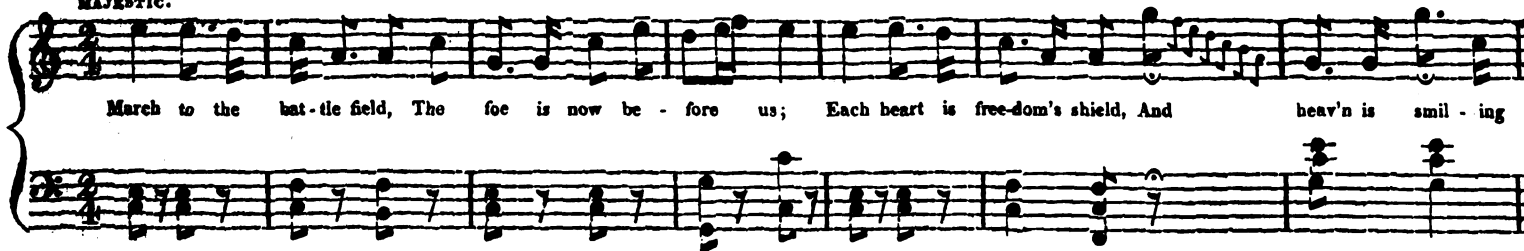
Bachelors' Ball.—The approaching anniversary of St. Valentine will be celebrated by a splendid ball, at the city hotel. A brisk, dapper, young bachelor, has just called to inform us that it will be "a most brilliant affair."

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY B. S. BARCLAY.

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

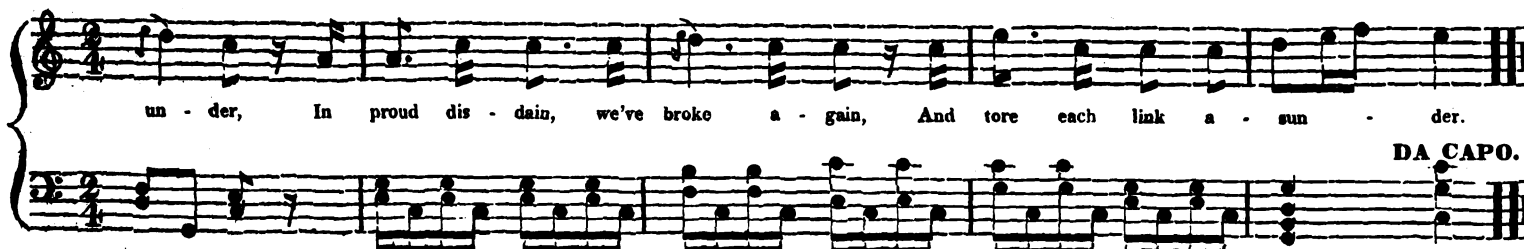
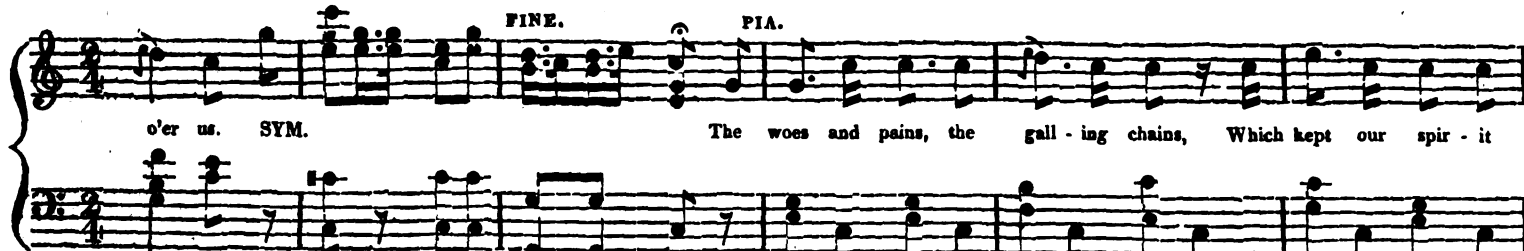
AS SUNG BY MR. HORN.

MAJESTIC.



FINE.

PIA.



Who, for his country brave,
Would fly from her invader?

Who his base life would save,
Would, traitor-like, degrade her?

Our hallowed cause—our country's laws—
'Gainst tyrant power sustaining,

We'll gain a crown of bright renown,
Or die, our rights maintaining!

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

MARIUS IN PRISON.

"A Gaul was commanded to cut off his head in the dungeon, but the stern countenance of Marius disarmed the courage of the executioner, and when he heard the exclamation of 'Tunc, homo, audes occidere Calpum Marium,' the dagger dropped from his hand. They released Marius from prison," &c.—
Lempriere.

THE bolt, the bar, the massy wall,
The damp discoloured stone,
The light that scarcely deigned to fall
Upon a scene so lone;
All—all betrayed a prison's gloom,
A dungeon's cheerless cave,
And spoke to him within that room
A speedy grave.

But he upon his couch of straw
Slept quietly and deep,
And even then the Roman saw
Proud visions in his sleep;
For Glory to her votary came,
And crowned his care-worn brow,
And conquered nations, at his name,
Bent deep and low.

But soon he woke; no sign of fear
Whitened his crimson cheek,
Though on his calm and listening ear
Came harsh the portal's creak.
Shall he who bears a thousand scars,
Whose falchion waved so high,
The victor in an hundred wars,
Thus basely die?

He spurned the dust beneath his feet,
He raised his chains on high,
And looked a rock prepared to meet
The lightnings of the sky.
With eagle eye, with giant frame,
With deeply knitted brow,
And robed within his mighty name,
Stood Marius now.

With steady pace the Gaul came on;
"Spare my course is o'er,
And thy crimes are done,
There no more."

He raised the glittering brand on high,
With bare and nerve-strained arm;
He caught the Roman's steady eye,
Fearless of harm:

And Marius still before him stood,
Calmly erect and proud,
And, keeping on his dauntless mood,
Burst forth in accents loud:
"Darest thou to raise thy servile hands
Against a Roman free?
"Tis Marius that before thee stands;
"Hence, slave, and flee."

Then pallid grew the Gaul's red cheek,
Then powerless fell his brand—
To one so proud he dared not speak,
Or 'gainst him raise his hand.
Thus Marius lived—with Roman gore
To swell the Tiber's stream,
And, as a conqueror, once more
Fulfilled his dream. G. A. S.

FROM THE BLOU.

WOMAN.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Ay, now I've lit upon a theme
Unbounded, thrilling, and supreme;
So let me try my mountain lore
In the oblivious theme once more;
For what is bard, with all his art,
Who scorns to take the fair one's part,
And never hath in life perceived—
What once I sparingly believed—
That woman's fair and lovely breast
Was framed the sanctuary blest,
The home, all other homes above,
Of virtuous and of faithful love?
Sweet sex! I fear, with all my zeal,
I ne'er can laud you as I feel:
If nature's glowing hand imbue
Thy early bloom with beauty's dew,
Stamp in thine eye the 'witching wile,
And light with love thy opening smile,
Ere prudence rises to thine aid,
A thousand snares for thee are laid:

While still to revel, wrong or right,
Among these snares is thy delight.
'Tis thus that thousands wreck'd and hurl'd
From virtue's paths, traverse the world,
Regardless of creation's scorn,
Unblest, unfavoured, and forlorn.
Oh! take not one degraded mind
For model of dear womankind;
But let us rise in our compare,
To beauties of the earth and air,
With their revenges—range the sea,
The wood, the waste, the galaxy,
And rather urge a parable
'Twixt rays of heaven and shades of hell,
Than woman's fair and virtuous fame
Should suffer but in thought or aim,
Or from her sacred temples fall
The smallest flower celestial.
Take woman as her God hath made her,
And not as mankind may degrade her,
Else as well may you take the storm
In all its hideousness, to form
An estimate of nature's cheer,
And glories of the bounteous year:
As well compare the summer flower
With dark December's chilling shower,
Or summer morning, pearled with dew,
With winter's wan and deadly hue;
The purple ocean, calm and glowing,
With ocean when the tempest's blowing;
Then say, with proud discourtesy,
"This is the earth, and that the sea;
"And this is woman—what you will
"Please you to say, she's woman still;
"And will be woman, more or less
"A being prone to perverseness.
"Hath it not flowed from sage's tongue,
"And hath not moral poet sung,
"That men to war or business take,
"But woman is at soul a rake?"
Injurious hard, such things to say,
Degraded be thy shameless lay,
Such ruinous principle to own,
And damning dogma to lay down;
'Tis false:—wo to the blighted name
That would attach promiscuous blame
To all the gentle, fair, and wise,

And only view to generalize.
For me, I'm woman's slave confest—
Without her, hopeless and unblest;
And so are all, gainsay who can,
For what would be the life of man,
If left in desert or in isle,
Unlighted up by beauty's smile?
Even though he boasted monarch's name,
And o'er his own sex reigned supreme,
With thousands bending to his sway,
If lovely woman were away,
What were his life?—What could it be?—
A vapour on a shoreless sea;
A troubled cloud in darkness tossed,
Amongst the waste of waters lost;
A ship deserted in the gale,
Without a steersman or a sail,
A star, or beacon-light before,
Or hope of haven evermore;
A thing without a human tie,
Unloved to live, unwept to die.
Then let us own, through nature's reign:
Woman, the light of her domain;
And if to maiden love not given,
The dearest bliss below the heaven,
At least due homage let us pay,
In reverence of a parent's sway.
To that dear sex whose favour still
Our guerdon is in good or ill—
A motive that can never cloy
Our glory, honour, and our joy;
And humbly on our bended knee
Acknowledge her supremacy.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

He took the cup of life to sip,
For bitter 'twas to drain;
He put it meekly from his lip,
And went to sleep again.

GEO. P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1829.

NUMBER 32.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TO ELIZA.

AND wilt thou think of him who traced
This tributary lay,
Or will his image be effaced,
As foot-prints in the dew are chased
By the next solar ray?
Can memory's light become so dim
That thou wilt not remember HIM?
I will not libel thus a heart
Where every grace resides,
Where modest nature, void of art,
Directed still by virtue's chart,
In peerless state presides:
She shall thy silent prompter be,
Sometimes, dear girl, to think of me.

SELIM.

POPULAR TALES.

MY AUNT MARGARET'S MIRROR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

"There are times
When fancy plays her gambols, in despite
Even of our watchful senses, when in sooth
Substance seems shadow, shadow substance seems;
When the broad, palpable, and mark'd partition
Twist that which is and is not, seems dissolved;
As if the mental eye gain'd power to gaze
Beyond the limits of the existing world.
Such hours of shadowy dreams I better love
Than all the gross realities of life."

My Aunt Margaret was one of that respected sisterhood upon whom devolve all the trouble and solicitude incidental to the possession of children, excepting only that which attends their entrance into the world. We were a large family, of very different dispositions and constitutions. Some were dull and peevish—they were sent to Aunt Margaret to be amused; some were rude, romping, and boisterous—they were sent to Aunt Margaret to be kept quiet, or rather, that their noise might be removed out of hearing: those who were indisposed, were sent with the prospect of being nursed—those who were stubborn, with the hope of their being subdued by the kindness of Aunt Margaret's discipline: in short, she had all the various duties of a mother, without the credit and dignity of the maternal character. The busy scene of her various cares is now over—of the invalids and the robust, the kind and the rough, the peevish and pleased children who thronged her little parlour from morning to night, not one now remains alive but myself; who, afflicted by early infirmity, was one of the most delicate of her nurselings, yet, nevertheless, have outlived them all.

It is still my custom, and shall be so while I have the use of my limbs, to visit my respected relation at least three times a week. Her abode is about half a mile from the suburbs of the town in which I reside; and is accessible, not only by the high road, from which it stands at some distance, but by means of a green-sward foot-path, leading through some pretty meadows. I have so little left to torment me in life, that it is one of my greatest vexations to know that several of these sequestered fields have been devoted as sites for building. In that which is nearest the town, wheel-barrows have been at work for several weeks, in such numbers, that, I verily believe, its whole surface, to the depth of at least eighteen inches, was mounted in these monotrochs at the same moment, and in the act of being transported from one place to

another. Huge triangular piles of planks are also reared in different parts of the devoted message; and a little group of trees, that still grace the eastern end, which rises in a gentle ascent, have just received warning to quit, expressed by a daub of white paint, and are to give place to a curious grove of chimneys.

It would, perhaps, hurt others in my situation to reflect that this little range of pasturage once belonged to my father—whose family was of some consideration in the world—and was sold by patches, to remedy distresses in which he involved himself, in an attempt, by commercial adventure, to redeem his diminished fortune. While the building scheme was in full operation, this circumstance was often pointed out to me by the class of friends who are anxious that no part of your misfortunes should escape your observation. "Such pasture ground!—lying at the very town's-end—in turnips and potatoes, the packs would bring twenty pounds per acre, and if leased for building—O, it was a gold mine!—And all sold for an old song, out of the ancient possessor's hands." My comforters cannot bring me to repine much on this subject. If I could be allowed to look back on the past without interruption, I could willingly give up the enjoyment of present income, and the hope of future profit, to those who have purchased what my father sold. I regret the alteration of the ground only because it destroys associations, and I would more willingly—I think—see the Earl's Closes in the hands of strangers, retaining their sylvan appearance, than know them for my own, if torn up by agriculture, or covered with buildings. Mine are the sensations of poor Logan:

"The horrid plough has razed the green
"Where yet a child I stray'd;
"The axe has fell'd the hawthorn screen,
"The school-boy's summer shade."

I hope, however, the threatened devastation will not be consummated in my days. Although the adventurous spirit of times short while since passed gave rise to the undertaking, I have been encouraged to think, that the subsequent changes have so far damped the spirit of speculation, that the rest of the woodland foot-path leading to Aunt Margaret's retreat will be left undisturbed for her time and mine. I am interested in this, for every step of the way, after I have passed through the green already mentioned, has for me something of early remembrance: there is the stile at which I can recollect a cross child's maid upbraiding me with my infirmity, as she lifted me coarsely and carelessly over the flinty steps, which my brothers traversed with shout and bound. I remember the suppressed bitterness of the moment, and, conscious of my own inferiority, the feeling of envy with which I regarded the easy movements and elastic steps of my more happily formed brethren. Alas! these goodly barks have all perished on life's wide ocean, and only that which seemed so little seaworthy, as the naval phrase goes, has reached the port when the tempest is over. Then there is the pool where, manœuvring our little navy, constructed out of the broad water-flags, my elder brother fell in, and was scarce saved from the watery element, to die under Nelson's banner. There is the hazel copse, also, in which my brother Henry used to gather nuts; thinking little that he was to die in an Indian jungle, in quest of rupees.

There is so much more of remembrance about the little walk, that, as I stop, rest on my crutch-headed cane, and look round with that species of comparison between the thing I was and that which I now am—it almost induces me to doubt my own identity; until I find myself in face of the honey-suckle porch of Aunt Margaret's dwelling, with its irregularity of front, and its odd projecting latticed windows; where the workmen seem to have made a study that no one of them should resemble another, in form, size, or in the old-fashioned stone entablature, and labels, which adorn them. This tenement, once the manor-house of Earl's Closes, we still retain a slight hold upon; for, in some family arrangements, it had been settled upon Aunt Margaret during the term of her life. Upon this frail tenure depends, in a great measure, the last shadow of the family of Bothwell of Earl's Closes, and their last slight connexion with their paternal inheritance. The only representative will then be an infirm old man, moving not unwillingly to the grave, which has devoured all that were dear to his affections.

When I have indulged such thoughts for a minute or two, I enter the mansion, which is said to have been the gatehouse only of the original building, and find one being on whom time seems to have made little impression; for the Aunt Margaret of to-day bears the same proportional age to the Aunt Margaret of my early youth, that the boy of ten years old does to the man of—by'r lady!—some fifty-six years. The old lady's invariable costume has doubtless some share in confirming one in the opinion, that time has stood still with Aunt Margaret.

The brown or chocolate-coloured silk gown, with ruffles of the same stuff at the elbow, within which are others of Mechlin lace—the black silk gloves, or mitts, the white hair combed back upon a roll, and the cap of spotless cambric, which closes around the venerable countenance, as they were not the costume of 1780, so neither were they that of 1826; they are altogether a style peculiar to the individual Aunt Margaret. There she still sits, as she sat thirty years since, with her wheel or the stocking, which she works by the fire in winter, and by the window in summer; or, perhaps, venturing as far as the porch in an unusually fine summer evening. Her frame, like some well-constructed piece of mechanics, still performs the operations for which it had seemed destined; going its round with an activity which is gradually diminished, yet indicating no probability that it will soon come to a period.

The solicitude and affection which had made Aunt Margaret the willing slave to the inflictions of a whole nursery, have now for their object the health and comfort of one old and infirm man; the last remaining relative of her family, and the only one who can still find interest in the traditional stores which she hoards; as some miser hides the gold which he desires that no one should enjoy after his death.

My conversation with Aunt Margaret generally relates little either to the present or to the future: for the passing day we possess as much as we require, and we neither of us wish for more; and for that which is to follow we have, on this side of the grave, neither hopes, nor fears, nor anxiety. We naturally look back to the past, and

sent fallen fortunes and declined importance of our family, in recalling the hours when it was wealthy and prosperous.

With this slight introduction, the reader will know as much of Aunt Margaret and her nephew as is necessary to comprehend the following conversation and narrative.

Last week, when, late in a summer evening, I went to call on the old lady to whom my reader is now introduced, I was received by her with all her usual affection and benignity; while, at the same time, she seemed abstracted and disposed to listen. I asked her the reason. "They have been clearing out the old chapel," she said; "John Clayhudgeons having, it seems, discovered that the stuff within—being, I suppose, the remains of our ancestors—was excellent for top-dressing the meadows."

Here I started up with more alacrity than I have displayed for some years; but sat down, while my aunt added, laying her hand upon my sleeve, "The chapel has been long considered as common ground, my dear, and used for a penfold; and what objection can we have to the man for employing what is his own, to his own profit? Besides, I did speak to him, and he very readily and civilly promised that, if he found bones or monuments, they should be carefully respected and reinstated; and what more could I ask? So, the first stone they found bore the name of Margaret Bothwell, 1585, and I have caused it to be laid carefully aside, as I think it betokens death; and having served my namesake two hundred years, it has just been cast up in time to do me the same good turn. My house has been long put in order, as far as the small earthly concerns require it; but who shall say that their account with heaven is sufficiently revised?"

"After what you have said, aunt," I replied, "perhaps I ought to take my hat and go away; and so I should, but that there is on this occasion a little alloy mingled with your devotion. To think of death at all times is a duty—to suppose it nearer from the finding an old gravestone is superstition; and you, with your strong useful common sense, which was so long the prop of a fallen family, are the last person whom I should have suspected of such weakness."

"Neither would I deserve your suspicions, kinsman," answered Aunt Margaret, "if we were speaking of any incident occurring in the actual business of human life. But, for all this, I have a sense of superstition about me, which I do not wish to part with: it is a feeling which separates me from this age, and links me with that to which I am hastening; and even when it seems, as now, to lead me to the brink of the grave, and bids me gaze on it, I do not love that it should be dispelled. It soothes my imagination, without influencing my reason or conduct."

"I profess, my good lady," replied I, "that had any one but you made such a declaration, I should have thought it as capricious as that of the clergyman, who, without vindicating his false reading, preferred, from habit's sake, his old Mumpsimus to the modern Sumpsimus."

"Well," answered my aunt, "I must explain my inconsistency in this particular, by comparing it to another. I am, as you know, a piece of that old-fashioned thing called a Jacobite; but I am so in sentiment and feeling only; for a more loyal subject never joined in prayers for the health and wealth of George the Fourth, whom God long preserve! But I dare say that kind-hearted sovereign would not deem that an old woman did him much injury, if she leaned back in her arm-chair, just in such a twilight as this, and thought of the high-mettled men, whose sense of duty called them to arms against his grandfather; and how, in a cause which they deemed that of their rightful prince and country—

"They fought till their hand to the broadsword was glued,
"They fought against fortune with hearts unsubdued."

Do not come at such a moment, when my head is full of plaids, pibrochs, and claymores, and ask my reason to admit what, I am afraid, it cannot deny—I mean, that the public advantage peremptorily demanded that these things should cease to exist. I cannot, indeed, refuse to allow the justice of your reasoning; but yet, being convinced against my will, you will gain little by your motion. You might as well read to an infatuated lover the catalogue of his mistress's imperfections; for, when he has been compelled to listen to the summary, you will only get for answer, that, 'he lo'es her a' the better.'"

I was not sorry to have changed the gloomy train of Aunt Margaret's thoughts, and replied in the same tone, "Well, I can't help being persuaded that our good king is the more sure of Mrs. Bothwell's loyal affection, that he has the Stuart right of birth, as well as the act of succession, in his favour."

"Perhaps my attachment, were its source of consequence, might be found warmer for the union of the rights you mention," said Aunt Margaret; "but, upon my word, it would be as sincere if the king's right were founded only on the will of the nation, as declared at the revolution. I am none of your *jure divino* folks."

"And a jacobite notwithstanding?"

"And a jacobite notwithstanding; or rather, I will give you leave to call me one of the party which, in queen Anne's time, were called *whimsicals*; because they were sometimes operated upon by feelings, sometimes by principle. After all, it is very hard that you will not allow an old woman to be as inconsistent in her political sentiments, as mankind in general show themselves in all the various courses of life; since you cannot point out one of them, in which the passions and prejudices of those who pursue it are not perpetually carrying us away from the path which our reason points out."

"True, aunt; but you are a wilful wanderer, who should be forced back into the right path."

"Spare me, I entreat you," replied Aunt Margaret.

"You remember the Gaelic song, though I dare say I mispronounce the words—

"Hatil mobail, na dowski ml."
"I am asleep, do not waken me."

I tell you, kinsman, that the sort of waking dreams which my imagination spins out, in what your favourite Wordsworth calls 'moods of my own mind,' are worth all the rest of my more active days. Then, instead of looking forwards, as I did in youth, and forming for myself fairy palaces upon the verge of the grave, I turn my eyes backward upon the days and manners of my better time; and the sad, yet soothing recollections, come so close and interesting, that I almost think it sacrilege to be wiser or more rational, or less prejudiced, than those to whom I looked up in my younger years."

"I think I now understand what you mean," I answered, "and can comprehend why you should occasionally prefer the twilight of illusion to the steady light of reason."

"Where there is no task," she rejoined, "to be performed, we may sit in the dark, if we like it—if we go to work, we must ring for candles."

"And amidst such shadowy and doubtful light," continued I, "imagination frames her enchanted and enchanting visions, and sometimes passes them upon the senses for reality."

"Yes," said Aunt Margaret, who is a well-read woman, "to those who resemble the translator of Tasso,

'Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
'Believed the magic wonders which he sung,'

It is not required for this purpose, that you should be sensible of the painful horrors which an actual be-

lief in such prodigies inflicts—such a belief, now-days, belongs only to fools and children. It is not necessary that your ears should tingle, and your complexion change, like that of Theodore, at the approach of the spectral huntsman. All that is indispensable for the enjoyment of the milder feeling of supernatural awe is, that you should be susceptible of the slight shuddering which creeps over you when you hear a tale of terror—that well-vouched tale which the narrator, having first expressed his general disbelief of all such legendary lore, selects and produces, as having something in it which he has been always obliged to give up as inexplicable. Another symptom is, a momentary hesitation to look round you, when the interest of the narrative is at the highest; and the third, a desire to avoid looking into a mirror, when you are alone in your chamber, for the evening. I mean, such are signs which indicate the crisis, when a female imagination is in due temperature to enjoy a ghost story. I do not pretend to describe those which express the same disposition in a gentleman."

"That last symptom, dear aunt, of shunning the mirror, seems likely to be a rare occurrence amongst the fair sex."

"You are a novice in toilette fashions, my dear cousin. All women consult the looking-glass with anxiety before they go into company; but when they return home, the mirror has not the same charm. The die has been cast—the party has been successful or unsuccessful, in the impression which she desired to make. But, without going deeper into the mysteries of the dressing-table, I will tell you that I, myself, like many other honest folks, do not like to see the blank black front of a large mirror in a room dimly lighted, and where the reflection of the candle seems rather to lose itself in the deep obscurity of the glass, than to be reflected back again into the apartment. That space of inky darkness seems to be a field for fancy to play her revels in. She may call up other features to meet us, instead of the reflection of our own; or, as in the spells of hallowe'en, which we learned in childhood, some unknown form may be seen peeping over our shoulder. In short, when I am in a ghost-seeing humour, I make my hand-maiden draw the green curtains over the mirror before I go into the room, so that she may have the first shock of the apparition, if there be any to be seen. But, to tell you the truth, this dislike to look into a mirror, in particular times and places, has, I believe, its original foundation in a story, which came to me by tradition from my grandmother, who was a party concerned in the scene of which I will now tell you."

THE MIRROR.

CHAPTER I.

You are fond—said my aunt—of sketches of the society which has passed away. I wish I could describe to you Sir Philip Forester, the "chartered libertine" of Scottish good company, about the end of the last century. I never saw him, indeed; but my mother's traditions were full of his wit, gallantry, and dissipation. This gay knight flourished about the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century. He was the Sir Charles Easy and the Lovelace of his day and country; renowned for the number of duels he had fought, and the successful intrigues which he had carried on. The supremacy which he had attained in the fashionable world was absolute; and when we combine it with one or two anecdotes, for which, "if laws were made for every degree," he ought certainly to have been hanged, the popularity of such a person really serves to show, either that the present times are much more decent, if not more virtuous, than they formerly were; or, that high breeding then was of more difficult attainment than that which is now so called; and, con-

sequently, entitled the successful professor to a proportional degree of plenary indulgences and privileges. No beau of this day could have borne out so ugly a story as that of Pretty Peggy Grindstone, the miller's daughter at Sillermills—it had well nigh made work for the lord advocate. But it hurt Sir Philip Forester no more than the hail hurts the hearth-stone. He was as well received in society as ever, and dined with the Duke of A—the day the poor girl was buried. She died of heart-break. But that has nothing to do with my story.

Now, you must listen to a single word upon kith, kin, and ally; I promise you I will not be prolix. But it is necessary to the authenticity of my legend, that you should know that Sir Philip Forester, with his handsome person, elegant accomplishments, and fashionable manners, married the younger Miss Falconer, of King's-Copland. The elder sister of this lady had previously become the wife of my grandfather, Sir Geoffrey Bothwell, and brought into our family a good fortune. Miss Jemima, or Miss Jemmie Falconer, as she was usually called, had also about ten thousand pounds sterling; then thought a very handsome portion indeed.

The two sisters were extremely different, though each had their admirers while they remained single. Lady Bothwell had some touch of the old King's-Copland blood about her. She was bold, though not to the degree of audacity; ambitious, and desirous to raise her house and family; and was, as has been said, a considerable spur to my grandfather, who was otherwise an indolent man; but whom, unless he has been slandered, his lady's influence involved in some political matters which had been more wisely let alone. She was a woman of high principle, however, and masculine good sense, as some of her letters testify, which are still in my wainscot cabinet.

Jemmie Falconer was the reverse of her sister in every respect. Her understanding did not reach above the ordinary pitch, if, indeed, she could be said to have attained it. Her beauty, while it lasted, consisted, in a great measure, of delicacy of complexion and regularity of features, without any peculiar force of expression. Even these charms faded under the sufferings attendant on an ill-sorted match. She was passionately attached to her husband, by whom she was treated with a callous, yet polite indifference; which, to one whose heart was as tender as her judgment was, was more painful perhaps than absolute ill usage. Sir Philip was a voluptuary, that is, a completely selfish egotist, whose disposition and character resembled the rapier he wore, polished, keen, and brilliant, but inflexible and un pitying. As he observed carefully all the usual forms towards his lady, he had the art to deprive her even of the compassion of the world; and useless and unavailing as that may be while actually possessed by the sufferer, it is, to a mind like Lady Forester's, most painful to know she has it not.

The tattle of society did its best to place the peccant husband above the suffering wife. Some called her a poor spiritless thing, and declared, that, with a little of her sister's spirit, she might have brought to reason any Sir Philip whatsoever, were it the termagant Falconbridge himself. But the greater part of their acquaintance affected candour, and saw faults on both sides; though, in fact, there only existed the oppressor and the oppressed. The tone of such critics was—"To be sure, no one will justify Sir Philip Forester; but then we all know Sir Philip; and Jemmie Falconer might have known what she had to expect from the beginning. What made her set her cap at Sir Philip? He would never have looked at her, if she had not thrown herself at his head, with her poor ten thousand pounds. I am sure, if it is money he wanted, she spoiled his market. I know where Sir Philip could have done much better. And then, if

she would have the man, could not she try to make him more comfortable at home, and have his friends oftener, and not plague him with the squalling children, and take care all was handsome and in good style about the house? I declare I think Sir Philip would have made a very domestic man, with a woman who knew how to manage him."

Now these fair critics, in raising their profound edifice of domestic felicity, did not recollect that the corner-stone was wanting; and that, to receive good company with good cheer, the means of the banquet ought to have been furnished by Sir Philip; whose income—dilapidated as it was—was not equal to the display of the hospitality required, and at the same time to the supply of the good knight's *menus plaisirs*. So, in spite of all that was so sagely suggested by female friends, Sir Philip carried his good humour every where abroad, and left at home a solitary mansion and a pining spouse.

At length, inconvenienced in his money affairs, and tired even of the short time which he spent in his own dull house, Sir Philip Forester determined to take a trip to the continent, in the capacity of a volunteer. It was then common for men of fashion to do so; and our knight perhaps was of opinion that a touch of the military character, just enough to exalt, but not render pedantic, his qualities as a *beau garcon*, was necessary to maintain possession of the elevated situation which he held in the ranks of fashion.

Sir Philip's resolution threw his wife into agonies of terror; by which the worthy baronet was so much annoyed, that, contrary to his want, he took some trouble to sooth her apprehensions; and once more brought her to shed tears, in which sorrow was not altogether unmingled with pleasure. Lady Bothwell asked, as a favour, Sir Philip's permission to receive her sister and her family into her own house during his absence on the continent. Sir Philip readily assented to a proposition which saved expense, silenced the foolish people who might have talked of a deserted wife and family, and gratified Lady Bothwell; for whom he felt some respect, as for one who often spoke to him, always with freedom, and sometimes with severity, without being deterred either by his raillery, or the *prestige* of his reputation.

A day or two before Sir Philip's departure, Lady Bothwell took the liberty of asking him, in her sister's presence, the direct question, which his timid wife had often desired, but never ventured to put to him.

"Pray, Sir Philip, what route do you take when you reach the continent?"

"I go from Leith to Helvoet by a packet with advices."

"That I comprehend perfectly," said Lady Bothwell drily; "but you do not mean to remain long at Helvoet, I presume, and I should like to know what is your next object?"

"You ask me, my dear lady," answered Sir Philip, "a question which I have not dared to ask myself. The answer depends on the fate of war. I shall, of course, go to head-quarters, wherever they may happen to be for the time; deliver my letters of introduction; learn as much of the noble art of war as may suffice a poor interloping amateur; and then take a glance at the sort of thing of which we read so much in the gazette."

"And I trust, Sir Philip," said Lady Bothwell, "that you will remember that you are a husband and a father; and that, though you think fit to indulge this military fancy, you will not let it hurry you into dangers which it is certainly unnecessary for any save professional persons to encounter."

"Lady Bothwell does me too much honour," replied the adventurous knight, "in regarding such a circumstance with the slightest interest. But, to sooth your flattering anxiety, I trust your ladyship will re-

collect, that I cannot expose to hazard the venerable and paternal character which you so obligingly recommend to my protection, without putting in some peril an honest fellow, called Philip Forester, with whom I have kept company for thirty years, and with whom, though some folks consider him a coxcomb, I have not the least desire to part."

"Well, Sir Philip, you are the best judge of your own affairs; I have little right to interfere—you are not my husband."

"Heaven forbid!" said Sir Philip hastily; instantly adding, however, "heaven forbid that I should deprive my friend Sir Geoffrey of so inestimable a treasure."

"But you are my sister's husband," replied the lady; "and I suppose you are aware of her present distress of mind?"

"If hearing of nothing else from morning to night can make me aware of it," said Sir Philip, "I should know something of the matter."

"I do not pretend to reply to your wit, Sir Philip," answered Lady Bothwell; "but you must be sensible that all this distress is on account of apprehensions for your personal safety."

"In that case, I am surprised that Lady Bothwell, at least, should give herself so much trouble upon so insignificant a subject."

"My sister's interest may account for my being anxious to learn something of Sir Philip Forester's motions; about which otherwise, I know, he would not wish me to concern myself. I have a brother's safety too to be anxious for."

"You mean Major Falconer, your brother by the mother's side. What can he possibly have to do with our present agreeable conversation?"

"You have had words together, Sir Philip," said Lady Bothwell.

"Naturally, we are connexions," replied Sir Philip, "and as such have always had the usual intercourse."

"That is an evasion of the subject," answered the lady. "By words, I mean angry words, on the subject of your usage of your wife."

"If," replied Sir Philip Forester, "you suppose Major Falconer simple enough to intrude his advice upon me, Lady Bothwell, in my domestic matters, you are indeed warranted in believing that I might possibly be so far displeased with the interference, as to request him to reserve his advice till it was asked."

"And being on these terms, you are going to join the very army in which my brother Falconer is now serving."

"No man knows the path of honour better than Major Falconer," said Sir Philip. "An aspirant after fame, like me, cannot choose a better guide than his footsteps."

Lady Bothwell rose and went to the window, the tears gushing from her eyes.

"And this heartless raillery," she said, "is all the consideration that is to be given to our apprehensions of a quarrel which may bring on the most terrible consequences? Good heaven! of what can men's hearts be made, who can thus dally with the agony of others?"

Sir Philip Forester was moved; he laid aside the mocking tone in which he had hitherto spoken.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A PRIOR ENGAGEMENT.

Mr. Goodall, a learned assistant at Eaton, the same morning that he married Miss Prior, to the great astonishment of the boys, attended his duties as a master. A luckless urchin, who had played truant on the supposition

"That when a lady's in the case,

"All other things of course give place

pleaded, very logically, as an excuse for his absence, that he really thought Mr. G. had a prior a

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

DUET.

SHE.—When grief the heart benumbs,
How the pulses languish!
HE.—Hope, like a cherub, comes,
Then we lose the anguish.
SHE.—Here, late, were clouds of gloom,
All the scene surrounding;
HE.—Now all is dressed in bloom,
Hearts are gaily bounding.
BOTH.—Still, then, in pleasure's bower,
Let us rove delighted;
Joy is a transient flower,
Taste it ere 'tis blighted.

SHE.—Should dark despair return
On the coming morrow,
HE.—Love's torch will brighter burn
'Mid the gloom of sorrow.
SHE.—Love may himself decamp,
In the hour of sadness;
HE.—Then feed the urchin's lamp
With the oil of gladness.
BOTH.—Thus, here, in pleasure's bower,
Let us rove delighted;
Joy is a transient flower,
Taste it, ere 'tis blighted.

THE ESSAYIST.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GENIUS.

WE sat together alone: she, plying her busy needle, with her blue eyes upon her work, and I, forgetting speech in the thoughts which she excited. I love to look at a sweet girl at any time, but especially when, intent upon her occupation, she is unconscious of being the object of notice. No one could have regarded her without interest. As for me, I knew it was all nonsense to fall in love with her, so I turned away my eyes with a feeling of tenderness most unpardonable in a man of business, and looked around for something which might at once divert my thoughts, and terminate the dangerous and delicious silence into which we had fallen. A book was lying half-opened upon the table. I seized it, and she requested me to read aloud. There were several pieces in it of poetry and prose, from the pen of a young gentleman who had at that time attained considerable celebrity in the literary world. I selected a short poem, and became unconsciously warmed by its tenderness of sentiment, its power of fancy, and eloquence of language. Before I was aware, I found myself disclosing, in the words of another, the very feelings which were busy in my own bosom. As I proceeded, the beauty of the verses increased. The imagery assumed a higher character, and the deeper and more sacred treasures of the heart were drawn forth, like the leaves of new flowers gradually unfolded to the light. A crimson stole over the features of my sweet companion, and a lurking smile appeared about her perfect mouth; till, as her interest rose with the pathos of the subject, and some chord of her own feelings was touched—some slumbering association awakened, or some half-faded hope tinged again with the hue of probability, she lifted up her eyes, and I found them moistened with tears.

It all passed away in a moment; but I envied the poet his magic art. Company came in a little while afterwards, and the volume which I had just been perusing, became the topic of conversation. Curiosity—perhaps envy, induced me to inquire after the author of the lines which had found their way so directly to the gentle bosom for whose esteem I cannot say how many have languished. I found he was young, in health, and possessed of an ample fortune. His residence was one of the pleasantest spots on the island, enriched with all that wealth could furnish, or taste invent. His character was noble, his person handsome, his mind highly cultivated, and his genius universally acknowledged. His society was courted

by all, and the advantages of every kind which he possessed, combined with an amiable disposition and most fascinating address, ensured him a marked welcome where the young and warm-hearted of my own sex most value kind looks and familiar actions. I confess this picture filled me with unpleasant emotions. I could not keep away from my gloomy imagination the contrast of my own frequent feelings. While returning to my home, these dark reflections acquired mastery over my mind. It seemed to me that fate was unjust, indeed, in the distribution of her favours. The dazzling career of my more lucky fellow-creature had been paraded before me, and I shrunk away from the solitude and obscurity of my own destiny. It was a prospect hateful to my contemplation, and, for a moment, I felt, that, to avoid it, I could almost be contented to creep even into the grave.*****

It was a still spring morning. I had gone forth to taste, for a few moments, the charms of the scene, and been almost unconsciously allured away off, over fields, and down narrow and winding forest-paths, till I found myself in the midst of a lovely wood which shaded the banks of the Hudson. I cannot say what sweet and mysterious principle in the human heart it is, which stirs beneath the gentle influences of nature, and, casting off all grovelling and selfish considerations, inspires the soul only with deep and strange joy in the contemplation of her common and familiar objects; but it was in the enchantment of some such feeling, that I had wandered away from my dark solitary chamber, and thus stood, as a different being, awakened to existence in a new world. We have all gazed upon the exquisite beauties of fine country scenery in those delicious spring mornings which, after the bleakness of winter, come over the face of nature, like love-glances from hearts long estranged by unkindness. With deep and quiet rapture, we have seen the fields, with their gradual and graceful slopes, rising like the peaceful swells of a verdant ocean—the woods, with their deep shadows and entangled vines—the river, lapsing lazily along, here rippling into little eddies, and flashing with the sunbeam, and there, smoothed off into broad expanses of molten silver—the few vessels sleeping upon its transparent waters, their painted sides and snowy sails hanging beneath them in the pellucid element, like a very dream; and as the mingled perfume, which the earth was every where breathing, came over us—and the rich warbling of the birds rung through the sweet forest, and joined with the lapping of the water against its sandy bed, and the roses were bursting with their dew-washed and crimson leaves through the green bushes—and the senses could perceive no object so low but, in its own humble station, it contributed to the perfection of beautiful nature—who has not acknowledged how much more the heart can feel than the tongue can utter? who has not wondered at the deep capacities for happiness which have been neglected amid the busy artifices of a corrupting world? and who has not, in the glowing ardour of his imagination, sketched blissful visions, with hurried and sweet facility? A stream—a scented wood—a sloping meadow—a cottage, with vines clustering around its latticed windows; birds caroling from their curling branches, and—but how I have forgotten my story!

I rambled on and on, revelling in a kind of unbidden and irrepressible rapture, which sometimes steals over me, like a gift from my own overseeing angel, and repays me, in its condensed and delicious fervour, for all the disappointments and apathies, the gloomy doubts, and fruitless wishes, of my more melancholy moments. It seemed that I had been rescued from the debasing influences of common life—as if nature had assumed the heart which she had so often neglected, and was striving to touch all its hidden

springs—to call forth all its subtle and mysterious pleasures. As I proceeded on my wanderings—sometimes pausing to listen to the prolonged melody of a bird—sometimes stooping to examine the cunning tinges of a flower—here resting upon the summit of a hill, to take in the whole scenery which stretched itself before me, in all its quiet and fairy contrasts, and again inhaling the odours of the blossoms of peach and cherry, which courted the eye with all the extreme beauty of crimson and snow, my attention was arrested by the sight of a man, who, in the interest of his own meditations, had not been conscious of my approach. His arms were folded, his hat drawn down over his eyes, and his pale and haggard face exhibited the ravages of grief. There was an expression of settled and protracted misery in his countenance. His lip curled, as if his mind were revolving thoughts of bitter scorn and despair; and, when I caught a glance of his eye, I read in it that weary look, which comes only from a sick heart—a heart bereft of its light hopes and verdant feelings, and crushed, as fair flowers and rich fruit are, in some natural convulsion.

I was reflecting what event might have blasted the prospects of the being before me, when he perceived that he had become the object of my observation. He addressed me as if tired of the solitude he had sought, and glad of an opportunity to relieve the anguish of his overloaded bosom. It was not long before our conversation became familiar, and we began to communicate our respective opinions. I found him what I expected; a man weary of the world. He conversed with reckless freedom concerning his own feelings, and drew the picture of a life which must have been wretched indeed. His communicativeness emboldened me to inquire what peculiar misfortune had rendered him so miserable. He replied, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words:

"I have not suffered any peculiar misfortune; but I look upon my whole existence as an anguish. It is not the want of things which my fellow-creatures enjoy that disturbs my peace; but the contemplation of what they are, and of what I myself am, dashes every cup of pleasure from my lips, and sickens me to the very soul. The selfishness of all human professions—the evanescence of every bliss—the guilt and degradation every where busy around me—the deep anguish of individuals—the awful calamities of nations—the prejudice, bigotry, and malice, which oppose the progress of intelligence, and usurp the throne of truth—who can contemplate the globe, with its millions of irritable and pestilential beings, neglecting the treasures of its bosom, and washing its green mantle with blood, without loathing the terms on which his unbidden existence had been inflicted upon him, and the companions with whom he had awakened into consciousness, and with whom he was lapsing along time's silent current to the inevitable abyss."

I hinted to him that he was under the influence of hypochondria, which exercise and occupation would dissipate; and that his reason would afterwards discover many delights sufficient to compensate him for all his sorrows. Men have always the power to lay down their life, and surely, if it were such a curse, there would be more voluntary deaths.

"It is the weakness of our nature," answered my companion, "which prevents us from embracing the quiet of eternal repose. Death has been surrounded by so many horrors, and life decorated with such sweet enchantments, that the timid and irresolute wretch hesitates, and remains in suspense. The fool of every fancy, the victim of every day, still, as he tramples upon the ruins of a thousand hopes, he pursues others as brilliant and as false, till at length, worn out by long labour, and exhausted with repeat-

ed disappointments, with the wrinkles of age and sickness upon his forehead, and the anguish of doubt and despair at his heart, he sinks quietly into his nameless grave, and is thought of no more. As for me, the experience of the past, and the prospect of the future, combine to make me tremble. I dread the fatal carelessness of fate, which seems invariably to render all men's affections vain, and all his wishes fruitless. Shall I love, and let my clinging heart entwine around a being upon whose grave to-morrow's sun may shine? Shall I be a father, and, doating on my boy, send him out upon this reckless and cruel world, to be cut down and tortured with the undying worm of thought, as I myself have been? What is there beautiful that I can grasp, which is not air? What fragrant flower can I pluck, but to see it fade away, and its delicate leaves strew the dust? What tempting fruit shall I seize, which is not poison? From what chalice shall I quench my burning thirst, which is not impregnated with dregs of bitterness and guilt? The earth has no charm which can render me contented. There is not luxury in wealth, nor magic in pleasure, by which I shall ever again realize true joy. The riches of Cræsus—the fame of Cæsar—the genius of Shakspeare—the beauty of Apollo—nothing, nothing can ever dazzle the eyes of my reason, nothing can hide from me the naked and awful reality in which the poor victim of doubt and sorrow must quench the beams of life's most exquisite raptures."

"I will tell you," he added, with a singular expression in his face, "I will tell you how near I have been to this awful precipice. I had, one dark and stormy night, revolved these things in my mind till I determined to take the leap. Something had occurred—no matter what—which brought, in deep distinctness before me, the strong contrast of life as it might have been, and as it must be. We are sensitive beings sometimes, and trifles come over our budding feelings, and wither them, as the scorching sun curls the perishing leaves. I deemed that, for some mysterious reason, heaven's curse was on me—that I had been created a perfect being, and then blighted or forgotten. I thought the qualities of my nature were utterly inconsistent with the degraded existence in which fate had placed me, and that I was driven along over the reckless tumult of the world, as a flower whirling in the wind, or a lute cast on the ocean. I prepared myself, therefore, to quit this weary scene for ever. It was but a pang, and all would be completed. Time would glide on in his noiseless course, and the morning should find me beyond the reach of agony. At first, there was something grand in the idea. I walked with a proud step, and felt that I was acting in a noble adventure. There was a firmness in my mind to which I had been unaccustomed; and, by the time I had arranged all my papers, and left nothing but a single line, bidding farewell to the world which was now flying away behind me, and requesting those who deemed they loved me, to forget that I had ever been, I candidly conceived that I had done with man. As I took my last look upon the familiar objects around me, they seemed strange in their unconscious and ordinary attitudes, and I could with difficulty conceive that I was never to behold them again. I walked forth in the field, and by the banks of the very stream which is now gliding so peacefully by us, and, till this very moment, my soul was as unshaken as a temple. I raised the vial to my mouth; but, as my lips were wet with the potent poison, it seemed that the flood-gates of my mind gave way, and the past world, and the future, and all the sweetness of the present, came pouring upon me with the resistless force of a torrent. The precepts of early education—the simple and dear pleasures of boyhood—kind looks and gentle and beloved faces, with glances of

affection and familiar smiles, were before me; and then, the bewitching loveliness of nature—the hill—the river—the green dewy grass—the breath of flowers—the music of the wood—the morning and evening sky—the silken voice of childhood—the winning ways of woman—the frank tones of friendship—the fascinations of love—all came up in my dark fancy, arrayed in the strong hues of life, and elevated even above their natural value. As I paused in this strange state of mind, the clouds, which had darkened the heavens, parted. A soft lucid sheet of blue sky appeared behind the retreating vapours, and a star, twinkling and burning in its silent brightness, shone through the illumined break. For a moment, my whole soul was absorbed in the contemplation of this new object. Then the quiet moon issued from behind a cloud, and shed down her mellow radiance on hill and stream. The scene was hushed and beautiful as the dimmest and most perfect dream. I could not resist the impression. My feelings, like the tides, acknowledge the mysterious influence of the elements, and swell and subside with the changes of nature. The tears which gushed from my eyes relieved the anguish that choked my utterance, and gave my fancy a purer and happier play. I rambled that night long beneath the arched temple, and communed, in strange rapture, with its mighty wonders. The world was a mite from the lofty region to which my untiring spirit soared; and I revelled in the deep unbroken solitude of that still time with mingled feelings only known to wretchedness and contemplation. The next morning I awoke from a brief slumber, descended from my airy flights, and walked exhausted, silent, and unnoticed, in the paths of common men."

We parted; but not before I had discovered in the hypochondriac the young poet whose burning thoughts, dressed in the artifices of poetry, I had lately perused with so much pleasure. He has bent down since beneath his heavy load, and lies quietly in the grave he so often coveted. He has consumed away with the fires of his own sleepless mind, the victim of that quality which, like Percival's ice upon the summit of the mountain, dazzles all the world below, while itself is cold. Peace be to his ashes! I still admire him; but he is no more the object of my envy. Be genius to him on whom nature has bestowed it; but grant me the bliss of peaceful thoughts and warm affections, and let me be unknown to all the world, but such as gather with me around my peaceful home, and beguile the hours of leisure with kind and innocent amusements. F.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

A CARNIVAL SCENE IN ROME.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

EVENING is now approaching, and all the world moving toward the Corso, to see the horse-race. The motion of a long train of carriages is sometimes interrupted two hours before dark—the Corso being already filled.

The infantry and horse-guards of the pope are actively employed in forming the carriages into a line near the side-walks, which gives rise to many vexatious bickerings. Here, a skilful whip makes his horses back the carriage into the place assigned him; another is fairly lifted into it; and again, another less fortunate, is forced from the line into the centre of the street. In vain are the exertions of the unfortunate coachman to regain his station; the space has instantly been filled—and, threatened and assailed on all sides, nothing remains for him, but to make the best possible retreat through the first side-lane he comes to; even these are often choked, and rendered impassable by the carriages which were either too

late for the Corso, or had the same fate with himself.

The moment when the horses are to start is now near at hand, and the interest of the thousands of spectators raised to the highest pitch. On all sides you hear from the scaffoldings, the proprietors *luoghi*: *Luoghi avanti!* *luoghi nodele!* *Luoghi patroni!* It seems to be an object with them, to let, at the last moment, all remaining seats, even at reduced prices, if full ones cannot be obtained. Happy those who have found a seat, for now, a general officer with a division of horse-guards is riding along the centre of the street, between two lines of coaches, to clear the course. Those who have not been so fortunate as to obtain a seat, climb upon the carriages, if they can, or have to creep under, if there is no other vacant spot. In the meantime, the open space before the obelisk has been cleared, and affords to the spectator one of the most magnificent views imaginable. The three facades which enclose this place have been hung with rich tapestry. Thousands of human heads, projecting one above the other on the amphitheatres erected for the occasion, recall to the imagination the ancient amphitheatres and circus. Above the centre amphitheatre, which covers but the pedestal, the obelisk rises in all its majesty into the regions of the air. Comparing it with the mass of population at the base, one becomes sensible of its immense height. The prospect from the piazza del popolo, down the corso to the Venetian palace, a distance of perhaps three thousand five hundred yards, is highly interesting. The general now returns and takes his station on the spot exactly assigned for him; this is considered a signal that the course is clear. The sentinels, however, continue their vigilance, and the entrance to the course is closed by an extended cord. The horses are now brought forward, one by one, according to the numbers drawn by lot, each led by a groom, most splendidly dressed, but so as to be easily distinguished by the rest. The horses have no covering whatever. At the moment of starting, two balls with points, and attached to a line, are thrown over their backs to spur them on. However, they are, even without that, impatient to start; they neigh, they rear, plunge and kick, and it requires all the skill and strength of the grooms to master them. Aware of what they are intended to perform, the ambition to start makes them almost ungovernable; and the sight of so many spectators, foamingly wild. In rearing, they frequently get their forefeet over the extended cord—all is bustle and confusion, and this seems but to increase the excitement of the spectators. The grooms themselves appear agitated, and attentively watch for the signal, as the direction given to the horse on starting, or the quickness in taking off the bridle, often decides the fate of the contest. The cord drops at last, and the horses start at full speed. While on the wider space, there is some chance for trial of speed; but after entering the course, all exertion is in vain; the two lines of carriages narrow the space to such a degree, that horses that are behind, cannot pass the two which are before them. Although the street has previously been thickly covered with *puzzolane*, the horses' hoofs continually penetrate to the pavement, and strike fire, their manes flutter in the wind, and, like airy phantoms, they, in passing, appear and disappear in a moment. The herd of contending horses succeed each other, generally two and two, sometimes pressing the foremost without being able to pass them. After the fleetest horses have gone by, odd ones of less speed pass singly; and as soon as the last has disappeared, the populace rush forward, and instantly fill the street. Thus ends this festivity, which has excited so much interest, and but few can account to themselves why, or how a contest, which is decided in a moment, has been able to cause so much general excitement.

It may be supposed, that accidents which endanger the lives of men and the animals, are not uncommon. Sometimes it happens that the wheel of a carriage projects beyond the line, or a third horse trying to pass, coming up full speed, runs against it and falls. Frequently they are killed on the spot, and injure some of the spectators. I once was witness of such an accident—where three horses fell in succession, and the rest cleared themselves by leaping over the three. Sometimes the horses, after arriving at the end of the course, as if frantic, force their way through the crowd. The mischief done is not noticed, and no one seems to care.

VARIETIES.

GOD SEEN IN HIS WORKS.—All nature, says Fenelon, shows the infinite skill of its author. I maintain that accident, that is to say, a blind and fortuitous succession of events, could never have produced all that we see. It is well to adduce here one of the celebrated comparisons of the ancients. Who would believe that the Iliad of Homer was not composed by the effort of a great poet; but that the characters of the alphabet being thrown confusedly together, an accidental stroke had placed all the letters precisely in such relative situations, as to produce verses so full of harmony and variety, painting each object with all that was most noble, most graceful, and most touching in its features; in fine, making each person speak in character, and with such spirit and nature? Let any one reason with as much subtlety as he may, he would persuade no man in his senses that the Iliad had no author but accident. Why then should a man, possessing his reason, believe, with regard to the universe—a work unquestionably more wonderful than the Iliad—what his good sense will not allow him to believe of this poem? But let us take another comparison, which is from Gregory Nazianzen. If we heard in a room behind a curtain a sweet and harmonious instrument, could we believe that accident produced it? Who would doubt seriously whether some skilful hand did not touch it? Were any one to find in a desert island a beautiful statue of marble, he would say, surely men have been here. I recognize the hand of the sculptor; I admire the delicacy with which he has proportioned the body, making it instinct with beauty, grace, majesty, tenderness, and life. What would this man reply, if any one were to say to him, no, a sculptor did not make this statue. It is made, it is true, in the most exquisite taste, and according to the most perfect rules of symmetry; but it is accident that has produced it. Among all the pieces of marble, one has happened to take this form of itself. The rains and the wind detached it from the mountain; a violent storm placed it upright upon this pedestal, that was already prepared and placed here of itself. It is an Apollo, as perfect as that of Belvidere; it is a Venus, equal to that of the Medicis; it is a Hercules, which resembles that of Farnese. You may believe, it is true, that this figure walks, that it lives, that it thinks, that it is going to speak, but it owes nothing to art, it is only a blind stroke of chance that has formed it so well, and placed it here.

BENEVOLENCE OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.—Nearly forty years ago, his present majesty, then prince of Wales, was so exceedingly urgent to have eight hundred pounds to an hour on such a day, and in such an unusual manner, that the gentleman who furnished the supply had some curiosity to know for what purpose it was obtained. On inquiry, he was informed that, the moment the money arrived, the prince drew on a pair of boots, pulled off his frock-coat and waistcoat, slipped on a plain morning frock, and, turning his hair to the crown of his head, put on a slouched hat, and thus walked out. This intelligence raised still greater curiosity; and, with some trouble, the gentleman discovered the object of the prince's mysterious visit. An officer of the army had just arrived from America with a wife and six children, in such low circumstances, that, to satisfy some clamorous creditor, he was on the point of selling his commission, which must have been the utter ruin of his family. The prince, by accident, overheard an account of the case. To prevent a worthy soldier suffering, he procured the money; and that no mistake might happen, he resolved to be his own almoner. On asking, at an obscure lodging-house, in a court near Covent-Garden, for the lodger, he was shown up to his room, and there found the family in

the utmost distress. Shocked at the sight, he not only presented the money, but told the officer to apply to Colonel Lake, living in — street, and give some account of himself in future; and then departed, without the family knowing to whom they were obliged.

ENGLISH SERVANTS AND THEIR VAILS.—Mr. Jonas Hanway was among the most singular of human eccentricities. A friend of his, Sir Timothy Waldo, had dined with the duke of N—, and, on leaving his house, was contributing to the insolence and covetousness of a train of servants who lined the hall, when, at last, putting a crown into the hand of the cook, the fellow returned it, saying, "Sir, I don't take silver." "Don't you, indeed?" said the worthy baronet, "then I don't give gold," and returned the five shillings to his purse. Mr. Hanway remarked on the disgraceful absurdity of permitting servants to receive vails, and told Sir Timothy of a circumstance which had happened to himself. He was paying the servants of a respectable friend for a dinner which their master had invited him to, one by one, as they appeared. "Sir, your great coat." "There's a shilling, John." "Your hat." "There's a shilling, Dick." "Stick." "A shilling, Joe." "Umbrella." "A shilling, William." "Sir, your gloves." "Why, friend, keep the gloves—they are not worth a shilling," said the facetious Hanway, and walked off as quickly as he could, for fear of a fresh relay of these dinner-tax-gatherers.

KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC.—Many of the female singers at Naples—says a recent traveller—I am confident, neither know how to read or write. I was one day at the house of one of these performers by profession; after many entreaties that she would favour us with an air, from which she excused herself on the plea of having had a violent cold for a month past, and a swelled throat, which prevented her from singing, she complied with our request. In taking the music-book to place it on the piano-forte, she turned it, as if by mistake, upside down; so that, on opening the first leaf, at the bottom of the page, the words "fine dell' Aria" were written with the letters reversed. As I perceived the mistake, I took the book, and placed it right. The lady was piqued, and not wishing to appear ignorant, took the book rather abruptly, and placed it again as it was before. "Know, signora," said she, "that this is an Hebrew air, sung in the synagogue of the Jews, and that it begins at the end."

LIGHT READING.—A young lady of Brunswick, an attendant on the late duchess, mortified that, from her neglected education, she was precluded from joining in the literary conversations which were frequently introduced at that court, requested her royal mistress to furnish her with such books as might enable her to remedy this defect. Her royal highness, smiling, handed her a dictionary; and next asked her how she liked it. "Oh! it is delightful!" said the fair student: "there are some books which I have seen, where the words are so huddled together that one does not know what to make of them; but here it is quite a pleasure to see them all drawn up in order, like so many soldiers on a parade."

AN IMPOSSIBLE CIRCUMSTANCE.—Sheridan, one day, being dressed in a very handsome pair of new boots, met a friend, when the following dialogue ensued:—"Those are handsome boots, Sherry. Who made them?" "Hoby." "How did you prevail on him?" "Guess." "I suppose you talked him over in the old way." "No—that won't do now." "Then, when they came home, you ordered half a dozen pair more?" "No." "Perhaps you gave a check on Hammersley, which you knew would not be honoured?" "No, no, no—in short, you might guess till to-morrow, before you hit it: *I paid for them!*"

A HOST IN HIMSELF.—A party having been formed to play at cricket, found, on coming to the field, that they were but twenty-one in number, instead of twenty-two; on which, one party brought the worthy landlord of the tavern where they intended to dine. "Will friend Boniface do to make up the deficiency?" said the Mercury that had brought him. "Why, we only wanted one, Jack," said one of the party; "why the deuce did you bring a host?"

LOVE HUNG A LA LANTERNE.—"Madam," said the late Lord — to a lady of fashion and beauty, on seeing the portrait of a youth, who died of love of her, suspended from her neck, "I am concerned to see my old friend *hung in chains* at the place of execution."

THE GREATEST FOOLS.—Atheism is folly, and atheists are the greatest fools in nature; for they see there is a world that could not make itself, and yet they will not own there is a God that made it.

PERIODICAL STORIES.—The celebrated Bubb Doddington was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day, after dinner with Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham the general, the latter reproached Doddington with his drowsiness. Doddington denied having been asleep; and to prove he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story, and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "And yet," said Doddington, "I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleep, because I knew that, about this time of day, you would tell that story."

CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT.—The office of beadle in a country parish, a few miles to the westward of Dundee, being vacant, a countryman applied to the clergyman, who is of the old school, for the situation, and wished to know what were the fees. Having been very minutely informed on the subject—"Noo, sir," says John, "this may doo vera weel, if ye'll insure me o' constant employment." "Constant employment!" repeated the irritated divine, "gae awa', filthy body, ye would bury a' my paur parish in a week!"

DOGMATICAL AND CATEGORICAL.—A plain-spoken gentleman being asked his opinion as to a compromise between two parties on a certain question, replied, that "a little conciliation and condescension might do wonders; but if one party was determined to be *dog-matical*, and the other *categorical*, the matter must end in *worrying* and *scratching*."

SWEDISH RESTRICTION.—A restriction of the Swedish government, respecting matrimony, prevents the young men from entering into wedlock before the age of twenty-one, except in cases where property is bequeathed to an heir, who is then at liberty to marry as soon as he attains eighteen. Girls are allowed to marry at fifteen.

AN UNFORTUNATE BRIDE.—At a wedding in Germany, many years since, while the company were playing "hide and go seek," the bride concealed herself in the garret, in a chest which had one of these spring-locks. She was searched for in vain. A long time after, the chest was opened, and her remains discovered, wrapped in the bridal vestment.

TAX ON BACHELORS.—A bill has passed the senate of Ohio, and is expected to pass the house, taxing *old* bachelors. The revenue from this class of the community must be small, if the *taxed* are to be credited on the subject of their own age, for you will rarely meet with a bachelor who considers himself *old*.

JEFFRIES.—Judge Jeffries, of notorious memory, pointing to a man with his cane, who was about to be tried, said, "There is a great rogue at the end of my cane." The man to whom he pointed, looking at him, said, "Which end, my lord?"

DOMESTIC LIFE.—The Earl of Orrery observes, that whenever we step out of domestic life, in search of felicity, we come back again disappointed, tired and chagrined. One day passed under our own roof, with our friends and our family, is worth a thousand in another place.

BON MOT.—A barber, who was in the habit of stunning his customers' ears by the rapidity of his tongue, asked an individual one day, how he wished his beard cut. "Without saying a single word," replied he.

DEGREE OF MURDER.—If the divines do rightly infer from the sixth commandment, *thou shalt not kill*, scandalizing one's neighbour with false and malicious reports, whereby I vex his spirit, and consequently impair his health, is a degree of murder.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.—What is mine, even to my life, is her's I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine.—Thinking is the nurse of thought.—Gold can gild a rotten stick, and dirt sully an ingot.—Poetry is the art of substantiating shadows, and of lending existence to nothing.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TO M. P. D.

I will not praise that form of grace,
That modest step and gentle air,
The mild expression of thy face,
Nor yet those locks of yellow hair:

I will not praise that eye of fire,
Whose melting glance inspires the soul;
Nor yet will wake the slumbering lyre,
To praise its mild and modest roll:

But I will praise thy glowing mind,
For genius holds her empire there,
Whose matchless powers are all combined
To speak thee good as thou art fair.

TO A CRITIC,

Who quoted an isolated passage, and declared it obscure.

Most candid critic, what if I,
By way of joke, pluck out your eye,
And holding up the fragment, cry,
"Ha, ha! that men such fools should be!
Behold this shapeless mass!—and he,
"Who owned it, dreamt that it could see!"
The joke were mighty analytic—
But should you like it, candid critic?—COLERIDGE.

THE DRAMA.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE character of Juliet, as drawn by Shakspeare, is one of perfect individuality; in which the brightest tints of nature throw love's purple light over the shades of ardent passion. Juliet, we think, is the most interesting of the great bard's heroines. Her artless innocence, and unaffected sincerity, enlist our sympathy. There is nothing coquettish in her manner; her sentiments spring from the fountain of the heart, clear and spontaneous. The very spirit of love seems to have touched her soul with a kind of magic sadness, to have made her tones as sweet as plaintive music, and poured a mild and mellow light around the halo of melancholy brightness.

Of late years, every English or American stranger in Italy is sure to pay a visit to Verona, to have his sympathy excited, and his curiosity gratified, by gazing on the supposed "tomb of Juliet:" and there is no man who admires Shakspeare, but will go fifty miles out of his way, on a pilgrimage to a city which has furnished the bard of Avon with the materials of an affecting tragedy, which, for all the pathetic details of hapless, enthusiastic love, and devoted constancy, stands unrivalled in the whole range of the European drama. We were led to make the preceding remarks, by reading a book, published by a recent traveller in Italy. After giving a descriptive sketch of Verona, he says, "Though much legendary exaggeration is superadded to the circumstances of Juliet's death, yet the main fact is attested by the local history of Verona; and therefore the mind is disposed to admit the probability, that the excavated oblong stone, which is now pointed out in the neglected ruins of the old Franciscan monastery, might have once contained the beauteous form of the unhappy Juliet. Count Persico, in his history of Verona, thus narrates the melancholy circumstances that led to the death of Romeo and Juliet:

"In the year 1303, or about that time, Bartholomew della Scala, being captain of the Veronese, Romeo de Monticoli was enamoured of Juliet de Cappelletti, and she of him, their families being at the time in bitter enmity with each other, on account of party feuds. As, therefore, they could not be openly married, a private union took place between them. Shortly afterwards, Romeo having, in an affray of the two factions, killed Tebaldo the cousin of Juliet, was obliged to seek for safety in flight, and proceeded to Mantua. His unhappy spouse, afflicted beyond measure, sought commiseration and counsel from the intermediate agent of her secret marriage, seeing that there was no longer any hope of a reconciliation between families now still more incensed against each other than before. Therefore, by a preconcerted arrangement, Juliet procured a sleeping draught, and shortly after, according to common report, yielded up her life. Romeo having been apprised of the dire news, before he heard that she was only apparently dead, resolved, in the bitterness of his anguish, to take poison and die likewise. Previously to his doing so, however, not entirely despairing of her life, he went to Verona and availed himself of the evening hour to enter the monastery. Being here assured that his Juliet had been interred not long before, he swallowed the poison which he had with him, and hastened to the tomb, where their mutual friend pointed out the way by a passage beyond that which was ready for his return. The friar wondered very much what had happened to Romeo, unconscious of the hard fate that awaited him. While he endeavoured to assure him that the lady was not in reality dead, the poison began to operate, and now, on the very verge of death, he called on his Juliet with a faint voice. She awoke, and scarcely recognised him. Romeo expired, and Juliet breathed for a moment only to share his hapless doom."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

St. Valentine's Day.—The fourteenth of February was, for a long time, thought to be the day whereon "all the birds of the air wooed and won their tender mates," and, for that reason, it has been considered ominous to lovers. It is from this fact that love-letters, sent on this day, have received the appellation derived from the name of the saint. The ceremonies practised in the olden time, are best described in some of the popular songs of England. Wheatly, in his illustrations of the Common Prayer, states Saint Valentine to have been a man of much love and charity, and that from thence arose the amorous divinations practised at his feast-day. We subjoin the specimen of an ancient Valentine, taken from the Perennial Calendar:

It is the hour of morning's prime,
The young day of the year;
The day of days, before the time
When brighter hopes appear.
It is the time of early love,
When suns but faintly shine;
It is the day, all days above,
The sweet St. Valentine.
The cold snows on the meadows lie,
And not a leaf is green;
Yet here and there, in yonder sky,
A gleam of light is seen.
So love, young love, 'mid storms and snow,
Darts forth a light divine;
So darker days the brightness show
Of thine, St. Valentine!

The following—a more beautiful specimen—is from Dodsley's *Miscellanies*:

Hark! through the sacred silence of the night,
Loud chanticler doth sound his clarion shrill,
Hailing with song the first pale gleam of light,
Which floats the dark brow of yon eastern hill.
Bright star of morn! oh leave not yet the wave,
To deck the dewy frontlet of the day;
Nor thou, Aurora, quit Titimes' cave,
Nor drive retiring darkness yet away;
Ere these, my rustic hands, a garland twine,
Ere yet my tongue indite a single song;
For her I mean to hail my Valentine,
Sweet maiden, fairest of the virgin throng!

Different—alas, how different! the observances practised in these days of fashion, refinement, and extravagance! Yet do we not mean to deplore the bachelors' fancy-ball, held to-night in honour of the occasion. No, we rejoice to see every means put into requisition by which the unsubdued portion of our sterner sex are brought into direct, but innocent struggle, against the winning smiles of those who should be their companions, not for the festive hour only, or at the social and gay repast, but in the calm seclusion of domestic retirement, and the unceasing interchange of kind offices of hymeneal love. From the ample preparations making, we anticipate no ordinary fall in the prices of *baccalaureate stock*. Look to it, ye Benedicts!

Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen of the city of New-York.—It must afford every friend to the prosperity of our growing city, great pleasure to learn that this valuable institution has met with extraordinary success in its laudable and beneficial operations. Established, originally, for the object of assisting the widows and orphans of the members, by occasional aid, or by annual pensions, it has been enabled, by a careful and wise economy of its funds, to form an excellent school, inferior to no other in the city, in which all the children of indigent members who apply, are educated *gratuitously*, and receive an equal share of attention with the most opulent. The society has, likewise, established, with the aid of donations, a library of ten thousand volumes, embracing most of the valuable productions in the arts and sciences, in history, biography, poetry, and belles-lettres generally. To this collection, sixteen hundred readers have access. A resolution was lately adopted in this society, instructing the library committee to inquire into the expediency of discontinuing, hereafter, the issuing of plays, novels, and romances, and report what proportion of such books compose the present library. However well-intentioned the authors of this proceeding may have been, they must be considered as having been actuated by a short-sighted policy, uselessly rigorous, and calculated at once to shut up the avenue to one of the most delightful recreations of literature, and to cast upon the institution the odium of a puritanic, or rather bigotted, severity. We are pleased, therefore, to find, that the committee, appointed

on the strength of this resolution, have reported against the proposed measure, as likely to defeat the philanthropic views of the projectors and founders of the library. Their reasoning on the subject is perspicuous and conclusive. "We should say we pitied—we do say we pity, the feelings of a man who can look back without pleasure to the time he first read Robinson Crusoe; and we think we can say, with confidence, that this book has made more readers than any history extant; and this book is a romance." Equally forcible are their remarks on the Vicar of Wakefield, on Scott and Cooper's novels, &c.

The number of scholars is one hundred and thirty males, and one hundred and two females. The receipts of the society, during the last year, have been three thousand six hundred dollars; the expenditures, three thousand three hundred and eighty-five; leaving a balance of two hundred and sixty-five dollars.

New-York City Dispensary.—We shall, if possible, copy a part of the annual report of this unostentatious and pre-eminently useful institution, in our next number. Drawn up in the most unpretending and simple style, it displays an amount of benefit conferred on the community of New-York, which is no less astonishing in the aggregate, than it is honourable to those who have been engaged in effecting the result. Nearly ten thousand sick relieved gratuitously in twelve months! What a saving must not hence accrue to the city funds, upon which this twentieth part of the whole population of the city might else have drawn for support and relief! And yet it is mortifying to acknowledge, that scarcely the usual doleful pittance of subscription-money has been meted out to this institution! While the Greek, and the negro, and the South-sea islander, and every object of commiseration abroad, that has its comparatively inferior claims eloquently blazoned forth, receive their thousands, this humble, but most effective instrument of beneficence at home, is neglected, overlooked—nay, not even known!

The Morning Herald.—A new morning paper has lately been issued in this city, very neatly executed, and conducted with equal taste and ability, by Messrs. Carter and Conant, late the editors of the Statesman and the National Advocate, which papers have been discontinued. The patronage of both has been transferred, in the most flattering and gratifying manner, to the new journal; and we are confident that its success will bear decided testimony to the favourable sense entertained of the talents and learning of its respectable editors. When we compare the number of newspapers printed in this city, with that of cities in Europe of far greater population and extent, we have great cause to exult in the superior means enjoyed by us of diffusing useful knowledge and information amongst the mass of the people. With respect to the Morning Herald, we feel warranted in making the assertion, that the name of Mr. Carter is a sufficient security in favour of its ever maintaining the cause of virtue, of science, and of our country.

Gas Lights.—Complaints are daily making that the company which furnishes these means of illuminating our public streets, and private stores and apartments, are not doing justice to their customers. Can this be intentional? Certain it is that the lights burn dimly—and certain it is, that, if they continue to do so much longer, oil, purified somehow or another, will again be had recourse to. We know one method of doing this, and, on compulsion, but not otherwise, shall communicate it *pro bono publico*. A word to the wise.

Sir Walter Scott.—It will be perceived that we have commenced the publication of another tale, written by this distinguished author. It is no small proof of the high estimation in which every production of his pen is held, that five hundred pounds sterling should have been paid for his contributions to the Keepsake alone. The story which appeared in the last number of the Mirror, has been generally admired, and we augur a no less favourable reception for "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror." It will be concluded in our next.

Imprisonment for Debt.—This important subject, we perceive, has been brought up by Mr. Livingston, in the senate.

Report of Deaths.—The city inspector reports of one hundred and two persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

A few copies of the Mirror, from

nished to new subscribers, if applied for

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY R. S. BARCLAY.

THE BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

March! march! Et-trick and Te-vi-ot-dale! Why, my lads, din-na ye march for-ward in or-der! March! march! Eak-dale and Lid-des-dale!

All the blue bonnets are o-ver the bor-der. Ma-ny a banner spread, flut-ters a-bove your head, Ma-ny a crest that is fa-mous in sto-ry.

Mount and make rea-dy then, sons of the moun-tain glen, Fight for your king and the old Scot-tish bor-der.

DA CAPO.

Come from the hills, where your hirsels are grazing;
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;

Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding;
Stand to your arms, and march in good order;

England shall many a day, tell of the bloody fray,
When the blue bonnets came over the border.
March! march! Ettrick and Teviotdale! &c.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.
TO AN AUTUMN LEAF.

Fallen and sere,
What dost thou here,
Pale leaf?
Speak'st thou of summer gone,
Of fading flowers that mourn
Their season brief?

But yesterday,
Thou didst make gay
Yon tree;
And, 'neath thy robe of green,
The swallow might be seen
To twitter free.

Now art thou found
On the cold ground:
The wind
That bears thy form away,
Tearing from branch and spray
Friends left behind.

And like to thee,
Seemeth to me
Man's state.
With health and hope awhile,
He dares to laugh and smile,
And scoff at fate.
But sorrow's blast
Cometh at last,
And then
The hopes he loved and cherished,
Have faded all and perished,
Nor bloom again. C. A. S.

THE SNUFFBOX.

A lady young, and gay, and fair,
And joyous as a bird in May,
Sat nigh a youth who much did look,
Sigh sometimes, and but little say.
He looked first this, then looked that way,
And upward looked. The lady free
Smiled as she said, "Kind sir, I pray,
"What colour may your musings be?"
He answered with embarrassed brow,
"Oh, they are pure, for I did think
"On her I love, and she is fair
"As lily on a rivulet's brink,
"Where lambs stray, and forget to drink,
"With looking on the flower." Aside
She turned, and seemed nigh hand to sink,
Thenspoke, and spoke with meikle pride.

"I leave thee to thy thoughts, to shapes
"Form'd, like thy words, of empty air."
Her curls, her head, disdainful tossed,
Like rays of sunshine here and there;
Then gathering thus her golden hair,
She would have gone, when he said "Stay,
"See my love's form, is she not fair
"And lovely as a morn of May?"

She took the jewelled box; she looked
Upon the mirrored lid; she grew
Like crystal stained with rosy wine,
Or like the sunbeam seen through dew.
She saw herself, and sidelong drew
Nigh him, and with a soft low voice,
Said, "If the mirror tells me true,
"I know her, and approve thy choice."

Such is the story told by one
Excelling in the natural way
Of saying simple things, whom none
In elegance surpassed. The gay,
The grave, the young, and hoary gray,
Love nature in her meek undress.
No more, for words will poorly say
What art's embodied thoughts express.

THE EAR-RINGS.

Oh, my ear-rings, my ear-rings;
'Twas thus a maiden sung,
A fair and lovely maiden,
With a gentle northern tongue;
Oh, my ear-rings, my ear-rings,
I've dropt them in the well,
And what to say to my true love,
I cannot, cannot tell!

The titting damsels, as I go,
They say both free and loud,
Young William gave these ear-rings,
And miss may well be proud—
He gave to her these ear-rings,
Her sallow neck to touch
A little with their lustre,
And her beauty needs it much.
My love gave me these costly rings,
My plighted vow to keep,
And there they glitter in the well,
I wot three fathoms deep;
He gave to me these splendid gems,
To sparkle on my neck,
And there they lie—my heart is stone,
Else it would surely break.
I wore them at the market,
In the dance they threw a spell

On all the lads who saw them,
And my looks became them well.
My love gave me these precious rings,
And gave me, little loth,
At parting, such a heart-warm kiss,
'Twas richly worth them both.
A kiss, alas! is but a touch,
The rings no more will shine
Around me in their glory,
And my love will ne'er be mine.
Mute sat the pensive maiden,
When there came a man and drew
Her, shining in her beauty,
Like a star amid the dew.
A painter good, a critic shrewd,
A poet bold was he;
Who has not heard, who has not read,
Of Martin Arthur Shee?

THE RETURN.

The joys of "home" have oft been told,
And sung in many a gifted strain;
Yet can the theme e'er grow so old,
As not inspire again?
Again—oh, yes! and oft again
The harp shall tune so fond a lay;
It is—like love—too sweet a strain
To ever die away!

Leave it a while, a little while,
And from your kindred dwell apart;
From social bliss, affection's smile,
How lonely feels the heart!
If in a stranger land ye be,
And roaming 'neath a brighter sky,
What dwells so dear in memory,
What wakes so fond a sigh,
As absent "home" restored to thee?
Each simple object seems more dear;
The heart then tastes felicity
In all we see and hear!
To meet again the smile of love,
And friendship's gentle hand to press;
The fond salute where'er we move,
While all things seem to bless!

It is a theme might well prolong
The poet's best and choicest lay;
But mine can only breathe the song
Of joy, to hail the day.
I meet again "my own fireside!"
In bliss, or wo, or health, or pain,
With thee I'll evermore abide,
Nor lose thy sweets again.

THE KISS.

One kiss, dear maid! I said and sighed—
Your scorn the little boon denied:
Ah, why refuse the blameless bliss?
Can danger lurk within a kiss?
Yon viewless wanderer of the vale,
The spirit of the western gale,
At morning's break, at evening's close,
Inhales the sweetness of the rose,
And hovers o'er the uninjured bloom,
Sighing back the soft perfume.
Vigour to the zephyr's wing,
Her nectar-breathing kisses fling:
And he the glitter of the dew
Scatters on the rose's hue.
Bashful, lo! she bends her head,
And darts a blush of deeper red!
Too well those lovely lips disclose
The triumphs of the opening rose;
Oh, fair! oh, graceful! bid them prove
As passive to the breath of love.
In tender accents, faint and low,
Well-pleased, I hear the whispered "No!"
The whispered "No!" how little meant!
Sweet falsehood that endears consent!
For on those lovely lips the while
Dawns the soft relenting smile,
And tempts with feigned dissuasion coy,
The gentle violence of joy.

SOMETHING CHILDISH.

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.
But in my sleep to you I'll fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own;
But then, one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.
Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids!
So I love to wake ere break of day;
For, though my sleep be gone,
Yet, while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

GEO. F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR, AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1829.

NUMBER 33.

POPULAR TALES.

MY AUNT MARGARET'S MIRROR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

(Concluded.)

"DEAR Lady Bothwell," he said, taking her reluctant hand, "we are both wrong—you are too deeply serious; I, perhaps, too little so. The dispute I had with Major Falconer was of no earthly consequence. Had any thing occurred betwixt us that ought to have been settled *par voie du fait*, as we say in France, neither of us are persons that are likely to postpone such a meeting. Permit me to say, that, were it generally known that you or my Lady Forester are apprehensive of such a catastrophe, it might be the very means of bringing about what would not otherwise be likely to happen. I know your good sense, Lady Bothwell, and that you will understand me when I say, that really my affairs require my absence for some months—this *Jemima* cannot understand; it is a perpetual recurrence of questions, why can you not do this, or that, or the third thing; and when you have proved to her that her expedients are totally ineffectual, you have just to begin the whole round again. Now, do you tell her, dear Lady Bothwell, that you are satisfied. She is, you must confess, one of those persons with whom authority goes farther than reasoning. Do but repose a little confidence in me, and you shall see how amply I will repay it."

Lady Bothwell shook her head, as one but half satisfied. "How difficult it is to extend confidence, when the basis on which it ought to rest has been so much shaken! But I will do my best to make *Jemima* easy; and farther, I can only say, that for keeping your present purpose I hold you responsible both to God and man."

"Do not fear that I will deceive you," said Sir Philip; "the safest conveyance to me will be through the general post-office, Helvoetsluys, where I will take care to leave orders for forwarding my letters. As for Falconer, our only encounter will be over a bottle of Burgundy; so make yourself perfectly easy on his score."

Lady Bothwell could not make herself easy; yet she was sensible that her sister hurt her own cause by taking on, as the maid-servants call it, too vehemently; and by showing before every stranger, by manner, and sometimes by words also, a dissatisfaction with her husband's journey, that was sure to come to his ears, and equally certain to displease him. But there was no help for this domestic dissension, which ended only with the day of separation.

I am sorry I cannot tell, with precision, the year in which Sir Philip Forester went over to Flanders; but it was one of those in which the campaign opened with extraordinary fury; and many bloody, though indecisive skirmishes were fought between the French on the one side, and the allies on the other. In all our modern improvements, there are none, perhaps, greater than in the accuracy and speed with which intelligence is transmitted from any scene of action to those in this country whom it may concern. During Marlborough's campaigns, the sufferings of the many

who had relations in, or along with the army, were greatly augmented by the suspense in which they were detained for weeks, after they had heard of bloody battles, in which, in all probability, those for whom their bosoms throbbed with anxiety had been personally engaged. Amongst those who were most agonized by this state of uncertainty was the—I had almost said deserted—wife of the gay Sir Philip Forester. A single letter had informed her of his arrival on the continent—no others were received. One notice occurred in the newspapers, in which volunteer Sir Philip Forester was mentioned as having been intrusted with a dangerous reconnaissance, which he had executed with the greatest courage, dexterity and intelligence, and received the thanks of the commanding officer. The sense of his having acquired distinction brought a momentary glow into the lady's pale cheek; but it was instantly lost in ashen whiteness, at the recollection of his danger. After this they had no news whatever, neither from Sir Philip, nor even from their brother Falconer. The case of Lady Forester was not indeed different from that of hundreds in the same situation; but a feeble mind is necessarily an irritable one, and the suspense which some bear with constitutional indifference or philosophical resignation, and some with a disposition to believe and hope the best, was intolerable to Lady Forester, at once solitary and sensitive, low-spirited, and devoid of strength of mind, whether natural or acquired.

CHAPTER II.

As she received no further news of Sir Philip, whether directly or indirectly, his unfortunate lady began now to feel a sort of consolation, even in those careless habits which had so often given her pain. "He is so thoughtless," she repeated a hundred times a day to her sister, "he never writes when things are going on smoothly; it is his way: had any thing happened, he would have informed us."

Lady Bothwell listened to her sister without attempting to console her. Probably she might be of opinion, that even the worst intelligence which could be received from Flanders might not be without some touch of consolation; and that the dowager Lady Forester, if so she was doomed to be called, might have a source of happiness unknown to the wife of the gayest and finest gentleman in Scotland. This conviction became stronger as they learned, from inquiries made at head-quarters, that Sir Philip was no longer with the army; though, whether he had been taken or slain in some of those skirmishes which were perpetually occurring, and in which he loved to distinguish himself, or whether he had, for some unknown reason or capricious change of mind, voluntarily left the service, none of his countrymen in the camp of the allies could form even a conjecture. Meantime his creditors at home became clamorous, entered into possession of his property, and threatened his person, should he be rash enough to return to Scotland. These additional disadvantages aggravated Lady Bothwell's displeasure against the fugitive husband; while her sister saw nothing in any of them, save what tended to increase her grief for the absence of him whom her imagination now represented—as it had before marriage—gallant, gay, and affectionate. About this period there appeared in Edinburgh a

man of singular appearance and pretensions. He was commonly called the Paduan Doctor, from having received his education at that famous university. He was supposed to possess some rare receipts in medicine, with which, it was affirmed, he had wrought remarkable cures. But though, on the one hand, the physicians of Edinburgh termed him an empiric, there were many persons, and among them some of the clergy, who, while they admitted the truth of the cures and the force of his remedies, alleged that Doctor Baptista Damiotti made use of charms and unlawful arts in order to obtain success in his practice. The resorting to him was even solemnly preached against, as a seeking of health from idols, and a trusting to the help which was to come from Egypt. But the protection which the Paduan doctor received from some friends of interest and consequence, enabled him to set these imputations at defiance, and to assume, even in the city of Edinburgh, famed as it was for abhorrence of witches and necromancers, the dangerous character of an expounder of futurity. It was at length rumoured, that, for a certain gratification, which of course was not an inconsiderable one, Doctor Baptista Damiotti could tell the fate of the absent, and even show his visitors the personal form of their absent friends, and the action in which they were engaged at the moment. This rumour came to the ears of Lady Forester, who had reached that pitch of mental agony in which the sufferer will do any thing, or endure any thing, that suspense may be converted into certainty.

Gentle and timid in most cases, her state of mind made her equally obstinate and reckless, and it was with no small surprise and alarm that her sister, Lady Bothwell, heard her express a resolution to visit this man of art, and learn from him the fate of her husband. Lady Bothwell remonstrated on the improbability that such pretensions as those of this foreigner could be founded in any thing but imposture.

"I care not," said the deserted wife, "what degree of ridicule I may incur: if there be any one chance out of a hundred that I may obtain some certainty of my husband's fate, I would not miss that chance for whatever else the world can offer me."

Lady Bothwell next urged the unlawfulness of resorting to such sources of forbidden knowledge.

"Sister," replied the sufferer, "he who is dying of thirst cannot refrain from drinking even poisoned water. She who suffers under suspense, must seek information, even were the powers which offer it unhallowed and infernal. I go to learn my fate alone; and this very evening will I know it: the sun that rises to-morrow shall find me, if not more happy, at least more resigned."

"Sister," said Lady Bothwell, "if you are determined upon this wild step, you shall not go alone. If this man be an impostor, you may be too much agitated by your feelings to detect his villany. If, which I cannot believe, there be any truth in what he pretends, you shall not be exposed alone to a communication of so extraordinary a nature. I will go with you, if indeed you determine to go. But yet reconsider your project, and renounce inquiries which cannot be prosecuted without guilt, and ~~peril~~ without danger."

Lady Forester threw herself into

and, clasping her to her bosom, thanked her a hundred times for the offer of her company; while she declined, with a melancholy gesture, the friendly advice with which it was accompanied.

When the hour of twilight arrived, which was the period when the Paduan doctor was understood to receive the visits of those who came to consult with him—the two ladies left their apartments in the Canonate of Edinburgh, having their dress arranged like that of women of an inferior description, and their plaids disposed around their faces as they were worn by the same class; for, in those days of aristocracy, the quality of the wearer was generally indicated by the manner in which her plaid was disposed, as well as by the fineness of its texture. It was Lady Bothwell who had suggested this species of disguise, partly to avoid observation as they should go to the conjurer's house, and partly in order to make trial of his penetration by appearing before him in a feigned character. Lady Forester's servant, of tried fidelity, had been employed by her to propitiate the doctor by a suitable fee, and a story intimating that a soldier's wife desired to know the fate of her husband; a subject upon which, in all probability, the sage was very frequently consulted.

To the last moment, when the palace clock struck eight, Lady Bothwell earnestly watched her sister, in hopes that she might retreat from her rash undertaking; but as mildness, and even timidity, is capable at times of vehement and fixed purposes, she found Lady Forester resolutely unmoved and determined when the moment of departure arrived. Ill satisfied with the expedition, but determined not to leave her sister at such a crisis, Lady Bothwell accompanied Lady Forester through more than one obscure street and lane, the servant walking before, and acting as their guide. At length he suddenly turned into a narrow court, and knocked at an arched door, which seemed to belong to a building of some antiquity. It opened, though no one appeared to act as porter; and the servant stepping aside from the entrance, motioned the ladies to enter. They had no sooner done so than it shut, and excluded their guide. The two ladies found themselves in a small vestibule, illuminated by a dim lamp, and having, when the door was closed, no communication with the external light or air. The door of an inner apartment, partly open, was at the further side of the vestibule.

"We must not hesitate now, *Jemima*," said Lady Bothwell, and walked forward into the inner-room, where, surrounded by books, maps, philosophical utensils, and other implements of peculiar shape and appearance, they found the man of art.

There was nothing very peculiar in the Italian's appearance. He had the dark complexion and marked features of his country, seemed about fifty years old, and was handsomely but plainly dressed in a full suit of black clothes, which was then the universal costume of the medical profession. Large wax-lights, in silver sconces, illuminated the apartment, which was reasonably furnished. He rose as the ladies entered; and, notwithstanding the inferiority of their dress, received them with the marked respect due to their quality, and which foreigners are usually punctilious in rendering to those to whom such honours are due.

Lady Bothwell endeavoured to maintain her proposed incognito, and, as the doctor ushered them to the upper end of the room, made a motion declining his courtesy, as unfitted for their condition. "We are poor people, sir," she said; "only my sister's distress has brought us to consult your worship whether—"

He smiled as he interrupted her—"I am aware, madam, of your sister's distress, and its cause; I am aware, also, that I am honoured with a visit from two ladies of the highest consideration—Lady Bothwell and Lady Forester. If I could not distinguish

them from the class of society which their present dress would indicate, there would be small possibility of my being able to gratify them by giving the information which they came to seek."

"I can easily understand," said Lady Bothwell—

"Pardon my boldness to interrupt you, *mi-lady*," cried the Italian; "your ladyship was about to say, that you could easily understand that I had got possession of your names by means of your domestic. But, in thinking so, you do injustice to the fidelity of your servant, and, I may add, to the skill of one who is also not less your humble servant—Baptista Damiotti."

"I have no intention to do either, sir," said Lady Bothwell, maintaining a tone of composure, though somewhat surprised, "but the situation is something new to me. If you know who we are, you also know, sir, what brought us here."

"Curiosity to know the fate of a Scottish gentleman of rank, now, or lately, upon the continent," answered the seer; "his name is *il Cavaliero Philippo Forester*; a gentleman who has the honour to be husband to this lady, and, with your ladyship's permission for using plain language, the misfortune not to value as it deserves that inestimable advantage."

Lady Forester sighed deeply, and Lady Bothwell replied—

"Since you know our object without our telling it, the only question that remains is, whether you have the power to relieve my sister's anxiety."

"I have, madam," answered the Paduan scholar; "but there is still a previous inquiry. Have you the courage to behold with your own eyes what the Cavaliero Philippo Forester is now doing? or will you take it on my report?"

"That question my sister must answer for herself," said Lady Bothwell.

"With my own eyes will I endure to see whatever you have power to show me," said Lady Forester, with the same determined spirit which had stimulated her since her resolution was taken upon this subject.

"There may be danger in it."

"If gold can compensate the risk," said Lady Forester, taking out her purse.

"I do not such things for the purpose of gain," answered the foreigner. "I dare not turn my art to such a purpose. If I take the gold of the wealthy, it is but to bestow it on the poor; nor do I ever accept more than the sum I have already received from your servant. Put up your purse, madam; an adept needs not your gold."

Lady Bothwell, considering this rejection of her sister's offer as a mere trick of an empiric, to induce her to press a larger sum upon him, and willing that the scene should be commenced and ended, offered some gold in turn, observing that it was only to enlarge the sphere of his charity.

"Let Lady Bothwell enlarge the sphere of her own charity," said the Paduan, "not merely in giving of alms, in which I know she is not deficient, but in judging the character of others; and let her oblige Baptista Damiotti by believing him honest till she shall discover him to be a knave. Do not be surprised, madam, if I speak in answer to your thoughts rather than your expressions; and tell me once more, whether you have courage to look on what I am prepared to show."

"I own, sir," said Lady Bothwell, "that your words strike me with some sense of fear; but whatever my sister desires to witness, I will not shrink from witnessing along with her."

"Nay, the danger only consists in the risk of your resolution failing you. The sight can only last for the space of seven minutes; and should you interrupt the vision by speaking a single word, not only would the charm be broken, but some danger might result to the spectators. But if you can remain steadily si-

lent for the seven minutes, your curiosity will be gratified without the slightest risk; and for this I will engage my honour."

Internally, Lady Bothwell thought the security was but an indifferent one; but she suppressed the suspicion, as if she had believed that the adept, whose dark features wore a half-formed smile, could in reality read even her most secret reflections. A solemn pause then ensued, until Lady Forester gathered courage enough to reply to the physician, as he termed himself, that she would abide with firmness and silence the sight which he had promised to exhibit to them. Upon this, he made them a low obeisance, and saying he went to prepare matters to meet their wish, left the apartment. The two sisters, hand-in-hand, as if seeking by that close union to divert any danger which might threaten them, sat down on two seats in immediate contact with each other; *Jemima* seeking support in the manly and habitual courage of Lady Bothwell; and she, on the other hand, more agitated than she had expected, endeavouring to fortify herself by the desperate resolution which circumstances had forced her sister to assume. The one perhaps said to herself, that her sister never feared any thing; and the other might reflect, that what so feeble a minded woman as *Jemima* did not fear, could not properly be a subject of apprehension to a person of firmness and resolution like her own.

In a few moments the thoughts of both were diverted from their own situation, by a strain of music so singularly sweet and solemn, that, while it seemed calculated to avert or dispel any feeling unconnected with its harmony, increased, at the same time, the solemn excitement which the preceding interview was calculated to produce. The music was that of some instrument with which they were unacquainted; but circumstances afterward led my ancestress to believe that it was that of the harmonica, which she heard at a much later period in life.

When these heaven-born sounds had ceased, a door opened in the upper end of the apartment, and they saw Damiotti, standing at the head of two or three steps, sign to them to advance. His dress was so different from that which he had worn a few minutes before, that they could hardly recognise him; and the deadly paleness of his countenance, and a certain stern rigidity of muscles, like that of one whose mind is made up to some strange and daring action, had totally changed the somewhat sarcastic expression with which he had previously regarded them both, and particularly Lady Bothwell. He was barefooted, excepting a species of sandals in the antique fashion; his legs were naked beneath the knee; above them he wore hose, and a doublet of dark crimson silk close to his body; and over that a flowing loose robe, something resembling a surplice, of snow-white linen: his throat and neck were uncovered, and his long, straight, black hair was carefully combed down at full length.

As the ladies approached at his bidding, he showed no gesture of that ceremonious courtesy of which he had been formerly lavish. On the contrary, he made the signal of advance with an air of command; and when, arm-in-arm, and with insecure steps, the sisters approached the spot where he stood, it was with a warning frown that he pressed his finger to his lips, as if reiterating his condition of absolute silence, while, stalking before them, he led the way into the next apartment.

This was a large room, hung with black, as if for a funeral. At the upper end was a table, or rather a species of altar, covered with the same lugubrious colour, on which lay divers objects resembling the usual implements of sorcery. These objects were not indeed visible as they advanced into the apartment; for the light which displayed them, being only that of two expiring lamps, was extremely faint. The

master—to use the Italian phrase for persons of this description—approached the upper end of the room, with a genuflection like that of a catholic to the crucifix, and at the same time crossed himself. The ladies followed in silence, and arm-in-arm. Two or three low broad steps led to a platform in front of the altar, or what resembled such. Here the sage took his stand, and placed the ladies beside him, once more earnestly repeating by signs his injunctions of silence. The Italian then, extending his bare arm from under his linen vestment, pointed with his forefinger to five large flambeaux, or torches, placed on each side of the altar. They took fire successively at the approach of his hand, or rather of his finger, and spread a strong light through the room. By this the visitors could discern that, on the seeming altar, were disposed two naked swords laid crosswise; a large open book, which they conceived to be a copy of the Holy Scriptures, but in a language to them unknown; and beside this mysterious volume was placed a human skull. But what struck the sisters most, was a very tall and broad mirror, which occupied all the space behind the altar, and, illumined by the lighted torches, reflected the mysterious articles which were laid upon it.

The master then placed himself between the two ladies, and, pointing to the mirror, took each by the hand, but without speaking a syllable. They gazed intently on the polished and sable space to which he had directed their attention. Suddenly the surface assumed a new and singular appearance. It no longer simply reflected the objects placed before it, but, as if it had self-contained scenery of its own, objects began to appear within it, at first in a disorderly, indistinct, and miscellaneous manner, like form arranging itself out of chaos; at length, in distinct and defined shape and symmetry. It was thus that, after some shifting of light and darkness over the face of the wonderful glass, a long perspective of arches and columns began to arrange itself on its sides, and a vaulted roof on the upper part of it; till, after many oscillations, the whole vision gained a fixed and stationary appearance, representing the interior of a foreign church. The pillars were stately, and hung with scutcheons; the arches were lofty and magnificent; the floor was lettered with funeral inscriptions. But there were no separate shrines, no images, no display of chalice or crucifix on the altar. It was, therefore, a protestant church upon the continent. A clergyman, dressed in the Geneva gown and band, stood by the communion-table, and, with the Bible opened before him, and his clerk awaiting in the back ground, seemed prepared to perform some service of the church to which he belonged.

At length there entered the middle aisle of the building a numerous party, which appeared to be a bridal one, as a lady and gentleman walked first, hand-in-hand, followed by a large concourse of persons of both sexes, gayly, nay, richly attired. The bride, whose features they could distinctly see, seemed not more than sixteen years old, and extremely beautiful. The bridegroom, for some seconds, moved rather with his shoulder toward them, and his face averted; but his elegance of form and step struck the sisters at once with the same apprehension. As he turned his face suddenly, it was frightfully realized, and they saw, in the gay bridegroom before them, Sir Philip Forester. His wife uttered an imperfect exclamation, at the sound of which the whole scene stirred and seemed to separate.

"I could compare it to nothing," said Lady Bothwell while recounting the wonderful tale, "but to the dispersion of the reflection offered by a deep and calm pool, when a stone is suddenly cast into it, and the shadows become dissipated and broken." The master pressed both the ladies' hands severely, as if to remind them of their promise, and of the danger which they incurred. The exclamation died away

on Lady Forester's tongue, without attaining perfect utterance, and the scene in the glass, after the fluctuation of a minute, again resumed to the eye its former appearance of a real scene existing within the mirror, as if represented in a picture, save that the figures were moveable instead of being stationary.

The representation of Sir Philip Forester, now distinctly visible in form and feature, was seen to lead on toward the clergyman that beautiful girl, who advanced at once with diffidence and with a species of affectionate pride. In the meantime, and just as the clergyman had arranged the bridal company before him, and seemed about to commence the service, another group of persons, of whom two or three were officers, entered the church. They moved, at first, forward, as though they came to witness the bridal ceremony, but suddenly one of the officers, whose back was toward the spectators, detached himself from his companions, and rushed hastily towards the marriage party; when the whole of them turned toward him, as if attracted by some exclamation which had accompanied his advance. Suddenly the intruder drew his sword; the bridegroom unsheathed his own, and made toward him; swords were also drawn by other individuals, both of the marriage party and of those who had last entered. They fell into a sort of confusion, the clergyman and some elder and graver persons labouring apparently to keep the peace, while the hotter spirits, on both sides, brandished their weapons. But now the period of the brief space, during which the soothsayer, as he pretended, was permitted to exhibit his art, was arrived. The fumes again mixed together, and dissolved gradually from observation; the vaults and columns of the church rolled asunder, and disappeared; and the front of the mirror reflected nothing save the blazing torches and the melancholy apparatus placed on the altar or table before it.

The doctor led the ladies, who greatly required his support, into the apartment from whence they came; where wine, essences, and other means of restoring suspended animation, had been provided during his absence. He motioned them to chairs, which they occupied in silence; Lady Forester, in particular, wringing her hands and casting her eyes up to heaven, but without speaking a word, as if the spell had been still before her eyes.

"And what we have seen is even now acting?" said Lady Bothwell, collecting herself with difficulty.

"That," answered Baptista Damiotti, "I cannot justly, or with certainty, say. But it is either now acting or has been acted, during a short space before this. It is the last remarkable transaction in which the Cavalier Forester has been engaged."

Lady Bothwell then expressed anxiety concerning her sister, whose altered countenance and apparent unconsciousness of what passed around her, excited her apprehensions how it might be possible to convey her home.

"I have prepared for that," answered the adept; "I have directed the servant to bring your equipage as near to this place as the narrowness of the street will permit. Fear not for your sister; but give her, when you return home, this composing draught, and she will be better to-morrow morning. Few," he added, in a melancholy tone, "leave this house as well in health as they entered it. Such being the consequence of seeking knowledge by mysterious means, I leave you to judge the condition of those who have the power of gratifying such irregular curiosity. Farewell, and forget not the potion."

"I will give her nothing that comes from you," said Lady Bothwell; "I have seen enough of your art already. Perhaps you would poison us both, to conceal your own necromancy. But we are persons who want neither the means of making our wrongs known, nor the assistance of friends to right them."

"You have had no wrongs from me, madam," said the adept. "You sought one who is little grateful for such honour. He seeks no one, and only gives responses to those who invite and call upon him. After all, you have but learned a little sooner the evil which you must still be doomed to endure. I hear your servant's step at the door, and will detain your ladyship and Lady Forester no longer. The next packet from the continent will explain what you have already partly witnessed. Let it not, if I may advise, pass too suddenly into your sister's hands."

So saying, he bid Lady Bothwell good night. She went, lighted by the adept, to the vestibule, where he hastily threw a black cloak over his singular dress, and opening the door, entrusted his visitors to the care of the servant. It was with difficulty that Lady Bothwell sustained her sister to the carriage, though it was only twenty steps distant. When they arrived at home, Lady Forester required medical assistance. The physician of the family attended, and shook his head on feeling her pulse.

"Here has been," he said, "a violent and sudden shock on the nerves. I must know how it has happened."

Lady Bothwell admitted they had visited the conjurer, and that Lady Forester had received some bad news respecting her husband, Sir Philip.

"That rascally quack would make my fortune, were he to stay in Edinburgh," said the graduate; "this is the seventh nervous case I have heard of his making for me, and all by effect of terror." He next examined the composing draught which Lady Bothwell had unconsciously brought in her hand, tasted it, and pronounced it very german to the matter, and what would save an application to the apothecary. He then paused, and looking at Lady Bothwell very significantly, at length added, "I suppose I must not ask your ladyship any thing about this Italian warlock's proceedings?"

"Indeed, doctor," answered Lady Bothwell, "I consider what passed as confidential; and though the man may be a rogue, yet, as we were fools enough to consult him, we should, I think, be honest enough to keep his counsel."

"May be a knave—come," said the doctor, "I am glad to hear your ladyship allows such a possibility in any thing that comes from Italy."

"What comes from Italy may be as good as what comes from Hanover, doctor. But you and I will remain good friends, and that it may be so, we will say nothing of whig and tory."

"Not I," said the doctor, receiving his fee; and, taking his hat, "a Carolus serves my purpose as well as a Willielmus. But I should like to know why old Lady Saint Ringan's, and all that set, go about wasting their decayed lungs in puffing this foreign fellow."

"Ay—you had best set him down a Jesuit, as Scrub says." On these terms they parted.

The poor patient—whose nerves, from an extraordinary state of tension, had at length become relaxed in as extraordinary a degree—continued to struggle with a sort of imbecility, the growth of superstitious terror, when the shocking tidings were brought from Holland, which fulfilled even her worst expectations.

They were sent by the celebrated earl of Stair, and contained the melancholy event of a duel betwixt Sir Philip Forester and his wife's half-brother, Captain Falconer, of the Scotch-Dutch, as they were then called, in which the latter had been killed. The cause of the quarrel rendered the incident still more shocking. It seemed that Sir Philip had left the army suddenly, in consequence of being unable to pay a very considerable sum, which he had lost to another volunteer at play. He had changed his residence and taken up his residence at Rotterdam, and had insinuated himself into the good

ancient and rich burgomaster, and by his handsome person and graceful manners captivated the affections of his only child, a very young person, of great beauty, and the heiress of much wealth. Delighted with the specious attractions of his proposed son-in-law, the wealthy merchant—whose idea of the British character was too high to admit of his taking any precaution to acquire evidence of his condition and circumstances—gave his consent to the marriage. It was about to be celebrated in the principal church of the city, when it was interrupted by a singular occurrence.

Captain Falconer having been detached to Rotterdam to bring up a part of the brigade of Scottish auxiliaries, who were in quarters there, a person of consideration in the town, to whom he had been formerly known, proposed to him, for amusement, to go to the high church, to see a countryman of his own married to the daughter of a wealthy burgomaster. Captain Falconer went accordingly, accompanied by his Dutch acquaintance, with a party of his friends, and two or three officers of the Scotch brigade. His astonishment may be conceived, when he saw his own brother-in-law, a married man, on the point of leading to the altar the innocent and beautiful creature, upon whom he was about to practise a base and unmanly deceit. He proclaimed his villany on the spot, and the marriage was interrupted of course. But, against the opinion of more thinking men, who considered Sir Philip Forester as having thrown himself out of the rank of men of honour, Captain Falconer admitted him to the privileges of such, accepted a challenge from him, and in the rencontre received a mortal wound. Such are the ways of heaven, mysterious in our eyes. Lady Forester never recovered the shock of this dismal intelligence.

.....
 "And did this tragedy," said I, "take place exactly at the time when the scene in the mirror was exhibited?"

"It is hard to be obliged to maim one's story," answered my aunt; "but, to speak the truth, it happened some days sooner than the apparition was exhibited."

"And so there remained a possibility," said I, "that by some secret and speedy communication the artist might have received early intelligence of that incident?"

"The incredulous pretended so," replied my aunt.

"What became of the adept?" demanded I.

"Why, a warrant came down shortly afterwards to arrest him for high-treason, as an agent of the Chevalier St. George; and Lady Bothwell, recollecting the hints which had escaped the doctor, an ardent friend of the Protestant succession, did then call to remembrance, that this man was chiefly *prone* among the ancient matrons of her own political persuasion. It certainly seemed probable that intelligence from the continent, which could easily have been transmitted by an active and powerful agent, might have enabled him to prepare such a scene of phantasmagoria as she had herself witnessed. Yet there were so many difficulties in assigning a natural explanation, that, to the day of her death, she remained in great doubt on the subject, and much disposed to cut the Gordian knot, by admitting the existence of supernatural agency."

"But, my dear aunt," said I, "what became of the man of skill?"

"Oh, he was too good a fortune-teller not to be able to foresee that his own destiny would be tragical, if he waited the arrival of the man with the silver greyhound upon his sleeve. He made, as we say, a moonlight flitting, and was nowhere to be seen, or heard of. Some noise there was about papers or letters found in the house, but it died away, and Doctor Baptista Damioiti was soon as little talked of as Galen or Hippocrates."

"And Sir Philip Forester," said I, "did he, too, vanish for ever from the public scene?"

"No," replied my kind informer. "He was heard of once more, and it was upon a remarkable occasion. It was said that we Scots, when there was such a nation in existence, have, among our full peck of virtues, one or two barleycorns of vice. In particular, it is alleged that we rarely forgive, and never forget, any injuries received; that we used to make an idol of our resentment, as poor Lady Constance did of her grief; and are addicted, as Burns says, to 'nursing our wrath to keep it warm.' Lady Bothwell was not without this feeling; and, I believe, nothing whatever, scarcely the restoration of the Stuart line, could have happened so delicious to her feelings as an opportunity of being revenged on Sir Philip Forester for the deep and double injury which had deprived her of a sister and of a brother. But nothing of him was heard or known till many a year had passed away."

At length—it was on a Fasten's E'en—Shrovetide—assembly, at which the whole fashion of Edinburgh attended, full and frequent, and when Lady Bothwell had a seat amongst the lady patronesses, that one of the attendants on the company whispered into her ear, that a gentleman wished to speak with her in private.

"In private? and in an assembly-room? He must be mad. Tell him to call upon me to-morrow-morning."

"I said so, my lady," answered the man, "but he desired me to give you this paper."

She undid the billet, which was curiously folded and sealed. It only bore the words, "*On business of life and death,*" written in a hand which she had never seen before. Suddenly it occurred to her that it might concern the safety of some of her political friends; she, therefore, followed the messenger to a small apartment where the refreshments were prepared, and from which the general company was excluded. She found an old man, who, at her approach, rose up and bowed profoundly. His appearance indicated a broken constitution, and his dress, though sedulously rendered conforming to the etiquette of a ball-room, was worn and tarnished, and hung in folds about his emaciated person. Lady Bothwell was about to feel for her purse, expecting to get rid of the suppliant at the expense of a little money, but some fear of a mistake arrested her purpose. She, therefore, gave the man leisure to explain himself.

"I have the honour to speak with the Lady Bothwell."

"I am Lady Bothwell; allow me to say that this is no time or place for long explanations. What are your commands with me?"

"Your ladyship," said the old man, "had once a sister."

"True; whom I loved as my own soul."

"And a brother."

"The bravest, the kindest, the most affectionate," said Lady Bothwell.

"Both these beloved relatives you lost by the fault of an unfortunate man," continued the stranger.

"By the crime of an unnatural, bloody-minded murderer," said the lady.

"I am answered," replied the old man, bowing as if to withdraw.

"Stop, sir, I command you," said Lady Bothwell. "Who are you, that, at such a place and time, come to recal these horrible recollections? I insist upon knowing."

"I am one who means Lady Bothwell no injury; but, on the contrary, to offer her the means of doing a deed of christian charity which the world would wonder at, and which heaven would reward; but I find her in no temper for such a sacrifice as I was prepared to ask."

"Speak out, sir; what is your meaning?" said Lady Bothwell.

"The wretch that has wronged you so deeply," rejoined the stranger, "is now on his deathbed. His days have been days of misery, his nights have been sleepless hours of anguish—yet he cannot die without your forgiveness. His life has been an unremitting penance—yet he dares not part from his burthen while your curses load his soul."

"Tell him," said Lady Bothwell sternly, "to ask pardon of that Being whom he has so greatly offended; not of an erring mortal like himself. What could my forgiveness avail him?"

"Much," answered the old man. "It will be an earnest of that which he may then venture to ask from his Creator, lady, and from yours. Remember, Lady Bothwell, you too have a deathbed to look forward to; your soul may—all human souls must—feel the awe of facing the judgment-seat, with the wounds of an untented conscience, raw, and rankling—what thought would it be, then, that should whisper, 'I have given no mercy, how then shall I ask it?'"

"Man, whosoever thou mayst be," replied Lady Bothwell, "urge me not so cruelly. It would be but blasphemous hypocrisy to utter with my lips the words which every throb of my heart protests against. They would open the earth and give to light the wasted form of my sister—the bloody form of my murdered brother. Forgive him? Never, never!"

"Great God!" cried the old man, holding up his hands; "is it thus the worms which thou hast called out of dust obey the commands of their Maker? Farewell, proud and unforgiving woman. Exult that thou hast added to a death, in want and pain, the agonies of religious despair; but never again mock heaven by petitioning for the pardon which thou hast refused to grant."

He was turning from her.

"Stop," she exclaimed; "I will try; yes, I will try to pardon him."

"Gracious lady," said the old man, "you will relieve the over-burdened soul which dare not sever itself from its sinful companion of earth without being at peace with you. What do I know—your forgiveness may, perhaps, preserve for penitence the dregs of a wretched life."

"Ha!" said the lady, as a sudden light broke on her, "it is the villain himself." And grasping Sir Philip Forester—for it was he, and no other—by the collar, she raised a cry of "Murder, murder! seize the murderer!"

At an exclamation so singular, in such a place, the company thronged into the apartment; but Sir Philip Forester was no longer there. He had forcibly extricated himself from Lady Bothwell's hold, and had run out of the apartment which opened on the landing-place of the stair. There seemed no escape in that direction, for there were several persons coming up the steps, and others descending. But the unfortunate man was desperate. He threw himself over the balustrade, and alighted safely in the lobby, though a leap of fifteen feet at least, then dashed into the street, and was lost in darkness. Some of the Bothwell family made pursuit, and had they come up with the fugitive, they might have perhaps slain him; for in those days men's blood ran warm in their veins. But the police did not interfere; the matter most criminal having happened long since, and in a foreign land. Indeed, it was always thought that this extraordinary scene originated in a hypocritical experiment, by which Sir Philip desired to ascertain whether he might return to his native country in safety from the resentment of a family which he had injured so deeply. As the result fell out so contrary to his wishes, he is believed to have returned to the continent, and there died in exile. So closed the tale of the MYSTERIOUS MIRROR.

SKETCH OF CHARACTER.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE FIRST.

THERE is no wreck which is more a sight for pity than that human ruin—an unfortunate man; and no human ruin more pitiable than genius wrecked by the winds and waves of adversity. I have looked on the ivied remains of some ancient castle, once a strong-hold for war, and have lamented its pride made humble, its strength half prostrate, and toppling ere it totally fall, like an aged man's—its halls, where thronged the mailed men of chivalry, and the daughters of beauty, whose "eyes rained influence, and judged the prize;" now the dull home of the bat, and toad, and things obscene—where, for the roundelay of the minstrel,

"The moping owl doth to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret tower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign."

And I have looked at that no less noble wreck, that floating castle of the sea, a dismantled vessel of war—lying, with bare ribs and broken timbers, on the ignoble bank of a narrow tributary river to its proud parent the sea, who bore it on her bosom as a mother her child—where it was now left by the tide like a leviathan of the waters, deserted on a shore too shallow for its mighty bulk to float over. I have thought of its century of pride, when it was a thing of motion, and almost of life—when its prow broke the waves before it, as a plough breaks up the earth with its share—and, in imagination, have heard the surly thunder of its guns, and seen the destruction of its thunder-bolts, crushing its enemies as with the hand of death. I have looked with serious thoughts at these mighty things no longer mighty; but none of them have inspired me with that awe which the sight of human intellect in its decay, or neglect, struck on the heart, and drew from the eyes. That a mind which might have enlightened its country—perhaps the world—should have been hidden under obscuring clouds, till that inward light, "self-fed, and self-consumed," grew dim, and "paled its ineffectual fire," throwing out only those faint, intermittent flashes which a dying taper flings momentarily from its socket—that a voice which might, but for these neglects, have been heard singing to our ravished ears from "the third heaven of invention," should be tremulous, choked, and broken, by vain efforts to reveal feelings which lie too deep for words, to communicate the sorrows of a desolated heart to an ear ever patient to hear the "simple annals of the poor;" that a heart which might have glowed with the very "life of life," and been filled with friendliness for all, with pity for the poor and the unhappy, love for the good and the beautiful, and human kindness for all who are human—and have lived like a fertile and sunny spot in that little world, the body of man—should, by neglect alone, become a dreary desert, an unvisited and unweeded garden, choked with the weeds and briars of self-abandonment and hopeless indolence—without a flower—or with but here and there one, where might have been nothing but one paradise of sweets—to bloom in a barren space, and throw out the perfume of the soul—are indeed causes for pity, that we should painfully see these things, and for regret, that we cannot hope to remedy them.

It is a fault which only "experience, that makes fools wise," and wise men wiser, can correct in a young and ardent mind, that, when it first awakes to a consciousness of talent, it is too rash and ungovernable to use its discovery to the best advantage. It no sooner discovers the spring of mind within, than it at once bares it to the broad eye of day; and you must stop, and, prostrating yourself like a thankful pilgrim at some sacred fountain, drink with reverence of its new waters, and bless it with a fervent benison, or you are no true worshipper of the muses. The young man of genius no sooner finds that he has feet for the difficult race of fame, than he commences running; and that so fast, that, before half the course is strained over, his powers, too fiercely tried, or too little encouraged to the trial, fail him as suddenly as he found them: he halts in his headlong speed, and the race is lost from his eagerness to win it. Then come present disappointment, backward-looking regret, hope that looks not forward, and pining despondency, regardless and reckless self-abandonment, and, finally, helpless despair.

The first fault of a young author's life is the key to the

rest of it; and usually opens the wicket-door to a long and winding walk through that maze of error which too certainly leads, in the end, to the desolate bower of disappointment. Inexperience, in him, is so far a fault, that it is the parent of a large family of young errors. Ignorant of the world, he presumes to teach it, when he should sit as a scholar in its wisdom-giving school: but he is too erratic; he forsakes the lyceums of learning like a truant, and will have no place but the fields for his study—no book but the book of nature to pore upon. He is, perhaps, diligent, and acquires something for himself; and he teaches what he learns as fast as he learns it, instead of nourishing and storing it like "a seed which, after many days, should bring forth" the fruit of knowledge "a hundred fold;" reminding us of those shallow artificial basins we sometimes meet with in palace-gardens, which pour out as fast as they receive waters not their own, and are full to-day and empty to-morrow—instead of resembling a natural spring, and being an inexhaustible well-head of waters of a constant flow and fullness. Or if he is not so daringly ignorant as to aim at teaching mankind, but only at amusing them, and tunes a romantic harp to tales of love and chivalry, or touches the lyre to tragic story, or indulges only in the capricious flights of wild imagination—the world has too many stunning realities, too much of natural horror, and too much of unnatural hatred, of brother-nation against brother-nation, of child-land against father-land, to listen to the beautiful imaginations of the muse. The world, therefore, looks coldly on him, and he, in turn, looks coldly on the world; this is the first chill his ardent nature receives. He has expected great deference, honour, and public applause; and only two or three followers of his own hurl up their caps in the corner of the hall. He has thought that genius and success are one; he has genius still; but where is success? He at last learns that great talents may be obscured under unfavourable clouds; that even genius may be born too early or too late for the age. His shining talents are, therefore, to him, like gold to one who perishes of drought in a desert. The spirit which made him independent breaks; and now he looks round for that success at the hand of one, which he has failed in obtaining from the hands of many: he seeks a patron, finds one, and proudly bends his head, to be crowned, as he imagines, with the laurels of patronage, but he finds, in the end, that he has been crowned with thorns.

But I cannot better illustrate the progress of an unfortunate man of genius, and finish the picture I have half drawn, than by presenting the sketch of a young author's life, from his May of hope to his December of despair; and this I shall presently give in the words of the unfortunate hero himself.

It is the privilege of a few, that though they play no part on the great stage of life, yet they are sometimes admitted behind the scenes, and behold its deceptions, its puppets, its paint and patchwork. Having had this privilege, I have not failed to snatch the opportunity of seeing men as they are, and not as they seem to be. Indeed, he who wishes to see the world as it is, should not look at it through the eyes of others, but through that medium which nature and reason have given to all men, if they will distinguish for themselves, and not trust implicitly to guides who wilfully and perversely blind themselves to the beauty of the world, and to the single worth and entire value of its many-peopled and many-passioned cities and citizens.

I was sitting, as is my custom after dinner, in the Chapter coffee-house, and was employed, at that moment, in musing on the misfortunes incidental to genius—a subject to which I had been led, from falling in with the "Life of Dermody" during the morning—when, on looking across the room, I observed a semi-genteel figure sliding towards the box in which I was sitting, who, after inquiring for letters, and finding there were none, shrugged up his shoulders with evident disappointment; and then, bowing to me with something like condescension, seated himself on the opposite side of my table. His manner and features struck me at the first glance, as those which I had somewhere known in years gone by, but which time had half obliterated. His head being uncovered, his forehead showed high and expansive; it was bald, and furrowed with strong lines of care and deeply-engraved sorrows. His face had the look of much thought, mixed with a mild melancholy; his eyes were half-sparkling, half-dimmed, as they had wept out their brightness in tears; and his whole appearance that of a young man made early old by disappointment and de-

spondency. Not to keep my attentive readers on the step of my story, when they should stand in the hall—after some progressive conversation on the subjects of the day, which led, in the end, to many remarks, from both sides, on things not made for the day, but "for all time"—the immortal men and books of the "o'er-passed age"—a few short sentences of explanation discovered to me, under the disguise of a literary name, and the mutilating alterations of time and misfortune, my old warm-headed and warm-hearted school-fellow, Jack Everard!

It is not the worst moment of our lives when two school-boy friends—grown older by the loss of the gentle and happy years of life, and colder by the loss of hair-brained haste and intemperate ardency—meet again, after long years of separation, no longer boys, but men: it is then that we most feel that we have been young, "but now are old;" though we have, perhaps, husbanded enough warmth of heart in this wintry world to be glad and young again at our meeting, if we feel sad and old when it is over. In a moment we had both started up, and catching each other's hands, need I say that tears started in both our eyes? A motley host of mine came rushing down my cheeks, some of them running for joy, others for pity of my friend's condition; others for old schoolboy-recollections, which now started up like dreamers that had been long asleep; and others for friendly and mingled feelings that cannot be classed or separated one from another: whilst his ran over for the change he felt he had undergone, from hopeful youth to hopeless manhood, as well as for the recollection of the friendship he had forgotten, but which he saw was as young as ever.

Everard was as much astonished to see me as I him. Time had altered both of us, but how had the world altered him! He was the hope and pride of our school—the delight of all when present, and the sole topic of praise when absent; open-hearted to a fault—open-handed to poverty—kind to the unkind—pious to those who deserved pity—loving all men as they were his brothers, and beloved by all as they were brothers to him. I knew not, at the moment of our meeting, whether he was altered in all of these things; but when I looked at him, I could see that time and change had robbed him of some of them. I was anxious to know his history; and again grasping his hand, with our old schoolboy-warmth,

"Frank," said he, "you are the same hearted fellow as ever; but I have neither heart nor spirits now to tell you the perils of the road through which I have passed. I would rather forget them, and think them well endured, that I have overtaken an old fellow-traveller, who has luckily escaped them, and has gone on with a light heart, which makes the heels light to outrun many accidents that dog the heavy-hearted and heavy-heeled pilgrims; I am as glad to meet thee as I should be to meet my happy boyhood again, if I could again be a happy boy, and forget that I have been an unhappy man."

"Everard," I rejoined, "when I look at you, I fear that you have indeed known many vicissitudes since last we met?"

I saw at a glance that I had unconsciously touched the tenderest string of the human heart—that which vibrates to its own sorrows. His countenance changed, and his eyes dropped with downcast earnestness on the vessel he held in his hand. It was plain that I had given a turn to his thoughts, which pained him; and I felt somewhat of regret, as I beheld the waters of a wounded heart running over at his eyes, which he endeavoured, but in vain, to conceal. His hand trembled as he grasped the cup; he lifted it to his quivering lips, but drank not, and returned it to the table; again he raised it, but his hand still trembled, and he laid it down. I sat in silence. Words cannot console the heart in moments of agony like these: you might as well hope to silence the stir of troubled waters by plunging pebbles into them: the heart must administer its own cure, or die of its own disease. At length, after a painful abstraction of some minutes, casting his eyes on me, and then glancing them another way, as if conscious that he had let me too far into his feelings, I ventured again to address him.

"A man need not blush for any tears but those wrung from hearts he has wounded."

"Perhaps not," was his reply, as he wiped away those he would no longer strive to conceal.

"Nature, our bountiful mother, did not drop into our hearts those precious waters, drained from her own breast—to be kept there like a little spring of freshness, to assuage

the fever and thirst of the brain—that we should deny its waters of relief to ourselves or to others, and shut it from them like a sealed well. Though I should think the man weak who went whimpering about like a schoolboy, I should count that man wicked who had tears for no sorrow. He who can weep his own griefs, can—or I know not the human heart—feel for those of others.”

“Not always,” he replied; “you forget the selfish.”

“Let us hope that these are few; and let them keep their tears as misers do their gold, to deny them, in the end, to themselves, and to stagnate in their heart, till what was designed by nature to refresh them, shall prove the source of poison and pestilence! But come—I’ll hear thy story, Jack; or I shall imagine it worse than it is; and you shall behold me weeping woes which are but the tricks of a strong or a weak imagination. Here is the Burgundy, mine honest Jack of the olden days of youth; drink till thy glass look pale at the pedestal; and tell us thy story as it were not thine; and yet, let it be thine, or no man’s. Drink, and let us forget the use of eyekerchiefs, and leave them to the waiter to wipe glasses instead of eyes.”

Here he threw out one of his old laughing looks of pleasantry, which were wont to set the “playground in a roar.” His reply will be found in the next number.

VARIETIES.

ACOUSTICS.—A bell rung under water returns a tone as distinct as if rung in the air.

Stop one ear with the finger, and press the other to one end of a long stick, or piece of deal wood, and if a watch be held at the other end of the wood, the ticking will be heard, be the wood or stick ever so long.

Tie a poker on to the middle of a strip of flannel, two or three feet long, and press with the thumbs or fingers the ends of the flannel into your ears, while you swing the poker against an iron fender, and you will hear a sound like that of a very heavy church bell. These experiments prove that water, wood, and flannel, are good conductors of sound; for the sound from the bell, the watch, and the fender, pass through the water, and along the deal and flannel to the ear. It must be observed, that a body, while in the act of sounding, is in a state of vibration, which it communicates to the surrounding air; the undulations of the air affect the ear, and excite in us the sense of sound. Sounds, of all kinds, it is ascertained, travel at the rate of thirteen miles in a minute; the softest whisper travels as fast as the most tremendous thunder. The knowledge of this fact has been applied to the measurement of distances.

Suppose a ship in distress fire a gun, the light of which is seen on shore, or by another vessel, twenty seconds before the report is heard, it is known to be at the distance of twenty times eleven hundred and forty-two feet, or little more than four miles and a half.

Again, if I see a vivid flash of lightning, and in two seconds hear a tremendous clap of thunder, I know that the thunder cloud is not more than seven hundred and sixty yards from the place where I am, and should instantly retire from an exposed situation.

The pulse of a healthy person beats about seventy-six times in a minute; if, therefore, between a flash of lightning and the thunder, I can feel one, two, three, four, &c. beats of my pulse, I know that the cloud is nine hundred, one thousand eight hundred, two thousand seven hundred, &c. feet from me.

Sound, like light, after it has been reflected from several places, may be collected into one point as a focus, where it will be more audible than in any other part. On this principle, whispering galleries are constructed.

Speaking trumpets, and those intended to assist the hearing of deaf persons, depend on the reflection of sound from the sides of the trumpet, and also upon its being confined and prevented from spreading in every direction. A speaking trumpet, to have its full effect, must be directed in a line towards the hearer. The report of a gun is much louder, when towards a person, than one placed in a contrary direction.

An echo is the reflection of sound striking against a surface adapted to the purpose, as the side of a hill, house, wall, &c.

LOUISIANA.—A tar, who had been boasting of the numerous foreign places he had seen, was asked if ever he had seen Louisiana. “No,” says Jack; “what country does she live in?”

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

ANSWER TO KELVIN GROVE.

Oh! I’ll hie to Kelvin grove,
Bonnie laddie, oh!
Through its fairy walks I’ll rove,
Bonnie laddie, oh!
When the blooming mountain-rose
Around its fragrance throws—
Where the honey-suckle grows,
Bonnie laddie, oh!

And when the hour shall come,
Bonnie laddie, oh!
That tears thee from thy home,
Bonnie laddie, oh!
From thy happy native vale,
On the stormy seas to sail—
Blessed be thy parting gale!—
Bonnie laddie, oh!

And if, on foreign shore,
Bonnie laddie, oh!
Thou fall’st midst din of war,
Bonnie laddie, oh!
Let mem’ry’s cheering power,
Like a fondly-cherished flower,
Bring peace in that lone hour,
Bonnie laddie, oh!

CURIOUS PETITION.—The following is a true copy of an original petition, supposed to have been written sixty years since, by a Mr. James Mason:

“To the honourable the commissioners of excise—The humble petition of Barney O’Blaney, Patrick O’Fagan, Carney O’Conner, and Teage O’Regan, to be appointed inspectors, and surveyors, and overlookers, vulgarly called excisemen, for the county of Cork, its own self, in the kingdom of Ireland.

“And whereas we, the aforesaid petitioners, will, both by night and by day, and all night and all day, and we will come and go, and walk and ride, and take and bring, and send and fetch, and carry, and we will see all, and more than all, and every thing, and nothing at all, of all such goods and commodities as may be, and can be, and cannot be, liable to pay duty; and we, the aforesaid petitioners, will, at times, and at no times at all, and at time past, be present, and be absent, and be backward, and be forward, and behind, and before, and every where, and no where, and here and there, and no where at all; and we, the aforesaid petitioners, will come, and inform, and give information and notice, duly, truly, and honestly, and wisely, according to the matter as we know, and by the knowledge of ourselves, and for every one of us, and no one at all; and we will not cheat the king any more than what is now lawfully practised.

“And whereas we, the aforesaid petitioners, as we are gentlemen of reputation, and we are protestants, and we love the king, and we will value him, and we will fight for him, and run for him, and from him, and after him, and behind him, and before him, and one side of him, and the other side of him, to save him, or any of his acquaintances or relations, as fast, and much faster, than lies in our power, and dead and alive, as long as we live, and longer too. Witness our several and separate hands in conjunction, one after another, all together, one and all three of us, both together. Barney O’Blaney, Patrick O’Fagan, Carney O’Conner, Teage O’Regan, of Charley Mont.”

BURNS.—There are but few of the “ills which flesh is heir to,” which are more common than burns and scalds; nor is there any one for the cure of which there has been a greater variety of prescriptions. Almost every good woman has her favourite application—it is the best thing in the world. Nor is the case much different with physicians and surgeons. Every one presumes he knows perfectly well what is the best method of treating a burn, though scarcely two treat them alike. And though death is not most commonly the consequence of burns and scalds, yet even that is not a rare occurrence. And where the case is by no means dangerous, it is commonly attended with much misery. All this shows very plainly, that, with all our knowledge on this subject, we have need to know something more. And the subject of these remarks is to introduce to the notice of our readers an application which, till lately, was new to us, and is so, we presume, to many. It is no other than common wheat flour. No other application is to be made in any ordinary case. As soon as possible after the accident, the part is to be covered with flour, shaken upon it with a flour-drudger, or sifted upon it through a common sieve. It is said that it gives speedy

relief. The operation of dusting over the part is to be repeated from time to time, as the smarting returns. The credit of proposing this remedy to the public, is due to Dr. Michael Ward, of Manchester, England. If it should be found equal to his recommendation, it will prevent much misery, and even death; besides having the recommendation of being always at hand, readily applied by any person, cheap enough, and perfectly cleanly.

THE CUNNING COBBLER.—Some time ago, the husband of an old lady, living in Buckinghamshire, died without making his will, for the want of which necessary precaution his estate would have passed away from his widow, had she not resorted to the following expedient to avert the loss of the property. She concealed the death of her husband, and prevailed on an old cobbler, her neighbour, who was, in person, somewhat like the deceased, to go to bed at her house, and personate him, in which character it was agreed that he should dictate a will, leaving the widow the estate in question. An attorney was sent for to draw up the writings. The widow, who, on his arrival, appeared in great affliction at her good man’s danger, began to ask questions of her pretended husband, calculated to elicit the answers she expected and desired. The cobbler, groaning aloud, and looking as much like a person going to give up the ghost as possible, feebly answered, “I intend to leave you half of my estates, and I think the poor old shoemaker, who lives opposite, is deserving the other half, for he has always been a good neighbour.” The widow was thunder-struck at receiving a reply so different from that which she expected, but dared not negative the cobbler’s will, for fear of losing the whole of the property; while the old rogue in bed—who was himself the poor old shoemaker living opposite—laughed in his sleeve, and divided with her the fruits of a project which the widow had intended for her sole benefit.

EVENNESS OF TEMPER.—Madame Necker relates the following anecdote of M. Aburet, a philosopher of Geneva. It was said of him, that he had never been out of temper. Some persons, by means of his female servant, were determined to put him to this proof. The woman in question stated, that she had been his servant for thirty years; and she protested that, during that time, she had never seen him in a passion. They promised her a sum of money, if she would endeavour to make him angry. She consented; and knowing that he was particularly fond of having his bed well made, she, on the day appointed, neglected to make it. M. Aburet observed it, and, the next morning, made the observation to her. She answered, that she had forgotten it; she said nothing more, but, on the same evening, she again neglected to make the bed. The same observation was made on the morrow, by the philosopher; and she again made some excuse, in a cooler manner than before. On the third day, he said to her, “You have not yet made my bed; you have, apparently, come to some resolution on the subject, as you, probably, found that it fatigued you. But, after all, it is of no consequence, as I begin to accustom myself to it as it is. She threw herself at his feet, and avowed all to him.

SPOON FOR ADMINISTERING MEDICINE.—A very neat and ingenious spoon for administering medicine to children, without their tasting it, and for other medical purposes, has been invented by Gibson, of Bishopsgate. The society of arts have awarded their Isis medal for this useful and necessary instrument, and it is now universally used, as it deserves to be, in the hospitals, and by the faculty in private practice.

METAPHYSICS.—A Scotch blacksmith being asked the meaning of metaphysics, explained it as follows:—“When a party that listens disna ken what the party who speaks means, and the party who speaks disna ken what he means himself—that is metaphysics.”

A WILLOW WHISTLE.—Did you ever play on willow whistles? This question recalls to my mind the happy days of my childhood; and my eye-lids feel damp, as I reflect that they are gone, never to return. The first impressions which I can recollect were those of green fields, and sunny banks, and humming bees, and butterflies, and singing birds, and battle-door and shuttle-cock. Oh! enviable ignorance! What could possibly be meant by the expression, “knowledge of the world?” a sentence which I have heard on all sides of me; and then people looked grave, and shook their heads. To me it was all incomprehensible, but certainly it must have been something that was not very good. But what mattered it to me what it was? I had nothing to do with it. I only knew that the sun shone, and the birds sung, and the

brook sung, and the cricket sung, and all was cheerful innocence, whether I and my playmates toppled amidst the fragrant new mown hay of summer, or feasted under the loaded trees of autumn. And all was cheerful innocence, too, in winter, when we thumped our noses in blind-man's buff, or burnt our fingers and throats with eating blazing raisins in the ancient and honourable game of snap-dragon. And when the moon majestically arose,

Like one who had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping 'neath a fleecy cloud."

The following simple, joyous carol, proceeding from my playmate serenaders, thrilled music through my heart:

"Oh! Anny Fanny, come away,
The moon now shines as bright as day;
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will, or not come at all."

Joyous were our sports, as those of fairies glancing through the moonbeams; sound was our sleep, and joyous our awakening; for the

"Robin red-breast came in spite of sorrow,
And at my chamber bade good-morrow;
Through the woodbine and the vine,
And the twisted eglantine."

I had then no compositions to write, no algebra to perplex my brains. No—I luxuriantly smelt the sweet violet and modest hawthorn. I listened to the lark soaring beyond the fleecy cloud—watched the sporting of the lambs, and sported with them—and was happy on that day, and thought that every day throughout my whole existence would be the same.

"Happy as a queen," is an expression of high import. It is conceived to express the acme of human bliss, and to contain a truism which admits of no dispute.

It may be so. But I believe that I was much happier than any queen ever was. Queens may have crowns, jewels, and all the paraphernalia of royal state: well, and so had I. I made myself a coronet of rushes, with which I surmounted my head. Pendants for my ears were formed of rich cowslips and daisies. My necklace and bracelets were composed of the deep blue violet, yellow butter-cups, and sprightly hawthorn. But, above all, I made myself a willow whistle! There was a delight which no princess ever felt! And there I used to sit upon a violet-bank, beside a murmuring brook, and looted upon my willow whistle the live-long day. But soon, alas! school-days commenced, and the garden of Eden faded gradually away. I had now many a task to perform; I heard much said about duty; and "knowledge of the world" was always ringing in my ears and teasing me. I now, to my sorrow, begin to find out what it all means—but,

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

And should fortune shower upon me abundance of riches and honours, I shall ever look back to that innocently gay dawning of life, when, crowned with my coronet of rushes, I sat upon that sweet-smelling violet bank, looting on my willow whistle the live-long day.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Literary Remains of Henry Neale.—Henry Neale, the son of an engraver in the Strand, was born in the year 1798. He was placed at an academy in Kentish Town, where he neglected his classical studies, but became master of the French, German and Italian languages. He was fond of poetry, and cultivated the belles lettres with great zeal and perseverance. On leaving school, he attached himself to the profession of the law, was admitted to practice, and entered as a solicitor. When only eighteen years old, he published his first work, which consisted of a volume of poems, and of which a second edition, with some additions, was issued in 1820. In 1823 he completed another volume of poems, and these he dedicated to Joanna Baillie. During this period, he laboured in the literary vineyard with considerable success, furnishing frequent contributions to the *Monthly Magazine*, and other journals. In 1827, he delivered his lectures on English poetry. In the same year, he wrote his *Romance of History*, and finished it in six months. It passed forthwith to a second edition. He also edited a few numbers of Shakespeare's plays; but, shortly afterward, discontinued them. On the seventh of February, 1828, he was found dead in his chamber, having destroyed

himself in a fit of insanity. Since his demise, a duodecimo volume, containing five hundred and fifty pages, has appeared under the name which heads this article. Its contents are the lectures referred to above, some original tales, and poems. Of these the following is a favourable specimen:

SUCH THINGS WERE.

"I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most precious to me."

Such things were! such things were!
False but precious, brief but fair.
The eagle with the bat may wed,
The hare may like the tortoise tread,
The finny tribe may cleave the air,
Ere I forget that such things were.

Can I forget my native glen,
Far from the sordid haunts of men?
The willow tree before the door,
The flower-crown'd porch, the humble floor?
Pomp came not nigh; but peace dwelt there.
Can I forget that such things were?

Can I forget that fair wan face,
Smiling with such a mournful grace?
That hand whose thrilling touch met mine?
Those eyes that did too brightly shine?
And that low grave, so sad and fair—
Can I forget that such things were?

I would not change these tears, these sighs,
For all earth's proudest luxuries;
I would not with my sorrow part
For a more light but colder heart,
Nor barter for pomp's costliest fare,
The memory that such things were.

The Messrs. Harpers have this work in press, and will give it to the public in the course of a few days.

Fourth Avenue.—We perceive that the common council are about to adopt measures preparatory to the opening of the Fourth Avenue. As the plan is one that greatly concerns the interests and character of the whole city, deriving increased importance from some striking peculiarities connected with it, it is humbly conceived that a few remarks, in addition to those heretofore made, will not be deemed unnecessary. Every disinterested person whom we have heard speak on the subject—and many of them are gentlemen of the first respectability for property and standing—has invariably expressed the highest commendation of the project of connecting Broadway with the Fourth Avenue. Any one who will examine the map of the city, and the ground which forms the connecting link in the contemplated improvement, must be forcibly struck with the immensely important consequences which hang upon it. We beg it may not be overlooked—and this is one of those consequences—that the wretched construction of many parts of the city shows the impossibility of ever opening any other uniform channel of communication between the Battery and Haerlem river, that would unite convenience with elegance. Let us for a moment contemplate this grand avenue of not less than eight miles in length, running in almost a straight line, in a very central, and by far the most desirable position, and over much of the best ground on the island, and we would appeal to the good sense and candour of every man in the community to say, if it would not open a door to such a combination of riches, embellishments, and grandeur, as might hereafter challenge a comparison with, even if it did not far surpass, any other in the world. It ought not to be forgotten, that, when this subject is brought up for discussion in the common council, they are about to enter on the task of legislating, not for the present generation merely, not for the accommodation of a few men who may be governed by mercenary motives, and who disregard every public improvement that comes in collision with their private interests, but it is for posterity, for generations to come, for a population which is to cover the island, and which will probably number a million. This is the light in which, in our judgment, the public guardians are called on to view the subject; and a very little reflection, we should suppose, would be sufficient to convince any man that it is the correct one. The character and pride of the city; its future welfare, magnificence, and glory; the reputation of those to whom is intrusted the management of its affairs, and the fame that is inseparable from a policy founded in wisdom and foresight, all unite to enforce the propriety of the course here recommended. This, too, is the "golden moment of opportunity," which, if suffered to pass unheeded, the advantages can never be recovered. The property can now be obtained for comparatively a small sum; whereas, if put off to a future day, and the present disgusting defor-

mity confirmed, the obstacles to be overcome would be so multiplied, and the expense attending their removal so serious in amount, as utterly to forbid all hope of its accomplishment.

We are not unaware that the policy we are defending would beget a conflict between the public good—which, by-the-by, ought always to be a paramount consideration—and the private concerns of individuals. This, however, is a difficulty by no means immovable. If the rights of citizens are infringed by it, the course to be pursued is a very plain one. The ordinary principles of justice require that such citizens should be honestly and fairly reimbursed for any loss or injury they may sustain. When this is done, they have no right to complain; and if they do, their complaints are not entitled to respect or consideration.

Our article shall be closed by respectfully suggesting to the common council, that we think they should not be unmindful of the many glaring and odious defects in the old settled parts of the city, notwithstanding the numerous valuable improvements recently made, and the consequent grievous burdens which have been brought upon the present generation by means of the cupidity, ignorance and folly of those who are no longer remembered. We trust the independence and rectitude which we believe to be prominent features in the character of our present corporation, will be sufficient to check the foul spirit of avarice, should it dare to show itself before them; and that they will not yield their assent to any proposition, however plausible, that does not rest on the solid foundations of public honour and public good.

Rosalie.—Rosalie's letter has been received, and it will give us great pleasure to comply with her request, made in terms so polite and impressive. Independently of the sweet recompense which her imagined smiles of approbation will bestow on us, we shall feel proud to minister to the recollections of the happy past, on which our unknown, but intelligent correspondent, so feelingly and eloquently descants, and to which we all must recur in our better hours, snatched from worldly pursuits and selfish cares. We entirely sympathize with the pure and unsophisticated taste of Rosalie, and delightedly dwell on "those sweet airs, composed in *lang syne*, previous to the introduction and use of so many crotchets and quavers."

New-York City Dispensary.—Want of room compels us to omit the extracts we had intended to make from the report of this institution. In our next, we shall present them; and, in the mean time, we beg leave to direct, once more, the attention of the humane and benevolent reader to its powerful and long-neglected claims on the public bounty. "He that lendeth to the poor, the Lord shall repay."

Bachelors' Fancy Ball.—The decorations of the ball-room in the city-hotel were, on the present occasion, unsurpassed in elegance and splendour. The arrangements, the ornaments, inscriptions, &c. were designed and executed by the Messrs. Phye, upholsterers in Maiden-lane, with the aid of Mr. Snooks, the carpenter. The ball went off in the most brilliant style, and "the execution done" on the single gentlemen was never before equalled.

My Aunt Margaret's Mirror.—No longer to break upon the interest which this story has excited in the minds of many of our readers, we have concluded to devote an unusual portion of this week's impression to its conclusion. This will, we trust, be a sufficient apology for the absence of the usual variety.

Asara.—Macdonald Clarke has published a poem under this title. The *Courier* says it is worth reading. It can be had at Carvill's.

MARRIED,

On the 4th of December, 1828, Captain John A. Pierce to Miss Emily Augusta, daughter of Stephen B. Munn, esq. all of this city.

At Flushing, L. I. on the 14th ult. Mr. Daniel Hendrickson to Miss Hannah Cortelyou.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Doctor Dewitt, Mr. B. W. Osborn to Miss Letitia Osborn King, daughter of the late William King, jun. all of this city.

At Cherry Grove, near Rahway, N. J. on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Matthias M. Brown, of this city, to Miss Ann Maria Shotwell, of the former place.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Anthony Edmund H. Deveraux, to Miss Sarah Ann, daughter of Edmund H. Deveraux, jun. all of this city.

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY B. S. BARCLAY.

KATE KEARNEY.

HUMOROUSLY.

Oh! did you not hear of Kate Kearney? She lives on the banks of Kil-lar-ney: From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly;

For fa-tal's the glance of Kate Kear-ney. For her eye is so mo-dest-ly beam-ing, You'd ne'er think of mis-chief she's dreaming;

Yet, oh! I can tell how fa-tal's the spell, That lurks in the eye of Kate Kear-ney. **SYM.**

Oh! should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarny;
Beware of her smile, for many a wile

Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.
Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple;

And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.
Though she looks so bewitchingly simple, &c.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

STANZAS.

The bird that through the summer sky
Now takes his careless flight,
Is like to what my spirit was,
Ere thou hadst met my sight:
With brightness on his glittering wing,
And gladness in his eye,
He fearlessly pursues his way,
And carols through the sky.

But when the fowler's cruel sport
Has marred his pleasant song,
And, wounded sore, upon the earth
His limbs are stretched along,
He then shall look, as now I look,
Upon the distant sky,
And sadly think on moments past,
As I do—with a sigh.

And thine it is that I, bereft
Of all that makes life dear,
Must bear the deeply-rankling shaft,
And shed the secret tear.
Thy words have been a blighting spell,
Thy smile a curse to me;
And welcome now is any fate,
So 'tis not shared with thee. C. A. S.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

ON HEARING A LADY SING.

No more—no more that plaintive strain;
'Twas sung to me in earlier days,
By one who knew nor care nor pain,
Ere sorrow yet had marr'd my lays.
Its tones, like wizard voices, call
A form, a face that long has fled,
And sadly do its accents fall,
As breathings from the buried dead.

But let thy lyre—thy gentle lyre—
Be tuned to themes of joy and glee;
They may awake the wonted fire
That slumbereth deeply now in me:
They may the sad remembrance quell
Of days that were too happy far,
When pleasure deigned awhile to dwell
Where nought but gloom and sadness are.

But no. I pray thee cease thy song;
The notes of mirth, or strains of wo,
I would not, if I might, prolong;
Both—both alike—too painful grow.

For ill befits the anguished heart
The carol warbled blithe and gay;
And sadder notes but cause to start
The tears I would not shed to-day:

ELYSIUM.

BY THE LATE EDWARD C. PINNEY.

She dwelleth in elysium; there,
Like echo, floating in the air;
Feeding on light as feed the flowers,
She fleets away uncounted hours,
Where halcyon peace, among the blest,
Sits brooding o'er her tranquil nest.

She needs no impulse; one she is
Whom thought supplies with ample bliss:
The fancies fashioned in her mind
By heaven, are after its own kind;
Like sky-reflections in a lake,
Whose calm no winds occur to break.

Her memory is purified,
And she seems never to have sighed:
She hath forgot the way to weep,
Her being is a joyous sleep;
The mere imagining of pain
Hath passed, and cannot come again.

Except of pleasure most intense
And constant, she hath lost all sense;
Her life is day without a night,
An endless, innocent delight;
No chance her happiness now mars,
Howe'er fate twine her wreaths of stars.

And palpable and pure the part
Which pleasure playeth with her heart;
For every joy that seeks the maid,
Foregoes its common painful shade;
Like shapes that issue from the grove
Arcadian, dedicate to Jove.

A SERENADE.

BY THE SAME.

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.

Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady, up—look out, and be
A sister to the night!

Sleep not!—thine image wakes for aye,
Within my watching breast:
Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest.

Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay
With looks, whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

SONG.

Air—"I've been roaming."

Stately towers! blissful hours
I have passed beneath your shade,
When the flowers, in your bowers,
Bloom'd as though they ne'er could fade.

Mould'ring ruin! time is strewing
Mosses o'er thy gray-bleached head,
While the pattering leaves are scatt'ring
Autumn's trophies o'er the dead.

Falling towers! vanished hours
Left ye old and found me young;
O'er your bowers fate now lowers,
Silence dwells your halls among.

Lofty towers! kingly powers
Met your buttressed walls within;
Through your portals, proudest mortals
Strode to join the battle's din.

Crumbled arches! ruin marches
O'er your pride of carved stone;
Your foundation, desolation
Chooses for her silent throne.

Fallen towers! peaceful hours
Still I spend your courts among;
Rank weed-flowers choke your bowers;
But each fragment has a tongue!

YOUTH.

Oh! youth, thou art a dream of bliss,
Too bright, too pure, to last;
A trance, our gathering years dismiss;
A vision, fading fast!

Yet still to thee will memory cling,
In sad and after years;
A thought of thee will often fling
Its splendour o'er our tears.

Hope, like a seraph clothed in light,
Then revels unconfined;
And glories break upon the sight,
And raptures fill the mind.

And love, the choicest gift we own,
Comes smiling from above:
'Tis given to youthful hearts alone
To feel the force of love.

Then, youth! thou art a dream of bliss,
Too bright, too pure, to last;
A trance, our gathering years dismiss;
A vision, fading fast!

WOMAN AND FAME.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Thou hast a charmed cup, oh Fame!
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above immortality.

Away! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.
Thou hast green laurel leaves that twine
Into so proud a wreath;
For that resplendent gift of thine,
Heroes have smiled in death.

Give me, from some kind hand, a flower.
The record of one happy hour.

Thou hast a voice whose thrilling tone
Can bid each life-pulse beat,
As when a trumpet's note hath blown,
Calling the brave to meet:

But mine, let mine—a woman's breast—
By words of home-born love be blessed.

A hollow sound is in thy song,
A mockery in thine eye,
To the sick heart that doth but long
For aid, for sympathy;
For kindly looks to cheer it on;
For tender accents that are gone.

Fame, Fame! thou canst not be the stay
Unto the drooping reed,
The cool fresh fountain, in the day
Of the soul's feverish need:
Where must the lone one turn or flee?
Not unto thee, oh!—not to thee.

GEO. F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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NEW-YORK MIRROR, AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1829.

NUMBER 34.

POPULAR TALES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THE N. Y. MIRROR.

BENNO AND CLOTILDE.

"DEAR mother," said the beautiful Clotilde, "will you give me an hour's leave of absence? I wish to collect, in the neighbouring wood, some wild flowers, which are now in full season."

"With all my heart," replied Lady Bentheim; "but let me entreat you not to wander far, and to return home before the sun sets."

Clotilde promised to do so, put on her straw bonnet, and, with a neat little basket on her arm, she skipped so lightly over the meadow, that her small foot scarcely left an impression any where.

Lady B. stood at the window, and followed Clotilde with her eyes, and continued musing in the same position long after her daughter was out of sight. She was at length aroused from her reverie by the entrance of a servant, who announced the squire.

"This gentleman, although he had not resided long in that neighbourhood, was much attached to this family. Lady B. bade him welcome, and, after he was seated, ordered some fruit and wine for his refreshment. Their conversation almost imperceptibly turned to some of the important events of Lady B.'s life.

"I had passed the three happiest years of my existence," said Lady Bentheim, "by the side of the husband of my choice and of my heart; when, about fifteen years ago, he was torn from me at the call of his country. He fell on the field of battle, far beyond those blue mountains; and with him fell the husband of my only sister, who happened to be on a visit with me at the time the news was brought; and as they both died at the same hour, and on the same field, so both of us were apprised of our loss at the same moment. My sister's health and nerves were not strong enough to bear up against her misfortunes; her health daily declined, and she expired shortly after, broken-hearted. On her death-bed she bequeathed her only son to my care, and I promised her to become to him a second mother. My affection for the boy could not have been stronger had he been my own child, and I often asked myself whether I was more attached to him than to Clotilde, without being able to decide the question. He lived with me until he was eight years of age, and improved visibly, both in body and mind. He repaid my attachment by filial affection; and the greater part of my time was employed in superintending and instructing the two children. The boy's name was Benno. One fine summer's evening I had taken a walk, and finding a cool shady place on the banks of the river, I seated myself, and took up a book to read while the children were playing about. I was, however, suddenly alarmed by the cries of my daughter Clotilde, who came running toward me in great anxiety of mind. When I looked up I noticed a skiff, which, rowed by two men, was crossing the river with great rapidity. A tall athletic person sat in the skiff, holding it steady with his arms. When Clotilde had reached the skiff, a little, she told me, that a well-dressed man had engaged in conversation with her, and proposed to shew him a handsome picture of her mother, which was not easily to be extinguished. On reaching the village, R. had his quarters assigned him with a miller, who appeared in easy circumstances. The house was neatly furnished, and the inhabitants were kind and obliging. Clotilde could not have fallen into better hands. One of the miller's daughters was about her size, and from her a neat change of apparel was obtained. In the meantime, Lieutenant R. wrote a few lines to Lady B. and despatched the letter by one of his men.

Clotilde retired very early to rest, attended by the landlady and her daughter. In the night she became seriously indisposed. This circumstance was communicated to R. who begged leave to enter the room, in order to be at hand, should his assistance be required. Toward morning R. was sitting near the window, half dozing, when he heard Clotilde exclaim, in a feverish delirium, "Benno, dear Benno, shall we never meet again?" These words stung him to the heart; but he instantly left the room, under the impression that Benno was his rival.

When the squire and his party entered the wood, they were met by some young girls from the village, returning homeward. There were ten or twelve, whom Clotilde had singled out, on account of their superior intellect. She had formed a class of them, and instructed them in many sciences which are not commonly taught in country schools. She had also, from time to time, distributed little prizes among them. On hearing that Clotilde was missing, they immediately joined in the search, and, accidentally, followed the course of the brook. They found Clotilde's straw bonnet on the margin of the stream, dripping wet, and consequently concluded that she was drowned. With the bonnet in their hand, they returned to tell their sad story. They were, however, fortunately met by the clergyman of the village, who prevented their making too hasty a disclosure to Lady B. He persuaded the villagers to drag the brook with a net, in hopes of finding the body, while he went to the chateau to prepare Lady B. for the affecting news. He found Lady B. in great agony of mind. Neither the squire nor any of her servants had returned, no one caring to be the bearer of the affecting tidings they had gathered. Scarcely had the clergyman been seated, when the squire entered in great haste with the intelligence that Clotilde was safe. He was followed by a hussar, who, agreeably to orders, delivered into Lady B.'s hands a letter, and before she had time to make any acknowledgment, had returned to his horse and galloped off.

Attracted by the light of the flambeaus, the hussar had rode up to the squire and his party to inquire the road to the chateau Bentheim, and on the way informed them that his officer had saved the life of the young lady. Thus the pleasing news had spread all over the village, even before Lady B. could hear of it. After reading the letter, Lady B. was silent for a few minutes, and then gave vent to her emotions; after which she became apparently quite composed, and gave orders to get her travelling carriage in immediate readiness. The general representation that it rained and stormed remained unheeded; but she was prevailed upon to let the squire accompany her. It was morning when they arrived at the mill. Lady B. found her daughter in a comfortable apart-

ment, which was not easily to be extinguished. On reaching the village, R. had his quarters assigned him with a miller, who appeared in easy circumstances. The house was neatly furnished, and the inhabitants were kind and obliging. Clotilde could not have fallen into better hands. One of the miller's daughters was about her size, and from her a neat change of apparel was obtained. In the meantime, Lieutenant R. wrote a few lines to Lady B. and despatched the letter by one of his men.

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It was morning when they arrived at the mill. Lady B. found her daughter in a comfortable apart-

ment, and already dressed. Clotilde introduced her mother to her kind hostess and daughter, and to Lieutenant R. who addressed her with those easy yet unassuming manners which are always the marks of a well bred gentleman; then turning to Clotilde, he said,

"In your sleep you unconsciously betrayed your secret. You dreamed of Benno. He is your lover. I will restore him to you."

Clotilde smiled and answered,

"Well, if people will talk in their sleep, they must take the consequences in their waking moments. I did dream of Benno. He is my brother, or rather my cousin; but since my fifth year I have not seen him."

R. left the room precipitately, and shortly afterward returned with Benno, who, instantly recognising the features of his adopted mother, flew into her arms. The eyes of Lady B. were riveted for some minutes on Benno, who was now full grown, rather slender, but elegantly proportioned; and his original features, though enlarged, had not altered materially. His manners were graceful, and the company regarded him with pleasing admiration; but his attention seemed solely to be employed by Clotilde. Although R. endeavoured to suppress all feelings of jealousy, he did not quite succeed. When comparing himself with his friend, he thought him every way his superior, except in the sincerity of his attachment for Clotilde, nor did he believe that her choice could be for a moment doubtful.

Breakfast was announced. Lady B. requested all who were present to be her guests. R. declined the invitation, alleging that his duty called him away; but, when Benno assured the company that duty was not pressing, Clotilde took his arm, and told him she was anxious to learn by what chance Benno and himself had become acquainted. R. conducted the lady to her seat, and took his own.

For the first time in her life, Clotilde experienced much uneasiness; the meeting with her adopted brother, her narrow escape on the preceding day, and her mother's apparent happiness, filled her heart with cheerful gratitude. When, in the warmth of his recollection, Benno seized her hand, a slight blush suffused her cheek, and she scarcely ventured to lift her eyes, lest they should encounter those of R. Benno was in transport, and the most pleasing fancies presented his future path strewn with ever-blooming flowers. Amid the general hilarity which prevailed, R. was gloomy and sad, and no one, except Clotilde, could guess at the cause. The electric spark of love had been kindled at one and the same moment in both their bosoms, and, although not the slightest explanation had taken place, yet, by a kind of sympathy, each seemed to understand what was passing in the other's breast. When breakfast was finished, Benno was requested to relate the events of his life.

"My father," said he, "was a man on whose education neither pains nor expense had been spared. He was graceful and elegant in his person, and possessed all those accomplishments which are the ornaments of life. He entered the army at an early age, and, during a campaign in Italy, became acquainted with a young widow of rank, fortune, and education. His bravery and kindness soon made a deep impression upon her heart, and she loved him with a passion as fervent as it was irresistible; but as he did not share her feelings, her attachment remained for a long time a secret to him. The campaign being ended, the regiment to which my father belonged was ordered home. Antonia—that was the lady's name—knew no bounds to her grief, and my father suddenly became acquainted with her sentiments. Without kindling his love, they inspired him with feelings which evaporated with the illusion that gave them birth; for, after a short separation, he married my mo-

ther, in his native country, for whom his impassioned affection only ended with his life. Antonia, who was rich and handsome, had many suitable offers of marriage; but she declined them all. She was informed by her agents of my father's union, which excited her jealousy and revenge; and at his death she determined to possess herself of his only son. My mother died shortly after my father. Under an assumed name, Antonia resided for months within the neighbourhood of my adopted mother's dwelling, which she beset with spies for the purpose of carrying me off, should an opportunity offer.

"When I was captured, I was taken to Antonia's carriage, which was waiting in the woods. Antonia received me with transport, and we drove off with speed. For several days and nights we continued our route without stopping longer than was necessary to change the horses and procure refreshment. I became sick and fatigued; but Antonia did everything in her power to assist me. 'Since your father and mother are dead,' said she, 'I have the nearest claim upon you. I will hereafter be your parent, and, at my death, I will bequeath you an independent fortune.' We arrived at last among the fragrant fields of Italy. All my wants and wishes were readily gratified; and, as the impressions of childhood are not very lasting, I soon became reconciled to my fate; although, when I heard my native language, it recalled to my imagination the scenes of my infancy, my adopted mother, and Clotilde, and painted them all in such pleasing colours, that I became at times quite melancholy. On those occasions, Antonia allowed me to write, and promised to forward my letters, which, however, she did not do. For a long period she amused me with verbal accounts; and at last insisted that my relatives had banished me entirely from their memory. As they did not answer my letters, I dropped the useless correspondence. I had masters in every useful science. One day Antonia came to me in my private room, apparently much afflicted. She held a letter in her hand, which she told me she had that moment received from Germany. It contained the sad tidings that Clotilde and Lady Bentheim were no more. This was a sad blow to all my fond visions of future happiness, for I had never abandoned the hope of once more seeing you all again. The snow-covered hills of my own country appeared to my imagination far more interesting than the perpetual verdure of Italy, and, dreaming or waking, I was continually arranging plans to effect my return.

"Some years had now elapsed, and I arrived at the age of manhood. Fired with young ambition, I chose a military life. A German regiment was quartered in the neighbourhood, and, having become master of their language, I offered my services to the commandant, who procured me a commission. I entered the service, and was shortly afterward marched off with the corps. Antonia was deeply afflicted. Her health had been on the decline for several years; she was possessed with the thought that we should never meet again, and consequently, with tears in her eyes, bid me farewell for ever. I departed with a heavy heart; but the hope of again beholding my native land gradually wore away my grief, and the bustle and activity of my life gave me little time for reflection.

"I wrote frequently to Antonia, who regularly replied to my letters, until her declining health precluded the possibility of her doing so. About a year after our separation, I received a packet from her executors, informing me that Antonia was in her grave. All her landed estates she had bequeathed to her own relatives, and to me all her moveable property. The campaign was ended, and our regiment returned home. Lieutenant R. was one of my fellow-officers; a similarity of sentiment soon attached us to each

other. The many vicissitudes of my life, and the death of Antonia, left a vacancy in my heart, which I thought could never again be filled, and I gradually fell into a state of mind bordering on despair; if I have recovered from it, I owe it to the philosophic reasoning, and to the cheerful equanimity of my friend, to whom I am still further indebted for the discovery of my lost mother and Clotilde."

Benno had scarcely concluded his narrative, when Lady B.'s carriage drove up to the door. R. was thoughtful and sad, for the moment of separation had arrived. He took the hand of Clotilde, and, while leading her to the carriage, said,

"We part then, lady, and perhaps for ever."

"I trust not," replied Clotilde with a winning glance of the eye, which spoke volumes to the heart of her admirer. R. once more seized her hand, and, passionately kissing it, drew a ring from her finger. The company being seated, the carriage drove off.

On their arrival home, Clotilde was immediately surrounded by the happy villagers, who pressed forward to express their respect and attachment.

After dinner, a walk was proposed, and Clotilde accepted the arm of Benno with evident embarrassment. Every step they took recalled to his memory the most pleasing recollections of former times. He now stood upon the very spot where, in early youth, he had been seized by the hirelings of Antonia.

"I remember," said Benno, "the agony which you expressed at our separation. Does the same kind interest in my happiness still warm your bosom, dear Clotilde?"

"It does."

"And may I indulge the delicious thoughts that you will return the affection which has been buried in this bosom for years?"

"Benno, I owe you a frank explanation. Since yesterday, I could not give you an undivided heart. Accustomed from my infancy to regard you as a brother, I can feel no other sentiment for you now."

"And is it so! My friend then has supplanted me?"

"He does not know my feelings. Will Benno abuse my confidence?"

"Never; though my fondest hopes are destroyed, I will oppose no obstacle to your felicity; but we must separate this day, and for ever!"

When Lady B. and her daughter had departed from the mill, R. ordered his horse to be brought, and, without any attendance, he rode to the spot where he had first beheld the object of all his thoughts. He fastened the noble animal to a tree, and then threw himself upon the grass. Here he remained for some hours in deep and unquiet meditation. Clotilde's ring, attached to a silk ribbon, hung from his neck, and every now and then he would gaze upon it, and repeat the name of its lovely owner. The sun was setting. A noise was heard among the shrubbery. Benno stood before him. His appearance at that moment caused R. unusual emotion, which, however, subsided the instant his friend informed him that he came to accompany him to his quarters.

The two young soldiers are mounted, and prancing gayly on the road together. Benno observes the ring in the possession of R. On a sudden he becomes reserved and thoughtful. They arrive at a hotel, and supper is prepared. Neither feel inclined to taste it. Benno first breaks the silence.

"My friend—for such I must still believe you—I have something on my mind, which gives me much uneasiness. I have noticed a ring suspended from your neck, which, if I mistake not, was once the property of my foster-sister. How came it in your possession?"

"I drew it unintentionally from the fair hand of her whose life I saved. I mean to restore it to her, and then bid her and hope an eternal adieu."

Benno's features brightened at this unexpected disclosure. He arose, and seized the hand of R. with fervour.

"I thank you, my friend, for your frankness. You have restored my sinking faith in the existence of truth and sincerity. No longer look upon me as a rival, but as the brother of Clotilde, and one who holds no other share in her affections. She will repay the debt of gratitude she owes you with her heart and hand."

R. was in a transport of delight ; for Benno told him all. The night stole away amidst cheerful congratulations and brilliant anticipations of the future.

The next-morning the two friends departed for the chateau. They reached it, unobserved. Benno, who knew the interior construction of the building, proceeded directly to the private apartment of Lady B. He opened his business, and pleaded the cause of R. with all the eloquence of friendship. He was successful.

R. took another direction. He followed the harmonious sounds of a guitar, and the silver tones of the most entrancing voice he had ever heard. He traversed a suite of rooms, and passed rapidly to the saloon; on entering which he found Clotilde alone. He advanced slowly toward her, and by way of explaining the object of his visit, he held up the ring. As Clotilde arose to meet him, a deep blush covered her beautiful face. R. had now an opportunity of declaring his sentiments, and he did not let it pass unimproved. Her consent was gained, and the wedding day appointed.

His happiness was here interrupted by the information that Benno had gone from the chateau. He left the home of his mistress in great distress of mind. It was his duty to think of her no more with the feelings he was wont to indulge. She was lost to him for ever.

Clotilde had been married several years, when one day she was agreeably surprised by the unexpected arrival of Benno, who introduced, as his wife, a woman of surpassing loveliness in mind and person. It need scarcely be added, that the purest friendship and harmony existed ever afterward between the two families.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

COURTSHIP OF A LITERARY LADY.

It was in the year 1808 that the celebrated Madame de Stael saw, for the first time, M. Rocca, to whom she was subsequently married. M. Hottinger, a rich banker at Geneva, gave a splendid ball, to celebrate the marriage of a friend. M. Rocca, who had gone to Geneva—his native place—to see his family, went to the ball in a hussar's uniform. "I was dancing with him," says the authoress of the *Memoirs of Josephine*, "when Madame de Stael entered, followed, as usual, by a numerous train. She was richly, but not advantageously dressed.

"Is that the woman so much talked of?" said M. Rocca to me; "she is very ugly, and I detest her anxiety for effect."

"She is so accustomed to homage," said I, "that it does not prevent her from remaining kind and condescending."

"Oh! all that you can tell me," said he, "about her good qualities will not persuade me that she is fit in suffering herself to be attended by a whole household. Certainly I will never figure in the troop of her."

Madame was struck with M. Hocquart, which was rather improved than disapproved. He was very young, and already decorated with the legion of honour. The young man's courage naturally attracted the attention of Madame, who passionately loved him. A few days later, however, finding that he was not as devoted as he pretended, she rejected him. He then became a person of no consequence.

precisely the reason why she afterwards took so much trouble about a man who became dear enough to her to induce her to change a name which she had rendered so illustrious. At length he returned to Geneva, covered with wounds. His sufferings added to the interest which he excited; and he was happy enough to induce this extraordinary woman to accept the proofs which he gave of the passion he had conceived for her, and finally to marry him. He could not patiently survive the loss of her, but died a few months afterwards. His father was far from possessing similar sensibility. Having lost *his* wife, he, according to the custom at Geneva, attended the funeral to the cemetery, which is out of the town. Somebody meeting him on his return from this painful ceremony, assumed a sorrowful countenance, and, in the tenderest manner possible, asked him how he did.

"Oh!" answered the unfeeling man, "I am very well at present; this little walk has set me up; there is nothing like country air."

FROM THE TRIALS OF LIFE, BY THE AUTHOR OF DE-LISLE.

A WIFE IN DANGER.

A husband, finding that his wife received splendid presents from an admirer, thought it would be unwise not to show her what dangerous ground she stood upon. She had been driving out one morning with a lady, and went to the dining-room immediately on her return home, intending to show her purchases to her husband. No husband, however, did she find—but what, for the moment, delighted her more—the table covered with jewels! The transported Alicia eagerly advanced.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed aloud, as she tried the brilliants upon her arm and fingers, and alternately put down one ornament to admire another. "I did not see, even at court, such a diamond necklace as this!" she continued. "I wonder where they came from."

Suddenly she spied a beautiful box to hold *bonbons*, set in diamonds, and of a particularly beautiful shape. These *bonbonnières* were much the fashion at that time, and the duchess of D. had displayed one at the opera-house, which had been the envy and admiration of all present. To have a more elegant and precious box than her grace of D.; to set the fashion of that shape; to show her fair taper fingers to advantage, as she presented it to her neighbours—how many sources of delight to a fashionable *belle*! Instantly the ornaments were replaced and forgotten: nothing but this delightful box deserved a thought. She was so much engrossed by her admiration, that she saw not her husband until he stood before her.

"Oh, Mr. Clairville," she cried, with childish joy, "see how magnificent, how lovely, all these things are! Do but look at this *bijou* of a box! Oh! I would not part with it for worlds! And this, too, is the opera night, and I shall show it there! Is it not charming?"

"Which, my love?" replied Mr. Clairville, with a smile; "the diamonds or the opera?"

"Oh, both, to be sure!" hastily answered his wife. "But you do not seem to admire them."

"Indeed I do; but you know I think nothing charming but you."

"And was it to make me more so," said Alicia, laughing, "that you sent for all these gay things?"

"I am not rich enough to display the contents of all the jewellers' shops to you, and bid them court your acceptance," said Mr. Clairville. "These came from one who has more of the power, though not more of the will, to please. The P—— sent them to you, and I spread them on the table to enjoy your first surprise."

"How very good! how very magnificent!" replied the simple Alicia. "And may I choose what I like?"

"Without doubt," said her husband. "They are all yours, if you like. But you forget the price."

"You do not pay for a gift," said Alicia, the calmness of
her mother's manner subduing her satisfaction.

ertheless, have a price," he said, "a blooming wife; "I am the

in the hand of the appalled
 ated from the table, which
 m and horror; she put her
 to walk backwards, until
 the apartment in which she
 the wall, she raised her eyes,
 to her husband's face, as if
 these presents had sunk her in

his esteem, although she had still but a confused idea of his meaning.

"How pale you are, my beloved! how you tremble!" said her husband, tenderly supporting her. "You cannot fear an evil you need not bring upon yourself—an evil which, I know, you will not bring upon yourself or me. I did not shock you in this sudden way because I doubted you, but because I thought it the simplest way of disclosing to you the P——'s views. Now, will you return the diamonds?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Alicia; "do you return them. It would make me ill to look at them again."

"You would regret parting with them?" he asked her with an indulgent smile.

"Do you think so meanly of me?" said his wife, some of those half-smothered feelings nature had given her flashing from her dark bright eyes. "I would not touch again those baneful gifts, for the wealth of fairy tales."

"Indignation is a new improvement to beauty," said Mr. Clairville; "but my Alicia is becoming under every emotion;"

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

In spite of modern whims of equality, the government of a family must be absolute; mild, not tyrannical. The laws of nature and the voice of reason have declared the dependence of the child on the parent. The weakness of youth must be repressed by the hand of experience. Parents' tenderness is too apt to degenerate into parental weakness. "If you please, child," and "Will you, dear?" are soon answered with "No; I won't." The reins of the government should be always gently drawn; not twitched, like a curb bridle, at one time, and dangled loose at another. Uniformity in parents produces uniformity in children. To whip one minute, and to caress, or let the culprit go unpunished, for the same crime, at another, cannot fail to injure the force of parental authority. Consider before you threaten; and then be as good as your word. "I will whip you, if you don't mind me," says the parent in a passion. "I am not afraid of it," says the child. The parent flies towards it in a paroxysm of rage; the child prefers flight to broken bones. "You may go now, but you shall have your punishment with interest the next time you do so." "I don't believe that," thinks the child. It is experience that gives the parent the lie. "But," say you, "whips and rods were the scourges of the dark ages; the present age is more enlightened: in it law is reason, and authority is mildness." Beware of that reason which makes your child dogmatical, and that mildness which makes him obstinate.

There is such a thing as the rod of reproof; and it is certain that, in numberless cases, arguments produce a better effect than corporeal punishment. Let children be properly admonished, in case of disobedience: if ineffectual, try the harsher method. Never begin to correct till your anger has subsided; if you do, your authority over the offender is at an end. Let your commands be reasonable. Never deliver them in a passion, as though they were already disobeyed; nor with a timid, distrustful tone, as if you suspected your own authority. Remember that scolding is directly the reverse of weighty reasoning. It is the dying groans of good government. Never let it be heard under your roof, unless you intend your house should be a nursery of faction, which may, at some future time, rear its hydra head, not only against you, but in opposition to the parents and guardians of our country. Patriotism, as well as charity, begins at home. Let the voice of concord be heard in your family; it will charm your domestics to a love of order.

A CONCLUSIVE ARGUMENT.

A member of a mechanics' institution, in the town of Stirling, being a staunch believer in the orthodox doctrine of Pope Urban VIII. "that the earth is at rest," proved the doctrine to be true in the following manner: "If the earth were whirling in the air, as you affirm, what with the high mountains—what with the low vallies—what with the tall trees—what with the lofty steeples, there would be such a whirling noise as to render our ears totally useless. Now, we know that no such noise exists; therefore the earth is not in motion. This idea," said our philosopher triumphantly, "was first suggested to me by the humming of my grandmother's spinning-wheel."

The city inspector reports the death of ninety persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

SKETCH OF CHARACTER.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE SECOND.

"WELL, Frank, since thou wilt have my story, make thy handkerchief thy nightcap, fold thine arms, and give thyself up to Morpheus and me. Thou knowest, then, mine old friend and schoolfellow, that I left — school on a truant expedition: I was fevered with the thirst for fame and fiddiestick; and having escaped from brow-beating and back-beating ushers, and birches hanging, like the sword of Damocles, by a single hair, over my fated head and its antipodes; in the very corduroy trowsers of my boyhood, 'striped like a zebra, spotted like a pard,' with pen-wipings and pen-splashes, I travelled to town, and commenced man of letters. Thou knowest, Frank, that I was profound in the Golden Primer, and deep in Dilworth; and with all these attainments at my fingers' ends, I offered myself to the first booksellers off the stones, at Mile-end, that I came to. I thought, in my simplicity, that every man who sold books, of course had also his establishment of authors. I know not for which employment in literature I was then most fitted, but I should now think the dusty, for I could have dusted many a book which I could not then have read. I had run the gauntlet of every bookshop, when at last I arrived, with due steps, at that mart of wit and words, Paternoster-row, where I continued my un-literary applications for literary employment, looking at every door, to be employed either on epic or epigram—but with the old success. One eyed my jerkin, not quite so long as a man's, and not short enough for a boy's, and, I believe, took me for a genteel valet in search of business for his master; another recommended me to collate the various editions of Cock Robin; one looked on me as an idiot-boy; another told me to go to school again, like a good boy, and he would write to my master to forgive my truancy. You will easily conceive that this 'damped my intended wing:' at length, however, having inquired in due succession at every house down the Row, I came to the first chapter in my history, the Chapter coffee-house; where, being pretty well wearied with a twenty-mile run-away from the country, and a long suburban and town perambulation, I stepped in, and, after looking about me at the gentlemen in black, and thinking every one of them looked like an usher, and trembling accordingly, I sat down in the waiter's box, among the clean knives and dirty dusters, finding it to be the only place unoccupied; from which sanctuary I was soon routed with all possible disrespect, and my business inquired. Presuming, however, on the plenitude of my purse, which yet contained some five or six shillings, with an assumed boldness very unusual to me, I ordered something substantial for supper, and a warm bed, as I was hungry and weary—both of which I had in due order; and in the morning, having slept a good sleep, and making a hearty breakfast of chocolate and five muffins, I learned, to my astonishment, that I had risen from my bed half-a-crown in debt, over and above the crown in my purse.

"You may conceive that this shook my confidence in its very shoes! you might have cooled an oven with me; I was all over in a cold sweat of terror at this unfortunate second error of a long series of after-errors. The waiter bullied, and then whispered the bar, which I thought was, of course, to fetch a constable. I saw the Dogberry or debt-offenders, and felt, even then, the iron hand of the law laying hold of me; but in the midst of my perturbations, a lucky thought suggested itself: I had a small gold watch in my pocket. Thou rememberest it, Frank, or shouldst remember it, for often did it save thy back from rod and rule, when thou wert too much taken with the antic sport to hear the whispering monitor, time, and the hour for returning to school; and it saved my body, at this juncture, from the iron house and hand of confinement. I drew it forth; it was a family one—the gift of my old maiden cousin, Dinah Single, spinster, and so forth. I looked at it with a blush for the family honours, when I remembered that I was going to pawn it for a beggarly account of chocolate and muffins; but regret was in vain: so, with one sigh for my family honours, and another for myself, I gave it over in trust to the waiter, whose eyes glistened when he saw the impounded prize. He begged, in a whisper, that

I would make no apology for the trifle I owed him—I could call any time—and if I did not, so much the better, I dare say, thought he. Civility, thought I, as I prepared to depart, is the characteristic of honest Thomas, the waiter, whose hand, in the excess of my gratitude at having escaped the horrors of a jail, I had grasped with a boy's warmth, and shook very sincerely. He bullied, to be sure, at first, thought I, but that was because he took me for some juvenile Jonathan Wild, or precocious Count Fathom; but what else but civility in excess could induce a gentleman in a black coat, white waistcoat, nankeen small clothes, and blue silk stockings, to undertake the care of my family honour and watch, valued at twenty guineas, for a beggarly arrears of some two shillings and sixpence? Oh happy puppyage! suspectless simplicity! wise ignorance! would I not give my family honour and another gold watch to be again as worldly-ignorant! So, brushing down my jerkin as I went out, and opening the door before me, honest Thomas bowed me very politely out; and out I went, with Horace in one pocket, and nothing in the other—with many hopes in my head, but fears in my heart; and began *de novo* at the bookseller's, next door, continuing my inquiries to the end, changing sides, and in and out, and up again, a sort of literary dance—but with the same result as the day before.

"It grew near the dining-hour of noon with undepraved appetites: the cry of nature seemed more and more audible—I heard her voice rumbling awfully—where was I to dine! Oh, at the Chapter: he could not refuse; the watch was worth ten guineas to a Jew—I could not calculate how much it was worth to a Christian; so, to resolve my doubts, I boldly stepped into the Chapter, ordered a steak, and looked for that politest and most friendly of men, honest Thomas. The steak was brought, and between the hungry mouthfuls I looked for my considerate friend; but another waiter waited on me now—and now another, and another still succeeded. I was half inclined to cry, with Macbeth, I would 'see no more,' till I had seen the one I wanted to see; but I looked for him in vain. I felt sure of knowing him by the roguish, good-humoured twinkle of his eyes, and the limp of his left leg. I looked at all the legs in the room; but the legs I sought had walked away, or else one leg had been miraculously cured of limping since I had been there in the morning. I grew more and more uneasy; and every mouthful seemed as it would choke me. At last, to ease my doubts, I inquired where Thomas the waiter was? 'Oh! Thomas did you inquire for, sir? He has been discharged for disrespect to the bar.' My heart jumped to my mouth, and the unedited mouthful I had transpierced with my fork, fell, meat and fork, into my plate. You might have bound me hand and foot with thread of gossamer: the truth struck me at once, that honest Thomas, and his roguish, twinkling eyes, had danced off to the tune of 'my gold watch.' What was I to do? Tears of terror, shame, and anger, rolled down my seventeen years' green cheeks. To be brief, as I had dined with trust, it was plain enough that I should sup with sorrow. My young fears and feelings so overpowered me at this dilemma, that I blubbered outright; and in a moment the bar-maid, waiters, and the whole company present, which consisted mostly of gentlemen of the clerical cloth, were gathered round me. I sang my story with a pretty running accompaniment of sobs, sighs, and tears, that would have made a pleasant parody on Steibelt's Storm; and it was immediately seen, that the motive for Thomas's sauciness was, that he might be discharged with some colour for carrying off my watch. However, the company sympathized so far in my distress that they collected as much silver as might be translated into a guinea: and my family honour, with many awkward attempts at resisting so much kindness, pocketed the shillings of the kind creatures: my dinner, too, was forgiven me by the benevolence of the bar; and thus, what with the goodness of the pulpit and the bar, I was rich in pocket, though reduced in fob.

"This incident, perhaps, did me more good than harm; for it drew the attention of several of the company to what could be my business in town: they suspected me to be a truant, and tried to extract the secret; but I was true to myself. I confessed that, young as I was, I had come to town on literary enterprise. They smiled at me, but did not dissuade me from my madness: would that they had! it would have cured me, and sent me back to school again. A timely laugh from men who had so lately shown such kindness for me, could not have been mistaken by me; it

could only have meant that discouraging censure which would have cured a rash enthusiastic boy of his rage for adventure—and I might have been saved. But they only smiled; and my resolution was not to be shaken by a smile. My story got wind; and as my Horace lay on the table before me, one of the company took it up, and finding that I had some education, he offered to introduce me to a bookseller, who was about to publish a new translation of Horace, in which I might assist, as it was to be 'done into English by several hands.' I jumped at the proposal, and having thanked my new friend, grew impatient to leave him, that I might have the opportunity of commencing before morning. I took a turn round St. Paul's, and at the same time turned the first ode in my head. It was 'done into English;' and on the following morning, I was introduced to Mr. Vamp, the bookseller, who consulted my friend, his literary clerk, on my maiden manuscript, and I was retained to turn Horace at five guineas a sheet. I could have hugged my new friend with joy; but I proposed supper that night, at the Chapter, as probably much more to his liking. He consented; and I took my departure, full of a thousand hopes, to the corner box on the right in the Row, and there translated and bit my nails, and bit my nails and translated, till eight. At nine we supped; at ten I was a good fellow; at eleven I was rather worse—from wine, which was a new thing to my head, and began to turn any thing but Horace's odes; or if it had a lyrical turn, it was more Anacreontic than Horatian. But the bar took compassion on my youth, conceiving that I was too tender to be a hardened offender; and I was taken away to bed in the custody of a rushlight, and slept myself sober for the first time in my life.

"In the morning I found I had to turn Horace all day, to pay the expenses of the night before, or else Horace must turn out of the Chapter. To be brief, this Horatian mode of life lasted two months, during which I netted thirty pounds literary profits, and was growing happy, proud, and forgetful of the future; but it came at last, and stood present, and I was as poor as ever. 'My name,' thought I, 'is up for poetry; I have done Horace Flaccus to the satisfaction of the town—I will now try to do Horace Versatile as much justice.' In a month I had a volume of sonnet, song, ode, elegy, and fragment, ready for the press; and Mr. Vamp undertook to publish it. I had a hundred subscribers at half-a-guinea each; I spent them all in two months, and inquired after the profits of my book, which had been praised by the reviews, and 'walked the town awhile,' as Milton says of his Tetrachordon, 'numbering good intellects;' it did not sell—though it was hinted to me that he had a second edition, printed privately, which had sold almost as well as the first. But you know, Frank, I was never suspicious—conceiving that a dishonest man is his own jailer. I gave up the profits, and turned my attention to the tragic muse; in two months I had written a tragedy, in another it was received, in another brought out, and in one night hissed from the stage. Lord Fillagree had had his comedy hissed the week before by the democracy; his aristocratic blood was fired, and he procured two hundred braves to hiss my plebeian piece, which they did most satisfactorily for his lordship; and I slunk to my attic with half-a-crown in that pocket which had been all day gaping for a hundred pounds. To disguise his cruelty, he sent me a letter of condolence, and ten pounds, which I returned by the hands of my laundress, with a strict injunction, that she should deliver it into his lordship's hands, that he might behold how a poor plebeian despised patrician pride and meanness.

"But young and ardent natures are not to be thus damped. I determined again to write, and present it to the other house; but fearing to venture on tragedy, 'seeing what I had seen,' I made my bow to smiling comedy, wooed her like a lover, and won her presence. Where I dined I do not now recollect; but I supped, generally, at home, lest too much of my time should be taken from my comic loves. Ah! who but unfortunate authors can tell the miseries which unfortunate authors endure! The pinchings of the inward man from hunger; the nippings of the outward man from cold and scanty covering! Yes, my friend, I wrote comedy in a back garret in St. Clement's, warming my winter-frozen fingers in hot water, with which I was occasionally supplied, through the humane attentions of a lady who took in washing in the front attic—'merely,' as she said, 'as an amateur in laundry, and to keep her hands in' hot water, I suppose, like myself. Her pride kept her

chim above water—till at last she upset her tub, and set up her carriage; for she became wife to the lord knows who, for I forget his lordship's name, while mine was pillowed on the tenth wave of adversity, only to be soused over head and ears in it in a short time.

"I finished my comedy amidst the groans of my own heart, for poverty flew sharp-toothed upon me, and bit me to the bone. It was accepted, and read in the green-room; the manager, who wrote himself, suggesting many alterations, with which I was forced to comply, or else cut down my comedy to the every half-hour performances of a Bartholomew-fair puppetshow: for Mr. Manager modestly detested any thing that was not better than himself; and when it was only equal, he cut it down far below him. I altered it agreeably to his suggestions, and took out the comic from my comedy, leaving only enough of the original safely to secure the original title, 'Debts and Duns,' both of which I saw would follow its first night.

"The fatal day arrived; but there was nothing extraordinary observed in the heavens; the sun got up, as usual, in November, about twelve, and I, about the same time, shot through the stage-door, 'swift as the sparkle of a glancing star.' My comedy was put off on account of the serious indisposition of a gentleman of the company, who had to deliver the prologue—no one but himself could, it seems, recite a petitionary prologue, and he could do nothing else. I was vexed, but could not bounce; I was too humbled by hunger, which is a great corrector and queller of the evil man. I uneasily affected an easy indifference, and walking my melancholy person out of the green-room, exclaiming as I went out, fuming like a catholic censor, 'Debts and Duns!' A walk through the park, however, cooled me so effectually that my teeth chattered, though they said nothing. Here I picked my teeth for a luncheon; but in the midst of my dinnerless distress, who should come up but Lord Fillagree's French valet, with a command from his lordship to read my comedy, next morning at breakfast, to his lordship. Necessity and time had smoothed down the austerity with which I had resented his lordship's former conduct, and I waited on him as I was commanded. We breakfasted together quite *en famille*; and with the last cup I commenced my reading, giving it as much dramatic humour as the sensitive state of my nerves would allow. I was, however, not a little astonished to observe, that where the comic situations were, as I thought, irresistible, his lordship maintained the most impossible gravity; and indeed he never once laughed or smiled through the entire comedy, though its humour was, with all Mr. Manager's alterations, still irresistible, to my thinking, and its wit as brilliant as the diamond on his finger. His valet, however, laughed prodigiously, but still politely, and as it were, 'with a difference;' sometimes, indeed, he laughed where the business was serious—at others, where the humour was apparent, he preserved his lordship's gravity. When I had concluded, his lordship stretched himself, and asked his valet how long I had been reading. He replied with a shrug, 'Three hour, my lor!' 'Three hours!' exclaimed his lordship, no doubt surprised at the power of wit, which could make time run away so inaudibly, thought I, hugging myself on my success; but I too soon discovered, when his lordship began to yawn, and not to praise, that his surprise was at the length of his patience. He was leaving the room, when I respectfully requested his lordship's opinion. 'Oh; my opinion,' said he, endeavouring to recollect himself—'Oh! it is a very pretty sermon!' mistaking me for Dr. Orthodox, whom he had lately appointed his third chaplain; and left the room. I ventured to hint to his valet, with the utmost deference, that his lordship was not clear in his opinion. 'Oh! pardon me, sare,' interrupted his valet indignantly—'my lor' is never wrong.' 'But it was a comedy, not a sermon,' I still suggested. 'De difference is not much; but if it had been a comedy, you would have heard his lordship's laugh, which is de politest in Europe out of France: I perfect him in it after his travel, and monsieur my lor' is not de dullest pupil. It is vera true, sare, you did not hear my lor' laugh, because I always laugh for my lor' in the morning, when mademoiselle, my sister, who favour his lordship, will quarrel with him last night; or when he has play, and lose with monsieur de count, my cousin; but I believe, sare, I did you de honneur to laugh away in de right place? If not, it was for I cannot understand your comedie Anglaise, which is, Monsieur—I forget your name—not Moliere and the comedie Francaise, and never will. And now, sare, I

have de honneur to wish you de beautiful morning.' And saying this, he bowed me, with many genuflections, to the door; and I expected to hear the rascal bawl out that Mr. Horace Versatile's walking-stick stopped the way.

"This was encouragement, you will say; but I was not surprised, for I ought to have known Lord Fillagree's frivolous character better. The mystery was soon cleared up; for I learned, the next day, that his lordship was himself writing a second comedy; and there is nothing at which a man is so grave, except at his own funeral, as at the reading of a rival's production.

"The night at last arrived, full with my fate. The green baize drew up for the cocked-batted prologue, with his slouching, shuffling gait, and waiter's legs: one gentleman in the boxes clapped the first thought, which was not mine, but Ben Jonson's; and five or six hard-handed fellows, honest creditors of mine, who hoped that its success would be their success, led the applause. The prologue went off, as it came on, most lamely; the curtain drew up, and the comedy commenced, if comedy it might be called, in which what was comic had been lowered into seriousness, and what was serious had been heightened into something not quite comic, and yet not serious. Need I say, the audience yawned through it like an Amsterdam audience at an Italian opera? however, it did not entirely fail, for the partial hissing ceased when the snoring became general. It was enacted the next night to a full orchestra, and an empty pit and boxes, and then quietly dropped into the tomb of all the Capulets. I was crushed by this failure, and swore I would print it as it was originally written; but how? Mr. Vamp refused it, the Row rejected it, and so I threw it behind the fire, as a burnt-offering to disappointment.

"To be brief, I gave up the stage as it was then conducted, as a vehicle in which a high-mettled racer for fame would not consent to run, and a moderate mettled one must be cut and slashed to death. I turned my frowning face, therefore, from the comic to the epic muse. 'Lord Love-praise,' recollected I, 'has patronised eight bad epics; I will seek his patronage, and be the ninth dull muse he has been Mæcenas to.' You see, Frank, that my spirit of independence was already bent, if not broken: it was apparent to myself then, and it must be so to you now, that I cared not for his patronage, though I asked it, and that I should never have been grateful for it if I had won it; so soon does disappointment, falling on an ardent mind, cover, if not crush, all those finer feelings of our nature, honest pride and sudden-sensed shame. I was willing to wear the badge of patronage, though I knew it to be dishonourable. Yes, I stooped my spirit, and was patronised. Patronage was stamped on my brow like the brand-mark on the forehead of a slave; for patronage is not patronage now—it is corruption or nothing! His lordship lent me the light of his countenance to my projected task, in such a manner that I saw it was not for the glory of literature that he gave it, but to add a feather to his own plume of pride, and he talked of as the patron of learning and letters. His way of rivetting the chain was hard, gross, public, and ostentatious; and if ever I blushed in my life, it was at that moment when some men would have thought themselves honoured. But I went to my task with a better hope to encourage me—that of immortality. I proceeded slowly, but, as I thought, successfully, in my 'great emprise,' suffering, however, want and misery by the way, which none would credit but those who have been equally devoted, and equally unsuccessful. His lordship's patronage was but a name; it flattered me with hopes which became, in the end, despair. I explained my poverty to his ear, and he listened to the broken balderdash of his French valet. I laid it before his eyes, and he sent me his new mistress's ill-spelt love-letters to him, and his well-spelt nonsense to her, to turn into verse; then my pride started in disgust and honest anger on its feet, threw off the trammels of his patronage, and I stood again upright—a miserable man, but free.

"Think not, however, that I endured these 'stings and arrows' without being hurt in mind, body, and spirit. I found myself, at the end of my sixth year of battling against misfortune, a crippled and a changed man. My temper, which was mild and passionless, had taken an imperceptible turn; I was now gloomy, silent, and somewhat morose, with only occasional gleams of that smiling goodnature which made my boyhood pleasant to myself and others: my melancholy took me from the busy world too often; 'the fields were now my study, and nature' my sole companion. It is not good, however, for man to be alone; he

should have even a partner in his sorrows. This thought gnawed into my heart like a subtle worm. The melancholy which drove me from society, now turned round and hurried me back into it; but I was unfit for its intercourse, for I had grown too sensitive to be happy with most things. Unfortunate men have either no feelings, or the most acute and tender—a word, or a look, which I did not understand, silenced my forced wit, and racked me with miseries. My heart became a prey to the cankering tooth of chagrin, and the sateless worm of melancholy gnawed into its very core.

"I flew again, like a free bird, or rather like 'the stricken deer,' to my old green world, the fields, where I wooed the muse, and sometimes won her. But still I was unhappy, unfortunate, and alone, 'The birds sing,' said I, 'but they have their merry companions, and each one of them one, above them all, whom nature teaches them to think dearer than the rest. But have I? The answer struck upon my heart as his own voice must have sounded to the lone dweller of Fernandez' isle. I felt that some other voice than mine should then have spoken, but have answered 'yes,' instead of 'no.'

"I then discovered, but too late, perhaps, that my errors were the weeds of a wild imagination. I rushed, therefore, from the idle bower of the muse, and came at last on the busy quay of commerce. I had lost the strength, the breath, and the heart of my youth, in chasing a bubble; it broke, and I was disappointed. To be brief, I procured a minor situation in a merchant's service, where, though I have nothing to hope for, and nothing to be satisfied with, I am once more in the world, though not with a young or a whole heart for it. No—I will no more trust myself on the Goodwin-sands of chance, where a vessel of my freightage is more likely to sink than sail. I have put my pen in a proper inkstand; have left my epic in its cradle, to be dandled when its father's arms are stronger to nurse it; have thrown off the crown of patronage as a golden thrall that bowed down my head to the dust; and though the wounds I have suffered are so far healed that only the scars remain, yet I feel like a mariner who has saved himself, but lost all he had adventured, from a shipwrecking sea, though I now lie harboured in a stormless haven. I shall never get the din of its waves, or the terror of the tempest from my memory, though I have learned to look with dull-eyed patience at the past and present, and, if I may, to hope in the future to refine the happiness which I have lost, and one which I shall lose only with life itself."

Here his familiar history ended; but I must finish it for the satisfaction of my readers. These sober resolutions of my unfortunate friend did not last; the muse is like a mistress whom we have dearly loved—we may swear to forget her, but it is a disappointed lover's oath, and forgotten with some new remembrance of her. The love of fame, however it may be crossed, and the hope of it prevented, in some breasts, cannot die but with him who bears the consuming flame. He, soon after this, left the shores of commerce for the fields of poesy—took up his epic lyre, swept it with a desperate, yet despairing hand—sought once more to win the ear of the reluctant multitude, who heard his song as 'the idle winds,' which they regarded not—fell again into wretchedness and want—sickened, and died of a broken heart.

The following lines from the Keepsake, are from the pen of the venerable historian, Roscoe, and copied from the scrap-book of a young American traveller:

THE STRANGER.

From distant climes the stranger came,
With friendly view and social aim,
The various tribes of earth to scan,
As friend to friend, as man to man.
No glittering stones the stranger brought;
No arts professed, no wealth he sought;
His every wish one view confined,
The interchange of mind with mind.
What he the richest prize would deem,
Was friendship, kindness, and esteem;
What he could in return impart—
The same warm feelings of the heart.
Not his with selfish views alone
To trace his course from zone to zone;
His hope—to stretch affection's chain
From land to land—from main to main.
The various powers and virtues tell,
In human heads and hearts that dwell,
In bonds of love the race to bind,
And make one people of mankind.

THE ESSAYIST.

POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY.

It has been observed, that it seldom falls to the lot of one man to be both a philosopher and a poet. These two characters, in their full extent, may be said to divide betwixt them the whole empire of genius: for all the productions of the human mind fall naturally under two heads—works of imagination, and works of reason. There are, indeed, several kinds of composition, which, to be perfect, must partake of both. In our most celebrated historians, for instance, we meet with a just mixture of the penetration that distinguishes the philosopher, and the ardour of the poet: still their departments are very wide of each other; and a small degree of attention will be sufficient to show, why it is so extremely difficult to unite, in a high degree, the excellence of each. The end of the poet is to give delight to his reader, which he attempts by addressing his fancy and moving his sensibility; while the philosopher purposes merely to instruct, and therefore thinks it enough if he presents his thoughts in that order which will render them the most perspicuous, and seems best adapted to gain the attention. Their views demand, therefore, a very different procedure. All that passes under the eye of the poet, he surveys in one particular view; every form and image, under which he presents it to the fancy, are descriptive of its effects. He delights to paint every object in motion, that he may raise a similar agitation in the bosom of the reader. But the calm, deliberate thinker, on the contrary, makes it his endeavour to seek out the remoter causes and principles which gave birth to these appearances.

It is the highest exertion of a philosopher to strip off the false colours that serve to disguise, to remove every particular which fancy or folly has combined, and present to view the simple and naked truth. But the poet, who addresses the imagination and the heart, neglects no circumstance, however fanciful, which may serve to attach his descriptions more closely to the human mind. In describing the awful appearances of nature, he gladly avails himself of those magic terrors with which ignorance and superstition have surrounded them; for, though the light of reason dispels those shades, they answer the highest purpose of the poet, in awakening the passions. It is the delight of poetry to combine and associate; of philosophy, to separate and distinguish. One resembles a skilful anatomist, who lays open every thing that occurs, and examines the smallest particular of its make; the other is like a judicious painter, who conceals what would offend the eye, and embellishes every subject which he undertakes to represent. The same object, therefore, which has engaged the investigating powers of the philosopher, takes a very different appearance from the forming hand of the poet, who adds every grace, and artfully hides the nakedness of the inward structure under all the agreeable foldings of elegance and beauty. In philosophical discussions, the end of which is to explain, every part ought to be unfolded with the most lucid perspicuity; but works of the imagination never exert a more powerful influence than when the author has contrived to throw over them a shade of darkness and doubt. The reason of this is obvious: the evils which we imperfectly discern, seem to bid defiance to caution; they affect the mind with a fearful anxiety, and, as they present no limits, the imagination easily conceives them to be boundless. These species of composition differ still farther with respect to the situation of mind requisite to produce them. Poetry is the offspring of a mind heated to an uncommon degree; it is a kind of spirit blown off in the effervescence of agitated feelings; but the most steady composure is essential to philosophical inquiry. Novelty, surprise, and astonishment, kindle in the bosom the fire of poetry, whilst philosophy is reared up by cool and long-continued efforts. There is one circumstance relating to this kind of composition, too material to be omitted. In every nation it has been found that poetry is of much earlier date than any other production of the human mind; as, in the individual, the imagination and passions are more vigorous in youth, which, in mature age, subside, and give way to thought and reflection.

Something similar to this seems to characterize that genius which distinguishes the different periods of society. The most admired poems have been the offspring of uncultivated ages. Pure poetry consists of the descriptions of nature, and the display of the passions; to each of which, a rude state of society is better adapted than one more polished.

They who live in that early period in which art has not alleviated the calamities of life, are forced to feel their dependence upon nature. Her appearances are ever open to their view, and therefore strongly imprinted on their fancy. They shrink at the approach of a storm, and mark with anxious attention every variation of the sky. The change of seasons, cloud or sunshine, serenity or tempest, are to them real sources of sorrow or of joy; and we need not, therefore, wonder that they should describe, with energy, what they felt with so much force. But it is one chief advantage of civilization, that, as it enables us in some measure to control nature, we become less subject to its influence. It opens many new sources of enjoyment. In this situation the gay and the cheerful can always mingle in company, whilst the diffusion of knowledge opens to the studious a new world, over which the whirlwind and the blast can exert no influence. The face of nature gradually retires from view, and those who attempt to describe it, often content themselves with copying from books, whereby their descriptions want the freshness and glow of original observation, like the image of an object reflected through various mediums, each of which varies its form and lessens its splendour. The poetry of an uncivilized nation has, therefore, often excelled the productions of a more refined people, in elevation and pathos. Accustomed to survey nature only in her general form and grander movements, their descriptions cannot fail of carrying with them an air of greatness and sublimity. They paint scenes which every one has felt, and which, therefore, need only to be presented, to re-awaken a similar feeling. For a while, they delight us with the vastness of their conceptions; but the want of various embellishments, and the frequent recurrence of the same images, soon fatigue the attention, and their poetry may be compared with the world of waters, upon which we gaze for a time with amazement, and then turn away our eyes. It is the advantage of enlightened nations, that their superior knowledge enables them to supply greater variety, and to render poetry more copious. They allure us with an agreeable succession of images, and do not weary us with uniformity, or overpower us with the continuance of any one exertion; but, by perpetually shifting the scene, they keep us in a constant hurry of delight.

I cannot help observing, that poetical genius seems capable of much greater variety than talents for philosophising. The power of thinking and reasoning is a simple energy, which exerts itself in all men nearly in the same manner: indeed, the chief varieties that have been observed in it may be traced to two—a capacity of abstract and mathematical reasoning, and a talent for collecting fact and making observations; and these qualities of mind, blended in various proportions, will, for the most part, account for any peculiarities attending men's modes of thinking. But the ingredients that constitute a poet, are far more various and complicated. He is in a high degree under the influence of the imagination and passions, principles of mind very various and extensive. Whatever is complicated is capable of much greater variety, and will be far more diversified in its form than that which is more simple. In this case, every ingredient is a source of variety, and, by being mingled in the composition in a greater or less degree, may give an original cast to the whole.

To explain the particular causes which vary the direction of the fancy in different men, would perhaps be no easy task. We are led, it may be at first through accident, to the survey of one class of objects; this calls up a particular train of thinking, which we afterward freely indulge; it easily finds access to the mind upon all occasions; the slightest accident serves to suggest it. It is nursed by habit, and reared up with attention, till it gradually swells to a torrent, which bears away every obstacle, and awakens in the mind the consciousness of peculiar powers. Such sensations eagerly impel to a particular purpose, and are sufficient to give to the mind a distinct and determinate character.

Poetical genius is likewise much under the influence of the passions. The pleased and the splenetic, the serious and the gay, survey nature with very different eyes. That elevation of fancy which, with a melancholy turn, will produce scenes of gloomy grandeur and awful solemnity, will lead a person of a cheerful complexion to give delight, by presenting images of splendour and gayety. To these, and similar causes, may be traced that boundless variety which diversifies the works of imagination, and which is so great that I have thought the perusal of fine authors is like

traversing the different regions of the earth. Some glow with a pleasant and refreshing warmth, whilst others kindle with a fierce and fiery heat: in one we meet with scenes of elegance and art, where all is regular, and a thousand beautiful objects spread their colours to the eye, and regale the senses; in another, we behold nature in an unadorned majestic simplicity, scouring the plain with a tempest, sitting upon a rock, or walking upon the wings of the wind. Here we meet with a Sterne, who fans us with the softest delicacies; and there we find a Rousseau, who hurries us along in whirlwind and tempest. Hence may be said to arise the delightful succession of emotions, felt in the bosom of sensibility. We feel the empire of genius, we imbibe the impression, and the mind resembles an enchanted mansion, which, at the touch of some superior hand, at one time brightens into beauty, and at another darkens into horror. Even where the talents of men approach most nearly, an attentive eye will ever remark some small shades of difference sufficient to distinguish them. Perhaps few authors have been distinguished by more similar features of character—if I may so speak—than Homer and Milton. That vastness of thought which fills the imagination, and that sensibility of spirit which renders every circumstance interesting, are the qualities of both: but Milton is the most sublime, and Homer the most picturesque. Homer lived in an early age, before knowledge was much advanced; he could derive little from any acquired abilities, and therefore may be styled the poet of nature. To this source, perhaps, we may trace the principal difference betwixt Homer and Milton. The Grecian poet was left to the movements of his own mind, and the full influence of that variety of passion which is common to all: his conceptions, therefore, are distinguished by simplicity and force. In Milton, who was skilled in almost every department of science, learning seems sometimes to have shaded the splendour of his genius.

No epic poet excites emotions so fervid as Homer, or possesses so much fire; but, in point of sublimity, he cannot be compared with Milton. I rather think that the Greek poet has been thought to excel in this quality more than he really does, for want of a proper conception of its effects. When the perusal of an author raises us above our usual tone of mind, we immediately ascribe those sensations to the sublime, without considering whether they light on the imagination or the feelings—whether they elevate the fancy, or only fire the passions.

The sublime has for its object the imagination only, and its influence is not so much to occasion any fervour of feeling, as the calmness of fixed astonishment. If we consider the sublime as thus distinguished from every other quality, Milton will appear to possess it in an unrivalled degree; and here indeed lies the secret of his power. Homer inspires us with an ardent sensibility; Milton with the stillness of surprise. One fills and delights the mind with the confluence of various emotions; the other amazes by the vastness of his ideas. The movements of Milton's mind are steady and progressive; he carries the fancy through successive stages of elevation, and gradually increases the heat by adding fuel to the fire.

The flights of Homer are more sudden and transitory; Milton, whose mind was enlightened by science, appears the most comprehensive; he shows more acuteness and more sublimity of thought. Homer, who lived more with men, and had perhaps a deeper tincture of the human passions, is far more vehement and picturesque than the English bard. To the view of Milton, the wide scenes of the universe seem to have been thrown open, which he regards with a cool and comprehensive survey, little agitated, and superior to those emotions which affect inferior mortals. Homer, when he soars the highest, goes not beyond the bounds of human nature; he still connects his descriptions with human passions; and, though his ideas have less sublimity, they have more fire. The appetite for greatness—that appetite which always grasps at more than it can reach, is never so fully satisfied as in the perusal of Paradise Lost. In following Milton, we grow familiar with new worlds; we traverse the immensities of space, wandering in amazement, and finding no bounds. Homer confines the mind to a narrower circle, but he brings that circle nearer to the eye, fills it with a quicker succession of objects, and makes it the scene of more interesting action.

Women are so careful and tender, such excellent nurses, and so anxious to amuse their patients, and so capable of doing it, that one of them is worth a host of male creatures.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Annual Report of the New-York City Dispensary.—According to promise, we present our readers with a few of the most striking passages in this interesting document, premising the single remark, that if any additional argument were wanting to enforce the appeal of the trustees, it is abundantly furnished by the dreadful sufferings incident to the present inclement season:

"It would be impossible to indulge the supposition, that in a city where wealth, and all those kindlier feelings which flow from religion and education, so richly abound, that the number of those who delight in doing good is so small, that an establishment, which has for its design the ready and gratuitous relief of the sick poor of this metropolis, should, after an existence of near *forty years*, be at last suffered to become extinct, from the want of those means which alone are sufficient for the accomplishment of its humane objects.

"Where so much is daily doing for other charities, it surely would be ungracious to suppose that no disposition existed to relieve the embarrassments of an institution, of whose beneficial results not even the most sceptical can, for a moment, entertain a doubt. Noble buildings have been erected, and innumerable associations formed, for the dissemination of the Holy Scriptures, the diffusion of religious instruction, and the general melioration of the moral condition of man, not only at home, but in remote, and almost unknown regions. But, in the results that have eventuated from these christian labours, should it be forgotten, that to afford relief to the afflicted of *body*, is a work by which they are to be recognised who *truly* walk in the path which HE has appointed, who has said, in the words we have adopted for our motto, '*I was sick, and ye visited me?*' To those who venerate his precepts, need we say more? Is it not sufficient to make known our wants; to point to the objects who are to be benefited by our exertions; and above all, to recall to the recollection the promises of Divine blessing to those who, in their prosperity, forget not the poor, nor turn a deaf ear to the cries of the afflicted.

"Ours is a humble institution; in it there is no glare to attract public attention; connected with it, no societies or associations upon whom to call for weekly or monthly contributions—no popular influence to spread abroad its advantages. But there is that connected with it which addresses itself to the heart, and to all those feelings of humanity which lead man to the abodes of the wretched; to sympathize with their afflictions, and to afford that relief to the sufferer which poverty had almost caused him to despair of obtaining. To the benevolent, it is a sufficient recompense that it has been theirs to make the sick heart leap with joy, and to be the restorers of that happiness which had almost abandoned the bosoms of the abject and agonized parent, or the wretched and helpless child. In contributing, then, through the *Dispensary*, the means of affording this relief, may not those whose hearts delight in being moved to acts of humanity, find here an opportunity of dispensing those charities, and of reaping those rich rewards of feeling which thrill the bosoms of the benevolent, and bring upon them the smiles of holy and benignant spirits? There is another class, upon whom we would call for assistance. We would not only appeal to their sensibilities, but would also address their interest, and point out to them the benefit *they* receive by the existence of such institutions as the one that now asks of them a little of their abundance.

"The *poor-rates* form no inconsiderable portion of the expenses of the city; indeed, a large proportion of the personal tax with which each citizen is burdened, it is believed, goes to the support of the poor. Nearly *ten thousand* persons have been prescribed for, at, or from the Dispensary, during the last year. Had there not been this house of refuge for the sick poor, it may be safely said, that at least one half of this number would have been obliged to have resorted to the Alms-house for relief. And it is not only the sick who, in such cases, must become an expense to the city, but in very many instances, when those whose duty it is, are by sickness rendered unable to provide for their families, it occurs that these, too, must become inmates of the Alms-house. Placing, then, the subject of our solicitude in this light, may we not safely say, that a saving of at least twenty thousand dollars is annually made to the city by those domiciliary medical visits, and general attendance to the sick, which is the object of our institution?

and by thus lessening the public expenditure, is it necessary to say, that the 'New-York Dispensary,' independent of its philanthropic purposes, becomes also a public benefit, well entitled to the countenance and support of the economist?"

The following is the amount of the labours of the physicians attached to the institution:

"Cured, eight thousand five hundred and eighty-four; relieved and incurable, three hundred and fifty-one; disorderly, eighty; removed from the visiting districts, fourteen; removed to the hospital, twenty-one; removed to Bellevue, sixty-five; died, eighty-six; remaining under charge, one hundred and ninety-seven: total, exclusive of those vaccinated, nine thousand three hundred and ninety-eight. Increase, since last year, six hundred and twenty-nine."

After this statement, will it be believed that the treasurer of the institution is actually in advance ninety-two dollars and ninety-nine cents? and that the building in which patients are prescribed for, is a disgrace to the city by its very appearance in the Park?

Miss Sterling.—The lovers of music will be delighted to learn that one of the most successful performers of England, on the piano-forte, has taken up her residence in New-York, and intends shortly to instruct young ladies in the management of this delightful instrument. We allude to the lady whose name is prefixed to this article, who made so decided and favourable an impression, at her *debut* in Covent-Garden theatre, last year, in the *fantasia* from Moscheles, that the *Times* newspaper—the very highest critical authority in London—pronounced her performance to have been distinguished by "a brilliancy of execution, and elegance of expression, which had not been surpassed by any of the most eminent professors of that instrument." The same paper adds, "Her genius is of the most decided kind, and the reception which her talent procured her was extremely flattering. A person and manner highly prepossessing, added to the impression her performance produced." The *Morning Post*, of the same date, says that "it is impossible to speak of this lady in too high terms of commendation; the taste she displayed throughout, and the wonderful rapidity of her execution, we have never heard surpassed; and the astounding plaudits which followed the conclusion of her performance, sufficiently attested the sense of the audience." Lastly; the *Morning Herald*, after paying an elegant compliment to her execution, which it compared to improvising, so wild, and hardy, and light was her touch, adds: "Her extreme youth, and talent, and something of enthusiasm in her style—a precious advantage, by the way—obtained her the liveliest expressions of applause." We have quoted these authorities, because they convey, in the most appropriate terms, the exact impression which the talents and person of this amiable and interesting young lady have made upon ourselves, and, we may truly add, upon every one who has had the pleasure of witnessing her wonderful execution. It would be idle to descant on the advantages which New-York will derive from the possession of so eminent and skilful an artist, and an insult to the good taste of our numerous amateurs, to suspect that her exertions to diffuse a correct taste in music, and impart some portion, at least, of her own astonishing powers among the practisers of this delightful art, will go unrewarded, or remain unnoticed. We all recollect the change effected by Philipps and the Italian opera, in the cultivation of musical science amongst us, and we feel warranted in anticipating a far more practical and decided improvement from the personal instruction of Miss Sterling. In addition to her scientific and professional claims, the charms of her deportment, and her intelligent and cultivated mind, she comes recommended to general patronage by her intercourse with the first and most accomplished members of society. To the advantages of this last qualification, in the influence it may exert on the manners and behaviour of the younger individuals of her own sex who may be entrusted to her charge, it would be useless to direct the attention of parents, as they must be fully sensible of its immense importance in the practical education of their daughters.

The Theatres.—If we have been remiss in our theatrical notices of late—as has been hinted to us from various quarters—it has not proceeded from any disinclination to the subject; but simply because, for the last month or two, scarcely any thing—we except, of course, the performances of Miss Rock, a favourable notice of which was crowded out last week—deserving even a passing remark, has been

presented to the public. The Bowery, during that period, has been closed. The galaxy of stars that were wont to twinkle so brightly and joyously in our dramatic hemisphere—Forest, Wallack, Clara Fisher, Feron, Austin, &c.—are scattered about in all quarters of the Union; and the New-York public, like an over-worked piece of land, has been allowed to lie fallow for a season; but, now that the husbandmen have again entered the field, we trust that a rich and bounteous harvest will reward their labours. We think that two, and perhaps three theatres, managed with a judicious liberality, can be supported in this city, and our rapid increase in wealth and population adds daily to the probability of such an opinion. Our citizens are rich and well-educated, and a rich and well-educated community will ever be found the best supporters of this most rational and intellectual species of amusement. Of performers we have, and will continue to have, a superabundance; for, independent of those of native growth, and the constant importations from Europe, there is at present, in these states, and can be concentrated and maintained in this city, more first-rate histrionic talent, in almost every department of the drama, than is to be met with in any other city of equal size on the face of the globe. With these advantages, what is to prevent a remunerating support being afforded to both Park and Bowery? and we trust that a spirit of generous emulation, rather than of jealous rivalry, will incite the two houses to place the most tempting, yet wholesome intellectual banquets before the public; while the La Fayette and Mount Pitt, with dogs, horses, and elephants for their principal performers, and a few men and women as auxiliaries, will act as drains to draw off all theatrical impurities.

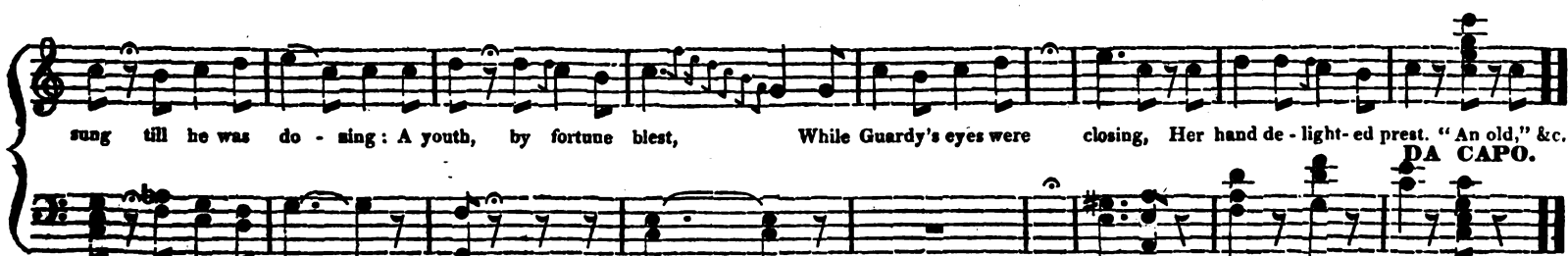
It was stated, a month or so ago, that the Bowery managers had it in contemplation to enact a series of sterling English comedies, from the time of Wycherly, Vanburgh, and Congreve, down to the present period. This is an arduous and perilous undertaking, and we would have the managers consider it as such, and carefully and judiciously select their materials before they embark in such an enterprise; for it is only by the assistance of a regular company, comprising great and varied talent, that they can hope to succeed in such an attempt with honour and profit; but if they do succeed, it will not only reflect the highest credit on all concerned, but stamp a high character on this, or any other house, that may engage in such an undertaking—an undertaking which, if not patronised, would much affect the character of the city for liberality, taste, and intelligence. This, at the upper, with the variety of *stars* and the fine sterling company that are engaged at the lower house, would raise theatrical entertainments to a higher rank than they have heretofore attained in this city. Moreover, it is devoutly to be wished, that criticisms on the drama may reach a corresponding elevation, and that sound and healthy remarks may fill that place in the prominent journals which is now, for the most part, occupied by fulsome flattery and impudent puffs. This system neither deceives the public nor benefits the actors, for the public have the use of their eyes and other senses, and the actor of real merit is injured and disgusted by seeing the palm of excellence awarded to all alike. For ourselves, we would willingly assist, to the extent of our poor abilities, in effecting such a change, and will estimate, at its proper value, the irritability of those who may feel displeased at our free remarks. We will censure what we think wrong, even in the highest, and award praise, when it is due, to the lowest; and not make a show of independence, by letting the higher personages pass free, and valiantly belabouring some poor understrapper. If criticism is just, it ought to be bold and unshackled—if manifestly unjust, it will fall to the ground of itself. The Bowery opened on Saturday: great alterations have been made, and the house is now, both inside and outside, an ornament to the town.

Female Wages.—That indefatigable philanthropist, acute political economist, and good citizen, Mathew Carey, has been investigating the amount received by the industrious females who labour for the government and for tailors, and he has ascertained, to his own astonishment, and to the mortification of the public, that the utmost exertion of industry on their part, can barely secure for them a dollar, or a dollar and an eighth per week! To penetrate into their abodes of wretchedness, to witness the intense distress, the want and misery, produced by this scanty allowance, is enough to harrow up the soul, and make it turn with loathing from the picture. For this trifle, too, they are constantly employed from six in the morning till eleven at night!

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY E. S. BARCLAY.

AN OLD MAN WOULD BE WOOING.

SUNG BY MADAME FERON.—MUSIC BY BISHOP.



Then kneeling, trembling, creeping— | I vow 'twas much amiss— | He watched the old man sleeping, | And softly stole a kiss. | "An old man," &c.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

A SKETCH.

Her look was calm, but it was not
The calm of peace—it rather seemed
Like resignation to her lot;
And yet a stranger would have deemed
That she was blest; for all around
Showed wealth, and power, and luxury;
And nothing told the secret wound
Of inward misery.
Her dwelling was a place of pride,
Which stood in lofty grandeur—wide
Its shadow fell o'er the rich green,
Which formed a carpet for the scene;
And flowers of every name were there,
The wild, the beautiful, the rare:
The climbing vine supporters found,
In bowers amidst the fairy ground;
The ancient elm-trees cast their shade
Along the pebbled walks, where played
The moonbeams through their spreading boughs—
A fitting place for lovers' vows;
The graceful larch and locust too,
Gave varied beauty to the view;
And near, where gushing waters streamed,
The cypress and the willow seemed,
Amidst the brilliance and the bloom,
The only things of grief and gloom.
And was it so? No, there was one,
The heiress of that rich domain;
Who, while she basked in fortune's sun,
Still felt that its cold light was vain.
She had been an enthusiast
In nature's beauties—o'er her heart
A spirit of romance had passed,
Which did to every scene impart

A charm unfelt by others—still,
She knew not that the gift, to feel
Such pure and exquisite delight,
Was a misfortune—that the blight
Of sorrow falls most fatally
Upon the mind thus doomed to be
The home of deep refinement; there
Comes disappointment and despair;
The subtle and envenomed dart,
The deadly mildew of the heart.
She knew not this, when her young eye
Saw so much beauty in the sky;
So much of untold loveliness,
In the green earth, in summer's dress;
Or such wild grandeur in the waves
Which sparkle o'er old ocean's caves.
Her spirit drank too freely then,
The draught of unimpassioned bliss;
As if such were a specimen
Of earth's best, truest happiness.
But life has better dreams than these,
And the heart warmer sympathies;
And o'er the careless hours of youth
There comes a vision, fair as truth,
Yet false as fair; for many prove
There is no constancy in love.
To man, it is a changeful mood,
A fitful feeling, soon forgot;
To woman, in her solitude,
It is the theme of every thought.
But few can feel its powerful thrill
Like her, the gifted one, who drew
Genius, and taste, and fancy, still
From that deep passion—yet none knew
The cause which gently stole the mirth
From her bright smile, and to her eye
Gave an expression not of earth—
A something, spiritual, high,

Which spoke of intellectual things,
Called forth by her imaginings.
But suddenly the dream was gone—
He left her, and she stood alone.
It seemed as if she heeded not
The cold neglect, and yet it wrung
The life-blood from her heart; but wrought
No outward change—her step still sprung
Light in the dance, and still her eye
With its mild, star-like beauty, beamed;
Her smile was given more pensively,
But yet on all around it gleamed:
And long, with dignity, she strove
To dwell on other themes; to love
The things she once had loved—'twas vain,
The faded vision came again.
And then her cheek grew pale—but none
Could tell why youth's fresh bloom had flown.
They said it was consumption—true,
It was, but that was all they knew.
Her parents watched the slow decline,
And vainly tried each healing art;
They bore her to a foreign clime,
And wept to see their hopes depart.
Awhile she struggled with her fate,
That they should not be desolate;
And for their sake, she sought to win
Back health, and be what she had been.
Again she looked upon the sky,
The earth, the sea; and wondered why
The foaming surge, the stars, the flowers,
Had lost their once-enchanting powers.
The spell was broken—where was he
With whom the scene was poetry?
Without him, all was valueless—
And thus, in her heart's loneliness,
She died—and soon her father's lands,
And wealth, passed into strangers' hands. ESTELLE.

NEW-YORK MIRROR, AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1829.

NUMBER 35.

THE REPOSITORY.

CHARACTER OF ROUSSEAU, AND A NOTICE OF HIS ELOISE AND CONFESSIONS.* BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

THERE never yet existed an author who so completely divided the suffrages of the literary world as Rousseau. By one party he has been cried up as an angel; by another, he has been written down as a demon. One class says he is above all praise; another, beneath all contempt. This reader finds in his ethics the very perfection of nature; that, the utmost plausibility of art. Meanwhile, all agree in this one point—namely, that, whether justly or unjustly, he has exercised a despotic influence over his age; taught the most indifferent to feel, the shallowest to think, the most abject to stickle for freedom of thought and action. Unlike Voltaire—who disseminated his most pestilent doctrines, and broke down the barriers of truth, reason, and moral and religious rectitude, by dint of searching irony—Rousseau enforces his opinions by the most winning and specious sensibility. He reaches the reason through the heart. We do not, in the following cursory sketch, intend to be the apologists of this extraordinary writer—to palliate his glaring obliquities of thought, his insidious sentiments, or distorted truisms: these sufficiently condemn themselves without our aid: all that we here profess to do, is to account for their origin, to trace their progress, and to show how, notwithstanding their apparent moral beauty, they led, as they must always lead, from sophistry to doubt, from doubt to despair, from despair to utter, irretrievable desolation.

From his earliest infancy, Rousseau, who inherited from nature the utmost fragility of constitution—which, by the way, is one of the strongest fosterers of intellect—was, by the force of circumstances, thrown upon himself for his amusements. At an early age, he was apprenticed to a clock-maker at Geneva, whom he describes in his *Confessions*, as a man just sufficiently intellectual for his occupation, but nothing more. With this person, of course, he could hold no communion—no interchange of thought or sentiment; his extreme delicacy of frame, nervous to a degree bordering at times upon madness, equally forbade his engaging in the usual sports of childhood, and he was consequently thrown upon books for his recreation; which books, had they been supplied to him by some sound, well-ordered, and enlightened individual, might, in due course of time, have given a philosopher instead of a sophist to the world. Unluckily, they were all, with one or two exceptions, of a chivalrous and romantic cast—there was little or no equipoise to counteract their effect; and it may readily be conceived what impression such works, fascinating at any period of life, must have made upon the unformed mind of a youth, who had never known the salutary restraints of scholastic discipline, had never been taught to bridle his passion, to tame his enthusiasm, or square his imagination agreeably to the dictates of a healthy judgment. Of course, the first effect produced by such books, was a disgust for his me-

chanical occupation. We do not remember the precise way in which this aversion showed itself, or whether Rousseau's father were living at the time; but we distinctly recollect, that the embryo sophist ran away from his employer, and pursued his course, unaccompanied, except by a bounding heart, and a slight—a very slight—stock of money, over the heaths and mountains of his native land. In one of these excursions, he chanced to light upon two young ladies, whom he assisted over a running stream, and at whose house he spent one or two delightful days. This incident, though trifling and scarcely worth mention in itself, is important as it regards Rousseau. His ever-creative mind, fascinated by the courtesy of these fair unknowns, at once robbed them in drapery selected from the wardrobe of a well-filled fancy; and, as the reality of their appearance wore off, it laid the foundation of that beautiful idealism, which Madame de Warrens strengthened, Madame de Houdetot confirmed, and which afterward shone forth to the admiration and regret of thousands, in the unequalled character of *Eloise*.

It was some time after this rencontre, that, fatigued with walking, hungry, penniless, and dispirited—the past wretched, the future a blank—the young Rousseau knocked for charity at the gate of a good-natured widow lady, named De Warrens, who at once, with all the generous inconsiderateness of a woman, listened to his petition, gave him good advice, supplied him with food and money, and sent him home. To this acquaintance—thus strangely commenced—must be traced much, indeed the greater part, of those singular obliquities in judgment and feeling which deformed the otherwise acute mind of Rousseau. Circumstances, or, as he himself would call it, destiny, threw him, some years afterward, when a youth of one or two-and-twenty, for the second time into the hands of this lady. By degrees he secured for himself an interest in her heart, which, however, in the headlong infatuation of the moment, he was content to share with another. From this hour, his mind received a warp; from this hour he learned to become sophistical, in order to justify his own conduct; and opinions, insincere at first, acquired, by long habit, and by being perpetually brooded over, an air of decided truth. The daily romance of his life—unoccupied, except in rambling about a sublime neighbourhood, where he familiarized himself with the loftiest forms of natural beauty, and fed and strengthened a strong but diseased mind—confirmed these opinions; until, at length, all that was sound and sterling in thought, gave place to art and sophistry. This meditative and impassioned mode of life, which, while it strengthens the sensibility, wholly unfits it for society, was pursued by Rousseau for many years. Occasionally, indeed, he visited Paris, where his exquisite relish for music, and the circumstance of his having composed a successful opera, procured him admittance to the highest circles; but his mind could not adapt itself to the etiquette of a court, his pride, too, forbade all approach to friendship, and he lived a hermit even within the atmosphere of Versailles. Before this, we should observe, he had, from some cause or other, separated himself from Madame de Warrens, and now lodged in the house of a Swiss family. Meanwhile, to satisfy his notions of inde-

pendence, and secure what he called “freedom of thought and action,” he employed himself in copying music, by which drudgery he contrived to earn a decent subsistence, up to the moment when he was taken under the especial protection of the august family of Montmorenci. Shortly after his introduction to this family, at their express desire, conveyed to him in the most flattering terms, Rousseau quitted Paris, and went to reside with them at a small cottage, built for him near their own mansion; where, partly to beguile leisure, partly to put forth his peculiar notions on all subjects where the heart is concerned, he engaged in the composition of *Eloise*, which, when published one or two years afterward, turned the hearts and heads of France, and rendered its author an object of universal attraction.

It was about this period that the fatal warp in judgment, of which we have before spoken, put forth in Rousseau's mind all its most diseased and humiliating eccentricities. Nursed in solitude, he had formed notions of friendship which reality was sure to disappoint. He had expected to meet in life with the “faultless monsters” of fancy. Every fresh acquaintance was accordingly hailed at first with the utmost enthusiasm, which, however, soon subsided; disgust ensued, then suspicion, then alienation, and, finally, invincible aversion. It was in this way that his connexion with Diderot, D'Alembert, Voltaire, Saint Lambert, Grimm—to whose gossiping memoirs we owe so much delightful scandal—and a hundred others, began: in this way, too, it terminated. Even the noble family of the high constable—to whom Rousseau was indebted for almost every comfort his hypochondriacal temperament would permit him to enjoy—were not secure in his mind from reproach. This evinced itself in the most petty and humiliating manner. If they ever invited him to the chateau, it was, he said, to make a butt of him; if they respected his infirmities and his solitude, they treated him, he would add, with contempt: either way, they were sure to be wrong, and himself the injured party. Such feelings—which, though carried to the extreme in Rousseau, are by no means restricted to him—are the necessary results of an ill-balanced temperament. While youth lasts, they are, in some degree, kept under by the generous buoyancy, and freedom from distrust, of that age; but as years roll on, and the simplicity of life becomes discoloured with the taint of the world, the counteracting power is lost, and the mind compelled to drift headlong at the mercy of a wild, capricious, and jaundiced disposition. Rousseau's invariable defect was the substitution of feeling for principle. He had few speculative opinions independently of sentiment: this with him was every thing; it made him the leading writer of his age, and it made him a wretch. He seemed altogether to throw overboard the notion that man is as much the creature of reason as of sensibility; he objected to Hume that he was dispassionate, and to Voltaire that he was a wit—as if such peculiarities were not strictly within the province of nature, as much, and even more so, than his own forced and heated fancy. But he paid the penalty—and a dreadful penalty it was—of this infirm quality of mind. After hurrying from place to place—from Geneva to the Hermitage, from the Hermitage to the Boromean islands; after having been

*This masterly and eloquent sketch of the character of Rousseau and his works, is from a late London publication.

driven from one country with contempt, and received in another with enthusiasm; after wandering for years over Europe, and even venturing into the extreme recesses of Wales—this poor, wretched misanthrope—alone, forlorn, deserted in his age, owning kindred with none, rejecting pity with scorn, and repaying kindness with distrust; a pensioner, yet professing independence; a slave, yet a braggart of his freedom—returned once again to Paris, from which, after a brief, restless stay, he finally set out for one of the adjacent provinces, there to close his eyes and die.

The manner of his death has been variously related. Some say that he committed suicide; others, that he was attacked with a fit of epilepsy; others, that he fell a victim to that unconquerable dejection which, for years, had been preying on and withering the energies of his mind and body. In this state of doubt we shall, as a matter of course, incline to the charitable side, and take as our guide a slight memoir, penned a few days after his decease, and widely circulated throughout Paris. According to this narrative, Rousseau had been ailing for some weeks; but it was not until within a day or two of his death, that he anticipated the slightest danger. His love of nature—and this, be it said to his honour, was an enthusiastic passion that neither age nor infirmity could quench—remained with him to the last. He rambled daily to a summer-house situated at the bottom of his garden, and there, seated with some favourite book in his hand, would send his thoughts abroad into eternity, on whose threshold he was even then unconsciously standing. A few friends who lived near him, and who, by respecting his infirmities, had, somehow or other, contrived to preserve his good opinion, occasionally called in to see him; and to them only was his approaching change apparent: he himself was alternately sanguine and desponding to the last. On the morning of his dissolution, he had risen sooner than usual, and after passing the earlier parts of the day in pain, grew considerably better toward evening, and requested to be wheeled out in a low garden-chair toward his favourite summer-house. The day until twelve o'clock had been clouded, but it cleared up at noon, and the freshness of air, the hum of the insects, and the fragrant perfume of the flowers as they lifted up their heads after the rain, revived the languid spirits of the invalid. For a few minutes he remained absorbed in thought, in which state he was found by a neighbour who had accidentally called in to pay him a visit. "See," said Rousseau, as he approached, "how beautifully the sun is setting! I know not why it is, but a presentiment has just come over me, that I am not doomed to survive it. Yet I should scarcely like to go before it has set, for it will be a satisfaction to me—strange, perhaps, as it may seem to you—that we should both leave the world together." His friend—it is he himself that relates the story—was struck by the singular melancholy of this remark, more especially as the philosopher's countenance bore but too evident an impress of its probable truth. Accordingly, he strove with officious kindness to divert the stream of Rousseau's thoughts: he talked to him of indifferent matters, hoping thereby that he would regain his cheerfulness, but was concerned to find that every attempt was vain. Rousseau, at all times an egotist, was now solely occupied on the contemplation of himself and his approaching change. His thoughts were immovably fixed on death: he felt, he repeatedly exclaimed, that he was fast declining; and, every now and then, after closing his eyes for a minute or so, would languidly open them again, as if for the purpose of remarking what progress the sun had made toward the west. He remained in this state of stupor for a considerable time, when suddenly he shook it off, gazed about him with nearly all his wonted animation, and after bursting into a feeble rhapsody about his unwearied love for nature, turned

full toward the sun, with the devotional aspect of a parsee. By this time the evening had far advanced, and his friend endeavoured to persuade him to return into the house. But no; his last moments, he was resolved, should be spent in the open air. And they were so. Scarcely had the sun set, when the eyes of Rousseau began also to close; his breath grew thicker, and was drawn at longer intervals; he strove to speak, but finding the effort vain, turned toward the friend at his elbow, and pointed with his hand in the direction of the red orb, which just at that moment dropped behind the horizon. This was his last feeble movement: an instant longer, and Rousseau had ceased to live.

We stop not to detail the particulars of the sensation that his death occasioned throughout France; but, contenting ourselves with this brief and meagre, but impartial memoir, come at once to the consideration of his character as an author. And here, if we could forget the insidious principles that every where pervade his works, and lurk like thorns beneath the flowers of his intellect, our task would be one of un-mixed praise. But we cannot do so; a regard to the derangements of life compels us to remember that the writings of Rousseau teem with the most pestilential doctrines, couched in language so beautiful, eloquent, that the fancy is flattered, while the judgment is wheeled on to its destruction. The *Eloise*—that unequalled model of style and grace—is full of certain captivating simplicity, that seems the inspiration of an unsophisticated nature. But it sets out in wrong principles; it requires the reader to grant that female modesty is consistent with immoral conduct, that vice is only vice when detected, and that the heart is the best and most correct moral guide through life. This last is an extravagant Utopian doctrine, at variance with principle, at variance with all that has made society what it is, and still contributes to preserve its decorum. Yet it is the key to unlock the mysteries of *Eloise*. The heroine is there represented as a young lady full of superlative sensibility, without judgment, without principle, though eternally boasting of both. Attached enthusiastically to Saint Preux, the friend and instructor of her youth, she is yet compelled, by the force of circumstances, to link herself and fortunes to an atheist. She has a large family; but, though guiltless of infidelity toward her husband, her mind has received a taint. Her very last letter—that affecting composition which it is scarcely possible to read without tears—though dated from a death-bed, breathes the spirit of incurable infatuation. To make matters worse, the object of this infatuation returns, after a long absence from abroad; and, notwithstanding that his presence must be a perpetual memento of the past, replete with danger, Madame de Wolmar—the married name of *Eloise*—receives him with unfeigned ecstasy, and not only insists on his taking up his abode exclusively with her, but—grateful, no doubt, for the valuable moral principles which he has instilled into her own mind—is indiscreet, not to say mad, enough to propose him as a tutor to her children. As if her own invitation were not sufficient, her husband is persuaded to add his entreaties, even though that husband has been previously made acquainted with the circumstance of Saint Preux's former intimacy with his wife. Now, all this, we roundly assert, is monstrous, and has no prototype in nature. When we say no prototype, we would be understood to mean, that it has never been, and never will be, found connected with the refined sensibility and exquisite sense of decorum with which Rousseau has invested these inconsistent creations of his fancy. A wife anxious for her children's morals, proud of her husband, and passionately devoted to the pure and simple enjoyments of home, would never peril her own reputation, or that of her family, by encouraging an attachment at variance with the most obvious du-

ties. If, however, she did not encourage such attachment, she would not rest satisfied, as *Eloise*—and herein lies an additional violation of nature—is represented to have been, with mere theoretical guilt. In like manner, a husband described as being endowed with an almost romantic sense of honour, and even with a sceptical turn of mind that had its origin in principle, would never, consistently with these qualities, look with indifference on the hazardous condition of a wife who trod daily on a precipice enwreathed with flowers: he would either snatch her from the brink, or perish with her. But, supposing he relied on her self-possession for her safety, he would then show himself utterly unacquainted with the human heart; so that, in either sense, whether viewed as a man of the world, or a man of honour—and Rousseau invests him with both qualities in the extreme—Monsieur de Wolmar must be set down as a picturesque but ludicrous anomaly.

As the characters of *Eloise* are unnatural, so also are the sentiments—those, at least, which profess to adapt themselves to reality. They are couched, as we before observed, in sweet and honied language, yet inculcate the most pernicious morals. They bubble up with apparent artlessness from a good and benevolent heart, yet are tainted all over with miasma. Vice is taught to lisp the sentiments of a generous wisdom; the language of the Cecropian Pallas is mouthed by the Cyprian Venus; *Eloise* prates of honour, Saint Preux of reason, and both, of the charms of patriarchal innocence and simplicity. It was upon a principle pretty similar to this, and at least with equal sincerity, that the Gracchi complained of sedition. It has been the object with many undoubted moral authors, to paint the fascinations of vice in the most alluring colours, in order to contrast it afterward with the penalties it must pay perforce to virtue, and thus to work out a more obvious and impressive homily. This is not the case with Rousseau. Vice, throughout his *Eloise*, robed in the garb of modesty, is triumphant; she is even pitied, and monopolizes the tears due to her celestial adversary. Who, except by the determined efforts of a strong mind, can bear for an instant to condemn Madame de Wolmar—the beautiful—the sensitive—the confiding? Who can forget her high-wrought, impassioned youth, her exceeding love of nature, of art, of all, in short, that contributes to the grace, the ornament, and the simplicity of existence? Even up to the present moment, though years have elapsed, fashions have changed, and literature has diverged into new channels, she is ever visibly before us. The rocks of Meillerie breathe of her—Clarens is eloquent of her name—Vevay whispers it through all her woods—and the evening breeze, as it sighs over the blue waters of Geneva, repeats the last parting that rent the souls of herself and her unforgotten lover. She has a distinct—a separate—an undivided existence in our memories; for the *Eloise*, be it observed, is not a book to be laid aside with childhood; it grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength; we abjure its principles, but, despite ourselves, we hug its sensibility to our hearts; and even when we repudiate it as the true *liber amoris*, it puts forth new claims to our admiration by its exuberant fulness of ideas, its ingenious sophistry, and faultless style. We own throughout its pages the presence of a powerful and analytical mind, that has studied—deeply studied—the origin and progress of even its slightest emotions, and noted them down, fresh as they rose, one after the other, from patient and acute investigation, with all the overwhelming earnestness of sincerity.

The "Confessions," like the "*Eloise*," abounds in impassioned sentiment, but possesses in parts a vein of indignant sarcasm, of which the other is devoid. It is the history—and a mournful one it is—of Rousseau's own mind; of his progress from childhood

to age, from first enthusiasm to final despair. It is full of detailed accounts of Madame de Warrens, Therese, and his unrequited fondness for Madame de Houdetot. It is, in fact, the autobiography of an ardent, self-willed mind, at one time capable of the loftiest flights of virtue; at another, equal to the most contemptible misdeeds. What can be more inconsistent than the candour that could afford to acknowledge that, in order to avoid punishment, it falsely accused a poor, unfriended maiden of theft, and the meanness that could stoop to act so? But, from first to last, Rousseau was the child of caprice; his actions were all impulses—they could never be relied on.

With regard to the literary excellence of his Confessions, it is lavish and splendid in the extreme. Each chapter abounds—as suits occasion—in passages of unaffected simplicity, of glowing declamation, of energetic scorn, and sweet descriptive beauty. In proof of this, we may adduce Rousseau's account of his first introduction to Madame de Houdetot—of his solitary walk every morning, to steal one look at this idol of his enthusiasm—of his proud expectations—unwearied attachment, which neither absence on his own part, nor indifference on that of his mistress, could extinguish—and of his subsequently blighted hopes. Nor is that passage to be forgotten, wherein he describes his ecstatic feeling of enjoyment, while sailing about at evening in his boat, far away from the sight of the human countenance, and surrounded only by the grandest forms of nature—the towering mountain, the shrubless crag, the soft, luxuriant meadow, through whose daisied herbage wound a hundred silver rivulets, sparkling in the red sunset, and lapsing on their course in music and in happiness. Yet the whole passage—beautiful as it undoubtedly is, and conceived in the rapt fervour of poetic inspiration—is false to nature, and equivocal in sentiment. It is in direct contradiction to the experience of ages—surely entitled to some little deference even from so headlong a reformer as Rousseau—which has left it on the records of a thousand volumes, that the unreasonable indulgence of solitude is a factitious feeling, engendered by a diseased, and confirmed by an unsocial intellect. Amid passages, however, of such doubtful—to say the least of them—sensibility, it is delightful to catch now and then glimpses of another and a nobler nature. It is like the bursting in of a sudden sunshine upon November's gloom. Of such a redeeming character is Rousseau's account of the periwinkle, which, by accident, he picked up in one of his Alpine botanical excursions. His simple exclamation of delight at the recognition, "Ah, voilà la pervenche!" goes deeper to the heart than a thousand elaborate homilies. It was not the mere flower itself, but the associations thereby engendered, that filled his eyes with tears, as he pressed it with fervour to his lips. Eight-and-thirty years before, while rambling with Madame de Warrens through the same neighbourhood, he had gathered that very flower. Time had nearly effaced the circumstance from his mind—age had crept over him—the object of his unceasing attachment had been long since consigned to the earth; but here was a talisman to recall the past; this little simple mountain plant bore about with it a magic power that could roll back the wheels of time, and array a haggard soul in the same sweet freshness which it wore in the morning of existence. As regards the pervading spirit of the Confessions, it is a work which sets out in a pensive vein of reflection, and terminates in the darkest, the fiercest misanthropy. Yet, whether for good or evil—whether to sear with scorn, or melt with tenderness—the spirit of a mighty genius moves along each page, free, undisguised, and unchartered as the wind. Indeed, had Rousseau shown but half as much talent in palliating misery as he has shown in forestalling and aggravating it, he would have been the greatest man that ever existed. But, baneful as is the charac-

ter of his productions, they inculcate—the Confessions more especially—an impressive, but unconscious moral. They convince the uninformed, wavering mind, that true happiness is only to be found where it holds in respect the social and the moral duties; that sensibility, without principle, is like the tower built by the fool upon the sands, which the very first wave swept into annihilation, and that every departure from virtue is a departure from enjoyment, even though accompanied by supreme abilities.

Having thus discussed impartially the character of Rousseau's chief works, it remains, as some slight apology for their obliquities, to say a few words respecting the age in which he flourished. He wrote at a period when the French mind, drugged with a long course of anodyne literature, made up from prescriptions unchanged through a tedious succession of ages, was eagerly prepared to receive any alternative that might exhilarate its intellectual constitution. Previous to his time, France was trammelled by Aristotelian regulations, which, whether for the drama, the closet, or the senate, prescribed one uniform style of composition—correct, but cold—polished, but insipid; founded essentially on the imitative, and depreciating—as was the case with the Augustan age in England, which derived its mental character from the French court—any departure from the old established classics of Greece and Rome as downright unadulterated heresy. Voltaire was the first to break through the ice of this formality; he threw a vivifying power into literature, which sparkled with a thousand coruscations, and drew forth the dormant energies of others. Rousseau was one of the master-spirits thus warmed into life: his predecessor, by his novel and brilliant paradoxes, had triumphantly led the way; France was henceforth prepared to be astonished—overwhelmed—electrified; and Rousseau answered every expectation. This, perhaps, is but a poor apology for vice, that it adapts itself to the taste of the day; nevertheless, every man is more or less fashioned by the age in which he lives—few having, like the divine, unsullied Milton, the fortitude to precede it; and if the gross immoralities of Beaumont and Fletcher, and still worse, of Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar, are excused from consideration of the period in which they flourished, surely the same extenuating principle may with justice be applied to Rousseau. In addition to this, it must not be forgotten that his sentiments, however revolting they may appear, were, literally speaking, the received opinions of his country. They grew out of a courtly system of fashion which winked at dissipation, and visited only with condemnation an uncouth person, bad address, churlish temper, or clownish dialect. At such a demoralized period—the necessary precursor of revolution which should clear the polluted atmosphere—a man of first-rate ability, a pander to the elegant sensuality of the age—which, according to Burke, lost "half its danger in losing all its grossness"—and an unflinching philosopher of the new school, was not likely to pass unnoticed. Rousseau felt this, wrote accordingly, and rendered himself immortal, and a wretch. The secret of his success he has himself explained in a published conversation with Burke, wherein he observes, that, finding that the old vehicle of literature was crazy and worn out, he took upon himself the task of renewing the springs, repainting the panels, and gilding the whole machine afresh. In other words, he resolved to extend the pathetic, deepen the unsocial, and pervert what little was left of moral and religious sensibility among his countrymen. In this he too happily succeeded; but what were the penalties he paid for such success? The answer is tremendous? A shipwrecked character—a broken heart—a brilliant but unenviable immortality. One word more. Rousseau has been frequently styled the champion, the apostle of freedom. Mr.

Hazlitt, in particular, who, in his clouded moments, has much of his manner, has thus loved to designate him. This is certainly a saving clause, with nothing to disturb its effect but the circumstance of its utter falsity. The philosopher's independence, like his sentiment, was purely a factitious feeling. It was not the healthy, progressive growth of reason, but the forced production of sophistry. It could stoop to be the slave of the most effeminate, demoralizing vices, and was the result of irritability, selfishness, and egotism. Far different is the nature of the true apostle of liberty. The materials of his magnanimity originate with himself, they are beams reflected from the sunny purity of his own heart, and are mixed up with, and give a tone and colouring to, his most trifling actions. To be the true asserter of public freedom, the man himself must be free. No unworthy suspicions, no rash misanthropy, no prurient fancies, no truckling to sensuality, simply because it is clothed in the borrowed robes of sentiment, must be permitted to interfere with, or influence his opinions. His mind must tower above the ordinary level of mankind, as much in conduct as in intellect. It is not enough that he possess the ability to discuss; he must add the heart to feel and the disposition to practise the mighty principle in its minutest as well as in its most comprehensive sense; for by the union of worth and genius alone—either of which, when disjoined, is useless—is the world's conviction ensured. Milton, whose ethics were so sublime, whose daily habits were so stainless, spoke from the heart, when he declared himself the sworn foe to despotism; the Tell of private life gave abundant evidence of the public patriot; the moral influence of Washington as a dictator, was the necessary consequence of his worth as a man; but Rousseau, though he fled from clime to clime, the fancied martyr to his virtue and his independence, wrote only from the promptings of an excited, a distrustful, and a dissatisfied mind.

VARIETIES.

A NEW WAY TO KILL TIME.—The editors of a late Gloucester paper pledge themselves for the truth of the following circumstance: "Here, John," said a friend of ours to his servant, a few mornings since, "boil me an egg for breakfast, and," at the same time handing him his watch, "be sure you let it boil three minutes exactly." Away went John into the kitchen, and told Mary to boil, not the egg, gentle reader, but the watch! An operation which, with corresponding sagacity, she instantly prepared to set about. Mr. H. however, thinking they were a long time in obeying his orders, went out, and finding John upon the staircase, narrowly eyeing the clock, asked him what delayed him? "Oh, sir!" said John, "it is not quite done yet." "But what do you want with the clock, when I gave you my watch to boil the egg by?" "Egg, watch!" stammered out John, "why, dear sir, Mary's boiling your watch, and I was waiting here to tell her when the three minutes were up!" Our friend instantly went to Mary, and sure enough found his watch yielding its last tick, and bobbing in a saucepan of boiling water, over a kitchen fire.

A GENIUS.—A blockhead rubbed "his thoughtless skull" for a thought, in vain. Two wits observed him; "Come, Tom," said one, "a genius should never be at a stand." "No!" quoth the other, "why, even the sun was brought to a stand-still once." "Yes, but it did not cease to shine," replied the former.

QUITE ROMANTIC.—"Shepherd," said a sentimental young lady—who fancied herself a heroine in the golden groves of Arcadia—"Shepherd," said she, to a rustic who was tending some sheep, "why have you not got your pipe with you?" "Bekase, ma'am, I ha'n't got no backy."

A LEGACY GUAGE.—A rich old baronet constantly calculated the state of his health by the rise and fall of the mercenary attentions of pretended friends and relatives. Some little time before he died, his physicians would have persuaded him that he was better; it would not do; he had just discovered he had six fatal symptoms in his case—three presents and three visits in one day from his dear friend H.

SKETCHES.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

A STORY.

CHARLES had only been married a week, and his wife adored him. Oh these young wives, when they yield up their pure, deep affections, and break through the restraints of bashful fear, how they do love! And these young husbands too, when, from the lonely, and sometimes miserable adventures of the unstable world, they have gathered in all the wealth of their scattered feelings, to concentrate it upon one object, what sacred joys swell in their bosoms—what brilliant images float in their imagination! They scarcely lived, except when together. They could not conceal the bliss which they drank in from each other's voices; nor control their eyes from reading in each other's glances the silent but sweet passages of love. If one left the room, though only for ten minutes, the other would be sure to follow; and if any prying stranger had been within gun-shot of their circle, he might have heard half-uttered terms of endearment, and fragments of feigned anger, from every part of the house.

Charles had been absent two days. Poor Julia had been wishing and wishing for him. His well-known step sounded in the entry; the door opened, and she met him with a heightened colour in her cheek, and her blue eyes flashing from beneath their long lashes with sparkles of unwonted pleasure. Shall I mention particulars? It is scarcely worth while. He who cannot imagine how a warm-hearted young wife, in the honey-moon, would meet her idol after an absence of two whole days, is no reader for me.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, after the first transport had a little subsided, "I am so glad you have returned, dear, dear Charles! I was afraid you might not come—that you were sick, or some accident had occurred. But here you are. And now, have you had a pleasant time? and how do they all do? and whom did you see? and?"

Charles stopped her rosy mouth with kisses.

"Yes, here I am, safe and sound, and full of news; but you huddle question upon question with such volubility that I shall never get a chance to answer them, and your pretty mouth here wide open to ask I don't know how many more."

"Well, then," answered she, flinging herself into an attitude of attention, and folding her arms like a judge upon a bench, "there—I am dumb, and ready to listen to the news—I won't speak another word till you have done."

And with considerable apparent difficulty she closed her lips.

"Now then," said Charles, "mark me."

"I will," said Julia.

"Well, then," continued her husband laughing, "in the first place, they are all well; in the next, I have had a very pleasant time; and, lastly, I have seen old Mr. Peterson, and Aunt Sarah, and Mr. and Mrs. Vanderdyke, and little Bob, Henry, and Maria."

"And this," inquired Julia, "is the news that you are to tell? and these are all you saw?"

"Oh, no!" replied Charles, mysteriously; "far from it, Julia. I have met one more—one most beautiful, bewitching being more—the very counterpart of Venus. Such complexion—such ringlets, long and glossy—and cheeks—roses and lilies are nothing to them! There is nothing in all nature sweeter than her lips, and her eyes are bright dangers no man should rashly encounter. They were soft, melting, liquid, heavenly, blue—full of the light of intellect, and tremulous every beam of them with a tenderness that makes the heart ache."

"You are only jesting with me," said Julia, endeavouring, but in vain, to check the change that

came over her face, as the shadow of a cloud falls on a stream. "This is some stupid Dutch beauty, and you can scarcely describe her without laughing. Come now, tell the truth."

"You may believe it or not, just as you please," said Charles; "but I assure you the whole account is as true as the enjoyment of it was enrapturing, and the memory is delicious."

Julia was sensitive and artless. She loved her husband with that deep tenderness which knew all the thrills of love's hopes and fears. Her heart was like a goblet filled to the brim, whose contents tremble and overflow when shaken ever so lightly. There was, therefore, in these enthusiastic praises of another, something strange, and even cruel. Still she could not believe that he was serious; and forcing a smile, and struggling to keep down her rising emotion, she listened to him in silence as he rattled on.

"Our meeting was marked with uncommon interest. Old Mr. Peterson introduced me to her, after having previously hinted that, before I was married, she had regarded me with more than common complacency. Well, we met. I addressed her by name; she said nothing—but, oh! those eyes of hers were fixed on me with a gaze that reached into the innermost recesses of my heart, and seemed to touch all those chords of feeling which nature had strung for joy. Wherever I went, I found her eyes still turned towards me, and an arch smile just played around her saucy lip, and spoke all the fine fancies and half-hidden meanings that woman will often look, but not always trust to the clumsy vehicle of words. I could restrain no longer—but, forgetting all but those heavenly lips, I approached and—"

Poor Julia—she thought she heard the knell of her young dreams. The hue of her cheek, and the sparkle of her azure eye, were gone long before; and as he painted in such glowing colours the picture of his feelings, her lip quivered, and tears swelled up and dimmed the blue light of eyes as beautiful as day.

"I will never speak to you again, Charles," sobbed she, "if this is true."

"It is true," he exclaimed, "only not half like the reality. It was your own picture, my sweet girl, that I kissed again and again."

She looked at him a moment, and buried her wet eyes in his bosom. As she lifted her head, and, shaking back the clustering ringlets that fell around her brow, displayed her face smiling through tears, his arm softly found its way around her waist, and—but I am at the end of my sheet. F.

FEMALE CHARACTER.

MISS PORTER.

THIS lady exemplifies in herself those amiable and exalted attributes which give to woman's loveliness additional attractions. Her life has been one of retiring usefulness, and we are happy to add, of tranquil and happy enjoyment. It does not furnish her biographer with any great variety of materials; but when we know that, blessing and blest, she is surrounded by a dear circle of affectionate relatives, and that she commands the respect and regard of all those whose opinion and friendship are worth obtaining—the wise and the virtuous—we are prepared to enter upon the incidents of her literary, apart from domestic life, with sentiments of approbation which her numerous works will certainly tend to confirm.

Miss Anna Maria Porter is the youngest daughter of a gallant officer, who died fighting the battles of his country. Her mother still survives in the enjoyment of those reflected honours which she derives from the literary reputation of her children. Her eldest daughter, Miss Jane Porter, has had the honour, in her affecting romance of Thaddeus of Warsaw, to

have suggested, we believe, the idea of the "Waverly Novels." Dr. Porter has written several medical works of deserved repute, and Sir Robert Ker Porter is not better known by the admirable creations of his pencil, than for the scientific and amusing account of his Travels through Persia. Surrounded by a family so eminently literary, it is by no means wonderful that the talents of the fair subject of this memoir early developed themselves. Her juvenile essays were full of that promise which was amply fulfilled in her more mature productions; she became a contributor to a popular periodical; and a pursuit which she had adopted merely for amusement, soon became the settled business of her life. Her amiable mother, the compass and elegance of whose mind may be inferred from the tone of society which she created around her, encouraged the efforts of her lively and charming daughter, and Miss Anna Maria Porter soon appeared in public, as the author of a romance entitled "The Hungarian Brothers." In this work we have a lively picture of the manners of Hungary and Germany during the latter part of the eighteenth century. The plot is singularly interesting, and the story uncommonly well sustained. In one particular it exhibits an impress of a mind more poetical and humane than an enlarged experience with the world would warrant. In love with virtue and all its attributes, she has drawn her characters such as they ought to be, rather than such as they might have been expected; but, we confess, this trait in the character of the Hungarian Brothers, induced us to read their story frequently.

Her next romance, Don Sebastian, was of a more ambitious character. The obscurity of her hero's story, the mystery which enveloped the termination of his career, and the bold and chivalrous character of the times in which he lived, afforded full scope for the exercise of those abilities with which the fair author was gifted. Her descriptions harmonize accurately with the outline which history furnishes; and her picture of domestic life, in the drawing of which she excels, adds considerably to the interest of a story, which, to be attractive, hardly required the embellishments of fancy.

The Recluse of Norway succeeded, and exhibits increased powers of observation and a more correct style. The characters are far more natural in this than in her preceding works; but though she has bestowed upon her heroes fewer virtues, enough remain to assure us that the authoress continued to contemplate the fairer side of human nature. The siege of Malta was a stirring incident, and Miss A. M. Porter founded "The Knights of St. John" upon it. Her selection evinced the accuracy of her judgment. The moral of the tale is entitled to every praise, and the execution of the whole is every way worthy of the pen which produced Don Sebastian. Her next work was "The Feast of St. Magdalen," a story abounding with beauties of a very high order: it is quite dramatic in its construction, and shows that, had Miss Porter turned her mind that way, she could not have failed to enrich the national drama. The scene is laid in Florence, at that period of its history which is filled with the disgrace and restoration of the Medici family. The characters are well drawn, and an Italian spirit breathes throughout the work; so much so, that "The Feast of St. Magdalen" has in it less of the tramontane stiffness than most of our English novels—a proof that the fair author has caught the tone of the times, and of the land she would describe.

The distinguishing characteristics of Miss Porter's novels are a pure and lofty morality, a truly feminine sensibility, great sweetness of description, an eloquent appreciation of natural beauties, and a graceful style of composition. If ever the mind of an author was expressed in her works, it is that of Miss Porter. Her pure and gentle temper beams through every page of her writings, and sheds a cheerful and

beneficial light throughout the whole of them. Piety and good-will breathe in every sentiment, without the slightest appearance of affectation; and while every one must be amused by them, few can rise from the perusal of her volumes without melioration and refinement of feeling, the results of which will work out some portion of good in the world. It is for the happy effects, in this respect, that Miss Porter is entitled to her highest praise as an authoress. Such books as she writes are designed chiefly for the perusal of her own sex. To women, from the nature of their vocations, reading is more a necessary of life than it is to men; and they can read nothing, in spite of the cavils against novel-reading, more likely at once to refine and improve their minds, without the effort of study, than such as Miss Porter's. Those novels represent the most amiable parts of the female character in their most agreeable developments; and treating, as they do, of tales of pure affection and honourable deeds, they teach women, and young women particularly, how much influence they possess, and how usefully, and virtuously, and beautifully, they may employ it.

Besides the works already enumerated, Miss Porter has published others of a less ambitious and more domestic character. Her *Roche Blanche* possesses considerable interest, and Honor O'Hara is a sweetly told tale. In it we have another proof of the versatility of the author's talents; for she exhibits a familiarity with the scenes of Irish life, and with the peculiar and racy dialect of that country, hardly to be expected from one conversant with the higher walks of English society. Some of the characters speak the brogue with a felicity and unction not surpassed by the creations of Mr. Banim's discursive imagination.

Since the appearance of "*Honor O'Hara*," the subject of this memoir, in conjunction with her gifted sister, whose numerous works will continue to be popular while just sentiment and a correct style are duly estimated, has produced two series of amusing tales. The first is entitled "*Tales Round a Winter's Hearth*," and the second, "*Coming out, or the Field of Forty Footsteps*." These are a proud testimony, not only to the sisterly love of these lovely ladies, but to their high attainments; it is pleasant to see them thus labouring to forward the best interests of society by instructive fictions, and perpetuate their own names by the means of intellectual accomplishments. There is a maturity about these latter works, which bespeaks increased industry in the writers.

DRESS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A German traveller, who visited England during the reign of Elizabeth, gives a minute description of her. "She had," he says, "in her ears, two very rich pearls, with drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to have been made of some of the gold of the celebrated *Lunebourg-table*; her bust was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it, till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. As she went along, in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another—whether foreign ministers or those who attended for different reasons—in English, French, and Italian; for, besides being well skilled in Greek and Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch."

THE CASKET.

The following—says the *Washington City Chronicle*—from the *London Athenæum*, is one of the most beautiful things of the kind we recollect ever to have read. The periodical from which it is taken has been recently established in London, and promises to be one of the first magazines of the day. We have observed several admirably written articles in it, of a kind suited to the taste of the literary reader, and shall from time to time avail ourselves of its treasures, to make our readers better acquainted with its merits.

THE SHELL.

AN HISTORICAL APOLOGUE.

"THE world was made for man," said a youth.

"I will tell you an apologue," answered his teacher:

"1. In a beautiful bay of the celebrated island Atlantis, a large shell, of the most delicate white and the most rounded form, the relic from some previous world, lay on the smooth and elastic sand. It was left for a long period undisturbed and unaltered; sometimes kissed by the extreme bubbles of the billows, and often trembling so melodiously in the wind, as to have furnished to the early gods the first hint of a musical instrument, and to have been the prototype of the sounding conches which accompanied with their deep notes the feasts on Olympus, and the Indian triumphs of Bacchus.

"2. The moist dust gradually accumulated within it, and the germ of a sea-weed fell upon the soil, and grew until a fair and flourishing plant, with long dark leaves, overhung the white edge of the thin and moonlike vase. For many months, the ocean herb retained its quiet existence, imbibed the night-dew of the heavens, rejoiced in the fresh breezes from the sea, and lived in tranquil safety through every change of shower and sunshine. At length a storm arose which rolled the waters upon the shore. The shell was overwhelmed, the plant washed out of it, and the light vessel swept into a cleft of the rocks.

"3. After some days of calm and warmth, a bird dropped into it a seed, which sprouted, and became an orange-tree. Its leaves were so thick and green that they would have supplied a graceful chaplet to a wood-nymph, and she might have delighted to place in her bosom the pearly and fragrant blossoms which hung amid the tuft of verdure. The seasons with their varieties, and the starry influences of gentle nights, nurtured the shrub, and the pure flowers were changed into gorgeous fruits, which gleamed through the foliage like the glimpses of a gilded statue in some deserted temple, through the robes and coronals of creepers which have overgrown it. The orange-tree had gladdened many spring-times with its sweetness and its splendour, when it faded and died; and the birds of the air piped a lamentation over the shrub, amid the living beauty of which they had so often nestled.

"4. In after years, when nothing remained of the orange but a slight and dreamy odour around the shell, and the last light grains of the dust wherein it grew had been borne away by the eddying breezes, a butterfly, as red and glittering as the planet Mars, came on its crimson wings to the dim and spiral cell. It fluttered round the ivory entrance, poised itself upon it for a moment, and waved its silken sails. Then, after darting and circling, like a winged mote of the sunbeam, through the deep woods, and over the sea, it returned to perish. While it sank into its quiet and beautiful retreat, it yet seemed loth to leave a world which to it had been a fairy domain; but the necessity of its nature was upon it, and it closed the gay leaflets which had sustained its flight, and resigned itself to death.

"5. It was followed by a troop of bees, which took possession of the shell, and, after their daily excursions

over meadow and bloomy bank, returned to its smooth and undulated chambers with the materials of their combs, and with large store of bright and luxurious honey. The tiny echoes of their abode resounded the constant hum of labour and happiness, and it was soon as brimming as a wine-cup at a nuptial feast, with the rich and perfumed treasures of the insects, arranged and sealed in the exact compartments which filled the interior of their silvery palace. But a bird attacked and destroyed their commonwealth, and again the shell was left empty.

"6. A humming-bird, all emerald, ruby, and sapphire, then discovered the lonely nook, and folded there its jewelled wings. It soon found a mate, and together they lived a flowery life. He who had seen either of them wandering at sunset through the glen, would have believed that the brilliant core of the western sky was fluttering away along the earth; or the little animal might have been thought the choicest signet of a prince, transformed of a sudden into a living thing, and endued with the power of flight. When they wheeled together towards their home at twilight, no pair of fire-flies, no twin-lights of the firmament could be brighter than were their diamond crests. The sweet essences of a thousand buds and flowers supplied their nourishment; and, while they sucked the delicious juices of ripe fruits, their wings were tintured by the lightest bloom of the plum and the grape. But the rain dropped thick and fast into the shell, and the gentle birds, which seemed made to whisper love-messages in the rose-bud ear of a lady, and to hide themselves in sport among her ringlets, departed from their nest, and sought in sparry grotto, or in southern bower, a more secure habitation for their lovely but frail existence.

"7. Lastly, at sunrise, seemed flitting from the morning star, an elfin spirit, which danced into the shell, and assumed it as his home. It thrilled with life and pulsation; and, while a spring gushed out of the rock, and bore it along toward the sea, he spread his thin wings to the breeze, and sailed in his lily-coloured argosy away over the blue and sunny deep. The white shell, and its new sovereign, moved forward with the graceful swiftness of a snowy swan, tilting over the light ripples of the water, and, when night came with its constellations, seemed to be itself a trembling star on the verge of the horizon. That spirit, too, shall inhabit the shell but for a time, and shall then depart, that he may develop, in some other more fitting position, the whole capacities of his nature. The shell will sink into the waves, and be joined to the treasures of the ocean caverns, in them also to aid the existence of other beings, and to fulfil a new cycle of its ministry.

"That shell is the world! that spirit, MAN. Yet not for man alone was it created, but for all the living things in the successive stages of existence, which can find in it a means of happiness, and an instrument of the laws which govern their being."

A REAL JOB.

In the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Dr. Cooper edited a republication of a learned work called *Bybliotheca Elyola*, with the addition of thirty-three thousand words, and many other improvements. He had already been eight years in collecting materials for his edition, when his wife, who was a silly and malignant woman, going one day into his library, burnt every note he had prepared, under the pretence of fearing that he would kill himself with study. The doctor shortly after came in, and seeing the destruction, inquired who was the author of it. His wife boldly avowed that it was the work of her mischievous hands. The patient man heaved a deep sigh, and said, "Oh, Dinah, Dinah, thou hast given me a world of trouble!" and then quietly sat down to another eight years of hard labour, to replace the notes which she had destroyed. For this, and other learned labours, he was afterwards made bishop of Lincoln.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TO MY BROTHER.

Oh, smile. I cannot bear
To see thy heart in silent sorrow pining;
Nursing a secret and devouring care,
An uncomplaining anguish still enshrining.
Thine eye's dark tender beam
Still keeps its brightness; but there's something in it
That tells of grief; a sternness in its gleam
Impressive, though it last but for a minute.
Thy white and open brow
No frown contracts; but a dark shade is clouding
So oft, with deep and sudden gloom, its snow,
And all thy features in its darkness shrouding.
Thy full lip keeps its red,
And smiles, but not so frequently or lightly:
There lurks a curl within its crimson bed,
That says, how vain is all that shines so brightly!
Thy cheek's pale tender rose
Is paler still, yet there is calmness on it;
Yet faded thy once peerless beauty grows:
This change—this blight—what unseen cause has done it?
Oh, say what is thy care;
Unfold to me thy secret grief, my brother;
The grief I cannot cure, oh, let me share,
Nor longer in thy breast thine anguish smother.
Say not that thou art blest,
So plainly by my eyes thy grief is seen,
In all the changes of thy face confest,
And in thy hurried step and reckless mien.
But if thy sister ne'er
Must share the sorrows of thy lot, my brother;
Thou hast her every sigh, her every tear:
Her thoughts shall ne'er be given to another. THYRA.

THE ESSAYIST.

GRACE.

A CELEBRATED poet, speaking of the mother of mankind, says,

"Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
"In ev'ry gesture dignity and love."

This is a *pleasing* couplet, but not so *precise* as we could wish it to have been, and that was our opinion before an Italian critic censured it as too general and indefinite. In other parts of the *Paradise Lost*, Eve is mentioned in terms equally indistinct. Milton was certainly capable of giving an interesting detail of the beauties and perfections of that primeval lady; but he was content with the substitution of a loose sketch for a complete portraiture.

As the bard did not define what he meant by *grace*, let us endeavour to explain it. But here a difficulty arises: *grace*, like wit, is quickly perceived, though it is not easily analysed or described. It appears to be founded on a sense of decorum and of fitness; it is neither affectation nor excess, neither a deficiency nor a redundancy of action; it is a moderation of manner and a calmness of gesture—a propriety of movement and an elegance of attitude. It may be said, indeed, that *grace* consists in that due *medium* which common sense might be expected to point out: for "*extremes* in nothing can be good."

When a want of *grace* arises from bashfulness, the individual is more to be pitied than censured. Bashful men are sometimes considered as mere fools; but this is a harsh stigma, which none but an impudent fool would apply to them; for their awkwardness is produced by temporary confusion, rather than by a dullness of comprehension. Their good sense is almost paralysed by an exposure to the eyes of numerous observers, so that they lose that composure, which the native dignity of every man, or woman, ought to preserve. This *sheepishness*—as it is contemptuously called—is generally shaken off by adults; but we know several instances in which it has adhered to very sensitive individuals for their lives. Such persons cannot be expected to be graceful in the social circle, because their repugnance to general notice obstructs the ease of their movements.

There are many men of undoubted sense who are equally awkward and ungraceful with the timid or the bashful. Dr. Johnson, for instance, exhibited the manners of a clown rather than those of a gentleman, not from embarrassment or confusion, but from considering an attention to the graces as an unnecessary accomplishment for a scholar or a philosopher. His friend Goldsmith likewise, although he could write with graceful ease, was awkward in his attitudes and unpublishable in his address. Charles Fox was an ungraceful

speaker, and his rival Pitt—like Pope's friend, Dr. Arbuthnot—had a *shambling gait*, though, in the exercise of oratory, he used his hands and arms with grace and effect.

Grace is so far native to many, that it seems to come without being bidden—to show itself without an effort; while others retain their awkwardness to the last moment of life, not from being absolutely unable to shake it off, but because they are unwilling to take that trouble. So attractive is the former quality, that even beauty, without such an accompaniment, loses a considerable part of its influence. The ingenious framers of the heathen mythology evidently entertained that opinion, when they represented Venus as attended by the three graces. The late earl of Chesterfield went too far, when he said that Miverna ought also to have three, as wisdom or learning, without such companions, had few attractions. He did not consider that learning, from its weight and solidity, does not so much require adventitious ornaments as the mere charms of persons, however striking, may be supposed to do. Beauty is a light toy and a gewgaw, while mental qualities and intellectual improvement bear the marks of substantial dignity.

Good breeding and politeness may exist without grace; but it must be allowed that their effect is enhanced by its presence. Good breeding has been defined to be the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, with a view to obtain from them a similar indulgence. It is evident that this character may be maintained without the grace or elegance of external demeanour; yet no one will deny that a gracefulness of air and appearance will strengthen the impression of good breeding. Sir Francis Bacon says, that a pleasing countenance and a good figure are perpetual letters of recommendation; and the same remark is applicable to grace, though it may not be safe, in either case, to consider these appearances as the certain indications of a correct or well constituted mind.

The earl of Chesterfield says, that a man's fortune is frequently decided for ever by his first address. If it be pleasing, people are hurried involuntarily into a persuasion that he has merit, which perhaps he will not in the sequel be found to have; and, on the other hand, if it be ungraceful, they are immediately prejudiced against him, and unwilling to allow him the merit which he probably possesses. We are aware that no person of sound judgment will draw positive conclusions, either in one way or the other, from such indecisive symptoms; yet these early impressions leave, in the minds of many, an influence which cannot easily be shaken off. We have here confined our observations to the graces of personal demeanour and deportment; but there are graces in the fine arts and in literary composition, which are equally entitled to notice.

NATIONAL PRIDE.

National pride must not be confounded with patriotism; for the former is commonly founded on imaginary advantages, and consists in having a good opinion of ourselves, and contempt for others.

Thus, there are certain families at Rome, who believe that they are descended in a direct line from the Trojans, and are persuaded that they would render themselves unworthy of their illustrious race, if they attended any of the public fetes, except in a carriage; those who are not rich enough to keep one, half starve themselves to accomplish this end; and it has even happened, when it cannot be obtained, that parents have dressed out their daughter like a lady of high distinction, and the mother walked behind her as a waiting-maid, the father as a footman.

Let a Christian ask a Turkish sultan why he suddenly promotes one of his gardeners to be a governor of a province, or a general in his army; he will answer, "Knowest thou not, Christian dog, that to be fit for every thing, it is only requisite to be a Turk?"

It was once told to a man who sold oranges in Murcia, that a German prince was in love with his daughter. "Do you think, then," said he, "that I would ever bestow her on one who was not a Spaniard?"

Who is there who does not recollect having read, in a history of voyages and travels, an adventure that befell father Labat, on his reception at the court of Abyssinia? Scarcely had he begun his oration to the king, when twenty or thirty of the greatest men began to cudgel him well, in order to give him an idea of the strength and courage of their nation. It may be well imagined that the reverend father was not slow in declaring the Abyssinians the bravest

people in the world, and they then studied who should behave to him with the greatest politeness.

It is highly interesting to observe what pride a mountaineer takes in his country. Mr. Coxe, travelling near Munster, was requested by a peasant to inform him what he thought of his country; and pointing to the mountains, exclaimed, "Behold our walls and bulwarks; even Constantinople is not so strongly fortified!" And I never reflect but with pleasure, on the satisfaction with which a farmer, residing in one of the cliffs near Ffestiniog, replied to my assertion that England was the finest and best country in the world; "Ah! but you have no mountains, sir; you've got no mountains!"

On the summit of the Pichincha, Don George Juan and Don Antonio de Ulloa placed themselves, for the purpose of making astronomical observations. The Pichincha is not so elevated as the Cotopaxi; but the view from it is, perhaps, more magnificent. After enjoying the prospect for some time, they saw lightning issue from the clouds beneath, and heard the thunder rolling, in wild volumes, at their feet. The sky above was of a clear azure. The spot where they stood was a vast accumulation of ice and snow. The cold was intense; and the mountain itself seemed to stand, as it were, insulated in the midst of a vast ocean. This scene, sublime as it was, derived additional sublimity from the sound of enormous fragments of rocks which, at intervals, fell into the gulfs beneath. The natives of these regions believe them to surpass every country under heaven. The Sicilian peasants, in the same manner, have such an affection for *Etna*, that they believe Sicily would not be habitable without it. "It keeps us warm in winter," say they, "and furnishes us with ice in summer."

ANECDOTES OF ARTISTS.

WARE.

A THIN sickly little boy was amusing himself, one morning, by drawing, with a piece of chalk, the street-front of Whitehall, upon the basement-stones of the building itself, carrying his delineations as high as his little arms could reach; and this he was accomplishing by occasionally running into the middle of the street to look up at the noble edifice, and then returning to the base of the building to proceed with his elevation. It happened that his operations caught the eye of a gentleman of considerable taste and fortune, as he was riding by. He checked the carriage, and, after a few minutes observation, called to the boy to come to him; who, upon being asked where he lived, immediately burst into tears, and begged of the gentleman not to tell his master, assuring him he would wipe it all off. "Don't be alarmed," answered the gentleman, at the same time throwing him a shilling, to convince him he intended him no harm. His benefactor then went instantly to his master, who gave the boy an excellent character, at the same time declaring him to be of little use to him, in consequence of his natural bodily weakness. He said that he was fully aware of his fondness for *chalking*, and showed his visiter what a state his walls were in, from the young artist having drawn the portico of St. Martin's church in various places upon them. The gentleman purchased the remainder of the boy's time, gave him an excellent education, then sent him to Italy, and, upon his return, employed him, and introduced him as an architect.

BANKS AND MULREADY.

"The former artist was visited," says Mr. Smith, "by a youth who wished, at the age of thirteen years, to gain admittance to draw in the Royal Academy. 'Well, my little man,' said Mr. Banks, 'what is your business with me?' 'I want, sir, that you should get me to draw at the Royal Academy.' 'That is not in my power. Things are not, in that respect, as they used to be. Nobody is admitted to draw there but by ballot; and I am only one of the persons upon whose pleasure it depends. But what have you got there? Let me look at your drawing.' Mr. Banks looked at it. 'Humph! Ay! Time enough yet, my little man! Do you go to school?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, go home, and mind your schooling; and try and make a better drawing of the Apollo; and in a month you may come again, and let me see it.'

"He now applied with threefold diligence; thought and thought again, sketched and obliterated; and, at last, as

nearly as possible at the expiration of the month, repeated his visit. Mr. Banks was better pleased with his second specimen. He now took him into his study, bade him look about him, and asked him what he thought of one thing and another. He encouraged him, told him to go on with his drawing, and said he might come again in a week. Under the eye of Mr. Banks, the boy's proficiency was visible, and the artist began to conceive a kindness for him. Little did he think, when he was questioning this youth, that nature had enriched him with some of her choicest gifts, and that the Royal Academy would, in him, have to boast of one of its brightest members, in the name of Mulready."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

TROPICAL SUN-SETS.

A SETTING sun between the tropics is certainly one of the finest objects in nature. The splendour of the scene generally commences about twenty minutes before sun-set, when the feathery, fantastic, and singularly crystallized clouds in the higher regions of the atmosphere become fully illumined by the sun's rays; and the fine mackerel-shaped clouds, common in these regions, are seen hanging in the concave of heaven like fleeces of burnished gold. When the sun approaches the verge of the horizon, he is frequently seen encircled by a halo of splendour, which continues increasing till it covers a large space of the heavens: it then begins apparently to shoot out from the body of the sun, in refulgent pencils or radii, each as large as a rainbow, exhibiting, according to the rarity or density of the atmosphere, a display of brilliant or delicate tints, and of ever-changing lights and shades of the most amazing beauty and variety. About twenty minutes after sun-set, these splendid shooting rays disappear, and are succeeded by a fine rich glow in the heavens, in which you might easily fancy that you see land rising out of the ocean, stretching itself before you, and on every side, in the most enchanting perspective, and having the glowing lustre of a bar of iron when newly withdrawn from the forge.

AURORA BOREALIS, IN RUSSIA.

The northern hemisphere has its delights as well as the southern. One of these arises from the contemplation of the phenomenon called the Aurora Borealis, or northern lights. Such a phenomenon is of frequent occurrence at Petersburg. At the close of last autumn, the northern lights appeared, on one occasion, magnificently bright. The sky was illuminated from the horizon to the zenith, extending east and west to a considerable distance. Masses of fire, in the form of columns, and as brilliant as the brightest phosphorus, danced in the air, and streaks of a deeper light, of various sizes, rose from the horizon, and flashed between them. The brightness of the former seemed at times to grow faint and dim. At this juncture, the broad streaks would suddenly shoot with great velocity up to the zenith with an undulating motion and a pyramidal form. From the columns, flashes of light, like a succession of sparks from an electric jar, flew off and disappeared; while the streaks changed their form frequently and rapidly, and broke out in places where none were seen before, shooting along the heavens, and then disappearing in an instant. The sky in various places became tinged with a deep purple, the stars shone very brilliantly, the separate lights gradually merged into one another, when the auroral splendence of the horizon increased and became magnificent. This curious phenomenon lasted nearly four hours; and at one time a large triangle of the strongest light occupied the horizon, illuminating, in the most magnificent manner, nearly the entire vault of heaven. From six to seven falling stars were observed at the time, leaving in their train a very brilliant light.

A COUNTRY VILLA.

At about six leagues distance from Paris, at the corner of a cross-road, an elegant iron gate discovers a house of simple and tasteful appearance; it seemed to be inhabited, for a woman who perceived us invited us to walk in, as it might give us pleasure to look at the gardens.

Grass plots kept in that order which gave to them the softness and appearance of velvet, walks planted with trees, and tufted arbours, excited our attention and admiration. A peculiar taste reigned through the whole distribution of the garden; it was not one of those flower-gardens in which

are found a river without water, a Chinese bridge without any use, and a belvedere without a prospect; nothing here offended against truth; and many an English nobleman could desire nothing better than this charming domain in the environs of Paris.

Who could be the owner, whose skill laid out the plan of these gardens? Was he some courtier, disgraced amidst the torturing fluctuations of politics, who now found leisure to devote himself to the pleasurable labours of rural life? Here we could trace a poet, a philosopher, a lover of nature—if a possession like this could be the lot of them, for they are in general proverbially poor. Whoever he might be, his imagination was rich and exalted, his taste exquisite, appreciating justly the beauties of nature.

As we were making these remarks to each other, we met at the corner of one of the walks, the female who had asked us in; she soon satisfied our curiosity; "You are at Brunoy," said she; "this property belonged to M. Talma, in whose service I have lived twelve years."

At this name we felt a sentiment of admiration kindle in our minds. Every object around us seemed animated, and we were desirous of going again through those shady walks where the genius of this great tragedian had, no doubt, received inspiration; after his memory had made the expressions of human passions his own, it was here he clothed them in that accent which proceeds from a soul impressed with the keenest sensibility; under these trees he had studied that Roman grandeur he so well personated on the stage, the cares of royalty, the terrors of guilt, and those mournful and striking agitations, of which he has so often presented a faithful picture to an admiring audience.

I hastened on, before my fellow-travellers, and alone, I wandered through an alley, into which the thickness of the foliage prevented the rays of the sun from penetrating; it seemed to me as if the shades of the illustrious personages whom Talma had so often invoked, hovered round me. Full of these reveries, I perceived not that my friends were so near me; a lady patting me on the shoulder, caused all these phantoms of imagination to vanish, with which I had peopled the gardens of Brunoy.

Our guide gave us some details concerning her former master; she spoke of him with interest, and with a tenderness which excited our emotions. A tear stood in her eye when she related the manner of his death. There is no funeral oration that can be half so valuable as a simple eulogium from the lips of a faithful servant, and we felt assured that he must have been a good master whose loss can inspire such artless expressions of regret.

"He was unsuspecting and benevolent," said she; "he would very often come and talk with us; and when we were at dinner, if he liked what we had, he would sit down with us. He would often repeat to us 'You are very happy; you can eat when you are hungry: as for us, we lose all our appetite while a great dinner is getting ready.' Ah! his kindness of heart was inexhaustible! He had purchased a house to join to his park, and there he put in the old nurses of his children; he next placed there one of his friends: he was good to every creature in the village; think, then, if he was not beloved!"

We expressed a wish to see the apartments. "You will find nothing particular there," said she; "M. Talma was not fond of luxury and show; he always said it was enough for a country-house to have a good garden, good wine, and a good bed, and not any thing more. You will not find here any of those superfluities which people in town declare they cannot do without, and which they drag along with them into the country."

She spoke of his usual habits. He kept very little company; he was fond of solitude, and often, when his drawing-room was encumbered with a crowd of visitors, he would steal away, to go and walk in one of those allees which he had caused to be made with so much care.

Poor Talma! he died at the moment when he had just put the last finish to that property which he had occupied for many years.

CONGRESSIONAL ANECDOTE.

During Mr. Jefferson's administration, syrup was provided in the capital for the refreshment of the members of congress. This was furnished and charged under the head of *stationary*. The National Intelligencer tells us, that a member who did not like the beverage, jocosely remarked, that he should be very glad if the officers of the house would provide a little whiskey for those who preferred it, and charge it to the account of *fuel*.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Polar Expedition.—We believe but one feeling will pervade the great body of reflecting and enlightened people, and that will be of deep chagrin and disappointment, when they learn that the contemplated expedition to the southern and western oceans is defeated. Congress have refused their final assent to the measure, notwithstanding all the preliminary steps had been taken, and all the necessary arrangements made by the government and its agents, in pursuance of a law of the last session for imparting to it the fullest effect and efficacy. It is difficult to comprehend the real motives for this sudden and unexpected change of purpose, this instability of views, on the part of the national representatives. The stale plea, we believe, for the destruction of a project at once so honourable to the nation, and so promising in important results, was the necessity of adhering to a system of close retrenchment and strict economy. But we are utterly at a loss to conceive the cause of that pressing necessity. With a rich commerce, abundant and powerful means, and the national debt so much reduced in its amount as to be undeserving of a moment's anxiety or solicitude, we confess ourselves incapable of perceiving any substantial grounds or rational arguments that can be offered in its justification. Indeed it strikes us as being absolutely derogatory. The plan of the expedition was evidently conceived in profound wisdom, and with a single eye to the promotion and preservation of great and valuable interests. Our trade to those seas has long been of such magnitude and value as not merely to authorize, but actually to require, that this scheme should be carried into prompt and vigorous execution. The honour, not less than the prosperity of the country demanded its fulfilment. The national sentiment was strong in its favour; and our pride of character seemed committed in the undertaking. It was, moreover, recommended by a regard to economy itself, since the trade to those seas is not only large, but annually increasing. The dangers incident to navigating them is made to appear most perilous, when it is known that more than two hundred islands and shoals, some of them very dangerous, have been discovered by navigators, not one of which can be found in any chart. Surely here were inducements sufficiently strong to urge the accomplishment of the course so wisely planned. But, to the humiliation of the public, and, as we think, to the utter disgrace of many of our representatives, the whole is frustrated, and will, we presume, be consigned over to ruin and forgetfulness. The authors of the folly merit unreserved scorn and reprobation.

A Circular.—A few days since, we received, through the medium of the post-office, a printed circular, which, on examining, we found to contain the remarks published in the Mirror week before last, on the subject of uniting Broadway with the Fourth Avenue. It is gratifying to find that other individuals view this matter in so favourable a light, and it serves to impress us still more strongly with the belief that the opinions we have, on various occasions, expressed concerning it, are founded in propriety and justice. Whatever may be the final decision of the common council touching this interesting subject, we beg it may be borne in mind, that the motives by which we have been governed in freely expressing our sentiments, have been of the purest kind, for we have not a farthing's worth of property to be affected by it in any shape.

Clinton-Hall Association.—We learn, from the Journal of Commerce, that ten thousand dollars have been recently subscribed by merchants of this city, to the Clinton-Hall Association, in addition to the sum of twenty thousand collected last year. If, therefore, says the paper above quoted, the proprietors of the Atheneum, as has been proposed, unite with this association in erecting an edifice for both institutions, and appropriate twenty-five thousand dollars on their part, a fund of fifty-five thousand dollars is already secured. To pay for the lots and erect a building of sufficient magnitude for the purposes intended, a still larger sum is required; and we earnestly hope that our liberal merchants will not relax their efforts till the full amount is raised which shall be necessary to carry this noble object into effect.

Mr. Woodworth.—On Wednesday evening next, this gentleman will take a benefit at the Park theatre, on which occasion the opera of the "Forest Rose" will be presented, with a variety of other entertainments. Tickets of admission may be obtained of Mr. W. at his residence, 636 Pearl-st.

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY B. S. BARCLAY.

WHAT CAN A POOR MAIDEN DO?

HUMOROUSLY.

Were it not for these men we should not do a-miss, Nor pa-pas nor mam-mas dis-e-bey; But, a-las! when with sighs they de-

mand but a kiss, Why, what can a poor maiden say? She cries no, then cries hush, then looks down with a blush, While he swears to his vows he'll be

true; And with one by your side who will not be de-nied, Why, what can a poor maiden do? She cries no, then cries hush, then looks down with a

blush; Why, what can a poor maiden do? Why, what can a poor maiden do? Why what, why what can a poor maiden do?

While they guess there's a heart pleading for them within,
'Tis in vain that our lips say them nay;
But, alas! if they once are determined to win,

Why, what can a poor maiden say?
She cries no, with a blush; he persists, she cries hush;
If she fly, still the lovers pursue:

Though these men we may fear, yet without them, oh dear!
Why, what can a poor maiden do?
Why, what can a poor maiden do?

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

FAMILIARITY.

OLD Nick, who taught the village school,
Had wed a maid of homespun habit:
He was stubborn as a mule,
And she was playful as a rabbit.

Poor Jane had scarce become a wife,
Before her husband sought to make her
The very pink of polished life,
And trim and formal as a quaker.

One day the master went abroad,
And sadly simple Jenny missed him;
When he returned, behind her lord
She gently stole, and fondly kissed him!

The husband's anger rose—and red
And white his face alternate grew;
"Less freedom, ma'am!" Jane hung her head,
And said, "I didn't know 'twas you!"

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

A BALLAD.

The lady's cheek is very pale,
The lady's eye is dim;
It rests upon the distant sail,
Though not, alas! on him
Whose honeyed words and ardent phrase
Had won her youthful heart,
Ere sadder years and darker days
Had caused those tears to start.

She thinks on times that long have fled,
On hours of rapture past;
When love his sunlight on her shed,
And guarded from the blast.
Her thoughts are on his treacherous face,
And on his eye of jet;
As if she vainly hoped to trace
Those features cherished yet.

And memory paints the moonlight bower,
Where first he told his love;
The scene where rose, and fragrant flower,
And stars that watched above,
Bore witness to the mutual vow,
And to the blushing kiss,
And to the gentle words so low—
They murmured only bliss.

But where are now her hopes so gay?
And where, oh where is he?
Like rainbow tints, they've passed away,
And he is on the sea.
The bark that bears him from the land,
The sails that waft him o'er,
Are destined for a distant strand,
And for a foreign shore.

The lady weeps—she turns away—
She may not mark again
That vessel cleave the parting spray,
Or catch her lover's strain.
And she has sought her silent bower;
How lonely now it seems!
For gone for aye the favourite flower,
And perished her young dreams.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

STANZAS.

My weary heart!—Joy, wake again,
Within its deep and still recess,
The thrill which thy delusive strain
Can pour upon its loneliness!
Wake there the throb of young delight—
The holy extacies, which dwell,
Lit by the spirit's golden light,
Gems of the soul's young treasure-cell.

Give me the dreams which once could bless
The glory of life's morning hours;
And make this dreary wilderness
Once more a thoroughfare of flowers;

When but the sense of life and air
Shed in the soul a heavenly ray,
Ere the "snow-cloud of cold despair"
Had gathered o'er my lonely way!

My weary heart!—how on its shrine
Fate's dim and faded offerings lie;
Prompting the spirit to repine,
While all its aching chords reply!
How many hopes have stirred its strings!—
Ambition—love—oh! what are they?
Gone—with earth's many-withered things,
As the stars sink in gloom away!

Now, as I gaze upon the gloom
Of early life's untroubled sky,
I feel a pang that passeth show,
Touching my heart; and in mine eye,
Tears, like the drops of April-cloud,
A freshening influence seem to shed
Upon that warm and sweet domain,
O'er which time's murmuring wave hath
sped.

False dreams! they ne'er will bless again!

FROM THE BOSTON SENTINEL.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

"And they laid him in the earth, and pressed the green turf down upon his manly beauty, and the enemies of the living came together and wept over the dead."

"He was not of your order."

And let them weep—and let them mourn—
Weep till the lava-drop appears;
Weep till their tears to blood shall turn—
Weep till their blood shall turn to tears!

And let them mourn—mourn till the hue
Of grief shall tincture every vein;
Mourn till her sad, wild spectral crew
Permit joy's torch to blaze again!

Mourn till the brow of manhood wears
The brilliance of its early day;
Mourn till the heart of manhood bears
Its first, last smile—its childhood ray!

Mourn till the mind of boyhood can
Feel, as in after years it must,
The cares that mark the life of man—
The spirit's blight—the feeling's rust!

What boots it? Him ye mourn is dead;
His flight is far beyond your ken;
In life he did not with you tread—
In death profane him not, ye men!

His spirit's plume was wild and free—
The eagle creeps not, may not bend
From his high flaming destiny,
To call each butterfly his friend.

The nightingale may fail to charm
With her sweet strain the tough-eared bat;
But fine-strung hearts will feel, and burn
With joy no less, because of that.

Then peace to Pinkney!—traces still
Of his bright track move on to fame:
Some gems, whose brilliancy doth fill
The mind with light, adorn his name.

IMPROMPTU,

ON BEING PRESENTED, BY A LADY, WITH A SMALL STONE HEART.

Take back, dear girl, this cold return,
For passion warm and true as mine:
A heart of stone, from thee, I spurn,
For heart so cold can ne'er be heart of thine.

GEO. P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1829.

NUMBER 36.

THE CASKET.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

AMELIA.

—“I WAS not quite thirty,” said Wieland to us, “when I obtained the chair of philosophical professor in this college in the most flattering manner. I need not tell you my *amour propre* was gratified by a distinction rare enough at my age. I certainly had worked for it formerly; but at the moment it came to me, another species of philosophy occupied me much more deeply, and I would have given more to know what passed in one heart, than to have had power to analyze those of all mankind. I was passionately in love; and you all know, I hope, that when love takes possession of a young head, adieu to every thing else; there is no room for any other thought. My table was covered with folios of all colours, quires of paper of all sizes, journals of all species, catalogues of books, in short, of all that one finds on a professor's table; but of the whole circle of science I had for some time studied only the article rose, whether in the Encyclopedia, the botanical books, or all the gardener's calendars that I could meet with. You shall learn presently what led me to this study, and why it was that my window was always open, even during the coldest days. All this was connected with the passion by which I was possessed, and which was become my sole and continual thought. I could not well say at this moment how my lectures and courses got on, but this I know, that more than once I have said, ‘Amelia,’ instead of ‘philosophy.’

“It was the name of my beauty—in fact, of the beauty of the university, Mademoiselle de Belmont. Her father, a distinguished officer, had died on the field of battle. She occupied with her mother a large and handsome house in the street in which I lived, on the same side, and a few doors distant. This mother, wise and prudent, obliged by circumstances to inhabit a city filled with young students from all parts, and having so charming a daughter, never suffered her a moment from her sight, either in or out of doors. But the good lady passionately loved company and cards; and to reconcile her tastes with her duties, she carried Amelia with her to all the assemblies of dowagers, professors' wives, canonesses, &c. where the poor girl *ennuied* herself to death with hemming or knitting beside her mother's card-table. But you ought to have been informed, that no student, indeed no man under fifty, was admitted. I had then but little chance of conveying my sentiments to Amelia. I am sure, however, that any other than myself would have discovered this chance; but I was a perfect novice in gallantry; and, until the moment when I imbibed this passion from Amelia's beautiful dark eyes, mine, having been always fixed upon volumes of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, &c. &c. understood nothing at all of the language of the heart. It was at an old lady's, to whom I was introduced, that I became acquainted with Amelia; my destiny led me to her house on the evening of her assembly; she received me—I saw Mademoiselle de Belmont, and from that instant her image was engraved in lines of fire on my heart. The mother frowned at the sight of a well-looking young man; but my timid, grave, and per-

haps somewhat pedantic air, reassured her. There were a few other young persons—daughter and nieces of the lady of the mansion. It was summer—they obtained permission to walk in the garden, under the windows of the saloon, and the eyes of their mammas. I followed them; and, without daring to address a word to my fair one, caught each that fell from her lips.

“‘Amelia,’ said a pretty little laughing *espigle*, ‘how many of your favourites are condemned to death this winter?’ ‘Not one,’ replied she; ‘I renounce them—their education is too troublesome and too ungrateful a task, and I begin to think I know nothing about it.’

“I assumed sufficient resolution to ask the explanation of this question and answer; she gave it to me. ‘You have just learned that I am passionately fond of roses; it is an hereditary taste; my mother is still fonder of them than I am. Since I was able to think of any thing, I have had the greatest wish to offer her a rose-tree in blow—as a new year's gift—the first of January. I have never succeeded. Every year I have put a quantity of rose-trees into vases; the greater number perished; and I have never been able to offer one rose to my mother.’ So little did I know of the culture of flowers, as to be perfectly ignorant that it was possible to have roses in winter; but from the moment I understood that it might be, without a miracle, and that incessant attention only was necessary, I promised myself, that this year, the first of January, should not pass without Amelia's offering her mother a rose-tree in blow. We returned to the saloon—so close was I on the watch, that I heard her ask my name in a whisper. Her companions answered, ‘I know him only by reputation; they say he is an author; and so learned, that he is already a professor.’ ‘I should never have guessed it,’ said Amelia; ‘he seems neither vain nor pedantic.’ How thankful was I for this reputation! Next morning I went to a gardener, and ordered fifty rose-trees of different months to be put in vases. ‘It must be singular ill fortune,’ thought I, ‘if, among this number, one at least does not flower.’ On leaving the gardener, I went to my bookseller's—purchased some works on flowers, and returned home full of hope. I intended to accompany my rose-tree with a fine letter, in which I should request to be permitted to visit Madame de Belmont, in order to teach her daughter the art of having roses in winter; the agreeable lesson, and the charming scholar, were to me much pleasanter themes than those of my philosophical lectures. I built on all this the prettiest romance possible; my milk-pail had not yet got on so far as *Parrette's*, she held it on her head; and my rose was not yet transplanted into its vase, but I saw it all in blow. In the meantime, I was happy only in imagination; I no longer saw Amelia; they ceased to invite me to the dowager parties, and she was not allowed to mix in those of young people. I must then be restricted, until my introducer was in a state of presentation, to seeing her every evening pass by with her mother, as they went to their parties. Happily for me, Madame de Belmont was such a coward in a carriage, that she preferred walking when it was possible. I knew the hour at which they were in the habit of leaving home; I learned to distinguish the sound of the bell of their gate from that of all the others of the quarter; my window, on the ground floor was always open; at the moment I heard their

gate unclose, I snatched up some volume, which was often turned upside down, stationed myself at the window, as if profoundly occupied with my study, and thus, almost every day, saw for an instant the lovely girl, and this instant was sufficient to attach me to her still more deeply. The elegant simplicity of her dress; her rich, dark hair wreathed round her head, and falling in ringlets on her forehead; her slight and graceful figure; her step at once light and commanding; the fairy foot that the care of guarding the snowy robe rendered visible, inflamed my admiration; while her dignified and composed manner, her attention to her mother, and the affability with which she saluted her inferiors, touched my heart yet more. I began, too, to fancy, that, limited as were my opportunities of attracting her notice, I was not entirely indifferent to her. For example, on leaving home, she usually crossed to the opposite side of the street; for, had she passed close to my windows, she guessed that, intently occupied as I chose to appear, I could not well raise my eyes from my book; then, as she came near my house, there was always something to say, in rather a louder tone, as, ‘Take care, mamma; lean heavier on me; do you feel cold?’ I then raised my eyes, looked at her, saluted her, and generally encountered the transient glance of my divinity, who, with a blush, lowered her eyes, and returned my salute. The mother, all enveloped in cloaks and hoods, saw nothing. I saw every thing—and surrendered my heart. A slight circumstance augmented my hopes. I had published ‘An Abridgment of Practical Philosophy.’ It was an extract from my course of lectures—was successful, and the edition was sold. My bookseller, aware that I had some copies remaining, came to beg one for a customer of his, who was extremely anxious to get it; and he named Mademoiselle Amelia de Belmont. I actually blushed with pleasure; to conceal my embarrassment, I laughingly inquired, what could a girl of her age want with so serious a work? ‘To read it, sir—doubtless,’ replied the bookseller. ‘Mademoiselle Amelia does not resemble the generality of young ladies; she prefers useful to amusing books.’ He then mentioned the names of several that he had lately sent to her; and they gave me a high opinion of her taste. ‘From her impatience for your book,’ added he, ‘I can answer for it, that it will be perused with great pleasure; more than ten messages have been sent; at last, I promised it for to-morrow, and I beg of you to enable me to keep my word.’ I thrilled with joy, as I gave him the volumes, at the idea that Amelia would read and approve of my sentiments, and that she would learn to know me.

“October arrived, and with it my fifty vases of rose-trees; for which, of course, they made me pay what they chose; and I was as delighted to count them in my room, as a miser would his sacks of gold. They all looked rather languishing, but then it was because they had not yet reconciled themselves to the new earth. I read all that was ever written on the culture of roses, with much more attention than I had formerly read my old philosophers; and I ended as wise as I began.

“The death of the greater number of my *cleves*, however, soon lightened my labour; more than half of them never struck root: I flung them into the fire. A fourth part of those that remained, after un-

folding some little leaves, stopped there. Thus withered my hopes; and the more care I took of my invalids—the more I hawked them from window to window, the worse they grew. At last, one of them, and but one, promised to reward my trouble—thickly covered with leaves, it formed a handsome bush, from the middle of which sprang out a fine, vigorous branch, crowned with six beautiful buds that got no collar—grew, enlarged, and even discovered, through their calices, a slight rose tint.

"On the twenty-seventh of November, a day which I can never forget, the sun rose in all its brilliance; I thanked my stars, and hastened to place my rose-tree, and such of its companions as yet survived, on a peristyle in the court. I then dined, drank to the health of my rose, and returned to take my station in my window, with a quicker throbbing of the heart.

"Amelia's mother had been slightly indisposed; for eight days she had not left the house, and, consequently, I had not seen my fair one. On the first morning I had observed the physician going in; uneasy for her, I contrived to cross his way, questioned him, and was comforted. I afterwards learned that the old lady had recovered, and was to make her appearance abroad on this day, at a grand gala given by a baroness, who lived at the end of the street. I was then certain to see Amelia pass by, and eight days of privation had enhanced that thought; I am sure Madame de Belmont did not look to this party with as much impatience as I did. She was always one of the first—it had scarcely struck five, when I heard the bell of her gate. I took up a book—there was I at my post, and presently I saw Amelia appear, dazzling with dress and beauty, as she gave her arm to her mother; never yet had the brilliancy of her figure so struck me: this time there was no occasion for her to speak to catch my eyes; they were fixed on her, but hers were bent down; however, she guessed that I was there, for she passed slowly to prolong my happiness. I followed her with my gaze, until she entered the house; then only she turned her head for a second; the door was shut, and she disappeared, but remained present to my heart. I could neither close my window nor cease to look at the baroness's hotel, as if I could see Amelia through the walls; I remained there till all objects were fading into obscurity. The approach of night, and the frostiness of the air, brought to my recollection that the rose-tree was still on the peristyle; never had it been so precious to me; I hastened to it; and scarcely was I in the anti-chamber, when I heard a singular noise, like that of an animal browsing, and tinkling its bells. I trembled, I flew, and I had the grief to find a sheep quietly fixed beside my rose-trees, of which it was making its evening repast with no slight avidity.

"I caught up the first thing in my way; it was a heavy cane. I wished to drive away the gluttonous beast; alas! it was too late; he had just bitten off the beautiful branch of buds; he swallowed them one after another; and, in spite of the gloom, I could see, half out of his mouth, the finest of them all, which, in a moment, was champed like the rest. I was neither ill-tempered nor violent; but at this sight I was no longer master of myself. Without well knowing what I did, I discharged a blow of my cane on the animal, and stretched it at my feet. No sooner did I perceive it motionless, than I repented of having killed a creature unconscious of the mischief it had done; was this worthy of the professor of philosophy, the adorer of the gentle Amelia? But thus to eat up my rose-tree, my only hope to get admittance to her! When I thought on its annihilation, I could not consider myself so culpable. However, the night darkened; I heard the old servant crossing the lower passage, and I called her. 'Catherine,' said I, 'bring your light; there is mischief here. You left the stable door open—that of the court was also unclosed—one

of your sheep has been browsing on my rose-trees, and I have punished it.'

"She soon came in with the lantern in her hand. 'It is not one of our sheep,' said she; 'I have just come from them, the stable-gate is shut, and they are all within. Oh, blessed saints! blessed saints! what do I see!' exclaimed she when near; 'it is the pet sheep of our neighbour Mademoiselle Amelia de Belmont. Poor Robin! what bad luck brought you here? Oh! how sorry she will be!' I nearly dropped down beside Robin. 'Of Mademoiselle Amelia?' said I, in a trembling voice; 'has she actually a sheep?' 'Oh! no, she has none at this moment—but that which lies there: she loved it as herself—see the collar that she worked for it with her own hands.' I bent to look at it. It was of red leather, ornamented with little bells; and she had embroidered on it in gold thread—'Robin belongs to Amelia de Belmont; she loves him, and begs that he may be restored to her.' 'What will she think of the barbarian who killed him in a fit of passion; the vice that she most detests? She is right, it has been fatal to him. Yet if he should be only stunned by the blow: Catherine! run, ask for some ather, or *eau de vie*, or hartshorn—run, Catherine, run.'

"Catherine set off: I tried to make it open its mouth; my rose-bud was still between its hermetically-sealed teeth; perhaps the collar pressed it; in fact the throat was swelled. I got it off with difficulty; something fell from it at my feet, which I mechanically took up and put into my pocket without looking at, so much was I absorbed in anxiety for the resuscitation. I rubbed him with all my strength; I grew more and more impatient for the return of Catherine. She came with a small phial in her hand, calling out in her usual manner, 'Here, sir, here's the medicine. I never opened my mouth about it to Mademoiselle Amelia; I pity her enough without that.'

"What is all this, Catherine? where have you seen Mademoiselle Amelia? and what is her affliction, if she does not know of her favourite's death? 'Oh, sir, this is a terrible day for the poor young lady. She was at the end of the street searching for a ring which she had lost, and it was no trifle, but the ring that her father had got as a present from the emperor, and worth, they say, more ducats than I have hairs on my head. Her mother lent it to her to-day for the party; she has lost it, she knows neither how nor where, and never missed it till she drew off her glove at supper. And, poor soul! the glove was on again in a minute, for fear it should be seen that the ring was wanting, and she slipped out to search for it along the street, but she has found nothing.'

"It struck me, that the substance that had fallen from the sheep's collar had the form of a ring—could it possibly be! I looked at it; and judge of my joy, it was Madame de Belmont's ring, and really very beautiful and costly. A secret presentiment whispered to me that this was a better means of presentation than the rose-tree. I pressed the precious ring to my heart, and to my lips; assured myself the sheep was really dead; and, leaving him stretched near the devastated rose-trees, I ran into the street, dismissed those who were seeking in vain, and stationed myself at my door to await the return of my neighbours. I saw from a distance the flambeau that preceded them, quickly distinguished their voices, and comprehended, by them, that Amelia had confessed her misfortune. The mother scolded bitterly, the daughter wept, and said, 'Perhaps it may be found.' 'Oh yes, perhaps,' replied the mother with irritation—'it is too rich a prize for him who finds it; the emperor gave it to your deceased father on the field when he saved his life; he set more value on it than all that he possessed besides, and now you have thus flung it away; but the fault is mine for having trusted you with it. For some time back you have seemed quite bewildered.'

I heard all this as I followed at some paces behind them; they reached home, and I had the cruelty to prolong, for some moments more, Amelia's mortification. I intended that the treasure should procure me the *entree* of their dwelling, and I waited till they got up stairs. I then had myself announced as the bearer of good news; I was introduced, and respectfully presented the ring to Madame de Belmont; and how delighted seemed Amelia! and how beautifully she brightened in her joy, not alone that the ring was found, but that I was the finder! She cast herself on her mother's bosom, and turning on me her eyes, humid with tears, though beaming with pleasure, she clasped her hands, exclaiming, 'Oh, sir, what obligation, what gratitude do we not owe to you!'

"Ah, Mademoiselle! returned I, 'you know not to whom you address the term gratitude.' 'To one who has conferred on me a great pleasure,' said she. 'To one who has caused you a serious pain—to the killer of Robin.'

"You, sir?—I cannot credit it—why should you do so? you are not so cruel.'

"No, but I am so unfortunate. It was in opening his collar, which I have also brought to you, that your ring fell on the ground. You promised a great recompense to him who should find it; I dare to solicit that recompense; grant me my pardon for Robin's death.'

"And I, sir, I thank you for it,' exclaimed the mother; 'I never could endure that animal; it took up Amelia's entire time, and wearied me out of all patience with its bleating; if you had not killed it, heaven knows where it might have carried my diamond. But how did it get entangled in the collar? Amelia, pray explain all this.'

"Amelia's heart was agitated; she was as much grieved that it was I who had killed Robin, as that he was dead. 'Poor Robin,' said she, drying a tear, 'he was too fond of running out; before leaving home, I had put on his collar, that he might not be lost—he had always been brought back to me. The ring must have slipped under his collar. I hastily drew on my glove, and never missed it till I was at supper.'

"What good luck it was that he went straight to this gentleman's! observed the mother.

"Yes—for you,' said Amelia; 'he was cruelly received—was it such a crime, sir, to enter your door?'

"It was night,' I replied; 'I could not distinguish the collar, and I learned, when too late, that the animal belonged to you.'

"Thank heaven, then, you did not know it!' cried the mother, 'or where would have been my ring?'

"It is necessary, at least,' said Amelia with emotion, 'that I should learn how my favourite could have so cruelly chagrined you.'

"Oh, Mademoiselle, he had devoured my hope, my happiness, a superb rose-tree about to blow, that I had been long watching, and intended to present to—to—a person on new-year's day.' Amelia smiled, blushed, extended her lovely hand toward me, and murmured—'All is pardoned.' 'If it had eaten up a rose-tree about to blow, cried out Madame de Belmont, it deserved a thousand deaths. I would give twenty sheep for a rose-tree in blow.' 'And I am much mistaken,' said Amelia, with the sweetest *naïveté*, 'if this very rose-tree was not intended for you.' 'For me? you have lost your senses, child; I have not the honour of knowing the gentleman.' 'But he knows your fondness for roses; I mentioned it one day before him, the only time I ever met him, at Madame de S's. Is it not true, sir, that my unfortunate favourite had eaten up my mother's rose-tree?' I acknowledged it, and I related the course of education of my fifty rose-trees.

"Madame de Belmont laughed heartily, and said, 'she owed me a double obligation.' 'Mademoiselle

Amelia has given me my recompense for the diamond,' said I to her; 'I claim yours also, madam.' 'Ask, sir.' 'Permission to pay my respects sometimes to you.' 'Granted,' replied she, gayly. I kissed her hand respectfully, that of her daughter tenderly, and withdrew. But I returned next day—and every day. I was received with a kindness that each visit increased. I was looked on as one of the family. It was I who now gave my arm to Madame de Belmont to conduct her to the evening parties; she presented me as her friend, and they were no longer dull to her daughter. New-year's day arrived. I had gone, the evening before, to a sheepfold in the vicinity, to purchase a lamb similar to that I had killed. I collected from the different hot-houses all the flowering rose-trees I could find; the finest of them was for Madame de Belmont; and the roses of the others were wreathed in a garland round the fleecy neck of the lamb. In the evening I went to my neighbours with my presents. 'Robin and the rose-trees are restored to life,' said I, in offering my homage, which was received with sensibility and gratefulness. 'I also should like to give you a new-year's gift, said Madame de Belmont to me, 'if I but knew what you would best like.' 'What I best like—ah, if I only dared to tell you!' 'If it should chance now to be my daughter.' I fell at her feet, and so did Amelia. 'Well,' said the kind parent, 'there then are your new-year's gifts ready found; Amelia gives you her heart, and I give you her hand.' She took the rose-wreath from off the lamb, and twined it round our united hands. And, my Amelia," continued the old professor, as he finished his anecdote, passing an arm round his companion as she sat beside him, "my Amelia is still to my eyes as beautiful, and to my heart as dear, as on the day when our hands were bound together with a chain of flowers."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

As I am a sort of general reader of polite literature, I have thought it disgraceful not to have read Madame de Sevigne's Letters; those letters so celebrated for their wit, vivacity, originality, and the beauty of their style, and which the reading world had been unanimous in admiring during one hundred and fifty years. But these letters composed nine volumes, closely printed; and, as time was allotted to me only in a definite portion, I was not certain that I might not employ it to greater advantage than in reading nine volumes of letters, even of acknowledged excellence. Years have passed over my head, my stock of time is diminished, and, a month ago, I resolved to give a part of what remained to Madame de Sevigne's Letters. I found in them all I expected, and much that I had not been taught to expect; for they appeared to me as remarkable for the justness and propriety of the serious observations, as for the playfulness of fancy, or the ease and elegance of their style. Of many examples found in support of this fact, I extract the following, though they will suffer from not being read in connexion with the subjects to which they relate:

"It appears to me truly wise to endure the tempest with resignation, and to enjoy the calm when it pleases heaven to restore it to us."

"God knows that I desire nothing more than his will; the futility of wishes should always recall us to this submission."

"Those who are disposed to be patient, and to take comfort, find reasons every where."

"Should we not be just, and place ourselves in the situation of others?"

"Attention to what others say, and the presence of mind by which we quickly comprehend and answer, are principal objects in our intercourse with the world."

"We are more or less affected by great qualities, in proportion as we have more or less relation to them."

"I am still alone, without being dull. I have plenty of books, work, and fine weather; these, with a little reason, go a great way."

"It seems to me that I have been dragged, against my will, to the fatal period when old age must be endured; I see it, I have attained it; and I would, at least, contrive not to go beyond it, not advance in the road of infirmities, pain, loss of memory, disfigurements, which are ready to lay hold of me; and I hear a voice which says, 'You must go on, in spite of yourself; or, if you will not, you must die,' an alternative at which nature recoils. Such, however, is the fate of those who have reached a certain period. But a return to the will of God, and to that universal law which is imposed upon us, restores reason to its place, and makes us call in patience to our aid."

In reading the letters of Madame de Sevigne, I have never, for a moment, lost sight of herself. In Paris, I have associated with her and her friends: at the Rocks, I have walked with her in the woods; in every place, I have been with her when she was writing to her daughter. So strongly did I enter into her feelings, that I wished her to join her daughter, though I should thereby lose her inimitable letters, which I would have doubled in number had it been in my power.

Madame de Sevigne was rich and beautiful, of high birth, and possessing high talents; yet she demands nothing for herself, makes no claims. There is not one line, in her thousand letters, which betrays a consciousness of superiority; on the contrary, she evinces a degree of humility, which might appear questionable, if we did not know her to be totally free from affectation. In principle she is firm; in her intercourse with the world she is conciliating. She considers what is due to others, and frequently sacrifices her own comfort to contribute to theirs. The religion of Madame de Sevigne is submission to God, and her morality is justice, peace, and benevolence. She had a penetration which saw perfectly, a judgment which decided rightly, and a prudence which never went astray.

But Madame de Sevigne, so just, so reasonable, in thought and in action, had one feeling which neither reason nor religion could control; this was her excessive love for her daughter; a love which passed the bounds of maternal love, and for which, as there is no precedent, there is no name. She lived but for her daughter, and she died because she feared her daughter would die.

ASIA MINOR.

There are few spots of earth visited by the traveller calculated to excite emotions more melancholy than those experienced by such as have passed over even the most unfrequented portions of Asia Minor. Except in the immediate vicinity of its cities, he encounters few traces of life or civilization; all beyond is "barren and unprofitable;" his path lies across plains tenanted by the stork and the jackal, or over hills whence the eye wanders along valleys, blooming in all the luxuriousness of neglected nature, or withering in loneliness and sterility. Throughout lands once adorned with the brightest efforts of genius and of art, and rife with the bustle and activity of a crowded population, his footsteps will light upon nothing save the speaking monuments of decay, and his eye meet no living forms except those of his companions, or by chance a dim prospect of the weary caravan, that creeps like a centipede across the plain, or winds amidst the mazes of distant hills. There are few scattered hamlets, and no straggling abodes of mankind; danger and apprehension have forced the remnant of its inhabitants to herd together in towns for mutual security, and to leave the deserted country to the bandit and the beast of prey. The wandering passenger pursues his listless route, surrounded by privations and difficulties, by fatigue and apprehension, few beaten tracks to guide his course, and few hospitable mansions to shelter his weariness. By night he rests beside his camel in the karavanserai, and by day he hurries along, with no comforts save those which he carries with him, and no companions but his thoughts. But these are sufficient, and they spring up with every breath and at every turning: his very loneliness is sublimity; his only prospect, beauty; he reclines upon earth, whose every clod is a sepulchre of greatness, and he is canopied by a sky

"So cloudless, pure, and beautiful,
That God alone is to be seen in heaven."

A Dutchman tells a story of his striking a man with his fist in a bar-room. The blow was so tremendous, that the man who was struck disappeared in an instant, and no trace of him was ever afterwards seen, except a small grease spot on the floor where he had stood!

PRINCIPLES OF DRESS.

In ancient Greece, costume was justly elevated to the rank of a fine art: its principles were defined; its influence on taste, on the arts, on manners, and on morals, was wisely appreciated; and public officers were appointed to prevent the violation of its fundamental laws. In modern times, costume has greatly degenerated; the most ungraceful forms, and the most inconsistent combinations of colour, have studiously been adopted; but, happily for the improvement of public taste, all classes now, more or less, avoid such glaring deformities. As it should be the characteristic and criterion of all the fine arts, that their respective subjects possess expression, or produce at once a definite, a consistent, and an agreeable effect upon the mind, so, in costume, is all this powerfully effected. Nor are the principles on which this fine art produces these effects, either undefinable or actually vague. Thus, for example's sake, as all objects, when enlarged above and diminished inferiorly, have, like the inverted pyramid, an air of lightness, and one of heaviness, when oppositely constructed; just so, in costume, the small head-dress and enormous train characterise the more stately dame, while the large hat or bonnet, and shorter dress, distinguish the livelier girl.

ANECDOTE OF BARON HOLBACH.

This singular character was always ambitious of being regarded as a man of universal science; and he received, one day, from an American port, a letter from an intimate friend, which was written in the following manner:

"I had a very comfortable and safe passage here, unmarked by any particular event, except the following, which I think well worthy your attention. A cabin-boy fell from the mainmast on the deck and broke his leg; it was tied together as strongly as possible, with packthread steeped in rosin and brandy; in a minute after this operation, he could use it as well as he did before the accident. All the crew were present at this process, and we know not which to admire most, the skill of him who undertook the cure, or its entire success."

The baron lost no time in communicating this intelligence to the college of surgeons, vouching for the veracity of his correspondent, and the disciples of Esculapius debated together to find out the means of so marvellous a cure; it is even affirmed that one among them was about to publish a learned dissertation, to prove and establish by physical reasons, the manner in which this operation ought to be performed, when the baron received a second letter from his friend, which contained the following lines:

"I forgot to mention one trifling circumstance in the account of the event of which I informed you in my last: which is, that the leg of the cabin-boy, which was broken, was made of wood."

FUSELI.

Fuseli was short in stature; his eyes were full, prominent, and, like the eagle's, piercingly brilliant. He dressed well, and at all times looked like a superior man. His remarks generally witty, and sometimes severely cutting; but to the ladies, particularly those who were qualified to give him the retort-courteous, he was cautiously and precisely polite. In early life he suffered each of his many female admirers to suppose herself the favourite fair. Miss Moser, at one period, drew that conclusion, and for a long time he flirted with Angelica Kauffmann; but he found, at last, that her glances were directed toward Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Parker. In Fuseli's marriage state, Mrs. Wolstoncraft fell desperately in love with him; and many other ladies were exceedingly delighted with his conversation.

THE PLEASURES OF WINTER.

It is in winter that we should endeavour to enjoy the recollected pleasures of summer, and delight ourselves with the memory of the warmth of colouring, beauty of appearance, and verdurous clothing of the festival scenes that have passed from us; and let us hope that we may be permitted again to luxuriate in the golden light, the beautiful flowers, and the delicious music of birds, that ever characterise this pleasure-fraught season. Again, winter is the season of domestic delights—of sociality—of fireside enjoyments—of twilight musing—of that mild melancholy which whispers us of the coming winter of our lives, mixed with the cheerful hope that we have yet some delicious days of summer, dreaming to enjoy and call ours, ere the May of our lives falls into 'the sere and yellow leaf' and its autumn dies the lap of winter.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.
STANZAS.

I cannot call thine image up as I was wont to do,
In days when every moment's thought would bring thee to my view;
When all the earth was full of thee, so that I looked on nought
Which did not bring before my eyes the object of my thought.

I met thee in the crowded hall, and in the public throng;
Thy form was foremost in the dance, thy voice first in the song;
They fixed alone my eager eye, and chained my list'ning ear,
And in my hours of solitude thou still seemed hovering near.

And when the social circle met, in youth's hilarity,
'Twas sweet to me to hear them speak, because they spoke of thee;
I listened with a blushing cheek, and with a beating heart,
But mutely—for my faltering speech would far too much impart.

And when in sleep mine eye I closed, I could not shut out thee,
Still thy pale brow and soft dark eyes would haunt my memory;
And visions bright and beautiful came softly gliding by,
Fraught with the music of thy voice, the sunshine of thine eye!

But now thy very looks are things which I can scarce recall,
I meet thee not in lonely walk, nor yet in crowded hall;
And though each thing that meets mine eyes brings memories of thee,
They come all shadowy and dim, not bright and vividly.

Thy form is but a phantom now, that visits still my dreams,
But dim and undistinct to me, each once high vision seems;
The shadows of my former dreams, they only bring to me
Some faint remembrance of the past, some likeness dim of thee!

Oh! is it that I love thee less, that thus the thought of thee
Comes like a twilight o'er my mind, so faint and shadowy?
Would that it were! for then my heart in freedom would be blest;
But now 'tis an unquiet thing that vainly seeks for rest.

I loved thee in thy darkest hour, when clouds were on thy brow,
And when that roseate cheek of thine had changed its hue to snow;
And when thy pale lip wore a curl which spoke of inward strife,
When thy dark eye its brightness lost, thy sunny smile its life!

Yes—even then I loved thee, 'midst the gloom of grief and ill;
And now, when gladness fills thy heart, I feel I love thee still—
Though not with such devotedness as when like ruins thy lot,
When life was wearisome to thee, and earth a dreary spot.

Farewell! I may not breathe the name which I have loved so well,
Lest it should wake within my heart its nearly slumbering spell.
Even now one glance of thine would rouse feelings which should be o'er,
Then fare thee well—'tis better far that we should meet no more!

THE ESSAYIST.

FROM THE LONDON NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FIRST FRIENDSHIPS.

TIME changes all things. It is the language of our hexameters at school, and of our declamations at college: it is confirmed by the lamentable experience of our manhood, and remembered in the bitter reflections of our age. Dynasties fade into nothing; monarchs quit the palace for the prison; Napoleon dies at St. Helena; Brummel languishes at Calais. These are matters which interest us little, and concern us less. But the old god, with his scythe and his hour-glass, his wrinkles and his wings, wakens us to a more melancholy sense of his supremacy, when he interferes with the enjoyments which are springing up in freshness and verdure around our own hearts; when he points to the blighted friendship, the blasted love, the sympathies extinguished, the brotherhood severed in twain. Listen to a young man of twenty. He has formed opinions which no temptations will shake, connexions which no circumstances will dissolve. He is going into the world with a set of companions whose thoughts and feelings are his own, and he will defy the corrupting influences of cold society, hand-in-hand with men whose principles he embraces, whose genius he admires, whose talents must make them illustrious, whose ambition will never make them base. Five years hence, all this will appear to him, according to the temperament of his mind, very ludicrous, or very sad. To me, it is one and the other by turns; for my mirth and my dejection flow from the same springs, and are often blended in their course.

At twenty, thanks to a fondness for mathematical science and the somewhat too sedulous attentions of an over affectionate mother, I was pronounced "delicate," and sent to Madeira. I remained there four years, and came back re-established. Contented, myself, with aspiring to the second rank, and sometimes arriving at the third, in the sports and studies of childhood and youth, I had been a devout worshipper of the undisputed ascendancy of others, and had looked forward, with delighted anticipation, to the time when those whom I had seen starting from the goal in all the buoyancy of unproved exertion, should

wear the wreath with which my fancy already encircled them, and associate me, not in the glory, but at least in the exultation of their success. And now, as the vessel neared the shores of my fatherland, the pleasantest of all the thronging feelings with which the first glance of her white cliffs created or revived, were those with which I looked back to the warmth of my old friendships, and forward to the certainty of their renewal.

The first month after my return was spent at the home of my birth, among the trees whose first shoots I had watched, and the lawns where my first games had been played. External nature was at least the same. The flowers were as bright, and the oaks as green, as when my boyhood loved them; the breeze wandered as freely, and the course of the rivulet was unchecked: but the mother, whose tenderness had made all these things fairer and dearer to me, was no more; and the brother, whose tastes had been my own, whose wishes had only followed or anticipated mine—of whose fondness I found a record in every spot I visited, and every recollection I called up—was slumbering by her side. I was alone in the world. I heard, too, tales which surprised me, of those whose companionship through life I deemed was to be my richest treasure. But I turned a deaf ear to every thing which pained me. The occurrences of life might have given a new direction to their energies, a new subject to their thoughts; but all the undercurrents of feeling must surely flow on as pure and transparent as of old. I got through the statements of my agent and the accounts of my steward, and prepared, with a nervous satisfaction, to judge for myself. I settled myself in lodgings in town, and set out to look for Arthur Montague, in Lincoln's Inn.

He had been my companion at Trinity, had kept on the same staircase, associated with the same set, pulled in the same boat, and played billiards at Cherterton, with nearly equal dexterity. But it was not by these circumstances only that our intimacy had been formed and cemented. His was a character singularly fitted to attract and retain the admiration and esteem of his fellow-students. Enthusiasm was its life and being. Talents he had, and of a high order; a clearness of perception which I have rarely seen surpassed; a readiness of acquirement which I have scarcely ever known equalled. But many who might have kept pace with him in the race of distinction, were distanced by the fervour of spirit which animated every effort and invigorated every nerve. He had been the leader of the republican party in the debating club of his day, and had exercised a remarkable influence over the minds of soberer listeners and sounder judges than ever I pretended to be. The courtesy of his manners, the occasional joviality of his habits, obliterated the prejudices which the ultra-liberalism of his principles excited; and, in the sittings of our little senate, the earnest sincerity of his pleading, his fluency of diction, his unbounded copiousness of illustration, dazzled where they did not enlighten, and confused the antagonists whom they failed to convince. There were a number of embryo statesmen among our ranks, each with his particular merits and his own knot of admirers; one doled out the comfortable assurances of the *Morning Post*, another retailed the gloomy forebodings of the *Times*; one had his little jest, or apt quotation, for every subject which presented itself, another decorated the barren waste of reasoning with flowers that ever were exported from the Emerald Isle. But of all our orators, Montague was the only one who spoke as if he were interested in a decision in which he could not, by possibility, be interested. If he advocated radical reform, you would have thought a majority would have sent him to parliament to-morrow. If he attacked the extravagance of ministers, you

would have fancied that the burthens of the nation would be actually the lighter for the carrying of the vote he moved. He went straight to his point, leaving on the one side the trope of the rhetorician, and on the other the pun of the scoffer; never labouring to astonish, never studying to overwhelm; his end was to persuade; and when at last he found himself in a minority of one to twenty, no one doubted his sincerity, and no one denied his talents. The last time I had shaken hands with him, was at the close of one of these harangues. The question which, in the plenitude of our imaginary supremacy, we were determining, was, whether the moral and political state of the country had been advanced during the last twenty years. The son of a great borough-holder had gone out of his way to let off some clever jokes against the march of intellect, which had long been the watchword of the liberals. "I think," said Montague, "that I watch the progress of that march; that I do not miscalculate its steadiness or its rapidity. If I doubted, I would not trust the glorious memory, and swear by William Pitt—I would abuse the licentiousness of our press, and scribble in the *John Bull*. I would apostrophize the purity of our constitution, and look forward to a treasury borough. But I do not so judge the times. I trust a day will come, when a poor man, who is fathered by no peer, and patronised by no person, may win the power to do good without selling himself to do evil." That night, as Montague sat down, the cheers of two hundred men were heartily his. They were not given to his opinions, for scarce a dozen of his hearers held them; nor to his eloquence, for he had spoken briefly and unconnectedly. They were given by friendly anticipation to the honesty of his future life.

I found him now in small uncomfortable chambers, through which the light of heaven streamed dim and dismal, as if it shrank from the accumulated wisdom of ages which was reposing on the table and book-shelves. A few guinea briefs were lying conspicuous before him, and Fearn on Contingent Remainders gaped awfully by their side. Montague himself I should scarcely have recognised, if the name, legibly printed on his outer door, had not made me sure of my man. The fresh hue of his complexion had faded, and was replaced by the sallow, dingy colour, which is the generic distinction of all who feed upon precedents, and digest the quibbles of the court. The open vivacity of his eye was gone, and his voice, as he welcomed me, sounded husky and monotonous. If this had been the only alteration perceptible, the approaching long vacation would have set all to rights. But the spirit of the mind was gone. He had sunk into the apathy and stagnation which the coldness of the world's stoicism prepares for the young and the ardent. He had learned that patriotism is a dream, and integrity a jest; that principle is well parted with for practice, and that a silk gown is chiefly purchased if character is its price. And so he talked of reform with a quiet indifference, and of honesty with a bitter smile; he saw nothing in the catholic cause but the violence of its advocates; nothing in Lord Eldon but the soundness of his law; he seemed embarrassed by the presence of a friend from whom he might expect allusions to old times and old associations; and as I left the room, he drew his chair to the table, and took up his pen to finish his pamphlet in defence of the Principles of Pleading.

I had known Charles Merton, the gayest of the wine-party; the loudest on the midnight ramble; the petted favourite of noblemen and fellow-commoners, who relied upon his companionship for popularity as confidently as upon their silk gown and silver lace. I had seen him receive his gold medal in the senate-house, greeted by the sunshine of a thousand bright eyes, and hailed by "the loud collision of applause"

ing gloves." I had heard him at my last supper in Neville's court, singing his own half-jovial, half-melancholy song:

"Fill to the flowers that have faded away,
"Fill to the joy whose end is sorrow;
"Fill to the friends we lose to-day,
"And the loves we forget to-morrow."

And I remembered the convivial unanimity with which his rich and illustrious guests cried shame upon his sorrowful foreboding. I found him now poor and friendless, broken in health, ruined in spirits, dining in cellars, and reporting for the "Bell's Life in London!"

I remembered Lord Leybourn, the most courteous and affable of our aristocracy; he had been proud and pleased in the society of literary men, and had shown that he did not think the cultivation of the fine arts, and an acquaintance with the elements, at least, of scientific pursuits, altogether unbecoming the future possessor of a princely estate, and the heir to an old marquise. He had honoured me with as much of his intimacy as the difference of our ranks allowed; and if I felt flattered by the civilities of nobility, surely I should have been painfully rescued from my self-conceit, if I could have fancied that recognition would have been more difficult in the lobby of St. Stephen's than it was in the quadrangle of St. John's. His lordship passed me in Regent-street with a glance of imperturbable unconsciousness; and when I met him under circumstances which did not admit of so decided a measure, bowed gracefully, and "was sure he had had the honour of being introduced to me somewhere."

Wearied and annoyed by all I saw, disgusted by changes of habit and feeling which were, doubtless, the natural product of every-day circumstances, but which struck me forcibly, because I had not witnessed the gradual process by which they had been effected. Sickened by each successive experiment, and at last looking doubtfully into myself, and almost expecting to find, in my own heart, symptoms of decay as manifest as those which I saw in the hearts of all around me, I prepared to give up the search, to return to my own fireside, and to assemble around it new friends, in whom I would repose more limited confidence—for whom I would cherish more guarded esteem. The evening which preceded my departure from London was spent at a crowded ball, to which I went, not expecting enjoyment, nor purposing to seek it, but in the moody spirit of self-punishment, which so often sends the saddest guest into scenes which may afford the strongest contrast to the sullenness of his own soul. As in my young days of joyous expectancy I had been fond of looking onward to the future destinies of those who crossed my path, now I found amusement in looking back to what I fancied might have been the early promise of those by whom I was surrounded. That officer of four-and-twenty, unrivalled in the curl of his mustache, unexceptionable in the accuracy of his coat, irresistible in the delicacy of his hand, was doubtless the Hector of the school at ten years old; open of heart and sharp of knuckle, quick to speak and firm to strike; with muscles of proved elasticity, and frame of tried endurance. That paragon of *pirouettes*, to whom Vestris were a clumsy mountebank, and Coulon a vulgar clown, was, perhaps, the ruddy leader of every childish game, the hardest hitter with the bat, the surest marksman with the taw. And that laureate of loveliness, the inditer of stanzas upon broken fans, and sonnets upon unclasped slippers, wandered, perhaps, in his infancy among the streams and mountains, and longed for fame with Milton's longing, and loved nature with Shakespeare's love.

I was awakened from these reflections by the growing spirit and vehemence of a conversation in my immediate vicinity. A lady, dressed in the most re-

cherche style, and sparkling with diamonds from brow to waist, was entertaining a knot of dangle admirers with small-talk of the most approved order. "Oh, now, Mr. Popham, you are really too bad; twenty-seven or twenty-eight, at farthest: I have known her since I was no higher than your dumpty goddess, Sir George—and I am sure, quite sure, she was not more than twenty when I was fourteen. Apropos of fourteen—you are just come from Oxford, Quentin, and you can tell me whether there were twelve or fourteen wise men; I have a bet about it with Lady Margaret; and she is so blue, it will be delicious to win her money. And do you know, talking of money, I want money sadly, just now; my fortune at *carte* has been dreadful, quite dreadful; and I must really have a pony phaeton. Have you seen Mrs. Fenton's? the sweetest thing! She drives a black pony and a white pony; and we call them Day and Night—isn't it clever? and Mr. Vivian has made a charming epigram about them. Make him show it to you. Oh, Mr. Villiers, that snuff-box is quite too interesting. You shall give it me, I insist upon it. It is for monsieur. I am ashamed of the thing he produces after dinner. Who is that pale man staring so hard at us? Does any body know him? He looks like the statue in Don Giovanni, or Ulysses come back to his fatherland. Who knows him? Do you? do you? do you?"

I went up with all the assurance I could muster, and made myself known. She was indeed Ellen Trevor. I had left her the grace and ornament of her father's vicarage in Cumberland, beautiful, and unconscious of her beauty; accomplished, and looking to no boarding-school for her accomplishments. She had been flattered from her cradle, and yet she was not vain; she had lived in the country, and yet she was not vulgar. Nature had made "a lady of her own." Now, she was lady something, I forget what, the arbitress of taste, the patroness of bonnets, the jaded, and wearied, and envied object of commonplace compliment and vapid adulation. I believe she was glad to recognise the playmate of her infancy, even in a scene which accorded so ill with the recollections which our mutual memories retraced. "I am strangely altered since you knew me," she said. "You have learned much at least," I answered. "Oh!" she said, laughing, "I was seventeen when we parted; and after that, you know, 'on apprend souvent à pleurer, et on n'apprend rien de plus!'"

THE REPOSITORY.

A LESSON.

CHARLES JOHNSON and Howard Jones were chums of the same school. Johnson was at that time set down for a lad of a dull, slow spirit and wit; and, apparently without feeling, felt silently for all who deserved it, and sometimes for those who did not; while Jones, with much loud talk of feeling, and a collection of the most approved maxims of charity at his tongue's end, seemed never to possess either. These boy-friends were parted, and became men at last. Charles burst out into the man of genius; the early morning of his life was apparently dull, but its noon gave promise of a glorious after-day; while Howard, who in his youth had excited the greatest hopes of his friends, sunk into the mere man of the world. Though the one was now mammon-minded and sordid almost to avarice, and the other a mere creature of the elements, "that plays in the plighted clouds;" though one was poor and the other rich; though as dissimilar as darkness and light, as immixable as water and oil, as opposite as ice and fire, they were nevertheless friends—such friends as the world understands by that much-abused word.

Howard, indeed, threw much more rapidly than

his friend grew unfortunate. But, to keep up the appearance of friendship and humility, when he fell in with him, he would not loose his sleeve till he had him seated at his silver-spread table; and Charles, who was too noble to be envious of another man's happiness or wealth, was there the merriest of the merry, and kept the table in a roar with equal pleasure to himself and to others. Time, however, was rather slow in reconciling the riches of the one to the poverty of the other, but did eventually so far succeed, that Jones began to care about half as much for Johnson's neediness as he did himself—and here we come to our story.

Howard had employed a skilful mechanic to repair his chaise; and the business being done, as was his custom, he thought no more about paying than Dives did of Lazarus. The needy creditor had suffered his wealthy debtor to stand in his books longer than the usual time, for he was—as a poor tradesman often is, to the shame of the rich—afraid to ask "so great a man as Mr. Jones" for so paltry a sum. At length—for Patience herself will sometimes grow impatient—the poor man called himself. Mr. Jones could not look at his bill then; he had "a particular friend with him"—Johnson was there—he might call again next month. The humble man turned away from the proud man's door with weary foot, for he had journeyed some miles. The month passed away, and he called again; but he could not see him—"Thomson, his particular friend Thompson, was there"—he might call again in a week. He called in a week; he was not at home—his still more particular friend, Wilson, was there then—"call again;" he did; he was not up. "Call again;" he did; he was not down. "Call in the city;" he was out of town. "Call at the villa;" he was in town. In short, let him call when he would, or where he would, it was to no purpose.

Charles's humane heart was shocked at the evident reluctance of Jones to part with his money; and resolved, when an opportunity offered, to punish his unfeeling friend in some way that should exhibit his covetousness in its true light. In the meantime—by one of those accidents in the life of a poor man of letters—happening to have ten guineas in his pocket, he privately paid the poor mechanic the five he so much wanted, contenting himself with the hope that, when he had thoroughly shamed his penurious rich friend thoroughly again into feeling, he should get repaid.

An opportunity soon served for his scheme. Jones had lately had a large estate in the West-Indies bequeathed to him by a rich bachelor uncle, and was in daily expectation of receiving the proceeds. Johnson, by some means, had heard of the arrival of the agent at Liverpool, but concealed the information. In the meantime Jones betrayed such a feverish impatience to handle the expected cash, that, what with plethora, and passion, and the megrims, into which every day's disappointment threw him, he took to his bed. It was now that Charles determined to effect, if possible, a cure of his rapacious love of money, and to revenge the neglect and wrong he had done to the sick creditor.

Accordingly, on the following morning, before the city shop-boys had watered the usual rings in the dust of the dog-days, he was at Jones's door, dressed in all the tight importance and loose nankeen trowsers of a warm West-Indian. The knocker was as yet unmuffled: he knocked importantly; and after a reasonable dressing-time, descends an appearance in a mob-cap, with a dull, death-watching face, and a mouth yawning to the circumference of a Dutch oven: it was Mrs. Shuffleton, the nightly nurse.

"Mrs. Jones, I presume, madam?" said Charles, bowing most respectfully to her inaudible list shoes. "No, sir," simpered the flattered feminine, very proud of the mistake, "Mrs. Shuffleton, night-nurse,

&c. at your service," curtsying herself down to about half her altitude."

"Well, then, good morning to Mrs. Shuffleton, at my service! Pray how is Jones this morning? I've just arrived from the West-Indies, and the first thing which I hear is, that Jones, my dear, generous Jones, is ill?"

"Yes, ill indeed, sir; poor dear gentleman; he's had five physicians!"

"Five physicians!" exclaimed Charles, "that's very dangerous, indeed! He must be a hale, hearty man, to survive such an attack! Five physicians! poor man! poor Jones! Good morning, madam; my compliments, and all that."

"May I have the honour of your name?" curtsied Mrs. S.

"Oh certainly, certainly; Hurricane, madam—Mr. Hurricane, from the West-Indies—Hurricane, the agent. You'll wake poor Mr. Jones, if he should happen to be asleep, and tell him that I called, and not wishing to disturb him, will call again."

"La! sir," exclaimed Mrs. S., "you are the very gentleman that Mr. Jones is so anxious to see!"

"Very possible—very likely; but really I cannot wait; I've my cousin Thomson to call on, and console with him on the death of his wife's kitten—poor things, they have no children, and such a loss is consequently very terrible!"

"But he's so anxious to see you," urged Mrs. S.

"Ho! certainly he shall; but I must see Thomson immediately; you'll say my name is Hurricane—Hurricane. I am in the greatest possible haste, or I would wait on Mr. Jones. Good morning, madam! Hurricane—you'll remember!" tapping Mrs. S. on the elbow impatiently with a walking-cane; and then off he went, leaving the nurse all womanly wonder at his coolness.

Two hours are past, and he has again knocked at Jones's door, as if he would knock him down who opened it; and again Mrs. Shuffleton descends in all the freshness of a laced tucker, flounced apron, morning gown, and "shining morning face."

"Well, how's Jones now?"

"The powers of goodness!" exclaimed she, lifting up her hands and her eyes; "I'm as glad as a May-queen that you've come back so soon, sir! Poor Mr. Jones, as soon as he heard that a white gentleman from the West-Indies had called, leaped out of bed like a lunatic madman."

"Just so! Then he is better! I'm very glad to hear it indeed—very! Good morning, madam, and my compliments, and whatever is usual to be said on these interesting occasions."

"But, my dear sir," remonstrated Mrs. S., "seizing him by the button, "he wishes of all things to see you: pray now do, dear Mr. Harry Cane, walk in!" implored the kindly nurse.

"It's impossible, my dearest madam!"

"But he's dying, sir!" insisted she.

"Very good: but he must not die till I see him. I've the most positive engagement with my particular friend Wilson, who is leaving town for his country house. The resigned old gentleman would think me particularly unfeeling if I did not see him set off."

"Well, but, my dear sir——"

"Mrs. Shuffleton," said Charles, with mock earnestness and solemnity of manner, "it is impossible. Good morning, and my compliments as before." Saying this, he departed.

Mrs. S. looked all astonishment, and quietly shutting the door, and then opening it again, to look once more at the author of her wonderment, she shut it, and went up stairs to poor Jones, who was more sick with impatience than any other complaint, and told him what a strange gentleman "that Mr. Harry Cane was."

"The man must be a brute, to trifle with a dying

man!" vociferated Jones, as he pushed his patient nurse out of the room, and half-way down the stairs. "If I had ever treated any man so, I should have deserved this!"—and then he kicked his rheumatic and venerable valet into the anti-chamber.

At eight o'clock Charles returns: the knock, the Mrs. S. and the "Well, how's Jones?" again occur: to which the nurse, who had not yet recovered from the rudeness with which she had been thrust out of the bed-room, answered,

"Ah, sir, poor Mr. Jones is certainly mad, and will not outlive this day!"

"Exactly so," replied Charles, coolly playing with his cane; "then I'll call to-morrow; for I have promised to meet the very best fellow in the world, my friend Jackson. Good morning, Mrs. Shuffleton—" ton, he would have said, but the good nurse at that moment remembering the push she had had down stairs, or else impatient at the supposed Mr. Hurricane's prevaricating puttings off, shut the door in his face, and went off in a huff.

At nine he returns, and rings, for he was afraid the lion's head would not answer his inquiries, as it was by this time muffled in white leather, and looked totally sick and silent; but the wary Mrs. S. saw through the blinds that it was her old troublemaker, and, perhaps, out of a momentary spirit of revenge for the violence which had been done to her sacred office, and more sacred person, refused to open. At ten, therefore, he sends a ticket-porter, with instructions to ring long and loud: this succeeds, and down descends the surly nurse, looking as if she could wring his nose as long as he had rang the bell.

"Ho—a gentleman wants to know whether Mr. Jones could see Mr. Hurricane some time next week?"

Jones heard this message, and losing the little patience he ever possessed, bawled out,

"Tell the rascal to come here immediately, or I'll have him arrested for embezzlement, and teach him what it is to trifle with a dying man!"

The porter departs growling, and at twelve another comes to say, that "the *gemman* would wait on him to-morrow, as soon as he had seen Mr. Simpson, his tailor."

At one, a third inquires how Mr. Jones was at twelve; at two, the same porter comes to know how he was at one; and at three Johnson himself reappears, and ringing louder than before, Jones is heard, in the distance, swearing like a cutpurse.

"Tell the barbarous Barbadoes rascal to come up stairs, or I'll send the contents of a blunderbuss after his heels!" were the last words of Jones, as his man opened the door, with an

"Ah, how do ye do, Mr. Johnson?"

"How's Jones now?" asked Charles, with a negro-bullying, West-Indian sort of voice, that seemed to be half choked with suffocating segars.

At this critical juncture, Mrs. Shuffleton appeared from a side-parlour, and Jones at the stair-head, in his bed-gown and velvet cap. This was an unexpected *denouement*.

Charles was now compelled to enter in; and being asked his motive for such an unseasonable frolic, and having explained, "that it was to teach him, who had been insensible to the sickness and patience of another, the cruelty of being trifled with, and the pain, which is worse than sickness, of seeing man indifferent to the sufferings of his fellow-man"—here he produced the poor chaise-mender's receipt for his five guineas. Jones saw, with a blush, the cruelty of his neglect of the needy creditor, and taking Charles by the hand, pressed it with more than his usual warmth, forgave him the manner of his lesson, forgot his megrims, and patiently waiting the arrival of his agent—who came the next day with the immense revenues of his estate—is now a man of great wealth; gives liberally to all who want, that do not deserve to want;

is kind and considerate to all, whether poor or rich; and loves his friend above all men, as the man who taught him the true value of wealth, and that it can only give happiness where it bestows the means of making those happy who are less favoured by fortune.

ARABIAN LITERATURE.

If the annexed is to be considered satisfactory evidence of that ready invention which has been sometimes claimed as peculiarly characteristic of the female sex in emergencies, may it not be taken strongly to support the opinion, that in executing their devices, they regard more the end proposed than the means for its accomplishment?

A TALE OF BAGDAD.

It is related that a young man of graceful stature and beautiful countenance resided formerly at Bagdad, where he was most distinguished among the sons of the merchants. One day, whilst he sat in his shop, a lovely damsel approached; having looked at him, she perceived written over his door these words: "There is no cunning equal to that of men, since it surpasses that of women."

"By my veil," said she, "this man shall be the sport of female cunning, and he shall change this inscription."

On the next day she returned most richly dressed, and attended by many slaves. Under pretence of purchasing some article, she seated herself in the young man's shop.

"You have beheld," said she, "the gracefulness of my person; can any one presume to affirm that I am hump-backed?" at the same time she uncovered part of her neck. The young merchant was fascinated. "I appeal to you," continued she, "whether I am not well-formed." She then showed him her finely turned arm, and her face, which in beauty equalled the moon when near its fourteenth night, saying, "Are these features marked with the small-pox, or who shall dare to insinuate I have lost the use of one eye?"

The merchant requested to know her reasons for thus exposing to his view so many charms, generally concealed under a veil.

"Sir," said she, "I am rendered miserable through the tyranny of my father, a sordid, avaricious man, who, abounding with riches, will not expend the smallest trifle to establish me in matrimony."

"Who is thy father?" inquired the merchant.

"He is the grand cady," replied she, and then departed.

The young man, in a transport of astonishment and love shut up the doors of his shop, and hastened to the tribunal, where he found the magistrate.

"I come, sir," exclaimed he, "to demand in marriage your daughter."

"She is not worthy," replied the judge, "of so handsome and amiable a man."

"She pleases me," said the young man; "do not oppose my wishes."

A contract was immediately concluded; the merchant agreed to pay five purses before the nuptials, and settle fifteen as a jointure. The father still represented how unsuitable the bride would prove, but the young man insisted that the nuptials should be celebrated without delay; and on the next morning, as is the custom of the country, he was admitted to the chamber of his bride. But when he had removed the veil that covered her face, he beheld such an object!—may heaven defend us from the sight of such ugliness!—for in her was comprised every thing completely hideous. He passed the time as if he had been in the prisons of Deylem, amongst the monstrous demons. As soon as possible he left his wife, and returned to his shop, and refreshed himself with coffee. Many of his acquaintances passed by, and amused themselves with jokes respecting the charms of his bride.

At length the lovely form of her who had contrived this affair appeared before him. She was more richly ornamented than on the preceding interview; so that a crowd of persons stopped in the street to gaze upon her.

"May this day," said she, "be auspicious to thee, my dear Olueddyn; may heaven protect and bless thee!"

The young man's face expressed the sadness of his heart. "How have I injured thee," replied he, "that thou hast in this manner made me the object of thy sport?"

"From thee," answered the beautiful and fascinating stranger, "I have not experienced any affront; but if thou wilt reverse the inscription over thy door, I will engage to extricate thee from every difficulty."

The merchant instantly despatched a slave, desiring him to procure from a certain writer an inscription, in letters of blue and gold, expressing, "There is no cunning equal to that of women, since it surpasses and confounds the cunning of men." The inscription was soon traced, and brought by the slave to his master, who placed it over the door of his shop. Then, by advice of the fair damsel, he went to a place near the citadel, where he concerted with the public dancers, bear-leaders, and those who exhibited the tricks of monkeys; in consequence of which, while he was sitting the next morning, drinking coffee with his father-in-law, the cady, they came before him with a thousand congratulations of joy, and styling him their cousin. The young merchant immediately scattered among them handfulls of money. The judge was amazed, and asked many questions.

"My father," said the young man, "was a leader of bears and monkeys; such has been the profession of my family; but having acquired some wealth, we now carry on the business of merchants with considerable success."

"But dost thou still," asked the judge, "belong to this company of bear-leaders?"

"I must not renounce my family," replied the young man, "for the sake of thy daughter."

"But it is not fit," exclaimed the judge, "that such persons should espouse the daughter of one who, seated on a carpet, pronounces the decisions of law; one whose relations ascend even to our prophet."

"But, my good father-in-law," said the merchant, "recollect that thy daughter is my lawful wife; that I value each hair of her head as a thousand lives; that for all the world I would not consent to be separated from her."

At last, however, a divorce was formally executed; the money which the merchant had settled was returned; and he, having applied to the parent of her who had contrived this stratagem, obtained the lovely damsel in marriage, and during many years, enjoyed the utmost conjugal felicity.

NATURAL HISTORY.

AERIAL SPIDERS.

THE cobwebs which are found occasionally floating in the air, alighting on the face and person as we walk, in threads of finest texture, and which are observable more especially in dewy mornings, at certain seasons, overspreading the fields with a tissue charged with pearly globules, sparkling in the sun's rays, are the work of vast numbers of aerial spiders, which, descending during the night to imbibe the moisture, weave among the blades of grass the webs which collect the dew. The cause of the rising of this insect and its web into the air, since its specific gravity considerably exceeds that of the atmosphere, has been variously explained. Mr. Blackwall, in an address to the Linnean society, professes to account for the ascent of the threads, by ascribing it to the effect of warm currents of air emanating from the surface of the ground. Mr. John Murray combats this doctrine, and accounts for the phenomenon in these floating webs on electrical principles. The following is the substance of his observations on this interesting insect, in the "Magazine of Natural History," of November last. During the day these aerial spiders, according to the electrical state of the atmosphere, either rise in a vertical direction—and that rapidly or slowly, as they are affected by the same electrical circumstances—or they float at angles more or less inclined to the horizon, or on a parallel with its plane. They have the power of propelling their threads in a similar variety of directions, either in motionless air, or in an atmosphere agitated by the winds; or even against the wind, the threads preserving invariably the direction in which they are propelled, and never intermingling; and sometimes a pencil of threads, presenting the appearance of a divergent brush, is propelled. On comparing these operations of the insect with the electrical state of the atmosphere, the following corresponding results are observable:—When the air is in a positive state, as in clear and fine weather, the spider makes his ascent most easily and rapidly; when it is weakly positive, he rises with difficulty to a limited altitude, and with but slight inclination of the propelled threads above the plane of the horizon; while, when the negative electricity prevails, as in cloudy weather, or on the approach of rain, he is altogether unable to ascend; so also, as toward evening, the positive electricity of the air becomes feeble, and during the night changes to negative, then the spiders descend to the earth. With regard to the habits of this little aeronaut in other respects,

Mr. Murray says, he is greedy of moisture, though otherwise abstemious; its food is perhaps peculiar, and only found in the superior regions of the sky; like the rest of its tribe, it is doubtless carnivorous, and may subservise some important purpose in the economy of Providence; such, for instance, as the destruction of that truly formidable, though almost microscopically minute insect, the *furia infernalis*, whose wound is stated to be mortal. Its existence has been indeed questioned, but by no means disproved; that, and some others, injurious to man, or to the inferior creation, may be its destined prey, and thus our little aeronaut, unheeded by the common eye, may subserve an important good.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Historical Society.—A report has lately been submitted to the legislature from this society, in which the committee appointed for the purpose detail a full account of their proceedings during the last two years. The grant of five thousand dollars, made in 1827, has been faithfully applied to the object intended—the payment of the debts of the society. "Relieved," says the document before us, "by the munificent grant, from the embarrassments which, at that period, threatened their very existence, the society avail themselves of this occasion to acknowledge their grateful sense of the obligation conferred upon the institution, by the timely succour afforded by the legislature. For their present prosperous condition, they are solely indebted to that public spirit which, characteristic of the popular sentiment, has nobly achieved splendid designs of inestimable value to the state, and permanently monumental of its fame." Whatever objections we might raise to the style of this passage, we cannot but accord with the ideas intended to be conveyed. The library contains seven thousand volumes; three thousand of which relate directly to the history of America. There are also three hundred volumes of newspapers, of the most interesting and important dates.

Theatrical.—It is Hazlett, we believe, who observes that "to read a good comedy is to keep the best company in the world, where the wittiest things are said, and the most amusing happen;" and certainly to be present at the representation of a good comedy, when the different parts are correctly conceived, and spiritedly sustained, "with all appliances and means to boot," is one of the pleasantest things imaginable; and the only wonder is, that more people are not of that opinion. We never could comprehend how sentimental comedy—what an anomaly!—and murdering melo-drama, came to be so very much the fashion. How the public, having "senses, organs, and affections," should forsake the company of the old dramatists—"fellows of infinite jest and most excellent fancy"—and take up with the lachrymose set—a few excepted—that succeeded them, is utterly inconceivable: it is as if a reasonable man were to give up sparkling wine for milk-and-water. A dose of melo-drama is worse still. This is a pity—and the more so, as there is a host of comic talent in this city equal to the task of embodying and giving effect to the gay wit and rich humour of Wycherley, Farquhar, Sheridan, Colman, &c. This assertion, we believe, will be contradicted by few who have witnessed the performance of the "Poor Gentleman," the "Heir at Law," or "Secrets worth Knowing," at the Park theatre. The principal strength of that company, however, lies in what is called low comedy. In this line, Hilson, Barnes, and Placide, form a trio that it would be difficult to match; but the fine gentleman of genteel comedy has never had, within our recollection, an adequate representative at this house. On this account, the Aimwells, Archers, Captain Plumes, and young Mirabels, are as little known to the Park audience, as if those worthies had not been drawn in the English language.

Morton's play of "Secrets worth Knowing," was performed at the Park on Friday evening, and in a manner that gave satisfaction to all present, if we may judge from the applause elicited. No man better understands the business of playwriting than Mr. Morton: he is complete master of what is termed stage-effect; and though his plots are frequently a collection of improbabilities, and his characters a mere compound of extravagancies, yet there is enough of redeeming merit about both to furnish forth an excellent evening's amusement, when supported, as on the present occasion, by good acting. In remarking upon the acting of a play, or, indeed, any thing else, it is pleasanter to praise than to blame; but easier to blame than to praise, and for the simple reason, that the language of approbation

is much more limited than that of reprobation; but we must avoid repetition as well as we can. Hilson, as the steward, old April, displayed the same ability which usually marks his personation of similar characters, viz. hale, hearty, boisterous old men, with a dash of rough, natural feeling; his two scenes with Greville, and that with Undermine, were very effective. A complete contrast to April, and equally as good, was Barnes's old Nicholas; it was as fine a specimen of hoary-headed rascality, and withered iniquity, as can well be imagined; the querulous, squeaking, suspicious voice and tottering walk were in fine keeping, and there was a turn of the eye, and a contortion of the muscles, as the old sinner's fears of death came strong upon him, that were perfectly irresistible. To give full effect to the character of Plethora, and carry the ludicrous to its highest pitch, the length of the person who represents it ought to be inordinately disproportioned to his breadth; Placide, therefore, had up-hill work to do, but his rich comic talents carry him through every difficulty, and he made it one of the most amusing characters in the piece. The part of Undermine was in the hands of a Mr. Horton, a very useful and judicious actor, and much superior to those who have preceded him in his line at this theatre; and Mr. Simpson, as the young auctioneer, Rostrum, played with vivacity and spirit. Messrs. Woodhull and Barry, as the two serious heroes, went through their evolutions in a very creditable manner, excepting that the former lacked spirit and the latter discretion. There is nothing, however, in either part, to call forth a spark of ability. We have very methodically noticed the males, and must now come to the ladies. Mrs. Hilson looked interesting as Rose Sydney, and that is about all the character requires; while that excellent actress, Mrs. Wheatley, looked any thing but interesting as Sally Downright, though she played the part, we believe, as well as any one that ever appeared in it. But during the whole evening we did not see any thing that pleased us more than Mrs. Sharpe as Mrs. Greville; and it is the more particularly deserving of notice, as it is one of those unobtrusive class of characters that do not call forth the marked approbation of an audience. The great merit of this performance was its general propriety; there was nothing like overstrained or affected grief about it, but a quiet sadness and natural ease and grace that are very rarely met with on the stage in such parts; in fact, its great charm was that it savoured so little of the stage, but was just what we may suppose would be the actions of an amiable woman in real life, similarly circumstanced. Take the comedy altogether, it was performed in a manner that would have done credit to any place of amusement; and we have been particular in mentioning all concerned, for two reasons; in the first place, because, in this instance, they richly deserve it; and, secondly, because the individuals composing the regular company are, in general, neglected altogether, or else dosed with the most gross and preposterous flattery, by having talents and capabilities ascribed to them, to which they have no just claim.

Of the Bowers we will speak hereafter, though there is little to remark upon at present, as the Ethiop has been got up in a style which calls for such a frequency of repetition, as to prevent the appearance of any other novelty. It is announced that several new pieces are in preparation.

Masquerades.—It will be seen—says the editor of the American—by the report of the common council, that it was determined to make application to the legislature for a law prohibiting these entertainments. There seemed to be, and we confess we are gratified by it, but one mind in the board, as to the propriety of putting down this new and noxious species of amusement. The only question was, as to the power of the board, in reaching the case without any law. Where there was doubt, it was wise to take the sure course, and apply to the legislature. Meantime, this decisive opinion of the common council will, we trust, have all the effect of a positive enactment, upon those, at least, who regard not merely the letter of a law, but the spirit and purpose in which it is enacted. Two masquerades are now advertised for next week; and unless public opinion supply, for the time being, the absence of prohibitory regulations, twenty may follow—if at one theatre, then at another; and if at the theatres, then at taverns, dancing-rooms—and so through all places and classes. The experience of this sort of amusement in Europe has long since proved that it contributes not at all to the gratification of refined or well regulated taste, and that it leads infallibly to license and disorder. We rejoice, therefore, that it is not to be naturalized among us.

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY B. S. BARCLAY.

FAR O'ER HILL AND DELL.

A SACRED SONG.—WORDS BY J. R. BLANCHE.—MUSIC BY SOLA.

SLOWLY.

SYM.

Far, far, o'er hill and dell, On the wind's steal - ing: List to the con - vent bell,

Mourn - ful - ly peal - ing: Hark! hark! it seems to say, As melt these sounds a - way, So life's best

joys de - cay, Whilst new their feel - ing. **SYM.**

2. Now, through the charmed air,
Slowly ascending,
List to the chanted prayer,
Solemnly bending:
Hark! hark! it seems to say,

Turn from such joys away,
To those which ne'er decay,
Though life is ending.
3. O'er the fallen warrior's tomb
Holy monks are bending;

From the solemn cloister's gloom,
Hear the dirge ascending:
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
How vain is glory's way,
Life's joys and empire's sway,

In the dark grave ending!
4. So, when our mortal ties
Death shall dis sever,
Lord, may we reach the skies,
Where care comes never;

And in eternal day,
Joining the angels' lay,
To our Creator pay
Homage for ever.
Hallelujah! Amen.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

HUMAN LIFE.

COME! ye that toil in hope, and, from your day
Of grief and pleasure, look for days to come,
With clearer suns, and skies of purer ray,
With more of gladness, and with less of gloom,
With less of blight, with more of cloudless bloom.
Come ye! and ponder well how this can be,
That, till man's step is trembling by the tomb,
Some lurking earthly dream of hope or glee,
Won from some bubble's light, beguiles his misery!

Come! pleasure-searchers: I would converse hold
Of the dim phantoms ye have chased so long,
With brow of gladness, and with wing of gold—
A witching cadence in her luring song—
As o'er earth's waste ye chase her tones along—
The viewless murmurs in the depths of air—
Each hour of youth, each haunt of fame among,
With her eye brightening, as a spirit's are;
Angel in form and face—cold, dull, yet still as fair!

Ay, I would ask, if her beguiling tongue
Filled the young breast with an *enduring* thrill;
If the glad voice wherewith the enchantress sung—
In past existence—charms the spirit still,
Or from death's victim moves the icy chill?
Can joy's fond memory break the web of doom,
Which casts a shade o'er nature—glen and hill,
And glad stream rushing—touching all with gloom—
Making the sad eye dim, which hope may ne'er illumine?

Man should not mutter—if the *mind* be free
From the low baseness of the meaner clay;
If the heart answers to the melody
Of spirit voices, as in childhood's day,
When free thoughts wander to its scene away,
Painting the present from the gullest past;
If from earth's beauty, in a calm survey,
Man can glean pleasure which will ever last,
Why should a sombre cloud o'er the warm brow be cast?

Joy! thou art found in the untrammelled soul—
In the rapt spirit, wandering, pure and free,
Spurning the fetters of earth's low control—
O'erspreading heaven like sunbeams in their glee,
Lighting the surges of a troubled sea
With gleams empyrean: from this element
Of sordid striving, *thought* may turn to thee,
Standing aloof—on loftier purpose bent,
With an immortal halo linked, and blessed, and blent!

There is a power in the mysterious sky—
In the great multitude of stars at night—

When the spring-cloud floats, gemmed with glory, by,
Dipt in the gladness of the young moon's light,
In the morn's fragrance, and the dim twilight—
There is, in these, a blessedness which care
May never mar; and in its pure delight
The soul is brightened, as the heavens are,
When the rich starlight falls in the blue summer-air.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

LINES

SENT TO MY SISTER WITH THE PRESENT OF A DIAMOND RING.

Wilt thou accept this little ring?
Although it be a trifling thing,
A brother's gift—'twill sometimes bring
A pleasant thought to thee.

When happy faces smile around,
When mirth and innocence abound,
Oh may my sister's heart be found
To dwell awhile on me!

When, in the silence of thy room,
Thy thoughts grow serious—yet no gloom
Dim thy dark eye or pale thy bloom,
May'st thou remember me.

And when thou kneel'st at thy God before,
And voices sweet their praises pour,
For all his good and varied store,
Mingle a prayer for me.

The diamond here that meets thy sight,
And glitters like a star of night,
Is like to virtue's stronger light,
Such as I hail in thee.

The silver that enfolds the stone,
And to its lustre adds its own,
Are like the milder graces strown
So plenteously round thee.

The ring that round thy finger winds,
And firmly there the diamond binds,
Is like the golden link of minds
Which chains thyself to me.

Then take the gift—may no rude fears
Disturb the course of future years;
Nor hidden sighs, nor secret tears,
Be ever known to thee.

But joy, and peace, and holy love,
May these alone my sister prove;
And happy here, and blest above,
Each wish perfected be.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

LONDON.

Oh, in London there's fun done, so gaily and daily,
There's no one can blow one, you know, with a grace;
For treating, and eating, and smoking, and joking,
And drinking, and pinking, oh, London's the place.

Such dancing and prancing, and milling, and billing,
They scare away care away—are they not blest?
Such rambling and gambling, of sinners and winners,
Beginners make skimmers as sharp as the rest.

In London, if undone, by fun done, and run down
By bailiffs and catiffs, with pitiless rage;
A debtor can better—by shunning their dunning
By cunning or running—escape from the cage.

Such jarring and sparring, with Charlies no parlies,
But mill away, kill away, as you've been taught;
While squaring and swearing, the fancy we can see
Delighting in fighting, for that is your sort. JOHN BULL.

PRESENT FAME.

—For me,
I rhyme not for posterity,
Though pleasant to my heirs might be
The incense of its praise,
When I, their ancestor, have gone,
And paid the debt, the only one
A poet ever pays.

But many are my years, and few
Are left me ere night's holy dew,
And sorrow's holier tears, will keep
The green grass where in death I sleep.
And when that grass is green above me,
And those who bless me now and love me,
Are sleeping by my side,
Will it avail me aught that men
Tell to the world, with lip and pen,
That once I lived and died?

No—if a garland for my brow
Is growing, let me have it now,
While I'm alive to wear it;
And if, in whispering my name,
There's music in the voice of fame,
Like Garcia's, let me hear it! HALLUCK.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

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THE CASKET.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

METAPHYSICS.

—“and reasoned high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame—
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy.”—Milton.

If we could be translated into a more perfect state of existence, with all our identity and memories about us, what an interesting subject of contemplation would be our pilgrimage upon earth; what a different aspect human affairs would assume when we were elevated above their immediate interests; when we could behold them in their relations as a great whole, and perceive how all the parts were adapted to some grand consequence!

I have sometimes fallen in with reasoners, who, from the very fact that they have observed closely and thought deeply, have discarded all generally received opinions upon metaphysical subjects; and, with a singular strength of argument, convinced themselves of the truth of some of the ancient theories, that we have been created accidentally. They assert that it is more impossible—if I may be allowed the use of such a term, where we are surrounded on all sides by apparent impossibilities—to imagine the time when matter did not exist, than to suppose that it has existed for ever. Taking it for granted, therefore, that matter, in some mode or other, either as atoms floating about in infinite space, or in the form of subtle gas, or perhaps in some shape with which we are totally unacquainted—for, the more we learn, the more we are struck with our ignorance in regard to the fundamental truths of nature—has always existed, they tell us that it must intrinsically have qualities, for what is it but a collection of qualities? Now, how it should gain any quality, though the most insignificant that meets our observation, is entirely incomprehensible to us; and when we have once perceived that, from its own nature, it possesses such as shape, density, elasticity, attraction, repulsion, colour, &c. the truly philosophical mind will experience no farther surprise, nor infer the influence of any extraneous agent, from the discovery of those qualities which distinguish dead matter from that portion endued with life, thought, sensation, affection, &c.

Nature, they say, teems with life. The microscope admits us into a new world of living and well organized beings, and startles the imagination with conjectures vague and indefinite as to the line of distinction, if there be any, which marks the limits of that which is inert, without any particular origin and destiny, and that from which rise the world of mind, the viewless tide of affection, the agents of reason, and all those faculties which mortals have ascribed to a separate creation, distinct in itself from the inferior mass of chaotic substances, which emanates from the ineffable Deity, and which, when disentangled from its mysterious connection with matter, shall flow on to the accomplishment of unknown purposes, beyond the reach of human conjecture.

I myself am an humble observer of these things. I

cannot altogether restrain my thoughts; but I fly from the extremities to which they would lead me, and seek shelter in my ignorance from all gloomy conclusions. The restless mind may for a while abandon the pleasing hopes among which in youth it had reposed, like an infant sleeping upon flowers, and shape its solitary flights through the joyless region of dim speculation; but unless it be ruined by the innumerable horrors it must encounter, it will turn back exhausted and dissatisfied to the common opinions and hopes of man. Yet there are many who have been injured by dwelling too long upon such subjects, and been lost to society and themselves, amid the forbidden and dangerous mazes of metaphysics. It is best at once to acknowledge our ignorance. Man cannot cope with nature. There are subjects around which she has flung the barrier she meant to be insurmountable, and we should no more endeavour to break out of the limits which she has assigned to the range of human intellect, than we should endeavour to rise into the clouds, or live beneath the sea.

I was led to these meditations by a letter which I lately received from a friend whom I had once considered a ruined man. He was in an excellent business, and could, by industry, have attained independence; but he mortified his family at first by neglect of all his duties, and afterward by abandoning himself to dissipation. It soon became evident that he was yielding to habitual intemperance, which soon grew so much upon him that he was banished all society but such as he met in his idle haunts through the midnight streets or the riotous tavern. For this singular alteration in his character no satisfactory reason could be assigned. He had before conducted himself with the strictest regard to the interests and feelings of his friends, and won their affection as well as their esteem, by the amiable and manly disposition which all occasions displayed. Inquiry was made if any secret misfortune had disgusted him with the world, and impelled him to seek the fatal relief of the bowl; but the history of his past life exhibited nothing more than the common incidents of youth and manhood—such changes as occur in the ordinary nature of things, over which we grieve the stated period, and then forget in the hopes, pleasures, and new disappointments which chequer the little day of life. He had gone on in this manner for a year, and when all hope of his reformation had passed away, he suddenly appeared a new man. He resumed the character of an amiable and industrious citizen. He lived again happily in the bosom of his family. His business flourished beneath his anxious care, and, at this time, he is a happy husband and father.

He wrote me some time ago. His letter was long, and, to me, very interesting, and confirmed my opinion that the world is not so bad as we are apt sometimes to deem it. I will extract a few paragraphs for the benefit of such young gentlemen as allow their thoughts to wander away too far from the realities of life. Let nature take care of her own works. We have every reason to believe that she knows what she is about, and when we discover the exquisite care she has taken for our enjoyment, and feel the blessings innumerable which her bounteous hand has lavished upon us, why should we suppose her favourable disposition will ever change?

After some account of the manner in which the subject of religion had affected him, and the despondency into which he fell in consequence of it, he adds:

“I had now no object for which to live. I had trusted with too much confidence to my own reason, and it had betrayed me into infidelity upon every subject. There seemed to be no Providence over human occurrences. I had lost my hold on all the feelings which link man with man, and lead his hopes on through the bright vistas of future happiness. In short, it was atheism, which comprehends all of horror that humanity can suffer. It took all the tinge of comfort from life. It made pleasure a mockery, and hope an empty dream. The earth offers to the imagination no prospect so utterly bleak as that of the atheist. He has no confidence in nature. In the thrillings of pleasure he feels no gratitude; in the anguish of suffering he knows no consolation. The world that moves on carelessly around him, was not made for him. He walks over it as an usurper, and after his brief hour of hopelessness, when he has snatched his selfish joys, and endured his lonely labours, he sinks back into the eternal grave, and mingles, like a brute, with the common mass of things. To escape reflections like these, I rushed into every excitement that chance offered, and I can scarcely say in which situation I was more wretched, in the cold desolate moments of reason, or in the wild frenzy of intoxication.

“It was on my way to one of these scenes of debauchery, that I was met by a gentleman whom formerly I had much esteemed. He introduced me to his family, and I awoke to a scene of domestic bliss, the very existence of which I had forgotten. He was an elderly man. His wife was yet the object of his sincere affection, and he had sons and daughters growing up in happiness and beauty around him. From the circle which gathered around his cheerful fire, all misery seemed excluded. The amusements every where opened to intelligence, here sufficed to beguile their leisure hours; and those affections which I had suffered to lie dormant, here occupied all hearts, and shed a charm, an inexpressible charm, over the scene. I could not but contrast it with the lonely madness of my own fate; and when the dance had ceased, and his youngest daughter had finished one of those touching songs which surprise the heart sometimes into the tenderness of a woman, and all the fair forms whose soft voices and beaming eyes yet lingered in my mind had passed away, I was prepared for the conversation which he introduced, and the conclusions to which he intended it should lead me. He heard me describe my feelings with patience, and, after much argument, by which I was often compelled to acknowledge myself in the wrong, he finished with the following remarks:

“The miseries which you have suffered are not uncommon, and, were they permanent, few of us could be in any degree satisfied with life. But they are clouds which, though they will rise in the mind at certain times, yet melt away of themselves, and leave the character purer and better for the mental tempests which they engender. There are three different periods in the life of a thoughtful man, when the world wears different aspects. To the eye of youth it is all gay. We trust all who promise, and

love every one who smiles. The present is bright, but it is nothing to the brilliancy of the future; and all the delightful feelings of our nature unfold themselves luxuriantly, without experience to guide, or sorrow to chill them. But the season of youth steals swiftly away. Before we are aware, we have reached the stage of manhood, and are mingling in its wider adventures, and adapting our boyish hopes and opinions to its stern necessities. Soon we begin to perceive that the scenes around us have changed, and then to wonder that we ourselves are so much altered. That which we used to value, no longer satisfies our wishes. That which we used to wish, appears now wild and romantic. We find that we must contract the sphere of our hopes, and be content with much which, in the pride and ardour of earlier imaginings, we had rejected with disdain. Our old school-mates, who but yesterday were sporting with us on the green, have grown up to maturity, and assumed their rank in society; and they to whom we once looked up with awe and reverence, from whose lips we received wisdom, have passed away, and their names are strangers in the places where they were once known and loved. It is very probable that, at this time, our own misfortunes begin to darken around us. We bid farewell to the thoughtlessness of our earlier hours, and can number the disappointments which have blighted our own hopes. The future loses its tinge of glory. Even the present often becomes a waste. Each year, as it comes more darkly over us, dissolves some lingering spell of boyhood, and severs, one after another, the links that connected us happily to the earth. Now we acknowledge, in the private chambers of our thoughts, that the events we most earnestly desired can never take place. Many of our dearest friends are gone. Many for whom alone we seemed to live, and without whose companionship and approbation wealth and fame would be almost valueless, have departed; not for a day or a year, but for ever; and after the mind has exhausted its every power of suffering in vain wishes and wretched recollections, it settles down at length into a gloomy acquiescence—a stagnant content. Here misery assumes its most hideous form, and we are in danger from wild opinions and tempting excitements. The desolation within prompts us to seek relief abroad, and it depends upon the nature of the path we here choose, whether we go forth upon a career of honour and happiness, or sink into idleness and oblivion. The affections which once stretched out their tendrils to embrace every surrounding object, now recoil from all contact, and wither up within the deep, cold, silent recesses of the heart. Our mind, once filled only with soft dreams and undisturbed affections, is now thronged with spectral doubts and fierce and dangerous resolutions. It is as if an elysian garden, where flowers had breathed and lovely girls wandered, were suddenly converted into a scene of warfare, its shady cloisters shaken by the roar of cannon, and its flowers trampled down by the tread of battle. This is, perhaps, the most important season of life. There comes over the spirit a species of desperation, a recklessness of present and future, a wantonness of despair, where reason sits listless upon her throne; and the mind, crazy with the influence of a morbid imagination, plunges into the unfathomable abyss of metaphysical conjecture. Here all is dark, void, limitless, and unearthly; and in its mighty chaos we lose all identity and interest in common things. We believe ourselves lapsing along to a termination of all our feeling, and, shuddering, we yield to our fate. Many a noble fellow is here destroyed. Many a proud spirit that has long warred in vain with the influences of the world, bends, at length, and bows down to the dust in anguish and shame. But this humour of the mind also passes away, the tumults of the bosom gradually subside, and he becomes familiar with nature as it is. The imagina-

tion returns from her dark flights, reason discovers new objects of interest and affection, and the void in the heart is filled. Go back, my friend,' continued my companion, 'and learn to meet the changes of life with firmness and dignity; and if your situation afford nothing else, still you may enjoy the pride of human intellect in buffeting the storms of fate, and standing erect, though all around you be in ruins. Do your duty, and nature will accomplish the rest. But beware of yielding to the impulse of a moment, lest you destroy the chance of happiness for years.'

"I retired to my rest with these new views of the world, and experienced relief that others could comprehend me, and had known similar despondency. I abandoned all the habits to which I had resorted before, and mingled again with the world. It would be superfluous for me to say with what horror I regarded the dangers I had escaped, and the gratitude with which I remembered the sympathy by which I had been rescued. I am now as happy as I ever was. All my affairs go on prosperously; the labour of my day is far from being unpleasant; and you will never realize the great happiness I experience on returning to my home in the evening, till you try for yourself the—but I am interrupted. My little boy is putting up his red lips for a good-night kiss, which will tell you better than any description what I mean, and my wife is playing upon the piano, accompanied by my sister, in a chord so sweet, that I must stop to listen. F.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

HUDIBRASTICS.

Some mouths are like to open doors,
Through which the vulgar rabble pours;
While some are like a palace gate,
Whence all proceed in decent state.

As on the anvil, shaped by blows,
The iron to a hammer grows,
Wherewith to beat some other mass,
That 'neath its weight is doomed to pass;
So slaves submit to tyrants' sway,
The first to flatter and obey;
Yet, having gained authority,
They like their masters learn to be.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

DRESS.

Do not require your dress so much to fit as to adorn you. Nature is not to be copied, but to be exalted by art. Apelles blamed Protegenes for being *too* natural.

Never, in your dress, altogether desert that taste which is general. The world considers eccentricity, in great things, genius; in small things, folly.

Remember that none but those whose courage is unquestionable can venture to be effeminate. It was only in the field that the Lacedemonians were accustomed to use perfumes and curl their hair.

Never let the finery of chains and rings seem *your own* choice; that which naturally belongs to women should appear only worn for their sakes. We dignify foppery when we invest it with a sentiment.

To win the affections of your mistress, appear negligent in your costume—to *preserve* it, assiduous; the first is a sign of the *passion* of love; the second, of its *respect*.

The most graceful principle of dress is neatness; the most vulgar is preciseness.

Dress contains the two codes of morality—private and public. Attention is the duty we owe to others—cleanliness, that which we owe to ourselves.

Nothing is superficial to a deep observer. It is in trifles that the mind betrays itself. "In what part of that letter," said a king to the wisest of living diplomatists, "did you discover irresolution?" "In its *us* and *gr*," was the answer.

There is an indifference to please in a stocking down at heel—but there may be malevolence in a diamond ring.

He who esteems trifles for themselves, is a trifler—he who esteems them for the conclusions to be drawn from them, or the advantages to which they can be put, is a philosopher.

WIT.

If we take a survey of the various talents with which the human mind is endowed, we shall, perhaps, find none that is affected by so many, and possessed by so few, as wit. The reason is, we think, sufficiently obvious. The natural vanity which inhabits the breast of every man, from the quaker to the beau, leads him to wish to shine among his fellow mortals. Wit enables a man to assume a high rank in any company into which he may be introduced; every one acknowledges its power, and courts the society of the man known to possess it. But wit is not a mere accomplishment, it must be a gift. The bright flame must exist naturally in the breast of the person, and have been amalgamated with the rest of his composition when he was created.

The lash of satire, the grating cut of irony, the scorpion sting of sarcasm, and the sharp repartee, are weapons which have been wielded with such tremendous effect, that the most powerful potentates of the earth, the bravest warriors, and most lofty statesmen, have writhed under their affliction, and been forced to acknowledge their power.

A man may possess the most gigantic mind, the most solid and extensive learning, with the most brilliant accomplishments, and not have one spark of wit in his composition. On the contrary, a person who knew not a letter of the alphabet, has been known, merely by the force of this one talent, to confound the philosophy, and render useless, for the time, the acquirements of the most erudite.

We do not mean to assert that wit does not improve by the mind's cultivation; in this respect it resembles taste, which is also a natural attribute. In proportion as the mind becomes enlarged by education, the range of the fancy becomes more extensive, wit has more materials to work upon, and also more experience to work withal.

It has been remarked of persons thus gifted, that they have seldom many friends. This may be true, when they make a wrong use of their wit, which is too often the case. Conscious of power, the wit seldom suffers the weapons in his possession to rest for want of use, but darts his shafts at random, amongst a company always too much absorbed in the amusement of the moment to mark how the barbed arrow rankles in the bosom of any individual victim. Such conduct is cruel, but the inflictor, absorbed in the fancy of the moment, and cheered by the laugh he has raised at the expense of some individual, perhaps as worthy as himself, never dreams of having caused pain to any one. How would he shudder to hear that a powerful man, armed with a naked two-edged sword, had placed himself in the midst of a convivial assembly, and, without having received any provocation, begun to inflict sundry cuts and stabs at random, upon the defenceless and light-hearted throng who surrounded him! This is exactly his own case; nay, he is the more cruel of the two; wounds of the mind, especially if it be a sensitive mind, are more painful than those of the body. He knows himself to be armed with a weapon, in the use of which perhaps none present can compete with him, and he, therefore, exercises it upon those who are totally defenceless.

When wit is used in a playful manner, it is a truly amiable quality. We know of no greater pleasure than that of spending an evening in a company possessing a good fund of this same good-natured enlivening wit. It keeps away disagreeable thoughts, and, while bright eyes flash and young bosoms exult, morose age, and even sombre sullenness, will relax their rigid features under its genial influence. The quaintly-turned speech, the lively sally, the sly, dryly-expressed inuendo, the well-fitted *double-entendre*, yea, even the vile pun, each in its turn is echoed and re-echoed by the pealing laugh. The heart expands, and all the best feelings of nature predominate. The lively fancy shoots out into more brilliant and daring efforts, and the bold youth tries a still higher flight: he fails, but still the peal of merry laughter salutes even his failure. A flame of friendship is kindled; the pains, disappointments, and turmoil of the world are forgotten; the genius of wit presides triumphant, and cries

"Hence, loathed Melancholy!"

Melancholy flies, and the demon of discord dares not to show his head. Such are the powers which ye possess, O ye wits! and as we know you to be too amiable to prefer giving pain to giving pleasure, we are sure, for the future, you will use the brilliant faculty which nature has bestowed upon you, in the way most likely to conduce to the happiness of those around you.

FANCY BALLS.

For some weeks the worthy burghers of New-York have been raving distracted about a species of entertainment, recently brought forward among the *beau monde* of this country, under the title of "Fancy Balls." The public diaries of that goodly city are loaded with details of the dresses, and decorations, and assumed characters, and indescribable delights, accompanying these exquisite specimens of advancement in the career of fashion. To a plain, plodding, sober-minded citizen, accustomed to the ordinary dancing parties of yesterday, these new-fangled fetes may appear somewhat startling; and when he learns that "the most respectable citizens" have condescended to array themselves in the habiliments of a harlequin, and don the cap and bells of a zany, he may open his mouth with marvel, and exclaim, "Well, men may make mountebanks of themselves in a free country with the greatest impunity. The next step, in order to follow the track of our cockney exemplars, will be to establish four-in-hand clubs, mount the box of a stage-coach, and emulate the skill of our Jehus; an employment productive of far better effects, in its connexion with the ordinary business of society."

But what signify the croakings of such staid and inflexible opponents of the *progress of improvement*? Do we not learn by the diurnals of the Duytch-descended town-corporate of Nieu-Nederlandt, that the contrivances in question are getting to be vastly in vogue, and that all who would consider themselves at the tip-top of the *ton*, must know somewhat of the management of these balls of fancy. Do we not read that Punch and Judy, the Grand Turk, and Red Jacket, Palmers from the Holy Land, and Hottentots from the sands of Zahara, all attired in apt costume, with masks over their visages, and set phrases at their tongues' ends, illustrative of their diverse personifications, were in attendance? How excessively amusing! Imagine the wit and wisdom that must have circulated amidst the throng! Conceive, if possible, how enormously entertaining the sight of an oriental monarch coming in contact with a pilgrim "with peace in his shoes," each joking the other in good homely English! That sensible people should visit theatres, and be amused by the help of their own imaginations, the illusions of scenery, the language of eminent authors, and the skill of trained performers, was once thought to be reasonable; but now, that species of recreation must be set down as a very unfashionable sort of folly; since gentlemen, and ladies too, may themselves become actors, and find out, exactly, how they ought to feel, and speak, and look, when attempting to play the fool! Boston Bulletin.

HOUSE-HUNTING.

Mr. Editor—When my great grandfather, Hans Von Schnitzenberg, who was a burgo-master and a common council-man to boot, voted in the old city-hall, at the head of Broad-street, that quarter day should end on the first of May, and there should be but one day in the year to move, I remember that my great grandmother said to him in the most affectionate manner, "Hans, you are a fool; why don't you let quarter day come when it pleases, and let the folks move about when they please. Now mind what I say: our posterity will always grumble, and our houses will be run down with persons who want to have a peep, rather than to hire the premises, and the sand on our floor will have to be smoothed a dozen times a day."

And so, Mr. Editor, it turns out to be. Scarcely does the first of February arrive, and bills are posted on the door, when house-hunters—idle gossips, decayed spinsters, and old dowagers—throw on their cloaks, and away they go, from house to house, inquiring the rent, posting through the rooms, peeping into the pantries, trotting up into the garrets, and asking a thousand questions about this thing and that thing—whether the house is hot or cold, damp or dry, has rats or Manhattan water, and what may be its comforts, inconveniences, advantages, or defects—and then it is rap, rap, all day. One slushy morning last week, a lady and her two handsome daughters, seeing a bill on my house, knocked tolerably hard—walked into the parlour and took a comfortable seat by the fire. "Mary Jane, my love," said the old lady, "pull off your India-rubber shoes, or you'll not have the good of them when you go out. Miss obeyed, and placed her over-shoes, filled with snow and melted mud, on the bright brass edges of the grate-pan. My grandmother gave her a sharp look, but said nothing. After warming their feet for some time, throwing off their cloaks, the girls arranged their ringlets at the glass—quite at

home—it was time to talk of business. "Well," said the old lady, "this is a handsome room enough—small, very small—bless me, that's a handsome picture—Pyramus and Thisbe, I vow, done by Vanderdecken. No pantries, madam, between the folding-doors? O, I see the house is old-fashioned—wooden mantle-pieces. Cornelia, my dear, run up stairs with this young woman, and look at the chambers." Cornelia tripped up stairs *sans ceremonie*, and began an agreeable prattle with the maid. "Is this your best chamber?—how confined—ceilings low—no inside shutters.—Open that closet-door—O, family jars—sweetmeats, I suppose—I like quince.—Where's the nursery?—up two pair of stairs?—it won't do—can't take the trouble of running up and down—quite a confined place—let's go through the kitchen.—Heavens, how dark!—no Manhattan water?—no closet for the pots?—how inconvenient!—O, cooking, I see—chimney as large as the parlour—why don't you use coal?—fooh, how it smokes!—I shall be as brown as a mustee.—Ma, it won't do; it's too small and out of order." By this time the party had thoroughly warmed themselves, adjusted their dresses, and sallied out of the room, with "It won't answer, ma'am; but there's a house opposite with a bill on't, and as we have an hour to spare before dinner, we will go through it. Good morning."

Thus, Mr. Editor, begins the evil of house-letting and inspecting, and the fact of all houses being to let at one and the same time, sends forth an army of real or pretended tenants and expectants, and scarcely has one set made their exit but another makes their entrance. Now, as our common council can do every thing, and any thing; and extensive as their powers, positive and implied, may be, cannot you persuade them to pass a law making the first of May come at any other time it pleases? N. Y. Enquirer.

A FABLE.

To an ox, who was the owner of a meadow, a certain rabbit owed a year's board. He was likewise indebted, more or less, to all the neighbours. Wherever he went, "pay for the grass," "pay for the bran," "pay me," "pay me," were the cries which rang in his ears. Having exhausted all his promises and grimaces, his creditors began to threaten him, and he found it necessary to play them some trick. One day, when he was alone, and thinking of this, he saw a dead gazelle lying on the ground. "This will do; my importunate friends," quoth he, "you shall see something new." Having flayed the dead gazelle, he dressed himself in the skin, which he adjusted as well as he could, and then stalked into the meadow. "Alas! poor gazelle!" exclaimed every tender-hearted animal, "what has happened to thee? why art thou so miserably thin?" "It was the rabbit whom I interrupted when he was engaged in some sorcery. He cursed me, and that brought me into this condition. Heaven preserve you from vexing him!" "Ha! do you hear that, comrades? This hint comes very apropos. I fear some mischief; let us leave the rabbit alone."

Moral.—When a man is clever, he may avoid paying his debts.—There are a good many clever rabbits about town.

RIVAL ARTISTS.

Mortimer, the painter, was remarkably tall, and Edwards a very short man, and, unfortunately, deformed, though he always stood erect, to make the most of himself. These artists painted each a picture of the same subject, the Cavern of Despair, from Spenser, which they sent to the Society of Arts for a prize; and during the time their works were hanging up, it happened that Mortimer and Edwards were standing by the side of each other, looking at Edwards's picture. Edwards, quite erect, with his usual importance, striking his cane perpendicularly on the floor, at arm's-length, thus addressed his antagonist: "Well, Mr. Mortimer! how do you like my picture?" "Sir, there are some good parts in it; but why did you make your reptiles so small?" Edwards, putting his left hand upon his hip, or, what may be better conceived, his arm a-kimbo, looking up to Mortimer, observed, "The smaller the more venomous."

PLANNING.

Some wag in the provincial journals is gravely circulating a paragraph, under the title of "a hint to the learned," in which he proposes to establish a subscription society for publishing such books as booksellers will not publish. Why not have other establishments for selling such meat or fish as butchers or fishmongers will not sell?

SLEEP.

A question has been raised how much sleep is required, and how long it is necessary to be in bed, for the purpose of rest and refreshment. Eight hours have been allotted for the labourer, and six for the scholar and gentleman. Very few gentlemen, however, are satisfied with this scale; and a capacity for sleeping makes the greater part of this class of the community inclined to double the period. The capacity for sleeping, like the capacity for eating and drinking, is to be increased by indulgence. Much depends upon habit. Some people can sleep when they will, and wake when they will; and are as much refreshed with a short nap as a long one. Sea-faring people have this property from education. I have known persons who have never indulged in a second sleep. One gentleman, who entertained a notion that a second nap was injurious, invariably got up as soon as he awoke, no matter how early the hour, winter or summer. Others again will sleep for four-and-twenty hours. The celebrated Quin had this faculty. "What sort of a morning is it, John?" "Very wet, sir." "Any mullet in the market?" "No, sir." "Then, John, you may call me this time to-morrow." So saying, he composed himself to sleep, and got rid of the ennui of a dull day in the arms of Morpheus. One gentleman, in the Spectator, used to sleep by weight. "I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep, within a few grains more or less; and if upon my rising I find I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my chair." A lazy old woman used to apologize for lying in bed, by saying, that "she lay in bed to contrive." Strange as this old woman's excuse was, it was an example followed by one of the most extraordinary geniuses of this country, viz. Brindley, of whom it is recorded, that when any great difficulty occurred in the execution of his works, having little or no assistance from books, or the labours of other men, his resources lay within himself. In order, therefore, to be quiet, and uninterrupted, whilst he was in search of the necessary expedients, he generally retired to his bed; and he has been known to lie there one, two, or three days, till he had obtained the object in view. He would then get up and execute his design without any drawing or model. There are different kinds of sleepers, as well as different kinds of sleep; some cannot sleep from home—others cannot sleep at home; some can sleep on a board, and snore on a carpet; while others tumble and toss on a soft bed, as if the down disconcerted them. Some again cannot sleep in a noise; others cannot sleep out of it. A miller awakens the moment the mill stops; and a tradesman from Cheap-side cannot sleep in the country, because "it is so plaguy quiet." Somnambulists, or sleep-walkers, usually sleep with their eyes open; but without vision. Shakspeare, who may be considered a very good medical authority, makes Lady Macbeth a somnambulist with her eyes open—"but their sense is shut." This is not always the case, however, and there is a singular exception, in the instance of Johannes Oporinus, a printer, who being employed one night in correcting the copy of a Greek book, fell asleep as he read, and yet ceased not to read, till he had finished not less than a whole page, of which, when he awoke, he retained no recollection. There are many curious histories of sleeping prodigies on record. The Philosophical Transactions have several; in one, a man slept from August till January. There is a case, read before a society of physicians in 1766, of Elizabeth Orvin, who began her sleeping fit in 1738, by a four days' nap, and for ten years afterward never slept less than seventeen hours out of the four-and-twenty. Dr. Brady relates, that some strange methods were resorted to to rouse her—such as rubbing her back with honey, and in a hot day exposing her to a hive of bees, till her back was full of bumps—making a pincushion of her, and performing acu-puncturation with pins and needles—flagellation, and "other old experiments," which the doctor informs us he thinks better to "pass over in silence," all of which might as well have been spared, for she was very sulky and good for nothing when she was awake. This sulkiness, however, should be noticed, as being connected with the complaint. Previously to this somnolent disease, many of the persons have become uneasy, sullen, and surly. In all, the mind has evidently been affected; and in some, where there has been extreme abstinence, their waking hours have been characterized by decided mental aberration. Quarterly Jour.

Dress so that it may never be said of you, "What a well-dressed man!"—but, "What a gentleman-like man!"

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TO *****

"And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 "So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 "The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 "But tell of days in goodness spent,
 "A mind at peace with all below,
 "A heart whose love is innocent."

Is thy heart pure and gentle? do thine eyes
 Reflect indeed the feelings of a heart
 Replete with nature's gentlest sympathies?
 Is the smile on thy lips devoid of art?
 Is thy face but thy mind's fair counterpart?
 Ah! wherefore do I ask thee? can it be
 That the world's lessons even now impart
 Their cold suspicious caution unto me,
 That I should thus distrust, oh, gentle one! e'en thee?

Oh! once it had been unalloyed delight
 To meet with such an one as thou—and why
 Must other feelings now arise to blight
 So pure a source of happiness? for I
 Have driven thy sweet face far from my memory,
 Even as a thing I may not dwell upon;
 For thoughts of bitterness came rushing by,
 Clouding my heart, until I strove to shun
 The memory e'en of thee, thou young and guileless one!

Yes! vainly now I struggle to recall
 Thy sweet and open beauty—though still gleams
 Of its mild radiance on my spirit fall
 At intervals, still rise upon my dreams
 Those eyes of sunny light, whose smiling beams
 Seem fraught with hope and gladness—still I view
 That matchless mouth, whose perfect beauty seems
 Fresh from the sculptor's hand, save that its hue
 Of soft rich crimson, shows the painter's magic too.

Even now, although my heart is changed, 'tis sweet
 And soothing to my spirit, though it be
 Weary and worn with struggling, thus to meet,
 In this cold heartless world, with one like thee.
 O fresh young spirit! it is sweet to see
 Thy yet unpractised heart and spirit light,
 Frank e'en as childhood's, and as mildly free,
 Shedding, o'er all, its radiance, pure and bright,
 Till earth its first fair hue wears even to my sight.

Yet even in my happiest hours there dwells
 A touch of sadness; now, while on my ear
 Thy voice of melody entrancing swells,
 While in thy sunny smile, reflected clear,
 I see the gladness of a heart which ne'er
 Harboured a thought it feared or blushed to own,
 There comes a dim foreboding, sad and drear,
 Hushing that voice of music's sweetest tone, [throne.
 And quenching those bright eyes where gladness holds her

Prophet of evil! dark foreboding heart!
 Can mine eye gaze not on a form so fair
 But thou must dream of death's approaching dart,
 Marring the joyous beauty centred there?
 Yet there are blights more fatal—better far
 That thy young spirit's light be quenched, than be
 Darkened with earth's pollutions:—may the star
 Of thy yet spotless life its brilliancy [free.
 Ne'er lose, but set undimmed, from earth's dark cloudings

Oh! mildly beautiful, and gently good!
 Thy fair young brow no care doth yet o'ercast;
 Thou dost not yet o'er bitter feelings brood;
 Upon thy open brow thy soul is glassed;
 But soon this fairy period will be past,
 And thy pure thoughts be mixed with earth's alloy;
 For thou art verging on to manhood fast,
 And soon the world's cold maxims will destroy
 The freshness and the truth which clung around the boy!

BIOGRAPHY.

MOORE.

POETRY is almost coeval with the origin of society. Nations in general had poets, even before they were acquainted with the elements of literature. This assertion may seem problematical to many; but, if we reflect on the nature of the case, it is not so surprising as to be incredible. An occasional elevation of thought, a fit of animation, or a strong excitement, will lead the speaker into a course of diction superior to the tameness of ordinary conversation. Figurative and metaphorical language, forcible allusions and apt comparisons, drawn both from nature and from art, will offer themselves to the mind of one who unites imagination with talent; a measured cadence will soon follow; and this species of amusement will at length become an art. Thus poetry may be supposed

to have arisen. Sometimes it was left to make its own impression without accompaniment. On other occasions it was aided by the rude music of early times. After the introduction of writing, it necessarily became more regular in its construction, more elegant and refined.

The earliest poets of whose genius we have any remains, were those of the Hebrew race. The Greeks subsequently became famous in the poetic art, and were apparently the first nation that reduced it to precise and systematic rules. But a servile adherence to rule is disclaimed by many modern bards, who think that poets are privileged to soar above all critical laws. Genius, indeed, ought not to be closely fettered; yet every branch of literature may be improved by rules, because, in general, they are founded on common sense. The writer who now demands our notice, is well acquainted with the *dicta* and the maxims of Aristotle and Longinus; and, if he does not always observe them, it is because he ventures sometimes to think for himself.

Mr. Thomas Moore was born in Dublin, about the year 1780. Being the son of a respectable merchant, he received a good education, first under Mr. White, an able instructor, and afterward at Trinity College, where his attainments as a classical scholar distinguished him above the generality of his fellow students. In the year 1795, he became a member of the society of the Middle Temple. It was then his intention to study the law; but he did not find it necessary to practise that profession. His inclinations leading him into another course, he devoted himself to poetry and elegant literature. His translation of Anacreon, published before he had completed his twenty-first year, evinced his learning and talent; and it was soon followed by a volume of poems, chiefly of an amatory complexion. Some of these pieces are neither loose nor indelicate; but others seem to require the apology which the author made for them, alleging that they were the "productions of an age when the passions very often give too warm a colouring to the imagination, which may palliate, if it cannot excuse, the air of levity that pervades so many of them."

In 1805 he procured an appointment which gave him an opportunity of visiting the United States. Being a strenuous advocate for freedom, he anxiously observed the nature of the government and the state of society in the republic. He then repaired to St. George, one of the Bermuda islands, and began to act as registrar to the vice-admiralty court; but he did not long execute the office in person, being content to resign one half of the emolument to a deputy, by whose imputed acts of embezzlement he was afterward subjected to trouble and vexation.

Continuing his literary pursuits, he at length established his fame by the beauties of *Lalla Rookh*. His illustration of a variety of national melodies, by appropriating characteristic poetry to each, highly gratified the public; and the subsequent productions of his muse did not—as is sometimes the case—detract from the prevailing opinion of his merit. He has also distinguished himself as a biographer. His *Life of Sheridan* is marked by spirit and ability, as well as by the graces of style; and it is free from that partiality which is too frequently shown where the life of a selected individual is the object. His acquaintance with the history of his native country is displayed in the supposed *Memoirs of Captain Rock*; and his satirical asperity is as conspicuous in that work, as in the account of the Fudge Family.

But of all his works, the one which we think most worthy of his genius and reputation, and which will be a durable monument to his fame, is "*The Epicurean*," published in 1827. Although written in prose, this is a poem, and a masterly poem, alike valued for its lustre and its purity. The style has all the liveliness which usually marks his compositions, and

abounds in those sparkling illustrations which give animation to his poetic prose. Take, for example, some at random—"fountains and lakes, in alternate motion and repose, either wantonly courting the verdure, or calmly sleeping in its embrace"—"though Melancholy, as usual, stood always near, her shadow fell but half-way over my vagrant path, and left the rest more welcomingly brilliant from the contrast"—"I could distinguish some female tones, towering high and clear over all the rest, and forming the spire, as it were, into which the harmony lessened as it rose"—"I saw the love-bower and the tomb standing side by side, and pleasure and death keeping hourly watch upon each other." The design is simple, and exhibits no remarkable mechanical ingenuity; but it is executed with a flowing pencil, and in warm and brilliant colours. There is no straining after vehemence and sublimity; but there is, throughout, abundance of poetical thought and imagery, grace and refinement.

The chief features of Mr. Moore's poetry are grace and tenderness; yet he is not deficient in animation nor in force. He seems to pour forth his whole soul when he treats of the enchanting passion of love; and, if the other feelings of the heart are not so well delineated by him, he at least touches them with an elegant pencil. He may be styled the minstrel of the day; for he is at once a poet, singer, composer, and instrumental performer.

SPENCER.

Spencer was steeped in romance. He was the prince of magicians, and held the keys which unlocked enchanted doors. All the fantastic illusions of the brain belonged to him—the dreamer's secret, the madman's visions, the poet's golden hopes. He threw a rainbow across the heaven of poetry at a time when all seemed dark and unpromising. He was the very genius of personification; and yet his imagination was less exerted than his fancy. His spirit was idle, dreaming, and voluptuous. He seems as though he had slumbered through summer evenings in cave or forest, by Mulla's stream or the murmuring ocean. Giants and dwarfs, fairies, and knights, and queens, rose up at the waving of his charming rod. There was no meagreness in his fancy, no poverty in his details. His invention was without limit. He drew up shape after shape, scene after scene, castle and lake, woods and caverns, monstrous anomalies, and beautiful impossibilities, from the unfathomable depths of his mind. There is a prodigality and consciousness of wealth about his creations, which remind one of the dash and sweep of Rubens' pencil; but, in other respects, his genius differed materially from that of the celebrated Fleming. In colouring they are somewhat alike, and in the "*Masque of Cupid*" some of the figures even claim an affinity to the artist's shapes. But, generally speaking, Spencer was more ethereal and refined. Rubens was a decided painter of flesh and blood. He belonged to earth. His men were, indeed, sometimes chivalrous and intellectual—his beasts were grand and matchless—but his women were essentially of clay, and of a very homely fashion. Spencer sketched with more precision, and infinitely more delicacy. He had not the flash and fever of colouring which lighted up the productions of the other; but his genius was more spiritualized, his fancy traversed a lofty eminence, and loved to wander in remoter haunts. The brain of the one was like an ocean, casting up at a single effort the most common and extraordinary shapes; while the poet had a wilderness of fancy, from whose silent glades and haunted depths stole forth the airiest fictions of romance. The nymphs of Spencer are decidedly different from those of the painter; and his sylphs have neither the hideous looks of Poussin's carnal satyrs, nor that vinous spirit which flushes and gives life to the reeling Bacchanals of Rubens.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EMBLEMS.

I ask not of the autumn gale, with sore leaves on its wing,
Why the dim cloud outspreads its fold above the sky of spring;
Why the new buds were folded up, when its first tone was heard,
When to the far and bright southwest wandered the summer-bird;
Or why the stream gave back no more the image of the sky,
But with red trophies on its breast, went sad and moaning by;
While the harvest sheaves were gathering in, and the reaper's sickle
shone,

Like a saddening thought in memory's brain, of visions that are gone.
Why should the spirit question thus, when soon the winter's wreath
Will fade on the far mountain's brow, at spring's awakening breath;
When its cloud-curtain soon will drop, and in the pleasant sky
The warm sweet voice of the year's birth, will echo wild and high;
While birds in its far depths will sit—and, thrilling from each mouth,
Will steal pervading melody, like tidings from the south;
When stream and leaf will glance, and thought will wander far and free,
Bringing new smiles and fresh delight, oh, nature! unto thee.

I asked not of the dying sun, why, when at evening-tide
His last red glance is cast abroad on the green upland side,
Why the glad influence of his smile may not yet linger on,
Or why his yellow locks should blend with twilight's fold of dun;
Day, night, and morn must come and go along the changeful sky,
Grateful with shadow and with shade to the inquiring eye;
All have a blessing in their birth—all hold a tranquil power,
Whether 'tis morn's awakening glow, or evening's pensive hour!

Thus should the soul in silence glaze, lit by pale memory's star,
Along the heaving tide of life, whose wrecks and bubbles are;
And tho' the light of joy is dim, tho' hope's warm dream hath fled—
Tho' the deep wind hath mournful tones along the shivering dead,
Still let the spirit look abroad, and onward, to the rest,
Which comes, as twilight-shadows steal along earth's verdant breast;
And chastered in the night of ill, amidst its shadowed gloom,
Look to the holy morn which breaks the darkness of the tomb!

THE DRAMA.

PLAYERS.

It is a curious fact, that the greatest actors have been produced in those nations where they have been the least esteemed as men. Among the Romans, theatrical declamation was carried to greater perfection than among the Greeks; and the Romans held actors as slaves, while in Greece they were freemen, and devoted to a profession which was not considered as dishonourable. No Greek writer mentions a single actor who had ever distinguished himself in his art; while the Romans speak with admiration of their *Æsoppos* and their *Roscus*—and yet the Paphian law prohibited the marriage of senators with women who had ever exhibited themselves on the stage. Modern nations are not less capricious. France has produced most skilful and distinguished actors, both comic and tragic, notwithstanding the prejudice which exists against them. In England this prejudice is not carried to quite so great a length. Lord Chatham corresponded with Garrick, and his ashes repose in Westminster Abbey. In this country, public opinion is not very favourable to professional players; the most distinguished for talent do not rank very high in society, and however much they may be admired, they are not allowed to mingle on equal terms with those who constitute the best society of our cities. This is owing to the force of public opinion, which will not be easily changed, whether it be well or ill founded. In this country, where the most splendid field is open to legal or medical talent and industry, the occupation of a "poor player, who struts and frets his hour upon the stage," is not one, however alluring the fame may be which it promises, that will induce many to follow it. In this profession, however, no ordinary man can attain perfection or fame. A great actor must be a man of genius; he must unite to the intellectual many of the best physical powers. The tragedian should be the creature of passion, and possess great sensibility and intelligence, as well as a fine person and a good voice. He should, according to Talma, himself an admirable model, be gifted with an imagination which "associates him with the inspiration of the poet, transports him back to times that are past, and renders him present and identified with those historical personages or impassioned beings which have been created by genius; which reveal to him, as if by magic, their physiognomy, their heroic stature, their language, their habits, all the shades of their character, all the movements of their soul, and all their singularities—

and which enables him to enter into the most tragic situations, and the most terrible of the passions, as if they were his own." These remarks are unquestionably correct. To express passion in all its shades and varieties, it must have been felt; and the actor must be liable to the extremes of passion, and consult and study his own nature, before he can exhibit them in all the truth and power of reality. "In my own person," says the same celebrated French tragedian, "in any circumstance of my life in which I experienced deep sorrow, the passion of the theatre was so strong in me, that, although oppressed with real sorrow, and in the midst of the tears I shed, I made, in spite of myself, a rapid and fugitive observation on the alteration of my voice, and on a certain spasmodic vibration which it contracted in tears; and I say it not without some shame, I even thought of making use of it on the stage, and, indeed, this experiment on myself has often been of service to me." Lekain is said, in his latter years, to have fallen passionately in love with a Madam Benoit, whom he always placed in the first side-wing of the theatre whenever he played, and addressed to her all the expressions of tenderness and love which he had to speak to the actress playing with him, to give real force and tenderness to those expressions. Much of this power, however, is the effect of imitation. Garrick is said to have witnessed the agony of a man who had accidentally let fall from his arms, while dandling it in a piazza, a child whom he almost madly loved, and the player always availed himself of this terrible picture in his personation of Lear. But these imitations are not peculiar to the player—the poet and the painter are alike influenced by them. Michael Angelo is reported to have stabbed his brother, that he might transfuse the contortions of his features, in the agony of death, on the canvass. Ariosto excited a violent burst of rage in his father, and, in ecstasy, allowed him to indulge it, that he might describe an angry father with greater power, in a comedy he was then composing.

A tragedian does not require more talent, but he must possess more power, sensibility, and enthusiasm, than a comedian. The comedian represents incidents, and personates characters, that he sees every day, and with which he is familiar; his imagination has less exercise; he is acting in the sphere in which he, in fact, revolves; he has only to employ the faculty of imitation in representing the little passions, follies, and weaknesses of those in his own condition in life: but his observation must be accurate; if he exaggerate or fall short of nature, it will be immediately observed by those before whom he appears, who, from their own experience, are always capable of judging of the correctness of the copy they are contemplating. "The tragic actor, on the contrary, must quit," says Talma, very properly, "the circle in which he is accustomed to live, and launch into the high regions where the genius of the poet has placed and clothed, in ideal forms, the beings conceived by his imagination, or already furnished him by the pen of history. As to the physical qualities, it is evident that the pliability of the features, and the expression of the countenance, ought to be stronger, the voice more full, sonorous, and more profoundly articulate in the tragic actor, who stands in need of certain combinations, and more than ordinary powers, to perform, from beginning to end, with the same energy, a part in which the author has frequently collected in a narrow compass, and in the space of two hours, all the movements, all the agitations, which an impassioned being can often only feel in the course of a long life. When we," he then asks, "consider all the qualities necessary to form an excellent tragic actor, all the gifts which nature ought to have bestowed on him, can we be surprised that such actors are so rare?" We close these remarks with the fol-

lowing anecdote, which serves to exhibit the admiration which the tragic talents of Talma could excite:

Having entered into an engagement to perform at Bordeaux, he received the following curious letter, previously to his arrival, addressed

"TO THE SON OF MELPOMENE.

"SIR—I have only six francs, and am without resource. I hear you are to honour the town with your presence, and that at the very moment when I propose to put an end to my life. I therefore defer my project in admiration of your talents, which I know only by your fame. I conjure you, then, to hasten your visit, that I may admire you, and expire. Refuse not the desires of your fellow-creature, who, being able to live only four days, has divided the sum which remains, as follows:

Four days' nourishment,	3 francs	0 sous.
Fit,	2 do.	10 do.
Poison,	0 do.	10 do.
	6 francs.	

THE ESSAYIST.

TIME.

THERE never was any thing so warred against as time. Many men are, by profession, *time-killers*; and most persons are, more or less, in a constant state of hostility with that which, if rightly treated, is man's best friend. Some do not hesitate to style time "the enemy;" and others, while they pretend a friendship for it, fail not to treat it as a foe. But still time exists in spite of all the attempts of man against its life, and pursues its uninterrupted course, while successive generations of mortals perish by its side.

Of time-killers by profession there are numbers. Of these, the *idler* boasts of being the greatest, though in fact he is the least successful. The only gratification of his life consists in a few certain meals, and some incidental circumstances. The time not taken up in these is to him a dreary blank, which he would, if possible, annihilate. After breakfast, he starts to kill time till dinner; and from dinner till supper he pursues the same game; but at night his bag is still empty. Miserable sportsman! he cannot even produce a few feathers from the wings of time, so bad a marksman is he. Time is in fact making game of him, and leads him a *will-o'-the-wisp* dance from morn till night. With no one do the hours pass more heavily. The hour-glass seems, as it were, to float before his sight, and the more his eye is fixed on it, the slower appears the sand to flow.

The *libertine* is also by profession a time-killer; but while he levels desperate blows at "the enemy," his more cautious opponent retaliates with a surer aim. His very exertions to maim the foe only tend to weary, weaken, and destroy himself.

The *man of pleasure*, though in some measure a time-killer, is more properly a *time-driver*. He would make a slave of time. He would yoke it to his chariot-wheels; he would drive it his own pace; and when he pleased, he would drive it away altogether. But time is a restive beast, and will not submit to be so treated: it obeys neither the lash nor the rein; and the more he tries to get rid of it, the more it haunts him.

The *man of the world* is a pretended friend of time. He courts its favour, and would fain turn it to account. But time is not so easily caught. It appears for a short period to lend itself to his projects. It poises for a moment on its wings; but this is only that it may take the better aim; then pounces on its prey, and with a fell sweep of its scythe mows down all his schemes of happiness, and scatters his hopes to the winds.

The *busy man* may be considered as a *time-hunter*.

He is ever engaged in a breathless pursuit of time. He grasps the shadow, but the substance escapes.

The *indolent man* has not the spirit either to attack or to pursue time: he is, therefore, neither a time-killer nor a time-hunter, but a *time-catcher*. He is constantly laying traps for time; but his bird-lime snares never succeed; and while he is trying to catch time, it hops out of his reach.

The *sycophant*, every one knows, is a *time-server*; and perhaps, of all the meddlers with time, he is the only one who appears to profit by his business; for it must be acknowledged that he too often succeeds in his worldly schemes.

O Time! how art thou bothered and bantered! The fool *loses* thee; the wise man *finds* thee; the sportsman *runs* against thee; the gamster *bets* against thee; the fiddler *keeps* thee; the dancing-master *kicks* thee; and the drummer *beats* thee. So that, poor Time! thou art lost, found, jostled, cheated, kept, kicked, and beaten! and yet, after all this ill-usage, thou dost not appear a whit the worse for wear.

But though time is thus treated by the world, there is a period at which every one would fain claim its indulgence or arrest its steps. "One short moment for repentance!" cries the dying sinner. "A long day!" prays the condemned culprit. "A short time longer!" exclaims the unsatisfied sensualist. "If I had but time!" sighs the worldly schemer. And yet all these either have been, or are, engaged in open or disguised hostility with the very object whose compassion they solicit, or whose flight they deplore.

My poor friend, Sir Pendulum Pivot, was the most unlucky wight in his dealings with time that ever I met with. He was a professed economist of time, and yet he never had a moment to spare. His mind was a kind of balance-wheel, ever vibrating between the right and the wrong; so that, in deciding upon neither, he left every thing undone. His watch was constantly in his hand, and yet he kept no watch upon himself. His house was full of time-keepers; and though time was thus ever staring him in the face, he was always, most paradoxically, either before or behind his time. In music he was sure to be out of time; and in dancing he never could keep time, though, like other fops, he had a glaring pair of *clocks* at each ankle. In the literal sense of the word, he was a *time-server*; and yet ungrateful time served him at last a scurvy trick; for the poor knight died of vertigo, because the surgeon could not arrive in time to bleed him.

He only is the truly wise man who, knowing the nature and the value of time, conforms himself to its movements, and seeks to benefit by its presence; neither endeavouring to accelerate nor to retard its pace; being aware that time waits for no man, he wisely waits upon time. Time is then to him as the bark in which he sails; it moves, but he perceives not its progress. Thus he floats quietly down the stream of life, till time at length launches him into the ocean of eternity.

SONG.

To love thee was the easiest task
Affection ever taught me;
But now I'm forced with smiles to mask
The wo that task has wrought me.
I saw thee fond, and thought thee true,
And swiftly flew my hours;
But oh, I wove a wreath of rue,
Which I mistook for flowers.
Then go, deceiver, haste away,
To me be lost for ever,
Since I am doomed to hail the day
That shall our fortunes sever.
Yes, go, nor let me see again
That smile, love's treacherous token,
Lest I once more resume my chain,
And this poor heart be broken.

FROM THE LONDON MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE SEPARATION.

"Lorsque l'on aime comme il faut,
"Le moindre éloignement nous tue;
"Et ce, dont on cherit la vue,
"Ne revient jamais assez tôt."

He's gone, dear Fanny!—gone at last—
We've said good by—and all is over;
'Twas a gay dream—but it is past—
Next Tuesday he will sail from Dover.
Well! gentle waves be round his prow;
But tear and prayer alike are idle;
Oh! who shall fill my album now?
And who shall hold my pony's bridle?

Last night he left us after tea—
I never thought he'd leave us—never;
He was so pleasant—wasn't he?
Papa, too, said he was so clever!
And, Fanny, you'll be glad to hear,
That little boy, that looked so yellow,
Whose eyes were so like his, my dear,
Is a poor little orphan fellow.

That odious Miss Lucretia Browne,
Who, with her horrid pugs and libels,
Is always running through the town,
And circulating tracts and bibles;
Because he never danced with her,
Told dear mamma such horrid scandal,
About his moral character,
For stooping just to tie a sandal!

She said he went to fights and fairs—
That always gives papa the fidgets;
She said he did not know his prayers—
He's every Sunday at St. Bridget's;
She said he squeezed one's waist and hands,
Where'er he waited—a plague upon her!—
I danced with him at Lady Bland's,
He never squeezed me—'pon my honour!

His regiment have got the rout—
They came down here to quell the riot,
And now what can they be about?
The stupid people are so quiet:—
They say it is to India, too—
If there, I'm sure he'll get the liver!
And should he bathe—he used to do—
They've crocodiles in every river.

There may be bright eyes there, and then!—
I'm sure I love him like a brother;—
His lute will soon be strung again,
His heart will soon beat for another.
I know him well! he is not false—
But when the song he loves is playing,
Or after he has danced a waltz,
He never knows what he is saying.

I know 'twas wrong—'twas very wrong—
To listen to his wild romancing;
Last night I danced with him too long—
One's always giddy after dancing:
But when he begged me so to sing,
And when he sighed, and ask'd me, would I?
And when he took my turquoise ring,
I'm sure I could not help it, could I?

Papa was lecturing the girls,
And talked of settlements and rentals;
I wore a white-lace frock—and pearls—
He looked so well in regimentals!
And just before we came away,
While we were waiting for the carriage,
I heard him, not quite plainly, say
Something of blacksmiths—and of marriage.

He promised, if he could get leave,
He'd soon come back—I wonder, can he?
Lord Hill is very strict, I b'lieve.—
What could he mean by blacksmiths, Fanny?—
He said he wished we ne'er had met.—
I answered—it was lovely weather!
And then he bade me not forget
The pleasant days we passed together.

He's gone—and other lips may weave
A stronger spell than mine to bind him;
But bid him, if he love me, leave
Those rhymes he made me love, behind him:
Tell him I know those wayward strings
Not always sound to mirthful measures;
But sighs are sometimes pleasant things,
And tears from those we love are treasures.

Tell him to leave off drinking wine,
Tell him to break himself of smoking,
Tell him to get to bed at nine—
His hours are really quite provoking.
Tell him I hope he won't get fat,
Tell him to act with due reflection;
Tell him to wear a broad-leaved hat,
Or else he'll ruin his complexion.

Tell him I am so ill to-day—
Perhaps to-morrow I'll be better;
Tell him before he goes away,
To write me a consoling letter:
Tell him to send me down that song
He said he loved the best of any—
Tell him I'm sure I can't live long,
And—bid him love me—won't you, Fanny?

COURT ANECDOTES.

JUST REPROOF.

WHEN Holbein the painter was privately drawing a lady's picture for Henry the eighth, a nobleman forced himself violently into the chamber. Holbein resenting this violation of his privacy, threw him down stairs; the peer cried out; Holbein bolted himself in, escaped over the roof of the house, and running directly to the king, fell on his knees, and besought his majesty to pardon him without declaring the offence. The king promised to forgive him, if he would tell the truth. Immediately arrived the lord with his complaint. After hearing the whole, his majesty said to the nobleman—"You have behaved in a manner unworthy your rank. I tell you, of *seven peasants I can make as many lords, but not one Holbein*. Begone, and remember this, if you ever pretend to avenge yourself, I shall look on any injury you do the painter as done to me."

A BOLD RELIANCE.

In Mr. Fox's frolicsome days, a tradesman, who held his bill for two hundred pounds, called for payment. Charles said he could not then discharge it. "How can that be?" said the creditor; "you have just now lying before you bank-notes to a large amount." "Those," replied Mr. Fox, "are for paying my debts of honour." The tradesman immediately threw his bill into the fire. "Now, sir," said he, "mine is a debt of honour, which I cannot now oblige you to pay." Charles, much to his honour, instantly paid him his full demand.

FREE AND EASY.

Frederick, while reviewing his guard, happened to take out his snuff-box, and was tapping on the lid, when one of his grenadiers stepped out of the ranks, and said, "Please your majesty, I'll take a pinch." The king demanded, in an angry tone, what he meant by such a freedom, and he replied, "In my country, sire, when any one taps on the box, it is a sign that every body round is welcome to a pinch, and I thought your majesty meant as much." The king laughed at this odd explanation of an odd custom, and presented the box, a gold one, enriched with jewels, to the soldier, bidding him keep it for his sake.

A MIRROR FOR VANITY.

Queen Elizabeth, admiring the elegance of the Marquis de Villa de Mediana, a Spanish nobleman, complimented him on it, begging, at the same time, to know who possessed the heart of so accomplished a cavalier? "Madam," said he, "a lover risks too much on such an occasion; but your majesty's will is a law. Excuse me, however, if I fear to name her; but request your majesty's acceptance of her portrait." He sent her a *looking-glass*!

POWER OF BEAUTY.

Olympias suspected that Philip of Macedon, her husband, withdrew his attachment to her in favour of a Thessalian lady. Falling in with the superstitious opinion of the day concerning the people of Thessaly, the queen suspected that her rival had used magic arts to seduce the affections of Philip. Stimulated by the desire of revenge, and abhorrence of the frail Thessalian's frauds, she rushed into her presence. On the first sight of the beauty of complexion, and symmetry of features, and form of her rival, the awe-struck queen exclaimed, "I see, lady, and forgive your sorcery: it consists in your charms alone. To look upon you, is, at the same moment, to love you." Proud and vindictive as she was, she exhibited this rare instance of jealousy disarmed by beauty. It was this same Olympias who said of a young man of the court of Macedon, that had married a beautiful woman of a very doubtful character, that he had indeed consulted his eyes, but not his ears.

A DEAR BARGAIN.

Louis XI. in his youth, used to visit a peasant, whose garden produced excellent fruit. When he ascended the throne, his old friend presented him a turnip of extraordinary size. The king smiled, and remembering his past pleasures, ordered a thousand crowns to the peasant. The lord of the village hearing of this liberality, thus argued with himself: "If this fellow get a thousand crowns for his turnip, I have only to present a capital horse to the munificent monarch, and my fortune is made." Accordingly, he carries to court a beautiful barb, and requests his majesty's acceptance of it. Louis highly praised the steed, and the donor's expectation was raised to the highest, when the king called out, "Bring me my turnip!" and presenting it to the seigneur, added, "This turnip cost me a thousand crowns, and I give it to you for your horse."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A SKETCH OF A FRENCH YOUNG LADY,

EDUCATED AT A CONVENT.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG ENGLISH LADY.

A FRENCH young lady, at sixteen or seventeen years of age, goes from a convent into the world—you know what a convent is—the nuns, with whom she has lived ever since her childhood, restore her to her parents, who frequently the same day deliver her to a husband—her only previous acquaintance with whom consisted in some frigid compliments paid her through a grate. She can say her beads, the *angelus*, the *benedicite*, the thanksgiving; she has learned a hundred ways of recommending herself to the saint whose name she bears, to her guardian angel, to the patron saint of the order and of the convent. She has read more than once some extracts of the legend; she knows a number of marvellous tricks which demons and spirits play in this lower world; she is ignorant of none of those little pastimes with which the imagination and judgment of girls are exercised; she can colour images, and adorn with straw and gilt paper an Agnus Dei or a holy relic, as elegantly as a professed nun. Perhaps she also knows how to embroider a flower in gold or silk, and in thread on cloth, to work *à la marli*, to make buckles of ribands, and even to knit stockings. She has received in the great parlour some lessons of the minuet and country dance; she makes admirably well the most profound courtesies. Lastly, if she is fond of music, the matron grand chantress will take a pleasure in teaching her to *sol-fa*, and she will sing most devoutly little hymns and long canticles.

See, madam, how far they go—the knowledge, the talents, the attainments, of a young Frenchwoman of quality, who has been well educated. The mother glories in having a daughter so well formed for the world; she pretends to discover that she does not hold up her head, that she has a shoulder too high, or an awkward air, to have it thought that she may still be improved, so as to become a prodigy. The young lady, enriched with such an ample collection of accomplishments, is placed at the head of a numerous and splendid household, is presented at court, introduced into all companies, given up to the great world, and it is recommended to her to become a wife within the year.

The above has been translated from an old French work, and thus parodied with reference to the march of mind in the education of English females:

ADDRESSED TO A CHINESE LADY.

An English young lady at sixteen or seventeen years of age, sometimes sooner, goes from a boarding-school into the world—you know what a boarding-school is:—the governess with whom she has lived ever since her childhood—except during the holidays—restores her to her parents, who, frequently the same day, introduce her to their friends, of whom she knows a little by a few cold caresses she has received from them in her mamma's drawing-room, when at home for the holidays, before being brought out. She knows very well how to conduct herself at church, repeat her prayers, and note down the heads of the sermon. She has a hundred ways of recommending herself to the world for her devotion to the religion she professes—her own conscience, and the patroness of the Bible Society to which she belongs. She has read, at least once, all the popular novels; she knows a number of extraordinary tricks which lords and ladies play in the fashionable world; she is igno-

rant of none of those little flirtations with which the imagination and judgment of girls are exercised; she can paint flowers, and adorn chimney-pieces with straw and gilt paper, and other nic-nacs, as elegantly as a supplier to one of the bazars. Perhaps she also knows how to embroider a flower on muslin, in worsted or satin-stitch, to work *en appliqué*, make bead-bracelets, and even gentlemen's watch-guards. She has been taught in the dancing-room how to walk a quadrille, and in the coach-house how to step into a carriage; gives admirable *stares*, and inimitable *nods*. Lastly, if she is found to have no taste nor talents for music, the singing-master must bestow the more pains in teaching her to *sol-fa*, and she will scream most confidently little opera airs, and play long concertos.

Think, madam, how wonderful are the knowledge and acquirements of a young English lady of rank, who has been fashionably educated! The mother exults in introducing a daughter so well tutored to play her character—affirms she is all talent, beauty, and elegance—completely finished—an absolute phoenix. The young lady, enriched with so many perfections, finds herself the leader of a numerous and flattering set of acquaintances—is presented at *Almack's*—goes to every party—devotes herself to fashion—and is advised by her mamma to become the bride of the most eligible man that offers before the close of the season.

A JUDICIOUS TITLE.

On a vacancy in the Scotch bench, a certain advocate, of some standing at the bar, but by no means remarkable for the brilliancy of his parts or the extent of his legal knowledge, was in full expectation of being appointed to the vacant gown. This is done by a court letter, signed with the king's sign manual. In the full flutter of his darling hopes, he one day encountered an old brother lawyer, notorious for the acidity of his temper and the poignancy and acrimony of his remarks. "Weel, friend Robby," said the latter, "I hear ye're to get the vacant goon." "Yes, Mr. C—k, I have reason to believe so. "Have ye gotten doon your letter yet frae London?" "No; but I expect an express every minute." "Nae doot, nae doot. Have you bethought yoursel o' what teetle ye're to tak? Lord H—n will never do: ye ken that's the teetle o' ane o' oor grandest dukes. Gude sake, for a bit session lordy like you to gang by the style and teetle o' ane high and mighty prince! my certy, that would be a bonny boorlesque on a' warldly honours and dignities. Weel-a-weel, let that be a pass over. Noo a teetle ye maun hae, that's as clear as the licht, and there's ane come just now into my head that will answer ye to a T: when ye're a lord, freend Robby, ye'll be Lord Preserve Us!" "You are very impertinent, Mr. C—k," replied the nettled judge expectant; "I am sure you may find a waur" (worse.) There never perhaps was, or will be, comprehended so much pithy meaning and bitter sarcasm in a single syllable, as that which formed the astounding response—"Whaur?" (where!)

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Military Parade Ground.—From late proceedings in the common council, it still appears to be the determination of most of its members to destroy this public square. A proposition to this effect has been laid before them and acted upon. Such a project cannot fail to excite the astonishment of the citizens; but should it succeed, we believe it will have to encounter stronger marks of disapprobation than any other scheme, however wild, within our recollection. So far from being able to comprehend the wisdom of the measure, we are free to confess, that, in our view of the subject, it carries with it the marks of the grossest folly, not to say stupidity. In place of doing what is here proposed, we would appeal to the good sense of every man in the city, and ask if it would not be more in accordance with his views to continue the square, and, at a future period, to embellish it by double rows of trees inside the paling, between which a handsome gravelled walk might be made? Have the corporation set their faces against every thing like public improvement and convenience? Are ornaments and good air repugnant to their feelings, and offensive to their senses? This being the only suitable square in the whole city, we would ask how and where the troops, now so numerous and respectable, and who reflect credit on the state, are, at a future day, to be assembled and perform their evolutions? Can it be that the sage gentleman who brought for-

ward the resolution, thought of this matter at the time of doing what he did? And does he think, forsooth, to raise a vain and empty popularity by the project? If he does, we apprehend he will find, in the end, that he has laboured under an egregious mistake. We pity such weakness as much as we despise such folly.

This proposition, savouring so strongly of ignorance and littleness, of narrow views and paltry conceptions, is an argument which bears on its face the stamp of conviction, and which the citizens ought not to forget, of the necessity of another chamber in the corporation, in order that a timely check might be given to schemes which originate either in corrupt motives, or in the senseless brain of would-be great men. We think we have never heard of a case which more strikingly verifies Franklin's remark, that "a collection of wise men is at times the greatest fool in the world." We shall recur to this subject hereafter.

Economy!—It has been whispered that the common council, in order to show their adherence to those doctrines of rigid economy so commendable in prudent rulers, and so characteristic of the wisdom of the age, have it in contemplation to remodel the old jail, with a view to making it a place of deposit for public records, &c. &c. As this cardinal virtue, *economy*, is in such high estimation, and is one which ought never to be lost sight of, especially among those enlightened statesmen and lawgivers who have no sinister designs to cover, we most cordially yield it our unqualified homage and devotion! In the present instance, we feel ourselves called upon to add our tribute of admiration of the proposed plan, provided it be true, inasmuch as it may be the means of preserving from meditated destruction an edifice which has long been the ornament and boast of the city! The order of its architecture, however, we have never been able to learn. Among the different orders is one, we understand, called the *composite*; but we believe it does not come under that class—we should say it approached nearer to the *nondescript*; though we have never been able to find that order in any work on architecture that we have ever examined. Be this as it may, we must all concur in one sentiment, and that is, the regret it would occasion were it resolved upon to deprive the citizens of an old and familiar object, one on which they are accustomed to gaze with complacency and delight, and one presenting all the imposing features of transcendent beauty!

Let us not, for a moment, lose sight of that leading virtue, *economy*, so much and so ably defended by all writers and spouters, but so little practised by any one. We often advert, with feelings of no ordinary pleasure, to its practical illustration in the early settlement of the city; in the numberless curves of the streets and alleys, their narrowness, and the want of yard-room to the houses; all going to show how well our ancestors understood the true meaning of the term. They taught a salutary lesson of wisdom, by practising what they professed. And shall their descendants dare to disregard this monitory lesson? Forbid it, all ye lovers of the *relics of antiquity*—all ye admirers of the *beauty of deformity*!

Since some of our wise men would seem to be "with a saving knowledge blessed," we ask permission to suggest a plan which, in all likelihood, would be the means of producing a considerable revenue. It is known that wild beasts, and other curious animals, brought from beyond sea, and from regions little frequented, are constantly exhibited in our famed metropolis for the gratification and wonder of inquisitive people. Now if these animals were congregated, in place of occupying so many different positions, they would constitute a respectable *menagerie*. And if the jail or bridewell could be set apart for that purpose, would it not be advantageously and profitably occupied? And since they are so conveniently and centrally situated, would not the public feel the benefit of it? The scheme comes recommended, too, by other considerations, deriving importance from the fact, that splendid portraits are daily exposed, of the numerous animals now concealed in cages. It is therefore manifest, that if all these were suspended on the exterior of the building, whilst the living creatures occupied the interior, here would be such an assemblage of objects for the contemplation of the *naturalist*, and the lover of the *fine arts*, as to become at once a *school of science* and a *temple of genius*!

Nora's Vow.—We feel great pleasure in being enabled, in the present number, to present our subscribers with a splendid piece of original music.

NORA'S VOW.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND DEDICATED TO THE LADIES OF THIS CITY, BY H. ZEUNER.

THE WORDS BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ANDANTINO.

2d v. A Hear what highland No - ra said: "The

car - lie's son I win - na wed: Should a' the race o' na - ture dee, And nane be left but I and he, For

a' the goud, for a' the gear, And a' the lands, baith far and near, That e - ver valour lost or won, I wadna wed the carlie's

son, I wadna wed the car - lie's son."

I.
HEAR what highland Nora said:
"The carlie's son I winna wed:
"Should a' the race o' nature dee,
"And nane be left but I and he,
"For a' the goud, for a' the gear,
"And a' the lands, baith far and near,
"That ever valour lost or won,
"I wadna wed the carlie's son."

II.
"A maiden's vows," auld Callum spoke,
"Are lightly made, and lightly broke.
"The heather on the mountain's height
"Begins to bloom on purple light;
"The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
"That lustre deep frae glen and brae;
"Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
"May blithely wed the carlie's son."

III.
"The swan," she said, "the loch's clear breast
"May barter for the eagle's nest;
"The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
"Ben Crashan fa', and crush Kilchurn;
"Our kilted clans, when blude is high,
"Before their foes may turn and fly;
"But I, war' a' these marvels done,
"Wad never wed the carlie's son."

IV.
Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made;
Ben-Crashan stands as fast as ever;
Still downward foams the Awe's fierceriver;
To shun the clash o' foeman's steel,
No highland brogue has turned the heel;
But Nora's heart is lost and won—
She's wedded to the carlie's son!

ON BEING DUNNED.

I.
Oh, no! I never mention him,
His name's too often heard;
My very shadow seems to bear
A hatred to that word.
From court to court they hurry me,

In spite of my regret;
And when they win a note from me,
They think that I forget.

II.
They bid me seek, in change of scene,
The charms that others see;
But were I in a foreign land,

They'd find no change in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more
The prison where we've met;
But then I see, my "chere amie"—
And how can I forget?

III.
They tell me he is careless now,

And thoughtless of "the day"—
They hint that he forgets me too—
But heed not what they say;
Like me, perhaps, they'll struggle with
Writs, creditors, and debt;
But if they're dunn'd as I've been dunn'd,
They never can forget!

NEW-YORK MIRROR, AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1829.

NUMBER 38.

THE CASKET.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

ZAMOR.

THE air was basking in the noontide among the hills that are traversed by the rapid Erigon. The woody sides of the valleys which opened upon the river, lay slumbering in breezy dimness; but the sky was blue and bright around the breasts and peaks of the mountains, except where broad white clouds, floating high and swift between them and the sun, varied the landscape by occasional sweeps of shadow. The sparkling and winding water flowed silently along the green bases of the eminence, and its surface was marked by nothing but the differences of colour occasioned by the wind and stream, and by the fresh-looking islets of water-plants, or the trunk of a tree rolling down the current, and showing its brown branches, or the white rent of its stem, among the shining ripples. Down one of the glens which descend toward the stream, a boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age was slowly wandering. He was tall, and of a noble presence. His open and up-turned brow was surrounded with careless ringlets of light brown hair, and was shaded by a low cap or bonnet, in which he wore an eagle's feather. His dark coloured kirtle descended to his knee, over trowsers which left the leg exposed above the sandal. A belt of wolf's skin sustained a short sword, and confined his dress around the waist; and he led with the left hand, in a twisted chain of gold, a large and powerful dog, while, in his right, he carried a strong hunting spear, the point of which gleamed like a star above his head. His features were of a regular and spirited beauty; and his quick eye perpetually glanced from the path he was pursuing to the mountains round him and the skies beyond. He proceeded in his devious and negligent course, now sinking into thought, now rushing and leaping over rocks and bushes, while the dog sprang up, and barked, and sported round him, till he reached an irregular and broken wood, which spread, though with many intervals, along the green banks of the river.

The boy threw himself under the shade of an oak, where he had a glimpse of the cool water among the stems of the trees; and his canine friend couched quietly by his side, now looking up into his face, now rubbing his legs with its nose, and wagging its bushy tail, now closing its eyes, and sinking with a sigh into a tranquil doze. The youth, too, was so still, that he might have been thought to slumber, had not his restless glances indicated a stir within. It was, indeed, a mind not formed for inactivity; but its present thoughts were rather the overflowing and sport of its vigour, than the application of it to any definite end. He remembered the oracles which had spoken among the ancient oaks of Epirus, till he almost heard the promise of his own greatness sounding from the trees, while they trembled and rustled around and above him. And then came imaginations of the Dryads, the forest spirits, so beautiful and so capricious, who were accustomed to fly from men, and dedicate their loveliness to the green-wood shade. As the breeze moved the shadow of some branch, he started to think that he saw the waving of the airy

locks; and he beheld for a moment the twinkle of the light footsteps, in the casual breach of a sunbeam through the foliage, on the dark ground of the vistas before him. These visions passed away, and in their place seemed sweeping through the distant obscurity of the thicket the pomp and triumph of Bacchus—the youth with arms and wine-cups, and baskets of gorgeous fruits unknown to Europe, the dark eyes and glowing limbs of damsels, whose wreaths of oriental flowers shook fragrance through the air, while swiftly and gracefully they flung aloft and struck together their ringing cymbals, ancient Pan with a world of merriment in his pipe, and, amid a tumult of green coronals and wild exultations, the young conqueror himself drawn forward by his lions, with the pride of a hundred victories on his brow, and the joyousness of a hundred vintages on his lips, and a spear so often washed in wine, and so clustered with grapes and ivy berries, half hid among their foliage, that not a trace of its myriad death-stains was visible. They gloamed for a moment from the recesses of the green maze on the eye of the dreaming boy; and why should not he too be the conqueror of Asia, and his banners return over the Hellespont, laden and glittering with the spoils of the Euphrates and the Indus?

He rose while he thought it, so hastily that his dog gave a slight cry at feeling the pull which his collar received from the arm of his master, who stepped forward eagerly for an instant, while his right hand grasped the spear with an energy indicating, even then, how bold would be the spirit, and how wide the fame, of Alexander the son of Philip.

He walked forward for a few minutes with boyish impetuosity, when his attention was diverted by seeing a large blue butterfly, which flew across his path. He freed from the collar the chain which held Lacon, and pursued the insect; while the dog, in imitation of his master, rushed barking, and eager in pursuit of the same wandering object. It led him among the hills which he had before left, never coming within his reach, but never mounting so far away as to make him relinquish the pursuit. It flew at last over the edge of a precipice into a broken and narrow dell; but the fearless and active boy dropped from the verge, and, after scrambling for a minute or two among the rocks and bushes, reached the end of the descent. It was a wild and lonely hollow, on the steep banks and narrow area of which the pine and the cypress rose above the thick under-growth of weeds, shrubs, and flowers. The insect still hovered before its pursuer; and, after a few steps, he found that he had followed it into an ancient cemetery. The tombs seemed to have been mouldering in neglect for centuries, and merely a few irregular mounds, and broken fragments of walls, remained. Beyond one of these relics of building, now covered with different vigorous creepers, the bright blue wings disappeared. He went to the spot, and found that, beyond the dilapidated wall, the sun streamed in upon a little patch of grass. Here the insect had poised itself upon a human skull, half covered with moss, and crowned by a natural wreath of trailing honey-suckle. Thus was perched the beautiful and airy creature he had been chasing, with its azure fans expanded, and glittering in the sunshine. It seemed the immortal Psyche, the spiritual life, waiting to take wing from amid the dust and decay

of mortality. The boy leaped over the obstruction, and stooped to seize it; but it vibrated for an instant the splendid pennons which served it for sails, and rose swiftly and far above the head of the disappointed pursuer. He looked after it for a few seconds, and Lacon bayed fiercely at the soaring insect; but his owner stooped again to the relic; for, when he had previously bent toward the butterfly, he had seen what appeared to be metal shining on the turf. It was a large gold coin which lay between the teeth of the skull. The device of an eye within a circle was distinctly visible on one side, and on the other was traced, in the oldest character Alexander had ever seen, the word ZAMOR.

He restored the coin to its place; but, such was his recollection of the occurrence, that the signet wherewith, in after years, he sealed Hephæstion's lips, bore the device of a butterfly poised upon a skull, with the motto ZAMOR.

The youth was a youth no more. He was, in all the vigour and beauty of manhood, a sovereign and a conqueror, and roamed no longer in the woods of Macedonia, but in the deep gloom of an Indian forest. He had outstripped his train in the eagerness of the chase; and, when the thick jungle prevented him from continuing his course on horseback, he leaped from the saddle, and pierced his way on foot. His mantle was now of regal splendour, and his light helmet was encircled with a slender diadem of gold. The garment which fell from under his inlaid cuirass to his knee, was interwoven with silver thread, and his sandals were studded with jewels. His lips had gained the firm expression of will and power, and thought had left its stamp upon his forehead.

He speedily penetrated through the thicket which had interrupted him, and found himself in a little glade, surrounded by spreading trees. He stood still, and gazed for a moment; and it seemed to him that he heard, not far off, the half-stifled sobs of sorrow. He moved in the direction of the sound, and, after pushing through a screen of bushes, found himself near an old man, who knelt upon the ground, close to the trunk of a great tree; and, while his clasped hands trembled on his shuddering breast, the tears fell thickly from his eyes. He wore the dress of a Brahmin. Beside him lay the corpse of a girl, apparently twelve or thirteen years of age. Though her skin was rather more dusky than that of Europeans, she was very beautiful in the eyes of the king. Her round and shining limbs were of the most exquisite delicacy; the long black hair, wreathed with white flowers, fell loose over her maiden bosom, which had ceased to heave with the breath of life. An arrow had pierced her through the body, and the blood had flowed to the knees of the old man, and stained his garments. He was a father wailing over his murdered child.

Alexander silently approached, and saw, that on the left breast of the lovely form, in which the heart no longer stirred, a blue butterfly had placed itself. The agony and tears of the parent did not disturb it. He touched the hair and fingers of the body with a trembling affection, and gazed at it long and passionately; and then again his whole frame was shaken, and he burst into a paroxysm of grief. As the king drew near, the insect rose and soared away to the

heavens. Alas! that, like it, the corpse could not raise itself from the dust it adorned, and move again in all the vivacity and grace of its former existence!

The conqueror spoke in a low, reverential, and sympathising voice, to the bereaved father. The old man started at the sound, rose to his feet, and shook off, as far as nature permitted him, the tokens of his agony. Alexander asked him by what misfortune he had lost his daughter. "The soldiers," replied the Brahmin, "of the insane and cruel invader who has attacked our country, seized my child, and would have detained her, but that she escaped by flight from their hands, when one of them shot an arrow, which slew my beautiful and my beloved." "I swear by the gods, they shall be punished; but do you know, old man, to whom you speak, that you thus venture to calumniate the great Alexander?" "If I could not judge by the vulgar signs of those gay and fantastic trappings, I should yet recognise the eyes which so readily glare, the brow that contracts, with passion. These all mark the man who has been accustomed to command others, but not himself." "This is a sight," replied the king, pointing to the dead body, "which prompts me to forgive your boldness." "It is a sight, O king, which should rather teach you that I do not need your forgiveness. You have robbed my earthly existence of its charm and glory—I care not how soon it may end." "This is philosophy which would have pleased Callisthenes. What is your name and condition?" "I am called Sabas; and, after having travelled over many countries, and learned your language in the Lesser Asia, I have lived, and been happy"—here he faltered, and looked at his child—"at the tomb of the sage Zamor."

The warrior started at the name, and asked of Sabas who was Zamor. The Brahmin replied, that he had lived many ages before, and had been a mighty conqueror; but that, after overrunning half the earth, he had flung away at once the sceptre and the sword, and betaken himself to a life of meditation and benevolence. The old man went on to say, that the king would learn more from the chief of the Brahmins, who attended the tomb, and to him Sabas brought Alexander.

The ancient teacher to whom the Grecian commander was thus introduced, trembled in his presence, and, on his demanding to know something more with regard to Zamor, replied, that, in addition to what Sabas had told him, the following information was all he could supply:—"The venerated being in question had employed the latter moments of his protracted life in giving directions as to the place and manner in which his ashes were to be disposed of; and, in his volume of pure morality and sublime devotion which he had left, it was declared that the iron doors which bounded his sepulchre would never open, till one who had been as great a conqueror as himself should demand admission. In the course of many ages none such had presented himself." The pride and curiosity of the sovereign were aroused, and he desired to be led to the tomb. The Brahmin summoned his brethren, and in long files they preceded Alexander to the cavern. Its rocky circuit was of sufficient extent to include them all; and they ranged themselves around the sides, and their leader and the monarch advanced to the tomb, on which several lamps were burning. Here the chief Brahmin offered up his prayers, while the Macedonian went forward to the doors at the farther extremity, and, to the horror of the throng, violently smote the massy metal with the hilt of his sword. The doors crashed open slowly, and displayed a staircase. The king descended fearlessly and alone, and, after a long absence, returned with a haggard countenance and disordered steps to the cavern, while the doors closed suddenly behind him. He seemed, at first, confused and bewildered; but soon recovering himself, he looked round him at

the Brahmins, and said, "I know not whether you have a share in yonder mummery; but, at all events, let a wall be built across that entrance, sufficient to prevent any future attempts like mine." He had paused, and seemed relapsing into deep and doubtful thought, when there was heard without, a loud rush and clang, mingled with the sound of trumpets. Alexander knew the notes, and, resuming all the soldier and the king, gravely saluted the generals who had sprung from their horses and entered the cave to seek him. He moved before them to the mouth of the cavern, and found his usual train of several hundred horsemen, with the chief nobility of Macedonia, Greece, and Persia, awaiting his appearance. Innumerable varieties of dress and arms, of language and countenance, were here assembled; and every province he ruled over had sent its noblest and most splendid inhabitants to swell the court of Alexander. All were mounted on the fleetest and most beautiful coursers of Thessaly and Asia, and an unrivalled steed was led by the grooms of the monarch. He mounted it with a careless bound, and while he galloped from the spot, followed by the glittering whirlwind of officers, feudatories, and kings, he talked to those around him of the battle, the chase, the banquet, the philosophy of Aristotle, and the charms of Pancaste.

The day had died in storm; and the chamber of Alexander was closed and lighted. He lay on his couch in the restlessness and pain of a fever from which he was never to recover. He was attended only by a young Persian girl, who watched his lightest word and sign with far more than the carefulness of servility. There was all the intensity of passionate affection in that pale cheek, those tearful eyes, and that quivering forehead. She moved silently through the splendid room at the least hint of the patient's want, and, when it was satisfied, she would sit down and weep in silence. It was early in the evening when he said, "Abra, I would speak with Perdicas." She flew from the chamber, and in a few moments returned with the person named, and then retired to the anti-chamber, where, among slaves, guards, attendants, and physicians, she hid her face in her hands, and sobbed bitterly, while she thought that the man she loved would so soon breathe his last.

Perdicas entered the room silently and slowly, and sat beside the bed. After a few moments of heavy breathing, the king turned toward his friend, and told him to move the lamp so that it might throw no light upon the couch. He then proceeded thus:

"Perdicas, you will remember having once found me in India, at the tomb of Zamor. I have revealed to no man what I saw there; but I will now disclose it to you. The circumstances which led me thither are of but little importance. Suffice it that I presented myself at the iron gates, and that they opened to admit me. I proceeded down a long and dark flight of steps, then through a passage, then down other steps, and had at last advanced to an immense distance through the rock. I thought for a moment of returning, but I went on, and travelled, as it seemed, league after league. At length I reached an iron grating, which, with some difficulty, I pushed open, and found myself in a large chamber. On the opposite wall there appeared to be a faint glimmer of light, and to it I proceeded. I touched the spot, and it felt like the side of a tent, and, in truth, I found that it was a curtain, covering an aperture. I pulled it aside, and a broad pale light burst upon me through the opening, which also gave me a view of another, and far larger chamber than that in which I stood.

"The room into which I looked was a vast gallery, which stretched its dreary vista almost beyond the sight. The floor was of black marble, and the sides of polished porphyry. Along the walls thrones were ranged at equal spaces, to an interminable distance.

Those on one side were all occupied, except the nearest, which bore the name of Zamor, but which his late penitence and imperfect reparation had saved the ancient conqueror from occupying. The throne opposite to this—the first in the vacant line—was inscribed 'Alexander.' And, O Perdicas! could I speak with the tongue of one of those Athenian poets whose renown will be as great as mine, I should yet be unable to express the tithe of that horror which seized me when I looked upon the tenants of those other thrones, and saw that a similar one was destined for me! It is not that they had an aged or a barbaric appearance—though their hairs were white, and their brows haggard, and their dresses were those of the east and of the north—but their faces were marked with a still desperation, and their bodies settled in a calm agony, of which I had no previous conception. I have often looked upon death; but no pangs from the sword, nor from the torture, ever seemed to me more than a slight discomfort compared to the sufferings of those mighty and glorious warriors. They sat motionless as the rocks on the banks of Phlegethon; but it was the tranquillity of an endurance which feels that it would be hopeless to attempt escape. The eyes of some of them were nearly closed, and there seemed no light in their countenances, but a dull, dead glare, which escaped from beneath their shadowing eyelids. There was one hoary head and swarthy cheek, with a diadem of jewels, and the Egyptian beetle on his breast, and I knew the presence of Sesostris. And there was ancient Belus, with the star of the Babylonian wizards on his brow, and leaning his awful head upon his hand. And there was the warrior-deity of those Scythians whom in my boyhood I subdued, clothed in wolf skins, but with a cuirass on his breast, and a crown of iron around his scarred forehead. Hercules, too, whom we have dreamed a god, leaned upon his club in anguish, which, though silent, was more horrible than the pangs he endured from the robe of Nessus; and a greater than he, or than all the rest, showed the writhen features and sunken cheeks of long-sustained suffering beneath those emblems of mysterious strength, the moonlike horns of Ammon. There was one spirit, and but one, in whom the fiery energy of his nature was not repressed by the tremendous fate to which he was subjected—the Greek who in his youth was victor over Asia, the fleetest, the most beautiful, the bravest, the most unhappy, the demi-god Achilles. His eyes still shone like stars amid the burning halo wherewith his head was of old encircled by Minerva, and which still beamed around him, as if in mockery of those white lips, compressed and agitated with a paroxysm of affliction too mighty for even the slayer of Hector to master it. In the shield which leant against his knees, I saw not the images of the harvest and the dance, but the reflection of the hero's innumerable pain.

"The feet of each of these terrible shadows were placed upon an image of the world; and before my throne I saw a similar attribute. My empire seemed to clasp with its boundary an enormous portion of the earth; but its limits were faint and wavering, and, methought, at every instant, they shrank and broke asunder. Above the thrones were trophies; but in the midst of each of them, that gray, stern Destiny, who, from its iron cave, in some distant planet, sends forth the silent blasts that sway the universe, had fixed some emblem of mockery, shame, and evil; the mowing ape, the crawling worm, the foulness of the harpy, the envenomed slime of the serpent, showed themselves among the spoils, weapons, crowns, and banners of royalty and conquest. And over all this a ghastly light was shed from the eyeless sockets of skeleton warders, who waited upon the enthroned victims.

"Can you wonder, my friend, that I felt a horror

which swords, and flames, and menacing millions could not inspire, when I gazed upon the agonies of those beings, so dead to all but misery? My eyes almost failed to see, and my feet to stand, when I turned from them to mark the throne which bore so deeply engraven on its granite pedestal, the name of 'Alexander.' From that hour my nature has changed. I have not had the resolution to yield up my conquests, and disrobe myself of my greatness; but I have sought to lose the memory of my former deeds and future doom in revelries and intoxications, which, at last, have brought me death, though they have never bestowed forgetfulness. I shall soon be among those dreary and tormented shadows of departed power and dearly-bought renown. Take you this ring,"—and he gave him the emblematic signet—"and when you look upon it, remember, that not the image you see upon it, of immortal life and unbroken happiness, will dwell with the remains of kings and conquerors, but the polluting earth-worm and the stinging scorpion." His voice had grown hoarse and broken; and he proceeded slowly and feebly: "Though I have failed to profit by the lesson, thus much I have been taught by Zamor."

He never spoke again. He left for his generals the slavery of Greece and the distraction of the world; to Perdicas, a counsel by which he had not profited himself; to Abra, a desolate existence and a broken heart. And so did he perish at Babylon, whose boyhood had sped so blithely among the hills of Macedonia.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE INVOCATION.

O! blessed heaven, whose power is mighty! give,
Give to my soul the dreams of other years;
The thoughts, whose freshness could earth's waste revive,
Pouring a halo through its mournful tears!
Whose memory now the shadowy past endears;
That sinless Eden, with its pastures green,
Touched with a glow, as of ambrosial spheres;
Its crystal waters, with their glittering sheen;
Its eve of guileless rest, each joyous day between!

Give me the buoyancy of heart—the light,
Which from hope's plume was o'er my pathway shed,
Painting all objects with a young delight,
While her calm heaven the laughing hours o'erspread,
Ere yet the cadence of her voice had fled,
Or the light faded from her truant wing;
Ere grief's lone prayer had over love been said—
Ere love had withered like the glow of spring,
Or autumn's labouring moon thro' storm-clouds flickering.

Oh for the *newness* of my faded years!
The o'ergladdened heart, that slept not, in its glee!—
How brightly blue that early sky appears,
Rich with the echoing song, the melody
That through its depths went roaming, rich and free!
Voice of a spirit like the firmament—
Gleaming pure thought from wave, and plain, and tree;
O'erspreading earth—with heavenly radiance blent,
And with a golden glow in its own element!

Alas! that glow hath been the meteor's gleam,
Or the sun's blessing in an April sky;
The autumnal star upon the rushing stream,
While the red leaf upon the blast goes by,
And the storm-spirit lifts his voice on high!
Ask of that vision, oh relentless fate!
Ask why the light hath passed from manhood's eye;
Why did the blossoms of love's blessed state
Die on my wearied heart—making it desolate!

Turn not, my spirit! look, oh look not back,
Rousing the ashes from pale memory's urn;
Gathering the dead leaves in its lonely track,
Picturing its gladness which may ne'er return,
And waking fires, which may but briefly burn,
With their proud light in the soul's treasure-cell,
With their sad lessons, which men's hearts must learn,
Till it becomes a story which they tell,
Of severed chains of love, and that wild world—farewell!

EVERARD.

Why is that part of the horizon where the sun sinks like
a man's outer garment?—Because it is the *west*. (vest.)

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE KROUT FEAST.

Perhaps it is not generally known that there exists in this city a society of *bons vivans*, cycled the "KROUT Club," the members of which are mostly, if not all, of Dutch origin or extraction—lineal descendants of the old Knickerbocker stock. Once a year—or as much oftener as they please—they "hold a solemn feast" in honour of the customs of their forefathers. On such occasions the festive board is loaded with every dainty which the season affords; but the most prominent and characteristic viands are sour-kROUT, smoked sausages cut into ringlets, smoked goose, &c. &c. The presiding officer at these banquets, who is honoured with the title of king, is generally clothed in a regal robe, made of cabbage-leaves, while his royal brows are encircled with a diadem of the same materials. By virtue of his office and prerogative, he is exempt from every duty, even that of thinking—the least degree of activity, except that of mastication, being considered incompatible with the dignity of his kingly station. His reign, however, is generally short, as he who devours the most kROUT at one sitting always succeeds him in office, and presides at the next festival; at the conclusion of which he, in turn, is succeeded by some greater gourmand than himself. At one of these "feasts of reason and flow of" champagne, on a recent occasion, the following ode was sung by a member, and "received"—as the play-bills express it—"with unqualified applause."

Again, brother *kROUTs*, are we gaily united,
In eating and drinking, to honour our chief;
Each feeling his services richly required,

In laughing and quaffing, a stranger to grief.
Then hail to the banquet of reason and pleasure,
The envy of heroes and monarchs, no doubt;
For this is a bliss they would prize above measure,
To feast upon cabbage converted to kROUT,
The round-headed cabbage, the soft pulpy cabbage,
The sweet wholesome cabbage converted to kROUT.

Oh, think of the prize that is now set before us,
A throne and a sceptre, a crown and a robe;
Then eat till you're filled—in a conquest so glorious,
No true-hearted kROUT but would swa' low the globe.
The wine sparkles brightly, then quaff as you mangle it,
Replenish your plates too, as soon as they're out,
With smoke-seasoned goose, and the savoury ringlet,
And soft pulpy cabbage converted to kROUT,
The round-headed cabbage, the soft pulpy cabbage,
The sweet wholesome cabbage converted to kROUT.

Long life to our monarch, whose station exempts him
From each vulgar drudgery, even to think;
Except to devour sour-kROUT when it tempts him,
Or, when the wine sparkles before him, to drink.
Such a king can of course "do no wrong" to the nation,
His ministers answer, when radicals flout;
Then, brave Knickerbockers, let's strive for the station,
By feasting on cabbage converted to kROUT,
The round-headed cabbage, the soft pulpy cabbage,
The sweet wholesome cabbage converted to kROUT.

FROM THE ART OF BEAUTY.

THE BEAUTY OF THE SKIN.

A smooth, soft, and transparent skin is no less indispensable to the perfection of beauty than elegance of figure; and though much of the beauty of complexion depends upon nature, yet art can often perform wonders, which could not, by the uninitiated, be conceived to be within the limits of possibility.

In one word, training is all-powerful in beautifying the worst and plainest complexion, and rendering it soft, delicate, and transparent, like the natural healthy hue of opening youth; while at the same time it improves the health, strength, and all the finest feelings of pleasurable enjoyment. To those beauties particularly who are beginning to lose their earlier admirers, we must strongly recommend it as capable of insuring them an additional ten years of youth and cynosureship, and even of restoring at least five or ten years of vanished charms. To keep you no longer in suspense, we shall now teach you this wonder-working art; and if, after following it rigidly for at least two months or more, you do not find that our account of its effects are genuine and true, we shall henceforth resign the task of teaching the art of beauty-training.

The first injunction we lay upon you is, that you must rise at six o'clock every morning, or at five, if you please; but not sooner. Before breakfast you must walk in the open air from half a mile to three miles, according to your

strength, at a quick pace; and if you botanize by the way, it will be of immense advantage; or in winter, when you cannot do this, note the state of the clouds, according to the classes of Mr. Luke Howard. If you have perspired so as to damp your clothes, or if you have wetted your feet, you must change and have all dry before breakfast; and it is also indispensable to have your skin well rubbed with a soft cotton cloth, or a flesh-brush, for ten or fifteen minutes before breakfast, and to wash your hands and face in cold soft water.

The breakfast itself—not later than eight o'clock—ought, in rigid training, to consist of plain biscuit—not bread—broiled beef-steaks or mutton-chops, under-done, without any fat, and half a pint of mild bottled ale—the genuine Scotch ale is the best. Our fair readers will not demur to this, when they are told that this was the regular breakfast of Queen Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey. But should it be found too strong fare at the commencement, we permit, instead of the ale, one small breakfast cup—not more—of good strong black tea, or of coffee—weak tea or coffee is always bad for the nerves as well as the complexion. If tea or coffee is taken, the half pint of ale is to be used three hours after breakfast, with a biscuit, on returning from your second walk, which must be as long as the first.

The forenoon must be spent in walking, or any other active amusement out of doors, such as gardening, nutting, romping, &c. Dinner at two, the same as breakfast; no vegetables, boiled meat, nor made dishes being permitted, much less fruits, sweet things, or pastry. Those who are very delicate may begin with a bit of broiled chicken or turkey, but the steaks and chops must always be the chief part of your food. A mealy potato, or a little boiled rice, may now and then be permitted, but no other vegetable.

The afternoon should be spent in amusement in the open air, as before, and supper at seven or eight, as most convenient, at which we allow you tea or coffee, if you have had none at breakfast; if you have, you must take your half pint of mild ale, and a bit of cold fowl, or cold roast mutton or beef, but no fat. Butter, cream, milk, cheese, and fish, are prohibited. You may take an egg occasionally with a biscuit. At meals you may eat heartily, but nothing is allowed between, not even drink, and thirst must be allayed without drink, by bathing the hands and face in cold water. You must always take at least an hour's active exercise before going to bed, and have your feet bathed in tepid water, and your whole skin rubbed with a cotton cloth or the flesh-brush. Go to bed not later than ten.

Except in the case of the very delicate, we can relax nothing of these regulations; and recollect, that whatever rule is broken will tell to the disadvantage of the complexion, for you cannot in conscience expect improvement in beauty, while you do not pay the price of obedience. Recollect, that for the first week or fourteen days you may lay your account with feverishness, thirst, headach, and want of appetite; if you persevere this will go off, and your spirits will improve rapidly.

LEGAL ANECDOTE.

On the day of Lord Eldon's resignation of the great seal, a certain little lawyer, after expatiating, at a dinner party, on the public merits of that noble and learned person, proceeded to speak of his kindness and condescension towards the barristers of his court. "To me," added he, "the loss is irreparable, for Lord Eldon always behaved to me quite like a father." "Yes," said Brougham, who was one of the company, "I understand that he always treated you quite like a child."

CARRIER PIGEONS AND SWALLOWS.

It is well known that pigeons have, from time immemorial, been employed in the east, as letter-carriers, upon extraordinary occasions. The same practice prevailed also among the Romans. When a gentleman went to the theatre or circus, whence it was not easy, on account of the crowded state of the house, to despatch an ordinary messenger, he usually carried two or three doves in his bosom, each of which he dismissed with a note to his family as occasion required. A citizen of Volterra employed messengers still more uncommon. He caught and tamed a number of swallows, which he carried with him to Rome; and when he was victor in the games, he despatched them, smeared with the colour of victory, as the bearers of good tidings to his friends.

VILLAGE SKETCHES.

COUSIN MARY.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

ABOUT four years ago, passing a few days with the highly educated daughters of some friends in this neighbourhood, I found domesticated in the family a young lady, whom I shall call as they called her, Cousin Mary. She was about eighteen, not beautiful, perhaps, but lovely certainly to the fullest extent of that loveliest word—as fresh as a rose; as fair as a lily; with lips like winter berries; dimpled, smiling cheeks; and eyes of which nobody could tell the colour, they danced so incessantly in their own gay light. Her figure was tall, round, and slender; exquisitely well proportioned it must have been, for in all attitudes—and in her innocent gayety, she was scarcely ever two minutes in the same—she was grace itself. She was, in short, the very picture of youth, health, and happiness. No one could see her without being prepossessed in her favour. I took a fancy to her the moment she entered the room; and it increased every hour in spite of, or rather perhaps for, certain deficiencies, which caused poor Cousin Mary to be held exceedingly cheap by her accomplished relatives.

She was the youngest daughter of an officer of rank, dead long ago; and his sickly widow having lost by death—or that other death, marriage—all her children but this, could not, from very fondness, resolve to part with her darling for the purpose of acquiring the commonest instruction. She talked of it, indeed, now and then, but she only talked; so that, in this age of universal education, Mary C. at eighteen, exhibited the extraordinary phenomenon of a young woman of high family, whose acquirements were limited to reading, writing, needle-work, and the first rules of arithmetic. The effect of this let-alone system, combined with a careful seclusion from all improper society, and a perfect liberty in her country rambles, acting upon a mind of great power and activity, was the very reverse of what might have been predicted. It had produced not merely a delightful freshness and originality of manner and character, a piquant ignorance of those things of which one is tired to death, but knowledge—positive, accurate, and various knowledge. She was, to be sure, wholly unaccomplished; knew nothing of quadrilles, though her every motion was dancing; nor a note of music, though she used to warble, like a bird, sweet snatches of old songs, as she skipped up and down the house; nor of painting, except as her taste had been formed, by a minute acquaintance with nature, into an intense feeling of art. She had that real extra sense, an eye for colour, too, as well as an ear for music. Not one in twenty—not one in a hundred of our sketching and copying ladies could love and appreciate a picture where there was colour and mind, a picture by Claude, or by our English Claudes, Wilson and Hoffland, as she could—for she loved landscape best, because she understood it best—it was a portrait of which she knew the original. Then her needle was in her hands almost a pencil. I never knew such an embroideress—she would sit “printing her thoughts on lawn,” till the delicate creation vied with the snowy tracery, the fantastic carving of hoar frost, the richness of Gothic architecture, or of that which so much resembles it, the luxuriant fancy of old point lace. That was her only accomplishment, and a rare artist she was—muslin and net were her canvass. She had no French either, not a word; no Italian; but then her English was racy, unhackneyed, proper to the thought to a degree that only original thinking could give. She had not much reading, except of the Bible, and Shakspeare, and Richardson's novels, in which she was learned; but then her powers

of observation were sharpened and quickened, in a very unusual degree, by the leisure and opportunity afforded for their developement, at a time of life when they are most acute. She had nothing to distract her mind. Her attention was always awake and alive. She was an excellent and curious naturalist, merely because she had gone into the fields with her eyes open; and knew all the details of rural management, domestic or agricultural, as well as the peculiar habits and modes of thinking of the peasantry, simply because she had lived in the country, and made use of her ears. Then she was fanciful, recollective, new; drew her images from the real objects, not from their shadows in books. In short, to listen to her, and the young ladies her companions, who, accomplished to the height, had trodden the education-mill till they all moved in one step, had lost sense in sound, and ideas in words, was enough to make us turn masters and governesses out of doors, and leave our daughters and grand-daughters to Mrs. C.'s system of non-instruction. I should have liked to meet with another specimen, just to ascertain whether the peculiar charm and advantage arose from the quick and active mind of this fair ignorant, or was really the natural and inevitable result of the training; but, alas! to find more than one unaccomplished young lady, in this accomplished age, is not to be hoped for. So I admired and envied; and her fair kinswomen pitied and scorned, and tried to teach; and Mary, never made for a learner, and as full of animal spirits as a school-boy in the holidays, sang, and laughed, and skipped about, from morning till night.

It must be confessed, as a counter-balance to her other perfections, that the dear Cousin Mary was, as far as great natural modesty and an occasional touch of shyness would let her, the least in the world of a romp! She loved to toss about children, to jump over stiles, to scramble through hedges, to climb trees; and some of her knowledge of plants and birds may certainly have arisen from her delight in these boyish amusements. And which of us has not found that the strongest, the healthiest, and most flourishing acquirement has arisen from pleasure or accident, has been in a manner self-sown, like an oak of the forest? Oh, she was a sad romp; as skittish as a wild colt, as uncertain as a butterfly, as uncatchable as a swallow! But her great personal beauty, the charm, grace, and lightness of her movements, and, above all, her evident innocence of heart, were bribes of indulgence which no one could withstand. I never heard her blamed by any human being. The perfect unrestraint of her attitudes, and the exquisite symmetry of her form, would have rendered her an invaluable study for a painter. Her daily doings would have formed a series of pictures. I have seen her scudding through a shallow rivulet like a young Diana, and a bounding, skimming, enjoying motion, as if native to the element, which might have become a Naiad. I have seen her on the topmost round of a ladder, with one foot on the roof of a house, flinging down the grapes that no one else had nerve enough to reach, laughing, and garlanded, and crowned with vine leaves, like a bacchante. But the prettiest combination of circumstances under which I ever saw her, was driving a horse and cart up a hill one sunny windy day, in September. It was a gay party of young women, some walking, some in open carriages of different descriptions, bent to see a celebrated prospect from a hill called the Ridges. The ascent was by a steep narrow lane, cut deeply between sand banks, crowned with high feathery hedges. The road and its picturesque banks lay bathed in the golden sunshine, whilst the autumnal sky, intensely blue, appeared at the top as through an arch. The hill was so steep, that we had all dismounted, and left our different vehicles in charge of the servants below; but Mary, to whom, as incomparably the best charioteer, the conduct of a

certain non-descript machine, a sort of donkey curicle, had fallen, determined to drive a delicate little girl, who was afraid of the walk, to the top of the eminence. She jumped out for the purpose, and we followed, watching and admiring her as she won her way up the hill; now tugging at the donkeys in front, with her bright face toward them and us, and springing along backwards—now pushing the chaise from behind—now running by the side of her steeds, patting and caressing them—now soothing the half-frightened child—now laughing, nodding, and shaking her little whip at us—darting about like some winged creature—till at last she stopped at the top of the ascent, and stood for a moment on the summit, her straw bonnet blown back, and held on only by the strings; her brown hair playing on the wind in long natural ringlets; her complexion becoming every moment more splendid from exertion, redder and whiter; her eyes and her smile brightening and dimpling; her figure in its simple white gown, strongly relieved by the deep blue sky, and her whole form seemed to dilate before our eyes. There she stood under the arch formed by two meeting elms, a Hebe, a Psyche, a perfect goddess of youth and joy. The Ridges are very fine things altogether, especially the part to which we were bound, a turfy breezy spot, sinking down abruptly like a rock into a wild foreground of heath and forest, with a magnificent command of distant objects; but we saw nothing that day like the figure on the top of the hill.

After this I lost sight of her for a long time. She was called suddenly home by the dangerous illness of her mother, who, after languishing for some months, died; and Mary went to live with a sister much older than herself, and richly married in a manufacturing town, where she languished in smoke, confinement, dependence, and display—for her sister was a match-making lady, a manœuvrer—for about a twelvemonth. She then left her house and went into Wales—as a governess! Imagine the astonishment caused by this intelligence amongst us all; for I myself, though admiring the untaught damsel almost as much as I loved her, should certainly never have dreamed of her as a teacher. However, she remained in the rich baronet's family where she had commenced her employment. They liked her apparently—there she was; and again nothing was heard of her for many months, until, happening to call on the friends at whose house I had originally met her, I espied her fair blooming face, a rose amongst roses, at the drawing-room window—and instantly, with the speed of light, was met and embraced by her at the hall-door.

There was not the slightest perceptible difference in her deportment. She still bounded like a fawn, and laughed and clapped her hands like an infant. She was not a day older, or graver, or wiser, since we parted. Her post of tutress had at least done her no harm, whatever might have been the case with her pupils. The more I looked at her, the more I wondered; and after our mutual expressions of pleasure had a little subsided, I could not resist the temptation of saying,

“So, you are really a governess?”

“Yes.”

“And you continue in the same family?”

“Yes.”

“And you like your post?”

“O yes, yes!”

“But, my dear Mary, what could induce you to go?”

“Why, they wanted a governess, so I went.”

“But what could induce them to keep you?”

The perfect gravity and earnestness with which this question was put, set her laughing, and the laugh was echoed back from a group at the end of the room, which I had not before noticed—an elegant man, in the prime of life, showing a portfolio of rare prints to

a fine girl of twelve, and a rosy boy of seven, evidently his children.

"Why did they keep me? Ask them," replied Mary, turning toward them with an arch smile.

"We kept her to teach her ourselves," said the young lady.

"We kept her to play cricket with us," said her brother.

"We kept her to marry," said the gentleman, advancing gaily to shake hands with me. "She was a bad governess, perhaps; but she is an excellent wife—that is her true vocation."

And so it is. She is, indeed, an excellent wife; and assuredly a most fortunate one. I never saw happiness so sparkling or so glowing; never saw such devotion to a bride, or such fondness for a step-mother, as Sir W. S. and his lovely children show to the sweet Cousin Mary.

THE REPOSITORY.

FLOWERS.

PHILOSOPHERS and divines have made many fruitless efforts to remove that general perversity in mankind, which leads it to despise simple pleasures, and eagerly search out those that possess no value but in their rarity, or the estimation of a senseless fashion. Ages will, I fear, elapse before the world can be amended in this respect, and individuals be taught to calculate the worth of a thing by its intrinsic, or its relative merits, without borrowing their opinions from others. Many will not enjoy what would afford them great pleasure, because such enjoyment is not sanctioned by usage. This is particularly the case as respects cheap and simple pleasures. Simplicity is but little followed, and yet it always obtains admiration.

I went the other day to a fashionable ball, where unwieldy and rich nabobesses promenaded the rooms, adorned with costly pearls, and glittering in jewels, the spoils of every climate under the sun. Even the younger and more beautiful part of the company were attired in the extreme of the *ton*, and in an exuberance of ornament. There was one lovely girl amongst them who attracted every eye, and far eclipsed those who had exhausted the decorative art of half the milliners and tirewomen of the city. Every heart did her homage, and she moved in the brilliant assembly like some "fairy" vision of the "element." She had no jewels about her person, which was but of the middle stature. A single flower alone decorated her fine head of light brown hair. Her dress was white, with little of flounce or furbelow, but her gait was elegant and graceful. There were other ladies present, as young and beautiful as she was, but they did not seem to attract half so much admiration, for they had too many of the "adulteries of art" about them; she reigned queen "of the ascendant."

This, I am convinced, arose solely from the simplicity of her attire, where there was so much artificial decoration.

There is something of propriety in our natural feelings that informs us what is true taste, and gives us an intuitive knowledge of the really elegant. Let this illustrate the value of simplicity in every thing, in the fine arts, in pleasure, and in our domestic enjoyments. Of the latter, it is astonishing how many that are highly tasteful are within the reach of all, but, for that reason, deemed too cheap to be practicable, notwithstanding their value.

When summer's delightful season arrives, there is nothing more grateful than a profusion of choice flowers around and within our dwellings. The humblest apartments ornamented with these beautiful productions of nature, have, in my view, a more de-

lightful effect than the proudest saloons with gilded ceilings and hangings of Genoa velvet. The richness of the latter, indeed, would be heightened, and their elegance increased, by the judicious introduction of flowers and foliage into them. The odour of flowers, the cool appearance of the dark green leaves of some species, and the beautiful tints and varied forms of others, are singularly grateful to the sight, and refreshing at the same time. Vases of Etruscan mould, containing plants of the commonest kind, offer those lines of beauty which the eye delights in following; and variform leaves hanging festooned over them and shading them, if they be of a light colour, with a soft grateful hue, add much to their pleasing effect. These decorations are simple and cheap. They offer to every class their redundant variety of beauty, at the price of a little labour to him who is disposed to rear them for himself, and at a very trifling expense in a large city to those who choose to purchase them. It is true, the apartments of some few persons are always adorned with them, and their aid is called in somewhat incongruously, to set off the midnight ball-room; but they are not half as common in dwelling-houses as they should be. They offer their rarer varieties to the wealthy, and those not blessed by fortune have a profusion of a cheaper kind at command, they being among those blessings bestowed upon us by our common mother, which are within the reach of all. Lord Bacon, whose magnificence of mind exempts him from every objection as a model for the rest of mankind—in all but the unfortunate error to which, perhaps, his sordid pursuit in life led him, to the degradation of his nobler intellect—was enthusiastically attached to flowers, and kept a succession of them about him in his study, and at his table. Now the union of books and flowers is more particularly agreeable. Nothing, in my view, is half so delightful as a library set off with these beautiful productions of the earth during summer, or, indeed, any other season of the year. A library or study, opening on green turf, and having the view of a distant rugged country, with a peep at the ocean between hills, a small fertile space forming the nearest ground, and an easy chair and books, is just as much of local enjoyment as a thinking man can desire—I reckon not if under a thatched or a slated roof, to me it is the same thing. A favourite author on my table, in the midst of my bouquets, and I speedily forget how the rest of the world wags. I fancy I am enjoying nature and art together, a consummation of luxury that never palls upon the appetite—a dessert of uncloying sweets.

Madame Roland seems to have felt very strongly the union of mental pleasure with that afforded to the senses by flowers. These pleasures, however, are, like the unjewelled girl at the ball, too simple to be universally felt.

There is something delightful in the use which the eastern poets, particularly the Persian, make of flowers in their poetry. Their allusions are not casual, and in the way of metaphor and simile only; they seem really to hold them in high admiration. I am not aware that the flowers of Persia, except the rose, are more beautiful, or more various than those of other countries. Perhaps England, including her gardens, green-houses, and fields, having introduced a vast variety from every climate, may exhibit a list unrivalled, as a whole, in odour and beauty. Yet flowers are not with us held in such high estimation as among the Orientals, if we are to judge from their poets; for whatever belongs to nature, and is prized nationally, is sure to be prominently introduced into that department of literature which belongs to imagination. Bowers of roses and flowers are perpetually alluded to in the writings of eastern poets. The Turks, and indeed the Orientals in general, have few images of voluptuousness without the richest flowers

contributing towards them. The noblest palaces, where gilding, damask, and fine carpeting abound, would be essentially wanting in luxury without flowers. It cannot be from their odour alone that they are thus identified with pleasure; it is from their union of exquisite hues, fragrance, and beautiful forms, that they raise a sentiment of voluptuousness in the mind; for whatever unites these qualities can scarcely do otherwise.

Whoever virtuously despises the opinion, that simple and cheap pleasures, not only good, but in the very best taste, are of no value, because they want a meretricious rarity, will fill their apartments with a succession of our better garden flowers. It has been said that flowers, placed in bedrooms, are not wholesome. This cannot be meant of such as are in a state of vegetation. Plucked and put into water, they quickly decay, and, doubtless, give out a putrescent air; when alive and growing, there need not be any danger apprehended from them, provided fresh air is frequently introduced. For spacious rooms, the better kinds, during warm weather, are those which have a large leaf and bossy flower. Large leaves have a very agreeable effect on the senses; their rich green is grateful to the sight: of this kind, the *Hydrangæa* is remarkably well adapted for apartments, but it requires plenty of water. Those who have a green-house connected with their dwellings, have the convenience, by management, of changing their plants as the flowers decay; those who have not, and yet have space to afford them light, and occasionally air, may rear most of those kinds under their own roof, which may be applied for ornament in summer. Vases of plaster, modelled from the antique, may be stained any colour most agreeable to the fancy, and, fitted with tin cases to contain the earthen pots of flowers, to prevent the damp from acting on them, will look exceedingly well.

There is a great advantage, in families, in keeping the most pleasing and correct images of every kind of object before the eyes of youth. It causes, almost insensibly, an affinity between the objects so familiarized to them and the symmetry of thought—if I may so express myself—independently of forming a correct taste. The region of fancy will be filled with more correct images; and a distorted or ill-proportioned object will be more immediately perceived by those who have been always accustomed to have the beautiful before them. In this sense, natural flowers are far better than embroidery and the tapestry roses of our starched ancestors.

The infinite variety of roses, including the *Guelder* rose, the *rhododendron*, and other plants of similar growth, are fitted for the saloon, but they please best in the library. They should be intermingled with the book-cases, and stands filled with them should be placed wherever practicable. They are a wonderful relief to the student. There is always about them a something that infuses a sensation of placid joy, cheering and refreshing. Perhaps they were first introduced at festivals, in consequence of their possessing this quality. A flower-garden is the scene of pleasurable feelings, of innocence and elegance. The introduction of flowers into our rooms infuses the same sensations, but intermingles them more with our domestic comforts; so that we feel, as it were, in closer contact with them. The succession might be kept up for the greater part of the year; and even in winter, evergreens will supply their places, and, in some respects, contrast well with the season. Many fail in preserving the beauty of plants in their apartments, because they do not give them sufficient light. Some species do well with much less light than others. Light is as necessary to them as air. They should not be too often shifted from one place to another. Those who will take the trou-

ble, may quicken the growth of some plants, so as to have spring-flowers in winter. Thus autumn and spring might be connected; and flowers blooming in the winter of our gloomy climate possess double attraction.

The presence of flowers is a source of beauty to the mind; for the meanest of them is lovely. To any of the floral world, the terms, disproportion and ugliness, are inapplicable. Unbounded in variety, they are all charming to the sight, their race is essentially beautiful. It is imbued with the elements of perfect gratefulness. One flower may appear preferable to another in colour, size, and shape, but in the humblest there is the stamp of elegance. They are all pleasing, all attractive. Those who are distinguished by a fondness for them and their cultivation, are persons of elegant minds. To the fair sex, in particular, they offer a charming study, and the decoration of their rooms with every fresh succession sets off their own attractions; while the attending them harmonizes well with our ideas of female occupation. A lovely girl in a flower-garden is a far preferable object, to the eye, to one in a bath-room. In the midst of the luxuries of a rich vegetation, the female figure is set off better; and the colours of the parterre make out what the painters call a fore and back-ground, that administers admirably to the exhibition of the "fairest flower" of all. How desirable is it that fashion should be kept on the route of true taste, and made to go hand in hand with the simple and natural!

In the flower-garden alcove, books are doubly grateful. As in the library ornamented with flowers they seem to be more enjoyed, so their union there is irresistibly attracting. To enjoy reading under such circumstances most, works of imagination are preferable to abstract subjects. Poetry and romance—"De Vere" and "Pelham"—lighter history—the lively letters of the French school, like those of Sevigne and others—or natural history—these are best adapted to peruse amidst sweets and flowers: in short, any species of writing that does not keep the mind too intently fixed to allow the senses to wander occasionally over the scene around, and catch the beauty of the rich vegetation. To me, the enjoyment derived from the union of books and flowers is of the very highest value among pleasurable sensations.

For my own part, I manage very well without the advantage of a green-house. The evergreens serve me in winter. Then the lilacs come in, followed by the guelder rose and woodbine, the latter trained in a pot upon circular trellis-work. After this there can be no difficulty in choosing, as the open air offers every variety. I arrange all my library and parlour-plants in a room in my dwelling-house, facing the south, having a full portion of light, and a fire-place. I promote the growth of my flowers for the early part of the year by steam-warmth, and having large tubs and boxes of earth, I am at no loss, in my humble conservatory, for flowers of many kinds when our climate offers none. The trouble attending them is all my own, and is one of those employments which never appear laborious. Those who have better conveniences may proceed on a larger scale; but I contrive to keep up a due succession, which, to a floral epicure, is every thing. To be a day in the year without seeing a flower is a novelty to me, and I am persuaded much more might be done with my humble means than I have effected, had I sufficient leisure to attend to the retarding or forcing them. I cover every space in my sitting-rooms with these beautiful fairy things of creation, and take so much delight in the sight of them, that I cannot help recommending to those of limited incomes, like myself, to follow my example, and be their own nurserymen. The rich might easily obtain them without; but what they procure by gold, the individual of small means must

obtain by industry. I know there are persons to whom the flowers of paradise would be objects of indifference: but who can imitate, or envy such? They are grovellers, whose coarseness of taste is only fitted for the grossest food of life. The pleasures of flowers and of books are, as Henry IV. observed of his child, "the property of all the world."

THE HUMOURIST.

A MASKED BALL IN THE COUNTRY.

Who can describe the beauty of Fairfields, alike the pride and envy of our neighbourhood? The house commands a view of a delightful valley, yet it is sheltered behind by a range of picturesque undulations, and screened by such a noble wood as you shall not meet with in every day's journey. The park surrounding it is of great extent, yet the eye is not fatigued with searching for its boundaries, for the plantations are arranged with such consummate art as to resemble the happiest efforts of nature: its appearance is rather snug than spacious; and the mind, unoppressed by any idea of the vast opulence of its possessor, revels in the beauty of its scenery, for the peculiar character of the place is simplicity.

Sir William Roseville, as soon as his parliamentary duties permit, retires to its shades with an almost filial affection, since he has lived to perfect the design which his father began, of making Fairfields the most elegant and desirable residence in this or the next county. About the beginning of August he was quietly settled in his retreat, patiently waiting till the 1st of September should bring with it his favourite diversion of shooting, filling up the intervening time by practising his guns and pointers. Not so contented was his lady: frequent rains had made her a prisoner in her own house; to enjoy brooks and groves was impossible; the former were swollen into torrents, and the latter were dripping with the tears of heaven; or, if an occasional gleam of sunshine allured her abroad, she paid the forfeit of temerity by being overtaken by one of those hasty and "pitiless storms" which have defaced the beauties of our island, and circumscribed the comfort of its inhabitants during the past summer. Books and music, two grand resources of the secluded, had been resorted to so often, that, like a good remedy frequently repeated, they had failed of producing the desired effect. Invitations to visit Fairfields had all been declined until the weather should prove more favourable; and Lady Roseville was *au desespoir* for amusements, when one morning the sun, shining forth without a cloud, and the barometer, rising towards fair, promised better things, and so completely dissipated her ladyship's *ennui*, that she sat at breakfast looking out on the brilliant scene with that sort of intense delight which is never felt till we have been taught the value of our pleasures by deprivation.

"We must give our annual *fete*, Sir William," said she suddenly; but Sir William was so deep in the affairs of the East, that he merely raised his eyes from the newspaper which he was reading, and nodded assent. "Yes, we must indeed," continued the lady: "something in the style of that superb thing given by a lovely marchioness last season, would be a novelty here; not that I should choose to disguise myself in an Elizabethan dress; I should rather prefer the *costume* of a sultana; and you, my love, would make a noble sultan."

"A noble fellow that," said Sir William, still weighing the chances of war between the Turks and Russians.

"Ah, I remember you always admired that Turkish dress in the last work we had on *costume*," said her ladyship, pleased to find that she had excited her husband's attention at last.

"Dress! ah, I hope they will give the Russians a good dressing," said Sir William.

"The Russians, my love!" said Lady Roseville with surprise; "what on earth could make you think of *their* dressing? such undressable barbarians!"

"As for their barbarism, Marianne," said the baronet, who is one of those men of solid, but not bright parts, who find it difficult to take in more than one idea at a time, and who was not a little pleased to think he had inveigled his lady into a political conversation—"as for their barbarism, they are much upon a par, Turks and Russians; but I do not like to see such huge, overgrown—"

"Ah, my love, I understand you," interrupted the lady;

"you can't bear the immense Cossack beards and caps—I hope we shall have none at my party!"

"Your party!" echoed Sir William, in unfeigned astonishment—"your party!"

But at that moment the whining of his favourite dogs was heard pleading for their usual morning's walk; and, without waiting for an explanation, their master hurried away to answer their importunities.

"What a dear, good, puzzling man is that!" said Lady Roseville, lifting up her hands. "Well, he has no objection to appearing *a la Turque*, so that question is settled, and I shall write the orders to Mrs. Trim immediately. And let me see, have I a good store of cards?" she said, opening a superb cabinet—"oh no, not half enough: I must send an immense commission to Mr. Papyrus, and if he does not send me new devices for my *invites*—something to make a sensation—I shall be very angry."

At this moment a servant entered the room with an *envelope*, which was eagerly opened.

"Shall the messenger wait, my lady?"

"No, tell him Sir William is out," said Lady Roseville in a tone of vexation, to which she gave free vent as soon as she was left alone. "How provoking! cards from that annoying woman, Mrs. Management, for a party of exactly the same description as I intend to give—pshaw! intended I should say, for the whole plan must be given up—is in short defeated, by the only woman in the world that I really hate. Vulgar wretch! I suppose she has been consulting the almanac for a change of weather, and had her cards ready to distribute on the first dispersion of the clouds. If we go, half the evening will be consumed in listening to the history of how she managed to be in such good time, to say nothing of her housekeeper's forethought in the way of jellies and preserves, which I guess will be recommended as excellent, although they can boast a fortnight's existence."

Thus did her ladyship endeavour to kill the time until she saw Sir William returning from his walk, when she flew to meet him, with the cause of her discomfiture open in her hand.

"See, my dear," she exclaimed, "how dangerous are delays! Here is neighbour Management thwarting all my designs for the amusement of myself and friends at one blow."

Sir William read the invitation without paying any attention to the lady's comments; then, looking up with a most provokingly calm aspect, he asked,

"Do we go, Marianne?"

"Just as you please. If it were not so much trouble for you to make up your mind, I might have forestalled Mrs. Management, and been gay at my own house, instead of swelling that silly creature's triumph."

"Well, then," said Sir William, who had only heard the first part of her ladyship's answer, being completely engrossed with the beauty of his canine favourites, "we had better accept the invitation."

"This is intolerable," said Lady Roseville, as she left her impenetrable spouse: "yet, since it must be so, since I must go, I will astonish the natives with the splendour of our *costumes*. Sir William's dark eyes will flash with tenfold lustre from beneath a sultan's turban; and besides, there is an apathy, an indolence about him, that will well become the character," she continued, endeavouring, in the dilemma, even to turn what she considered her husband's greatest faults to some account; proving the truth of the old adage, that "necessity is the mother of invention."

A fortnight was scarce sufficient to complete Lady Roseville's preparations for Mrs. Management's *fete*; at last the dresses arrived. Her ladyship arrayed herself in hers; she looked, as her maid told her, the beautifullest creature in the world, and went to the dining-room in the full conviction that she should surprise Sir William into an ecstasy of admiration. The common topics of the day were, however, discussed, and the dinner half over before he made any observation on his lady's attire, when, accidentally looking at her, he said, in an unusual tone of animation,

"Bless me, Marianne, how indifferently your maid has dressed you to-day! I never saw you looking so ill before."

"Well, this is the most provoking of all!" exclaimed her ladyship, almost crying with vexation. "The pains I have taken to have this dress exactly according to your wishes, and now to be disappointed!"

"My wishes!" said the astonished husband.

"Yes; did not you tell me you preferred the Turkish to

any other costume? and have not I got two of the most superb suits both for myself and you?"

"For me!" repeated Sir William, in a long note of amazement.

"To be sure I have; and there is no doubt but you will be reckoned by far the most striking figure at the gala to-morrow. Richardson shall bring it," said she, ringing the bell, "and show it to you."

The baronet stood endeavouring to solve the problem which had been so unexpectedly proposed to him; but being roused from his reverie by the appearance of Richardson, turned from the huge mass of velvet, &c. with which he was loaded, with a look of horror. However, being seriously engaged over an excellent dessert, which with Sir William was a sedative for all care and a balm for all irritation, his lady had not much difficulty in persuading him that he was the veritable "superbe Orosmane," when attired in the dress she had purposed for him. In fact, so much was said about the brilliancy of his eyes and the dignity of his deportment, that, with the indolence of his character and the vanity common to man as well as womankind, he was at length inclined to believe "that the trouble of obliging Marianne was not so very irksome."

The clock struck nine on the eventful evening of the fete, as Sir William Roseville's carriage, containing "two strange-looking people," as the peasants remarked, drove through the luxuriant plantations of Fairfields, and, dashing at a rapid rate through the little village of Longbrook, to avoid observation, turned into the road that led to the residence of Mrs. Management. They had proceeded some distance, when the coachman intimated that it was next to impossible to go on, for the late rains had rendered the road a complete swamp, and the spirited horses would refuse to extricate the carriage if it once got to a dead set. At this moment a loud halloo from behind diverted their attention from this agreeable piece of intelligence.

"Help, help!" cried a deep-toned voice; "my Lord Dashaway's caravan is overturned hard by, and all the inhabitants of the earth are brought low and bespattered with the mud of this delectable quagmire."

The figure who spoke was disguised after the manner of Shakespeare's clowns, and wore on his head a cap and bells, which every motion set a ringing.

Sir William's horses took fright at the noise, and began to plunge and rear.

"For goodness' sake," said Lady Roseville, "give me your cap! We shall all be murdered, my dear," she continued; "do pray go and see what can be done for the poor creatures who are in such a strait."

"That," said the phlegmatic Sir William, "is out of my power; this long robe puts a stop to any other motion than a slow march."

"Pull it off," said his lady.

"Ah, do! my master," said the clown, "and come and help your fellow-creatures through a dirty world!"

After some consideration, and not a little exertion, he allowed himself to be conducted to such a scene as would have been worth a "Jew's eye" to Cruikshank. A gipsy was pouring oil into the wounds of a young quaker, whose head was bleeding profusely from beneath his broad-brimmed hat; a Chinese was administering to the distresses of a belle Parisienne; and a Roman lady was supported in the arms of an English jockey. Shepherdesses were faint to content themselves with the assiduities of a Falstaff; and a Lady Macbeth was to be seen rubbing no visionary spot from the palms of her fair hands. Lady Dashaway, who was seriously hurt, had been the cause of the disaster, by taking the reins from his coachman and driving very injudiciously; while he at present cut a miserable figure, his judge's wig having changed from its original snow-white purity to a party-coloured appearance, somewhat resembling the plumage of the magpie.

"I say, Mr. Wiseacre," he cried, as soon as he saw the gentleman in the clown's dress returned, "if you had had the wit to doff your cap before, we should now have been partaking of the hospitality of Orderly Hall."

"I plead guilty, without taking into the account any of your lordship's errors in judgment," said the clown; and immediately began to ascertain the extent of the mischief.

With the aid of Sir William's muscular arm, he succeeded in placing the ladies out of danger, and messengers were despatched for carriages, which there was but little chance of obtaining. All idea of the "mazy dance" faded into

dim perspective; beaux forgot the wit which they intended to sport, and belles their premeditated repartees.

In the midst of their consternation, a carriage was heard passing along the turnpike road.

"Make an appeal to the humanity of the travellers," said Lord Dashaway; and at the same moment the clown called in his deep sonorous voice for assistance, setting forth the pitiable condition of his party, of which his own person formed a pretty strong proof; but the louder he called, the faster the carriage rolled on.

The shadows of night were thickening around them, and the situation of the disabled masqueraders was rendered more deplorable by a fast descending shower. Presently a horseman rode up: it was a servant from Orderly Hall, inquiring if a carriage had been seen on the road to London; and on receiving an affirmative answer, he instantly started off at full speed, saying that Miss Management had taken advantage of the confusion of the evening to elope with a young fellow who had been twice forbidden her mother's well-conducted mansion.

"Did you see any thing of my carriage?" asked Sir William Roseville with unusual quickness; but the rider clapped spurs to his horse, impatient of delay.

"This is some trick," cried Sir William in a rage, whose anger, though not easily roused, was less easily appeased. "What business had you, sir," he said, addressing the clown, "to lead me here, when Lady Roseville so much required my protection?" and he put himself into a boxing attitude.

"I was the only survivor," said the clown with a provoking drawl; "the rest were all *kill*, and you know I could not live alone."

"If all is as I suspect," said the enraged Sir William, "you will not survive much longer;" and then stalked off in his Turkish boots, the only wreck remaining of his late disguise.

On he went, through thick and thin, till he reached the goal of his wishes, and there found Lady Roseville, yawning on a couch, the image of fatigue and ennui.

The rooms of Orderly Hall, instead of presenting a display of crowded gayety, were but half-filled, and the hostess herself in a state of alarm on account of the disappearance of her eldest hope, which she tried in vain to conceal. The effect of the scene was not a little heightened by the appearance of Sir William, who marched into the room covered with the soil of his late undertaking.

"I'm glad I've found you," he said, taking his wife's hand, "for I suspected I had lost you;" and looked upon her with the same delight that he gazes on his obedient dogs—"I am glad I have found you: but where is the carriage?"

"As safe as I am," said Lady Roseville; and then whispered, "On the road to Gretna."

"And the horses too?" asked Sir William, starting.

"No," said her ladyship; "your bits of blood, like your wife, remain on hand: but really I could not resist the importunities of Julia Management, as she met me at the entrance, to resign my seat to her, since the poor girl told me that all the hacks in the neighbourhood were in requisition to take home Lord Dashaway's wounded regiment."

"And does her mother suspect you?"

"Oh no, I've managed better," said her ladyship, laughing.

"How are we to get home?" asked Sir William.

"Nay, you must contrive that; I have done my part," said the lady, yawning, when she saw that her lord and master did not entirely relish the joke.

However, another long half-hour brought them to the conclusion of the fancy-ball, which had so much excited Lady Roseville's envy: the company separated in that state of pitiable discontent which is sure to succeed an unsuccessful or unenjoyed party of pleasure; and the distracted hostess was too much engrossed with her family cares to know whether Lady Roseville left the house in a chariot or a balloon.

All attempts to overtake the fugitives on the road to Gretna were unavailing; and the young lady was united, not as she expected, to the younger branch of a noble family of Milesian descent, but to the son of an honest manufacturer of Belfast; and to complete the discomfiture of the owner of Orderly Hall, the following paragraph shortly after went the round of the newspapers, ascribed to the pen of the gentleman who intended to have exercised his wit as the clown on the unfortunate evening which had brought so much disappointment:

"The preparations for the ball which recently took place at Orderly

Hall were of the most splendid description; the beauty and variety of the decorations, and the taste and elegance of the arrangements—to say nothing of the profusion and excellence of the refreshments—surpassed all expectation: indeed, the entertainment would have gone off with the greatest *colat*, if the roads to the mansion had been passable; and, in short, if the whole had not been entirely spoiled by mismanagement."

Ackerman's Repository.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The Jail.—President Adams, when he advanced the pertinent assertion, that "the spirit of improvement was abroad upon the earth," was, of course, possessed of sufficient philosophy to know that there are exceptions to a general rule, and he did not consequently include in his proposition "the honourable the corporation of the city of New-York." We do not mean to insinuate that their "Dictionnaire des Gourmands," or their "Glass's Art of Cookery," has not undergone important alterations for the better in their latest and most choice editions, or that their wines and punch are not superior in quality to what their less civilized predecessors dreamt of, much less tasted: no, no; far be it from us to impute to this sagacious and prudent body a halt in its onward march to improvement in whatever relates to that seat and throne of the affections, vulgarly called the stomach. Their *J. C.* sparkling in the soft sunbeams which play upon the spacious corridors of Bellevue; their exquisite Monongahela, uniting, as the chemists would say, in definite proportions with the refined Havana and golden Seville peal, to form that triple compound, which has been aptly compared to good-natured wit—a very appropriate article for their honours' use, by the way; their prime ribs, which only cost a dollar per pound; their lined capons, stuffed with marjoram and thyme; and their ample puddings, enriched with all the fruits the Mediterranean shores produce: these, and more than these, disprove the charge. It is only to minor objects that they are either indifferent, or else slow in effecting changes foolishly demanded by an intrusive and bold press. They give some thousand tavern licenses; and it is absurdly said, these do harm! that, while they give a revenue of thirty-three thousand dollars, they increase pauperism and crime, and cost the people thrice that amount! Fudge! The honourable the corporation know better. "Remove the jail!" say the people. "We won't!" say the honourable the members of the common council. "We want to save your money. Have we not spent enough for the Paulding monument—the canal celebration—for our glorious dinners and suppers at Bellevue and Blackwell's Island? These were necessary, and could not be avoided. But shall we squander your property uselessly away? tear down a building like the jail, whose venerable antiquity fills every beholder with awe, akin to that the learned traveller experiences when he beholds the monuments of ancient Carthage, and Thebes, and Rome? Shall we dilapidate that splendid edifice, whose walls have so often re-echoed to the groans of the guilty, who have committed the greatest of crimes, incurring debt? Has it not been hallowed by the tread of the great and mighty, and bears it not the traces of their lofty aspirations in many an inspired verse strewed around? Above all, has not a most profound sage—possibly he came from Athens, in Ohio, on the Hocking river!—who has enlightened this mundane sphere with his wise says in the Morning Herald, pronounced the jail to be 'not without architectural beauties.'" "Oh that the wretch had a thousand lives!" And so the honourable the corporation have decided upon retaining the grand majestic edifice, to which the city hall acts as a foil, and upon converting it into a safe receptacle of the records of their own most wise, and most sublime proceedings! The only fault we have to find with them is, that they have determined to cast over this building, "not without architectural beauties!" a coat of plaster imitating marble! Oh, spirit of Horace, look down upon these men; teach them the way to join a fish's tail to the head of a beauty of Alsatia, and their triumph will be complete!

Another Novel.—A new novel, by the author of the "Naval Sketch Book," entitled "Saints and Sailors, or Matrimonial Manœuvres," has just issued from the press of Messrs. J. & J. Harpers, of this city. This work is strongly recommended by the English critics as possessing great interest.

A new Song-book.—Mr. J. Grigg, of Philadelphia, has published a duodecimo volume, entitled the "Southern and Western Songster; being a choice collection of the most fashionable songs, many of which are original." This is the nearest American song-book we have ever seen.

ONE HOUR WITH THEE.

Composed by W. Carnaby, and sung by Mr. Philipps and Mr. Braham, with rapturous applause, at Covent-Garden Theatre, and the great Musical Festivals in England.

This beautiful production—arranged for the Mirror by B. S. Barclay—has never before been published in America.

One hour with thee, when summer's sun - set clo - ses, And day's last blush-es gild the qui - et grove; One hour with thee, to watch the shutting ro - ses, And whis-per in thine ear soft tales of love! All the fond heart has treasured through the day, At evening's dewy close for faithful lips to say. One hour with thee, One hour with thee.

PIA. *MF.* *DIM.* *MF. CON ANIMA.* *RALL.* *EXP.* *AD LIB.* *RALI. EXP.*

II.
One hour with thee, when day's dull toils are over,
And wearied nature courts the peaceful scene;

One hour with thee, when gentle spirits hover
Around the guarded path, unheard, unseen:
Then, all the vexing cares of busy day

One hour with thee, at eve, can well repay;
One hour with thee, when day's dull toils are over,
One hour with thee, one hour with thee.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

AND art thou dead? and has the sullen grave
Closed o'er that form of beauty's manliest mould?
And does the cold turf press upon that breast,
Where virtue sat enthroned, where honour, worth,
Where dignity with gentleness combined?
Sweetness with nobleness, and graceful ease
With unassuming modesty?—oh! where
Could these be found combined? where, but in thee!
And art thou dead? so young, so beautiful!
Alas! that death should still delight to snatch
The fairest flowers! for, with fastidious grasp,
He shuns the useless weed and scentless flower;
The bright and beautiful the soonest meet
The withering influence of his deadly touch.
Why is it thus? why are the good, the fair,
The happy, and the loved—why are they aye
The sad and earliest victims of his power?
Why from the miserable wretch, who pines
Beneath the hand of sorrow, and who looks
Eagerly for his coming, as the heart
Which loves looks for the coming of the loved one,
Why from him doth he fly? why on the heart
Wrung with keen anguish, and the fragile form
Wasted by sickness, doth he still delay
To strike? Alas! too oft the withering flower
Must droop upon its stalk, long, long, ere comes
The kindly blast to scatter its pale leaves
Upon their earthly bed! But thou, whom yet

No blight had touched, thou young and lovely one!
Who went down to the grave ere yet a change
Had passed o'er thy young beauty, ere a soil
Had fallen on thy pure and lofty thoughts,
Or dimmed thy spirit bright—was this the cause
That thou wert early snatched from us away?
Wert thou a flower too fair for earth, that thus
Thou wert transplanted to a better sphere?
Yes! we may mourn for thee, as one for whom
No blush our cheeks had stained: thou wert to us
A star, which shed o'er all its gentle rays,
Inspiring hope and gladness; for the light
Of thy young, joyous spirit, shed around
Its own sweet lustre, gladdening the hearts
Of all within its sphere: thy silver tones,
The ear which once had heard, still thirsted for;
And who that e'er beheld thy sunny smiles,
Forgot their gladdening influence? Oh! 'twas sweet
When wearied with this cold and heartless world,
And heart-sick with its hollowness, to turn
To thy young, guileless spirit, to behold
Thy frank and artless nature, which the world,
Contagious, hath not sullied, and to gaze
Upon the sweet serenity which dwelt
In thy fair happy features, and drink in
The strains of clear, entrancing melody,
Which breathed the soul of music from thy voice.
And must thy beauty and thy melody
Lie chilled and hushed for ever? has the grave
Closed o'er that gentle heart, and graceful form?
Is the light quenched of that fair star which shone
So brightly o'er our path? Oh! it is quenched;

And must we wander darkling? It is so!
Yet should our spirits murmur not; thou wert
But lent us for a season, and our hearts
Still feel the influence of thy sojourn here;
"Thou wert too like a dream of heaven" to be
A resident on earth: that heaven which was
Thy fittest home, has claimed thee—fare thee well!

WOMAN'S CHARMS.

Woman's smile a charm can give,
A joy that owns no measure;
Woman's love can wo relieve,
Yielding nought but pleasure.
Sweet are the toils which love impels,
There's nought its claims can sever;
And man in willing bondage kneels
At woman's shrine for ever.
Woman's eye a brightness throws
The heart alone discovers;
Woman's lip a treasure shows,
Meant to bless true lovers.
Sweet are the toils which love impels,
There's nought its chain can sever;
And man in willing bondage kneels
At woman's shrine for ever.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1829.

NUMBER 39.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

MUSIC.

"My soul would drink those echoes;—Oh that I were
"The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
"A living voice, a breathing harmony,
"A bodiless enjoyment, born and dying
"With the bliest tone which made me!"

WAKE but that strain,
With its deep memory for my heart, my love!—
Stealing like murmurs from the courts above—
O wake again!
Touch thy soft lute
With its sweet breathings, that my soul may hear,
Drinking its echoes with my spirit's ear
Till grief is mute.
Wake, with its glee,
That vision which hath faded in my brain,
Like a star's gleam on the lone, trackless plain
Of the blue sea.
There is a tone
Which comes at evening, in the hush of spring,
With its rich cadence on the breeze's wing—
How quickly gone!
It hath a sound
Which brings my love-hours back, as with a spell,
With its sweet draughts from feeling's shadowed well—
Its Eden-ground.
When the soft sky
Looks blue and star-gemmed in the twilight hour—
How, with its holy and pervading power,
That dream is nigh!
Its holy light
Is like a halo o'er life's heaving wave,
Touched with the glow that young enjoyments have—
Too purely bright!
O, yet again
Touch thy soft lute to music, Marion;
It teems with memory of visions gone—
A holy train!
Thus, as I gaze,
With a dim eye, o'er my departed years,
There is a pleasant luxury in my tears,
Which ne'er decays.
Then, wake for me
The tone which hath such visions linked unto it;
Play long and loud, sweet one! I'm sure you'll do it,
For

W. G. C.

THE CASKET.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

ANCIENT GENTILITY AND MODERN OPULENCE.

I HAD been absent from my home nearly two years; and, having some business to arrange with my banker, I took the advantage of a fine morning to ride to the county-town of C—, from which my residence is distant about ten miles. The sun shone brightly; the air, though cold, was clear and bracing; and I have seldom felt myself in better health or spirits than when I alighted from my horse at the house of Trueman, my banker, and—I may add—my friend. His character is most honourable and upright, and he is generally esteemed in the neighbourhood. When he had carried on business for many years as a mercer and draper, with such success as to acquire opulence, he entered into partnership in the county bank, and is now at the head of the firm. His manners, though not refined, are raised far above vulgarity; his mind is liberal, and his purse is ever open to the claims of distress. His wife is a handsome woman, and agreeable in her deportment and behaviour; and

to his family, consisting of a son and two daughters, he has given an excellent education. While his style of living is judiciously consistent with his wealth, he carefully avoids any appearance of parade, and all affectation of splendour.

After I had transacted the business on which I came, and had been satisfied that I had a very considerable balance in my favour, I was taking my leave, but Trueman would by no means allow me to depart so soon.

"You must," said he, "come up stairs, and take some refreshment; our luncheon is on the table; one o'clock is the time; and by that hour I always feel myself tolerably ready for it. We do not dine before five; but I assure you we do not make it so late from any attempt at fashion; for, when we kept a shop, we always dined at one; but, as our bank is kept open until four, it gives me time to settle every thing, and to sit down comfortably to dinner, knowing that business is then concluded for the day, and that I have nothing to do but to enjoy myself with my family."

We now entered the room, in which were his wife and daughters, and partook of the refreshments of a well-stocked table. The smiling faces around me, and the hearty welcome I received, gave zest to every thing; and I felt my heart dilate with pleasure, to see the opulence and comfort that were displayed around me—the rewards of a life of industry and integrity.

After a little general chat, Mrs. Trueman inquired whether I had lately called on my friends the Aspinals.

I replied that I had not had an opportunity of seeing them since my return, but purposed calling on them that morning.

"I wish," said she, "that you would endeavour to find out how we have offended them; for I am sure that they have taken a strong dislike to us. I would wish to show them every mark of respect; for I never can forget, that in the life-time of their father, and when my husband and I kept a shop, they were kind and liberal customers to us; and, when the ladies drove into the town, they would come to our house, and speak to me in the kindest and most affable manner. Twenty years have made a great difference in their situation, as well as in ours. You know that, when their father died, he left them very small fortunes; and, as they quitted the hall when their brother and his wife came to reside at it, they could only afford to take a very small house here, where they live in a very economical manner, with only one female servant. My situation has been much more changed. From the excellent character and unwearied industry of my dear husband, he has been enabled to place me in a rank of life very different from that to which I could formerly have aspired; he can afford to keep several servants, and to give me the comfort of a carriage, without the slightest imprudence, or the least injury to the future prospects of his children; but, if I know myself, I have never presumed at all upon this. I think it due to myself, and my husband, not to be mean or cringing to any one; and, at the same time, I avoid the manifestation of that pride and arrogance which wealth too frequently engenders. I have always behaved with the greatest respect to the unfortunate, and I have particularly shown marked deference to the Misses Aspinal, because they have sunk in the world as I have risen.

Pray, sir, ask them in what we have offended; for they will hardly deign even to return the courtesies of myself or my daughters. We have never wished them to visit us; but last year, when my husband was mayor, we knew that the usual feast would be attended by many of the country families of the first respectability, and I ventured to suggest the expediency of sending tickets to the Misses Aspinal; but they were returned with a verbal message that there must have been some mistake, as they could not possibly have been intended for them. Other trifling circumstances have occurred to convince me that we are unfortunate in giving offence where we only meant to give pleasure, and they now do not speak to us when we meet."

I promised to do my best to discover the cause of their hostility, took my leave, and walked directly to the residence of the Aspinals.

The door was opened to me by their only attendant, a sallow upright damsel of about fifty; she had in better days been the waiting-maid of her ladies at the hall, and, on the reverse of their fortune, had still preferred their service to the chance of seeking a precarious situation elsewhere, and was now acting in the triple capacity of cook, chambermaid, and waiter. She ushered me up stairs to the ladies; their room was very small, and the furniture worse for wear; but the apartment was decorated with a few remnants of former state, brought from their original residence; portraits of sundry relatives hung on the walls, some miniatures and handsome jars ornamented the chimney-piece, and one side of the room was completely filled up by a painting of the ladies themselves, taken when they were children, fat, rosy, and smiling, who were represented in the act of tying, round the neck of a favourite lamb, a garland of flowers, fresh and blooming as themselves.

Most striking was the contrast of the picture to the originals, as they presented themselves at the moment I entered; pale, thin, and melancholy; their countenances exhibited the traits of disappointment and spleen, and a wretched half-starved cat, who reposed on a faded velvet rug, on which were the family arms emblazoned in tarnished gold and coloured chenille, offered a marked dissimilarity to the plump and happy-looking pet of their childhood.

They seemed very glad to see me, for we had always been on friendly terms; and, offering me a seat by the very small fire, at the same time observing, that it was uncommonly warm for the season, they requested me to take some refreshment. I declined it, assuring them that I had already taken as much as I wished.

"Oh!" said Miss Lucretia, "I believe luncheons are completely out of fashion; for the medical men have now ascertained that nearly all our illnesses arise from eating too much and too frequently; but, as we breakfast early, and do not dine before six o'clock, we generally take something in that long interval."

I begged that I might not interrupt them—the bell was rung, and, on Martha's appearance,

"Some refreshment, but Mr. Medley will not take any," was the order given.

The maid quickly re-entered, with a large silver salver, containing two beautiful plates of antique china, on which were placed two small crusts of

bread, and a splendid cut glass decanter filled with mere water. This I found was the usual *set-out* at two o'clock, and I therefore was not sorry that I had previously paid my respects to more substantial fare.

I now said to the ladies, "It is a long time since I have seen you; I have been a great traveller since we last met; I have much to tell you, and shall be glad to hear news of all my friends in C—. Pray inform me how they are all going on; some changes must have taken place in the course of two years, and I have been nearly that time absent."

"Changes, indeed!" replied Miss Aspinall, drawing herself up with an air of great dignity, "we hardly can recognise the neighbourhood for the same that it used to be—we have so many upstarts, so many of low origin newly become rich, that the society is totally different; and I am sorry to say, that those who, from ancient family and good education, ought to know better, actually encourage these mushroom gentry, by accepting invitations to their vulgar parties, and inviting them in return."

"Indeed!" said I, smiling, "but what is the behaviour of the mushroom gentry you speak of? for you know I am so little at home, that I am almost a stranger to the politics of C—. By the way, now we are on the subject of the *nouveaux riches*, how has my friend Trueman contrived to offend you? I am sure it was not the wish or intention of him or his family to do so; but they seem to think that they have given you some cause of offence undesignedly."

"Trueman," said Miss Lucretia, in a voice amounting almost to a scream, "and his family are our principal objections to the place, and in fact will be the means of our quitting it."

"Let me," said I, "know the particulars, and perhaps I may be so fortunate as to explain matters, and make peace between you."

"Never," said Miss Lucretia; "but you shall hear. You know that the house which we now occupy, and in which we have resided ever since we left the hall, belongs, with several of the adjoining ones, to this Trueman; we took it for the remainder of a long lease, and at a very low rent; this and the other leases have all fallen in within these few months, and to the tenants, in general, Trueman has given notice that he will raise their rents considerably, and expect them to put the houses into perfect repair; but, on our sending our solicitor to know on what terms we were to remain in ours, he said it was not his intention to make any demands on us; on the contrary, he was willing to put the house in repair at his own expense, and to grant us a new lease at the original rent."

"Let me understand you," said I; "do you mean to say that you are offended with him because he has not raised your rent?"

"Certainly," said she, "and I wonder that you do not see the affair in the same light. Is it for Trueman, a creature of yesterday, a man whom we remember coming to the hall to receive the amount of his bill, and glad to take cold meat and ale in the house-keeper's room—is this upstart to presume to confer an obligation on an Aspinall, descended in a right line from a baron who came over with William of Normandy? We are sunk low, it is true, but I trust not so low as to submit to that disgrace."

"My dear lady," said I, "you really see this matter in a wrong point of view. There could be no intention on the part of Mr. Trueman but to do an act of kindness; and, if he failed in the manner, it was want of judgment, not of respect or deference, both which, I know, he feels toward you."

"That is not all," said the other sister; "we could easily bear impertinence, if he showed it toward us, but we cannot allow his presumptuous civilities. He lately received a present of a large turtle, which was dressed at the principal inn here, when he gave a dinner to a large party of men; and, would you believe

it? when we were standing near the window, conversing with a titled lady, we perceived a man crossing the street to our house, laden with what we conceived to be a large urn designed for a funeral monument; and Martha instantly came in, saying that Mr. Trueman had sent his respectful compliments, and had taken the liberty of sending us a tureen of the turtle. I had hardly breath left to desire that the man would take it back, and say we never touched any such thing. Another time he sent one of his little girls with a pineapple, which she said her papa had just cut: imagine a pine to us, who have eaten them at the hall made into fritters! they have sent us what they called early cucumbers, at a season in which our servants at the hall might have had them stewed, if they had chosen it. In short, there would be no end to my story, if I should tell you all the ways in which we are mortified and annoyed by them."

"Yes," continued the other sister, "and, what is worst of all, they have contrived to get invited every where; we meet them at the first houses in the place, and every one seems blinded by their riches to the defects of their manners and the lowness of their origin. I was at our milliner's not long since, and saw three Leghorn bonnets of the finest texture, trimmed very elegantly; I asked the price; 'four guineas and a half each,' was the reply of the girl who was attending to my orders. 'Four guineas and a half for a bonnet!' said I, 'it is shameful, and is more than I ever did or ever will give for one.' 'I dare say, madam,' said the girl with a sneer, 'that these bonnets are for Mrs. Trueman and her daughters, and they have pelisses of *gros de Naples*, the making of which will come to ten guineas each.' Another time, the butcher having neglected our orders because Mrs. Trueman had given some immediately afterward to a higher amount, Martha scolded the boy for making us wait so long, and said, angrily, 'Do you not know the difference between serving the Trueman and the Aspinalls?' 'Yes,' said the fellow with a vulgar grin, 'I think I do, for Mr. Trueman's weekly bills are about five guineas, while your ladies' bills are not above five shillings.' This will just suffice to give you some idea of our annoyances here, and we are very glad that you have called to-day; for, as you have seen most parts of England, you may perhaps assist us with your advice in the choice of a residence. You know our situation; we have but a limited income, and we cannot bear to be obliged to associate with, and indeed submit to persons who, from the mere circumstance of their being wealthy, think that they have a right to place themselves on a par with us. Bath has been suggested to us as a desirable residence: what is your opinion of it?"

"I should think," said I, "that Bath might suit you very well; you will there meet with many ladies similarly situated, and I think I can insure you against any of the annoyances which you have just particularized, inasmuch as I do not think that there is a landlord in Bath who will voluntarily offer to continue you in his house at a low rent, when he could obtain a higher one; and I do not think that you will meet with any one there who will offend you by presents of turtle, pineapples, or early cucumbers."

"I see," said Miss Aspinall, with some emotion, "that you are laughing at us; you cannot enter into our feelings."

"Indeed," said I, "you are mistaken; but I will tell you candidly, that with these feelings you will not be happy any where. Allow me to observe, that you have been to blame; you have shut yourselves up—if I may so express it—in a world of your own, and have not marked the changes that have taken place around you. In a commercial country this must always be the case; and it has been most especially so during the last twenty or thirty years in this. Our ancestors, you

know, lived in feudal greatness, and supported numerous vassals, over whom their power was absolute. That power passed away, although our country gentry long retained a very considerable degree of dignity and importance in their neighbourhoods. In our own times, the great increase of commerce, and the improvements in manufactures, have raised hundreds to immense wealth, while different causes have diminished the opulence of the landed proprietors. I remember the time when a country gentleman of ancient lineage would have thought himself degraded by an alliance with the family of a merchant; but I have lived to see these merchants the companions of rank, of title, and even of royalty itself. The merchant held himself above the manufacturer, and the latter looked down on the shopkeeper; but the full tide of commerce rolls rapidly on, and in its course sweeps off wealth from some, and brings it to others; and one rank approaches so nearly to another, that the shades and degrees are scarcely perceptible. You do not view all this with a liberal eye. You ought to rejoice in the prosperity of individuals as much as in that of the country, and to observe, with pleasure, that, by our free constitution, no man is prevented from aspiring to the highest situations, either in the church or the state. Depend upon it, that, where there exists no drawback from dishonourable conduct, or gross vulgarity of manners, wealth will be a passport even into polished society. The time is gone by when the pedigree of a man was inquired into before he could be asked to dinner, and when how many quarterings his coat of arms contained, was a more frequent question than how many servants or horses he kept. Talents, too, is a sufficient introduction now to the very first society; and any one who should inquire into the genealogy of a poet, a novelist, or an able critic, would be as much laughed at as the blockhead who asked whether the Walter Scott, of whom every body spoke, was of the firm of Scott and Mac-taggart of Paisley; or as the man who, when he observed, at a public meeting in Ireland, a lady surrounded by gentlemen, all eager for her notice, asked who she was, and, on being informed that it was the celebrated Miss Edgeworth, exclaimed, 'Celebrated! oh, then, I suppose, she has a very large fortune. Is her money in the funds, or has she landed property?' I will concede so far to your prejudices, Miss Lucretia, as to acknowledge that both these worthies were not of genteel birth or high origin. Education, you will say, will always make a difference in individuals, let their wealth be what it will; and this is true; but recollect, also, that the frequency of a good education has also increased in the same proportion; and the young people who have grown up around us, have received, in consequence of the opulence of their parents, acquirements, accomplishments, and manners, that raise them to an equal footing with any other persons. Let a girl be placed at a good school, and a liberal salary paid with her, and she will be taught as well, and profit as much by instruction, as the daughter of a nobleman; money has enabled her parents to look up to a higher rank in society, and education has qualified her to appear to advantage in it. Do not therefore make yourselves wretched by perpetually recurring to days which may never return, but rather look to what is yet in your power. You may ensure respect from your neighbours by kindness and good will; but it will not be given to arrogance and contempt; they will feel their true position in society, and you cannot push them from it, though you may exclude yourselves, and shut up in solitude, may brood over fancied evils and affronts, until they assume the forms of real misfortune. Let me have the pleasure of being instrumental to a better feeling on your parts; meet the Trueman's at my house, and look on them with unprejudiced eyes; you will find the daughters modest, lady-like, and accomplished."

"They may probably appear so," said Miss Aspinall, "when we shall consider them so far worthy of our attention as to judge coolly of them; but we never have met that family any where voluntarily, and shall not begin now. All that you have said may be very true and very wise; but you have failed in convincing us, and in fact we are too old now to learn new habits and new opinions. I shall certainly advise my sister to decide on a removal to Bath; we shall not then be so surrounded by vulgar opulence, nor be so annoyed by disgusting plenty and good living as we are here. I am told that, in Bath, a little tea is the only refreshment required at their entertainments; and that, with respect to dress, it is considered as an instance of *mauvais ton* to be expensively attired; I therefore think we shall make up our minds soon to remove thither. The worst of it is, that it is a long journey, and we have been little used to travelling since we left the hall; for, having been always accustomed to four horses, we have not liked to move in an inferior manner."

"In that respect," said I, "you may at least be accommodated in your own way; I can tell you how you may get to Bath with four much finer horses than ever your father had to his carriage."

"But that," said Miss Lucretia, "will be terribly expensive."

"Not at all," said I; "the fare of the stage is by no means unreasonable."

"The stage!" screamed out both the ladies.

"Mr. Medley," said Miss Aspinall, with the colour mounting to her cheeks, and tears in her eyes, "you surely are mad; I would rather walk barefooted every step of the way than disgrace myself by being seen in such a conveyance. Who on earth, do you suppose, would ever visit us in Bath, if we were known to have entered it in such a vehicle?"

"In truth," said I, rising to take leave, "I am unfortunate in my proposals this morning; but I beg permission to observe, that you have not attended to the improvements which have taken place. Stages were formerly heavy unwieldy machines, with a huge basket behind, drawn by four sorry hacks, and filled by a very inferior description of persons. Now, on the contrary, they are well built and handsomely appointed carriages, drawn by some of the finest horses in the kingdom, and the outside passengers are frequently gentlemen, and sometimes men of rank and fashion. But, as I have other visits to make, I shall not at present dwell on this topic."

I then departed, and believe that I have not gained ground in the favour of the ladies by speaking truth to them; for advancing age parts reluctantly with prejudices of any kind, and self-love and self-consequence adhere to us more firmly than any other feelings; and to be beaten out of the last strong hold of pride and imagined importance is not pleasant; nor will the friend meet with much gratitude who opens our eyes, when the result is only, that we shall see our own faults and deficiencies, and the merits and advantages of our neighbours, in a more prominent point of view.

We hurry through life, fearful, as it would seem, of looking back, lest we should be turned, like Lot's wife, into pillars of salt. And, alas! if we did look back, very often we should see nothing but the blackened and smouldering ruins of our vices, the smoking Sodom and Gomorrah of the heart.

The progress of knowledge is slow, like the march of the sun. We cannot see him moving, but after a time we may perceive that he has moved onward.

Too much is seldom enough. Pumping after your bucket runs over, prevents its keeping full.

Beauty is perfection unmodified by a predominating expression.

Many persons seem to keep their hearts in their eyes; you come into both together, and so you go out of them.

A great man commonly disappoints those who visit him.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THREE SPELLS.

THREE spirits came at his natal hour,
On him to bestow their spells of power.
A sunny brightness was in the air,
And a clear light laugh was echoing there:
'Twas the Spirit of Gladness who first drew nigh—
Bright was the glance of her beaming eye,
And her joyous voice through the clear air rang
Like music, as thus her spell she sang:

"I come, o'er that heart of thine to throw
"A charm to shield thee from care and wo;
"The ills of life over thee shall pass
"As the vapour fitts that is breathed upon glass;
"And the world to thy joyous gaze shall wear
"An aspect for ever bright and fair;
"For my spell shall cast its gladdening hue
"O'er every object that meets thy view:
"All life's romance shall belong to thee,
"And nought of its dark reality:
"The phantom of sorrow shall quickly fly
"From the cheerful glance of thy sunny eye;
"For thy presence shall be as the coming of spring,
"New life to the withered heart to bring:
"The smile of thy lip shall have power to chase
"The gloom of grief from the mourner's face;
"And the heart shall forget its misery,
"While watching thy spirit's buoyancy.
"Be the spell which I give thee never broken—
"Thou art mine for ever—my charm is spoken!"

Scarcely was that bright spirit mute,
When a voice, like the breath of a mellow flute,
On the hushed air rose, so full and clear,
Like silver sounds from another sphere;
'Twas the witching Spirit of Melody,
Her every feature was harmony;
And music was e'en in the echo sweet
Of the lightest tread of her fairy feet.
She sang—and the air grew still as death,
As loth to lose her faintest breath:

"Oh! favoured one! unto thee I bring
"A spell which shall never know withering.
"The spirit of gladness hath shed its grace
"O'er every feature of thy bright face;
"But I come to give to thy voice's tone
"A charm which belongs unto me alone;
"Be its magic thine—my voice shall be heard
"In thy slightest tone, in thy lightest word:
"Music shall ring in thy laughter's tone
"With a clear glad sound, unfelt by none;
"And e'en in thy step's approach shall dwell
"The might and the magic that reign in my spell.
"To thy silvery voice shall belong the art
"To raise an echo in every heart."

She ceased—and a chillness was in the air
When her magical voice ceased to murmur there.
But lastly came the Spirit of Art,
To bind her spell round that youthful heart.
She came with an aspect coldly fair,
You could trace no feeling working there:
And thus she whispered:

"Be mine the spell
"To make thy feelings invisible;
"To mask thy heart from the world's keen gaze;
"And check each look that the soul betrays.
"No eye the thoughts of thy heart shall trace,
"They shall cast no shadow upon thy face,
"But around thee shall dwell a mystery
"To baffle the gazer's scrutiny;
"Yet the heart, which for ever a mask shall wear,
"Shall seem to have nothing hidden there,
"And nature appear to speak in each glance
"Of thy frank and fearless countenance;
"Thine open brow and mien shall express
"All youth's untutored artlessness;
"And the frankness which reigns in thy voice's tone,
"O'er thy looks, and speech, and smile, shall be thrown.
"None e'er shall gaze on thy face, and deem,
"Thy words and looks aught but what they seem;
"For the changes which flit o'er thy cheek and brow
"Shall seem every thought of the heart to avow.
"But they shall but deceive—for no eye shall trace
"Thy thoughts by the gladness or gloom of thy face;
"Yet the mask shall be hid—for it is the pride
"Of art, to appear to have nought to hide.
"Be thy thoughts and feelings inscrutable,
"And my power be thine—I have breathed my spell!"

It is well for us that we are born babes in intellect. Could we understand and reflect upon one half of what most mothers at that time say and do to us, we should draw conclusions in favour of our own importance, which would render us insupportable for years. Happy the boy whose mother is tired of talking nonsense to him before he is old enough to know the sense of it!

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

SUNSET.—Every lover of true poetry must remember the splendid conclusion of Bertram's narrative, in Sir Walter Scott's Rokeby.

"And now my race of terror run,
Mine be the eve of tropic sun!
No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay;
With disk, like battle target red,
He rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks to rest—and all is night."

Beautiful as this is, it would appear that the phenomenon on which it is founded has no existence. The following interesting remarks are extracted from the late Bishop Heber's Travels. It occurs in the diary of his voyage:

"September 18.—This evening we had a most beautiful sunset—the most remarkable recollected by any of the officers or passengers, and I think the most magnificent spectacle I ever saw. Besides the usual beautiful tints of crimson, flame-colour, &c. which the clouds displayed, and which were strongly contrasted with the deep blue of the sea, and the lighter, but equally beautiful blue of the sky, there were in the immediate neighbourhood of the sinking sun, and for some time after his disk had disappeared, large tracks of a pale translucent green, such as I had never seen before except in a prism, and surpassing every effect of paint, or glass, or gem. Every body on board was touched and awed by the glory of the scene, and many observed, that such a spectacle alone was worth the whole voyage from England. One circumstance in the scene struck me as different from all which I had been led to expect in a tropical sunset. I mean, that its progress from light to darkness was much more gradual than most travellers and philosophers have stated. The dip of the sun did not seem more rapid, nor did the duration of the tints on the horizon appear materially less, than on similar occasions in England. Neither did I notice any striking difference in the continuance of the twilight. I pointed out the fact to Major Sackville, who answered that he had long been convinced that the supposed rapidity of sunset and sunrise in India had been exaggerated—that he had always found a good hour between dawn and sunrise, and little less between sunset and total darkness. As, indeed, we are at present within three degrees of the line, we must, *a fortiori*, have witnessed the precipitancy of the sun, if it really existed any where, in a still greater degree than it can be witnessed in any part of Hindostan."

HOW TO PREPARE FOR A FLOGGING.—George S—, late a lieutenant in the United States army, was one of the most eccentric fellows in the world. When a boy, having incurred the displeasure of his father, the latter called him to an account, and after examining as to the why and wherefore of his misconduct, resolved on applying the rod, now more fashionably called "hickory." But, that the punishment might have the more salutary effect, instead of inflicting it immediately, he gave the culprit time to reflect and chew the bitter cud of repentance, made ten times more bitter by the anticipation of what was to follow. "George," said he, "you may go for the present, but prepare yourself early to-morrow, for the most severe flogging you ever had." George retired, and the next morning, bright and early, appeared before his father to undergo the execution of his sentence. "Take off your coat, George," was the stern command. Off went the coat, and the father, standing with the well-prepared hickory in his hand, observed that his son's back, from one extremity to the other, appeared unusually protuberant. "What have you got on your back?" said he. "My jacket," replied the boy. "Well, what have you got under it?" demanded the father. "A leather apron four double," answered the lad. "A leather apron, have you, indeed! and what's that for?" "Why, pa," said the youngster with a grave countenance, "you told me to prepare for a flogging, and I got as well prepared as I could." The angry father now turned away to hide a laugh, and the boy escaped a flogging by being so well prepared for it.

OBSTINACY AND PERSEVERANCE.—Obstinacy and perseverance, though often confounded, are two very different things; a man may be very obstinate, and yet not persevere. Obstinacy is resistance to truth; perseverance is a continuance in truth or error.

Poetry is to philosophy what the sabbath is to the remainder of the week.

VILLAGE SKETCHES.

AN OLD BACHELOR.

BY MISS MITFORD.

THERE is no effect of the subtle operation of the association of ideas more universal and more curious than the manner in which the most trivial circumstances recall particular persons to our memory. Sometimes these glances of recollection are purely pleasurable. Thus I have a double liking for May-day, as being the birth-day of a dear friend, whose fair idea bursts upon me with the first sunbeam of that glad morning; and I can never hear certain airs of Mozart and Handel without seeming to catch an echo of that sweetest voice in which I first learnt to love them. Pretty often, however, the point of association is less elegant, and occasionally it is tolerably ludicrous. We happened to-day to have for dinner a couple of wild ducks, the first of the season; and as the master of the house, who is so little of an epicure that I am sure he would never while he lived, out of its feathers, know a wild duck from a tame—whilst he, with a little affectation of science, was squeezing the lemon and mixing Cayenne pepper with the gravy, two of us exclaimed in a breath, "Poor Mr. Sidney!" "Ay," rejoined the squeezer of lemons, "poor Sidney! I think he would have allowed that these ducks were done even to half a turn." And then he told the story more elaborately to a young visiter, to whom Mr. Sidney was unknown; how, after eating the best parts of a couple of wild ducks, which all the company pronounced to be the finest and the best dressed wild ducks ever brought to table, that judicious critic in the gastronomic art limited the too sweeping praise, by gravely asserting, that the birds were certainly excellent, and that the cookery would have been excellent also, had they not been roasted half a turn too much. Mr. Sidney has been dead these fifteen years; but no wild ducks have ever appeared on our homely board without recalling that observation. It is his memorable saying; his one good thing.

Mr. Sidney was, as might be conjectured, an epicure; he was also an old bachelor, a clergyman, and senior fellow of — College, a post which he had long filled, being, although only a second son, so well provided for that he could afford to reject living after living in expectation of one favourite rectory, to which he had taken an early fancy from the pleasantness of the situation and the imputed salubrity of the air. Of the latter quality, indeed, he used to give an instance, which, however satisfactory as confirming his prepossession, could hardly have been quite agreeable, as preventing him from gratifying it; namely, the extraordinary and provoking longevity of the incumbent, who, at upwards of ninety, gave no sign of decay, and bade fair to emulate the age of old Parr.

Whilst waiting for the expected living, Mr. Sidney, who disliked a college residence, built himself a very pretty house in our neighbourhood, which he called his home; and where he lived, as much as a love of Bath, and Brighton, and London, and lords, would let him. He counted many noble families amongst his near connexions, and passed a good deal of his time at their country seats—a life for which he was by character and habit peculiarly fitted.

In person he was a tall, stout, gentlemanly man, "about fifty, or by'r lady, inclining to threescore," with fine features, a composed gravity of countenance and demeanour, a bald head most accurately powdered, and a very graceful bow—quite the pattern of an elderly man of fashion. His conversation was in excellent keeping with the calm imperturbability of his countenance, and the sedate gravity of his manner—smooth, dull, common-place, exceedingly safe, and somewhat imposing. He spoke so little, that people really fell into the mistake of imagining that he

thought, and the tone of decision with which he would advance some second-hand opinion, was well calculated to confirm the mistake. Gravity was certainly his chief characteristic, and yet it was not a clerical gravity either. He had none of the generic marks of his profession. Although perfectly decorous in life, and word, and thought, no stranger ever took Mr. Sidney for a clergyman. He never did any duty any where, that ever I heard of, except the agreeable duty of saying grace before dinner; and even that was often performed by some lay host, in pure forgetfulness of his guest's ordination. Indeed, but for the direction of his letters, and an eye to — Rectory, I am persuaded that the circumstance might have slipped out of his own recollection.

His quality of old bachelor was more perceptible. There lurked under all his polish, well covered but not concealed, the quiet selfishness, the little whims, the precise habits, the primness and priggishness of that disconsolate condition. His man, Andrews, for instance, valet, groom, and body-servant abroad; butler, cook, caterer, and major-domo at home; tall, portly, powdered and black-coated as his master, and like him in all things but the knowing pig-tail which stuck out horizontally above his shirt-collar, giving a ludicrous dignity to his appearance. Andrews, who, constant as the dial pointed nine, carried up his chocolate and shaving-water, and regular as "the chimneys at midnight," prepared his white-wine whey; who never forgot his gouty shoe in travelling—once for two days he had a slight touch of that gentlemanly disorder—and never gave him the newspaper unaired; to whom could this jewel of a valet, this matchless piece of clock-work belong, but an old bachelor? And his little dog Viper, unparagoned of terriers, black, sleek, sharp, and shrewish; who would beg and sneeze, and fetch and carry like a Christian; eat olives, and sweetmeats, and mustard; drink coffee, and wine, and liqueurs—who but an old bachelor could have taught Viper his multifarious accomplishments?

Little Viper was a most useful person in his way; for although Mr. Sidney was a very creditable acquaintance to meet on the king's highway—your dull man, if he rides well, should never think of dismounting—or even on the level ground of a carpet, in the crowd of a large party; yet when he happened to drop in to take a family dinner—a pretty frequent habit of his when in the country—then Viper's talents were inestimable in relieving the *ennui* occasioned by that grave piece of gentility, his master, "not only dull in himself, but the cause of *dulness* in others." Any thing to pass away the heavy hours, till whist or piquet relieved the female world from his intolerable silence.

In other respects these visits were sufficiently perplexing. Every housewife can tell what a formidable guest is an epicure who comes to take pot-luck—how sure it is to be bad luck, especially when the unfortunate hostess lives five miles from a market town. Mr. Sidney always came unseasonably, on washing-day, or Saturday, or the day before a great party. So sure as we had a scrap dinner, so sure came he. My dear mother, who with true benevolence and hospitality cared much for her guest's comfort and nothing for her own pride, used to grieve over his discomfort, and try all that could be done by potted meats and omelettes, and little things tossed up on a sudden to amend the bill of fare. But cookery is an obstinate art, and will have its time—however you may force the component parts, there is no forcing a dinner. Mr. Sidney had the evil habit of arriving just as the last bell rang; and in spite of all the hurry-scurry in the kitchen department, the new niceties and the old homely dishes were sure to disagree. There was a total want of keeping. The kickshaws were half raw, the solids were mere rags; the vegetables were cold, the soup was scalding; no shallots to

the rump-steaks; no mushrooms with the broiled chicken; no fish, no oysters, no ice, no pineapple. Poor Mr. Sidney! He must have had a great regard for us to put up with our bad dinners.

Perhaps the chance of a rubber had something to do with his visits to our house. If there be such a thing as a ruling passion, the love of whist was his. Cards were not merely the amusement, but the business of his life. I do not mean as a money-making speculation; for although he belonged to a fashionable club in London, and to every card-meeting of decent gentility within reach of his country-home, he never went beyond a regular moderate stake, and could not be induced to bet, even by the rashest defier of calculation, or the most provoking undervaluer of his play. It always seemed to me that he regarded whist as far too important and scientific a pursuit to be degraded into an affair of gambling. It had in his eyes all the dignity of a study; an acquirement equally gentlemanly and clerical. It was undoubtedly his test of ability. He had the value of a man of family and a man of the world for rank, and wealth, and station, and dignities of all sorts. No human being entertained a higher respect for a king, a prince, a prime minister, a duke, a bishop, or a lord. But these were conventional feelings. His genuine and unfeigned veneration was reserved for him who played a good rubber, a praise he did not easily give. He was a capital player himself, and held all his country competitors, except one, in supreme and undisguised contempt, which they endured to admiration. I wonder they did not send him to Coventry. He was the most disagreeable partner in the world, and nearly as unpleasant an adversary; for he not only enforced the Pythagorean law of science, which makes one hate whist so, but used to distribute quite impartially to every one at table, little disagreeable observations on every card they played. It was not scolding, or grumbling, or fretting; one has a sympathy with those expressions of feeling, and at the worst can scold again; it was a smooth polite commentary on the errors of the party, delivered in the calm tone of undoubted superiority, with which a critic will sometimes take a small poet, or a batch of poets, to task in a review. How the people could bear it!—but the world is a good-natured world, and does not like a man the less for treating it scornfully.

So passed six evenings out of the seven with Mr. Sidney, for it was pretty well known that, on the rare occurrence of his spending a day at home without company, his fac-totum Andrews used to have the honour of being beaten by his master in a snug game at double dummy; but what he did with himself on Sunday occasioned me some speculation. Never in my life did I see him take up a book, although he sometimes talked of Shakspeare and Milton, and Johnson and Burke, in a manner which proved that he had heard of such things; and as to the newspaper, which he did read, that was generally connoed over long before night; besides, he never exhibited spectacles, and I have a notion that he could not read newspaper type at night without them. How he could possibly get through the after-coffee hours on a Sunday, puzzled me long. Chance solved the problem. He came to call on us after church, and agreed to dine and sleep at our house. The moment tea was over, without the slightest apology or attempt at conversation, he drew his chair to the fire, set his feet on the fender, and fell fast asleep in the most comfortable and orderly manner possible. It was evidently a weekly habit. Every sense and limb seemed composed to it. Viper looked up in his face, curled himself round on the hearth rug, and went to sleep too; and Andrews, just as the clock struck twelve, came in to wake him, that he might go to bed. It was clearly an invariable custom; a settled thing.

His house, and grounds were kept in the neatest

manner possible. There was something even disagreeable in the excessive nicety, the Dutch preciseness of the shining gravel walks, the smooth shaven turf of the lawn, and the fine-sifted mould of the shrubberies. A few dead leaves or scattered flowers, even a weed or two, any thing to take away from the artificial toy-like look of the place, would have been an improvement. Mr. Sidney, however, did not think so. He actually caused his gardener to remove those littering plants called roses and gum cistus. Other flowers fared little better. No sooner were they in bloom, than he pulled them up, for fear they should drop. In-doors, matters were still worse. The rooms and furniture were very handsome, abounding in the luxurious Turkey carpets, the sofas, easy chairs, and ottomans, which his habits required; and yet I never in my life saw any house which looked less comfortable. Every thing was so constantly in its place, so provokingly in order, so full of naked nicety, so thoroughly old-bachelorish. No work! no books! no music! no flowers! But for those two things of life, Viper and a sparkling fire, one might have thought the place uninhabited. Once a year, indeed, it gave signs of animation, in the shape of a Christmas party. That was Mr. Sidney's shining time. Nothing could exceed the smiling hospitality of the host, or the lavish profusion of the entertainment. It breathed the very spirit of a welcome splendidly liberal; and little Viper frisked and bounded, and Andrews' tail vibrated—I was going to say wagged—with cordiality and pleasure. Andrews, on these occasions, laid aside his "customary black," in favour of a blue coat and a white silk court waistcoat, with a light running pattern of embroidery and silver spangles, assumed to do honour to his master and the company. How much he enjoyed the applause which the wines and the cookery elicited from the gentlemen; and how anxiously he would direct the ladies' attention to a MS. collection of riddles, the compilation of some deceased countess, laid on the drawing-room table for their amusement between dinner and tea! Once, I remember, he carried his attention so far as to produce a gone-by toy, called a bandalore, for the recreation of myself and another little girl, admitted by virtue of the Christmas holidays to this annual festival. Poor Andrews! I am convinced that he considered the entertainment of the visitors quite as much his affair as his master's; and certainly they both succeeded. Never did parties pass more pleasantly. On those evenings Mr. Sidney even forgot to find fault at whist.

At last, toward the end of a severe winter, during which he had suffered much from repeated colds, the rectory of — became vacant, and our worthy neighbour hastened to take possession. The day before his journey, he called on us in the highest spirits, anticipating a renewal of health and youth in this favourite spot, and approaching nearer than I had ever heard him to a jest on the subject of looking out for a wife. Married or single, he made us promise to visit him during the ensuing summer. Alas! long before the summer arrived, our poor friend was dead. He had waited for this living thirty years; he did not enjoy it thirty days.

WRITING DOWN A FACE.—"I once," says a late traveller in Italy, "asked a Neapolitan fisherman to sit for me to paint him. He did not in the least understand the nature of my proposition; but, after some difficulties on his side, and many assurances on mine that I would not hurt him, he consented, and followed me. When I had finished, his astonishment at beholding his portrait was amusing; and, descending with me to the street, I heard him exclaim to his comrades, 'that Signore has written down my face.' So high is their idea of writing, that they can imagine no superior or more lofty name for what appears to them a similar sort of conjuration."

THE DRAMA.

SEVEN YEARS OF THE KING'S THEATRE.

BY JOHN EBERS, MANAGER.

This is the title of an amusing work which has recently been republished in this country. It is not necessary that we should follow Mr. Ebers through his long narrations of his arrangements with singers and dancers, his embassies to Naples and to Paris, his correspondence with Lord Fife and Lord Bruce, his manifold vexations from pretended colds and alleged hoarseness; and, above all, the doleful particulars of his falling receipts and his rising rent. His philosophy triumphed over all these troubles. See how calmly he takes unavoidable evils:

"Could the situation of manager—he says—be divested of the cares and difficulties inherent in it, it would not be devoid of pleasure, in mingling with characters strongly marked, and often highly interesting. But, as it is impossible to reconcile inconsistencies, he who embarks on the sea of management must be content to enjoy such rare moments of calm and sunshine as mingle with the storms to which he is exposed. For myself, I have rarely failed, even when most surrounded with difficulties, to make the most of the pleasant places into which my path has occasionally led, and have found in management, as in the universal business of life, that the best guardian against calamity is a disposition to be happy when in my power, and quietly to acquiesce when misfortune is inevitable."

The troubles of a manager are partly exemplified in the account of a rehearsal.

"This word summons up, to all practically acquainted with its meaning, a scene beyond description. If the performances of a theatre are intended to represent the truth of human nature, a rehearsal is the living reality—the scene where the veil is rent in twain, and all the turmoil laid open to the view, which can be produced by the undisguised operations of vanity, self-love, and jealousy. The fabled crowds who petitioned heaven to allot their parts in life otherwise than fate had cast them, are but a type of the inmates of a theatre behind the scenes, when contending for prominent characters in an opera. Perhaps with the very first performers there is not much of this, as their right to the principal parts cannot be disputed. But dire is the struggle among all below. A part rather better than another is an apple of contention which, to manager, director, and conductor, proves a most bitter fruit. As every person likes to have that character which may best serve, not the general effect of the piece or the interests of the theatre, but his or her own object in making the greatest display possible; and, as non-concession is the permanent rule of the place, the opera is placed in the pleasing predicament of being able neither to get one way nor the other. The *prima donna*, whose part is settled, attends the rehearsal, and the *seconda*, being displeased with her own station in the piece, will not go on; and the first lady, indignant at being detained to no purpose, goes away, and the business is detained for the day. If the manager is positive, the lady falls ill. Biagioli, being refused a part she wanted in 'Elisa e Claudio,' took to her bed for two days, in consequence—as she said—of being so afflicted by my decision. The refusal to proceed is the more effectual engine, because it puts all the rest of the company out of humour at their time being occupied needlessly; all complain, and a dialogue goes on, in which every body talks at once; and probably three different languages at least being simultaneously employed by different speakers, the result may be conceivable, but not expressible. The *signori* protest, the *signore* exclaim; the choruses are wonderfully in concert in their lamentations; the director commands, intreats, stamps, and swears, with equal success; and in the midst of the Babel, the gentlemen of the orchestra, who wish all the singers at the devil, endeavour to get over the business of the day by playing on without the vocal music. The leader of the orchestra, finding all ineffectual, puts on his hat, and walks away, followed by violins, basses, trombones, and kettle-drums, *en masse*, and the scene at length concludes as it may, the manager, composer, and director, being left to calculate together on the progress of business."

Mr. Ebers appears to be a tasteful judge of personal beauty, as well as of singing and acting. Of Ronzi de Begnis he seems to be a fervent admirer.

"Who," he exclaims, "does not know her as the model

of beauty? Perhaps no performer was ever more enthusiastically admired. Her beauty came on the spectator at once, electric and astonishing. You did not study her, or trace out feature by feature, till you grew warmed into admiration; one look fixed. Her personal perfection took the more sure hold, because it was not of the ordinary stamp. Her features, but not her complexion, were Italian. The characteristic of the latter was a fairness so perfect as to be almost dazzling, the more so, because so palpably set off by the glossy blackness of her hair. Her face was beautiful and full of intelligence, and made almost eloquent by the incessant brilliance of eyes, large, black, and expressive, and in which the playful and the passionate by turns predominated; either expression seemed so natural to them, that it seemed for the time incapable of being displaced by another as suitable and as enchanting. Her mouth was so delightfully formed that she took care never to disfigure it, and whatever she sang, she never forgot this care. Her figure, if a little more slender, would have been perfect; perhaps it was not less pleasing because it inclined to exceed the proportions to which a statuary would have confined its swell. The form, when at rest, did not seem a lively one, but when in action it appeared perfectly buoyant, so full of spirit, so redundant with life. The exquisite outline of her swelling throat, penciled, when she sang, with the blue tinge of its full veins, admitted no parallel; it was rich and full—ineffectual terms to convey an idea of its beauty. But to be thought of justly, she must be seen."

To the wife of Rossini he assigns great professional merit, but not without a deficiency in an important respect.

"This lady had for many years been one of the most celebrated performers on the continent. By birth she was a Spaniard, and had almost become an Italian by adoption. She was herself a composer, and well versed in her science. Early in life she had acquired considerable reputation; a voice of a most charming quality and compass had united with superior personal endowments to give *éclat* to her performances. She was a wonderful favourite with the king of Naples. Her name was a party word, and the royalists showed their attachment to the monarch by applauding the singer. A gentleman from the country went to the theatre with a friend, a Neapolitan. On coming away, the Englishman asked his friend whether he liked Madame Colbran. 'Like her! I am a royalist,' was the reply. When the revolutionists succeeded, they vented all their spleen against Colbran. Her appearance was the signal of uproar. A vehement member of the party laboured a whole evening in showing his disapprobation, exclaiming at every pause which the violence of his exertions compelled him to make, 'It is our turn now—now we can hiss!'"

The constitutionalists were suppressed, and Colbran regained her station.

"Her figure was stately and commanding, fit for the representation of queens and heroines. In such characters her powers chiefly appeared, but in the pathetic she was deficient. Much of her power she retained on her visit here; but it was said by those who had before been familiar with her singing, that lapse of years—for she was now forty—had perceptibly influenced the tone and scale of her voice. There was something in the tone of her voice, of more powerful effect than I remember to have heard in any other, and her taste was perfect. It was when enamoured of Madame Colbran that Rossini composed many of his best operas, the first soprano part of each being written for her."

Beside doing justice to the excellence of Camporese as an actress and a singer, he extols the goodness of her heart, and relates this anecdote of her:

"An intimate acquaintance waited on her one morning to make a request. In the hospital for the insane at Milan, a man was confined, literally *fanatico per musica*; he had lost his senses on the failure of an opera, in which the labour of the composer was greater than the excellence of his music. This unfortunate man had, by some accident, heard of Camporese, whose fame filled the city, and immediately conceived a very strong wish to hear her sing. For a while his representations passed unnoticed; he grew ungovernable, and was obliged to be fastened to his bed. In this state, Camporese's friend had beheld him. She was dressing for an evening party, when this representation was made to her. She paused a moment on hearing it; then throwing a cloak over her shoulders, said, 'Come then.' 'Whither?' 'To the hospital.' 'But why? there

is no occasion to go now—to-morrow, or the next day.' 'To-morrow—no, indeed, if I can do this poor man good, let me go instantly.' And they went. Being shown into a room, separated from that of the maniac only by a thin wall, Camporese began to sing one of Haydn's melodies. The attendants in the next room observed their patient suddenly become less violent, then composed; at last he burst into tears. The singer now entered, sat down, and sang again. When she had concluded, the poor composer took from under the bed a torn sheet of paper, scored with an air of his own composition, and handed it to her. There were no words, and there was nothing in the music; but Camporese running it over, sang it to some words of Metastasio, with such sweetness that the music seemed excellent. 'Sing it me once more,' said the maniac. She did so, and departed amidst his prayers and the tears of the spectators."

Pasta, whose fame is now so high, was in no great estimation during the earlier part of her career.

"Her progress affords a prominent instance of the effects of study and sedulous cultivation. On her first appearance at the King's theatre, in 1817, little was thought of her talents, and, if not condemned, she was neglected, and suffered to depart at the end of the season without having experienced encouragement. On most performers this negative failure would have operated to extinguish the latent flame of genius and capability. Pasta withdrew, and, retiring to Italy, devoted herself unremittingly to the study of her science, and the improvement of her voice. Her genius is undoubtedly real, for she must have felt it; nothing but the full consciousness of what she might become could have strengthened her to the endurance of the cold disregard with which her commencement had been encountered. Whilst in Italy, an English nobleman who saw her there said, that her exertions were unremitting: 'Other singers,' he said, 'find themselves endowed with a voice, and leave every thing else to chance; this woman leaves nothing to chance, and her success is, therefore, certain.'

"After a lapse of four years thus employed, she made her appearance in France, and the Parisians at once felt and acknowledged her worth; though it was, perhaps, hardly to have been expected that her severe and inartificial representation would have found favour in the eyes of a people so devoted to an arbitrary style of acting and expression."

A star of the last season—Mademoiselle Sontag—seems to have fascinated Mr. Ebers; but it is absurd to confound admiration with worship. When Dr. Robertson said that he was almost ready to worship Dr. Johnson, Boswell properly animadverted on the impropriety of the declaration.

"Wherever Sontag went, the estimation of her beauty and her talent was the same. The sentiment excited toward her in the earlier part of her career was that of astonishment, which was succeeded by unbounded admiration. A crowd of worshippers attended her footsteps, and many were the romantic tales in circulation about her. One of these denoted her as the destined bride of a German prince; another bestowed her on an ambassador at the French court."

A report of more interest was retailed to me; its purport is as follows:

"A few years ago, an attachment subsisted between the beautiful Henriette and a young student of good family and excellent character. His application, learning, and abilities, had gained him the highest estimation at Jena; but his mistress valued him more because he had maintained an unsullied reputation, keeping free from the excesses in which other youths of the university too frequently indulged. In an evil hour, under the excitement proceeding from having obtained some academic honour, the student was induced to indulge beyond his wont in the festivals of the table; and, as one temptation, yielded to, levels the path for another, he was led to play: unaccustomed to games, he rose from the table a loser of five hundred florins. The report quickly spread; but his mistress received the information from a better source—the lover himself wrote to her, with the confession of his error. 'I still love you,' was the reply; 'but you are no longer the same, and we must not meet again. Farewell.'

"An Italian gentleman at Paris, the firmest item of whose creed was that none but Italians could sing well, refused to admit that Sontag—whom he had never heard—could at all equal the singers of Italy. With great difficulty he

was induced to hear her. After listening five minutes, he rose to depart. 'But do stay,' said his friend; 'you will be convinced presently.' 'I know it,' said the Italian, 'and therefore I go.'"

When we are viewing the galaxy of vocalism, Signor Velluti ought not to be neglected:

"At Milan he was the idol of the people; he was received *con furore*, and his fame spread on every side. A Milanese gentleman, who had a rich uncle dangerously ill, was met in the street by a friend, who asked, 'Where are you going?' 'To the Scala, to be sure.' 'How! Your uncle is at the point of death.' 'Yes, but Velluti sings to-night.'"

"At Vienna he was still more flattered; he was crowned, medalised, and recorded in immortal verse. His next remove was to Venice, where, I believe, he sang with Catalani. He sang, at Verona, the cantata, *Il vero Omaggio*, with wonderful success. Every body applauded except an old Austrian officer, who thought nothing good out of Germany. 'But is not this good?' they said to him. 'Yes, it is good—but I know a man at Vienna who would sing it as loud again!' After going the tour of the principal Italian and German theatres, Velluti arrived at Paris, where the musical taste was not prepared for him. Rossini being at that time engaged at Paris as a director of the opera, Velluti did not enter into his plans; and, having made no engagement there, he came over to England without any invitation, but strongly recommended by Lord Burghersh and other persons of distinction."

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

LETTER OF ADVICE.

"Enfin, monsieur, un homme aimable
"Voilà pourquoi je ne saurais l'aimer."

You tell me you're promised a lover,
My own Araminta, next week;
Why cannot my fancy discover
The hue of his coat and his cheek?
Alas! if he look like another,
A vicar, a banker, a beau,
Be deaf to your father and mother,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he wears a top-boot in his wooling,
If he comes to you riding a cob,
If he talks of his baking or brewing,
If he puts up his feet on the hob,
If he ever drinks port after dinner,
If his brow or his breeding is low,
If he calls himself "Thompson," or "Skinner,"
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he studies the news in the papers,
While you are preparing the tea,
If he talks of the damps and the vapours,
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,
If he's sleepy while you are capricious,
If he has not a musical "Oh!"
If he does not call Werter delicious,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he ever sets foot in the city,
Among the stockbrokers and Jews,
If he has not a heart full of pity,
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,
If his lips are not redder than roses,
If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of noses,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he likes not to hear the blast blow,
If he knows not the language of flowers,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

He must walk like a god of old story,
Come down from the home of his rest;
He must smile like the sun in his glory,
On the buds he loves ever the best;
And oh, from its ivory portal,
Like music, his soft speech must flow!
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,
Don't hear what they tell of his birth,
Don't look at his seat in the county,
Don't calculate what he is worth;
But give him a theme to write verse on,
And see if he turns out his toe;
If he's only an excellent person,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

THE HUMORIST.

SERENADING.

I HAVE read that serenading, in Spain, is one of the principal means a lover has to gain admittance both to the presence and heart of his "most adorable." I have often wished to try the same experiment on one of the most beautiful, bright, benignant, blessed women under heaven, with whom, alas, I have the misfortune to be deeply, distractedly, and delightedly in love; now be it known this lady's name is Barbara Baker. How I have tried to gain this damsel's affections I blush to acknowledge; but I fear I have made no more impression than if I had not spoiled so many quires of paper in sonnets, stanzas, impromptus, &c. which have, one and all, been addressed to this divine deceiver; some comparing her to an angel for sweetness of temper, and others to Nero for cruelty; but all would not do; she was impenetrable, and I was a fool.

One day, after having coursed over the first and last verses of a poetic epistle I had written and given her—which my maiden aunt declared to be quite moving—she turned round on her heel, saying, all the poetry I had sent her would turn out to be *blank verse*. Then I plainly saw poetry was not the thing, as she was ignorant of the difference between blank verse and rhyme. What might vocal eloquence do? I studied a speech which would have melted any other woman's heart, and hastened to her abode. There she sat very innocently, playing with and twisting her curls into a thousand different forms; and a man, ye gods! a man whispering something in her ear, which seemed to embarrass her, and leaving upon her cheek a colour that would have shamed a rose, and made it look more like a lily. I bowed twice ere they saw me: another bend, and they heard a scrape of my foot on the floor, and I begging, hemming, hoping I did not intrude. She twisted her chair rather more to the right, I being on the *left side*: and he a tall, over-reaching fellow of an officer of the guards, at least six feet high, walked round the room on pretence of examining some pictures of the barbarous girl's painting, and seeing no chance of any conversation as matters now stood, I resolved "to screw my courage to the sticking place," and began thus—

"Madam, I fear I intrude, hem! hem! I beg pardon—but I thought you were alone, or I would not have——"

"Well, sir, you see I am not alone."

"Madam, I see and feel—madam, you are false. Feelings that have taken root in the soul, and nourished, as I thought, by your affection, are blasted in the bud, for which I have to thank your falsehood."

The captain drew near enough to hear this, and giving his sword a most murderous-like twist, exclaimed,

"If you, sir, have any thing to communicate to this lady, I should feel happy if you would transfer it to me:" he stared me impudently in the face, expecting an answer.

I showed my contempt by bowing slightly to Barbara, and left the room. When I arrived at the street-door, I found I had left my hat behind, and gave the servant a shilling to fetch it—returned home, and on placing it on the peg, a curled greasy pink paper dropped, which, on a close examination, I found to be one of my last addresses to her on satin note paper, which had evidently been used instead of candle ornaments.

Weeks rolled on, and still I dared not venture out. I remained alone in my study, the victim of misery.

One day I had been dozing in my arm-chair: I dreamt by a manly exertion I had displaced the captain in the affections of Barbara. I awoke, by the servant entering to announce dinner. Being rather loquacious, I asked him the news.

"Nothing stirring, sir: but Betty, the housemaid at Mrs. Baker's, says, she thinks Captain Hornsby is a very deceitful fellow, and has a wife already."

"Leave the room, John. It must be so; Johnny, thou reasonest well."

My dream and hope of happiness to come, all conspired to make me happy beyond all bounds; the *hopes* moved heavier than I had ever known them before. I waited in anxious expectation for night, when I should awake Barbara from her blissful dreams by the soft tones of my grandmother's guitar and a lover's voice.

Night came. I wrapt my instrument beneath my coat just as the clock struck eleven, and hastened through cold and snow to the abode of the blessed Barbara. I trusted

wholly to my extempore powers of versification, for I did not doubt that love and blissful hope would inspire my soul with song. A light glimmered through the curtains of her bed-room, and at last was extinguished. I took my station beneath the window, and strung my harp to this soft measure:

Hist! hist! awake, love, your lover's below,
Chilled by the cold and a great coat of snow;
Your aunt's sleeping soundly, and will not awake—
O! why wilt thou let me thus shiver and shake?

Hist! hist! awake, love, the watch draweth near,
And doubly I tremble with cold and with fear;
Should I say, love, I'm striking the lyre for you,
I've reason to fear he'd strike me for one too.

Hist! hist! awake, love, for I must depart;
The snow or your coldness have chilled my heart;
Farewell to thee, love, may bliss o'er thee hover,
I return to my home, a snow-clad lover.

I returned to my home, indeed, in a pretty pickle, and went to bed, and the next morning had the rheumatism, and a note from Captain Hornsby, saying he pitied me; but when I wished to disturb the street by my "cater-wauling," I should go a little farther up or down, as there would be less chance of getting a pistol bullet through my brain; and as he had the preceding day been married to Miss Barbara Baker, he should thank me to cease my foolery!

I scorned to answer this letter, and therefore left town immediately, for I could not bear to see Barbara blest with another; though some were base enough to insinuate it was my fear of Captain Hornsby.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE next number of the Mirror will be embellished with a highly-finished engraving of St. John's chapel, drawn by J. A. Davis, and executed by W. D. Smith.

MASQUERADES.

"—Liberty unbars her prison-door,
And, like a rushing torrent, out they fly,
And now the grassy cinque have covered o'er,
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
"A thousand ways in wanton rings they run—
"Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes, I implore!"

Admirable as the above description is of the eagerness with which children quit the loosened bonds of school discipline, and fly to the enjoyment of unrestrained play, it will apply, with equal point, to the conduct of those children of larger growth, who seized the very first moment after the expiration of the law prohibiting masquerades, to rush with impetuous ardour, and high-wrought curiosity, to these long-denied sports. Theatre after theatre has now been crowded to excess with the beauty and the chivalry, the gallantry and the fashion, of this huge city; and strange, and novel, and, in many respects, delightful, has been the metamorphosis which the scenery and the personages have undergone, under the magic influence of the spirit of romance. To age have been restored its long-lost freshness, its black curls and ruddy cheeks, its elastic step and high-bounding frolics; to him who has long been pent up within the narrow precincts of the mercantile warehouse, have been given the freedom, and the noble bearing, and the high port of the knight of the crusades; the shopkeeper has turned king; the simpering miss has sighed herself into a love-sick nymph; and yon portly Bardolph, whose nose has lit him the way this many a live-long night, from late tavern to still later, has ensconced himself behind the grand insignia of Cardinal Woolsey. And see, who comes here? A monk!—what, thou a monk!—thou, who these fifteen years hast regularly rung out the sonorous nasal twang in a right orthodox protestant desk—is it come to this? Mark thy punishment. Here is thy ancient mistress, whose treble voice so oft lifted up thy aspirations on its ethereal flight to heaven—here is she, turned Jewess! And what though she be Rebecca? Wilt thou not treat her as Ivanhoe did, heartlessly and faithlessly? I fear it. Turn ye, and make way for these galliard Spanish knights and ladies fair—see how gayly they dance the joyous bolero—they who, much as they have admired in thought the sunny skies and fair landscapes of the land of Pelayo, have shuddered with horror at the bare recital of her horrible inquisition, her gloomy dungeons, and impenetrable castles. Yet now they are dons and senoras. Strange fantasies! A Turk, too!—an infidel; one who assisted at the barbarous murder of the aged patriarch, who imbrued his hands in the blood of the fair captives of Missi-

longhi, and who still curls his mustachios with proud disdain as he hears the empty threats of the haughty and defeated Russ. Come, we shall have no appetite for the festival. Away! away!

"To turn to something of more serious method:" The excitement and curiosity natural to these novel entertainments will soon wear away; and we hope that, as good sense and prudence take once more the place awhile allotted to the dominion of idle, though pleasurable fancies, all good citizens, and their fair companions, will agree in the policy of once more prohibiting these expensive, and, when too general, dangerous amusements.

Broadway and Fourth Avenue.—It was our intention to offer no farther observations on this subject, presuming enough had already been said to enlist the public on our side, and satisfy them of the correctness of our views. Wiser heads, and those especially who are entrusted with the management of our municipal concerns, we had hoped would be the cheerful and zealous advocates of a project fraught with deeply interesting consequences to the city. We have frankly avowed, that in the issue of it we had nothing at stake, beyond what is in common with our fellow-citizens at large. But we deem it of too much importance in its various relations to this community, to be allowed to pass off without a few additional remarks, more particularly since having understood it had met with some marked opposition.

It has been suggested to us by a gentleman of respectability and influence, whose views not only coincide with, but are far more comprehensive than our own, that inasmuch as the accomplishment of this desirable plan would probably lead to a concentration of wealth, and splendour, and beauty, greatly exceeding our anticipations; and, considering that Broadway is not less the admiration of strangers than it is justly the pride of the citizens; that, after a junction between it and the avenue shall have been effected—which can now so easily be done, and at so small an expense—the name, which is at once so appropriate and significant, should designate the whole line from the Battery to Harlem river, and that it should be known and distinguished by no other appellation than that of **BROADWAY**. In this we heartily concur; nor are we without the conviction that the great body of the citizens would give it their cordial assent. The honour, the reputation, and the future grandeur of the city, not less than the convenience and the thousand nameless advantages it would beget, all unite in recommending this subject to the deliberate and sober contemplation of our whole population. We feel persuaded that a little inquiry and reflection would be sufficient to insure their unqualified approbation of the proposition. In truth, it strikes us as being one of those self-evident things which require no argument to illustrate their utility. Whatever may be thought of it, we are free to express our settled belief, that should the scheme miscarry, it will hereafter be a source of deep regret and disappointment, and cannot fail to remain a standing reproach to the common council, and an indelible stigma upon every member who should be instrumental in its rejection. Indeed, it would become the solemn duty of the people to search into the matter: and if so important an improvement should be found to have been defeated through interested or selfish motives, it ought to receive, as it most assuredly would, the severest animadversion. No man who had been base enough to sacrifice the fairest interests of an extensive and growing metropolis, to promote his personal aggrandizement, or to gratify his cupidity, ought ever to be permitted again to enter the hall of the legislative council. Such a transaction would deserve to be published at the corners of the streets, and proclaimed from the house tops.

As respects the link which should connect Broadway with the Fourth Avenue, two reasons, among many others, present themselves, which we think entitled to some weight. It will be seen that a portion of the distance would comprise the old Bowery-road, which would produce no interference with any one; and in order that the owners of lots on the unmeaning and shapeless appendage to Broadway may sustain no loss in their property, part of the street might remain open, and be built upon by those who should wish for a residence there: and if the value of the property bestowed upon the corporation as a bonus for this *scandalous deformity*, is more than adequate to the fair benefits that ought to result from it, then we hesitate not to say, that the corporation are bound in good faith to make reasonable restitution to its former owners. This is plain

logic, and cannot fail to be understood by every man of plain sense. We now take leave of the subject, trusting that our public guardians will be admonished by the numberless evils entailed upon us by means of former errors, and show their wisdom in the adoption of a more enlightened policy.

College of Pharmacy.—The public will be gratified to learn that the apothecaries of this city have united themselves into an association under the above title, for the laudable purpose of improving the sale of drugs, and elevating the character of those engaged therein. We believe that the medical society has the honour of originating the measure, and in a manner so unexceptionable, that it has met with the hearty concurrence of every respectable druggist in town. They have, accordingly, adopted a constitution, and established rules by which all persons ignorant of the nature and properties of drugs and medicines shall, hereafter, be excluded from following the business, to the great risk and detriment of society at large. This subject recommends itself to the attentive consideration and support of the citizens.

The Marriage of Figaro.—Unusual efforts have been made at the Park theatre, of late, to attract full and fashionable audiences, and they have not been unsuccessful. The enterprise and spirit of the manager have been duly appreciated, and, notwithstanding the diverting excitement which has so extensively prevailed in relation to the masquerades, the claims of song and comedy have not been overlooked. Mr. Horn. Mrs. Austin, Madame Feron, and Miss George, have been appearing in the same pieces, and, aided by the usually successful attempts to please of the stock-actors, lent a charm to the performances of this house which is seldom, if ever, surpassed elsewhere. The "Marriage of Figaro" went off with uncommon eclat on Wednesday evening of last week, and confirmed its hold upon the approbation of the public. As an opera, it is without a rival in the English language, being equally fitted to all tastes, whether of box, pit, or gallery; and the master song of Placide, with its eternal "hip, hip, hip" recurring at the close, is sure to unite all in one unanimous and spontaneous burst of deafening applause. Mr. Hilson is, beyond doubt, the only Figaro in the country. A generous and honourable competition has been kept up with spirit between the two queens of song, and the town is still undecided as to which of these charming rivals it shall award the meed of superiority. If inclined at one moment to give its vote in favour of Feron, as she throws out, with astonishing power and effect, the full and disciplined tones of her melodious voice, the sweet and tender pathos of Austin arrests them, and they feel half-desirous of making up for their too great rashness a moment before, by yielding heart and hand to the last. Miss George certainly is a sweet vocalist, and has greatly improved since we saw her last; but we must regret to see her placed in the parts usually filled with such inimitable effect by our old favourite Mrs. Hilson.

Washington City Chronicle.—We owe the editor of this excellent paper an apology for the insertion of his article on Players in a former impression of the Mirror, without the usual credit. It was entirely accidental. The Chronicle is one of the few American weekly papers which we have perused with uniform pleasure, and we take this occasion to recommend it to the notice and patronage of the New-York public.

"Look out upon the stars, my love."—Pinkney's beautiful little production commencing with this line, the reader will be gratified to perceive, has been set to music by Mr. Zeuner, one of the most skilful composers in the country. It will be found, arranged for either one or two voices, on the last page of the present impression.

Sailors and Saints.—Since our last, we have examined the pages of this new novel, and, notwithstanding the praise bestowed upon it by the English critics, find it a coarse, vulgar, and profane work. We hope no modest female will peruse it.

Clinton Square.—The proprietors of land in the upper part of the city, have projected a plan for opening a new square, comprising three hundred and twenty-four lots of ground, between Sixth and Ninth streets, and Avenues A and C, to be called "Clinton Square."

Castle Garden.—This establishment has been leased by the corporation to Mr. Henry March.

A SERENADE, FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES.

COMPOSED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR BY H. ZEUNER.—THE WORDS BY THE LATE EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

FIRST VOICE.

Look out up - on the stars, my love, And shame them with thine eyes; On which, than on the lights a - bove, There

SEC. VOICE.

On which, than on the lights a - bove, There

PIANO-FORTE. ANDANTE.

hang more des - ti - nies. Night's beau - ty is the har - mo - ny Of blend - ing shades and light; Then, la - dy,

Night's beau - ty is the har - mo - ny

up—look out, and be A sis - ter to the night, a sister to the night.

P. **FZ.** **FZ.** **FZ.** **F.**

Sleep not!—thine image wakes for aye,
Within my watching breast:

Sleep not!—from her, soft sleep should fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest.

Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay

With looks, whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

Oh! rest, sweet bird of heaven, awhile—
Oh! rest awhile thy golden wings,
Here, where the fairest flowerets smile,
Here, where the brightest verdure springs.
Around thee flash the sunny beams;
The fragrant zephyr fans thy breast:
Oh, 'tis a place of fairy dreams—
A place of peace and rest.

Then pause awhile; from every vale
The voice of nature bids thee stay:
The bright stream murmurs to the tale,
And calls thee from the skies away;
The violet droops her glittering head,
And holds her cup of morning dew;
And evening learns its tears to shed—
Like sympathy—for you.

Hush, hush, ye gales! nor dare to play
Too rudely with her wings of gold!
No breath of earth, no blush of day,
May o'er heaven's birds their sweets unfold.

* The bird of paradise is said to live upon dew.

Too bright for earth, oh! how thou'rt driven
To drink the floweret's faint perfumes!
And a light wayward beam from heaven
Seems dancing on thy plumes.

Whence comest thou? Say, hast thou seen
That region of unfading flowers,
And all the smiling spots of green
That deck elysium's sunny bowers?
Whence comest thou? Yet stay thy flight,
And linger o'er the expectant floods,
And quit the realms of cloudless light,
For earth's fair plains and woods.

Yet when the angry storms arise,
No longer thou wilt linger here,
But soar to other stormless skies,
Or seek some spirit's starry sphere;
There floating on, like hope's fond dreams,
No gale shall kiss thy stirless breast,
But purer skies and brighter beams
Shall be thy place of rest!

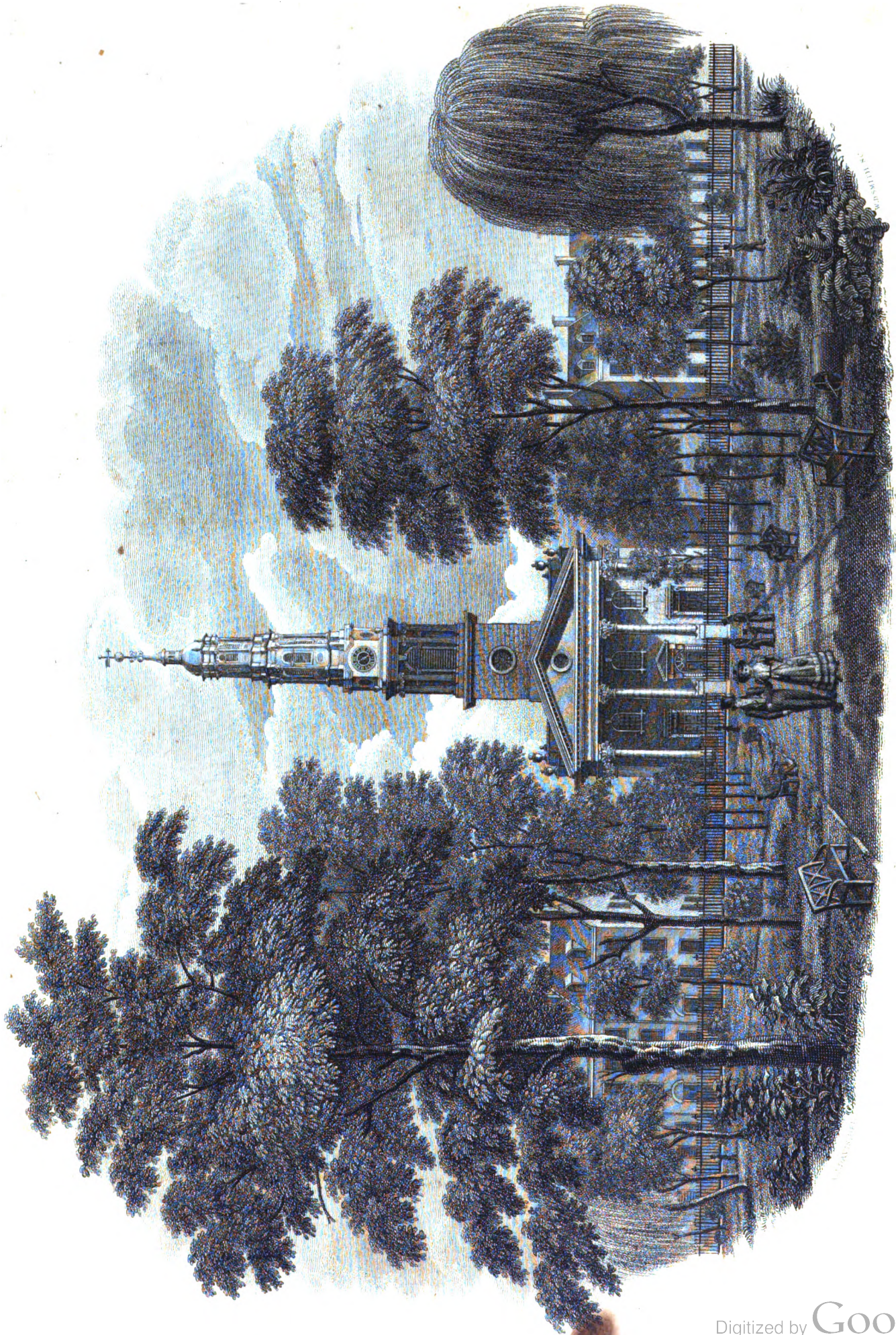
† When the bird of paradise is surprised by a heavy gale, it instantly soars to a higher region, beyond the reach of the tempest: there, in a serene sky, they float at ease on their light flowing feathers, and pursue their journey in security.

SIGHS AND TEARS.

'Mid the silence of that hour
He hath made too dear to me—
With the breeze that seeks his bower,
Sigh of love, I mingle thee.
Should thy fluttering betray thee—
Should he ask thee what thou art—
Say, a sigh! but ah, I pray thee,
Tell him not from whose poor heart!

O'er the silver brooklet bending,
Which I saw him first beside,
With its stream my tears are blending.
By his feet perchance to glide.
Gentle water! should he stay thee,
And demand what swells thee so;
Tell him, tears; but ah! I pray thee,
Say not from whose eyes they flow.

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VIEW OF ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL, FROM THE PARK.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED FOR

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

1829.

NEW-YORK MIRROR, AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1829.

NUMBER 40.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TO A CHILD.

FOND dreamer, in life's bud!—what dancing hues
Of pictured joy delight those cloudless eyes!
Clear as the spring, when soft and crystal dews
Drop, like young tears, from the still evening skies.
Sunshine and summer have no light like thine,
Thou early traveller in this weary vale—
Oh, once such transports and delights were mine,
Ere hope's day faded into twilight pale.

Yet, it is happiness to gaze on thee,
To be a sharer in thy young delight,
To witness thy capricious revelry,
While all around thee is so new and bright:
It brings a gladness to the wearied heart,
Though the clouds gather o'er my pathway now:
Thou hast the power, young charmer, to impart
A light to being, from that sinless brow.

For, bending o'er thee, in my mind I trace
That early joy, whose memory lingers still,
Pure as the beauty of that lovely face,
Sweet as a sunbeam on the breezy hill:
Then my soul wanders, and my thoughts go back
To drink the bliss of that refreshing spring,
As the birds wander on their airy track,
Dancing like flowers upon the zephyr's wing.

There are no shadows in thy morning sky,
Young roamer in the desert!—still for thee
The light of hope is glimmering on high,
Like the morn's pinion o'er a summer sea.
Thine early visions ne'er have found a cloud,
Thy thoughts unsullied by mischance or guile,
And golden fancies, a perpetual crowd,
Light thy young spirit with a magic smile.

Oh that thy gladness might for aye endure,
And the light linger on thy sunny brow;
That thy young heart might ever rest as pure,
And throb as joyously as it doth now!
I would thy spirit might remain as free
As the fresh winds that fan thy waving hair;
That, as life waned, thine innocence and glee
Might shed a lustre o'er the shadows there.

The wish is vanity; for to tease eye
Grief's dimness and its tears are doomed to come;
And o'er the beauty of thy laughing sky
The cloud will gather, with its fold of gloom;
The hues which bless thee will, like morning dew,
Sink in the silence of the night of death;
Thou wilt gaze back, scarce knowing how they flew,
Then sink to slumber, like the zephyr's breath. EVERARD.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL, NEW-YORK.

WITH A VIEW FROM THE PARK.

THIS large and magnificent temple which has recently been materially altered and enlarged in the interior, is situated on the east side of Varick-street, in the fifth ward of the city of New-York, and in front of that spacious and ornamental plot of ground known by the name of Hudson-square, which is bounded by Varick, Laight, Hudson, and Beach streets, and contains about one hundred and seventy-six thousand square feet, and was granted by the corporation of Trinity church, New-York, to the proprietors of the lots on the streets facing on the square, and their heirs forever. The building was erected under the direction of the rector, church-wardens, and vestrymen of Trinity church, and at the expense of that corporation, and is a chapel of said church. Including its recent improvements, the cost has been upwards of two hundred thousand dollars. The corner-stone of this building was laid on the eighth day of September, in the year 1803, by the bishop of the diocese, the Right Reverend Benjamin Moore, D. D., and consecrated to the service of Almighty God on the sixth day of

January, in the year 1807, by the same venerable and revered prelate. It is of the Corinthian order, built of stone, having four columns,* three feet four inches each in diameter, embracing sixty-four feet eight inches of the front; the columns rise from a basement of four feet eleven inches in height, supporting an enriched entablature, crowned by an appropriate balustrade, extending along the sides of the building one hundred and thirty-two feet nine inches by seventy-two feet eight inches, including the body and portico that projects from the front. The vertical angle of the pediment is about one hundred and thirty-five degrees, forming a line—only interrupted by the base of the steeple—from the east to the west end of the apex of the roof. The ascent from the street to the portico is by a flight of eight steps in front and at the ends, to a platform twenty-one feet nine inches wide. There are three entrances; the centre door opens into a large octagon vestibule, with folding doors to the body of the church; above which springs the lofty spire, forming an elevation equally striking and beautiful; from the ground it is two hundred and fourteen feet six inches in height, composed of the Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite orders, with appropriate vases on the entablature over each column. The steeple is neatly finished with a copper ball, whose diameters are thirty by thirty-three inches, iron ornaments, and vane richly gilt. The proportions are considered correct, and the appearance is perfectly light and elegant. At the east end of the church there has recently been erected a building corresponding, two stories in height, sufficiently large for the purposes of a vestry-room, and accommodations for the instruction of the Sunday scholars attached to the church. In the cellar beneath is constructed a furnace, lined with fire-brick; being simply erected within an air-chamber, through which the external air passes, and becomes heated by the furnace; it then passes through flues to the church, which, together with two large stoves at the west end, amply warm it. The ground floor of the church has two double and two single ranges of pews, separated by a centre aisle, two side aisles, and a cross aisle at each end, paved with marble, and extending the whole depth of the church, terminating by a platform passing around the chancel, which is of a serpentine form, and elevated three steps; behind and above which are the reading-desk and pulpit. The desk is of the Corinthian order, having a frieze and cornice, supported by four fluted pilasters, with sunken panels intervening, and is entered by a door at the north side. The pulpit rests upon a base, uniting with the end of the church; the front and angles are circular; the frieze and cornice are supported by six fluted columns, surmounted by acroters. The door-way, at the back of the pulpit, is a carved and richly ornamented screen. At each side of the pulpit is a three-quarter column and pilaster, with a full entablature, forming two recesses, and a centre circular-headed space, in which is a niche, intended for some appropriate emblem. By a projection of the wall, an arch is formed over the whole. On this surface, on each side, are two lofty fluted pilasters with their entablatures, the termination of the lofty ceiling resting on the one, and on the other an architrave, in form of an arch, with its members enriched, the key-stone of which forms an ornamental shield, supported at the sides by two cherubs, and having on the centre surface I. H. S.: the whole is crowned by a mitre. On each side of the church—constituting the principal feature—are ranges of five fluted columns, and corresponding pilasters at each end against the walls, with their full entablatures, upon which rests the beautifully arched and highly ornamented ceiling, supported at the same time by brackets or trusses, with architrave, frieze, and cornice, against the side walls, and between the windows, which are seven in number on each side, having green venetian blinds on the

* These columns are considered by persons of taste as excellent in workmanship and materials; their intercolumniation is according to the order, and may be said to be equal to any in the United States. They are plain, not fluted.

south. The front pews in the galleries are mostly square, with slips behind and against the walls. A number of seats are elevated for the accommodation of the Sunday scholars, on each side of the spacious organ occupying the centre of the west end gallery, which is allowed to be a superior instrument. The entrance to the galleries is by two flights of stairs from the side-doors of the portico. The capitals and carvings altogether of the exterior, as well as interior, are of exquisite workmanship, and the whole maintains that simple elegance which is agreeable to the eye, and consistent with true taste. It is considered to be inferior to no building in the United States, either in elegance of workmanship or durability of materials. At the east end there are stone steps and iron gates leading to York-street, and an ornamental iron railing in front encloses the portico. On each side of the church is a space of fifty-three feet, adjoining to which on the north is the rector's—Bishop Hobart's—residence; and on the south side is a handsome range of buildings, which adds much to the appearance of the whole. The builders were Thomas C. Taylor, Isaac M'Comb, Henry Hedley, and Daniel Dominick. H.

THE CASKET.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE HISTORY OF A HEART.

JULIA WILMOT was beautiful, beyond all comparison beautiful. I might describe to you her full and finely rounded figure, her swanlike neck, her dazzling complexion, her dark blue eyes, her high clear forehead, her exquisitely curved lips; but the combined skill of the poet, the painter, and the sculptor, would fail to give you an idea of her all-perfect loveliness. When I first beheld her, she was at a ball, standing in the entrance of a recess, which the magic hand of taste had transformed into a magnificent temple; and worthy did she seem to be the priestess of such a shrine. Her age might have been about twenty-five—the period when a beautiful woman is, perhaps, most beautiful; when the varying charms and graceful playfulness of the girl have given place to the expanded loveliness and gentle dignity of womanhood. Her robe of green Genoa velvet was fastened at the waist by a zone of emeralds, displaying the exquisite proportions of her Juno-like figure; her sleeves were drawn up to the shoulder by emerald clasps; chains formed of the same precious stones flashed on her polished neck and snow-like arms; and a tiara of mingled emeralds and pearls sparkled amid her clustering ringlets. A veil of the richest lace, which revealed while it seemed to conceal the perfect contour of her head and neck, completed this singular and magnificent attire. She appeared to be in earnest conversation with a gentleman who stood beside her, and I watched the varying expressions of her countenance, and listened to her sweet and melancholy tones with intense interest. They were speaking of Switzerland. "That country will ever be dear to me," said she, in a thrilling tone; "the happiest hours of my life have been passed there." The gentleman's reply I did not hear, but, as by an involuntary motion her hand struck the chords of a harp which was near her, she said, "No, the heart can enjoy happiness but once, and my hour is past; an accidental touch may produce music from an instrument that is attuned to harmony, but if broken and unstrung, the skill of an angel could not awaken it to melody." At that moment a tall, fine looking man, in naval uniform, approached, and, with the easy, assured air of one certain of a favourable reception, whispered some request. She started at the sound of his voice, and an expression almost of aversion dwelt for an instant upon her fine features; but, resuming that perfect self-command which she could so well exert, she turned to him with one of her sweetest smiles, and presented him her hand. I followed them; and in a few mi-

notes she was seated at the piano, playing one of the favourite patriotic airs of the day, with all the apparent glee and gaiety of childhood. I had now leisure to contemplate the celebrated Commodore Mordaunt, who was scarcely less distinguished among the fashionable circles as the betrothed of Julia Wilmot, than as the glorious conqueror of an enemy's fleet. He was a finely-formed man, with a countenance indicative of the frankness and vivacity of a sailor, but wearing, at the same time, that expression which always characterizes those whose pleasures are merely sensual. I was enough of a physiognomist to believe that there must be a fearful difference in their characters, and I almost shuddered as I contrasted his unattractive countenance with the delicate and intellectual beauty of hers.

After having sung several airs, her hand was claimed for the dance, and she glided through its mazes with the same exquisite grace and dignity that distinguished all her ordinary movements; but I heard her sigh heavily as she swept past me. When the dance was finished, she turned toward the recess: "This is my fairy palace," said she, smiling; then, with the air of one who knew her slightest gesture could win applause, she waved her hand to her followers, and, dropping the silken curtain which was suspended over the entrance, disappeared.

In a few minutes we heard the sound of a harp, and in the most brilliant manner she executed some of Mozart's best music; then, suddenly changing the strain, she commenced a wild and beautiful prelude. At length her voice was again heard, not in the rich and commanding tones which had before burst upon our ears, but low and plaintive, like the mournful music which the summer breeze draws from the Æolian harp, swelling gradually upon the ear with deep and melancholy pathos, until even the gay and thoughtless who stood around, turned aside to conceal their tears. The air was that of a simple French song which I had often heard, but the words were, I presume, her own. They were as follows:

I am not what I have been; pain
Has stolen the roses from my cheek;
And never can I know again
The health their hues were wont to speak.

I am not what I have been; care
Has left its footprints on my brow—
What matters it? bright smiles are there,
To hide the gloom that lies below.

I am not what I have been; time
His work of wasting too has done:
My life is in its earliest prime,
But, ah! my heart's glad youth is gone.

I am not what I have been; fate
On me has laid her heaviest doom;
And now in patience I await
Her last, her kindest gift—a tomb.

Suddenly the song ceased—the listeners eagerly hastened to intreat a repetition of such exquisite melody, but, upon raising the curtain, the recess was found vacant; and, after some foolish jests about her sudden disappearance, they returned to the dance. But far other feelings possessed me. In Switzerland my happiest days too had been past, and the air which I had just heard was associated with some of my sweetest recollections. I entered the recess, and, throwing myself on a couch, was soon wrapt in all the mournful luxury of remembrance, when a sound of suppressed sobs aroused me. It seemed to proceed from behind one of the curtains; I started up, and raising it, discovered a narrow and dimly-lighted passage, at the entrance of which, leaning against the pillar which supported the curtain, stood Julia Wilmot, bathed in tears, and almost convulsed with sobs. To hasten toward her and proffer assistance was my first impulse, but she haughtily turned from me, and commanded me to leave her; then, as if recollecting the singularity of her appearance in such a place, and under such circumstances, she said: "Stranger, you have witnessed what I thought no human eye would ever again behold; you have seen Julia Wilmot weep; but, as you value a woman's peace, I conjure you to forget it, or at least never to reveal it. Go, return to the recess; you will find me in the ball-room, but remember, we are yet strangers." She turned quickly away, and her foot striking a low step which was in the passage, she would have fallen but for my assistance; I conducted her to the extremity of the passage, and we parted.

On returning, my attention was caught by a glittering object upon the floor. I found it to be the small but highly finished miniature of a youth in Swiss costume, and, to my great astonishment, recognized the features of one whom I had known intimately when in Paris. In an instant the truth flashed upon my mind. Long after I had lost sight of him, I learned from a mutual friend some of the particu-

lars of his romantic story, and I was now convinced, that in Julia Wilmot I beheld "la belle Americaine," who had so fatally influenced his fate. Filled with the thought of the almost heart-broken wretchedness which I had seen depicted in her beautiful face, I re-entered the ball-room. I found her in the centre of a laughing group, to whom she was relating some ludicrous anecdote, and I was almost inclined to doubt the evidence of my own senses, when I looked upon the bright and gleeful countenance which she now wore. But by the sudden change in her manner, I thought I could perceive that she had just discovered the loss of the picture; I therefore hastened to procure an introduction to her, and taking the earliest opportunity of presenting it, I observed to her, "Miss Wilmot will need no evidence to convince her that her secret is safe with me, when I tell her that the original of this picture was one whom I was proud to rank among the number of my friends." A deep blush overspread her features; she bent on me a keen and searching look, and was about to reply, when Commodore Mordaunt approached with a summons from her mother, and I saw her no more that evening. But our acquaintance did not terminate here. The mutual knowledge which we possessed of many places and persons on the continent, served to create a more than common intimacy between us; and it was from her own lips that I heard the leading facts of the following story:

During the winter of 18—, Julia Wilmot was the reigning belle of Paris. Possessed of a heart filled with all the pure and glowing enthusiasm of youth, and a character no less distinguished for artlessness than energy, united to surpassing beauty and commanding intellect, she was perhaps one of the most fascinating creatures that had ever appeared in the circles of French society. Her beauty and talents were the theme of every tongue, and women of the highest birth and fashion vied with each other in imitating the dress and manners of "la belle Americaine." The heart of a girl of nineteen is seldom proof against such seductions; and her anxious father eagerly seized the earliest opportunity of withdrawing her from the scene of temptation. He had seen, with a parent's pride, the admiration which his darling excited; but he trembled for its effects upon her ardent and inexperienced mind; and he feared lest the polished and graceful manners which she had acquired among the high-born nobility of France, might be more than counterbalanced by the loss of those simple habits and independent feelings which should ever characterize the daughters of a republic. Early in the spring he took up his abode at Vevey, in Switzerland, with the intention of residing there until the period fixed for his return to his native country. Julia had drank deeply from the intoxicating cup of adulation; she had lost much of the charming simplicity of her character; but her taste was yet unsophisticated, and she gazed with wonder and delight on the sublime scenery by which she was surrounded. Her books, her music, or her pencil, were for some time an unfailling source of amusement; and it was not until after the lapse of several weeks that she began to feel the want of society. That want was soon fully supplied. During her residence in Paris, Henri de Neuville had been one of her most assiduous admirers; and to her great surprise, she discovered that the old nobleman, who was almost their only acquaintance in Vevey, was the near connexion of Henri, and that the youth generally passed the summer months at his chateau. Henri de Neuville was the sole remaining branch of one of the oldest families in France, and the heir to immense wealth; but as it was well known that he had been betrothed from childhood to the daughter of a house equally ancient and opulent with his own, his attentions to the young American had excited no alarm, either in the mind of Mr. Wilmot or of the Duc de —. But the vigilant prudence of age was for once deceived by the levity of youth. Henri had long looked with disgust upon a connexion which he knew his affections could never sanction; and his acquaintance with the beautiful republican served only to strengthen his aversion to his involuntary ties. If he had found the charms of Julia Wilmot almost irresistible when he beheld her amid the gay and giddy circles of fashion, he was still less able to look upon her with indifference when they met in the romantic wilds of Switzerland. He now saw her amid the quiet endearments of domestic life, charming as much by her gentleness and sweetness as she was wont to do by her brilliancy and wit. The tones of her finely modulated voice seemed doubly sweet when his ear only listened to the song; and the changes of her expressive countenance were watched with tenfold interest when he knew that he only could

awake them. Perhaps in any situation the continued attentions and devoted attachment of Henri might have created a reciprocal feeling in the heart of Julia; and, secluded as she now was from all other society, it is not surprising that she soon learned to love him with all the ardour of which her enthusiastic nature was capable. Yet their mutual affection was felt and understood, rather than expressed. They blindly yielded themselves up to the dominion of the new and delightful feeling which had taken possession of them, without daring to look into the consequences of their rashness. Thus months passed on, the lovers continued to enjoy their present happiness, regardless of the future, when suddenly Mr. Wilmot was awakened from his unsuspecting security by a letter from the Duc de —, reproaching him in the most violent manner for his presumption in aspiring to a connexion with the most ancient family in France, and accusing him of promoting a clandestine intimacy between Henri and his daughter. The indignant old man hastened to demand an explanation from Henri; but what was his surprise, when he learned that Henri had written to his father, renouncing the intended marriage, which had been so long fixed upon, and intreating the duke's consent to his union with "la belle Americaine." The anger of Mr. Wilmot exceeded all bounds when he first learned the extent of the unlooked-for evil. The sturdy republican would have assisted at his daughter's obsequies almost as willingly as he would have given her hand to one of noble birth—to one who would have considered himself entitled to look with contempt on the humble family of the distinguished American. He was a very proud man, proud of his country, proud of his daughter, proud of the talents which had raised him to eminence; and all the bitterness of his nature was aroused by the unmerited insult offered him by the duke. He forbade his daughter to see Henri, and called down a father's curse upon her head if ever she allowed the dictates of duty to be silenced by the voice of love. To describe the misery of the lovers would be a vain attempt. The pride of Julia had been severely wounded by the duke's insolent letter; and she had given her father a solemn promise, that no power on earth should ever induce her to enter the family of the haughty noble; and in the first moments of mortification she had refused her lover the interview which he solicited. Henri flew to Paris, and implored the compassion of his cruel parent; but the duke was inexorable; he ordered Henri to prepare for his marriage in three days; and to insure his obedience, the enraged father imprudently determined to keep him in close confinement till the evening of his intended nuptials. The spirit of Henri was goaded to desperation by such unmerited harshness and insult. The night previous to that which his father had fixed for his marriage, he found means to escape, and hastened with the speed of lightning to Vevey. Unfortunately the first person whom he encountered on his arrival was Mr. Wilmot; and, maddened as he was by the cruelty of his own father, he could not endure the bitter reproaches which were heaped upon him by the father of Julia. Scarcely conscious of what he did, he struck the old man a blow which felled him to the earth. Had the wealth of worlds been his, he would gladly have given it for the power of annihilating that unguarded moment; but his repentance came too late. The injury which the blow had inflicted upon the person of Mr. Wilmot was very slight; but that which his honour had sustained was almost irreparable. Before he recovered from the swoon which had been occasioned by his fall, Henri had been forced from the spot by his friends; and Mr. Wilmot returned home with a soul burning with shame, and with the desire of revenge. Deeply as Julia loved Henri, she was yet far from being insensible to the gross insult which her father had received; and when, with all the frenzy of desperation, Henri ventured to write to her, his repeated letters were returned unopened; and at length with the bitter words of reproach. Thus passed one long miserable day; but at midnight, when Julia had retired to her chamber, to weep those tears which she dared not shed in the presence of her father, she was alarmed by the opening of the low casement; and in an instant Henri stood before her. His eye glared with the wildness of insanity, the flush of fever was on his cheek, and his lips poured forth the incoherent ravings of madness. Before Julia could summon assistance, he rushed toward her, clasped her wildly to his bosom, and while she was yet struggling in his embrace, put a pistol to his head, and fell lifeless at her feet. The report of the pistol alarmed the family; they hastened to the spot, and found the senseless form of Julia extended upon the mangled remains of

her unfortunate lover, and stained with the warm blood which flowed from his fatal wound. Medical assistance was immediately procured. Henri was gone for ever; and the wretched Julia recovered from her deathlike swoon only to become the frantic tenant of a sick chamber for many a weary month. After passing nearly two years in this manner, without one lucid interval, she recovered her reason almost as suddenly as she had been deprived of it; but it was almost impossible to ascertain whether her recollection had also returned. The name of Henri never passed her lips; and when, in compliance with the wishes of her parents, she re-entered the world, no one would have imagined that, beneath her gay smiles and costly attire, was concealed a broken heart. But in acquiring this self-command, she had lost all the simplicity of her character. The dissimulation which was at first necessary, became habitual; and they who sought to discover her real feelings and opinions, were obliged to own themselves completely baffled.

Such was the being who, for several years, shone with unrivalled brilliancy in the fashionable circles of our own country. I am not recounting a mere fiction. Few persons can have mingled in the gayeties of New-York, Boston, and Washington, ten years since, without having frequently met this extraordinary woman. To gratify the ambitious feelings which had taken entire possession of her after the destruction of gentler ones, she became the wife of Commodore Mordaunt. Dazzled by the glory which his courage and skill had acquired, she perceived not the defects of his character until it was too late. Possessed of immense wealth, he lavished it with the greatest profusion upon his lovely wife; but it was only that he might be gratified by the admiration which she excited. It was his chief pleasure to follow her steps at a distance, until the charms of her intellectual conversation, her polished manners, and her exquisite music, had attracted a crowd of respectful admirers, and then to break rudely in with some coarse sea-phrase, or harsh rebuke, or vulgar jest, in order to show his power and authority over the creature who, to all other eyes, was "a bright peculiar star." Such was the martyrdom which she endured for several years, and so perfect was her self-command, so imperturbable her apparent tranquillity, that many doubted whether she was capable of feeling the insults which she constantly received. But Julia had long since ceased to live for herself. To be the idol of fashion was now all her aim, to seem placed upon the summit of worldly felicity was her sole object. Even this consolation was denied. The commodore became at length wearied of one whose tastes were so unlike his own; and his gross infidelities finally produced a separation between them. From his immense wealth he allowed her a small stipend, far from being sufficient to supply those extravagant habits which he had himself created; and while the rude sailor was rioting in riches and luxury, the beautiful, the accomplished Julia Wilmot, the pride of courts, the beloved of nobles, the admired of all beholders, was left to drag on a miserable existence in loneliness, and almost in poverty. LANTH.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

NUMBER I.

MR. MORRIS—There is no item of domestic economy more important, or less accurately understood, than that which constitutes the subject of this letter; nothing by which the comfort and good government of families are more materially promoted or destroyed, and yet which has occupied, and still engages, less of the attention of all classes of society. I am myself a bachelor somewhat advanced in years, and so firmly wedded to the enjoyment of my state of single blessedness—not to mention the extreme difficulty which would in all human probability attend any effort on my part to become a partaker in the pleasures of matrimony and paternity—that it may be considered next to impossible that I shall ever have an opportunity to put in practice, in my own household, the various precepts which my long experience has suggested, and by the observance of which a better state of things might be brought to exist in the various little kingdoms or republics that constitute this mighty city. In consideration of this likelihood, or rather want of likelihood, and also for that my sense of what is due to my fellow-men, will not permit me to go down into the grave

without having done what in me lies to promote the welfare of those among whom I have lived, and to whom I am indebted for the greater portion of the pleasures which have been allotted to me in my pilgrimage, I have determined, ere it be too late, to give to the world the results of my experience and my meditations; and I have selected the Mirror for the vehicle of my lucubrations, because its circulation is very extensive, and its readers include a portion of those to whom my precepts will be most valuable, and by whom they must for the most part be put in practice—I mean the ladies. To them, therefore, this letter and those which will follow it are dedicated; and as my object in writing is to enable them to increase their own and their husbands' domestic happiness, I hope that my instructions will be received with such attention as they may deserve, and attended with success to those who follow them.

In the first place, I wish most strongly to impress upon the minds of my maternal readers one fact of vital importance; and that fact is, that it is never too early to begin instructing children in the duties of obedience and good conduct. Tender-hearted mothers have often said to me, when I have hinted to them the probable expediency of adopting some rule or mode of conduct which the exigency of the moment has suggested, "Oh, Mr. Urban, how can you talk of such a thing; why the poor child is but a baby yet, and how can it understand, poor little darling?" and then a kiss or two, by way of epilogue; and this too, when the very baby of which we were speaking was a full-grown urchin of some eighteen months or two years old, and cunning enough to comprehend almost the very nature and course of our discussion, let alone our actions. But I say that children are never too young to be taught and managed; they have memory, though not strong; and reasoning powers, though faint indeed. If a child is in want of any thing, he cries for and gets it; when the desire of that object is again present to his mind, does he not remember that by crying stoutly he accomplished the acquisition once before, and does he not reason within himself, that the same means will be attended with the same effects? Some writer or other—and I honour him for his penetration—has said that children are shrewd observers; they are, indeed, much more close and accurate observers than parents in general have any thought of. They watch looks, and speculate upon them too. If any body will take the trouble to examine attentively the eyes of a child when it is spoken to, he will find them fixed upon the eyes of the person speaking; not entirely because it is enabled more easily to hear and understand what is spoken, although that reason does undoubtedly operate in part; but also that it may gather from the expression of the speaker's countenance, his true intent and meaning; for children might almost be supposed to be endowed by nature with a large portion of incredulity, which induces them to doubt the information that is conveyed to them by the sense of hearing, unless it be accompanied with an air of visible sincerity. Try the experiment— forbid that fine curly-headed boy of yours to tear the book which you have so sagaciously given him to amuse his leisure hours; he stops and looks up in your face—repeat the order with a smile; and if another dilapidated leaf is not the immediate consequence, I have no knowledge of youthful dispositions, or his is one differing strangely from those of his compeers in general. Now this is easily explainable; the boy reasons—and very reasonably too—that you bestowed that book upon him with the express design that he should make such use of it as should seem good unto him; he had not the remotest conception that the possession of his plaything—of the true nature and value of which he is utterly ignorant of course—was to be attended with any restriction, and therefore he proceeded with all diligence to make that use of it which, upon experiment, he found to be at once the easiest and the most entertaining; and in so doing it never occurred to him, even distantly, that he was not engaged in a very ingenious and laudable undertaking. You may easily imagine, then, what a complete and appalling *bouleversement* of all his preconceived ideas was involved in your command, and how very difficult it must have been for him to comprehend the fact, that all his plans and conceptions were based upon erroneous principles. He looked at you to see what your face said on the occasion—for as yet his ears are not so implicitly confided in as the eyes, in the conveyance of information; they have not been so long in practice—he sees you smile, and of course his doubts and astonishment are banished. Young as he is, he has a remote idea, although incapable of expressing it, of the art of quizzing, or, in other words, of

saying one thing and meaning another. He sees that you were practising this art upon him, and very rationally concludes that his original suppositions were correct, and that the more destruction he makes among the leaves, the better you are pleased.

Having established my first principle, I now proceed to lay down my first and most important maxim; "Never suffer an injunction given to a child to be disobeyed." Nothing tends with more inevitable certainty to induce habits of disobedience in children, than the almost universal remissness of parents in this particular. No matter what the command may be, whether it is important or unimportant; nay, even although, on subsequent reflection, you should be convinced that it was rashly or imprudently given, still let it be enforced. We are all the creatures of habit; but children are particularly so, and in them it is of the utmost importance that the habit of obedience, unhesitating, implicit obedience, should be formed and strengthened. Let me not be misunderstood, however. Do not seek to enforce this obedience by threats or blows, for these are both unnecessary and impolitic. Suppose, for example, that a child is sitting on a chair, and fear that it may fall, or some other equally cogent reason, or perhaps mere whim, may induce you to require him to descend. If he hesitates, if he does not instantly comply, do not slap him or speak harshly to him, as I have seen too many mothers do; but go to him, take him down gently but firmly, and if he is old enough to receive impressions through the medium of speech, observe to him, "My child, I told you to come down, and whatever I tell you to do, you must always do, and that instantly," or some other form of words containing the same meaning, and equally in unison with your action. Say and do thus to him, not passionately, but mildly, yet with firmness, and in such wise that he shall see you are in earnest, and you will have done more to secure his future good conduct, and your own comfort, than you would have accomplished by an hour's scolding, or a cruel flagellation. S. U.

THE HUMORIST.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

FASHIONABLE AMUSEMENTS.

THE masquerades have lately formed the principal topic of conversation among all classes. The theatres, Mount Pitt circus, and that of Broadway, have all been laid under contribution to supply us with this new species of entertainment. It is rumoured there is to be one of a splendid description in Trumpery Hall, at the particular request of many who were unable to gain entrance to the others; and I assure the town, that the fashionable people of colour hired a magnificent oyster cellar in the upper part of the city, and that several footmen and head waiters at hotels generously volunteered their services as managers and performers of the leading characters. A miserable-looking little journeyman cobbler, who had stolen his master's old black dress, appeared as Hamlet, which he sustained to the admiration of a strapping Ophelia in a red shawl and turban. They went on pretty well till the bewildered lover told his mistress she was a fishmonger, in which business it seemed the lady did dabble a little. Not liking the allusion, however, she supplied him with so many epithets independent of the text, that the love-sick youth, I verily believed, would have "shuffled off her mortal coil," had not Jeremy Diddler stepped opportunely between them, and frightened away their wrath by begging the loan of ten pence. There was a fat King Richard going about bellowing all through the evening for a horse; and a little Rolla, who, with his own additions and alterations, addressed all hands with "My brave associates; partners of my toil," &c. Count Belino played Fancy's Sketch on a trumpet, and General Washington, Napoleon Bonaparte, Bolivar, and Julius Cæsar, had a game of dominos in one corner, to the wonder and delight of all present. "Ah ha," says Bonaparte, "you General Washington, you put down de six?" "Oh, no; Cæsar put down de six; I play de five." "Oh, Bonaparte," exclaimed Cæsar, "I trouble you for de gin." "Tank you, sir," said the emperor: he was ever a polite man. I cannot conjecture how long the merry crowd might have killed care, and disturbed the quiet night, had not some impertinent watchmen broken in upon them, and lodged Hamlet, Romeo, King Richard, Juliet, and Ophelia, with a host of other worthies, kings, princes, and the like, where they had full leisure to mourn the vicissitudes of fortune.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.
THE MINSTREL'S LAST SONG.

Since childhood's hour,
Song was the natural language of my heart:
Oh! let me pour forth all its thrilling power
Once more, ere I depart.

To that far land
That gave my spirit birth, it hastens now—
How doth it long its pinions to expand,
And soar to heaven's high brow!

How doth it strive
To burst from all its earthly bonds away,
Unheeding all the fearful pangs that rive
Its tenement of clay!

Alas! alas!
Why comes thy gentle image, my sweet wife,
Staying my spirit in the darksome pass
That lies 'twixt death and life?

Thine accents dear,
Awake too much of earthly tenderness;
Life has too many charms when thou art near,
My lonely heart to bless.

Much hast thou borne
Of sorrow and deep suffering, since thy lot
Was joined with mine; yet meekly hast thou worn
Thy chain, and murmured not.

The smile that shone
On thy sweet lip is faded, and the light
That sparkled in thy star-like eyes is gone—
My love has been thy blight.

I would have poured
My life-blood forth like water, but to gain
One hour of joy for thee, my own adored,
Or spare thy heart one pain.

Yet my hand fixed
Within thy gentle breast grief's venom'd sting,
And for thy lip affliction's chalice mixed,
Drawn from my life's dark spring.

Mine eyes are dim,
The dews of death are chill upon my brow,
The frosts of death are stealing o'er each limb,
And the grave calls me now.

Ay, this is death;
For never yet my heart so faintly stirred,
When on my cheek I felt thy balmy breath,
Or thy sweet accents heard.

When I am laid
Within the earth, to the dark worm a prey,
Let not my image from thy memory fade,
Like April clouds, away.

The strain is done—
My swanlike song is ended—let me dwell
Within thy kindest thoughts, my gentle one—
One kiss—sweet love, farewell.

IAN THE.

REPOSITORY.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

DESTINY.

"For aught that ever I could read,
"Could ever hear by tale or history;
"The course of true love never did run smooth;
"But either it was different in blood,
"Or else misgraffed in respect of years,
"Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;
"Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
"War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,
"Making it momentary as a sound,
"Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
"So quick bright things come to confusion."

THE splendid apartments of Mr. Bertine were crowded with visitors. They were all light, gayety, and beauty. The rich damask curtains hung in heavy crimson folds around the windows. The shaded lamps shed their softly brilliant rays upon the dazzling throng which decorated one of the most elegant houses in the city. Music breathed to the step of angel forms mingling in the graceful dance, and a spirit of happiness seemed as universally diffused as if the children of our fair mother Eve were yet gliding among the careless bowers of Eden. Of the sweet girls who gave witchery to the swift evening, no one was more fascinating than Marion Bertine. Equally calculated to strike the attention of the amateur of beauty, or to awaken the interest of the admirer, she charmed all who came within her sphere. Her reason with the sophist, and reply to the pedant, were amused with her facility in eliciting equal powers, and the responsive feelings in all her words.

As the object of general admiration, she was, of course, usually blockaded by an army of fashionable heroes, such as ever seek to dwell in the light of fair ladies' eyes; content with a stray glance, or a civil, perhaps an accidental smile. Tall gentlemen laid at her shrine their humble offerings of gallantry and wit; and, set off by all the art of fashion, with large whiskers and elegant attitudes, besieged her wherever she went: and others, of lesser dimensions, rustled, glittered, and rattled in her train, with chains, seals, white gloves, and glasses, who could dance, sing, and bow, lead a lady to her piano with studied grace, whispering and smiling at the height of their glory. It was not easy to gather from the young lady's deportment that she was dissatisfied with her subjects, for her face bespoke a mind at ease, and a heart free from the touch of deep feeling; but women are well versed in the art of hiding their thoughts, and, like some painted cloud that conceals beneath its surface the elements of tempest, many a serene countenance is lighted with smiles, while the bosom cherishes anxiety or anguish. A close observer might have detected, in the countenance of Marion, an occasional restlessness, not that of joy, and traced her glances, stolen at long intervals, when most unnoticed, to the figure of one who apparently participated but slightly in the surrounding animation. His seriousness was not without comment. One condemned it as affectation; another ridiculed it as folly. One of his friends, with a view to rally him into better spirits, addressed him laughingly,

"Why, what the deuce is the matter with you, Wilson? Are you sick, or married, that you stalk about as stately as Childre Harold?"

"I am neither sick nor married, Harry, but enjoy myself uncommonly well."

"Then let me introduce you to some Hebe here, whose smiles shall call out your sense, if sense you have. Yonder is one—that tall, beautiful, blue-eyed girl. See how she casts about her those radiant eyes. There is death in every beam. She is merry, too, as a bird. Can you behold all those sweet thoughts of hers escaping so profusely, without a wish to catch some? Come, let me introduce you."

"I thank you, Hal," said his serious companion; "I am not in the mood. I should rather be a looker on."

"But," rejoined he, "direct your eyes to yon other nymph. By all the graces, she is beautiful! Care never came to that brow, nor tears to those eyes, unless pity sometimes moistened them from the fountain of a heart pure as the element of heaven."

"Go, rattle your nonsense into other ears, eloquent Hal," said Wilson, turning away from the unconscious belle, "and leave me the selection of my own divinities."

"Well, one more, Charles. There is Miss Bertine herself. If you scowl on her as you do on my other adorables, you may buy yourself a tub and set up for Diogenes at once. Look at her, Charles. Did you ever see such a smile, and wasted too, by all that's lovely, upon a common fop? There are lips I never looked upon without dreaming of kisses, and a voice, listen, and let its warm tones melt your frozen philosophy into love. She is beautiful as a dream."

"Beautiful, indeed," murmured Charles; but in a tone so low and tremulous, so different from the careless voice with which fashionable young men laud the features of a passing belle, that his companion, surprised, looked up into his face. "I beg your pardon," stammered Charles; "but—"

"Why," interrupted the other, laughing, "there is no occasion to beg my pardon for calling Miss Bertine beautiful."

"I meant—"

"Oh, no matter what you meant. Nature never made a more lovely being, and if, as by your look I surmise, you have thought of her before, walk up to her; she's the very thing for you—rich, handsome, well-educated, amiable: she'll make your fortune, my boy—that is, if you can get her."

"I assure you, sir," said Charles, with even a slight curl of scorn upon his lip, "I have not the least intention or wish that way."

"Glad of it, my friend; for, between you and me, her father is as proud as Lucifer, and just as ambitious. Nothing will suit him less than a hundred thousand, with an ambassador, judge, or colonel; but never mind, there are plenty more as good as she. Yonder's my Charlotte—I would not give her for a hundred Miss Bertines: she sees me—she beckons. You see what an irresistible attraction she has in her smile. Ah, the little jade! Good by, good by,"

and off he dashed after his Charlotte, leaving Charles in a humour of no very agreeable nature.

Wilson was poor and proud. Struggling with the difficulties which ever oppress such a character, had not yet time, he saw himself surrounded by apparently insurmountable obstacles, with a disappointment which shaded all his thoughts. The conflicting emotions of his mind were gradually undermining his constitution, and he abandoned himself to a kind of despondency, which caused him to sicken at hope, as productive of only despair. It was not his fear either to live or die. But this vacillation between life and death, this soft hour of pleasure, succeeded by long ones of misgiving and anguish, poisoned all his comfort, and gave him a tinge of misanthropy totally foreign to his nature. It was under the influence of such impressions that he had met and loved Marion Bertine; loved her against his own wish and resolution; loved her in spite of all his endeavours to the contrary, and with shame at his weakness in yielding pride to passion. His character was one of impulse rather than of reason; and although he had determined to avoid all intercourse with one whom fortune had made so much his superior in wealth, and consequently in the rank of fashion, yet accident, as if some mischievous spirit delighted to frustrate his plans, would constantly fling them into each other's society, and surprise them in delightful but dangerous situations. No communication had passed between them but those nameless and irresistible passages in their familiarity with each other, which are felt like instinct infused into the heart by nature. A mere consciousness—a dream—a doubt, rather than any thing to be recalled and admitted into calculation, was all the evidence either had detected of a mutual attachment. On this evening Charles had observed her closely as circumstances would permit; and as a dark conviction that he was surrounded by men wealthier and happier than himself, induced him to stand aloof from their idle mirth, his pride and impetuous disposition urged him into a conclusion that he held no place in her affection. It caused in his manner towards her an indifference, perhaps a rudeness, which the lady felt and retaliated by a display of spirits more than usually exuberant. He called up all his energy, and with a cheerfulness altogether artificial, paid his attentions to a charming girl, who received them with complacency; and thus the evening passed away in mutual error.

Marion returned to her pillow with a sad conviction that Wilson had never thought of her as a wife, and a consequent resolution to banish him from her mind at every sacrifice; and Charles reconciled, or deemed that he reconciled himself to fate, in yielding his sweet false dream of one whose affections seemed divided among a multiplicity of admirers, and who would look down, nay, who had looked down upon him with contempt.

"Yes," said he, as he strided on, in the darkness of midnight, to his home. "yes, I caught her eyes, and they flashed upon me with scorn, while her smiles were lavished upon the butterflies around her, as if each were destined to be her husband. Wherefore have I fallen into this disgraceful weakness? What am I, that I should intrude my poverty upon her brilliant sphere? If she were poor and wretched, if she needed one to live in obscurity, or die in anguish for her, then should she behold me at her feet; but now, in possession of all that ornaments and sweetens life, with those at her bidding who will lead her the round of fashion and pleasure, why should I disturb her peace, or shape her destiny along a darker or an humbler path? No, sweet girl! be still above me. I will think of you—love you, as I hope you will be loved by others; but see you again—never."

Two or three years made Marion a wife and a mother. As Charles had predicted, a gentleman of immense wealth succeeded, with the aid of her father, in obtaining her hand. It was said she lived contentedly, and found, in the affection of her boy, a joy almost enough to compensate her for all worldly disappointments. Charles, too, in the interests of his business, ceased to experience the anguish which he had once felt, and his passion for the remembered object now lost to his hope, slept quietly in his bosom, except when awakened by some of those accidental associations which link us so mysteriously with the dim world of past scenes and feelings.

While his own character thus went on with little change, his business prospered. He grew more useful to the firm in which he had commenced his commercial labours, and

was at length appointed to sail as supercargo to the East Indies, with a probability of remaining there in a lucrative situation several years.

A few days before his departure, his attention was arrested by the distress of a lost child, whose extreme beauty excited much notice. To an inquiry as to his name, the child gave that of the husband of Marion. Charles took the hand of the little wanderer, who looked up to him confidently, and revealed the same features which for years had floated in his imagination, the same speaking forehead and transparent complexion, the same blue eyes through which streamed the light of feeling, and the rosy mouth of nameless sweetness. With a sudden resolution to see once more the mother of this fair boy, he offered to conduct him home, and, in a few moments, he found himself in the parlour of her mansion, and in the presence of the being who, of all others on earth, was dearest to his heart. She recognised him instantly, and whether from the joy of recovering her child, whose absence had occasioned her much alarm, or whether from surprise, or any other feeling, at beholding one who had so long been a stranger to her sight, her face was suddenly suffused with a crimson, which passed as rapidly away, and left her pale as a marble statue.

"I have brought home your boy, madam," said Charles in a low tone, for his eyes were moist, and his voice faltered.

"I am very happy, in this opportunity to meet you once more, Mrs. Sterling."

"You are welcome, Mr. Wilson," said Marion, while her boy climbed into her lap, and hid his face in her bosom. "I have been much frightened—I have not yet recovered from my alarm; but you will excuse my embarrassment, for—" she stopped—cast down her eyes—raised them again filled with tears, and folded the boy in her arms with a feeling for which she found no utterance.

There was something in this silence more expressive than words. The idea that he had been loved flashed upon him with singular force, and called up all the tumultuous crowd of sensations which he had long since deemed overcome. She recovered herself immediately, and spoke in her natural manner.

"You have been quite a stranger, sir. I did not anticipate the pleasure of ever seeing you again."

"It was only accident," replied Charles, "which brought me to your presence; but if an unwelcome guest, I have committed a fault which I cannot repeat, as I leave this country in a few days—perhaps for ever."

He gazed steadily at her as he spoke. The tears again arose into her eyes, and her cheek grew pale again. An irresistible impulse, strengthened with rapture and melancholy at the conviction that he had been mistaken in his previous opinion of her, urged him to take her hand. He pressed it unresisting to his lips, and, thrown off his guard, his agitated feelings found their way in words, from a heart in which, for the moment, the rising tide of passion was swollen to overflow.

"I have loved you, Marion, but we part for ever."

The hand linked in his half confirmed its pressure. It revealed to him the history of her life. She attempted to rise, but he interrupted her.

"One moment more—one moment more. I ask but one single look, to bear with me in my recollection over the loneliness of distant places, and through the gloom of future years. Fate has decreed I shall never see you on earth again; but if, in the revolution of time, you should want a friend, remember me."

Once more he pressed to his lips her passive hand—once more gazed on her—now dearer than she had ever been before—then, starting at the situation into which this singular occurrence had betrayed him, he caught one glance from her thrillingly beautiful eyes, and was the next moment wandering he scarcely knew whither, among the careless and busy multitude that thronged the streets. It all seemed to him like a dream.

It was fifteen years after this incident, that a stately vessel, with her snowy sails spread out like wings, was borne by a fresh breeze into the harbour of New-York. A steamboat was in readiness to convey the passengers on shore, and, as they landed at Whitehall, and rattled away in their respective carriages to the hotels or other places where they intended to reside, a single individual, having consigned his baggage to the care of a porter, walked with a steady pace up Broadway.

It was a fine evening in summer. All the beauty of the city seemed gliding to and fro along the splendid prome-

nade. Carriages and horses dashed by. The boys were playing along the streets, and many sweet faces passed him, all lighted up with health and pleasure, careless of the future, and unconscious of the past. As Charles gazed at, and admired this new generation that had sprung up around him as if by magic, he could not but recall the days long gone by. He still remembered when Miss Bertine, radiant with charms and mirth, moved over these very pavements, the delight of every eye, and the idol of his heart. Strange emotions filled his breast as he approached her dwelling. It looked the same as when he used to walk by it and bless it in his rambles, when the moon was shining, and the large stars twinkling in the shadowy vault of heaven. The same moon was there, and the stars were yet as brilliant, for nature never grows old. Every thing wore the aspect of other years, as if it were but yesterday that he had parted from her, and he were now hastening again, his heart quick beating with hope and joy, to revel in the luxury of being with her. There was a large tree before the door. He remembered the night, just such a cloudless and happy time as the present, when he had leaned against that very tree, and listened to the melting tones of one whose music thrilled through him like a voice from heaven.

"And now," thought he, "years and years have fled; and thousands, once moving in joy and pride through these streets, are gone. I myself am a stranger—unknown—unloved. What may be her fate? Perchance she too has passed away! or, if she remain, it will be to behold me in possession of wealth, alas, how valueless, when not shared with her! How wayward is destiny! My heart prompted me ever, and yet whispers, that with her, any humble cottage would have been a paradise; yet I have wasted my precious life in gloomy solitude, to acquire the heartless petty distinction which wealth confers, and which is the cause of all my disappointment."

He reached the door, and was surprised to find the mansion had been converted into a hotel. How singularly independent of reason are those we call the fine feelings! He owned a pang at the sight of strangers moving carelessly through the rooms where he had long ago enjoyed so many hours of happiness, and there was a sternness in his manner of addressing an old man who seemed to be at home in the transaction of domestic duties.

"Who keeps this hotel, sir?"

"Mr. D—," was the answer.

"How long is it since the building was inhabited by Mr. Bertine?"

"Ten or twelve years, sir. Old Bertine failed, and died long ago. I believe the whole family are dead, or gone off to some distant country. We know nothing of them here."

"He left a daughter, who married a Mr. Sterling. Can you afford me any information of that gentleman?"

"Why, yes," said the man; "there's no harm in speaking, now the poor fellow's dead. He was a hard chap, that Sterling—and unless he was some particular friend of yours, sir, I should call him a great villain."

"Villain, sir! how?—in what way?"

"Why, in the first place, he came here and made a fine show; every body thought him worth a hundred thousand dollars at least. He married old Bertine's daughter, Sarah, or Julia, or Marion—yes, Marion Bertine, as fine a girl as ever trod shoe leather."

"Well, well, sir, the event, quick!"

"Well. He spent her fortune—failed—almost killed his wife with unkindness, and died himself a poor miserable drunkard. His broken-hearted widow lingered a little—but what's the matter, sir? you are sick. Let me give you some wine—help yourself, sir—it's as good old port as you ever drank—fill your glass."

"No—no—no wine," said Charles, in a voice choked with emotion. "Go on—it is nothing."

"Why, that's all, sir."

"But there was a boy?"

"So there was. I had forgotten. Yes, there *was* a boy—Charles I think they called him."

"Was—was his name Charles? Are you sure that was his name?"

"Why, yes. I am sure it was. He's somewhere about the city now, I guess. I can't tell you where. Pray, sir, help yourself to some wine. I hope I have not—perhaps you are a relation? I am sorry I have spoken so freely."

Wilson rushed from the house. We shall not attempt to define his feelings.

A few days after the preceding conversation, Wilson rose early and wandered forth alone. There are some men

who, in the traffic of business, become hardened against the influence of their earlier feelings. Time and circumstances remould their characters, and wear away from their minds the impressions of inexperience and youth. They attach importance to objects only as they relate to their present or future interests, and find nothing of the past to cherish or regret. Others, on the contrary, look back upon the distant scenes of their boyhood, with sensations which become richer and more delightful as they advance in age. The occurrences around them are devoid of every value, when compared with those which have fled away for ever, and they treasure up undisturbed in the depths of their hearts, tastes for pleasures they can no longer enjoy, and affections for objects who have passed irrevocably away. Wilson was of the latter class. Although he had been absent for years, and mingled in remote society, and engaged in adventures which had nothing in them to keep alive his associations, yet, as he went forth on this lovely morning, perhaps his sensations were as lively while dwelling on the incidents of long vanished time, as if he had but recently heard the well-remembered voice he best loved, and felt the gentle pressure of the hand whose touch thrilled through him with a strange rapture which had never been repeated or forgotten. A short walk brought him to a rich grassy meadow, overshadowed by many large trees in full foliage, and used as a place of sepulture. It was yet early, and the silence of the dead was unbroken but by the sound of his own step, and the warblings of a bright bird, that, careless of human wo, sat pluming its golden feathers upon a sunny branch, and filled the air with ever varying and delicious music.

As he walked among the graves of the unknown, and perchance long forgotten beings around, and read inscriptions of names first noticed above their mouldering remains, the fleetness and vanity of life chilled his heart, and pity for the crowd who slumbered beneath his feet, once radiant with hope and health, and, perhaps, beautiful as she over whose tomb he came now to mourn. The direction which he had received soon guided him to the wished for spot. It was in an obscure corner of the meadow, upon a green hill that sloped gently to the morning sun. Long grass, bent down with heavy dew drops, grew upon the turf, beneath which rested one, without whom the clear light, and the fragrant air, and all the charms of life, were to him scarcely preferable to the shadows that hid her own once lovely and beloved image. A plain slab of white marble met his eyes. It bore simply the name of Marion Sterling. As he stopped by the mound which weighed upon the bosom once so fraught with pure and happy affections, his grief mastered the manliness of age and experience, and tears dropped down upon the unconscious grass, unheeded by her for whom they fell. "Dear, dear Marion," broke from his lips.

It was all that found utterance. The rest of his heavy feelings sunk down into the recesses of his heart, buried in silence and too deep for language. A slight noise arrested his attention. He lifted up his eyes towards a youth whose features bore so striking a resemblance to her who then filled his thoughts, that, in the excited state of his imagination, he started with a doubt of their reality. He was, however, recalled to his reason by the voice in which the stranger addressed him.

"You knew my mother, sir?"

"Your mother! Was Mrs. Sterling your mother? Then I speak to Charles Sterling," and he seized his hand and pressed it to his lips.

"That is indeed my name," replied the youth, with some surprise. "May I inquire who it is who seems so much interested in our unfortunate family, and so well acquainted with one whom certainly he never could have seen before?"

"First tell me," asked Wilson, whom this singular coincidence had, in some measure, diverted from his melancholy train of meditations, "do you apply the term unfortunate to your present situation or your past history?"

"To both," said the youth. "My mother's fate seemed equalled in misery only by mine. She died of a broken heart, and I see little more remaining for me. My friends, out of the wreck of our family fortunes, saved only sufficient to complete my education. I have endeavoured in vain to procure occupation here, and shall embark in a week for a distant clime, perhaps never to return. The station to which I am ordered is sickly, and I have a presentiment that I am bidding my native country farewell for ever. It was with these forebodings that I came to visit

my mother's grave. Thank heaven, she rests in peace, ignorant of the anguish that agitates my bosom."

"But why so much anguish," inquired Wilson, "in going abroad to seek your fortune in the great world? Thousands have done so, and returned with wealth and honour; but, perhaps you have relations?"

"No, sir; none for whom I have any affection."

"Friends, perhaps?"

"I have a friend—"

He stopped. A slight glow came over his face. It passed away, and left his features pale and firm. Wilson thought he looked strangely like his mother.

"It is foolish to speak of it," he continued; "but I have nothing to conceal. I love, no matter how deeply, one who is rich and above me. It were vain and cruel to make her share my poverty. I shall see her once again, for the last time. But may I know why you interest yourself thus in my behalf?"

"You shall know, indeed. I am under heavy obligations to your mother. My name is Wilson. You may have heard her speak of me—"

"Wilson?" interrupted Sterling, "Charles Wilson? from the East Indies?"

"The same."

"My dear sir," exclaimed Sterling, all his features lighted up with surprise and joy; "indeed I have heard of you. My mother gave me a letter upon her death-bed, charging me, if ever I should meet you, to give it into your own hands. I have this morning accidentally taken it from my drawer, as I was arranging my things for sea. It is here."

Wilson seized it with a reeling brain. It was faintly and tremblingly traced; and contained a small curl of hair, with these words:

"You bade me, when last we parted, if ever I wished a friend, to remember you. The world is changed much since that night when I wounded your feelings at my father's house, by a feigned indifference. It avails little now that I am willing to confess it. My husband is dead—my fortune spent; when you read this, I myself shall be in my grave; there remains, therefore, no reason for me to deny, that from the moment I saw, I loved you. Forgive me—be a friend to my boy—heaven bless you!"

MARION.

It would be superfluous to continue the narrative. Sterling was Wilson's heir.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE ISLAND OF THE SEAS.

How lonely, beautifully lies,
Amid the waves, that isle of bowers,
O'er which the fearless sea-bird flies,
And eve now opes her starry eyes,
And zephyrs come, with balmy sighs,
To kiss the moonlight-loving flowers!

Behold that oak-tree pillared hill,
Religion's pure cathedral pile;
And hearken how the minstrel rill,
And note of song-bird's tribute bill,
Mingling their mellow music, fill
Its green and solitary aisle!

Oh check the ship's impetuous way,
And steer for yonder leafy isle,
Where, on some hope-redeeming day,
My dark and wintry spirit may,
Like blossoms on th' unblasted spray,
With heaven's own sacred fruitage smile.

B.

THE DRAMA.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

PARK THEATRE.

ALTHOUGH the fine old tragedies and comedies are found too solid and substantial fare for the light and fluttering intellects of the worthy denizens of New-York, yet opera, with its airy and graceful attractions, has found favour in their eyes, and they have flocked in considerable quantities—as times go—to listen to the stream of song that has been nightly poured forth at the Park theatre for this week past. That house, indeed, has been converted into quite an aviary, and an incessant warbling kept up by the pretty singing-birds therein, much to the gratification of the ears, and detriment of the pockets of the lovers of sweet sounds. A greater or more effective union of talent in this department has rarely been witnessed.

Madame Feron possesses nearly all the qualities requisite for a finished singer. Nature has done much for her, and art still more. Her voice, which is of great sweetness and uncommon power, has been brought into a state of perfect discipline; so that, in the endless variety of ornament in which she is apt to indulge, she never disappoints or fails—the means are always adequate to the end, and the most rapid transitions are executed with an ease and facility that are equally surprising and delightful; one is at a loss which to admire most—the surprising power or the delightful skill. She is also one of that rarest of all things, a sensible singer; she generally lays the emphasis on the right word, and never breaks out in any astounding and improper flourishes on an "and," a "the," a "that," or any other insignificant but indispensable monosyllable. Her embellishments are introduced in such a spirit of grace and good taste, and executed with such a becoming regard to the uses of accent and inflexion, as evidently show she regards sense as well as sound to be a component part of good singing. We must not forget to mention another rare virtue of which she is possessed, and that is a distinct articulation. You can generally catch nine-tenths of the words of every song—a piece of information which those who are in the habit of hearing singing will scarcely credit.

Mrs. Austin is a favourite, and deservedly so, with the public. Her voice is of as fine a texture, as sweet, and as flexible as that of Madame F.; but inferior to it in power and compass. She also wants the boldness and originality which distinguish the former lady. Whatever she undertakes, she executes with neatness and precision; but her ornaments are more mechanical, and after hearing her in half-a-dozen songs, we know exactly what she will do, by what she has already done. Madame F. is possessed of such infinite variety, that no conception can be formed of the future by the past.

Miss George has little in common with either of the preceding ladies. Indeed, her style is essentially different, and necessarily so, for her voice is altogether deficient in the power requisite for the execution of complicated and difficult bravuras; nor will it bear the accompaniments of the orchestra, unless sparingly and cautiously managed; they drown it; and it is a voice so charmingly sweet, that it is a pity to lose a note. Like Cordelia's, it is "soft and low," and there is a mellow richness in some of its tones which falls upon the ear like dew upon the flower. Now, in the name of taste, what has Miss G., with such a voice, to do with such songs as the "Dashing white sergeant?" She might, with as much propriety, sing the "Bay of Biscay." And let her not be persuaded to persevere in such songs by the applause and *encores* of a class of people who go to operas from some undefinable cause, and with whom the loudest noise is ever most agreeable. Even "Bid me discourse," although she executes it very prettily, is not the kind of thing she ought to sing. There is too much music in it, if we may so express ourselves; Miss G.'s voice is music of itself, and it is in airs where the audience can catch its "dying fall," such as "Farewell to my harp," "Had I a heart," "Oh no, we never mention him," or the more lively one of "My bonny lad, I love thee well," that she must eventually rest her claims for excellence.

Mr. Horn is a gentleman with many faults, and many real claims to admiration. His voice is very fine in some of its tones, but not equally good in the upper notes. In such pieces as the "Rose and the lily" he is unrivalled; but in others of a simpler cast we cannot help feeling that he has more science than taste. His acting is unique and original, and it will, we trust, long continue unimitated. In short, he is the worst singing actor we have ever seen, which is saying a bold word. By what unimaginable process he has been drilled into Caspar and Artabanus, we cannot conceive. In every thing else he is indescribable. He is not only like a machine, but like a machine with the springs out of order; he goes with a jerk and a step, and the words come straggling out of his mouth, "here one and there one," without the least reference to the order in which the author has placed them! Some of the love scenes in which he and Mrs. Austin figure, it may safely be said, have never been equalled on any stage. As a composer, Mr. Horn is justly and deservedly celebrated.

C.

* Our correspondent does not seem to be cognizant of the fact, that "Caspar" is a character of Mr. Horn's own conception, and that although written by another expressly for him, it was founded upon his own suggestions; a fact that proves him to possess some small share of dramatic talent at least.—*Ed. N. Y. Mirror.*

THE REVIEW.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE CASTILIAN.

ANOTHER novel!—but we have already lifted up our voice against the multitude of these fictitious productions, with which it is our misfortune, in company with our editorial brethren, to be overwhelmed; it only remains, therefore, for us to fulfil the duty which we owe our readers, by presenting to them the honest result of our reading labours. This novel professes to be the production of a Spaniard, with no less a name than "Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio," author of "Gomez Arias," and is extended through four hundred and seventy mortal pages of closely printed duodecimo. Of Don Telesforo de Trueba we know nothing; nor have we, as yet, the honour of any acquaintance with "Gomez Arias," the *avant-courier* to the Castilian; but, to speak our opinion freely, we are hugely given to suspect, that as to the first, the name is but a *nom-de-guerre*, and that the worthy Spaniard, if compelled to appear in his own habiliments and character, would be found a genuine son of John Bull, and a legitimate denizen of Grub-street. The book upon which, "with sad civility," we have bestowed six hours of painful labour, bears within itself no evidence of foreign origin; the sentiments and spirit of the thing are exactly similar to those of nineteenth-century of the modern English novels; the language is essentially Anglican; and even the anxiety with which the author has lugged in at every possible opportunity his scraps of Spanish, is to us evidence that his knowledge of the language is superficial, and acquired by study, not by inheritance. The time of the story is the fourteenth century; and the incidents are mostly historical, commencing with the rebellion of Don Henry de Trastamara against his brother Don Pedro, surnamed the Cruel, and terminating with the death of the latter, and the consequent establishment of his illegitimate brother upon the throne. Connected with this leading current of events, is an underplot of the loves and sorrows of the most brave and loyal adherent of Don Pedro and a fair lady, the daughter of a political time-server, by whom their affection is alternately encouraged and opposed, according to the alternate successes of the rival brothers. The subject is admirable, and in the hands of an able writer, would furnish materials for an interesting and valuable romance. The splendid character of the famed Black Prince of England, is not unworthy of Sir Walter Scott's attention; and the exploits of that host of renowned warriors who took part in the civil war between Don Henry and the king, among whom were Duguesclin, Lancaster, Villaines, Chandos, and a host of French and English chivalry, might be wrought up into a novel not inferior even to *Ivanhoe*.

We are sorry to be compelled to pronounce the work before us a failure. With his materials, the author might have done wonders; but he has done nothing; for whatever interest his book possesses, it is indebted entirely to his subject, and not to him. The historical characters are, indeed, correctly drawn, but that is not *his* merit; and those which are entirely fictitious, with one or two exceptions—such, for example, as the Zapatero—are tame, and exceedingly common-place. The heroine, in particular, is a marvellously uninteresting animal, besides being but a fac-simile of every Julia, Celestina, Adelitha, and other heroine of romance of the last century. In short, we are rather at a loss to divine what are the merits of "The Castilian;" there is no vivid description either of character or scenery, or of events, unless indeed we should be tempted to except the account of the death of the Zapatero—for the idea of which the author has been indebted to one far more powerful and appalling in the Wanderer of Maturin—and that of the final and fatal contest of the royal brothers, which is probably historical. True, the morality of the tale is unimpeachable; and to very idle readers, it may serve to convey a knowledge of certain portions of this world's history, which they might not choose to take a little trouble to acquire in any other way; but unless to such as these, or to persons particularly in want of better occupation, we cannot honestly recommend this second bantling of the pseudo "Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio."

MAXIMS.—Seeking is not always the way to find, or Altamira would have found a husband long ago.—Men harn others by their deeds, themselves by their thoughts.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SONNET.

The Wintry Wind is rushing through the trees,
 And tearing, one by one, their leaves away;
 While piteously, unto the heartless breeze,
 They stretch their naked limbs, as they would pray
 That he would spare some old and faithful leaf,
 A sad memorial of the spring-time brief;
 But no—he sweepeth wildly on his path,
 Nor heedeth aught the trees' low-spoken prayer,
 And tyrant-like, in madness and in wrath,
 Scattereth their withered foliage to the air.
 That Wintry Wind—how like it is to death!
 And we—how like the leaves by tempests strown!
 And they, who saddening mourn our spirits flown,
 Sigh like the trees denuded by its breath.

S.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GUESS WHO.

A fairer face, a brighter eye,
 Ne'er charmed the admiring sons of earth;
 Nor is there found beneath the sky
 A mind of more exalted worth.
 Celestial purity and truth,
 United, reign within her breast;
 Refinement, beauty, grace and youth,
 Their charms combine to make her blest.
 I've drawn the picture—dost thou know it?
 Sweet girl, thy mirror soon would show it.

H.

SKETCH OF CHARACTER.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GAUSS.

THIS celebrated German mathematician was born in Brunswick. His father was a poor butcher, and he himself grew up, to all appearance, a mere vagabond, with ragged clothes and a great shock head of hair, until the age of sixteen; when, to the no small amusement of his schoolmaster, as well as his fellow-pupils, he produced a manuscript which he had entitled "An Inquiry into the Nature of Numbers." The treatise was honoured with a cursory review, and being so different from the generally received essays, so entirely original in its manner of treating the subject, and so completely without the sphere of the learned professor's mind; that it was returned with a smiling suggestion, "that he had better study considerably more, and wait a number of years before he offered any of his productions to the public." Gauss, greatly disappointed and irritated, immediately transmitted it to Kastner, then at Gottingen, one of the most eminent mathematicians. He never having before heard the name of Gauss among the literati of the age, in his answer expressed much surprise that he had not been sooner acquainted with so able a writer, and lavished upon the treatise praise so warm and respectful, that the whole country rung with the young tyro's fame. His subsequent rise was rapid. Augustus Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, afterwards shot through the eyes at the battle of Jena, took him immediately under his protection, and La Place, in quoting his work, calls him "the divine Gauss." His love of mathematics absorbs almost all his other passions. Long habits of investigation have rendered its abstruse truths, invisible to superior capacities, so familiar to him, that it is said he scarcely respects the acquirements or tolerates the society of those uninitiated into the secrets of his favourite science. A good-natured theologian once asked him, "Pray, sir, do you really believe the moon to be inhabited?" "Certainly, sir," answered Gauss. "Although we can only reason analogically upon the subject, yet I am led confidently to the conclusion that it contains a race of beings, probably intelligent like ourselves." "I wonder," inquired the other, "if it is impossible to have any conversation with them, by which the fact could be established?" "I do not," said Gauss, "conceive it to be impossible, by any means. If we were to sow a large extent of country with plants, which in their growth would produce a triangle, or any other regular figure, of such colours as to reflect the light most powerfully, the inhabitants of the moon would perceive that we were intelligent beings, from the fact that we had drawn a mathematical figure." "Well, but suppose," added the theologian, "they don't understand mathematics." "Why then," said Gauss, slapping his hand angrily upon the table, "why then, let them go to the devil!"

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

American Quarterly Review for March.—This number contains articles of various and interesting import, as a brief enumeration of the subjects will sufficiently testify. Egyptian architecture is the first, and although too erudite in appearance to the general reader, will abundantly reward his curiosity and gratify his taste. The second article is on a political subject of great moment, which occupied the profound and lofty mind of Burke, and is still the fruitful source of discussion—instruction to representatives. Restrepo's history of Colombia furnishes the third article, which will repay perusal. Fourth in order is the law of libel. Fifthly comes history, a rich and beautiful theme—inexhaustible and untiring, and withal very fairly dealt with. The Greek revolution is next—and to it all will refer with pleasure, who are admirers of the land of ancient song and glory, and advocates of its restoration to its ancient splendour and freedom. A medical subject invites us now—treated, however, in a general and rather declamatory style—*temperaments*. Darby's view of the United States is the eighth article, and presents us with an instructive view of the resources of our country, especially the great west. The ninth is a review of Irving's *Conquest of Grenada*, on which high praise, not unqualified by impartial strictures, is bestowed. Last is an extended notice of the *Memoirs of Dr. Parr*—that giant in classical learning, in theology, in political and general knowledge. From this article, which is evidently written by the powerful hand of Mr. Walsh himself, we make the following extract, illustrative of the style, and containing sound and catholic doctrine:

"Convivial meeting is, in fact, the best remedy for those mistakes and asperities into which men are apt to fall, with regard to each other, before mutual knowledge, when they happen to be in opposite or different sects, whether religious, political, scientific, professional, or social. Prejudices and animosities are often carried to the grave, to the vexation of those who cherish them, and the injury of their objects, which the converse of a festive hour would have radically cured, or greatly mitigated. It is a deep error to attach all or chief importance to speculative opinions, or things adscititious, and exterior to the essential mind and being. Pure morals, warm hearts, good tempers, fond or generous sympathies, rich understandings, practical virtue, salutary action, are the real treasures and delights of this world. A cultivated man lives with gratification and dies with solace, in proportion to the liberal affections which he has possessed, the solid good which he has achieved or endeavoured to accomplish, the sound knowledge and sentiment which he has communicated, the beauties of the pages which he has read, the excellencies of nature and art which he has contemplated. As the mind expands or contracts, sinks or rises, according to intellectual intercourse, so does the spirit, according to the natures with which it communes. Live with people who have but few ideas and frivolous habits, and some assimilation is inevitable; associate only with your own fraternity, and bigotry of one kind or other will be the consequence. Opulent and nervous intellect replenishes and invigorates the head, as strong and generous sentiment vivifies and improves the heart, in its external operation. There is a mental and a moral atmosphere to be carefully sought or avoided."

Masquerades.—In our last number we touched, in a light and somewhat indulgent strain, upon this attractive, but, as we thought, dangerous amusement; and we expressed the hope that now, when curiosity had been gratified, and the novelty had ceased its charm, that all good citizens would concur with us in the propriety of putting a stop to it altogether. In this hope we have not been disappointed. A vast majority of those who are lovers of peace, decorum, and public virtue, and whom either passion or interest has not blinded to the truth, unite in condemning the continuance of this exhibition. Not to speak of the extraordinary, wasteful, and, too frequently, improvident expenditure of money, the diversion of the mind from more rational and useful pursuits, the licentious privileges assumed by many under the protection of a fictitious semblance, the offences frequently offered to female modesty, and the intrusion—which, guarded against with whatever care, is still unavoidable—of the most improper companies, are all circumstances attending masquerades, which must obtrude themselves upon the most careless notice. So glaring has

been the improprieties observed in more instances than one, that many persons, who were, at first, generous and warm advocates and promoters even of these parties, have, upon mature reflection and enlarged observation, become their decided opponents. Nor are the individuals to whom we now allude mere canters, or over-pious decriers of whatever tends to amuse and enliven the hours of recreation and leisure. They are men of business and of the world, who have the peace and happiness of their families most tenderly at heart; who would preserve the modesty and native innocence of their daughters unsullied by contamination with a motley and lawless herd; and who, moreover, consider the public welfare dependent upon, and identified with, public morals. These cannot be preserved where such unbounded license is allowed to the gayety and frivolity of youth, and to the more designing, and, therefore, fatal depravity of hardened and skilled experience. The temptation to deceive in the one case, and the danger of passive submission in the other, are too great to be overlooked by any parent anxious for his own honour and the purity of those who are to him dearer than life. What language, too, must not occasionally startle the ear and speed a blush to the burning cheek of maiden simplicity! Well then is it for her if her ignorance and sensibility be not duped—well, if she return from the unhallowed scene as spotless in thought and imagination as she went—well for her, if her susceptible heart, unused to the splendour of the romantic and fanciful enchantment, has not been made captive by seductive blandishments, aided by the insinuating graces of manner, the impressive eloquence of passion, and the charms of person artfully enveloped in classic or poetic drapery! Look to it, ye parents, who have not yet weighed this matter deeply; look to it, ye fair, who are induced, by innocent curiosity and rage for pleasure, to enter upon treacherous ground.

It is time that the arm of the law be interposed, lest the infection, flying to the lower orders, as it is already feared it has, develop evils of a magnitude, at the bare conception of which the imagination shudders.

Foreign Republications.—While we bear willing testimony to the unwearied enterprise of the booksellers in this country, in presenting to the American public whatever is most worthy of publication from abroad, and from England more especially, we must, in the spirit of impartiality, find occasional fault with the want of due discrimination in particular instances. They are misled, as we think, by the commendatory remarks of certain popular journals, the interests of whose proprietors it is to give a favourable introduction to all works proceeding from their own presses, or those of their immediate friends. They thereby secure orders from country and foreign correspondents, who are easily duped by the self-assumed tone of confidence in which the critic notices each new book. Another cause of error arises from the difference of national taste prevalent in Great Britain and in this country; which difference, although scarcely worthy of notice on subjects of general literature, is great in relation to pictures of manners and peculiarities of phraseology. Of the last error, no better evidence can be adduced than the little pleasure afforded amongst us by a large number of what has been termed *fashionable novels*. Wherever these have been unredeemed by vigorous traits of masterly talent, they have been consigned to merited neglect. Nor is the success of Pelham an exception. That work came recommended by far different qualifications. Sailors and Saints is strongly in proof of what we assert. And we must observe, by the way, that it is truly amusing to see the arrogance of the foppish author of this paltry affair, who actually condemns Cooper for not introducing sea-slang into his novels! Did this poor fool not know the rule of criticism which forbids the introduction of technical terms into any literary production?—but, pshaw! talk of old-fashioned criticism to such vile copiers, not of nature, but of nature's daubs! You might as well speak of real port to a fellow who has been accustomed all his life to brandy mixed with red oak bark.

The Family Visitor, and Sunday School Magazine.—The mania for periodicals has extended itself to children, and even their developing tastes must be gratified with regularly recurring offerings from the press. This little work appears monthly, and contains a variety of useful and agreeable matter, which seems to us, however, as far better suited to the parents of Sunday scholars than to the latter themselves, unless they are considerably advanced in attainments.

THOU ART AMID THE FESTIVE HALLS.

COMPOSED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR BY H. ZEUNER.—THE WORDS BY MRS. EMBURY.

ADAGIO. Thou art a - mid the fes - tive halls, Where beau - ty wakes her

SEMPRE LEGATO.

spells for thee; Where mu - sic on thy spi - rit falls, Like moonlight on the sea, Like moonlight on the

FZ.

UN POCO DIM.

sea; But now, while fair - er brows are smi - ling, And bright - er lips thy heart be - guil - ing,

FZ.

Think'st thou of me? think'st thou of me? think'st thou of me? PORTAMENTO.

P. FZ. P. PP. FZ.

SECOND VERSE.

Fair forms and faces pass thee by,
Like bright creations of a dream;
And love-lit eyes, when thou art nigh,
With softer splendours beam:
Life's gayest witcheries are round thee;
But now, while mirth and joy surround thee,
Think'st thou of me?

FZ. PP.

NEW-YORK MIRROR, AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1829.

NUMBER 41.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TO *****

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE, FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS HEALTH.

THOU'RT gone!—the last farewell is past!

The parting pang is o'er!

The dreaded hour has come at last—

We see thy form no more!

But many hearts shall follow thee

With anxious thoughts and fears,

And the fond eye of memory

Look back on vanished years.

Our hearts shall oft past scenes recall,

And think on what thou wert through all.

We think of thee—not with the grief

Which wastes, in loud lament,

Its bitterness, and finds relief

Ere yet its tears are spent;

But with a sadness still and deep,

Enduring and intense,

Which doth not but in secret weep,

Absorbing every sense,

Till every thought is fixed upon

The image of the absent one.

If tears and prayers, to form a spell

Around thee may combine,

From thee each danger to repel,

A charmed life is thine.

Yon dangerous sea, which hath impelled

Full many a gallant prow,

Ne'er flowed beneath a bark which held

One more beloved than thou.

Of many a thought, and many a dream,

And hope, and fear, *thou* art the theme.

A mother's tears will fall for thee,

A father's fervent prayers

Follow thee o'er the deep dark sea—

Sad vigils must be theirs,

With many a dim foreboding fraught,

Ere thou their sight shalt bless.

Oh! what can image in our thought

A parent's tenderness?—

The love which never can grow cold,

Though earth no more the loved one hold.

Think not, though we are far apart,

Although we see thee not,

Thy noble mind and generous heart

Can ever be forgot:

Memory her vivid spells doth fling

O'er every thing we see;

There's nought around which doth not bring

Some memory of thee:

Upon our hearts the seal is set—

We could not, if we would, forget.

Fond hearts shall tremble anxiously

At every rising gale;

The eye of love grow dim for thee,

The cheek of friendship pale.

Oh! dark were the presentiments,

Which, rising thick and fast,

Threw o'er our hearts their shadows dense

When we looked on thee last.

We will not name them—they shall be

False dreams, unlike reality.

The sunny clime which thou dost seek,

Its boon shall not deny;

Health yet shall brighten on thy cheek,

And light thy speaking eye:

But O thy noble heart and mind!—

Let nought of change be there:

We would not wish one blot to find

Upon a page so fair.

What thought like this can sooth our pain—

The hope to meet thee thus again!

THYRA.

A mother should give her children a superfluity of enthusiasm, that, after they have lost all they will lose on mixing with the world, enough may still remain to prompt and support them through great actions. A cloak should be of three-pile, to keep its gloss in wear.

THE CASKET.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SPEECH-MAKING.

It has been justly observed that the present is a remarkable age, abounding with all manner of advances in science and mechanics, with improvements, both external and internal, in polity, in jurisprudence, and in crime. The much-talked-of march of intellect is indeed no idle boast; the nineteenth century has been the mother of too many sublime discoveries, to justify the assertion that its claims to admiration and respect are but empty pretensions. In England, the great fountain-head of all improvements, the list of wonders swells to an almost innumerable magnitude. There a bridge has been at least in part constructed, by which the former order of things was intended to be reversed throughout, and travellers were to effect a passage beneath instead of above the aqueous obstacle to continued progress; the old-fashioned methods of vehicular conveyance have been scouted and all but banished from ordinary use, and the aspiring genius of the age could not rest satisfied without pressing into its service the elements themselves, when it would move from place to place upon the surface of the earth; steam-carriages and kite-drawn cars have been devised and actually used, and even the wildly-magnificent project of an enormous cylinder, through which erratic mortals should be propelled by the pressure of the atmosphere with a velocity but little inferior to that of cannon balls, has not been without its supporters. In science the wondrous progress of improvement has not been less; the whole theory of mental philosophy, as advanced and advocated by Reid, and Hume, and Stewart, has been opugned, and another substituted in its place by later reasoners; even the mightiest offspring of the mighty mind of Newton, the theory of gravitation, has been assailed, and only not overturned, because the minds of men have been too closely occupied with matters of deeper interest to enable Sir Richard Phillips to obtain a patient and impartial hearing—at least so he says himself. In chemistry, the changes that have taken place are so numerous and so well known as to obviate the necessity of more than a mere reference. In politics, the sages of that enlightened nation have discovered, that when the minds of a portion of the population are excited almost to rebellion by distress and dissatisfaction, force should be resorted to rather than conciliation; that, as an abstract principle, the government of a military leader is likely to prove better than that of a mere civilian, that an overwhelming load of national debt is a great blessing, and that free and unincumbered commerce with other nations is a thing to be deprecated and avoided like the pestilence. Even in crime, the felons of former ages must hide their diminished heads upon a comparison with the brilliant and accomplished rogues of the present day. True, there was once a Barrington, but his name, like a single star, shines in solitary glory amid the dim lustre of his contemporaries. It was reserved for the nineteenth century to exhibit the magnificent and widely-extended frauds of a Fauntleroy and a Stephenson, the murderous atrocity of a Thurtell, and the desperate and daring ingenuity of an Edward Gibbon Wakefield.

In other nations, the wonders of the present century have been found equally worthy of record. France, Germany, and our own more favoured land, have also done their part in exalting and sustaining the splendour of the age in which we live. But of all the magnificent and astonishing improvements of which it has to boast, there is none more striking than the perfection to which the system of speech-making has been brought, whether we consider the admirable nature of the speeches themselves, or the abundance in which they are presented for our admiration. Is a building of more than private dignity to be erected, we have speeches; a canal to be commenced, a speech; the death of any man of more than ordinary mark and likelihood affords a fair occasion for many exquisite addresses; anniversaries of every possible description, whether of births or deaths, of battles, victories, evacuations, coronations, arrivals, and institutions, all must be celebrated by a speech. If a dinner is given to an officer, either civil or military, he makes a speech of enormous length; his entertainers answer by the mouth of some chosen member of their body, and the whole crude mass of nonsense is disseminated by the newspapers, with copious remarks, to the four quarters of the earth. Elections are surpassingly prolific in these never-enough-to-be-admired outpourings of patriotism and humility; although to our shame it must be confessed that, in this particular, we are outdone by our elder brethren of Great Britain; there the polling is accompanied throughout its whole progress by the wise effusions of the candidates and their adherents; and even when the contest is decided, the war of words is still kept up, and the hard-fought battle rages for whole days and weeks, in the form of addresses congratulatory or recriminative; while with us, as yet, the termination of the struggle puts an end at once to all displays of rival oratory.

An idea has been thrown out by Leigh Hunt, from which some judicious hints might perhaps be borrowed, and applied to the subject of this article; it was a proposition submitted to the whole tribe of *rimatore* for their judicious and deliberate consideration, and intended to effect a saving of much valuable time and still more valuable paper, by recommending to them to forego at once all the superfluous parts of their effusions, that is to say, all except the rhymes. His proposition was founded upon the fact, that of the immense multitude of poems—so called—there are so few of which it is necessary to know any thing more than the terminations of the lines, to be acquainted with the whole object and tenor of the perpetrations themselves. As an evidence of the advantages to be derived from this method of poetizing, Hunt has given, in the work from which we quote, several specimens of his improved plan, in the various kinds of poetry, with prose explanations, or rather comments at full length. The following is a pastoral, which is certainly deserving of praise for its brevity, if it is utterly destitute of any other merit:

dawn	each	fair	me	ray
plains	spoke	mine	too	heat
lawn	beech	hair	free	play
swains	yoke	divine	woo	sweet
tune	fields	shades	adieu	farewell
lays	bowers	darts	flocks	cows
moon	yields	maids	renew	dell
gaze	flowers	hearts	rocks	boughs

It must be obvious to the least discerning reader, that the foregoing rhymes give a sufficiently definite idea of the subject of the pastoral, and, as usual, it opens with an account of two successful rural lovers describing to each other the course and current of their respective passions; they sally forth in the morning, of course happen to fall into the proper place and dialogue; expatiate upon the charms and condescension of their Phyllises; do justice at the same time to the fields and shades; and finish, as usual, by requesting their flocks to keep quiet, while they renew their harmonious contest under the boughs of some expanded tree.

Might not some improvement of this nature be adopted in the construction of addresses? We generally find an infinite sameness pervading the whole tribe, both in idea and expression. An ingenious man, with time to spare upon his hands, might perhaps find a profit in preparing a number of the words and phrases that most frequently occur in the effusions of these every-day orators, such as "patriotism," "love of country," "conscious of my own demerits," "inadequate to the task," "confidence in your kind indulgence," "great occasion," "public testimony," &c. &c.—these might be kept for sale at every grocery and dram-shop, nicely done up in bundles of some three or four hundred each, and when wanted for use, strung together with a number of intermediate words, which, as they would be of but little importance to the sense, might be added by any indifferent person who would be willing to take the trouble, and there is an oration ready to be delivered at a moment's warning.

If this plan should be carried into operation, and be found profitable, it is to be hoped that the claims of the proposer to a portion of the receipts will not be overlooked.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE BACHELOR.

"NAY, dearest Gertrude—"

"Nay me no nays, dear sir," interrupted Gertrude; "I have positively set my heart upon going to this ball, and I know you will not refuse your own Gertrude this one favour—upon her birth-day too. Have you forgotten that I am seventeen to-day?"

"Are you, indeed? Well then, if—"

"There, there—I hate ifs," and playfully closing his mouth with her hand, the beautiful girl fixed her eyes upon his, as if seeking from them the consent refused by the lips. Those dear dark bewitching eyes of hers, I myself have often felt their influence; and as M— gazed upon them, and upon the smile with which hope was wreathing her full lip, a thousand recollections of other days, and other eyes and smiles, so like hers, flashed over him, and, calling himself an old fool, he kissed her fair brow, and bade her prepare for the ball. An old fool, sure enough, to make such a fuss about his daughter's going to a ball! Stop, gentle reader, Gertrude was not his daughter; she was—but—"thereby hangs a tale;" and while our heroine, under the protection of the honourable Mrs. C—n, is enjoying herself at the ball, and Mr. — is sitting in his lonely room, regretting her absence, we will relate the story.

Charles Merton and Henry Allen were companions at the same school in childhood, intimate at the same college in after years, and at the moment when they separated, each to earn for himself a name and a fortune in the great world, in the enthusiasm of youth they vowed to maintain for each other, through all the changes of life, an eternal, unchangeable friendship; and, in spite of many a wise shake of the head, and many a prediction to the contrary from their classmates, the vow was never broken. These predictions were founded on their total dissimilitude of character. Merton, though possessed of no uncommon talents, had passed through college with the highest honour, and at his departure bore with him the esteem and respect of all who knew him. "Charles," said his vene-

erable preceptor, as he folded him in a parting embrace, "in your path through life, remain but true to the character you have established here, and you cannot fail to be successful. Be ever as firm and unyielding in your principles, as persevering in your undertakings, and as correct in your deportment, and whatever may be your fate, in yourself you will be happy."

Charles, under a calm exterior, concealed strong and lasting feelings; and as the words fell from the lips of the old man, they were engraven indelibly upon his heart, and he never forgot them. Henry Allen, on the contrary, had received more than nature brilliant and varied talents, sensitive feelings, and a form and face almost without fault. There was no greater favourite among the scholars than Henry Allen: always acting from the impulse of the moment, he was ever ready to join in their youthful follies, and while his rashness often led them deeper into error, his generosity as often screened the timid from blame, even at the risk of being doubly punished himself. But, too unstable to gain more than temporary success in his studies, he frequently had the mortification to see honours, which, at the outset, he was certain of winning, wrested from his grasp by those inferior to him in all but perseverance. These disappointments were not without effect. At such times, his sensitive delicacy reading contempt in every eye, he would yield himself for a time to a moody melancholy, and shun all society save that of his friend Charles, whose unwearied friendship even he could not repel. He gradually became capricious in his temper and fickle in his attachments; and though his company was still courted for his polished and elegant conversation, though his wit still enlivened the festive board, yet his name was seldom mentioned as an honour to the college. While, however, every one loved him in spite of his faults, none was truly his friend but Charles Merton. I can see him even now, as he in his turn came to receive the farewell of the good old man. His fine face pale with emotion, he threw himself into his arms, and in that softening hour receiving with gratitude the kind whispered advice to "imitate his friend Charles," he dashed away the last tears of his boyhood, and stood before us, the proud man. His affectionate farewells in that parting hour, his regrets for past follies, and resolutions of future amendments, regained for him the affection of those youthful hearts; and such is the fascination of look and manner, that, in his absence, the remembrance of them caused his faults to be forgotten in his brilliant qualities; all seriously felt his loss, and few spoke of him but as of the thoughtless and fascinating Henry. Such is fame.

Years passed away. The father of Charles was a wealthy merchant. By his desire, his son had succeeded him in his business, and, by slow but sure means, was acquiring fortune and standing among his fellow-citizens. Henry had studied the law. He was an eloquent and successful pleader, but the drudgery of business was his aversion. He was generous to a fault; consequently, extravagant and thoughtless; and his purse, open to every wily applicant, could seldom answer the demand of a needy creditor. In vain his friends remonstrated with him—it was his nature, he would say, and he could not help it; and Charles saw with regret, that though he might acquire fame, fortune would ever desert him.

Mr. Campbell, the partner of the elder Merton, was the father of an only daughter. At the time Charles first became acquainted with her, she was three years younger than himself—a lively, pretty girl, of fourteen. Thrown frequently into her society, he soon felt for her the affection of a brother; and she, on her part, treated him with the frankness of a sister. He was her beau at all the parties of her young companions, the confidant of her little sorrows, and the participator in her innocent joys. She grew up a beautiful, intelligent, and accomplished woman. With a mind like that of Charles, there was but a step between esteem and love, which my reader will have the goodness to imagine was easily taken, and he imbibed for her a deep and lasting attachment.

When, at the age of twenty-three, he saw himself firmly established in his business, he declared his attachment to her father, who, knowing his worth, sanctioned it with his warmest approbation. With Gertrude his success was less decided; she was artless as a child, and had never thought of him as other than a brother and a friend. "Charles," said she, "my heart is still free; and if, at the end of one year, you still stand as you now do, first in my affections, this hand is yours."

To the hope of a romantic lover, this answer would have

been death; but Charles was, if not enraptured, at least contented with it, and saw in her indifference only the proper reserve of woman. Six months passed away, and as he looked forward with joy to the fulfilment of his wishes, he would speak proudly to Gertrude of his prospects, and picture to her the happiness that awaited them; and as she listened to his noble and disinterested sentiments, and received proofs of his pure affection, she began to think of herself as his future wife, and, as such, received the congratulations of her friends in becoming silence. But Gertrude did not love Charles with the passionate ardour of woman, and she was fated to discover her mistake. Pity that she could not have for ever remained in ignorance of it. Had she but once have plighted her vows to him at the holy altar, the feelings of a wife would have rendered her heart invulnerable to the shafts of the mischievous urchin, and she might, even now, have been a happy woman. Ah! why is woman thus for ever the victim of her own devoted, self-sacrificing heart? Poor Charles, too secure in his own happiness, was destined to be himself the destroyer of it for ever. Whether it was merely chance, or whether unconsciously, fearing the power of Henry's fascinations, he had been the means of preventing it, we will not determine; but it had so happened, that Henry and Gertrude had never met. But one beautiful evening, on his way to Mr. Campbell's, Charles met Henry, and asked him to join him in his purposed visit. On their way, he unfolded to him his future prospects, spoke of the mental and personal charms of his beloved, and jokingly invited him to attend at his wedding that day six months.

They entered the room where Gertrude was seated alone. She rose to welcome them, and as Charles introduced his friend, involuntarily glanced from one to the other, as if contrasting their appearance. It was an unfavourable moment for poor Charles. He had already begun to repent of his ill-judged confidence; and as he watched her speaking looks, his face became pale with anxiety, and his uneasiness gave an embarrassment to his manner, very different from his usual self-possession. But Henry bowed gracefully to the blooming girl, and expressed his hopes of a future acquaintance, with all the ease and elegance of a man of fashion. He found Gertrude, as he had expected, a very pretty, genteel girl; but when, in conversing with her, he saw her whole countenance illumined with intelligence—when he caught the soft melting glances of her dark eyes, and heard the low sweet tones of her voice, he thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and, ere the close of that eventful evening, he had whispered to himself that Charles was too cold, too unimpassioned, to deserve so rare a blessing, and he could not help thinking how differently he would have loved her.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE FINE ARTS.

THE PANORAMA OF GENEVA.

We noticed the new exhibition at the Rotunda a few days ago. The Panorama building in Chambers-street, which has been ornamented within a few months with the pictures of Athens and Mexico, now offers a beautiful transcript of the scene presented to one who chooses a favourable spot on Lake Lemman, near to the city of Geneva, where the eye embraces the variety of fine and beautiful objects that present themselves in all directions. The scenery of that vicinity, so widely and so justly famed, may perhaps be better understood and appreciated after one glance at this picture, than after reading all the descriptions ever written of it. The spectator is surrounded with water, which the artist has enlivened by introducing a number of boats of different sizes, near enough to exhibit to advantage the picturesque costumes of the peasantry from several of the neighbouring cantons. Garden-walls are seen on one side, overhung with foliage, the lake spreads out to a great distance in front, with its varied and cultivated shore on the right, ornamented with numerous country houses, and backed by fine ridges of mountains, the most distant of which is Mount Blanc and its well known fellow peaks, covered with snow, at a distance of about fifty miles. The city of Geneva is seen on two sides of the panorama, overtopped in some places by other mountains; and the clearness and brilliancy of the sky, with the smoothness and transparency of the water, present the various features of the scene in a highly favourable view, while they produce the impressions of a fine day in a delightful season of the year.

THE CENSOR.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE PRESS.

MR. MORRIS—If we examine the complexion and character of the great majority of the diurnal and other journals of the United States, we shall find them strikingly deficient on the score of useful instruction. They will be found to be made up in a great measure of accounts of murders and executions, of piracies, of attempts at arson, burglaries, pilferings, assaults and batteries, counterfeitings, swindlings, abductions, kidnappings, petty frauds, horse-racing, trotting-matches, vulgar anecdotes, and a tiresome tissue of other depravities and follies, many of them so contemptible as to be utterly unworthy of notice. It is impossible to trace the influence of these things on the public feelings and habits; for no one can "paint the finest features of the mind." But, by the help of the imagination and a little sober reflection, we perceive numberless mischiefs to be their natural offspring. They serve to corrupt and pervert the moral propensities and views, and to introduce a certain looseness, not to say licentiousness, of manners and sentiments through almost every channel of society. Not a few of the gazettes are devoted to the dissemination of obscenity, falsehoods, and slanders, and of the harsh asperities of vindictive political aspirants or their wretched instruments. Those subjects which have an important bearing on the great leading interests of the community, which are calculated to open the door to valuable improvements, to the acquisition and extension of useful knowledge, to general edification and the refinement of manners, are almost wholly lost sight of. But we find no deficiency in schemes which are designed to pamper the foul spirit of avarice, to deceive and strip the unsuspecting, and to enable the cunning harpy to take advantage of his less skilful neighbour. That insatiable lust for distinction, which can only be gratified by means of wealth or power, has every where, and in all classes,* obtained such an ascendancy, that rectitude and honour seem to be discarded, and the "means are sanctified by the end." This, however, is the less to be wondered at, when it is known that men, who would fain be thought the meek and pure disciples of the Christian religion, are eagerly seeking for opportunities to enrich themselves, or to get the emoluments of office, little regarding the evils that may be brought upon others, however cruel or unjust in their operations. This has become too much the ruling passion of our countrymen. So confirmed is this habit, that it would appear to be alarmingly portentous; for we are already suspected of being a nation of sharpers.

But I return to the subject of the gazettes, those fountains from which incessantly flow streams of such diversified character, that it is difficult to speak of them as they deserve without losing sight of decorum. If they convey intelligence in an expeditious and cheap form, and make known to distant readers the policy of nations and the issues of battles; if, through this medium, men are made better acquainted with their natural and political rights; if they learn who are to be their rulers, and who are dismissed from office; they also learn all the wily tricks of party, and are constantly the dupes of designing knaves. Instead of studying what might otherwise be useful, they are led astray either by the pestiferous drenchings of political quacks, or are amused by a detail of the trifling and corrupting facts which daily meet our eye, and which, in a multitude of cases, are as derogatory to editors and printers as they are offensive to people of correct moral perceptions. To these allegations, I maintain, there are but few exceptions.† We here find no light thrown upon the sciences, no aid given to the arts, no benefits conferred upon

* We beg leave to dissent from this wholesale charge of our intelligent and respectable correspondent; for though it may apply to many, we still insist upon numerous honourable exceptions; and with regard to what foreigners may suspect of us as a nation, our answer is in a line from Shakspeare,

"Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind."

† We must again dissent, and could name many gazettes whose columns daily teem with useful and solid information; but do not choose to make comparisons which might be deemed invidious. But, after all, they who live by catering for the public, must furnish such *viands* only as the multitude are willing to pay for. The fault, therefore, in a great measure, rests with the public, and not with the editors of the daily journals. As popular taste advances, we have no doubt but corresponding improvements will keep pace with it.

agriculture, nor any prop to genius. The whole bears a resemblance to mountebank exhibitions, which serve only to call forth the "vacant laugh," or to produce the still more "vacant stare." Some of our own city gazettes are shamefully deficient in their duty respecting suggestions that relate to public improvements, unless it be a project of magnitude; and even then, however important it may be, it is often left to slumber in obscurity, after having been barely touched upon. There is no limit to the field that lies open to every industrious labourer, provided there is a disposition to promote those schemes which deeply concern the best interests of the citizens. Much has been done, but much more remains to be accomplished; and since no individual can lay claim to all knowledge, every man is called upon to contribute his mite to the general stock. It is the peculiar province of editors to scrutinize into such matters, and to afford all the aid their presses can furnish in relation to those topics which involve the character, the embellishment, and the future grandeur of the city. If they are wanting in their duty, they are without excuse; and that they are open to the imputation of gross neglect and carelessness, I believe will not be denied. We fix this charge, on the ground, that columns of their papers are frequently, nay, almost daily, filled with accounts of transactions of a very trifling nature, whilst things of the utmost consequence are passed by unheeded. The reputation of some of the journals in the Union is a disgrace to our country and to republican government; and a regard to the public morals, the public tranquillity, and to the preservation of our free institutions, calls aloud for a thorough reformation.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE KROUTS.

MR. MORRIS—Several of my Knickerbocker friends having expressed their satisfaction on seeing one of our occasional odes appear in your valuable paper, I take the liberty to trouble you with another; which, though a mere parody, may not be unacceptable to many of your readers. On the celebration of our next anniversary, I shall beg your acceptance of a ticket." W.

KROUTS, who have so often fed,
Here, on cabbage white and red,
Welcome now, the board is spread
For our revelry!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See our royal chief devour
Sausage, goose, and cabbage sour,
Scorning rivalry!

Who would be to care a slave?
Who, at such a feast, be grave?
Who refuse to chant a slave?
Let him quickly flee!

Who for cabbage, king, and law,
Knife and fork will freely draw,
Till there's nought but bones to gnaw,
Let him do like me!

By the fiends of care and pain,
By blue-devils in the brain,
We will eat and quaff champagne,
Till the demons flee!

Lay the kROUT and smoked-geese low,
Let the wine in torrents flow,
Till the cheeks with rapture glow—
'Tis our king's decree.

Load your plates above the rim,
Fill your glasses to the brim,
Think what honours wait on him
Who the prize receives!

'Tis a race of bright renown,
'Tis to win a princely crown,
'Tis to wear a regal gown
Made of cabbage-leaves.

KROUTS, then play your manly parts,
With the puddings, pies, and tarts;
Cabbage heads have generous hearts,
Let them bound with glee.

'Tis a custom we revere,
'Tis a feast to Dutchmen dear—
Knickerbockers, every year,
Keep the jubilee.

* We thank our correspondent for his kind intention, but beg leave to decline the proposed civility; for, although a lineal descendant of the Knickerbockers, yet, strange to say, *our kROUT* is our aversion. In addition to this, we are an active member of the *cold water society*, and would respectfully recommend to send the ticket to our tailor who is known to be very fond of cabbage.—Ed. N. Y. Mir.

THE STAGE.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE DRAMA.

WE would fain say a few words on this almost obsolete subject, before its glories are utterly forgotten. The days of Shakspeare are past! Time has been when such a man's plays were performed in this city, and with considerable applause too; but it is a long, long time ago. Since that period, the spirit of the age has changed; and on those boards where "Richard plotted and Othello raved," heartless infidelity and noisy ribaldry have held their triumphant revels. The foolish grandfathers and grandmothers of the present generation would have preferred the philosophy of Hamlet to that of a female lecturer, or the clumsy attempts at wit of a Shakspeare or Sheridan to the exquisite sallies and brilliant impromptus of a masquerade; but their sapient descendants know better. Like little Isaac Mendoza, they are "keen, very keen," and are not any longer to be taken in by the pretensions of such antiquated authors. True, the "lectures" are "numbered with the things o'erpast," but the intellectual amusement of masquerades has sprung up in their place, and spread like an epidemic over every quarter of the town—

"All the city is a masquerade,
"And all the men and women merely—"

but we leave the blank to be supplied by those who have more charity for such patch-work follies than ourselves. The disease first commenced at the Park, and from thence branched out in all directions, infecting the inhabitants of every street with a "midsummer madness," until its further progress was checked at once by the east and north rivers, who thus in a manner impudently usurped the rights and privileges of our active legislature, in whom the sole power of checking disorders is wisely invested, and by whom it is judiciously and efficiently exercised. To the northeast, the mania, having a greater range, and gathering force as it flew, raged with uncommon virulence, so that the horses at Mount Pitt circus were fain to abdicate their stage and stables, and the fashionables in that vicinity assembled thereon, and commenced masquerading forthwith. Meanwhile the aristocracy and democracy of the "east end of the town," and the regions thereunto adjoining, fired with a spirit of laudable emulation, rivalled each other in the splendour and elegance of their "fancy balls." Considerable dispute has arisen to which of those parties the palm of superiority ought to be assigned. Both have strong claims. The assemblies of the aristocracy were the more select—those of the democracy the more liberal. In the former, nothing darker than olive, or *half-caste*, were admitted; the latter were "broad and general as the casing air," and country and colour formed no ground of objection.

In fact, things are coming to a strange pass in this city. All is either fiery zeal, open infidelity, or headlong dissipation. In a short time there will be no such thing as mild and moderate religion or rational amusement left. Amongst the latter we have ever ranked the theatre, when applied to its proper uses, as first and foremost. We have looked upon it as a place where the best possible things are represented in the best possible manner—as a moving picture-gallery of the past, and a speaking panorama of the present—where all that is great, glorious, and spirit-stirring in history and in song, and all that is lively, witty, and humorous in real life, has been portrayed and condensed by genius to form an evening's amusement. Now what a piece of egotism is man, when, rather than spend a dollar to witness "the hair-breadth 'scapes and moving incidents" of the stage, he will give five to tread that stage himself, in a weak attempt to sustain some assumed character, of which he has as much conception as the character has of him! Could any thing be more flat and vapid than some of our late masquerades, where all was noise and nonsense, or worse than nonsense—laboured attempts at wit; where men left off what they were, in a vain effort to be what they could not be, and attempted to sustain their parts by

"Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
"Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
"Figures pedantical," &c.

And how many, for the last month, have spent their mornings, in order to prepare for the evening's effort, in concocting conundrums, pondering over premeditated impromptu puns, studying jest-books, or any other way to

"Pick up wit as pigeons peas,
"And utter it again when heaven please."

We trust that the very excess of the folly will, in a short time, work its own cure. More anon. C.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, ESQ.

NUMBER II.

THE second of my list of maxims is also one of extreme importance, and requires to be observed with unremitting diligence; for the consequences of its non-observance are sure to be exceedingly unpleasant. It is this: "Never break your word with a youngling." No matter what it is you have promised to him, whether reward or punishment, privation or gratification, when the time or contingency arrives, keep your promise. If you have enjoined upon him performance or non-performance of a certain act, and intimated punishment in case of disobedience, be not moved from the fulfilment of your undertaking either by forgetfulness or indifference, or by his cries and intreaties. It seems cruel to resist his impassioned pleadings, but it will be good in the end both for you and him; for him, because he will learn to be more careful how he transgresses in future; for you, because you will be spared both the displeasure excited by his misconduct, and the pain of inflicting the punishment which that misconduct has merited.

Above all, by keeping your word with him invariably and strictly, you avoid the sin of lying yourself, and the tremendous consequences of setting him a lying example. If once you fail in observing and keeping the faith which you have pledged, he will naturally expect that you will fail again, and thus learn to disregard your injunctions, and, what is worse, to disregard veracity; he will justify his own departures from the unswerving line of truth by your example. I have had much experience with children, although a bachelor, for I am blessed with a goodly list of brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts, and uncles, who diligently observe the great command of the holy evangelists. My little nephews and nieces obey me more promptly and with far fewer symptoms of reluctance than they exhibit under the commands of their parents, and simply because they have found by experience that, when I speak to them, my requisitions are not safely to be treated as mere idle words; that I will be obeyed, and when I am not, that the promised punishment is sure to be forthcoming. Yet they love me, for I am not given to issuing unreasonable orders; I strive not to be capricious with them, and they know that, when they have done well, my approbation follows as certainly as my displeasure when they have done ill; that rewards are as easily to be won from me as punishment. In short, they know exactly how to calculate upon my conduct towards them.

Another important maxim is "Be consistent in your management of the little people." Be careful to avoid as much as possible forbidding at one time, what you enjoin or even allow at another; for, little though you may think it, children remember these things. I know an excellent lady who is very fond of her young ones—and they are very young—but is variable, and somewhat fiery in her temper, and has but little practical skill in management—and her house is almost a purgatory to herself, her husband and her visitors. If she is in a good humour, or feels lazily inclined, she will overlook a hundred things in her children, which, although not very serious, still ought not to be allowed to pass unnoticed, and for which, the very next day, perhaps, if the mood is changed, she will scold them, scream at them, and box their ears. In the morning, she will issue a proclamation, and if it is not complied with, the cheeks of the unhappy urchin are sure to suffer, and that most unmercifully. In the afternoon the same mandate is promulgated, unheeded, and no notice is taken of the transgression. The necessary consequence of this system is, that her domicile is a perpetual den of uproar and confusion. To-day the brats are noisy and mischievous, from pure exuberance of animal spirits, and mamma being in a kindly humour, says nothing to the contrary; to-morrow they are noisy and mischievous as before, but the state of things is changed with the ruling power, and per consequence they are rated, slapped, and stormed at; and then come shrieks, and screams, and howls, swelled eyes, and tear-streaked faces; and, worse than all, their tempers are ruined by this sad mismanagement.

I was saying something a few lines back, touching the sin of lying; and that reminded me of another evil practice,

in parents and others, towards these juvenile members of society, which ought to be carefully avoided—for it tends to make them liars: it is the trick of requiring reasons from them for many things which they do and say. In nine cases out of ten, they have no reasons to give, and are ashamed to own it; they act and speak from impulse, from the mere desire of acting and speaking, not like adults, from reflection and set purpose. How absurd then it is in us, to require them to come to judgment before our matured intellects, for every idle expression! But it is worse than absurd; it teaches them to lie; rather than undergo the shame of confessing that they have spoken thoughtlessly and without a reason, they will invent one. They will tell us they said or did so and so, because so and so; when, in fact, the cause which they assign has nothing in the world to do with the act or saying with which they have connected it, and had not even occurred to their imaginations until they were called on for it.

But Wordsworth has given a lecture upon this matter, better than any I can give, which—as many of my readers have probably not seen it—I will here insert:

I have a boy of five years old,
His face is fair and fresh to see,
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,
And dearly he loves me.

One morn we strolled on our dry walk,
Our quiet home all full in view,
And held such intermitted talk
As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran;
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,
Our pleasant home when spring began,
A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear
To think, and think, and think again;
With so much happiness to spare,
I could not feel a pain.

My boy was by my side, so slim
And graceful in his rustic dress!
And oftentimes I talked to him
In very idleness.

The young lambs ran a pretty race;
The morning sun shone bright and warm:
"Kilve," said I, "was a pleasant place,
"And so is Liswyn farm."

"My little boy, which like you more,"
I said, and took him by the arm—
"Our home by Kilve's delightful shore,
"Or here at Liswyn farm?"

"And tell me, had you rather be,"
I said, and held him by the arm,
"At Kilve's smooth shore by the green sea,
"Or here at Liswyn farm?"

In careless mood he looked at me,
While still I held him by the arm,
And said, "At Kilve I'd rather be,
Than here at Liswyn farm."

"Now, little Edward, say why so;
"My little Edward, tell me why?"
"I cannot tell, I do not know."
"Why, this is strange," said I.

"For, here are woods, and green hills warm:
"There surely must some reason be
"Why you would change sweet Liswyn farm
"For Kilve by the green sea."

At this, my boy hung down his head,
He blushed with shame, nor made reply;
And five times to the child I said,
"Why, Edward, tell me why?"

His head he raised—there was in sight—
It caught his eye, he saw it plain—
Upon the house-top, glittering bright,
A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock,
And thus to me he made reply:
"At Kilve there was no weather-cock,
"And that's the reason why."

Oh dearest, dearest boy! my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn.

FROM THE ANWARI SOHEILI.

Each atom in the earth, and each atom in the sky,
To their kindred atoms ever with fond affection fly.
Like habits look to like, in morals as in food;
The wicked court the wicked; men of virtue love the good;
The pure of heart and mind none but the purest wine can please,
Whilst wretches of base soul will be contented with the lees.
So men of sense to men of sense with true attraction run,
And one fop draws unto him all the fops beneath the sun.

REPOSITORY.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE HISTORY OF A FELON.

A VERY pretty group was assembled one evening in December, around the cheerful fire of Mr. Leonard Waldoover; the time was about five o'clock; a tea-table with its appendages was placed before the fire, at just sufficient distance to allow those who were to sit around it to enjoy the grateful warmth, yet not too near to forbid an easy passage between; a lady of some forty years of age or thereabouts occupied a low rocking-chair in one corner, and a placid gentlemanly-looking man of fifty had established his arm-chair in the other; these were Mr. Waldoover and his wife; a boy of ten was standing at the table and reading with an air of profound abstraction in the "New-York Mirror;" an elder brother was conversing with the father, and at the very moment in which the scene is opened to us, the door of the apartment opened, and a lovely girl of nineteen entered. Mr. Waldoover was a merchant of high standing and considerable wealth; his wife a finished lady, in mind, manners, and education; and this is all which we think necessary to be told respecting them.

"Lucy, my daughter," said Mrs. Waldoover, "why have you ordered tea so early? are you going out to-night?"

"Yes, ma, I am engaged to go to the theatre to-night."

"The theatre, my love?" said the father, "you go too often to the theatre, Lucy; I wish you would stay at home this evening if you can, for I expect an old friend to see me, and I have promised him some fine music from your guitar."

"Oh, pa, I cannot play for you to-night, for I promised to go and see Der Freischutz with the honourable Theophilus Charles Bingham."

"Oh, very well then," said the obedient parent, and thus ended the brief dialogue; and now leaving our friends to take their tea, and receive the honourable Theophilus Charles Bingham, we will, with our reader's permission, inquire a little into the history of the individual whose name appears to have such potency.

Mr. Jacob Benjamin was an extremely interesting young gentleman of four-and-twenty years of age, and was indebted for his existence to an amiable lady who kept a clothing establishment, videlicet, a shop-shop, in Rag-Fair, London. Mr. Jacob was considered rather *androme* by his youthful companions, the black-eyed and beetle-browed hours of Tower-Hill and the Minorities; and in good truth they were not entirely mistaken in their opinion of his personal attractions. His stature was precisely five feet three and a quarter inches, and his figure would have been remarkably well proportioned, but for a slight yet too perceptible tendency to corpulence, and a corresponding tenuity in the nether limbs; these last were also guilty of an undue deviation from the perpendicular, from the knee downwards and outwards, suggesting in the mind of the beholder an involuntary idea of antipathy between the pedal terminations, which seemed to prompt them to keep as far distant from each other as possible. His face was in form oval, and in complexion olive; his mouth wide, and his teeth white; his eyes black, small and sparkling, and his nose aquiline and Hebrew. By his friends he was called an elegant creature, although the expression of his physiognomy was rather too strongly indicative of cunning and a certain tact in the making of a bargain, to be generally pleasing on a first view. It cannot be said that his education or early habits of life had been such as were calculated to make him shine in general society, for the first had been only what he was enabled to pick up by his own unassisted efforts, and as to the latter, the less that is said about them the better it will probably be for his interests, for, truth to tell, they will not bear a very close investigation. Of the attainments of Mr. Jacob Benjamin in the walks of literature, his chronicler cannot speak in the language of strong encomium. His time had been in general too exclusively occupied in the acquisition of half-pence during his early years, to allow him to devote many hours to that of knowledge; and since the passage of that non-descript period, which intervenes between boy and manhood, the care of supporting a mother and two sisters, which had devolved upon him since the absence of his father, who some years before had gone to travel at the expense of the country, by the recommendation of a learned judge, had left him no leisure to bestow upon any thing but his calling. That call-

ing was both ancient and honourable, being a species of collectorship, differing however in its objects from all collectorships connected with the custom-house department. Not to keep the reader in suspense, Mr. Jacob Benjamins was a member of that useful and entertaining body of citizens generally denominated old-clothes-men, and it was currently reported in his praise that a deeper, more sonorous, or more captivating voice was not heard in any street of London, nor was there to be found a member of the corps peripatetic to which he belonged, whose sagacity in spying out a customer, or whose *savoir-faire* in the conduct of a bargain could be justly said to excel, if indeed they might equal his. At the time of the commencement of this biographical sketch, Mr. Jacob Benjamins had pursued his honest avocation with varied, but, on the whole, respectable success, during a period of three years, having entered upon it together with his manhood, and but for one or two little failings inherent in his disposition, might have continued to perambulate the streets of that far-famed metropolis, diligently gathering friends, pence and cast-off garments to the present moment; but another fate was in store for him. And here we must take the liberty of a slight digression, to lift up our voices against the progress of knowledge, which being accompanied by a proportionate decrease of principle, bids fair to turn this poor world topsy-turvy. If there is, as was well remarked by one of our civic worthies, now deceased—if there is a thorough-going knave in existence, it is that rogue Chymistry, who is perpetually affording facilities to the dishonest for the gulling of their unsophisticated neighbours. The scoundrel can imitate or disguise every thing. He can transform glass into diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, so that none but a jeweller, who is in five cases out of ten as great a scamp as himself, can detect them.

He can make admirable champagne out of execrable cider; and, what is not a little remarkable, it will not kill a man so soon as corrosive sublimate; he can manufacture good flour of spoiled gypsum; gas out of cotton seed, and money out of the cotton; he can change a bank-note for one pound into a bank note for ten; and a shilling into a sovereign; in short, he can poison, bamboozle, cheat and defraud mankind in every thing, and nobody the wiser.

He it was that gave the first impulse to the unfortunate Jacob Benjamins in the Road to Ruin; and it must now be our business to relate the distressing particulars.

It has been already intimated that the moral character of Mr. Jacob Benjamins fell short of absolute perfection in sundry little items; these were, a peculiar sensibility to the charms of "the last best work;" a taste for pleasure generally; and an inordinate consciousness of the value of money, both abstractedly *per se*, and as an instrument in the attainment of various little gratifications, to the which his soul did much incline, to wit, balls, masquerades, the shilling gallery at Astley's, and devilled turkeys. He was, as has been said, a favourite among the ladies; but this flattering feature in his history was less to be ascribed to any personal merits, than to the liberality with which he was in the habit of dispensing various little attentions among his fair friends of the female gender, which attentions were generally manifested in the shape of invitations to the pleasant resorts for which his own predilections were so active. His fascinating face and figure were well known to the door-keepers at the minor theatres, and at Astley's; and by them he was seldom seen alone; each arm supported some blooming black-eyed houri from the remote east, either Ailie-street, or Smithfield-place, or the greasy purlieus of White Chapel. When his nights were not thus engaged, the Rainbow claimed his presence; Fleet-street Rainbow, where oysters, Welch-rabbits, devils and segars, do reign supreme. To support this lavish nightly expenditure, our hero had but the profits of his daily walks, which, though large, were yet insufficient. The fact is, master Jacob Benjamins was rapidly wending his way to that general bourne of spendthrifts, bankruptcy; and in an evil hour, he picked up an acquaintance, whose career had been like his own in early life, and who now supplied those wants, which he had found honest industry inadequate to meet, by dishonest means. This new friend, Mr. Isaac Solomons, or, as he was commonly called, Ikey Solomons, had dabbled in chymistry and mineralogy; at least he was practically acquainted with the properties and value of different metals, and with the art of giving to some the appearance of others. In short, his profession was that of a coinier; and by way of relaxation and variety, he sometimes superintended an engraving establishment, where bank-notes were fabricated without the concurrence of his majesty's go-

vernment. This villain had for some time kept an eye upon our juvenile Jacob, rightly supposing, from his course of life, that the time must ultimately come when larger supplies of money would be needed, and that need become so strong as to banish all idle scruples respecting their acquisition. That time did soon arrive, and so sore was its pressure, that the bait was swallowed with even far more readiness than the tempter had believed possible. It is not necessary that we should follow our neophyte through his career; it is enough to say, that for a time all things went smoothly with him; Ikey Solomons was a proficient in his art, the factitious sovereigns and bank-notes passed off without suspicion, and master Jacob Benjamins was more gallant, and more assiduous than ever in his attendance at Astley's and the Rainbow. But all this was too pleasant to last for ever; the thief-takers and Bow-street queers began to look sharply at our adventurer, and at last a warrant was actually issued for his apprehension. Twelve hours more, and the fate of Mr. Benjamins had been sealed; but luckily for his Jewish neck, a woman interfered and saved him. Among the numberless beauties who had shared his attentions and his generosity, was one whom nature had but slightly favoured with her gifts; a freckled, sandy-headed, meagre damsel, with dull gray-gooseberry eyes, and a nose that defied all description; but she was a clever, good-natured creature, and an heiress. Her father was an officer, and one of the most formidable of that formidable phalanx—the terror of all the rogues of London. It was currently rumoured that the old man was worth ten thousand pounds, and that his only daughter would inherit all his wealth. Ugly as she was, this rumour had procured her many suitors, but among them all was none toward whom her own gentle heart yearned so fondly as to the quondam hero of Rag-Fair—the gay and gallant Jacob Benjamins. By accident she gained the knowledge of the warrant, and vowing to save her beloved swain, she hastened to seek him out and communicate to him the alarming intelligence. By great good fortune, the first direction which she took proved successful; and, breathless with haste and terror, she gasped forth her warning, urged him to immediate flight, and with an aching bosom bade him farewell. What was now to be done was the next question; a moment's delay might prove fatal, and yet the sinews of flight were wanting. Jacob had been unusually lavish of late, and with a rueful countenance he examined his almost exhausted pocket-book; it contained but one poor counterfeit five pound note. At this juncture his anxieties were suspended by the opportune arrival of his fellow-labourer in the fields of iniquity, Ikey Solomons, to whom the emergency of his situation was forthwith communicated.

"Indeed!" said Ikey; "has it come so soon? I expected this, but not just yet; but it cannot now be helped; I must hasten my preparations. Listen, Jacob; I have for some time past foreseen that this trouble would, sooner or later, arrive, and I have not neglected the necessary arrangements; you must fly to America; a ship is at this moment waiting in the river for a wind, and will sail in all probability to-day; you must go on board instantly."

"But," said the neophyte, "I have no money, and—"
"That is cared for," interrupted his mentor. "In this pocket-book are bank-notes and bills of exchange to the amount of five thousand pounds, the savings of ten years of assiduous industry; you must take them, and on your arrival in New-York, invest the money in some safe institution in my name; I shall speedily follow, for the climate is growing rather too hot for me too; so begone, and watch my arrival in the land of liberty; no fear of thief-takers there, my boy. Good-by; you have no time to lose."

The project was carried into successful execution; our friend Jacob arrived safely in the United States, resolving, however, like an honest man, to have no farther communication with the accomplished Mr. Solomons; to avoid whom he immediately set off for Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New-Orleans, keeping himself very quiet, and passing under an assumed name.

Our limits will not allow us to trace his wanderings in detail, suffice it to say, that, four years after his arrival in America, he was a resident of one of our chief cities, much improved in manners by travel and study—for, to do him justice, he had employed the time to profit—relieved from all anxiety respecting the advent of his quondam associate—who, by the latest advices, had been transported to Botany Bay for life—and flourishing, the very glass of fashion and cynosure of ladies' eyes, as the Hon. Theophilus Charles Bingham, nephew of an English earl, and pos-

essor of wealth illimitable. It is discreditable to our countrymen and women to admit that they were most egregiously humbugged by this scoundrelly adventurer; but it is a melancholy fact, that, shallow as were his pretensions, and easy of detection, they were received as unexceptionable; and by the aid of a monstrous pair of whiskers, a splendid wardrobe, a curricule, and half-a-dozen horses, and above all, of a matchless stock of impudence, the pseudo-honourable was welcomed as became his fictitious rank in the highest circles, and courted as one worthy of all admiration. His presence was deemed an indispensable item at all the ultra fashionable dinners, suppers, balls and soirees; his dicta were acknowledged as unerring rules in all matters of bon ton; his hand was thought a prize which the first-rate belles did not disdain to angle for. Happy the damsel whom he condescended to visit; thrice happy she whom he vouchsafed to honour with his company at the theatre; but happy beyond all others the envied fair one who was permitted to obtain a seat in his dashing curricule.

For the honour of our country this did not endure for ever; and lucky was it for Miss Lucy Walldover—who, by the way, was not by any means a silly girl, or deserving of the fate which he had destined for her—that his detection came to pass before the scheme which he was prosecuting against her peace and her father's bank-stock had arrived at its destined consummation.

We left this young lady hastening the process of taking tea, in order to be in time to accompany the admired Theophilus to the theatre. The social meal was finished, and the hour of departure came, but not the expected honorable; another hour passed, and still no tidings of the noble gentleman; dreadful was the alarm of the young lady, and great the wonderment of all besides; but still he came not; Lucy saw no play that night.

The next day brought the cause of this strange negligence. The Honourable Theophilus Charles Bingham was a prisoner in the city prison; he had been detected in selling false jewels, in passing forged checks, and in cheating at play; and his game was up. The whole city was in a hub-bub; some still believed him an innocent and injured man, but their incredulity was of short duration; a monstrous system of swindling was gradually developed, in which he had been the chief agent; his early history, in course of time, became known; and in less than four months after that memorable night with which this story opened, the Honourable T. C. Bingham, alias Jacob Benjamins, was busily engaged in learning to make shoes in the state prison.

THE REVIEW.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDGE-HILL,

OR THE

FAMILY OF THE FITZROYALS.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

It is somewhat late to notice this work, but the fault is not in us, and we feel almost tempted to bestow a censure upon the author for his tardiness in placing before us a report so palatable. We took it up as a matter of duty, and expected to lay it aside with no other feeling than that of self-congratulation at the accomplishment of an irksome task. We were very much mistaken in our anticipations. The book is a very sensible, clever, and spirited article, and bears strong testimony in favour of the talents of the "Virginian," for such is the only intelligence the author has vouchsafed to give respecting his "local habitation and his name." He need not be ashamed of his handiwork, however; for it does him credit. We have but little space to bestow upon him now, and that little we think we cannot put to better use than the giving him a piece of sound advice, which, for our own sake, as well as his, we hope he will follow most religiously. Our homily is comprised in one brief sentence, "Beware of imitation." The plot and characters of Edge-hill smack something too much of Cooper. The old Fitzroyal, young Fitzroyal, Mont-eagle, Ludwell, Ruth, and Harriet Wilton of the one, bear a marvellous resemblance to the Colonel Howard, Griffiths, Kit Dillon, Barnstable, Cecilia, and Katherine Plowden of the other; but *verb. sap.*—we have done.

The best criterion of enlarged minds, next to the performance of great actions, is their comprehension.

VILLAGE TALES.

LOQUACITY.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THE lords of the creation, who are generally—to do them justice—tenacious enough of their distinctive and peculiar faculties and powers, have yet by common consent made over to the females the single gift of loquacity. Every man thinks and says that every woman talks more than he: it is the creed of the whole sex—the debates and law reports notwithstanding. And every masculine eye that has scanned my title has already, I doubt not, looked for an *errata*, suspecting a mistake in the gender; but it is their misconception, not my mistake. I do not—heaven forbid!—intend to impugn or abrogate our female privilege; I do not dispute that we do excel, generally speaking, in the use of the tongue; I only mean to assert that one gentleman does exist—whom I have the pleasure of knowing intimately—who stands pre-eminent and unrivalled in the art of talking; unmatched and unapproached by man, woman, or child. I should be at a loss where to seek a competitor to contend with him in a race of words, and I should be still more puzzled to find one that can match him in wit, pleasantry, or good humour.

My friend is usually called Harry L.; for, though a man of substance, a lord of land, a magistrate, a field-officer of militia, nobody ever dreamed of calling him *mister* or *major*, or by any such derogatory title—he is and will be all his life plain Harry, the name of universal good-will. He is indeed the pleasantest fellow that lives. His talk—one can hardly call it conversation, as that would seem to imply another interlocutor, something like reciprocity—is an incessant flow of good things, like Congreve's comedies without a replying speaker, or Joe Miller laid into one; and its perpetual stream is not lost and dispersed by diffusion, but runs in one constant channel, playing and sparkling like a fountain, the delight and ornament of our good town.

Harry L. is a perfect example of provincial reputation, of local fame. There is not an urchin in the town that has not heard of him, nor an old woman that does not chuckle by anticipation at his approach. The citizens are as proud of him as the citizens of Antwerp were of the *Chapeau de Paille*, and they have the advantage of the luckless Flemings, in the certainty that their boast is not to be purchased. Harry, like the Flemish Beauty, is native to the spot; for he was born at B., educated at B., married at B.—though, as his beautiful wife brought him a good estate in a distant part of the country, there seemed at that epoch of his history some danger of his being lost to our ancient borough; but he is a social and gregarious animal; so he leaves his pretty place in Devonshire to take care of itself, and lives here in the midst of a hive. His tastes are not at all rural. He is no sportsman, no farmer, no lover of strong exercise. When at B., his walks are quite regular; from his own house, on one side of the town, to a gossip-shop called “literary” on the other, where he talks and reads newspapers, and others read newspapers and listen; thence he proceeds to another house of news, similar in kind, though differing in name, in an opposite quarter, where he and his hearers undergo the same process, and then he returns home, forming a pretty exact triangle of about half a mile. This is his daily exercise, or rather his daily walk; of exercise he takes abundance, not only in talking—though that is nearly as good to open the chest as the dumb-bells—but in a general restlessness and fidgetiness of person, the result of his ardent and nervous temperament, which can hardly endure repose of mind or body. He neither gives rest nor takes it. His company is, indeed, in one sense—only one—fatiguing. Listening to him tires you like a journey. You laugh till you are forced to lie down. The medical gentlemen of the place are aware of this, and are accustomed to exhort delicate patients to abstain from Harry's society, just as they caution them against temptations in point of amusement or of diet—pleasant, but dangerous. Cholerick gentlemen should always avoid him, and such as love to have the last word; for, though never provoked himself, I cannot deny that he is occasionally tolerably provoking—in politics especially—and he is an ultra-liberal, quotes Cobbett, and goes rather too far—in politics he loves to put his antagonist in a fume, and generally succeeds, though it is nearly the only subject on which he ever listens to an answer—chiefly, I believe, for the sake of a reply, which is commonly some trenchant repartee, that cuts off

the poor answer's head like a razor. Very determined speakers would also do well to eschew his company—though in general I never met with any talker to whom other talkers were so ready to give way; perhaps because he keeps them in such incessant laughter, that they are not conscious of their silence. To himself the number of his listeners is altogether unimportant. His speech flows not from vanity or lust of praise, but from sheer necessity; the reservoir is full, and runs over. When he has no one else to talk to, he can be content with his own company, and talks to himself, being beyond a doubt greater in soliloquy than any man off the stage. Where he is not known, this habit sometimes occasions considerable consternation and very ridiculous mistakes. He has been taken alternately for an actor, a poet, a man in love, and a man beside himself. Once in particular, at Windsor, he greatly alarmed a philanthropic sentinel, by holding forth at his usual rate whilst pacing the terrace alone; and but for the opportune arrival of his party, and their assurances that it was only “the gentleman's way,” there was some danger that the benevolent soldier might have been tempted to desert his post to take care of him. Even after this explanation, he gazed with a doubtful eye at our friend, who was haranguing himself in great style, sighed and shook his head, and finally implored us to look well after him till he should be safe off the terrace. “You see, madam,” observed the philanthropist in scarlet, “it is an awkward place for any body troubled with vagaries. Suppose the poor soul should take a fancy to jump over the wall?”

In his externals he is a well-looking gentleman of forty, or thereabouts; rather thin and rather pale, but with no appearance of ill-health, nor any other peculiarity, except the remarkable circumstance of the lashes of one eye being white, which gives a singular non-resemblance to his organs of vision. Every one perceives the want of uniformity, and few detect the cause. Some suspect him of what farriers call a wall-eye; some think he squints. He himself talks familiarly of his two eyes, the black and the white, and used to liken them to those of our fine Persian cat—now, alas! no more—who had, in common with his feline countrymen, one blue as a sapphire, the other yellow as a topaz. The dissimilarity certainly rather spoils his beauty, but greatly improves his wit—I mean the sense of his wit in others. It arrests attention, and predisposes to laughter; is an outward and visible sign of the comical. No common man has two such eyes. They are made for fun.

In his occupations and pleasures Harry is pretty much like other provincial gentlemen; loves a rubber, and jests all through, at aces, kings, queens, and knaves, bad cards and good, at winning and losing, scolding and praise; loves a play, at which he out-talks the actors whilst on the stage—to say nothing of the advantage he has over them in the intervals between the acts—loves music, as a good accompaniment to his grand solo—loves a contested election above all. That is his real element—that din and uproar, and riot and confusion! To ride that whirlwind and direct that storm is his triumph of triumphs! He would make a great sensation in parliament himself, and a pleasant one.—By the way, he was once in danger of being turned out of the gallery for setting all around him in a roar.—Think what a fine thing it would be for the members to have mirth introduced into the body of the house! to be sure of an honest, hearty, good-humoured laugh during the session! Besides, Harry is an admirable speaker, in every sense of the word. Jest is indeed his forte, because he wills it so to be; and therefore, because he chooses to play jigs and country-dances on a noble organ, even some of his stanchest admirers think he can play nothing else. There is no quality of which men so much grudge the reputation as versatility of talent. Because he is so humorous, they will hardly allow him to be eloquent; and, because he is so very witty, find it difficult to account him wise. But let him go where he has not that mischievous fame, or let him bridle his jests and rein in his humour only for one short hour, and he will pass for a most reverend orator—logical, pathetic, and vigorous above all. But how can I wish him to cease jesting even for an hour? Who would exchange the genial fame of good-humoured wit for the stern reputation of wisdom? Who would choose to be Socrates, if with a wish he could be Harry L.?

People of little religion are always noisy. He who has not the love of God and man filling his breast, is like an empty wagon coming violently down a hill; it makes a great noise because there is nothing in it.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Temperance Society.—It is probably known to most of our readers, that a number of gentlemen in this city, of great respectability, have entered into a voluntary association to discourage, by example and precept, the habitual use of ardent spirits even in moderate quantities. The motives which have avowedly led to this institution are of the purest and most benevolent character, and its successful influence, if properly and modestly exercised, is likely to be attended with the most beneficial and gratifying results. Intemperance is a crying evil in many parts of our land, felling, with its deadly stroke, the mightiest intellects and most powerful frames; rending asunder the ties of domestic happiness, and introducing everywhere anarchy, disorder, and an utter disregard of all laws, human and divine. The most towering genius, once touched by its withering and benumbing power, dwindles down, and decays into the most helpless imbecility. Affections the most amiable, morals the most pure and expansive, become soured and debased, and finally brutalized. Decorum is outraged, the peace of society is broken, and the love of kindred, natural to man, and as necessary to his moral and social, as air and food are to his physical being, is turned into gall and bitter hate. Wife, children, friends—all are alike the subjects of vituperation and violence; and fortunate will it be if they are not the victims of an unbridled and demoniac passion. What is the end of all this? If, for some rash and thoughtless act, the law overtake not the slave of intemperance, the drunken mania awaits him, to convulse him in its horrible grasp, and consign him, palsied in mind and body, to an untimely and unlamented grave. In the language of the report of the managers of the society, “What consternation pervades the city at the sight of a mad dog! The legislature of the state, a few years ago, voted a liberal reward for the disclosure of a doubtful remedy against hydrophobia. The existence of a solitary case of this formidable disease fills our whole community with terror; and how do the evils of hydrophobia compare with those of intemperate drinking? Is the disease more terrible, or does it lead to a more horrid death, than *delirium tremens*? Let those answer who have treated both. Ten drunken maniacs were, a short time since, received into our hospital at Bellevue, in a single week—a greater number than have died in our city of hydrophobia in fifty years.” The report further states, and very truly, that “Intemperance is filling our almshouse with paupers, our hospitals with patients, our asylums with madmen, our penitentiaries with criminals, and our streets with vagrants.” Such, undoubtedly, is the evil, and so great is its amount. What then, is the remedy? *Total abstinence*, say the society. Of the efficacy of this application no one will be found to doubt. Of its practicable acceptance in all cases, very many will. Men may have some member of their body deformed, or which does them injury, and lopping it off is a sovereign cure; but will they consent? *That's the question.* And we leave it to the society to determine it, sincerely and devoutly hoping that their labours may be crowned with success in the laudable attempt they are making for the improvement of their fellow beings. Some will be found who question their motives; some who will doubt the efficiency or general applicability of the means of prevention they propose; others who will condemn their drawing oppressive and useless lines of distinction in society; and others again, who will, with no small share of plausibility, decry all attempts at voluntary associations to promote desired changes, as calculated to raise a few into notice and distinction, and throw over them the mantle of pre-eminent virtue and sanctity; but all will approve of the object aimed at, and rejoice in its accomplishment.

The North American Review for April.—We always look forward with pleasing anticipations to the appearance of each successive number of this long-established and justly popular review. Modest and unassuming in its tone, impartial and correct in its opinions, and chaste and unexceptionable in its style, it has recommended itself to the favour of the public in this country, and the approbation of the enlightened *litterateurs* in Europe. It has been charged with a deficiency of that sparkling spirit which gives zest and animation to its trimestrial contemporaries of London and Edinburgh. Let the charge be admitted, it will be found that in proportion to the amount of *flash* wanting, is the extent of froth and flippancy also absent. In lieu of these superficial charms, calculated to catch the applause

of the injudicious, it possesses a tone of sound morality, political sagacity, and pure taste in letters, for which we may often look in vain in its more pretending and bold rivals. It is now twenty-six years since this journal was established, and the continued support with which it has been favoured, is a decisive argument in favour of its high claims, and a no less decisive proof of the liberality and enlightened state of the people of this country. New rivals have sprung up at home, under the most formidable auspices; but we cannot believe that the North American Review will ever be deprived of its extensive patronage so long as it continues to be conducted on the principles which have hitherto governed its editors. The present editor, Mr. Sparks, is abroad, engaged on the interesting mission of collating documents illustrative of the life of our great Washington; he is said, however, not to be inattentive to the concerns of the review. The present number contains thirteen articles, of which the most interesting are, College Education, Ancient and Modern History, Pollock's Course of Time, Civilization and Conversion of the Indians, Pelham, the Louisiana Treaty, Webster's Dictionary, Elementary Instruction, Clerical Manners and Habits, &c. The remarks on college education are peculiarly interesting, pregnant with information on the systems of instruction pursued and proper to be adopted in this country, as applicable to the wants and modifications of society. The compliment paid to Mr. Brougham, for his zeal and active efforts to improve the education of the lower classes, is well merited and well expressed. Classical education is treated of in a spirit of great liberality and candour, and its advantages enforced with pertinent and unanswerable argument. The whole number will amply repay attention.

Waverley Novels.—The literary public will be gratified to learn that Sir Walter Scott is on the eve of publishing a new and complete edition of these popular works, revised in the most careful manner by himself, and rendered more valuable by the addition of descriptive and historical details. In an advertisement published in the English papers, he has pledged himself to this task, and has also promised to make no material alterations in the threads of the narrative, or the identity of the individual characters. Redundancies of expression, feeble or superfluous passages, such as the haste incident to the great demand for each successive novel did not allow him to correct at the period of original publication, will be expunged. It is also proposed to illustrate some of the most interesting scenes with appropriate engravings by the very first masters, so that the edition will altogether be the most complete and beautiful one which has yet made its appearance. We hope that sufficient encouragement will be held out to some of our enterprising booksellers to reprint it in this country, in a style commensurate with the permanent and high character of the work.

The Critic, by William Leggett, Esq.—We are glad to perceive that the enterprising editor of this literary miscellany will be enabled, by the success which has hitherto crowned his labours, to commence a second volume. This is, in itself, a distinction for a literary journal in the city of New-York, and gives promise of a goodly life. The Critic is admitted, on all hands, to be a well conducted and spirited work, and has, with some few exceptions, to which it is not necessary now to recur, pronounced its opinions with equal fairness, justice, and elegance. It has our best wishes for its success, and if encouraged as it should be by students and scholars generally, will undoubtedly prove a valuable resource to its persevering and intelligent editor.

Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns, No. 1.—Miss Elizabeth Oram, the editor of this little tract, has, with a most praiseworthy industry, arranged, analyzed, and explained the beautiful hymns composed by Mrs. Barbauld, with a view to awaken devotional feelings in the minds of children as early as possible; and she intends continuing her efforts in future numbers. The hymns are divided into such portions as may be easily retained in the memory, and then explained by questions and answers appended; all ideas are defined, and such other subjects introduced as may develop the infant faculties of the mind, and direct them to proper objects. We cannot commend this work in terms sufficiently strong, to the heads of all families and schools. Its success, we trust, will be commensurate with the value and merit of the design.

The Irish Shield and Monthly Milesian.—This is the title of a new journal lately commenced in this city by Mr. George Pepper, with the commendable object of diffusing

among his countrymen a correct knowledge of the history, topography, literature, and politics of unfortunate, and hitherto oppressed Ireland. A more appropriate time for the success of such a work, ably conducted, could not have been selected. The zeal of Irishmen in favour of the recovery of the rights of their brethren at home—withheld during so long a period of suffering—has never been so great as at present; and the prospect of success held forth by the last advices, will give no ordinary zest to whatever relates to the subject of Catholic emancipation. In the success of the cause none feel more warmly interested than ourselves; and as a means of promoting it, we cheerfully recommend the Irish Shield to the general patronage of all who sympathize in the sufferings, and anticipate with pleasure the regeneration, of one of the fairest portions of the globe.

Dissections.—Few subjects have engaged the public mind to a greater extent than that of dissections of the human body, as necessary to the improvement of anatomical and medical knowledge. The deficiency existing in the laws of this country, as of most others, and owing to a false notion or prejudice entertained on the subject by the populace, has undoubtedly led to the atrocities referred to in the following article from the London Atlas. In its conclusions we cordially agree:

"We give, in our present number, full details of the atrocious case of *Burke*, the murderer, who, for the price given by the anatomists for the bodies of his victims, deliberately murdered several isolated and wretched fellow-creatures. The commentaries of the daily papers, which run into absurd theories upon the constitution of crime, and the aptitude of emigrant Irishmen to commit it, we do not give, because we cannot pander to that vicious appetite which gloats upon scenes of a disgusting and revolting nature. We have but one object in publishing this case so amply; it is not to feed idle curiosity, or to nourish that debasing taste for horrors, which can convert passing villainies into the startling periods of romance—our object is to lay before the country one of those unanswerable appeals, which, more than a thousand arguments, calls loudly for some legislative protection for the science of anatomy. If Burke's terrible history has not the effect of producing a legitimate remedy for this evil, if it does not force from parliament some legal means of providing subjects for dissection, then science may despair, and murder will again become the refuge of the abandoned and the unconscious agent of the student and the lecturer."

Pauperism.—After relieving the urgent necessities of the needy, feeding them when hungry, clothing them when naked, and supplying them with fuel when shivering and perishing with cold, the next duty of the good citizen is to prevent, as far as in his power lies, a recurrence of the evil, and to enable the objects of his charity to assist him in this useful effort. Now that the rigour of the season has abated, and the severe snow-storm yielded its benumbing and withering influence to the more genial showers of early spring, this duty becomes imperative, and calls loudly on the good people of this city to strain every moral and intellectual nerve for the adoption of an effective plan, by which the heart-rending and distressing scenes of the past season may no more be renewed amongst us. To fulfil the objects of benevolence, it is not sufficient that we exercise an indiscriminate charity. We should beware lest we hold out a lure and a temptation to the idle and the dissolute to indulge their vicious propensities, in the firm assurance that, when the day of woe arrives, their cries and supplications will be listened to and granted. Means should be devised to reform the habits of the poor, to inspire their minds with a becoming ambition and love of independence, to stimulate them to industry, and deter them from the pursuit of vicious indulgences. Employment may easily be furnished, by an institution formed for the purpose, to all those who are, by some unforeseen or unfortunate cause, put out of the way of procuring a livelihood. And habits of continued industry will enable them to supply their wants, and those of their dependent families. The aged, the helpless, and the sick, are, under all circumstances, to be provided for and relieved; but the young, and the robust, and the healthy, are to be subjected to discipline and scrutiny. The same amount which has been so generously, freely, and almost instantaneously bestowed by the public upon objects of actual distress, would be almost sufficient to carry such a plan into effect; and its disposition in this manner would, in all probability, render a recurrence of demands on the public purse less and less necessary.

A second means of preventing pauperism, and its host of attendant evils, is the withdrawing of temptation by public authority and license, from the lower classes, who often squander their hard-earned wages on the support of those nuisances—the dram-shops. Judge Edwards very pertinently observes, in one of his late charges to a criminal sentenced to death, and whose guilt was the consequence of intoxication, that, "if it is a crime to tempt, as well as to be tempted, how can those hope to escape moral retribution who hold forth lures to intemperance, and, by assisting to overthrow the reason of the vicious, prepare them for the work of iniquity?" We call, then, upon those citizens who are compelled to follow the trade of selling liquor by retail, to look upon the awful responsibilities which they incur whenever they administer to the intemperate appetites of the lowest among their fellow-men, the drunkard by profession. Many of the grocers are respectable men, and to such our appeal is worse than useless, as they would, equally with ourselves, frown upon any attempt to introduce vicious examples into their establishments. It is to the smaller store-keepers, who occupy public corners of easy access to the multitude, and who, led away by the love of gain, too frequently overlook their true and permanent interest, and bury conscientious scruples in a golden oblivion. The day of retribution will arrive, and heavy must it fall on some. Are not those somewhat to blame who authorize such misconduct, and who calmly and indifferently view the dreadful advancement of crime and beggary in this city?

The Jail again.—Can it be possible? Are we indeed to witness so great a sacrifice of self-willed obstinacy on the part of those who have so long opposed the demolition of this building, "not without architectural beauties?" Is it indeed to be razed to the ground? We hope so, for the honour of the city. There is a proposition, as the daily papers inform us, before the common council, to extend Cross-street to Chatham, and to build up the addition with fine three story houses, &c. It is also contemplated to extend the city-hall—to brush away the "five points" from the map of New-York, and erect a bridewell on its site. Happy and appropriate change! These questions, be it remembered, are all under discussion as yet, and many a glass of champagne, and cup of young hyson, must be quaffed, before any decision—that is—any wise or prudent decision, can be had upon the subject. This is right. It were, indeed, a strange departure from the good old customs of the lordly and sage burgomasters—who, in times of yore, wielded the destinies, and disposed of the gable-ends of New-Amsterdam, and who smoked, we forget how many hundred pipes before they passed any resolution, just as our legislatures require a bill to be read so many times before it is passed, in order that there may be no mistake about its having been read—if our common council were in too great haste—say in six meetings—to dispose of questions so intimately connected with the prosperity of the present and future generation, as the demolition of the jail, the opening of Cross-street, or the extension of the iron-railing round the Park!

Archibald Gracie, Esq.—The death of this distinguished merchant is calculated to awaken the most lively regrets, and melancholy retrospections. Possessed of an acute and intelligent mind, an expansive and benevolent heart, an integrity the most unshaken, and a knowledge of commerce seldom paralleled, and equal to the most arduous and extensive enterprises, it was the lot of Mr. Gracie to see a house built up by his own industry and perseverance, engaged in the most distant relations, and elevated to a pitch of respectability unsurpassed in this country, levelled to the ground, through the inevitable agency of lamentable causes, over which neither prudence, nor sagacity, nor the most ample resources, could exercise control. It is gratifying to find that the same respect and veneration for his character which had added lustre to the days of his golden prosperity, continued to shed their cheering influence over his old age, and that, amidst the trying reverses, "honour, obedience, troops of friends," followed him unto the day of his death, and until the last sad rites had been paid unto his lamented remains.

Fire in Augusta.—The particulars of the awful conflagration in Augusta have appeared in the papers, and it is to be hoped they will produce a proper impression on the well known generosity of our citizens. While so many foreign and doubtful claims are eagerly listened to and satisfied, let us not forget that charity begins at home, and that our fellow-citizens are also entitled to a share of our munificence.

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

THE SUN THAT LIGHTS THE ROSES.

BRILLIANT.

Though dimple cheeks may give de-light Where ri-val beauties blos-som, Though bal-my lips to love in-vite, To ec-sta-cy the bo-som; Yet sof-ter than yon summer's sky Each blushing tint dis-closes: Give me the lus-tre-beaming eye, The sun that lights the ro-ses, The sun that lights the ro-ses, the sun that lights the ro-ses; Give me the lus-tre-beam-ing eye, The sun that lights the ro-ses.

The voice of love is soft and clear,
Exciting fond emotion;

How sweet it sounds upon the ear,
Like music on the ocean!

Yet dearer far to lover's sight
The eye that truth discloses,

Surpassing, with its splendour bright,
"The sun that lights the roses!"

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TO JULIETTE.

"Thou lovedst me
Too much, as I loved thee."

We met in youth,
When its first light was in thy kindling eye,
When Love's wing glittered in the azure sky,
In holiest truth.

We met—to dream—
While a brief spell was o'er existence flung,
When hope was brightest early hours among—
O'er being's stream.

I have looked back
On the deep glory of that hallowed time,
On the rich gladness of our morning-prime—
A flowery track.

Oh, young delight
Shed a sweet vision on the enchanted brain,
Too pure for life, too blest to come again
With pictures bright.

Yet—still its ray
Lingers in memory, like the dying sun,
Ere its deep gold, from twilight's cloud of dun,
Hath passed away.

And in my heart
The influence of that early dream remains,
As the snow-mountains on the Italian plains
Sun-gleams impart.

Though it hath gone,
Though the rapt feelings of that early scene
Are as their blessing ne'er for me had been—
Spring-warblers, flown!

Yet, yet my soul
Turns through life's faded hours, fond one! to thee;
Sharer of joy, partaker of the glee
O'er youth that stole.

Let me gaze on—
Turning time's leaves, as of a pleasant book,
O'er which 'tis rapture and delight to look,
Though not mine own—

Its pictured sky,
Hallowed with music, glittering with wings,
Of young hope's gay and many-coloured things,
Brightening on high:

The smile—the kiss—
The rosy mouth, where vows in balm came forth,
Like the spring's voice, which melts the frozen north,
Breathing of bliss:

These linger yet,
With chastened light, to memory's pensive eye,
Which backward glances to love's early sky,
Whose sun hath set.

W. G. C.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TO THYRZA.

"Oh mayst thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbecome the promise of thy spring;
"As fair in form, as warm, yet pure in heart;
"Love's image upon earth, without his wing;
"And guileless beyond hope's imagining!"

Thou hast passed, like spring, to a brighter glow,
As the summer-tide of thy young dreams flow;
Or a bud that breaks into perfect bloom,
When the young year leaps from its wintry tomb.
There's a softer light in that kindling eye,
Like the tranquil hue of an autumn sky,
When the rainbow is pictured on sober trees,
And the reaper's song is upon the breeze.

Thou art gliding on, like a thrilling song,
As it floats June's eloquent leaves among,
When the boughs, and leaves, and flowers are stirred
By the winds which gladden the bounding bird;
And thy heart is light as the field of air,
Thy hope's young bower is still as fair
As when life's first spring to thy sight was given,
And thy rapt soul joyed in the hues of heaven.

There is not a care in thy sinless breast,
Nor a pang to sadden thy couch of rest;
And thy rose-leaf cheek on its pillow lies,
With slumber's seal on thy soft-closed eyes—
And the white lids droop, like the spotless fold
Of a spring-cloud over the sky unrolled;
While a gale has paused from its pathway fair,
To rest in the waves of thy clustering hair.

I have wandered back to that early day
When I first beheld thee, 'mid flowers, at play;
'Twas a rich May morn, in a meadow scene,
Where a blue stream sang to its banks of green;
The light of joy was upon thy brow,
And thy young cheek flushed like the rose's glow;
Thou wert roaming there in thy first bright years,
A stranger to sorrow, a novice in tears.

Yet the spring can glow but a little day,
Ere its gales and its flowers will pass away;
Though her birds rich offerings of music bring,
Yet they flit away on the truant wing;
Though the summer comes with its ripening glee,
With its leaves and streamlets glancing free,
Yet they yield to the autumn and winter blast—
So death to all blossoms will stand at last! EVERARD.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE SILENT LYRE.

Sweet spirit! if the lyre be mute
Thou, dying, didst to me resign,
'Tis that my feelings will not suit
The chords that rung in joy to thine.
For never shall thy notes of gladness
Degenerate into sounds of sadness.

Or if, at eve's soft hour, again
I take it from the willow tree,
It is to try that witching strain,
Inspired by love and sung by thee;
That strain still brightening, and revealing
The bosom's holiest shrine of feeling.

But no—as thou, my hope, art gone;
For all is lost in losing thee—
Songless as those of Babylon,
I'll leave it on that willow tree.
For better are the chords forsaken
Thy magic fingers cannot waken.

J. A. S.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

BY WORDSWORTH.

Stay near me—do not take thy flight;
A little longer stay in sight:
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy!
Float near me; do not yet depart:
Dead times revive in thee:
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art,
A solemn image to my heart,
My father's family!
Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time, when, in our childish plays,
My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly!
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey, with leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush;
But she, God love her! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR, AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1829.

NUMBER 42.

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE INSURGENT.

PART I.

"Know, then, that there are met and sworn in secret
"A band of brethren, valiant hearts and true,
"Men who have proved all fortunes, and have long
"Grieved over that of Venice, and have right
"To do so."

INDEPENDENT of the claim which the unbroken residence of his family for generations in the same parish had given him, the fame of Ned Neville, as a provider of "entertainment for man and horse," had travelled a circle of some miles, and attracted the Sunday politicians and pleasure-going folks of the neighbourhood to his caravansera. It was the only one in the village, being too popular for competition: rival after rival drooped and perished when once within the upas boundary of his hereditary popularity; and yet he was humble and accommodating to a proverb. Unlike the majority of his joyous profession, Ned never transacted his business by proxy; he was always at his bar, attended in person to his customers, and distributed to them his beer and his joke together. From the lip of any other his joke had probably passed unobserved, but every one of Ned's melted into the beverage, like Cleopatra's pearl, enhancing its value and enriching its flavour. This effect is explained by stating that when, on Sundays and holidays, the parishioners waited the arrival of their officiating clergyman—some grouped against the chapel-wall, and others leaning on the green hedges, from which a multitude of primroses lifted up their golden heads—no person was distinguished by him with an earlier shake of the hand than Ned, dressed as he was in his blue coat, red waistcoat, and bright buckskin small clothes, to which it is but justice to add the light blue stockings, that projected from each other the more effectively to display the silver buckles at their base. This piece of vanity was a particular favourite with him; but we must observe, that the leg was his only ostentatious limb, and that this vanity dreamed away the ordinary days of the week on the same shelf with the buckles, for they too were holiday costume.

It would be difficult to find a more industrious and harder-working class of people than the peasantry of the south of Ireland; hence probably their long observed and still existing habit of spending the Sunday in physical as well as spiritual exercise. Some, at the termination of their devotions, rendezvous outside the chapel-gate, and while away the day in dry conversation; others prefer to irrigate their's at some ale-house, whose proprietor, observing on the severity of spring labours, complains there are not sufficient Sundays in the year. Many leave the road to wager a leap across some field-foss, and many remain to have a game at bowls. For all, however, Sunday is like that bird of the east which spends its existence between heaven and earth, just sufficiently elevated to feel all the sunshine of the skies, and sufficiently low to enjoy all the fragrance of the flowers.

It was Sunday, and Ned Neville's bar-room, fresh from its hebdomadal cleansing, was in comfortable

readiness for the accommodation of his visitors. The day, which had been hazy and disagreeable, closed in an evening of much clearness and beauty; the sun had gone down, "gleaming in purple and gold," and from the opposite quarter of the sky the moon sent her faint and timid light along Saint George's Channel. As the evening darkened, her beam grew brighter, and at length rising over "the common mountain," swept away its huge shadow from the little avenue that led to the already crowded dwelling of Ned Neville. Indeed, so very numerous were the visitors, that the village-school was emptied of its forms by the preceptor for their accommodation; and they were motley as numerous; of all ages, sizes and sexes. In one corner, some professional match-maker—for here matrimonial connexions are discussed, the merits of both parties canvassed, and the final arrangement made by hired agency—was eulogizing the comeliness and usefulness of the blushing maid, and replying to the arguments of the opposite—though not opposing—counsel, while the parents, with a battalion of friends, waited the decision, and scarcely ventured to ask or offer an additional fraction to appease his scruples. At another end, a crowd of young and old listened with various emotions, while the village barber, with progressive commentary, read, from some well-preserved newspaper, the successes or disasters of the rebel army, or in turn heard, from some fearless fellow who had joined it, the increase of its numbers, the importance of that increase, the probable projects of its leaders, and the national benefits of their success.

While various groups were thus variously engaged, Ned Neville, attracted to his door by the clatter of hoofs, was discharging the duties of host and groom to a stranger who wished for refreshment and repose. Before he entered, however, he saw that his horse had been comfortably stabled, and then returned with Ned. The latter, with the characteristic quality of his countrymen, proffered the stranger the warmest of his corners and the best of his food; but he declined the latter, and preferred the society of the assembled crowd to the comfort of the former. Had the stranger entered the room alone, he would have probably sat unobserved; but his host bustled in before him, and, with a desire to confer some honourable distinction, placed him beside the schoolmaster, who was decidedly the most learned and respectable man there. The large beer-vessel that stood on the table, and from which all invariably drank, was instantly presented to him, and he cordially drank to all around. He joined in their conversation, leaned to their opinions, spoke flatteringly of the insurrection, applauded the noble spirit of its originators, and hoped the people would not desert them. All in turn lauded the familiar kindness of the stranger, and heard him from a fresh flaggon drink to the national cause.

"Come, Russell," said the schoolmaster, the conversation becoming less lively, "let us have that song you composed, 'twill match this gentleman here right well—throw it out to us." And Russell, after a few preliminary modulations, testified, in a song, of which the following is a pretty correct translation, that the disturber had not been either idle or unsuccessful among the villagers:

SONG.

Your banner is bright as the sun in your fountains,
Proudly and bravely the war-beacon shines,
To call from your valleys, your shores and your mountains,
The pride of your fathers, the strength of your lines.
Heard ye the thunder's might—
Saw ye the billows' flight—
Saw ye the lightning when night hath no star?
Louder and thicker,
And fiercer and quicker,
The hosts of the foe come up to the war.
As speak of a king with his purple and sceptre,
His crown and his conquest, his pomp and his power:
Our land has obeyed one; how long have we wept her:
The lovely, the lonely, the perishing flower!
Oh! had our falchion's length
Half of its olden strength,
Bold were the Saxon would breast its career:
How would his thousands then
Shriek from our battled men,
Hope in our bosom and strength in our spear!
Come, sons of the strong ones, ye fighters for freedom,
And catch from their ashes one spark of their fire;
Bring out your people—we've heroes to lead them,
In freedom to breathe, or in glory expire.
Soon shall the Saxon hear
Erin's wild mountaineer
Triumph and pride to his fathers proclaim;
Soon shall the mountain's cry
Echo to earth and sky,
"Britain shall blast not the flower of our fame."

The applause that succeeded was an assent to its opinions, and before they separated, an administered oath had gathered a considerable portion into the insurrectionary-fold. Among those who had thus bravely but uncalculatingly resolved to join in the perilous enterprise of that period, was a young man, who, from the respectability of his family connexions, and his supposed influence among the peasantry of this neighbourhood, was considered a valuable acquisition. As his subsequent fortunes are prominently interwoven with this narrative, a succinct relation of the circumstances that led to this resolution may not be uninteresting.

But few years had elapsed since the father of Charles Desmond was in comparative affluence, and the enjoyment of such domestic happiness as the regret occasioned by the recent death of his wife, but somewhat alleviated by the virtues of an only son, permitted him. A speculation, however, in the contraband trade, which is still, even by men of repute, carried on with various result among the bold and perilous creeks along the Irish coast, eventuated in the seizure of a valuable cargo. The gambler will hazard another cast to recover his loss; so did Desmond, but with no better fortune—his capital was gone, his credit destroyed, and the hopes of years blasted for ever. In vain did he endeavour to stem the torrent of destruction; in vain did he place a fairer prospective before the eye of Charles, and prop his heart with a hope which he too well knew to be illusory. Misfortune followed misfortune as wave follows wave, and a rapid decline, which, from the moment that removed him from his place of independence, was sapping his constitution, terminated a life of but few years.

Charles was now left "lord of himself—that heritage of woe." His age had not yet exceeded its minority, but still he felt with a deep and dangerous sensibility his solitude and destitution. The former he had hitherto sought and loved for its glens and groves, where nature seldom listened to any other than the music of her own voice; but now he sought and loved it as an asylum from the communion of a world which his observations had supposed and his recent reverses had concluded to be "but a worthless world to win or lose." Here, in the bosom of his native glen, Charles spent the interval between the death of his

father and the night of political revelry, to which we have just alluded. This interval might be about two years; during which time his ascetic habits, unyielding to the solicitations of the one or two acquaintances whom he casually met, had made his name a subject of frequent commentary in the village. The aged shook their heads with a most prophetic emphasis, and ascribed his disregard of the world to a confirmed misanthropy; and the young regretted that such a feeling should have deprived their circle of its fondest and lightest heart.

About this time—the parental vigilance of the government having placed the county under military protection—various excesses were committed. Complaint was treason—suspicion was evidence—the scales were dashed from the hands of justice, and her sword was crimsoned with the blood of innocence; property was disregarded; beauty was dishonoured; and manhood was immolated. As these outrages were more frequently repeated with the growing excitement of the times, their consequences became more extensively felt, and they whom innocence could not, and law would not protect, willingly embraced the opportunity afforded by the arrival of the stranger we have mentioned, to seek redress or revenge in the revolutionary ranks. The mind of Charles Desmond was sensitive, and the surrounding and increasing disasters being, as he inferred, rather the effect of cabinet intrigue than popular disaffection, awakened in him that spirit of noble resentment which, in other days, armed the hand of Brutus against Cæsar, and in ours strengthened the virtuous Washington to pluck its richest jewel from the British diadem. Charles, though weighed down by the pressure of his own misfortunes, could not witness those of his country with the cold-blooded indifference of her oppressors; he sought an interview with the itinerant leader, and thenceforth linked his future fortunes with those of that country. His native valley was no longer trodden by Charles Desmond; the world had received him into its treacherous vortex. He felt as yet dispirited and dissatisfied at his sudden transition from calm to tumult; but the continual changes of purpose and situation, produced by the fluctuating interests of the cause, together with the society and fearlessness of more experienced spirits, soon quieted his mind, and losing the timidity of the child when he first fluds himself upon the ocean, he soon became the playmate of danger.

The system of the disaffected was at this time in full and powerful action; the torch had been applied to the inflammable material of the Irish mind—the mind that never looks at danger through a magnifying-glass. Not a city, town, or village, was unregistered as the seat of supplementary operations, and plain and mountain trembled under the march of advancing volunteers. The continued severity of British legislation was preached to them from lips touched with the fire of inspiration, by men whom the chain had maddened, and a deep-rooted sense of suffering had endowed, in a peculiar degree, with the spirit of conviction. Under the influence of these frequent appeals to their feelings, and to those objects which the eloquence of Ireland so pre-eminently controls—their passions—the multitude became fierce, but they were weak; fearless, but they were undisciplined. Yet were they willing to sacrifice every thing to escape from political death, and to bequeath to their children the blessings of national regeneration. In the society of the leaders Charles had now so deeply imbibed those principles which professed a desire of universal enfranchisement, that the smouldering relics of his earlier fears were completely extinguished. The chivalric idea of being instrumental in achieving the redemption of his country filled him with delight, and so enamoured did he become of the spellword,

“Liberty,” that he would have enrolled himself under any standard on which he could behold,

“Unfurl’d,
“Those words of sunshine—Freedom to the world.”

A field for the practical demonstration of his courage was not long wanted. Flushed and invigorated by their recent victory at Wexford, the “rebel” troops had determined to attack and possess themselves of the town of New-Ross. Previous to the commencement of operations a council was convened, to which Charles had been summoned. He at this time resided at some distance from the appointed rendezvous, and the weather, hitherto so very fair, became suddenly unfit for travelling, lightnings and thunders flashed and roared as though they exulted over the consummation of all things; but his desire to act his part without imputation, on a matter which was likely, as the event has proved it, to be of vast importance to the cause of his exertions, laughed at difficulty. In the thunder’s roar he heard but the voice of his country’s vengeance, and in the lightning’s flash beheld the banner that led him to the ranks of her redeemers. To pursue the success of their arms was the result of the council, and the “rebel” army was led upon the town of New-Ross on the morning of the fifth of June. A surrender was demanded by them, but the reply was the murder of their envoy, Furlong. This was decisive; the “rebels” crowded upon the town, and silencing a smart opposition, drove in the piquets and outposts of the royal forces. They then entered, and the cavalry, who committed dreadful havoc among them, were soon obliged to retire before the vigorous and fearless attack of the pikemen.

That portion of the Irish troops which Charles Desmond, as captain, commanded, advanced with a steady and intrepid step toward the main guard, whence the royalists opened a mortal artillery fire against them, under which they fell like corn under the blade of the reaper. Still they poured onward, inspirited by his active exertions; but with such murdering effect did the cannon-shot sweep the street, that each succeeding rank may be said to have fallen on the remains of the first company. As Charles advanced and beheld the increasing pile of carnage, the flush produced by the heat of action and weather forsook his cheek. He seemed for a moment to hesitate; but the time for calculation was past; death raved before, and thousands, whom another moment’s indecision might have robbed of the chance of victory and life, poured on behind. The first were the inevitable consequences of a retreat; the latter, the at least possible result of a fearless and well-directed attack.

Sudden as the change produced by enchantment, his wonted self-possession resumed its ascendancy. “Forward, my boys!” he cried, with a voice audible above the roar of the defence. “Remember Wexford and Walpole, Ireland and victory!” The thunder of a thousand voices replied, and the rattle of their musketry offered up an ample sacrifice to the manes of their dead. Charles cheered them on with his voice, and darting like lightning along the ranks, filled every heart with the electric spirit of his valorous example; and as his column advanced to the mortal barrier of the dead and dying, took his place at its head, exclaiming, “The eyes of the world are on you, bondage or freedom is in your hands—fire!” and as he uttered the last word, he fell!

FRENCH PERIODICALS.—The circulation of newspapers in France since the peace has increased at least two-fold; and in some of the provinces the number of political and scientific journals is in the proportion of five to one of what it used to be. An official return is preparing of all the periodical works now published in France, with the numbers which they circulate. It is supposed that this is doing for the purpose of ascertaining the amount which a small additional tax upon them would produce to the government.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE BACHELOR.

(Concluded.)

THE consequence of these reflections is evident. Henry gave himself up to love, with scarcely an idea that he was building his own happiness on the wreck of his friend’s. Daily did he visit Gertrude, unprohibited by his generous friend, who determined not to assert his rights until the end of the year. Gertrude found in Henry many accomplishments, of which she had lamented the want in Charles: his flute could accompany her piano, his pencil could correct her drawings, and his manly voice accompanied hers in a chord of melting sweetness through all the melody of her favourite songs. She began to know the difference in her feelings towards Charles and him. She was glad to see the one, but she anxiously looked for the other. She could gaze without embarrassment in the face of Charles; but if, by chance, she encountered the impassioned gaze of Henry, it went to her very soul. In short, at the end of the year, Charles, the noble-minded Charles, after a long and arduous struggle with himself, voluntarily resigned his claims to Gertrude, and generously obtained the consent of all parties to the union of his two friends; and, after witnessing it with a firm eye but almost broken heart, he bestowed upon them a blessing, and accepting the offer of a friend, set sail for India, to forget in other pursuits the being who had mingled in the dreams of his early love, with a radiance which now faded for ever.

At the end of ten years he returned, rich in worldly goods, but colder and more reserved than ever. A well-looking bachelor of thirty-four, he might still have entered the lists of Hymen; but his only object was to discover his friend. He learned from inquiry, that Mr. Campbell had died shortly after the marriage of his daughter, leaving her a handsome fortune; that Mr. and Mrs. Allen, after an extravagant life of about five years, had retired into the country; that he had died within the last six months, insolvent; and that she was living with an aunt of hers, in utter poverty. Almost overwhelmed with this intelligence, but still desiring to make Gertrude his wife, he sought her out; but found her in a state which precluded hope. Through all their misfortunes, they had remained fondly attached to each other; and the death of her beloved husband, joined to constant anxiety, had thrown her into a deep decline, and poor Charles saw that she had not long to live. She expressed great pleasure at seeing him, as great, she said, as she could enjoy in this world; and placing her child in his arms, bade him transfer to it the affection he had borne to her. Merton received the deposit with a holy joy; and he had the satisfaction to know that, through his means, the last moments of his beloved Gertrude had been rendered happy.

We need not say that this child was our own little Gertrude, the heroine of the ball; but it becomes necessary to explain why he was so reluctant to let her go. It must be remembered that Merton was an old bachelor, and bachelors are sometimes apt to forget that they are on the wrong side of forty. He had, for the last seven or eight years, been living in a world of his own. Employed in educating his little charge, as he watched her opening graces, he had imagined himself again the boy of eighteen, and his Gertrude the Gertrude of his early youth. She loved her guardian with an idolizing fondness; she had never mixed with the world; and in educating her as a wife for himself, he fondly thought he was securing her happiness and his own. And what did Gertrude think? Why, to tell the truth, she had never thought much about it. Living secluded, she was as artless as a child, though possessed of the information and accomplishments of a well-educated woman. But by this time the ball is over, and she has returned to her guardian, who, as he listens to her animated account of the adventures of the evening, forgets his fears that some fascinating Henry had again snatched her from him. He bade her good night with a lightened heart, telling her that he was about to depart on a journey, and that he should probably be gone a month. Requesting that she would stay at home as much as possible during his absence, as she had no protector but the good old housekeeper, he again wished her good night, and they separated.

It is four weeks after the ball, and Merton not yet returned. Gertrude is alone in her favourite study. The setting

sun shines full upon her window, but, absorbed in thought, she heeds not his rays. Her little bird is warbling his sweetest notes to gain her attention, but her ear is deaf to his melody. The door opens—'tis Merton himself; but she sees him not. He has entered unannounced, that he might surprise his loved ward. Surprised himself at her appearance, he stands for a moment to observe her. She is seated at her desk, her head leaning upon her hand, her dark ringlets carelessly thrown back, and her eyes fixed on vacancy. Advancing nearer to her, she hears his step, looks at him, and, almost shrinking from his proffered embrace, bursts into tears.

"How is this, my precious child? Only one little month absent, and on my return to find you so changed!"

Alas! poor Gertrude! she was indeed changed. She had learned to think, to reason, and to feel: she had studied her own heart, and found in its deep and newly discovered passions stores of misery for the future as well as the present. Forcing a smile through her tears, she would have excused her grief to her guardian; but, with all her acquired knowledge, she had not yet learned deceit, and gently soothing her agitation, Merton easily drew from the blushing girl a full confession of the events of his absence. At the fatal ball she had been introduced to a Mr. Sandford. Pleased with her artless conversation and manners, he had danced with her several times; and, at parting, had begged permission to call on her at her own house. It was granted; and he soon availed himself of it. He was handsome and intelligent. The only son of an opulent father, he had been early introduced into the first circles, and was soon welcomed as an ornament to any company. He had mixed much in the society of ladies, but, fastidious in his choice, his heart had till now remained free. He visited Gertrude frequently for three weeks. In every interview he found her more engaging. He had at first been captivated by her sweet smiles, the sportive vein of wit flowing through her conversation, and the unstudied grace of her movements. But when he fathomed the hidden depths of her character, the purity of her principles, and the *naïveté* of her disposition, as he hung over her at the piano, listened to her sweet voice, and watched the varied and beautiful changes of her innocent countenance, he felt that Gertrude was destined to be his wife, and the very day of Merton's return he had made her an offer of his heart and hand. She heard him in silence, but his words struck deep into her heart, and awaking from her unconscious dream of bliss, she felt that that heart was gone for ever. Sandford, chilled by the reception of this abrupt disclosure, hurriedly entreated her to tell him if he had interpreted hastily the evident pleasure with which she had received his attentions. "No, dearest Edward, 'tis I alone am wrong. Thoughtless and inconsiderate girl, I have injured the peace of one from whom fate has separated me for ever." The heart-struck Sandford, telling her she should hear from him again, seized his hat and rushed from her presence, and the young Gertrude hopelessly felt that her doom of misery was about to be accomplished.

As Merton listened to this simple story, interrupted as it was by sighs and tears, he felt for a moment at a loss how to act: then, as the thought of past miseries rushed over him, forgetting for a time his generous character, he determined to bid defiance to fate, and make himself happy in the possession of Gertrude. Drawing her closer to him, he rapidly related to her the events of his past life. He told her of the sacrifice of his happiness at the shrine of friendship for her father, bade her remember the dying words of her mother, and drew from the bewildered and romantic girl a promise to be his wife on that day week. He resolved to see Sandford himself, as Gertrude dreaded that an interview with him would be fatal to her determination.

A day or two passed away. She nobly exerted herself to be cheerful; but Merton was restless and unhappy. "Am I," repeated he to himself, "am I right to sacrifice thus this innocent girl for my own pleasure? Should I not be happier to act generously towards her and her estimable lover?" There was a hard struggle between his love for himself and his love for Gertrude. We shall see his decision.

The day of the wedding at last arrived. The company are assembled in the parlour; the Rev. Mr. S. is in attendance, and the bride, splendidly dressed, is waiting in her private study, to be led by the bridegroom to the holy altar. A step is heard on the stairs. Shuddering, she covers her face with her hands, to hide the paleness of her agitated features. "Gertrude," said a soft voice. She raises her

eyes. Is it an illusion or reality? Her lover, her adored Edward, is kneeling at her feet. "My own Gertrude, your guardian has told me all. He has nobly resigned you to me, and your voice alone is wanting to confirm my happiness." Need we repeat the answer?

Some years have elapsed since the marriage of the happy pair. Their mansion is situated in a pleasant but retired part of the city. The sweet, playful Gertrude is transformed into the elegant woman. Mr. Sandford is respected and esteemed as a good citizen, an affectionate husband, and judicious parent; and the good old Merton, seated in his comfortable easy-chair, with a little Charles Merton on one knee and a curly-headed Gertrude pulling his grey locks on the other, often declares he is the happiest old bachelor in existence, has the best children in the world, and laughingly vows that the Gertrude of the third generation shall certainly be his wife, and never shall attend a ball till she is Mrs. Merton. J.

THE ESSAYIST.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

"Illusions!" exclaims the philosopher—"Illusions!"—yes; but without them I should feel nothing of life but its misery."

THERE exist in the world a certain set of sober-minded beings, who profess it as their opinion, that those thoughts which proceed from illusion or fancy ought to be banished from our minds; that time is foolishly and unprofitably consumed in thinking of impossibilities. They dislike or despise poetry, as it is frequently composed of fictions, and represents things which are not in the ordinary course of nature. Some of these, who profess to admire nothing but reality, or a representation of it, carry their prejudices to a ludicrous extent: for example, some of them will admire a staring likeness of the last lady mayoress and family more than the finest composition of Raphael. "We are not interested," say they, "in looking at features which we know never existed, in a group of ideal personages; but there is an evident reality in the delineation of her ladyship; we see something resembling what is frequently before our eyes, and we are therefore pleased with it." These people will study with unwearied patience the incontrovertible facts of Cocker's Arithmetic, and abhor the beautiful fictions of the Fairy Queen; in short, matter-of-fact is their idol—fiction, romance, or poetry, the objects of their scorn. A fanciful disposition of mind may be disadvantageous; but it may be doubted whether we should not be, as it were, wearied by the continual succession of realities, were it not for the occasional relief of fancy or illusion, whose ideal pleasures are at all times at hand to assist us when we are overcome with the real cares of life. By these illusions I mean those incoherent ideas of future happiness or greatness, which frequently occur to every one, and if I mistake not, even to those who profess to despise the workings of imagination; ideas which, on reasoning, we might feel could not be realised without some most material change in ourselves and circumstances—a sort of waking dreams, commonly designated by the name of "Castles in the Air." These freaks of fancy prevail in a less or greater degree in every one, from the madman, in whom they are strongest, down to the idiot, in whom their influence is hardly perceptible. In the madman they have overcome his intellect and entirely blinded his reasoning faculties, so that he fancies that he has lost his head, and runs about in search of it, or that he is transformed into a tea-pot, and is afraid of being broken. Next to him comes the poet: he seems to be the boundary which limits sanity; beyond him is madness; for small is the barrier which divides insanity from inspiration. His imagination is more vivid than that of other men, but it has not quite overcome his reason. After these follow the general mass of mankind, who are all, in their several stations, subject to these waking dreams. What would become of the lover if he were denied some moments in which he might picture to himself a sort of acme of happiness, which, upon reflection, he would feel was unattainable? Where would be the happy hours of a young author, if he were not led on by his fancy to dreams of imaginary second editions, which, on a return to his senses, and a perusal of the productions of his pen, would quickly vanish into air? How wretched would be the solitary hours to a younger son of a remote branch, if he were denied the pleasing occupation of picturing to himself the pleasure he would feel in possessing the wealth and rank of a distinguished nobleman, should he, by the extinction of only

fourteen awkwardly intervening heirs, arrive at the summit of his hopes! The petty clerk of an office, ceasing awhile from the toil and drudgery of his desk, revolves his plans for saving the nation and advancing his family, should he be made secretary of state. The gambling groom, when he has lost his last penny and broken his dice-box against the table of the servants' hall, retires to meditate on the dash he will cut when he wins a prize in the lottery and becomes a country squire. To these illusions are the minds of men continually prone; and at no time more so, than when, by any accident, they are left for a short time in solitude. Our thoughts then receive a selfish cast; they are directed toward ourselves and our prospects in life; and it is at this time we delight to weave those spider-webs of fancy, which the bustle of the real world quickly sweeps away.

I am far from being one of those persons who think, or profess to think, that there is little in real life worthy of their attention; that common things are below their notice, and that their only pleasures are to be found in the ideal world of their imagination. Those who hold these sentiments, run into the opposite extreme from the set I before described. They say—for I always am inclined to doubt that they think so—that as solitude is the parent of that world of fiction, they infinitely prefer the sight of mountains, the roar of a cataract, or the gloom of a forest, to the acquaintance with man, his ways, manners, and conversation; they profess that they could live retired from life, and feed upon the joys of romance and imagination. I would not advise them to try their plan: they would only destroy a pleasing illusion, and convince themselves that they were wrong. Yet, for my part—though I am not one of these would-be anchorites—I am fond of indulging myself at times in building castles in the air, and consequently of the occasional solitude which produces them. Were I deprived of these illusions, I should feel as if I had lost an intimate companion, who was always at hand to raise my spirits and to comfort me under every misfortune.

The ancient poets tell us, that of the contents of Pandora's box, every thing escaped except Hope, which remained at the bottom to console mankind. Now I am disposed to keep up the allegory, and to suppose these illusions to constitute the box itself in which this universal comforter Hope was contained. Indeed, as the box seemed necessary, in order that its contents should be retained, so these illusions appear to me to be necessary for the preservation of Hope, which is surrounded by, and, as it were, contained within them. Had it not been for them, it would, with the rest of the contents, have escaped, and left the mind of man without a consolation in misfortune.

I must confess I pity those who have no pleasure in these illusions, and who tell you that when this

"Fancy's fairy frostwork melts away,"

they are more discontented than they were before, and feel that they have only been playing Tantalus with happiness. This, in my opinion, argues a most inveterate determination—perhaps not an uncommon propensity—to be discontented; together with an ingratitude to the moments which have afforded us pleasure; an ingratitude which deserves the self-inflicted punishment it often receives, of never enjoying any at all. A contented mind will encourage these imaginary pleasures, at whatever time they appear; will snatch the delight of them, be it but for a moment; and, when these magic fascinations are fled, will return to the dreary scene of reality with cheerfulness, thankful for what it has enjoyed, and prepared for whatever it is about to suffer.

English Magazine.

ON AND UPON.

We have two words which we use indifferently; *on* and *upon*. It appears to me that those who study elegance, by which I always mean precision and correctness, may show it here. I would say *upon a tower*; on the same principle, I would say *on a march*. There would, indeed, be no harm in saying *on a tower*; but there would be an impropriety in saying *upon a march*; for *up*, whether we are attentive or inattentive, whether we have been a thousand times wrong, or never, means *somewhat high*, somewhat to which we ascend. I should speak correctly if I said, "Dr. Johnson *flew upon me*;" incorrectly, if I said, "he *fell upon me*." Custom is a rule for every thing but contradiction.

A rugged countenance often conceals the warmest heart; as the richest pearl sleeps in the roughest shell.

THE CASKET.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

A PORTION OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
MR. PAUL PRY.

I AM not aware that it has fallen to the lot of any other man in his pilgrimage through this weary and sinful, and best-of-all-possible worlds, to be afflicted as I have been, and am; if there is another such unhappy being, I know how to commiserate his calamitous situation. I am not conscious of any peculiarity in myself, either of character or circumstance, which should necessarily create the miseries of which it is my hard fortune to be the recipient and sufferer. So far as I can discover, I am like my fellow-men in all important particulars; if there is any thing idiosyncratic about me, it is the presence of a greater portion of that divine quality, which, if all men were devoid of, science would cease to flourish, learning become extinct, argument a dead letter, disputation a non-entity, and ignorance, more lamentable and hopeless than that which overshadowed the much-talked-of and unhappy "middle ages," reign once more in dreary despotism over this flourishing, and the other enlightened, hemisphere; I mean the thirst of knowledge; the restless and insatiable desire of information upon all known and unknown subjects: of this, indeed, I am a large possessor. My ancestors—and for it I owe and yield to them my eternal gratitude—were kind enough to transmit to me so munificent, or at least so satisfactory a portion of the temporal goods of life, in the shape of lands and houses, bank-stocks and mortgages, bonds, promissory notes, and cash, that I have never been under the necessity of directing my bodily or mental energies to the acquisition of that indispensable ingredient in man's happiness—the wherewithal to live; and, consequently, I have enjoyed an uninterrupted leisure of more years than I care to mention, for the attainment of mental wealth; and I may say, without boasting, that the opportunity has not been thrown away. Knowledge of every description has been sought after, and not always unsuccessfully; but the studies which have chiefly engaged my most profound attention, and have been pursued with the keenest relish, have been those which would enable me to understand and investigate the actions, affairs, and purposes of my fellow-men. For many years I have sedulously attended, with an inquiring spirit, to the concerns of my fellow-beings, wheresoever my place of abode has been; for it must be understood that my residence in any one place is seldom of any great duration. I must confess that the disinterested and benevolent tenor of my conduct has not escaped misconstruction, and even censure. I have been, alas! but too often accused of curiosity and impertinence; of being a busy and officious intermeddler with things that concerned me not; and my very name has been generalized into a common appellation for persons of that description. How unjustly these most injurious aspersions have been heaped upon one so well disposed, and so anxious to do good-natured actions, as myself, it is of no avail for me to protest; I can but console myself with the reflection that such has been the case in all ages; the small number of the good have ever had to bear the hard thoughts of the many evil. Socrates, as I have heard, was thus afflicted. The unswerving integrity of King Aristides could not save him from the popular clamour: Coriolanus, the Trojan general, was banished: and, in later times, the names of Galileo and Lord Hastings, of Dr. Francia and William Penn, and of our own ex-minister Mr. Huskisson, might be cited. With those illustrious individuals I have not the vanity to place myself upon an equality; but my lot has been, and is, like theirs.

In England, my native country, I have been hunted from town to town, and from county to county; in despair, I fled to the northern portion of the empire, but soon found there was no refuge for me in that inhospitable and inaccessible region: where the pursuits of every man were wrapped up in inscrutable mystery, and the utmost efforts of my ingenuity were unavailable to hunt them out: the fortnight that I passed in Edinburgh was one of unqualified misery; for every attempt that I made to acquire information was foiled, and I could not live where even the most unimportant circumstances were kept secret with such unremitting circumspection. The continually unsatisfied aspirations of my heart, and the everlasting state of mental torment in

which I lived, were too much for me; I grew thin, and I verily believe that another month of such agitating suspense and disappointment would have brought me to the grave. Who could exist among a race, in the midst of whom fourteen mortal days and nights were insufficient to discover a single secret?

To save my life, I hastened to the sister kingdom; and there my case was even worse; not that, as with the people of that northern land of mystery and caution, their thoughts and deeds were veiled from sight with jealous care; it was the very reverse of all this that constituted my objections to the blundering, straight-forward, open-hearted, and open-mouthed natives of St. Patrick's favoured island. My passion has, by long indulgence, acquired a species of refinement that can find no value in that which is attained with too little difficulty. The discovery of a secret is to me a *bonne bouche* of the most exquisite relish; but what man, possessed of the least perception of the sublime in gastronomy, would not prefer an apple from the topmost bough, and which had been gathered at the risk of his own neck, to another, although equally juicy, ripe, and mellow, that lay ignobly easy of acquisition, upon the earth beneath the tree on which it grew? Or where is the lover whose passion is not augmented by the very difficulties that seem to spring up, as if spontaneously, upon the path wherein his hopes and wishes run, and whose ardour would not cool if, on the sudden, all those obstacles should be removed? For my own part, that mystery was worth nothing, which all the world might know; and I could not bear to live among the Irishmen, whose whole concerns were as transparent as their own Emerald, and who were always ready to blab out all their own and their neighbours' secrets, without affording the slightest opportunity for a close and delightful cross-examination. I struggled along with them for six full weeks; but human patience could endure no longer. Once, and once only, during my residence in Dublin, was my forlorn and joy-forsaken path crossed by a glimpse of hope. I had, by the merest accident in the world, obtained the clue to what I thought a real secret. I remember well the effect produced on me by the joy, the rapture I may say, which this discovery inspired. I could not sleep a wink the night after, so intently were my thoughts engaged in devising plans to bring the incipient treasure to full and perfect maturity. With the morning's sun I rose, sleepless, but joyful and refreshed. Alas for the incertitude of human affairs! The mighty egg, over which I had brooded with such fond anticipations, turned out a mere empty bubble. The individual most deeply implicated in my imagined grand discovery had himself, with even more than national perverseness of disposition, revealed the whole affair, as if for my especial discomfiture; and the flattering expectations which I had entertained of a glorious opportunity for the exercise of my peculiar powers of investigation were crushed in the very bud, when I went down to breakfast, by hearing the whole subject, in all its particulars, discussed by a jovial party of twenty-seven, together with nine dozen of eggs, and an unascertained number of rounds of toast, hot rolls, beefsteaks, and cups of coffee. This was enough, and, oh! by far too much; I hastened on board the Liverpool steamer, engaged my passage in the packet Canada, and, in four weeks and six days after, found myself a stranger in the city of New-York, the commercial metropolis of the United States of North America.

The first three weeks after my arrival were productive of gratification in an eminent degree; for to whatsoever quarter I turned my steps or eyes, I encountered innumerable opportunities for the indulgence of my darling propensity. I scoured with hasty feet the streets, the churches and other public buildings; exhausted, with innumerable questions, the patience, as well as the stock of knowledge, of the venerable lady who exhibits the city-hall, the chief lion of the western London; scraped acquaintance with several extremely interesting convicts in the state-prison and penitentiary; attended numerous trials in the Guildhall, or court of sessions; learned the history of the amiable and enlightened judge who presides at the sittings of that illustrious and dignified tribunal; ascertained that the spire of St. John's was less lofty than that of St. Paul's, by fourteen feet and eleven inches; fished up a small infinitude of curious family secrets; visited all the exhibitions, including the learned dogs and Punch and Judy; paid seven and sixpence, New-York currency, for a French fancy instand, which I broke in a china shop at the corner of Reed-street and Broadway; was twice taken up by watchmen as a

burglar, for trying to peep in, late at night, at suspicious-looking windows; and narrowly escaped being kicked out of the navy-yard at Brooklyn, for being too minute and inquisitive in my conversation with a sentry. But, in process of time, the novelty of my situation wore away, and I began to feel a craving for new scenes, and further fields of investigation. I had heard of the knowledge-seeking disposition of the Yankees before I ever thought it would be my lot to sojourn with them; and, since my arrival, I had learned that the appellation which I, in common with my countrymen, had been accustomed to bestow upon the whole people of the republic, was, in fact, the rightful property of only one portion of its population; and my imagination teemed with delightful images of pleasure to be found in the intercourse with a people of congenial character: a summer was to be devoted to a leisurely and rambling journey through the six eastern states; but, before setting out on that expedition, I determined to make an excursion to the far-famed cataract of Niagara; and, if possible, to pry into, and bring to light, the mystery of the abduction of a Mr. Morgan, with which, at the time of my arrival, the newspapers and the tongues of men and women were exclusively occupied.

I took a birth, accordingly, on board the steamer North America, which plies between New-York and Albany; packed up my valise, bought a new umbrella that cost me twelve and sixpence—the man asked fourteen shillings, but I beat him down—and paid my bill at the hotel. But misfortune attended me at the very outset, for I lost my passage and my passage-money too, for that day, by dropping in for a few minutes on my way to the steamboat wharf, to see how a friend of mine was getting on, an ingenious and amiable gentleman, who keeps a little lodging-house in Cedar-street; and he had something very mysterious to tell me about one of his neighbours on the opposite side of the street, which I could not go away and leave unheard. My departure was, consequently, delayed until the next morning, and then, determined not to be again disappointed, I hurried on board an hour before the final ringing of the bell. My time, however, was not thrown away; for in the interval I gathered a large fund of curious information from the steward, respecting his duties, the average number of passengers, and the quantity of provisions generally laid in for each voyage. He grew very shy, at last; but I told him I was not asking from any improper motive, but was only curious to know, you know, what sort of a birth he contrived to make of it, and whether he found it to answer his expectations. My attention was withdrawn from him, at last, by a very remarkable, and very unaccountable circumstance. I had just put my eye-glass to my eye, and turned it towards the plank upon which the passengers walk on board the vessel, when I saw an old lady of a singular appearance, in the act of stepping upon it; she had come down to the wharf in a hackney-coach, number three hundred and forty-seven, drawn by two blind sorrel horses, with switch tails, and driven by a coloured gentleman with a straw hat, and a pair of striped pantaloons something like my own; there was no luggage at the back of the coach, nor under the driver's seat; and when she got out, the coloured gentleman drove off without waiting for his fare. The old lady had on a black silk bonnet, rather old fashioned, and a large blue camlet cloak, and she carried in her hand a small bundle wrapped up in a piece of whity-brown wrapping paper; it looked more like a book, or a couple of books, than any thing else; indeed, I am certain it contained books—or, perhaps it was a small back-gammon board. I thought it very remarkable that the old lady should think of setting out upon a journey without any luggage, and asked the steward if he knew how far she was going; but he could give me no information. My feelings became interested to a remarkable degree, and I determined to exercise all my ingenuity to discover something about this mysterious old lady; not that she was so very old; I should suppose that forty-five, or may be forty-six or seven, for a mere conjecture, might not be very far from her real standing; she was rather short, and stout; had a pair of keen and restless little black eyes, a sharp and shrewish looking nose, and mustachios of formidable growth and intensity of colour. I was on the point of speaking to her several times, but for once my confidence in the insinuating power of my address deserted me, and I was fain to rest unsatisfied, in the hope that chance, or a conversation with some other of the passengers, might afford me the information respecting her for which my soul thirsted. In the meantime, the hour for starting had arrived, and after a

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GEORGE MASON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANCIS BERRIAN.*

Poeta nascitur non fit has been so long received as incontrovertible doctrine, that any attempt to demonstrate its falsity would now be considered vain, and even ridiculous; we shall not, therefore, undertake a task so very uninviting. But we may be permitted to enter our protest against the abuse of the principle, and to remonstrate against the mistaken notions of those who would extend its application farther than truth and reason will permit. It is undoubtedly true, that to become a good writer, a man must have certain peculiar gifts of nature, such as imagination, judgment, observation, &c.; but it is not true that the possession of these natural qualities alone will enable him to arrive at eminence in the walks of literature; it is indispensably necessary that he should have some knowledge other than that which may be acquired by an intercourse with the world and his own thoughts. To become great, or even to escape failure, he *must* study; must make himself master of the thoughts, and investigations, and discoveries of other men. "A little learning," as Pope says, "is a dangerous thing." It is indeed; better almost have none than not enough; that is, for one who aims at acquiring reputation by his pen. This is the sin of our country; we have too many young men among us, of respectable abilities and moderate attainments, ambitious of literary fame, yet unwilling to undergo the labour, without which all their efforts must prove fruitless. The writers of England are—as they ought to be—the hardest students in the world. Washington Irving devotes six hours each day to close and careful reading; and who has not read of Sir Walter Scott's magnificent library, or is ignorant that he is familiar with the contents of every volume that it contains? This is the way by which they acquire fame and fortune; by first acquiring ideas. With our writers, at least too many of them, a different system is pursued. Some, it is true, have not the instruments—we mean the books—these should not write at all; and they who have the means at their command, prefer relying upon their own resources, as they say; mistakenly imagining that, in the existing world around them, and in the workings of their own minds, they have all that is needful to qualify them for the undertaking upon which they have the hardihood to venture. They would rather walk abroad and look upon nature, or meditate, or write, than read; the necessary consequence is, that they cannot write. No man living, or that ever lived, has or had materials enough within himself to constitute a great poet, or novelist, or historian, or essayist, or philosopher. Byron's works teem with ideas obviously suggested by his extensive reading. Parr and Porson were libraries in themselves. Heber was an industrious and indefatigable reader; and even the gigantic mind of Johnson would *alone* have been insufficient to make him what he was, the wonder and glory of his age. It was study, intense study, that made these men great; and it is only study that can make an author. These remarks have been suggested by a perusal of the novel, of which the title is at the head of this article. The author is evidently a very clever man, and endowed with many of the requisites for success in his undertaking—imagination, knowledge of the world and of character, ingenuity, and strong power of conception. But he wants "book-learning;" his ideas are excellent, but he wants language to express them adequately; his characters are well conceived, and various, and original, but they are weakly drawn; his story excellent, and his descriptions graphic, but his style exceedingly faulty. The book is interesting, many parts of it intensely interesting, but the pleasure we derive from reading it is constantly alloyed by the recurrence of vulgarisms, repetitions, inaccuracies in style, and even in grammatical construction. Now why cannot the author set himself seriously to study for some four or five years; make himself familiar with the acknowledged models in English composition; store his mind with ideas drawn from the best sources, and resolutely desist from throwing these ideas, and his own, before the public, until he has thoroughly digested and brought them into shape and consistency? He

few preliminary blasts from a bugle, blown by a little man in a drab pea-jacket and oil-skin hat, with a blue spotted handkerchief around his neck—who, by the way, had something very like a newspaper sticking out of his right coat-pocket—the machinery was put in motion, and we pushed gallantly from the dock. I kept my eye upon the old woman with the mysterious bundle and without any luggage, lest she might slip on shore; but she continued quietly seated upon a bench on the quarter-deck, and looking across the river. I have no very distinct recollection of the various objects which we passed in our progress, and which, as I am informed, are generally considered worthy of notice; for, to tell the whole truth of the matter, I found so many things to attract my attention on board, that my eyes were but seldom directed to any others; the old woman with the bundle claimed no small share of my attentive observation; and, besides her, there were numbers among the passengers in whose appearance I found subject of highly interesting exploration.

I found no difficulty in entering into conversation with my fellow-passengers; but it is worthy of observation, that no one colloquy of the many in which I was, in the course of several hours, engaged, was of more than ten minutes duration. The Irishmen on board, it will readily be conceived, I avoided with assiduous care; my experience of their national failing had been too recent. Why my conversations should have been so invariably brief, is a question upon which I have pondered with the deepest interest, but which, as yet, I have not been enabled to solve, unless the suspicion, elicited by a sharp answer of the mysterious old lady to the only question that I could summon up courage enough to put to her, should prove correct. I had taken care to keep near her station on the after-deck, in order that I should not lose whatever light might be afforded by a stray remark, for the discovery respecting her character, purposes, and destination, on which my feelings were so strongly set. But my precautions were, in this respect, of no avail. She said nothing to any body, and seemed to be always busy in thinking. I am aware that, in asserting the existence of this extraordinary instance of taciturnity in one of the loquacious gender, I am laying myself open to serious imputations upon my character as a man of veracity; but it is, nevertheless, a fact; and if my readers will not believe, I must submit with resignation to the burden of their hard thoughts. Be that as it may, however, in a paroxysm of impatience, I determined, at length, to break the charm of silence which seemed to hang around her; and having gradually established myself upon the very settee which supported her imposing figure, I said, with my most captivating manner, "I beg pardon, ma'am; a very fine day; I hope I don't intrude?"

"Yes, it's pretty well," was the oracular answer.

Somewhat emboldened at finding the mysterious personage could speak, I resumed the attack. "Capital steamer, this; how much might she have cost, I wonder?"

No answer.

"Seems to make a good thing of it for the owners; good number of passengers to-day."

"Yes."

"Going far up the river, ma'am, if I may be so bold?"

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies, Mr. Pry," was the appalling replication; and when it was uttered, my tormentor—for such indeed she was, and so is any body whose mysteries I cannot penetrate—with a look of utter contempt, arose, and marched as loftily as a grenadier to the other side of the deck, where she took possession of an arm-chair, and, drawing her cloak around her, appeared to resign herself once more to meditation. My feelings were deeply wounded, as may readily be conceived, to say nothing of my wonder at hearing myself addressed by name by a total stranger; but all thoughts of my repulse were speedily effaced by new adventures.

Immediately after the unceremonious rebuke which I have just related, I went into the forward cabin, and there found a Frenchman in a green coat and white pantaloons, with rings in his ears, playing backgammon with one of my own countrymen, dressed in a frock and smalls. I soon became interested in their game, for I suspected that they were playing for something, and felt very curious to know how much it was. I have no doubt I should have eventually ascertained the amount, but my attention was called off by a pedler, very shabbily clothed, with a sharp inquisitive face, and a small box under his arm. He was offering his wares to the company, and now addressed me in a low, confidential tone of voice, requesting me to step with

him upon deck. I complied with his desire, and the pedler having led me to a remote corner, near the wheel, asked me if I wouldn't like to trade watches with him. My answer, of course, was in the negative; and, vexed at the disappointment, for I had expected some interesting disclosure, I was about to return to the players in the cabin; but the pedler would not part with me, and began to open his box of trumpery, strongly urging me to buy or trade. I was amused, and somewhat interested with the fellow's pertinacity and volubility; for his tongue stopped not for a moment, although, just at this juncture, the vessel did. He offered me wooden combs, almanacs, picture-books, or, as he called them, "primers;" whole cards of jackknives and scissors, cotton-balls, suspenders, smelling-bottles, darning-needles and pocket-books; and, in fact, seemed to have set his very soul upon persuading me to make a swap with him of something or other. His offers were perfectly *unique*; and I make no question, that in the course of our, or rather his, negotiation, it was at my option to become the possessor of all, or any portion, of his stock in trade, in exchange for the same articles. Those articles were my eye-glass, and a pair of Hoby's white-topped boots, which I had on at the time, and which my friend, the ambulatory merchant, did seem to covet with an exceeding earnestness. It never struck me, until after the termination of our voyage, that in this man I was beholding one of that redoubtable race of whom I had heard so much, and for whom I felt so strong a predilection—I mean the yankees; nor have I, to this moment, any other evidence of the fact, than the general accordance which my memory traces between his character and conduct and those of his supposed compatriots, as they have been described to me, for I have never seen him since; but it is distinctly borne upon my mind, that in the course of our short conference I was assailed with more questions, and those more acute and searching than had ever before fallen within the limits of my experience in twice the time; and, for once, I must confess myself outdone. In short, I am confident that my swapping friend was a yankee of the first water; and therefore I have concluded not to make the visit to his region which I had meditated. I have reason to complain of him, too, on another score; for, by his means, the mysterious old lady of the books escaped me. I have already mentioned that, during my engagement with him, our boat had stopped; it was to land and receive passengers. It is inconceivable to me, at this time, how I could have suffered myself to be detained as I was, in a remote situation, from which it was impossible for me to discern whatever might be passing at the gangway; but so it was; and when, at last, I escaped from my tenacious pedler and rushed to the side, the boat was again in motion, and the first object that met my eyes was the old lady in the cloak, standing quietly upon the wharf, with her small package in her hand. It seemed to me that there was an air of triumph in her shrewish-looking visage; and despair was in my heart. She was lost; and I have never since been fortunate enough to meet again with the Mrs. Sir Walter Scott of North America. For, be it known to you, gentle reader, that by the minute description I have been enabled to give, my mysterious old woman has been recognised to be no less a personage than that "Great Unknown."

P. P.

LINES

ON LEAVING A VILLA ON THE BANKS OF THE WYE.

SWEET spot! I leave thee with an aching heart,
As down the stream my boat glides smoothly on;
With thee, as if I were a swain, I part,
And thou the maiden that I doted on.

I ne'er shall view yon woody glen again;
That lowly church, calm promiser of rest;
Yon white cots, free from riches and from pain,
Fantastic gems upon the mountain's breast.
Fast, fast thou'rt fading from my longing sight;
The next bold turn, and thou art gone for aye—
A dream's bright remnant on a summer night—
The faint remembrance of a love gone by.
Farewell! and if fate's distant unknown page
Doom me to wreck on passion's angry sea,
I'll leave philosophy to reasoning age,
And charm the tempest with a thought on thee.

* The preceding is the only portion of a manuscript, said to have been written by the celebrated Paul Pry, that has yet come to our possession. If not a forgery, it is curious.—Ed. N. Y. Mirror.

* Boston. Published by Hilliard, Gray, Little and Williams. 1 vol. 12mo. Digitized by Google

has talents; let him cultivate them, not by writing, but by reading; and in six years from this day, let him commence a novel which shall at once exalt his reputation to an equality with that of Cooper.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE RIVALS OF ESTE,

BY JAMES G. BROOKS AND MARY E. BROOKS.*

In the tone, and sentiment, and manner of the principal poem, there is an approximation to those of Lord Byron, so great, that one not intimately familiar with the writings of the "Leader of the Satanic school," as he was foolishly designated by Southey, might almost be excused for conceiving the "Rivals of Este" to have emanated from the same mind that gave birth to *Lara* and *Parisina* and the *Siege of Corinth*; not that the fair author can be suspected of imitation, at least of intentional imitation, but simply, that having long been accustomed to look upon him with admiration and reverence, and her mind being saturated—so to speak—with his peculiarities both of thought and of expression, the effusions of that mind are naturally moulded into a partial resemblance. Between Mrs. Brooks and his lordship there is, however, one grand and permanent feature of dissimilarity; in the writings of the former, there is no *self*; no exhibition of the morbid and unnaturally excited feelings of the individual; no misanthropy, or spleen. There is melancholy, but it is the contemplative and chastening melancholy of a fine and sensitive spirit, not the moody self-tormentings of an unquiet conscience. It is a sober sadness of heart not incompatible with that benevolence which can find something to rejoice at in the joys, or to sympathize with in the sorrows of the humblest; nor with that delicacy of feeling that can be moved to enjoyment by the presence of any thing fair, or good, or beautiful; by the happy smile of childhood, and the frankness and enthusiasm of youth, and the placid content and tranquillity of age; by the majesty of mountains, the flow of waters, the excitement of a crowd, or the solemnity of solitude. There is nothing in her most saddening moods from which our feelings revolt; no bleakness, no desolation in her darkest moments from which we shrink, or with which it is painful to sympathize.

Were it not too delicate an undertaking, we could draw a parallel between the writer of this beautiful poem and another gifted woman, whom it is our pride to claim as a daughter of our native land; we might discover in each an equal depth and tenderness of feeling, an equally delicate conception of the beautiful in external nature, and in the mysterious workings of the soul; an equal purity of thought, and the same richness and vivid power of fancy. But in the one we should perceive a more just tone of moral perception, a more distinguishing sense of truth, compensated for in the other by a more felicitous command of language and a nicer ear for harmony of versification; in the former we should find more dignity, in the latter more sensibility; in the one, grandeur of thought would strike us as predominating; in the other, an exquisite knowledge of the heart, that seems to be intuitive, and to have been implanted in her mind, to the very end that she might become the minstrel of the finest feelings of our nature.

But we must not suffer ourselves to be led away from the subject under consideration, by our admiration of these highly-gifted ladies; our limits compel us to close these general observations, and attend more immediately to the volume which we have read with so much pleasure, and with some extracts from which we intend to enrich our pages.

We shall confine our attention to the poem entitled "*La Verna*," because the "*Rivals of Este*" has been already largely quoted from in other journals, and because, also, we think "*La Verna*" the best specimen of the volume. The following lines strike us as being particularly touching and beautiful:

Oh, who has not, while drowsiness
From slumber wooed a dull caress,
Stood 'neath the light of yonder beam—
Too bright to gild a sleeper's dream—
And hailed it, as the green spot on
The dull Sahara of his life,
That comes when all he loved is gone,
With many a loved remembrance rife;
And flying back to childhood's day,
And dreaming o'er the dream of youth,

Trod once again the rosy way,
Where sleep the forms of love and truth?
How lone the deep half-smothered sigh,
As the bright vision passes by!

The subject of the poem is the confession of a dying nun in the convent of *La Verna*; a tale of passion and despair; she had loved, and her lover had proved faithless.

Oh, colder than the wintry blast
From Ararat's eternal snow,
Is the chill glance of hatred cast
From souls where love was wont to glow.
One moment did I meet his gaze,
With the proud glance of other days;
And from my bosom rushed the tide—
Perchance it warmed my cheek in pride;
A sudden wrench essayed to sever
The links that should have clung for ever;
They could not fear the blight of time,
Nor part, for poverty or crime;
His, his alone, the deadly grasp
That could those fetter-links unclasp;
Let them; I cannot feel again,
Nor suffer, as I suffered then!

My life has been one fevered sweep
Of passion o'er my soul;
While phantoms in that sullen keep,
Uproused them from their fitful sleep,
And reason's stern control.
Yet chide me not; the wildest wave
Finds in the ocean-depths a grave,
Perchance it sought before;
And time as fierce a flood will see
Slumber in voiceless apathy;
Peace to the torrent o'er!
I look upon the days gone by,
And thought is weariness;
They brought for me nor smile nor sigh,
But one intensest agony
Hath stolen their power to bless:
For aye was frenzy in the dream,
For ever burning in the beam!

We have not extracted these passages as conveying any idea of the story of the poem, but simply as specimens of the manner and tone of thought of the accomplished writer; we think them beautiful, but not more so than many others, which we should gladly copy into our columns, if we could.

We have left ourselves no space to say even a word of the poems of Mr. Brooks contained in the same volume; but we regret this the less, because they have all, or nearly all, been already extensively published, and our opinion of his exalted powers as a poet is sufficiently well known. We should rejoice, nevertheless, to make some extracts from "*Genius*," which we consider not only the best in the book, but one of the best of the productions of the American poets. But we must forbear.

REPOSITORY.

SOLITUDE IN A CROWD.

This is to be alone; this, this is solitude.—Byron.

READER! were you ever alone in a crowd? If not, thank your stars, and bestow a grain of pity upon those who must return a different response to the question. A crowded solitude, if we may use such a strange expression, is, in sober sadness, as melancholy a sensation as human nature is capable of enduring.

A crowded solitude!—If you are young, thoughtless, and talkative, you will be astonished at the idea; and there will be nothing extraordinary in your surprise. The ancient poets—poor ignorant souls!—have given us a very different description of being alone. They have defined various kinds of solitude, suited to various descriptions of men; but all of them are alike founded on mistaken notions and groundless prejudice. Were we to follow their opinions, we should place the solitude of the lover in whispering groves, purling rills, and moonlight; that of the sage in a library, or an observatory; that of the poet in a dish of vegetables and a Sabine farm; and, *a fortiori*, that of the collegian in an uncarpeted domicile, with a fractured window on the one side and a smoking fire on the other. Is this solitude? Far from it! We must most strenuously contend that true solitude is to be found in a multitude.

We are aware that the solitude we are now discussing is not that which is generally understood by the term. Many persons have probably never heard of any but a *corporeal* solitude; that which we are describing is *mental*. The one

is to be found in caves and Caucasus—the other in theatres and Almack's; the former delights in moonshine—the latter in candelabras; the first sets a great value upon the silence and pure air of the country—the second gives the preference to the noise and squeeze of the fashionable world; and which of these is real solitude?—the corporeal, which is removed from the sight and hearing of all objects? or the mental, which both hears and sees a variety of things, and is utterly unconscious that it does either?

We are distrustful of our powers of description, and will therefore endeavour to illustrate our meaning by examples. We are provided with plenty, for we have still in our recollection Lady Mordaunt's last "*At home*." All the world was there. Whist, music, dancing, and last, not least, eating, were all going on in the usual style at the same time; the squeeze in the rooms was beyond parallel in the annals of *ton*; and of course we found more solitude in that evening than we had done throughout the whole season. We made our *entrée* when her ladyship was in her highest glory; she was bowing to one, smiling to another, and courtesying to a third, and straining every nerve and feature to *do the proper* to all her guests. This, however, was as impossible as the number of her satellites was innumerable; the tumult was tremendous; and there was so much bowing, and begging pardon, and getting out of the way, that it was quite impracticable to advance or recede a step. Good breeding and bare elbows were thrust in our faces alternately; we with difficulty preserved our toes from the frequent attacks made on them by kid slippers; and, with still greater difficulty, preserved our hearts from the sweet smiles that said, "*I beg ten thousand pardons*." It was a vortex of delight, and we were hurried so rapidly in its eddies, that much time elapsed ere we were able to collect our editorial serenity, in order to make a few observations on the scene before us.

The multitude at length began very slowly to diminish; and having lodged ourselves in an unperceived corner of the music-room, we proceeded, according to our ancient custom, to speculate upon character. Our attention was first attracted by a tall gentleman of a very noble appearance, who was leaning against a pillar, in an attitude of profound meditation. His dress was after the English fashion, but the cast of his features, and his short curling hair, sufficiently denoted him to be a foreigner. His eyes were fixed directly upon us, but we satisfied our curiosity by an attentive survey, without fear of detection, as his mind was evidently some furlongs distant. Upon inquiry, we heard that he was an Indian chieftain, by name Teioninhokarawn—we have doubts as to the correctness of our orthography.—He had done considerable services to the British arms in the American war, and had now been invited by her ladyship as the lion of the evening. He had been surrounded without intermission by a tribe of quizzers, loungers, and laughers, but one glance was sufficient to convince us that Teioninhokarawn was—*alone*.

We observed Lady Georgiana Wilmot standing at the other side of the room, the very picture of fatigue. She had been singing much, and was evidently quite exhausted. A young star of fashion was moving towards her with a languishing step; and, as we had a strong curiosity to hear his address, we changed our station for that purpose. "*Pon my soul*," the gentleman began with a bow, "*you are divine to-night*." "*Am I?*" said the lady, with a vacant gaze. "*Never heard you in better voice*," returned her assailant. Her ladyship knew it was the tone of flattery, so she smiled, but she had neither spirits nor sense sufficient to attempt an answer. We immediately decided that Lady Georgiana was—*alone*.

We next proceeded to the card-room. At first the din, and the disputing, and the quarrelling, were so loud, that we doubted whether we should find any solitude there; but another look convinced us of our mistake. Lord Mowbray was evidently *alone*. He was walking up and down, deliberating whether he should sacrifice his conscience or his place at to-morrow's division. Not less apparent was the solitude of the Duchess of Codille; although her grace was busily engaged at *cassino* with a select party of right honourables. She had been for a long time *alone* in the contemplation of her new brocade, and was recalled into company by the vociferation of her partner, "*Rat me, if I ever saw your grace play so ill!*"

We were about to retire to the ball-room, when we remarked our noble hostess reclining on an ottoman, seemingly quite exhausted with fashionable fatigue. She was still, however, exerting herself to *do the agreeable*, and was

talking with appalling rapidity to every one who approached her, although utterly unconscious of what she heard or said. We advanced to pay our respects, and were saluted with, "Ah, my lord! what has kept you away so long? and there's Ellen, poor thing, dying to see you! Ellen, love!" With some difficulty we explained to her ladyship that she was mistaken as to our rank. "Eh! mon Dieu! Sir Charles," she exclaimed, "pardonnez—but I'm really dead with ennui." We allowed ourselves to be knighted without further explanation, and made a precipitate retreat, for we perceived that her ladyship, after the labour of the evening, would be very glad to be—*alone*.

The first survey we took of the ball-room presented us with nothing but cheerful faces and laughing eyes: at the second, we discovered, even here, much and melancholy loneliness. There were moralists without sense, and country 'squires without acquaintance; beaux without a thought, and belles without a partner. We hastened to make a closer study of the various characters which presented themselves.

We first addressed ourselves to Mr. Harris, a respectable member of parliament, with whom we had become acquainted the year before in Norfolk. "What! you're not a dancer, Mr. Harris?" we began. "By heaven, sir," he returned, "if this bill passes—" We passed on, much vexed that we had intruded on our worthy friend's solitude.

We were hastening to accost Maria Kelly, a very interesting girl, whose lover had lately left this country for Minorca, when we were attracted by a conversation between an exquisite and our old acquaintance General Brose. "Ah, general!" said the dandy, "how long have you ceased to foot it?" "Foot!" interrupted the general, "by Jupiter! their cavalry was ten thousand strong." The old man was decidedly *alone*.

Before we could reach the recess in which Maria was sitting, she had been assailed by an impertinent. "Mary, I have the honour and felicity"—he began. The poor girl started from her reverie with a sort of vacant gaze, and replied, "He sailed last Tuesday, sir!" "*Sola in sicca*," said the impertinent, and lounged on. We had not the barbarity to speak to her.

Old Tom Morley, the misanthrope, had been admiring a wax taper in an unthinking sort of way ever since we entered the room; we went up prepared to be witty upon him; but we had hardly opened our mouth when he cut us short with "For heaven's sake, leave me alone!" and we left him *alone*. We were proceeding in our observations, when we saw Ellen Mordaunt, the beautiful daughter of our hostess, surrounded by a set of dashing young officers, at the other end of the room. We had just begun to examine the features of one of them, who was somewhat smitten, and appeared prodigiously *alone*, when the idol herself turned upon us that bright and fascinating eye,

"Which but to see is to admire,
And—oh! forgive the word—to love!"

We had originally inserted here a rhapsody on Ellen's glance, which would have occupied, as our printer assures us, three pages and a half; but, in mercy to our friends, we have erased this, and shall content ourselves with stating, that we were *alone* for at least ten minutes, before we recollected that it was five o'clock, and that we ought to think of retiring from the *solitude* of Lady Mordaunt's "At Home."

Blackwood.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE BORDER OF ERIE.

TO S. W. P.

On the border of Erie—bright shore of the west—
Beyond where Niagara's cataract roars,
Where the wild eagle mounts from her down-covered nest,
And high in the noon-blaze of midsummer soars;
There, friend of my bosom! I'll hasten to meet thee,
When one brief but desolate winter is o'er;
And there, in the home of my heart, will I greet thee,
Delighted that distance shall part us no more.

Sweet border of Erie!—I hail thee afar,
To tell thee I'm lonely though pressed by a crowd;
Yet hope is my friend, and the light of that star
Allures me away from the heartless and proud,
To show thee how constantly, fondly I love thee,
And how from thy welcome I'll never depart,
While the bright stars of heaven are rolling above thee,
And warm glows the life-blood that flows to my heart.

Green border of Erie!—thy meadows are gay,
And gay in thy woodlands the wild forest-flower;
But sad is my heart while I linger away,
And breathe not their fragrance in meadow or bower.
From the gleam of thy waters the bright fish are leaping;
But what are their innocent gambols to me,
Though liberty lies on thy river-brink sleeping,
Since I am not there to repose and be free?

Rich border of Erie!—thy garner are filled,
For autumn has come with his heart-cheering stores,
Profuse as the manna on Israel distilled,
Or wave-beaten sands that are piled on thy shores:
But what though the ripe, golden harvest is waving,
And songs are beguiling the hay-makers' care,
If I must be absent, thus joyously craving
Delights that elude me till I can be there!

Dear border of Erie!—I fly to thy charms,
And with me the lives that are cherished as mine;
And one little lambkin I bring in my arms,
To sport amid verdure and beauty like thine.
And there, while above us the sun rolls in splendour,
Or Luna beams mild on the waves of the west,
In friendship united, our bosoms shall render
Their homage to Him who has made us so blest.

THE FIRST STEAM-BOAT.

The following is an account given at the time of the passage of the steam-boat to Albany, in the year 1807: "She excited the astonishment of the inhabitants on the shores of the Hudson, many of whom had not even heard of an engine, much less of a steam-boat. She was described by some who had indistinctly seen her pass in the night, as a monster moving on the waters, defying the tide and breathing flames and smoke. Her volumes of smoke and fire, by night, attracted the attention of the crews of other vessels. Notwithstanding the wind and tide were adverse to its progress, they saw with astonishment that it was rapidly approaching them; and when it came so near that the noise of the machinery and paddles was heard, the crews in some instances sunk beneath their decks from the terrific sight and left their vessels to go on shore, while others prostrated themselves and besought Providence to protect them from the approaches of the horrible monster, which was marching on the tides, and lighting its path by the fire which it vomited!" All this took place, not in regions explored by "Sinbad the sailor," but on the river Hudson, twenty-one years ago.

A DISCONSOLATE HUSBAND.

The consul's wife at Mycon "had been married upwards of six years, and yet at the time I was introduced to her she was scarcely twenty years of age. The consul appeared ardently attached to her; nor did she seem to hold that servile rank to which the Levantine ladies are devoted; she was gay, young and lovely; her husband good humored, frank and affable; and, in short, the family was a perfect oriental picture of domestic happiness. * * * Here we were visited by my former host, the consul, whom I was startled at seeing equipped in a full suit of mourning, and with a beard of six weeks' growth, according to the mourning customs of the Greeks. On inquiring the cause of his distress, he informed me, with streaming eyes, that his beloved signora had expired about two months before. The sight of me seemed to tear open all the closed wounds of the poor fellow's bosom: he wept profusely, sighed long and deeply, and seemed a melancholy picture of fixed and overwhelming grief. * * * On his departure, I communicated to an old acquaintance my sympathy with the sorrow of the consul; but, judge of my surprise, when he informed me that Signor Cordia had omitted, in his tale of misfortunes, to mention one incident—namely, that he consoled himself with a second partner about a month after the death of the first, and, by a strange commingling of joy and grief, had absolutely compelled his present lady to put on, with himself, deep mourning for her predecessor."

Emerson's Letters.

An Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavouring to draw on a pair of new boots, exclaimed, "By St. Patrick, I believe I shall never get them on until I wear them a day or two."

There is a first model of beauty and agreeableness, which consists in a certain relation between our own nature and the things with which we are affected. Whatever is formed on this model interests and delights us; whatever differs from it is always displeasing.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Notice to Subscribers.—Those of our subscribers who intend to change their residence on the first of May, will please leave notice at the office.

Literary Misfortunes.—It is a misfortune that there are but three copies extant of the *Chronicles* of William of Gloucester, and that nobody will give to the world an edition from one of those copies—that in the possession of the earl of Warwick.

It is very unfortunate that the identity of Junius with somebody or other has never been established; for if it had, we should not be bored with everlasting and fruitless attempts to accomplish that desideratum.

It is a great misfortune that nobody will finish the *Recollections* of Mark Macrabin the Cameronian, of which several numbers appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, some years ago. And it is another misfortune that the author of the story, or rather part of a story, entitled *Tristan the Grave*, commenced in the late *Atlantic Magazine*, is too indolent to carry it on to the thirtieth number.

It is a grand misfortune that Sir Walter Scott must die at some time or other. He should live for ever.

It is a misfortune to have read *Don Juan*; or that, having read it, we cannot forget it in a fortnight.

It is a melancholy misfortune that most "periodicals will degenerate"—a greater, that many of them will not bear reading twice—and the greatest, that very few of them are worth reading at all.

It is a misfortune that there are no translations of Tasso, and Dante, and Ariosto.

Bowery Theatre.—The most successful and triumphant times of this theatre have been connected with the Italian Opera. We all recollect the engagement of Signorina Garcia, unprecedented as regards remuneration, in the theatrical annals of this continent, and which at once stamped a character for liberality and enterprise on the management of this establishment; and we also remember how well the taste and fashion of the city repaid that hazardous speculation. Another attempt has been made to get up the Italian Opera, and we are happy to say, with success. An engagement has been effected with Madame Feron and Mr. Horn, assisted by Madame Brichta, the amusing Rosich, and Monsieur Angrisani; and the comic opera of "*Trionfo Della Musica*" was performed on Monday evening to a crowded audience, and went off with great eclat, although Signor Rosich was unfortunately labouring under a severe hoarseness. We have seldom seen Mr. Horn to greater advantage than in Count Carolino; but the gem of the evening was Madame Feron. In a former number we expressed our opinion of this lady at some length, and have only to add, that every fresh appearance adds to our already high opinion of her uncommon powers. She was in fine voice, and appeared in excellent spirits. We are sorry to perceive that the opera is limited to three nights, but trust that it may be extended to a longer period, and that, before its close, the Barber of Seville will, if possible, be produced. A great curiosity would doubtless be manifested to see Madame Feron as the charming Rosina. The want of an efficient Figaro is the greatest difficulty. Horn and Rosich will be excellent as the Count and Doctor Bartolo.

Important—if true.—A London paper says, "We are happy to know that bonnets are on the decrease; the rage for huge head-dresses is rapidly subsiding; and the shadowy silken alcoves under which the ladies were recently to be seen walking and driving, are giving place to a moderate and convenient sized covering for the head."

The Graces.—We learn from the *Courier*, that the Philadelphia academy of fine arts has just received Canova's celebrated group of the "Graces." This beautiful and costly specimen of the genius and skill of the great statuary, was procured at Rome by Dr. J. Y. Clark, and has been presented by him to the academy.

Notice of a Grand Ball.—The following commendation of a grand ball, at Wavertree coffee-house, is, from its brevity, worthy of imitation. "The room was large and elegant; the company was choice and happy; the refreshments were excellent; and the attention of the host and hostess beyond all praise."

ANDANTINO. L. M.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

A PSALM, FOR ONE OR FOUR VOICES.—COMPOSED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

BY H. ZEUNER.

ALTO. FEMALE VOICE.

TENORE.

BASS.

SOPRANO.

PIANO-FORTE OR ORGAN.

Ye saints, ye saints that

Praise ye the Lord, ex - alt his name, While in his earth - ly courts ye wait;

Praise ye the Lord, ex - alt his name, While in his earth - ly courts ye wait; Ye saints, ye saints that

to his house be - long, Or stand at - tending at his gate.

Ye saints, ye saints that to his house be - long, Or stand at - tend - ing at his gate, Or stand at - tend - ing at his gate.

to his house be - long, Or stand at - tend - ing at his gate, Or stand at - tend - ing at his gate.

p

p

UN POCO DIM.

Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends:
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God.

Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love;
People and priests, exalt his name:
Among his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.
TO IANTHE.

IANTHE, could I touch the lyre
With magic art, like thine,
I'd wake the spirit-breathing wire
To thoughts of light and tones of fire,
Like those which, breathed by thee, inspire
This raptured heart of mine.
And I would still the lay prolong,
And oft the strain repeat,
To tell how much I love thy song,
Its numbers are so sweet.
I've marked thee—ere a dozen springs
Had bloomed upon thy cheek,
When, buoyant on her glittering wings,
Thy infant fancy warbled things,
Such delicate imaginings
As poetry can speak.
'Twas genius, uncontrolled by art,
And reckless of defeat;

I heard the lay, it touched my heart—
'Twas wild and simply sweet.

I marked thee next, with cultured mind,
In all the charms of youth,
And knew thy lovely form inscribed
A heart which every grace combined,
By native taste and art refined,
The pure abode of truth.
Then, when I listened to thy lay,
Each pulse with rapture beat;
It seemed to bear the soul away—
'Twas exquisitely sweet.

Another heard—the one alone
Whose worth inspired the strain;
Whose manly heart is honour's throne,
Who breathed a sigh for every tone,
And made his modest wishes known—
Nor did he plead in vain.
And when a wife—I heard thee still
The matchless strain repeat;

How must his heart with transport thrill!—
'Twas ravishingly sweet.

And is there yet a tenderer tie
To twine Ianthe's heart?
Can warmer feelings light her eye,
And bid her pulses quicker fly?
Can any other's smile or sigh
Such ecstasies impart?
There can—an *infant's* smiles inspire
A strain with joy replete;
A *mother's* love attunes the lyre—
'Tis now divinely sweet!

SELIM.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR, AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1829.

NUMBER 43.

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE INSURGENT.

PART II.

"I woke—where was I? do I see
"A human face look down on me?
"And doth a roof above me close?
"Do these limbs on a couch repose?
"Is this a chamber where I lie?
"And is it mortal, you bright eye
"That watches me with gentle glance?"

EVENING had settled in before the termination of the contest, from which the "rebels" slowly and unwillingly retired, defeated, but after having also inflicted a bloody retribution. It was an awful and melancholy sight. The little town of New-Ross was a crowded cemetery; every corner reeked with immolation, and resounded to the groans of the dying, or the shrieks of the few who dared to wail over the happier dead. The Slaney was purpled with the blood of hundreds who were cast into its tide. Among the ruins of those houses which were fired by the gun and match, were seen the half-consumed remains of many bodies; and, along the streets, piles of victims, bleeding and festering, were hurried, by the June heat, into premature decomposition. To escape from the pressure of his falling comrades, which a further loss of blood, already too profuse, would incapacitate him from attempting, was the first object of Charles after his fall, and he feebly crawled, or rather writhed himself to some distance from the increasing carnage. Here he lay covered with blood, at the entrance of a house, which the inmates had apparently abandoned, and whose windows, like nearly all the others in the town, were shattered by the incessant pealing of the artillery. Evening, as has already been observed, had set in before the fury of battle had subsided; and when it became less unsafe for those who had not joined the many inhabitants who, previous to the fight, had fled into the county of Killkenny, to look out on the surrounding massacre, Charles, now insensible from the loss of blood, was quietly drawn into the house before which he had lain. He passed two days in a state of comparative insensibility; on the morning of the third, the dawn of reason was observed, but it was, as yet, only a twilight through which he could scarcely recognise or define the forms of recent events. On the ensuing night, a less disturbed slumber accelerated his recovery, and he awoke, before the dawn, much refreshed, and with a perfect recollection of all that had occurred up to his fall. Subsequent to this, all was mystery. He found that the wound which he had received under his right arm had been carefully attended to, and he looked around, anxiously and fearfully, suspecting that he was cursed with convalescence within the walls of a prison, and nurtured and protected, like a lamb, for the slaughter; nor, in the first dim light of morning, did the appearance of his abode, which had been long used as a store-room, challenge his suspicion. "Whom have I here to befriend me? who will recognise the miseries of a wretch who had better been mingled with the dead? The havoc made among our followers was too mortal to countenance the hope that I lie under a friendly

roof. Oh, heaven! the massacre of that day! how it taunts me with a share in its commission! The town is *not* theirs—they perished too thickly—and with whom do I dwell? and have our foes humanity enough?—humanity! I should rather have asked, is even the name recognised among them?"

While tortured upon this rack of doubt and supposition, he heard the sound of an advancing footstep; it became more and more audible, until the opening door revealed a female figure, whose mere outline was visible. She advanced towards his bed with a slow and rather hesitating step, which, he thought, indicated a lesser unwillingness to disturb his repose than to escape his observation, and looked with a timid solicitude into his face. "My protecting angel!" said Charles, "do I not remember—" but she had already passed from the room, leaving by the bedside a folded paper, which he seized, tore open, and half read, and, through impatience, half anticipated, these words—

CHARLES—How often, while dancing with the village girls to the music of the stream, was my pastime checked by the appearance of "the misanthrope," as my father was wont to describe you. I then felt a solicitude which now returns with a rejuvenescent vigour respecting you. Your thoughts were a mystery—your life was a romance; one excited my curiosity, the other my admiration. I would fain, in the thoughtlessness of my youth, have drawn aside the veil; but I had heard of love—and could I love him who had so frequently been the subject of my father's unfavourable remark?—but why detail? On the fifth, you fell by the door of her whom you often met with her companions in our native glen. When the work of slaughter had ceased, you were borne under her roof by the fatherless daughter of Ned Neville: he, too, had been seduced by the demon who visited the village as a rebel leader, but who, in fact, was, and is, a government spy—one of those treacherous jackals bribed to provide victims for the British Moloch: her father was shot in a skirmish, a few days since, and she is suffered, by my father's regard for my entreaties, to live under this roof: but, for you, there is no protection—he is your foe; sufferings and political interference have changed his heart; it is less kind than it has been; and his house is the home of those whom prejudice has made intolerant, and politics unmerciful. I did regret our removal to this fatal town, but you are safe, and I rejoice. You now know all: you are in the house of a foe, but he knows it not; and you have but one friend; her feelings are, probably, too openly, but yet they are honestly, expressed; and what is cold prudence when—but I am interrupted. Yours,

JULIA DONNELL.

Charles, as he perused this kind and passionate epistle, recollected the animated little child, who, far back in the vista of remembrance, had frequently glanced across him in his morning walk, like the roe of the mountains—her foot as light and her eye as tearless: then the beautiful sunny-faced girl, budding into womanhood, who looked through her clustering curls, from behind the hawthorn hedge, on his solitude, and, when discovered, stole blushing in among her light-hearted playmates that gambolled in the distance. He recollected her; but the years that had

seared him had added to her beauty. She was about her nineteenth year; her person a model for the Grecian chisel in the day of its immortality; her cheek shining through the veil of curls like the young blossom of the apple-tree imbedded in its dark foliage—and her forehead, proportionately lofty, contrasting its snow with the jetty eye-brow, which, being unarched, gave a more tender and pensive witchery to the black bright eyes that sparkled beneath them—and her mouth closed with that melancholy smile which watches the bed of convalescence. Charles had seen beauty, but his acquaintance with her was too superficial to have reached a heart so blunted by misfortune as his had then been; but he had long since been untaught this stoicism of feeling, and he looked on that letter with the eyes of love. The unhesitating hand with which she had drawn aside the curtain of her heart—the affectionate remembrance of other days—the revelation of his situation—of the opinions amid which he was now living, and the terminating avowal of her single attachment—all appealed forcibly to his hopes and his affections, and he loved.

Day after day passed, and still his fair minister was by his side; and, as their communications became more frequent, their affections became more ardent. One morning, as Julia sat to breakfast, her father addressed her: "Julia, I have occasion to see that parcel of family papers which is secured in the upper store-room, the leases of the cottage and gardens, which, together with your hand, I intend to bestow upon Captain — of his majesty's loyal —, now that those troublesome days are likely to terminate. I wish, I say, to refer to those papers, and do you, Julia, procure the key after breakfast. Well, what a fine old fellow the captain is! and then his loyalty—'tis so unimpeachable! Moreover, he was quartered near us when we lived in that rebellious glen. How often he spoke to us about that Charley Desmond!—ay, by the way, I prophesied for that lad; he fell, as the captain says, at the head of a multitude, near the main-guard, and fighting as if the salvation of kingdoms was on his exertions."

"Perhaps, father," said Julia, "he thought the salvation of *one* was."

"Ha! ha! a remnant of your old opinions, I perceive; you always had a leaning towards that unfortunate lad; but he's passed. How often your poor mother, that's in her grave, and I, that am journeying to it, have forewarned you of him, and our advice has not been ineffectual; you *have* got rid of this romance of high-flying notions, and you are to wed a captain."

"Yes, father, I *shall* wed the captain, for he has bled in the cause of his country."

"What a dutiful girl, now!" said Donnell. "He has, *indeed*, bled, but is sufficiently convalescent to receive your hand. Have you seen him since the battle, Julia?"

"Yes," said Julia, "I have. He's quite recovered."

"And you love him now? you had, I recollect, some misgivings on the subject a few days since."

"Oh, I always loved him!—and then only apprehended that death would have robbed me of a hero."

"Noble! noble!" exclaimed Donnell. "You

were, you know, a little wildish in your younger days. You loved—no—you *liked* young folks, and, until now, apparently discountenanced the offers of the captain; but his wisdom and fatherly years are worth all the senseless gayety and gallantry of twenty-five—but that noble sentiment atones for all. He comes to day, and I must have those papers. Let me have the key, Julia."

"Can I not fetch them to you myself, father? the ascent to that room were certainly disagreeable, and, perhaps, dangerous to your infirmity."

"No, no, Julia; this recent victory over the rebel rascals has made me young again."

"Well, sir, you shall have it instantly. But had I not better assume a change of dress, lest the captain come? You can better delay the papers than I the adjustment of my appearance; this is not the garb fit for a lover's eye," said she playfully, as she shook aside the ringlets from her eyes, that lit with a most designing loveliness.

"Really, this is delightful!—you gladden my old heart, Julia, and I willingly leave the whole matter to your own management. Do *bring* me the papers, Julia. What a charming, obedient creature!" continued he, as she flew from his presence and ascended the staircase with a fleet foot and a trembling heart.

THE ESSAYIST.

FROM THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE ETONIAN.

ON A CERTAIN AGE.

"Tempora certa."

We happened the other day to be present at a small party, where, being almost entire strangers ourselves, we had little to do but to listen to and reflect upon what was said by others. While we were engaged in this occupation, we heard one expression repeated several times, which made a strong impression upon us, and induced us to draw up the following treatise.

We first heard some gentlemen observing, that it was quite proper for Mrs. — to withdraw from the stage in time, for that she was now of a "certain age." Immediately afterward we heard it remarked by Mrs. Racket, that it was lucky for Maria the nabob had proposed in time, for the lady must be of a "certain age." Now, as the former of these objects had seen fifty winters, of which the latter fell short by at least twenty, it was natural for us to exert ourselves to discover what this "certain age" might be, the limits of which were so extensive. We accordingly commenced an investigation into the subject with great alacrity, and carried it on for some time with great perseverance. We regret to add, that our success has not been proportionate to our exertions; and that, by the most indefatigable research, we can only ascertain that nothing in life is involved in such uncertainty as this "certain age."

Our first hope was, that by inquiries from some lady of our acquaintance, who had the fortune or the misfortune to come under this definition, we might be able to ascertain the precise boundaries of the period. But here we met with a difficulty, as it were on the threshold of our project. Out of all the young beauties of whom we made inquiries, out of all the fashionable belles in high life, and the vulgar belles in low life, and the languishing belles, who have no life at all, we could find no one to return a satisfactory answer to this mysterious, unanswerable, insupportable question, "Are you of a certain age?" One laughed naturally, and another laughed artificially; one looked amazed, and another looked chagrined; one "left it to us to decide," another left the room; one professed utter ignorance, and another tapped us with her fan, and wondered how we could have the impertinence. But plain "Yes" or "No" was not forthcoming.

Finding this method ineffectual, we changed our battery, and carried on the siege in another quarter. We now applied to the same ladies for the names of such of their acquaintances as they considered were liable to this imputation—for a terrible *imputation* the witnesses appeared to consider it. Our difficulties were forthwith redoubled. We are not acquainted with a single girl with good eyes, good hair, good complexion, or good fortune, whose name was

not given to us as verging upon "a certain age." And it seemed to us extraordinary that middle-aged fair ones, whose charms were manifestly in their autumn, were seldom honoured with this appellation; it appeared to be exclusively reserved for those who were young, beautiful, and new to a fashionable life. Far be it from us to insinuate that *envy* had any influence in making this appropriation.

Finding that the study which we had already bestowed upon this subject had tended rather to perplex than to elucidate the matter, we found it necessary to pursue the investigation a step farther. We now applied for information to the middle-aged matrons, the sober wives, the mothers of families. "Here," said we to ourselves, "prejudice will have ceased to influence, vanity to mislead, envy to embitter; here we shall learn the real, the whole truth, from lips unsoured by petty peevishness or violent passion." But the event disappointed our expectations: there appeared to be a strange disagreement upon this topic, for we found no two opinions to coincide. Mrs. Cranstoun, who has two daughters, and is in her twenty-ninth year, is of opinion that "a certain age" commences at thirty-four: but Mrs. Argent, who, according to our guess, is just entering her thirty-fourth year, is inclined to put off the dreaded period to forty. Lady Evergreen, again, who, to do her justice, paints as well at forty as she did at fourteen, disapproves of the impertinent notions of these "girls," and thinks that ten more years are wanting to give any one a just and proper claim to this enviable distinction. Fifty is with Lady Evergreen the precise period, the golden number, the "certain age." Still dissatisfied with the result of our examination, we betook ourselves, as a last hope, to the dowagers. "They," we thought, "as they must have long passed the boundaries of this dreaded space, can have no object or interest in withholding from us the truth." Alas! we were again lamentably deceived. Some of their ladyships had daughters whom they were anxious to preserve from this abominable imputation. Others had *particular friends* whom they were anxious to bring under it. Lady Megrim begged we would not interrupt her—she really never held good cards when any one looked over her hand; and Mrs. Volatile assured us that she had made it a rule never to *think* after she was married. She never would have married if she had *thought* before.

Finding ourselves quite at a loss to connect or reconcile with each other these several sentiments, we shall throw together a few observations which occur to us on the subject, and then leave it to wiser heads to determine the day, the hour, the minute, at which the unconscious fair one enters upon—"a certain age."

At first, we must notice a peculiarity in the words, which we do not well know how to account for; viz. that their use appears to be almost entirely confined to the fair sex. They are but seldom applied to a gentleman. We have certainly been ear-witnesses to some exceptions upon this rule: for instance, we heard old Cleaver, the butcher, who has lived nearly seventy years, and amassed nearly seventy thousand pounds, advised by his friend Gibbie to leave off business, as he was now of a "certain age." And in like manner did we hear Mrs. Solander, when inclined for a solitary walk, admonish her husband, the alderman, not to take up his crutch to accompany her, for he was now—"of a certain age." But with these, and a few other exceptions, we have heard this significant expression applied solely to ladies.

As to the meaning of the words, we confess that we are so completely at fault, that we do not thoroughly understand whether they imply censure or commendation. The air of sarcasm and contempt with which they are commonly delivered, leave us to conclude that the former is intended to be conveyed; yet we cannot but think that the words themselves signify the latter, if they have any signification at all. For, conscious as we are of the uncertainty of female fancies, the doubts they entertain on the most minute point, the hesitation which they display alike in the refusal of an equipage or a thimble, an ear-ring or a husband, we certainly consider it no small praise in a woman if she is found to be "certain" in any thing. Nevertheless, so attached are we all to our folly and our self-conceit, that we are unwilling even to be commended for the exercise of those good qualities which we call mean and contemptible. Hence it is that our fair friends, who cruelly exult in the ambiguity of *uncertain* wills, *uncertain* wishes, and *uncertain* smiles, reject with disdain the honour—which we must allow would be inconsistent—of possessing "a certain age."

The discovery of the time at which this epoch is fixed

baffles our utmost diligence. We are rather disposed to place it at no particular number of years in the life of man, but to allow it to vary its period according to the disposition and manner of life of each individual. We would make it a sort of interregnum between manhood and age, between decline and imbecility. According to our idea, the *certain age* of the officer would last from the first to the final breaking up of his constitution; the *certain age* of the drunkard would extend from the first fit of the gout to the last shake of the head of his physician; the judge would find himself in a *certain age*, from the time when he quits *the bench* to the time when he is unable to quit the sofa; and the coquette must submit to the provoking definition of a *certain age*, from the day on which rouge and enamel first become necessary, to the silent melancholy day on which rouge and enamel will be unavailing.

According to this arrangement, a certain age would be that restless uneasy space which elapses between our first warning to prepare for another world and our final summons to enter it. That period is to some of long, to others of shorter duration; but we believe there are few to whom this brief, this insufficient space for preparation is not conceded; there are few who are not warned, by some previous sign or visitation, that their sand is almost run out, that a new state of existence awaits them, that their days upon this earth are numbered. The phrase which we hear so frequently, and disregard, seen in this light, will indeed inspire sombre and salutary ideas; for ourselves, we look upon a certain age as if it were the last veil which conceals from us the visions we dread to see; the last barrier which shuts us from that unexplored country, on which we fear to tread; the last pause between experience and doubt—the last dark silent curtain which separates time from eternity.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

FROM THE LITERARY REMAINS OF THE LATE HENRY NEELE.

A YOUNG FAMILY.

You must know, most dear and courteous reader, that I am a bachelor; not an old one, heaven forbid! but one of whom the ladies say, "What a pity it is that Mr. Wiggins does not marry!" The fact is, I am sole lord of my hours, and of my limbs. If I stay out late, I need neither lie nor look sulky when I get home. I need not say, "My dear Peggy, I really was the first to come away;" nor run the fearful alternative of either losing good company or enduring a curtain-lecture. Besides all this, I am not surrounded by a sweet young family; but of that "anon, anon, sir."

Having thus introduced myself to your notice, allow me to perform the same kind office for one of my friends. George Cheviot and I were school-fellows. He was neither very wise nor very rich; but he was merry and good-tempered; qualities which I could then better appreciate than the others, and which I am still heretical enough to think the most valuable of the quartette. He was, moreover, "a tall fellow of his hands," and as brave as a lion; and I, I don't blush to own it, was a weak, puny chitling, and, as it is called in school phraseology, wanted somebody to take my part. George, accordingly, fought my battles, while I wrote his exercises; and thus we became sworn associates. We played, and romped, and rioted together; and, like the vicar of Wakefield's parties, what we wanted in wit we made up in laughter; which, after all, I still consider the better thing of the two.

After leaving school, we both settled in the great city until George, who had a touch of the sentimental in his character, fell in love with, and married, a journey-woman milliner; the consequence of which was, that all his friends cut him, and none of his family would go within a mile of his residence. For my own part, I make it a rule to cut all my friends as soon as they get married. I do not like the transformation of a merry, frank, sociable companion, into an important family-man. Neither do I like their invariable practice of laying every fault upon the shoulders of their bachelor acquaintances; for I have known more than one man, who, when rated by his amiable helpmate for his late hours, has excused himself by saying, "My dear Mr. Wiggins would not let me come away." Notwithstanding the tenacity with which I usually adhere to this rule, I determined to make an exception in favour of poor George. His grandfather had been a butcher, and his father a master-carpenter, and therefore it is not surprising that his mother should be shocked at his demeaning himself so vastly.

I, however, who have always been of opinion that, in a free country like ours, a man has a right to make a fool of himself, if he chooses, looked at the affair with different eyes, and we continued as warm and friendly as ever. Although I did not call at his house, we met at our usual places of resort; and I found less difference in George than in most of my married acquaintances. He was, nevertheless, constantly expatiating on the joys of a married life, and especially of seeing a young family growing up about you; of "teaching the young idea how to shoot;" and of watching the archness, the vivacity, and the simplicity, of the pretty prattlers. One day when he was particularly eloquent on these topics, and I was as acquiescent and insincere as a man ought to be on such occasions, he extorted from me a promise to dine with him, that I might have the satisfaction of seeing him surrounded with his young family.

The appointed day arrived, and I was ushered into the presence of my friend and his lady. She was dressed very finely, had a mincing air of gentility, and I should have thought her rather pretty, if no one had said any thing about her. In one corner of the room stood a cradle, and close by it—no matter what; socks, and caps, and ribands, were thrown about the room in "most admired disorder;" the chimney smoked; several panes of the window were broken; and three or four squalid, dirty-faced children were sprawling on the ground, and roaring very lustily. "That is a sweet little fellow, madam," said I—heaven forgive me for the lie!—pointing to a blear-eyed, bloated-cheeked cupid in her arms.

"It's a girl, sir," said she, bursting into a horse-laugh; "yes!" she added, patting the bloated cheek aforesaid, "and it is a girl, though he thought it was a boy, my pretty!" This was the commencement of my bacalarean blunders, and the lady for some time regarded me with a contempt, which, had I mistaken her own sex, could hardly have been surpassed.

To recover myself from my confusion, I took a pinch of snuff; my friend and his wife begged to participate in the contents of my box, which they had no sooner done, than every obstreperous urchin in the room roared out to be allowed to do the same. This petition was followed by a half-angry altercation between husband and wife, the former saying, "Oh let them, pretty dears!" and the latter, "Indeed they shall not." The cause of indulgence, however, triumphed; and every dirty pug-nose in the room was speedily made dirtier, at the expense of my black rappee. The consequences may easily be guessed: a round of sneezing, snivelling, coughing, crying, and scolding, commenced, until the adventure was closed by a general wiping of eyes and noses throughout the apartment. For myself, I did nothing but commit blunders all the while I was in the house. Now my foot was on the nose of one, and now my elbow was in the eye of another; and I could not stir an inch without being in danger of dislocating a boy's neck, or fracturing a girl's cranium. I am afraid that I shall be thought a sad barbarian, for not being rapturously fond of children: but give me a cat, say I; I can play with that as long as I please, and kick it out of the room when I'm tired of it.

The announcement that dinner was ready relieved me, at least for a time, from my many miseries. While descending the stairs, George whispered in my ear, asking me, if I did not think him the happiest fellow in the world; to which I replied, "My dear boy, I quite envy you." We sat down to table, and after many apologies from the lady, who hoped that I should find something to my liking, but who feared that her fare would be found but homely, as her time was so much occupied by her young family, the dishes were uncovered. Whatever the dinner might be in fact, I found that it was intended to be considered a very good, and even a handsome one. The lady, who before her marriage had lived at the west end of the town, where she made linen, pocket-handkerchiefs, petticoats, and *costly* *truas*, in a garret, wished to pass for a person of some taste and fashion. Accordingly, the table, instead of the ordinary viands which the Englishman delighteth to masticate, exhibited a profusion of would-be French and Italian dishes. Of these I merely counterfeited to eat, excepting one or two; among which was a fricasee, for so my hostess styled a blue-looking leg of a fowl, floating in a sea of dirty lard and salt butter, and a plate of macaroni, so called, which tasted exceedingly like melted tallow. The best thing which I could get hold of, was a bottle of their champagne, which was really very tolerable perry. Our dinner did not, however, pass over without the usual accompaniment

of much uproariousness from the room above, which the sweet young family continued to occupy, and Betty was every five minutes despatched from the dining-room to still "the dreadful pother o'er our heads."

Lord Byron says,

"—a fine family's a fine thing,
Provided they don't come in after dinner;"

and I agree with him; especially in the proviso. At my friend George's, however, the young family was introduced with the dessert. The eldest, a wide-mouthed, round-shouldered girl, took possession of the better half of my chair; where she amused herself the greater part of the evening by picking cherries out of my plate, and spitting the stones into it. The sweet innocent whose sex I had aspersed, filled, and well filled, the arms of mamma; and two greedy, greasy boys, stood one on each side of my worthy host. These contrived to entertain themselves in a variety of ways; putting their fingers into the preserves; drinking out of their father's wine-glass; eating till their stomachs were crammed to satiety, and bellowing out bravely for more. As a variety, we were occasionally treated with crying, scolding, and threats of a whipping, which operation I at one time positively expected to see performed in my presence. At length the lady and the "family" retired, and amidst boasting of his happiness on George's part, and felicitations on mine, we continued to ply the bottle. Rather to my surprise, I found that the port wine was admirable; but poor George, as I afterward learned, had sent for two or three bottles from a neighbouring tavern, for which he had paid an admirable price. After emptying the decanters on the table, I found that I had had enough, and proposed joining the interesting domestic group upstairs. In consequence, however, of my friend being very pressing, and of my being "nothing loath," I consented that another bottle should be broached. The order to that effect being speedily communicated to Betty, she met it with the astounding reply, "There is no more, sir." Although I told my friend that I was glad of it, and that I had drunk quite sufficient, his chagrin was manifest. He assured me, that although his wine-cellar was exhausted, he had plenty of spirits and segars, of which he proposed that we should immediately avail ourselves. To this, however, I positively objected, especially as I knew that the *ci-devant* journey-woman milliner considered smoking ungentle.

I have but little more to tell you; we adjourned to the tea-table, where nothing passed worth recording. The family was again introduced, for the purpose of kissing all round, previous to their retirement to bed. "Kiss the gentleman, Amy," said the lady; "and, Betty, wipe her face first; how can you take her to the gentleman in such a state?" Betty having performed this very requisite operation, I underwent the required penance from one and all, with the heroism of a martyr. Shortly afterward I took leave of my worthy host and hostess, and experienced a heartfelt delight when I heard the door close behind me. I am not in the habit, like Sterne, of falling down on my knees in the streets, or clasping my hands with delight, in a crowded highway. Still I could not help feeling, that few as were my positive causes of rejoicing, I was not devoid of some negative ones; and, above all, I felicitated myself, that I was *not* the happiest fellow in the world; that I had *not* married a journey-woman milliner; and that I was *not* blessed with a sweet young family; as my recent experience of the latter comfort had induced me to think that King Herod was really not quite so cruel as I had hitherto considered him.

THE DRAMA.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

PETER THE GREAT.

A new comedy, concocted by Messrs. Kenney and Morton, entitled "Peter the Great, or the Battle of Pultawa," has been produced at the Park theatre with great success. What just right the piece has to the title of *comedy*, is not very clearly established, as it, in the end, turns out to be no comedy at all; but a compound of treasors, plots, attempted assassinations, dead marches, and summary executions. Sabre-cuts are substituted for wit, and pistol-shots for repartee; and, to say nothing of the battle itself, where the slaughter, being on too large a scale, is judiciously carried on behind the scenes, three gentlemen—two Cossacks and a conspirator—have their existences terminated before the

eyes of the audience. Now we all know that death is no joke. The only parts which can be construed into any thing like comedy, are the jests cracked by Addlewitz and his wife Illo, a pair of Russian turtles, on the subject of matrimony, which most of us know, is no joke either. The heroine, Mrs. Hilson, is in distress from beginning to end, and her principal scene is where she imagines herself to be the cause of the death of her father, in which situation it is not to be supposed she either feels inclined to laugh herself, or be the cause of laughter in others. The piece is an heterogeneous mixture of opera, melo-drama, and farce, and a very pleasant mixture it is. The plots, for there are two or three of them, are well wrought up and skilfully interwoven into each other, while some of the incidents, particularly where the two monarchs, Charles and Peter, save each other's lives, and Peter's escape in the character of a miller, are highly interesting. Morton—for it partakes more of his manner than Kenney's throughout—can manage these affairs as well as any man living. He gets his heroes into and out of difficulties with neatness and despatch, and never fatigues the audience with long explanations of his improbable contrivances. He seems, however, inclined to repeat himself, and in the present play has pilfered from his former efforts with considerable ease and impudence, Czar Peter being nothing more than a northern Henri Quatre; while the rough old soldier Schwartz, is merely the rough old soldier Moustache, in a different latitude. We have seldom seen a new piece better performed. The actors seemed to be on such good terms with their parts, as to have formed an intimate acquaintance with them, a thing not very common on the first night of a new piece. Mrs. Hilson was interesting, Mrs. Sharpe amusing, and Mrs. Wheatley quite at home. Barnes laughed and was laughed at, and Hilson's part fitted him as if it had been expressly made for him; no one conceives or executes the character of a blunt old veteran better than Hilson. Mr. Simpson had so little to do, that there was scarcely time to find out whether that little was good, bad, or indifferent; but Barry, as Peter the Great, was really excellent. His bold, frank manner, and handsome face, peculiarly fit him for such parts. There is at times a degree of sameness about his attitudes, exits, and entrances, which he might as well get clear of, as it would only cost a little care and attention. One thing we like about Mr. B. is his unassuming character as stage-manager. He plays any character that is calculated to heighten the interest of the piece performed, and seldom or never puts himself forward in parts beyond his grasp. Stage-managers, in general, have a high opinion of their own abilities, and think themselves capable of playing any or every thing, which generally ends in the public and themselves entertaining a different opinion. Richings looked well as Alexis, and in the deep and tragical situations, was very amusing. Mr. Richings is a good comic actor in tragedy; at times there is no resisting his action and emphasis; he throws his legs and arms about in all directions; and sometimes they go right and sometimes wrong, though it is merely chance either way, Mr. R. not having any definite ideas on the subject. In other respects, he is a useful actor, and his songs draw down great applause on Fourth of July nights, when nothing but patriotic sentiments are required. Mr. Woodhull, that unfortunate man on the stage—we mean unfortunate as to his situations, not his acting—was in his usual predicament in this piece, that is, ordered for execution. We wonder how often he has trod the boards of this theatre on his way to death, to be hanged as a felon, shot as a deserter, or beheaded as a traitor! Take Mr. W. throughout the year, and his moral character on the boards is very bad. There is never a murderer, outlaw, scoundrel, or gentleman in debt in a piece, but Mr. Woodhull has to take charge of their enormities and misfortunes, and exhibit the pangs of remorse in his own proper person. In the present instance he is not executed, only going to be, and prepares himself for death—kneels down—is forgiven—gets up, and returns thanks in his usual manner. Mr. Woodhull, as a general actor, is entitled to much praise; he never burlesques a character, and is always perfect in the text; he plays every thing, and the manager might well say of him, that he could "better spare a better man." Altogether, "Peter the Great" is well worth seeing, and bids fair to become quite as popular, if not more so, than Charles the Twelfth. C.

Quere.—Why cannot the managers of the Bowery theatre treat the town with the Barber of Seville, during the engagement of Madame Feron?

FROM THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE SHUNAMMITE.*

It was a sultry day of summer time:

The sun poured down upon the ripened grain
With quivering heat, and the suspended leaves
Hung motionless; the cattle on the hills
Stood still, and the divided flock were all
Laying their nostrils to the cooling roots;
And the sky looked like silver, and it seemed
As if the air had fainted, and the pulse
Of nature had run down, and ceased to beat.

"Haste thee, my child!" the Syrian mother said,
"Thy father is athirst"—and from the depths
Of the cool well, under the leaning tree,
She drew refreshing water; and with thoughts
Of heaven's sweet goodness stirring at her heart,
She bless'd her beautiful boy, and to his way
Committed him. And he went lightly on,
With his soft hands pressed closely to the cool
Stone vessel, and his little naked feet
Lifted with watchful care, and o'er the hills,
And through the light green hollows where the lambs
Go for the tender grass, he kept his way,
Wiling its distance with his simple thoughts,
Till, in the wilderness of sheaves, with brow
Throbbing with heat, he set his burden down.

Childhood is restless ever, and the boy
Stayed not within the shadow of the tree,
But with a joyous industry went forth
Into the reapers' places, and bound up
His tiny sheaves, and plaited cunningly
The pliant withs out of the shining straw,
Cheering their labour on, till they forgot
The very weariness of their stooping toil
In the beguiling of his earnest mirth.
Presently he was silent, and his eye
Closed as with dizzy pain, and with his hand
Pressed hard upon his forehead, and his breast
Heaving with the suppression of a cry,
He uttered a faint murmur, and fell back
Upon the loosened sheaf, insensible.

They bore him to his mother, and he lay
Upon her knees till noon—and then he died!
She had watched every breath, and kept her hand
Soft on his forehead, and gazed in upon
The dreamy languor of his listless eye,
And she had laid back all his sunny curls,
And kissed his delicate lip, and lifted him
Into her bosom, till her heart grew strong—
His beauty was so unlike death! She leaned
Over him now, that she might catch the low
Sweet music of his breath, that she had learned
To love when he was slumbering at her side
In his unconscious infancy—

—"So still!

"'Tis a soft sleep! How beautiful he lies,
"With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins
"Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek!
"How could they say that he would die! Oh heaven!
"I could not lose him! I have treasured all
"His childhood in my heart, and even now,
"As he has slept, my memory has been there,
"Counting like ingots all his winning ways—
"His unforgotten sweetness.—

—"Yet so still!—

"How like this breathless slumber is to death!
"I could believe that in that bosom now
"There were no pulse—it beats so languidly!
"I cannot see it stir; but his red lip!—
"Death would not be so very beautiful!
"And that half smile—would death have left that there?
"And should I not have felt that he would die?
"And have I not wept over him?—and prayed
"Morning and night for him?—and could he die?
"No—heaven will keep him. He will be my pride
"Many long years to come; and this fair hair
"Will darken like his father's; and his eye
"Be of a deeper blue when he is grown;
"And he will be so tall, and I shall look
"With such a pride upon him!—He to die!"
And the fond mother lifted his soft curls
And smiled, as if 'twere mockery to think
That such fair things could perish.

—Suddenly

Her hand shrunk from him, and the colour fled
From her fix'd lip, and her supporting knees
Were shook beneath her child. Her hand had touched
His forehead, as she dallied with his hair—
And it was cold—like clay! Slow—very slow
Came the misgiving that her child was dead.
She sat a moment, and her eyes were closed
In a still prayer for strength, and then she took
His little hand and pressed it earnestly—
And put her lip to his—and looked again

Fearfully on him—and then, bending low,
She whispered in his ear, "My son!—my son!"
And as the echo died, and not a sound
Broke on the stillness, and he lay there still,
Motionless on her knee—the truth would come!
And with a sharp, quick cry, as if her heart
Were crushed, she lifted him and held him close
Into her bosom—with a mother's thought—
As if death had no power to touch him there!

The man of God came forth, and led the child
Unto his mother, and went on his way.
And he was there—her beautiful—her own—
Living and smiling on her—with his arms
Folded about her neck, and his warm breath
Breathing upon her lips, and in her ear
The music of his gentle voice once more!

Oh for a burning word that would express
The measure of a mother's holy joy,
When God has given back to her her child
From death's dark portal! It surpasseth words.

THE CASKET.

FROM THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

Tickler.—I will accompany you on the poker and tongs.

Shepherd.—I have no objections—for you've not only a sowl for music, sir, but a genius too, and the two dinna always gang together—mony a man basin' as fine an ear for tunes, as the starnies on a dewy nicht that listen to the grass growin' roun' the vernal priuros, and yet no able to play on any instrument—on even the flute—let abee the poker and tangs.—*Noctes Ambrosia.*

I AM not known as a lover of music. I seldom praise the player upon an instrument, or the singer of a song. I stand aside if I listen, and keep the measure in my heart, without beating it audibly with my foot, or moving my head visibly in a practised abstraction. There are times when I do not listen at all; and it may be that the mood is not on me, or that the spell of it is mastered by beauty, or that I hear a human voice whose very whisper is sweeter than it all. There are some who are said to have a passion for music, and they will turn away at the beginning of a song, though it be only a child's lesson, and leave gazing on an eye that was, perhaps, like shaded water, or the forehead of a beautiful woman, or the lip of a young girl, to listen. I cannot boast that my love of music is so strong. I confess there are things I know that are often an overcharm, though not always; and I would not give up my slavery to their power, if I might be believed to have gone mad at an opera, or have my "Bravo" the signal for the applause of a city.

There is unwritten music. The world is full of it. I hear it every hour that I wake, and my waking sense is surpassed sometimes by my sleeping—though that is a mystery. There is no sound of simple nature that is not music. It is all heaven's work, and so harmony. You may mingle and divide, and strengthen the passages of its great anthem, and it is still melody—melody. The low winds of summer blow over the waterfalls and the brooks, and bring their voices to your ear as if their sweetness was linked by an accurate finger; yet the wind is but a fitful player; and you may go out when the tempest is up, and hear the strong trees moaning as they lean before it, and the long grass hissing as it sweeps through, and its own solemn monotony over all—and the dimple of that same brook, and the waterfall's unaltered bass, shall still reach you in the intervals of its power, as much in harmony as before, and as much a part of its perfect and perpetual hymn. There is no accident of nature's causing which can bring in discord. The loosened rock may fall into the abyss, and the overblown tree rush down through the branches of the wood, and the thunder peal awfully in the sky; and, sudden and violent as these changes seem, their tumult goes up with the sound of winds and waters, and the exquisite ear of the musician can detect no jar.

I have read somewhere of a custom in the Highlands, which, in connexion with the principle it involves, is exceedingly beautiful. It is believed that, to the ear of the dying—which, just before death, becomes always exquisitely acute—the perfect harmony of the voices of nature is so ravishing, as to make him forget his suffering, and die gently, like one in a pleasant trance. And so, when the last moment approaches, they take him from close the shieling, and bear him out into the open sky, that he may hear the familiar rushing of the streams. I can believe that it is not superstition. I do not think we know how exquisitely nature's many voices are attuned to harmony,

and to each other. The old philosopher we read of might not have been dreaming when he discovered that the order of the sky was like a scroll of written music, and that two stars—which are said to have appeared centuries after his death in the very places he mentioned—were wanting to complete the harmony. We know how wonderful are the phenomena of colour; how strangely like consummate art the strongest dyes are blended in the plumage of birds, and in the cups of flowers; so that, to the practised eye of the painter, the harmony is imitatively perfect. It is natural to suppose every part of the universe equally perfect, and it is a glorious and elevating thought, that the stars of heaven are moving on continually to music, and that the sounds we daily listen to are but a part of a melody that reaches to the very centre of heaven's illimitable spheres.

(Pardon me a digression here, reader. Aside from the intention of the custom just alluded to, there is something delightful in the thought of thus dying in the open air. I had always less horror of death than of its ordinary gloomy circumstance. There is something unnatural in the painful and extravagant sympathy with which the dying are surrounded. It is not such a gloomy thing to die. The world has pleasant places, and I would hear in my last hour the voices, and the birds, and the chance music I may have loved; but better music, and voices of more ravishing sweetness, and far pleasanter places, are found in heaven, and I cannot feel that it is well, or natural, to oppress the dying with the distressing wretchedness of common sorrow. I would be let go cheerfully from the world. I would have my friends comfort me and smile pleasantly on me, and feel willing that I should be released from sorrow, and perplexity, and disease, and go up, now that my race was finished, joyfully to my reward. And if it be allotted me, as I pray it will, to die in the summer time, I would be borne out beneath the open sky, and have my pillow lifted, that I might see the glory of the setting sun, and pass away, like him, with undiminished light, to another world.)

It is not mere poetry to talk of the "voices of summer." It is the day-time of the year, and its myriad influences are audibly at work. Even by night you may lay your ear to the ground, and hear that faintest of murmurs, the sound of growing things. I used to think when I was a child that it was fairy music. If you have been used to rising early, you have not forgotten how the stillness of the night seems increased by the timid note of the first bird. It is the only time when I would lay a finger on the lip of nature—the deep hush is so very solemn. By and by, however, the birds are all up, and the peculiar holiness of the hour declines—but what a world of music does the sun shine on! the deep lowing of the cattle blending in with the capricious warble of a thousand of heaven's happy creatures, and the stir of industry coming on the air like the undertones of a choir, and the voice of man, heard in the distance over all, like a singer among instruments, giving them meaning and language! And then, if your ear is delicate, you have minded how all these sounds grew softer and sweeter as the exhalations of dew floated up, and the vibrations loosened in the thin air.

You should go out some morning in June, and listen to the notes of the birds. They express, far more than our own, the characters of their owners. From the scream of the vulture and the eagle to the low cooing of the dove, they are all modified by their habits of support, and their consequent dispositions. With the small birds the voice seems to be but an outpouring of gladness, and it is pleasant to see that without one articulate word it is so sweet a gift to them; it seems a necessary vent to their joy of existence, and I believe in my heart that a dumb bird would die of its imprisoned fulness.

Nature seems never so utterly still to me as in the depth of a summer afternoon. The heat has driven in the birds, the leaves hang motionless in the trees, and no creature has the heart, in that faint sultriness, to utter a sound. The snake sleeps on the rock, and the frog lies breathing in the pool, and even the murmur that is heard at night is inaudible, for the herbage droops beneath the sun, and the seed has no strength to burst its covering. The world is still, and the pulses beat languidly. It is a time for sleep.

But if you would hear one of nature's most various and delicate harmonies, lie down in the edge of the wood when the evening breeze begins to stir, and listen to its coming. It touches first the silver foliage of the birch, and the slightly hung leaves, at its nearest breath, will lift and rustle like a thousand tiny wings, and then it creeps up to

the tall fir, and the fine tassels send out a sound like a low whisper, and, as the oak feels its influence, the thick leaves stir heavily, and a deep tone comes suddenly out like the echo of a far-off bassoon. They are all wind-harps of different power, and as the breeze strengthens and sweeps equally over them all, their united harmony has a wonderful grandeur and beauty.

Then what is more soothing than the dropping of the rain? You should have slept in a garret to know how it can lull and bring dreams. How I have lain, when a boy, and listened to the fitful patter of the large drops upon the roof, and held my breath as it grew fainter and fainter, till it ceased utterly, and I heard nothing but the rushing of the strong gust and the rattling of the panes. I used to say over my prayers and think of the apples I had stolen then! But were you ever out fishing upon a lake in a smart shower? It is like the playing of musical glasses. The drops ring out with a clear bell-like tinkle, following each other sometimes so closely that it resembles the winding of a distant horn; and then, in the momentary intervals, the bursting of the thousand tiny bubbles comes stealthily on your ear, more like the recollection of a sound than a distinct murmur. Not that I fish; I was ever a milky-hearted boy, and had a foolish notion that there was pain in the restless death of those panting and beautiful creatures; but I loved to go out with the old men when the day set in with rain, and lie dreamily over the gunwale listening to the changes of which I have spoken. It had a quieting effect on my temper, and stilled for a while the uneasiness of that vague longing that is like a fever at a boy's heart.

There is a melancholy music in autumn. The leaves float sadly about with a look of peculiar desolateness, wavering capriciously in the wind, and falling with a just audible sound that is a very sigh for its sadness. And then, when the breeze is fresher—though the early autumn months are mostly still—they are swept on with a cheerless rustle over the naked harvest fields and about in the eddies of the blast; and though I have sometimes, in the glow of exercise, felt my life securer in the triumph of the brave contrast, yet in the chill of evening, or when any sickness of mind or body was upon me, the moaning of those withered leaves has pressed down my heart like a sorrow, and the cheerful fire and the voices of my many sisters might scarce remove it.

Then, for the music of winter, I love to listen to the falling of the snow. It is an unobtrusive and sweet music. You may temper your heart to the serenest mood by its low murmur. It is that kind of music that only intrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly. You need not hear it if your mind is not idle. It realizes my dream of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought, and comes only when it is remembered.

And the frost too has a melodious "ministry." You will hear its crystals shoot in the dead of a clear night, as if the moonbeams were splintering like arrows on the ground; and you listen to it the more earnestly that it is the going on of one of the most cunning and beautiful of nature's deep mysteries. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a crystal. Heaven has hidden its principle as yet from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher, and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen in mute wonder to the noise of its invisible workmanship. It is too fine a knowledge for us. We shall comprehend it when we know how the "morning stars sang together."

You would hardly look for music in the dreariness of the early winter. But before the keener frosts set in, and while the warm winds are yet stealing back occasionally like regrets of the departed summer, there will come a soft rain or a heavy mist; and, when the north wind returns, there will be drops suspended like earring-jewels between the filaments of the cedar tassels and in the feathery edges of the dark green hemlocks, and, if the clearing up is not followed by a heavy wind, they will all be frozen in their places like well set gems. The next morning the warm sun comes out, and by the middle of the calm, dazzling forenoon, they are all loosened from the close touch which sustained them, and will drop at the lightest motion. If you go along upon the south side of the wood at that hour, you will hear music. The dry foliage of the summer's shedding is scattered over the ground, and the round, hard drops ring out clearly and distinctly as they are shaken down with the stirring of the breeze. It is something like the running of deep and rapid water, only more fitful and merrier; but to one who goes out in nature with his heart

open, it is a pleasant music, and, in contrast with the stern character of the season, delightful.

Winter has many other sounds that give pleasure to the seeker for hidden sweetness; but they are too rare and accidental to be described distinctly. The brooks have a sullen and muffled murmur under their frozen surface; the ice in the distant river heaves up with the swell of the current and falls again to the bank with a prolonged echo, and the woodman's axe rings cheerfully out from the bosom of the unrobed forest. These are, at best, however, but melancholy sounds, and, like all that meets the eye in that cheerless season, they but drive in the heart upon itself. I believe it is so ordered in heaven's wisdom. We forget ourselves in the enticement of the sweet summer. Its music and its loveliness win away the senses that link up the affections, and we need a hand to turn us back tenderly, and hide from us the outward idols in whose worship we are forgetting the higher and more spiritual altars.

Hitherto I have spoken only of the sounds of irrational and inanimate nature. A better than these, and the best music under heaven, is the music of the human voice. I doubt whether all voices are not capable of it, though there must be degrees in it as in beauty. The tones of affection in all children are sweet, and we know not how much their unpleasantness in after life may be the effect of sin, and coarseness, and the consequent habitual expression of discordant passions. But we do know that the voice of any human being becomes touching by distress, and that, even on the coarse-minded and the low, religion and the higher passions of the world have sometimes so wrought, that their eloquence was like the strong passages of an organ. I have been much about in the world, and with a boy's unrest and a peculiar thirst for novel sensations, have mingled for a time in every walk of life; yet never have I known man or woman, under the influence of any strong feeling that was not utterly degraded, whose voice did not deepen to a chord of grandeur, or soften to cadences to which a harp might have been swept pleasantly. It is a perfect instrument as it comes from the hand of its Maker, and, though its strings may relax with the atmosphere, or be injured by misuse and neglect, it is always capable of being re-strung to its compass till its frame is shattered.

Men have seldom musical voices. Whether it is that their passions are coarser, or that their life of caution and reserve shuts up the kindness from which it would spring, a pleasant masculine voice is one of the rarest gifts of our sex. Whenever you do meet it, however, it is always accompanied either by noble qualities, or by that peculiar capacity for understanding all character, which Goethe calls a "presentiment of the universe," and which enables its possessor, without a spark of a generous nature himself, to know perfectly what it is in others, and to deceive the world by assuming all its accompaniments, and all its outward evidence. I speak now, and throughout these remarks, only of the conversational tone. A man may sing never so well, and still speak execrably; and I rarely have known a person who conversed musically, to sing even a tolerable song.

A good tone is generally the gift of a gentleman, for it is always low and deep; and the vulgar never possess the serenity and composure from which it alone can spring; they are always busy and hurried, and a high, sharp tone becomes habitual.

There is nothing like a sweet voice to win upon the confidence. It is the secret of the otherwise unaccountable success of some men in society. They never talk for more than one to hear, and to that one, if a woman, and attractive, it is a most dangerous, because unsuspected spell; and every one knows how the voice softens instinctively with the knowledge that but one ear listens, and that it is addressed without witnesses to one who cannot stand aside from herself and separate the enchanter from his music. It is an insidious and beguiling power; and I have seen men who, without any pretensions to dignity or imposing address, would arrest attention the moment their voices were heard; and who, if they leaned over to murmur in a woman's ear, were certain of pleasing, though the remark were the very idlest commonplace of conversation.

A sweet voice is indispensable to a woman. I do not think I can describe it. It can be, and sometimes is, cultivated. It is not inconsistent with great vivacity, but it is oftener the gift of the quiet and unobtrusive. Loudness or rapidity of utterance is incompatible with it. It is low, but not guttural; deliberate, but not slow. Every syllable is distinctly heard, but they follow each other like drops

of water from a fountain. It is like the cooing of a dove—not shrill, nor even clear, but uttered with the subdued and touching *readiness* which every voice assumes in moments of deep feeling or tenderness. It is a glorious gift in woman. I should be won by it more than by beauty—more even than by talent, were it possible to separate them. But I never heard a deep, sweet voice from a weak woman. It is the organ of strong feeling, and of thoughts which have lain in the bosom till their sacredness almost hushes utterance. I remember listening in the midst of a crowd, many years ago, to the voice of a girl—a mere child of sixteen summers—till I was bewildered. She was a pure, high-hearted, impassioned creature, without the least knowledge of the world or her peculiar gift; but her own thoughts had wrought upon her like the hush of a sanctuary, and she spoke low, as if with an unconscious awe. I could never trifle in her presence. My nonsense seemed out of place, and my practised assurance forsook me utterly. She is changed now. She has been admired, and found out her beauty, and the music of her tone is gone! She will recover it by and by, when the delirium of the world is over, and she begins to rely once more upon her own thoughts for company; but her extravagant spirits have broken over the thrilling timidity of childhood, and the charm is unwound.

There was a lady whom I used to meet when a boy, as I loitered to school with my satchel in the summer mornings, and of whom, by and by, I came to dream, night and day, with a boy's impassioned and indefinite longing. She was a married woman, perhaps twenty years older than I, but very—very beautiful. She was like one's idea of a countess—large, but perfectly light and graceful, and with an eye of inexpressible softness and languor. I was certain she had a low delicious tone, and, as she passed me in the street, I used to fancy how the words must linger and melt on that red lip, with its deep coloured and voluptuous fullness. Years after, when I had become a man, I was introduced to her. I made some passing remark, and with my boyish impression still floating in my mind, waited almost breathlessly for her answer. When she did speak, I was perfectly electrified. Such a wonderful rapidity of utterance, such a volume of language, I never heard from the lips of a woman. My dream was over.

It was always a wonder to me, that the voice is so neglected in a fashionable education. There is a power in it over men, greater even than manner, for it is never suspected. Nothing repels like indifference, and indifference is a loud talker, to whom any body may listen, and whom, therefore, nobody cares to hear. But a low tone is redolent of the great secret of a woman's power—*reliance*! Nothing wins like reliance. Be it in manner or tone, it is alike irresistible. I have seen a woman who would captivate most men by simply leaning on their arm. It was the only thing she knew, and she did that beautifully. It is said more plainly than she could have spoken it, "I confide in you utterly;" and who, that had not been initiated, could resist such an appeal? There is something in words spoken softly, and meant for one's ear alone, which touches the heart like an enchantment. I never linger by a low-voiced woman if she is not young. It indicates either a most childlike innocence and truth, or it is the practised witchery of a woman of the world, who knows too well for me the secret of her power.

There are circumstances in which the simplest soul becomes awful. I once watched with a dying friend in a solitary farm-house. It was a clear, still night in December, and there was not a sound to be heard beyond his just audible breathing. It wanted but a quarter to one, and I began to anticipate the striking of the large clock which stood in the farthest corner of the room in which I sat. It was, at first, simply with reference to my friend's comfort, for he was in a gentle doze, and I feared it might wake him from the only sleep he had got that night. I sat looking at the clock. The minute hand crept slowly on. I began to feel a nervous interest in its progress, and, as it advanced visibly, I leaned over and grasped more firmly the arm of the huge chair. As it grew near, a strange fear began to curdle my blood, and I could feel my hair stir, as if each individual filament were withering at the root. It crept on—and on. There was but one minute left! I felt a smothering sensation at my heart, and it seemed to me as if my life must stop. But that one minute seemed to me an hour. Before it had expired, every event of my life had rushed through my memory, and the awful responsibility of time, and the aggregate of pain, and despair, and agony,

that was felt by the hundreds who were dying at that moment, and the guilt that was festering, in the darkness, the hearts of those who may not sleep, and, over all, my own thoughtless and immeasurable prodigality of time, and health, and opportunity, crowded into my soul, as if its capacity were equal to the concentrated anguish of a demon. The machinery at last began to stir. It seemed to me as if every vein in my body was an icy worm. My nerves stretched to an intenser pitch—large drops of sweat rolled from my forehead, and my heart stopped—almost. It struck!—and I fell back in my chair, in a paroxysm of hysterical laughter! I have watched often since, and have been in situations far more calculated to excite terror, but nothing ever overcame me like that solitary vigil. I had been up night after night with my friend, and was certainly much unnerved by fatigue and exhaustion; but the circumstance furnishes matter of speculation to the inquirer after the phenomena of human nature.

The music of church bells has become a matter of poetry. Thomas Moore—whose mere sense of beauty is making him religious, and who knows better than any other man what is beautiful—has sung "those evening bells" in some of the most melodious of his elaborate stanzas. I remember, though somewhat imperfectly, a touching story connected with the church bells of a town in Italy, which had become famous all over Europe for their peculiar solemnity and sweetness. They were made by a young Italian artizan, and were his heart's pride. During the war, the place was sacked, and the bells carried off, no one knew whither. After the tumult was over, the poor fellow returned to his work; but it had been the solace of his life to wander about at evening and listen to the chime of his bells, and he grew dispirited and sick, and pined for them till he could no longer bear it, and left his home, determined to wander over the world and hear them once again before he died. He went from land to land, stopping in every village, till the hope that alone sustained him began to falter, and he knew at last that he was dying. He lay one evening in a boat that was slowly floating down the Rhine, almost insensible, and scarce expecting to see the sun rise again, that was now setting gloriously over the vine-covered hills of Germany. Presently, the vesper bells of a distant village began to ring, and, as the chimes stole faintly over the river with the evening breeze, he started from his lethargy. He was not mistaken: it was the deep, solemn, heavenly music of his own bells; and the sounds that he had thirsted for years to hear, were melting over the water. He leaned from the boat, with his ear close to the calm surface of the river, and listened. They rung out their hymn and ceased—and he still lay motionless in his painful posture. His companions spoke to him, but he gave no answer—his spirit had followed the last sound of the vesper chime.

There is something exceedingly impressive in the breaking in of church bells on the stillness of the Sabbath. I doubt whether it is not more so in the heart of a populous city than anywhere else. The presence of any single, strong feeling, in the midst of a great people, has something of awfulness in it which exceeds even the impressiveness of nature's breathless Sabbath. I know few things more imposing than to walk the streets of a city when the peal of the early bells is just beginning. The deserted pavements, the closed windows of the places of business, the decent gravity of the solitary passenger, and, over all, the feeling in your own bosom that the fear of God is brooding like a great shadow over the thousand human beings who are sitting still in their dwellings around you, were enough, if there were no other circumstance, to hush the heart into a religious fear. But when the bells peal out suddenly with a summons to the temple of God, and their echoes roll on through the desolate streets, and are unanswered by the sound of any human voice, or the din of any human occupation, the effect has sometimes seemed to me more solemn than the near thunder.

Far more beautiful, and, perhaps, quite as salutary as a religious influence, is the sound of a distant Sabbath bell in the country. It comes floating over the hills like the going abroad of a spirit, and as the leaves stir with its vibrations, and the drops of dew tremble in the cups of the flowers, you could almost believe that there was a Sabbath in nature, and that the dumb works of God rendered visible worship for his goodness. The effect of nature alone is purifying, and its thousand evidences of wisdom are too eloquent of their Maker not to act as a continual lesson; but combined with the instilled piety of childhood, and the

knowledge of the inviolable holiness of the time, the mellow cadences of a church-bell give to the hush of the country Sabbath a holiness to which only a desperate heart could be insensible.

Yet, after all, whose ear was ever "filled with hearing," or whose "eye with seeing?" Full as the world is of music—crowded as life is with beauty which surpasses, in its mysterious workmanship, our wildest dream of faculty and skill—gorgeous as is the overhanging and ample sky, and deep and universal as the harmonies are which are wandering perpetually in the atmosphere of this spacious and beautiful world—who has ever heard music and not felt a capacity for better? or seen beauty, or grandeur, or delicate cunning, without a feeling in his inmost soul of unreachd and unsatisfied conceptions? I have gazed on the dazzling loveliness of woman till the value of my whole existence seemed pressed into that one moment of sight; and I have listened to music till my tears came, and my brain swam dizzily—yet, when I had turned away, I wished that the beauty of the woman had been perfecter; and my lips parted at the intensest ravishment of that dying music, with an impatient feeling that its spell was unfinished. I used to wonder, when I was a boy, how Socrates knew that this world was not enough for his capacities, and that his soul, therefore, was immortal. It is no marvel to me now.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

STANZAS.

"In the letter from the Ipsariot women to the female Philhellenists of New-York, it is observed that many had thrown themselves into the sea to escape from the slavery and persecutions of their oppressors."

SPIRIT of Sappho! from the minstrel waters

That sing around thee in their coral caves,
While, o'er thee, Beauty's sympathetic daughters
Weep tears of crystal through the deep blue waves,
And from Leucadia's bloody steep the lyres
Of bards still crave one spark of Lesbian fires;"

For as there burns beneath the southern sea,
A fire, unquenched by wave, undimmed by wind,
So light the billows with thy harmony,
And brighten with thy unextinguished mind;
And there, till time untunes the lyric string,
Its sweetest song the poet's lip shall sing—

Yes, shade of Sappho! from the ocean swell,
That o'er thy slumber drops its emerald fold,
Bade the glad sea-nymphs sound the greeting shell,
And ope their halls of coral and of gold;
For ne'er did purer martyr spirits go
To meet the love-eyed Lesbian maid below.

Gather the bright-faced flowers around thee growing,
Which mortal eye hath seen not, nor shall see;
And when the monarch sun is seaward going,
Treasure the brightest beam he flings to thee:
To drown despair in the redeeming foam,
The young, the brave, the sinless seek thy home.

The foe came out with banner and with blade,
And struck the shrines of Greece with iron fire;
Vain was the shriek of mother and of maid,
And vain the vengeance of the frantic sire:
For, hydra-like, when fell one severed head,
Another fiercer bristled in its stead.

In th' unseen bowers where weeps the sea-bird's amber,
Flashed not th' Ipsariot conflagration down,
And, bursting through thy spirit-peopled chamber,
Look'd the expiring beam of Greek renown?
While desolation, like the deluge, fills
The deepest valleys and the loftiest hills.

Not thus in other times, mute queen of song!
For when the bold barbarian dared advance,
Some chief would scatter death their lines along,
Some goddess blast them with a single glance;
But now no Spartan sweeps the trembling field,
No Athens smiles beneath Minerva's shield.

E'en so, not thus shall they—the widowed daughters
Of men whose valour placed them 'mid the stars—
Be slaves to swell the pride of Turkish slaughters,
And yoke their limbs to their triumphal cars.
No! let the thunder of the slave descend—
'Twill break the soul, but it will never bend.

They rushed—devoted, youthful, fair, and brave—
They rushed to the giant steep, and cast
Their beauty and their sorrow to the wave,
And sank to ocean's chambers bright and vast.
And long shall Hellas' children weep above
The martyr-friends of liberty and love!

ALPHA.

* See note to "The Island," a poem by Lord Byron.

† Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds.—*Triton's Chambers.*

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

A HEALTH.

FILL high the cup!—the young and gay
Are met with bounding hearts to-night;
And sunny smiles around us play,
And eyes are sparkling bright:
Let wit and song the hours beguile,
But yet, amid this festal cheer,
Oh, let us pause to think awhile
Of him who is not here!

Fill high the cup!—yet ere its brim
One young and smiling lip has pressed,
Oh, pledge each sparkling drop to him
Now far o'er ocean's breast!
The cordial wish each lip repeats,
By every heart is echoed here;
For none within this circle beats,
To which he is not dear.

A sudden pause in festive glee—
What thought hath hushed the voice of mirth,
Hath checked each heart's hilarity,
And given to sadness birth?
O! read it in the shades that steal
Across each animated brow;
The wish none utters, yet all feel,
"Would he were with us now!"

Yet chase away each vain regret,
And let each heart once more be gay;
Trust me, the meeting hour shall yet
Each anxious thought repay.

Is not his spirit with us now?
Yes! wheresoe'er his footsteps roam,
The wanderer's yearning heart can know
No resting-place—but home!
Then smile again, and let the song
Pour forth its music sweet and clear—
What magic to those notes belong,
Which thus chain every ear!
Soft eyes are filled with tears—what spell
So suddenly hath called them there?
That strain—ah, yes! we know it well;
It is his favourite air.

With every note how forcibly
Return the thoughts of other days!
The shaded brow, the drooping eye,
Are present to our gaze.
With all around his looks are blest;
His form, is it not gliding there?
And was it not his voice which sent
That echo on the air?

One wish, with cordial feeling fraught,
Breathe we for him ere yet we part,
That for each high and generous thought
That animates his heart,
That Power which gives us happiness,
A blessing on his head would pour!
Oh! could affection wish him less?
Yet, could we ask for more?

THYRA.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Rachel Dyer, a North American Story, by John Neal.—In the preface to this singular production, we are informed that it was originally prepared for Blackwood's Magazine, as the first of a series of North-American stories; and that it was the intention of the author, in writing it, among other things, to show that "personal beauty and intellectual beauty, or personal beauty and moral beauty, are not inseparably connected with, nor apportioned to, each other;" that "heroes are not, of necessity, six feet high, nor of a god-like shape, and that we may be deceived if we venture to judge of the inward by the outward man."

In the accomplishment of this his object, Mr. Neal has selected, for the time of his narrative, the period when the frightful belief in witchcraft was raging with irresistible power throughout the then province of Massachusetts Bay, and for his heroine, Rachel Dyer, one of the unhappy victims to that appalling and sanguinary superstition. In the fulfilment of his purpose, she is represented as the possessor of all mental beauty; of fortitude, meekness, charity, and almost every virtue; but in person as "a freckled witch, with red hair, and a hump on her back." To enhance the interest with which her character is invested, she is made to cherish in her inmost heart a hopeless passion; hopeless, because her younger and far lovelier sister loves the man, and is beloved again. This man, George Burroughs, is one of those strange unnatural characters in which Mr. Neal so much delights; a mysterious, inscrutable sort of being, half white man and half savage, endowed with supernatu-

ral strength both of mind and body, with surpassing beauty, irresistible eloquence, and a most surprising faculty of doing incredible and unaccountable things. In short, another Logan, or Harold, with rather less bloodthirstiness, and somewhat more discretion. The whole story consists of the fruitless efforts of this man to restrain the madness and fury of the people in their persecution of the fancied witches, and of his own final destruction; for he too is tried, condemned, and executed, together with the "laidley maiden" by whom he is beloved.

In the conduct of this novel, or rather history, Mr. Neal has exhibited precisely the same faults and excellencies that were found in "Keep Cool," which we believe was his first regular production—if that word "regular" can justly be applied to any thing of his. The faults are, in the first place, and above all, extravagance—overwhelming extravagance, both of language and of ideas. With him a storm is never simply a storm, but the most outrageous tempest that ever afflicted this poor suffering globe. His strong men out-Samson Samson; his warriors all surpass Achilles. Yet, amid all his extravagance of expression, he does sometimes hit upon most powerful combinations of words; as, for example, in the very first page of this volume, where he speaks of the great western wilderness as "a wood where half the men of Europe might easily hide from each other." Another fault is, that he is so very fond of making his locutors interrupt each other in their dialogues. It is scarcely possible to find, in any of his works, a speech with an honest full-stop at the end of it, signifying that the speaker has said all he has to say; but evermore there are dashes—dashes—and abrupt terminations, and interruptions, so that it is extremely difficult to puzzle out the meaning; as, for example,

"I heard all this—I had much reason to believe it—for every body that I knew believed it—I grew instantly weary of home—"

"Lights, there! lights—"

"I could not sleep for the desire I had to see that country—"

"You'd better stop a while, Mr. Burroughs—"

"And I lost no time in going to it—"

"Pull up where you are, but keep your face to the jury—"

Now this does very well, occasionally, to give spirit to the dialogue; but it is a dangerous instrument, and should be used sparingly, and with extreme caution; a truth of which Mr. Neal does not appear to be aware, for all his conversations are spoiled by his lavish expenditure of dashes.

But we like Mr. Neal too well—as a writer, that is; for we do not know him personally, and probably never shall—to take much pleasure in finding fault with him; we will, therefore, conclude this notice by giving to our readers our candid opinion of Rachel Dyer: it is well worth reading, notwithstanding all its faults; the author has great command of language, and is often very happy in his use of it; he has accumulated an immense store of ideas, some of them very good ones; his characters, although not always natural, are conceived and delineated with great power, and his incidents, albeit extravagant, are interesting. His books have that peculiar quality, wild and absurd as they sometimes are, of grasping and retaining the attention of the reader; each of them, as a whole, is bad, yet each of them contains bits that one would regret not having read; each of them, as a whole, is unintelligible, yet every body should read them, and by reading each of them something useful may be learned—and this is about all that can be said of Mr. John Neal.

The Talisman.—Mr. Bliss, the publisher of this admirable annual, has just announced to the public that he has for sale the works of Mr. Francis Herbert, in two volumes, bound to correspond with each other, and forming the commencement of a collection of tales and poems, that every American, or at least every citizen of New-York, ought to possess. The appearance of Mr. Herbert in the field of native literature, is an event worthy of commemoration; and the interest with which it must be viewed, is not a little heightened by the mystery that surrounds his character. It seems that he is not, by any means, a youthful man; yet until within the last year or two, his name has not been heard of; every body appears to know something about him, yet nobody knows himself, unless, indeed, it be Mr. Bliss, and he is as close as a minister of state. The writings which he has put forth have been received with admiration enough to flatter any man's vanity, yet no author was ever known to manifest so little concern for the reception

of his labours as Mr. Herbert; it appears that his time is constantly employed in travelling from one end of the world to the other; and, by the way, the celerity of his movements is said to be astonishing in the highest degree, yet year after year brings forth a volume of exquisite little morceaux, the very writing of which, one would suppose to be sufficient occupation for any man during a twelvemonth.

We have lately looked over all the annuals of the present year, and it is with no small gratification that we have honestly arrived at the conclusion that the *Talisman*, published in our own city, is the best in literary merit; and that, in the beauty of its illustrations, it has but few superiors. We learn that the third volume is already in rapid progress.

The American Monthly Magazine.—This new periodical of Mr. Willis has at length appeared, and very creditable it is both to him and the "Literary Emporium," from whence it comes to us. The plan upon which it seems the work is to be conducted is similar to that of the poet Campbell's—the *New Monthly Magazine* of London. This first number contains some admirable specimens of composition; witness the leading article "Unwritten Music," which we have copied into our columns of to-day: to quote the editor's own words when reviewing another work, "*It is a mass of beautiful words and musical expressions—flowers gathered indiscriminately from the author's imagination, like a child's lapful of roses, without stems.*" p. 70. In reading this production, we were strongly reminded of those delightful chapters which have appeared during the last two or three years in *Blackwood's Magazine*, under various appropriate titles, such as "Cottages," "Birds," "Streams," "May-day," &c. and which we could never tire of reading. The poetry, too, is very pretty. "The Shunammite"—obviously from the pen of the editor—is, in our opinion, the very best thing in the work; but our readers will judge for themselves. Mr. Bliss is the agent in this city, and we recommend the "Monthly Magazine" to the patronage of our citizens.

Literary Remains of Henry Neale.—We have received this long expected and interesting volume, but not in season for a notice in this week's *Mirror*. In our next number, we shall devote more space to its examination, and in the meantime we extract from its pages a clever article which originally appeared in the "News of Literature," in 1826, and is a favourable specimen of the work.

Scott's revised Edition of his Novels.—We are gratified in having it in our power to announce to our readers, that the suggestion which we threw out a few weeks since, has been adopted and acted upon. Messrs. Seymour, Clayton, Fanshaw, and Sleight, have undertaken a reprint of the forthcoming edition of the *Waverley novels*, revised and illustrated by the author himself. Every reading man will, of course, make an effort to include these volumes in his library, and therefore we doubt not that these intelligent publishers will find their undertaking as profitable as it is praiseworthy.

Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp, written by himself.—We have been, until now, prevented from noticing this new work, by the pressure of indispensable occupations, which left us no time to read it with sufficient attention to enable us to speak of its merits with accuracy. At this late period, it is hardly worth while to give an extended notice, particularly as Mr. Shipp has been largely commented on and quoted from by our contemporaries, and has, moreover, found favour in the eyes of the reading public. We cannot pass him by, however, without adding our mite to the general voice of commendation, for we owe him our thanks for the pleasure which we have found in following his chequered fortunes. There is every reason to believe that what he tells us, so far as he confines himself to what fell within his own knowledge, is strictly true; and the story is interesting in a high degree. His ideas upon the effects and tendency of corporal punishment, appear to us to be particularly worthy of attention. His opportunities for observation have been excellent, and the conclusions he draws from what he has seen, are sound and convincing.

Diversions of Hollycot.—This is the captivating title of an excellent little volume, recently published by W. B. Gilley, especially intended for the edification of children. It is pleasing to see talents so distinguished as those of the author of *Clan-Albin*, engaged in the cause of childhood; and the very fact that the "Diversions of Hollycot" are from her pen, is a sufficient recommendation.

Miss Sterling.—The Musical Fund concert, which took place on Tuesday evening, the twenty-first ultimo, was completely successful. A more crowded, brilliant, or fashionable assembly has seldom been convened at the city-hotel. On this occasion, the interesting and highly gifted young lady whose name stands at the commencement of this paragraph, made her first appearance before an American public. We have already noticed her astonishing and soul-entrancing performances, and shall, therefore, at this time, content ourselves with merely transcribing the following brief remarks from a morning paper:

"Miss Sterling's style of execution on the piano-forte, put the dilettante almost out of their wits. It was delightful, highly finished, or what the French would call *superbe*! *magnifique*! and even to those who could not enjoy the mysterious delights of splendid execution, the winning grace with which Miss Sterling went through the performance, was not the smallest portion of enchantment."

May-day.—None respect more than we do, the good old customs of our worthy Dutch ancestors; none are more anxious to preserve the landmarks which designate our rights to the hereditary virtues, the unbending integrity, and the unostentatious and simple manners of the New-Netherlanders, who once graced the soil of this island by their righteous and peaceable lives, and whose bones are mingled with the kindred earth on which we now so lightly tread. We deplore the abandonment of the frail, but enticing pipe, whose columns of smoke, as they slowly issued from the lengthened and cylindrical stem, curled in beauteous wreaths up into the balmy atmosphere of Manahatta's isle; we regret the absence of the genuine Geneva from the social board—the temperance society to the contrary notwithstanding—and we often shed tears of piteous sorrow as we behold the merciless, the ruthless destruction of those substantial Rotterdam-brick edifices, whose gable ends—studded with clamps of iron, and bearing their date, like good old Madeira, on their honest fronts—were wont to adorn our narrow, but clean streets. But we must, nevertheless—while we cheerfully give in to the custom of regularly moving on the first of May, and avow our unabated and unbounded veneration for the profound sagacity which instituted it, and the still more profound wisdom which has hallowed, and embalmed, and preserved it to the present day—we must confess, that the weight of the burden is sorely heavy: mind and body are distracted; the soul scarcely knows its abiding place, and wishes for the wings of a dove, that it might flee away and be at rest. Look there at that escutcheon of our friend J.; it is taken down; alas! where shall we now sit and idly our delightfully entertaining and instructive articles for the *Mirror*? His books, too—see how they lie!

"Tully's hide to Sappho's leather,
"All are displaced and mixed together."

How we shall manage to call up our thoughts again, to bid them resume their wonted channels, and once more follow their former current, we know not. All is noise to the ear, and disfigurement to the eye. Servants and their brooms, cartmen and their ropes, barrowmen and their precarious burdens, women and their impatient commands, dust, and chaos, and destruction, are the order of the day! We would finish this article; but it is impossible: the commingling of blue spirits and gray, white spirits and black, forbid.

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
"Hover through the bog and filthy air."

Expedition.—It is stated, in one of the London papers, that Mr. Peele's great speech upon the Catholic emancipation bill, was commenced at about half-past five o'clock, and concluded at ten; and that in thirty minutes afterwards, a copy of the *Sun* newspaper was handed to him, containing the whole of his harangue. This is wonderful rapidity. The manner in which it is effected is thus: four reporters are employed, each of whom attends in rotation for about ten or twelve minutes; he then hurries off to the printing-office, commits to writing what he has heard, and flies back to the house to take his station in the gallery once more. Very few of these reporters avail themselves of the assistance of stenography, but trust almost entirely to memory. Their pay is from thirty shillings to three guineas a week.

Miss Cramer.—The benefit of this pleasing actress will take place at the Bowery theatre, on Wednesday next, when Mr. Plumer, the vocalist, whose fame has reached us from abroad, will sustain, for the first time in this city, the character of Young Meadows. The whole bill of fare is certainly attractive, and we wish Miss C. a full house.

SEVENTEEN.

THE WORDS BY GEORGE P. MORRIS—THE MUSIC BY H. ZEUNER.

UN POCO ALLEGRETTO.

I'm much too young to mar - ry, For I am on - ly seven -

teen, For I am on - ly seven - teen. Why think I, then, of Har - ry? Why think I, then, of Har - ry? What can it mean?

What can it mean? What can it mean? TEMPO. AD. LIB. MF. P. AD. LIB. P.

VERSE 6. DIM. (half spoken) ALLO. TEMPO PRIMO. I'm not in love! I'm in love? Oh smoth - er such a thought at seven - teen! Such a thought at seven - teen! I'll

I.
I'm much too young to marry,
For I am only seventeen!
Why think I, then, of Harry?
What can it mean? what can it mean?

II.
Wherever Harry meets me,
Beside the brook or on the green,
How tenderly he greets me!
What can it mean? what can it mean?

III.
Whene'er my name he utters,
A blush upon my cheek is seen,
And then my heart so flutters!
What can it mean? what can it mean?

IV.
And when he mentions Cupid,
Or, smiling, calls me "fairy queen,"
I sigh and look so stupid!
What can it mean? what can it mean?

V.
Oh, mercy! what can ail me?
I'm growing pale and very lean!
My spirits often fail me!
What can it mean? what can it mean?

VI.
I'm not in love!—Oh, smother
Such a thought at seventeen!
I'll go and ask my mother
What it can mean—what it can mean.

EDITH.

EDITH! o'er the waters blue
Ere I'm gone, my love, adieu!
Ere from hence I fly away,
Hear, oh hear me, while I pray!
Oh! whate'er may be my lot,
Edith, love, forget me not!

When you see this shady scene,
Where, together, we have been;

When yon babbling brook you view,
Which so oft we've listened to;
When you see my father's cot,
Edith, love, forget me not!

By the power thou hast to grieve me—
By the thoughts that will not leave me—
By the fear that will not fly—
By the hope that cannot die—
By this sacred parting spot—
Edith, love, forget me not!

O'er the waters when I ride,
Thou shalt o'er my thoughts preside;
In the battle's wild affray,
Thou shalt hold thy wonted sway;
Then, whate'er may be my lot,
Edith, love, forget me not!

Yet one—yet another kiss!
Then, adieu to you and bliss!
Oh! what anguish 'tis to part
From the ruler of my heart!

Edith, sweet, forget me not—
Thou canst never be forgot.

GEO. P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1829.

NUMBER 44.

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE INSURGENT.

PART III.

"Oh how this spring of love resembleth
"Th' uncertain glory of an April day,
"Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
"And by and by a cloud takes all away!"

"FLY, Charles, fly instantly; your safety and my happiness are at stake. By a little ingenious shuffling, I prevented my father from visiting this room; and what a scene then!" exclaimed Julia, as she entered and closed the door of the apartment. "Haste, Charles, haste, for the sake of life and love! I am this day expected to recognise the devoirs of some old captain in one of the king's regiments, and much delay on your part will subject me to the agony of an interview." She briefly repeated the conversation she had had with her father; then hastily penned a letter to him, declaratory of her decision and intention to accompany Charles in his flight; and, having sealed it, hastened to procure the desired papers for him. He was still sitting as she had left him, and his aged brows were beaming with the expectation of "the happiest change," as he termed it, "that had hitherto gladdened his domestic life."

"You have been rather long, Julia," said he, as she entered; "but the key is rusty, from disuse, I suppose. Ay, these are the very articles. You must know, Julia, that the captain is no prodigal—no builder of castles in the air; and, in such hands, these will be valuable. Now, let me just explain the difference between their fate in less experienced hands. First—but you have not yet changed that unsuitable dress; go, go, and be expeditious; your mother was rather tasty that way, too, you know. Oh, could she but see Julia now, how blest would she be to witness her! But, ha! what have we here? the address is Julia's handwriting—one of her school letters, I presume; but, no, 'tis quite fresh, and sealed, as I live! Let me see!"—He opened and read,

DEAR FATHER—For seven or eight days, Charles Desmond has been under your roof. Jane Neville knew him among the wounded, as he lay at our door on the fatal fifth. Could I refuse my permission to her to save the life of an old playmate, and a fellow-creature? That life is saved—must I add, for me? Ere you shall have received this, we shall be beyond the reach of vengeance. He has erred—so have the bravest and the best, at all times, and in all countries; but I feel I love him; that love is old as my childhood. Ought I to divide my hand and heart? No; it would be the cause of my misery; and, knowing your paternal affection, I venture to say, it would give you no ultimate happiness. Farewell, for awhile; and, among your thoughts of what you, no doubt, believe my imprudence, let there sometimes come the redeeming one, that I still am your affectionate daughter,

JULIA DONNELL.

This was the letter which she had just written, and determined to transmit through the post-office; but, in the heedless hurry of her search for the papers, and the confusion of her situation, she had inadver-

tently laid it among them, and thus anticipated its delivery by many hours.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Donnell did not engage in his review of the papers: he flung them aside—started up—called his servant, and desired him to proceed instantly to the house of George Wiseman, who acted as a peace-officer in the town, and say that his presence, with a small military guard, was necessary. "Let not a second person know your errand," said he; "and be quick." The old man then resumed his seat, and Julia entered, having changed her dress.

"What think you of me now, father? does this please you?"

"By no means, girl; you were far fairer when I last looked upon you. That gown is fitter for an elopement than the reception of a lover; and these shoes—why, Julia, I should consider them almost too coarse for travelling as the wife of a rebel."

"Your reproach is rather severe, sir," said Julia, as her consciousness of its applicableness suffused her cheeks with crimson.

"Severe! yes, indeed, Julia; more severe than I could have wished. But, to put an end to this farce, know you that?" and he flung the letter on the table with a maddening emphasis.

Julia seized it—held it at arm's length before her scarce-believing eyes—stood statue-like for one agonised moment—clasped her trembling hands together—shrieked, and fell back into her chair. Ere her father had left his seat, Charles, directed by the "well-known voice," entered the room. What was his life, if her's was in peril? He first seized the sword that stood naked against the wall, and was about to address the father, when the door was opened, and the clatter of bayonets was heard in the hall. Charles knew his own character. "And what," said he, "is the business of armed military here, if not to secure my person?" There was little time for consideration—he darted forward into the entrance.

"Seize him—he is a rebel!" cried the father; "the blood of loyalty is on his hands!"

"He is mine, he is mine—save him! save him!" Julia exclaimed.

"Nay," said Charles, lifting his bold, but unimpassioned voice above the others, "he who first comes within the reach of this blade, adds one to my victims."

At the head of this military party, was a man whom we have had occasion to introduce, in the earlier portion of our narrative, to the reader, as an insurrectionary leader, and whose real character Charles now understood from Julia's letter. To the interference of such suborned villains has Ireland to ascribe most of those vampire misfortunes that, without breaking the dream of her insecure repose, sucked the life-blood from her veins. Charles Desmond instantly recognised him, and saw the demon-sneer upon his lip, as if he would say,

Farewell, sweet spirit! not in vain you die,
If Eblis loves you half so well as I.

"Soldiers, do your duty," said Wiseman. At these words, Charles sprung forward with the ferocity of the tiger—covered his sword in the heart of the director, and resumed his position with sufficient activity to keep the soldiers at bay. They were armed only with bayonets, and, before they could succeed in apprehending him, two of them had mingled their

blood with that of the treacherous spy. Further resistance was vain, indeed impossible, for he had been dangerously wounded.

"As you are men," said Charles, addressing the soldiers, "I conjure you to let me behold and embrace, once more, the idol of my affections."

"Bear him off, bear him off—the rebel! the murderer!" exclaimed Donnell.

"Oh, heed him not—he is cruel!" continued Charles—"and she—look, she is dying! she is dying!" This unexpected and alarming scene had thrown Julia into an hysterical fit, from which she had not yet recovered. Charles made one effort to reach her, but the military dragged him back.

"This," said one of them, "is the rascal who attacked the main guard; d—n me, if we give him even praying time;" and they pulled him along to the prison, where he had the additional misfortune to meet with many whom he had known in his native village, and who had been cajoled by the same wretch.

When Julia had recovered, she beheld the waste of blood that flowed around. "What," said she, "is Charles lost to me? is my love, and my hope, and my life sacrificed? then farewell home, and"—She became inaudible as she rushed through the hall to the street, where the track of fresh blood-drops led her to the prison. There she was informed, by some of the spectators, of Charles's committal, and, gazing on the blood that spattered the entrance, supplicated admission. Here the scene became too melancholy—too frantic for description: her prayers and exertions were fruitless; and, in despair and wretchedness of heart, she saw the heavy door barred against her, and felt that he was for ever excluded from her sight.

She would not return to a house which was no longer a home, but wandered about the country, particularly that place which was so sacred to her, as the scene of her first love and her most unclouded recollections. A settled delirium soon seized upon her young mind; and, after a melancholy and short interval, she died, but not in the knowledge that her affectionate and unfortunate Charles, with his usual fearlessness, and the returning aid of "that untaught, innate philosophy," which had, at one period, made mankind generally the objects of his aversion, had perished under the hand of the law; and, in his last moments, "sanctified," as himself joyfully exclaimed, "his dying lips with the name of the purest and fondest woman that ever lived."

THE ESSAYIST.

RHYME AND REASON.

He whose life has not been one continued monotony; he who has been susceptible of different passions, opposite in their origins and effects, needs not to be told, that the same objects, the same scenes, the same incidents, strike us in a variety of lights, according to the temper and inclination with which we survey them. To borrow an illustration from external scenes—if we are situated in the centre of a shady valley, our view is confined and our prospect bounded; but if we ascend the topmost heights of the mountain by which that valley is overshadowed, the eye wanders luxuriantly over a perpetual succession of beautiful objects, until the mental faculties appear to catch new freedom

from the extension of the sight; we breathe a purer air, and are inspired with purer emotions.

Thus it is with men who differ from each other in their tastes, their studies, or their professions. They look on the same external objects with a different internal perception; and the view which they take of surrounding scenes is beautified or distorted, according to their predominant pursuit, or their prevailing inclination.

We were led into this train of ideas by a visit which we lately paid to an old friend, who, from a strong taste for agricultural pursuits, has abandoned the splendour and absurdity of a town life, and devoted to the cultivation of a large farming establishment, in a picturesque part of country, all the advantages of a strong judgment and a good education. His brother, on the contrary, who was a resident at the farm during our visit, has less of sound understanding than of ardent genius, and is more remarkable for the warmth of his heart than the soundness of his head. In short, to describe them in a word, Jonathan sees with the eye of a merchant, and Charles with that of an enthusiast; Jonathan is a man of business, and Charles is a poet. The contrast between their tempers is frequently the theme of conversation at the social meetings of the neighbourhood; and it is always found that the old and the grave shake their heads at the almost boyish enthusiasm of Charles; while the young and the imprudent indulge in severe sarcasms at the mercenary and uninspired moderation of his brother. All parties, however, concur in admiring the uninterrupted cordiality which subsists between them, and in laughing good-humouredly at the various whims and foibles of these opposite characters, who are known throughout the country by the titles of "Rhyme" and "Reason."

We arrived at the farm as Jonathan was sitting down to his substantial breakfast. We were delighted to see our old friend, now in the decline of life, answering so exactly the description of Cowper,

"An honest man close-button'd to the chin,
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within."

We felt an inward satisfaction in contemplating his frieze coat, whose *debut* we remember to have witnessed five years ago, and in speculating upon the snows which five additional winters had left upon his head since our last interview. It was some time before we recovered sufficiently from our reverie to inquire after the well-being of our younger companion, who had not yet made his appearance at the board.

"Oh!" said Jonathan, "Charles is in his hey-day years; we must indulge him for the present; we can't expect such regularity from five-and-twenty as from six-and-fifty."

He had hardly done speaking, when a loud halloo sounded as an *avant-courier* of Charles's approach, and in less than a minute he presented himself before us.

"Ten thousand pardons!" he cried.

"One's enough," said his brother.

"I've seen the finest sun-rise," said Charles.

"You're wet through," said Jonathan.

"I'm all over rapture," said Rhyme.

"You're all over dirt," said Reason.

With some difficulty Charles was persuaded to retire for the re-adjustment of his dress, while the old man continued his meal with a composure which proved he was not unused to the morning excursions of his volatile yoke-fellow. By the time he had got through his beefsteak and three columns of the newspaper, Charles re-entered, and despatched the business of eating with a rapidity in which many a modern half-starved rhymist would be glad to emulate him. A walk was immediately proposed; but the one had scarcely reached an umbrella, and the other prepared his manuscript book, when a slight shower of rain prevented our design.

"Provoking," said Rhyme.

"Good for the crop," said Reason.

The shower, however, soon ceased, and a fine clear sun encouraged us to resume our intentions, without fear of a second disappointment. As we walked over the estate, we were struck with the improvements made by our friend, both as regarded the comfort and the value of the property; while now and then we could not suppress a smile, on observing the rustic arbour which Charles had designed, or the verses which he had inscribed on our favourite old oak.

It was determined that we should ascend a neighbouring hill, which was dear to us from its having been the principal scene of our boyhood's amusements.

"We must make haste," said Charles, "or we shall miss the view."

"We must make haste," said Jonathan, "or we shall catch cold on our return."

Their actions seemed always to amalgamate, though their motives were always different. We observed a tenant of our friend ploughing a small field, and stopped a short time to regard the contented appearance of the man, and the cheerful whistle with which he called to his cattle.

"*Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*," said the poet.

"A poor team, though," said his brother.

Our attention was next excited by a level meadow, whose green hue, set off by the mixture of the white fleeces of a beautiful flock of sheep, was, to the observer of nature, a more enviable sight than the most studied landscape of the artist's pencil.

"Lovely colours!" ejaculated Charles.

"Fine mutton," observed Jonathan.

"Delightful scene for a rustic hop!" cried the enthusiast.

"I am thinking of planting hops," said the farmer.

We reached the summit of the hill, and remained for some moments in silent admiration of one of the most variegated prospects that ever the country presented to the contemplation of its most ardent admirer. The mellow verdure of the meadows, intermingled here and there with the sombre appearance of ploughed land, the cattle reclining in the shade, the cottage of the rustic peeping from behind the screen of a luxuriant hedge, formed a *tout-ensemble* which every eye must admire, but which few pens can describe.

"A delightful landscape!" said Charles.

"A rich soil," said Jonathan.

"What scope for description!" cried the first.

"What scope for improvement!" returned the second.

As we returned, we passed the cottage of the peasant, whom we had seen at his plough in the morning. The family were busily engaged in their several domestic occupations. One little chubby-faced rogue was conducting Dobbin to his stable, another was helping his sister to coop up the poultry, and a third was incarcerating the swine, who made a vigorous resistance against their youthful antagonist.

"Tender!" cried Rhyme—he was listening to the nightingale.

"Very tender!" replied Reason—he was looking at the pigs.

As we drew near home, we met an old gentleman walking with his daughter, between whom and Charles a reciprocal attachment was said to exist. The lateness of the evening prevented much conversation, but the few words which were spoken again brought into contrast the opposite tempers of my friends.

"A fine evening, madam," said the man of sense, and bowed.

"I shall see you to-morrow, Mary!" said the lover, and pressed her hand.

We looked back upon her as she left us.

After a pause—"She is an angel!" sighed Charles.

"She is an heiress," observed Jonathan.

"She has ten thousand perfections!" cried Rhyme.

"She has ten thousand dollars," said Reason.

We left them the next morning, and spent some days in speculations on the causes which enabled such union of affections to exist with such diversities of taste. For ourselves, we must confess, that while Reason has secured our esteem, Rhyme has run away with our hearts; we have sometimes *thought* with Jonathan, but we have always *felt* with Charles.

YOUTHFUL FRIENDSHIPS.

Youth, the season of unsuspecting openness and disinterested zeal, of buoyant hope and cheerful confidence, presents to us the happiest division in the life of man. Ambition has, as yet, exercised but little influence, and pride sustained but few disappointments. Temper is not yet embittered by unexpected frustration, nor is exertion checked by insuperable competition. Animated by the gay perspective of future prospects, youth ever casts off the consciousness of care; and, in the contemplation of happiness, present or to come, delights to dwell upon the glittering scene of promise and expectation. Associated in the enjoyment of these exhilarating ideas with others, sharing equally the gladness and the glory of its hopes, it pursues with avidity the same path, which leads to the stations of distinction, and opens to future views of elevation and of honour. The struggle is that of sport, and, like it, concludes with satisfaction; the witnesses of the contest, the partners in the suc-

cess, and the least prosperous in the fortune of the fray, unite to revivify dejected hope, and rekindle the spirit of emulation. The influence which this reciprocal communication of sentiment, this continual contact of mental power and acquirement, possesses over our society, is unlimited: it binds the most distant in the closest union to one another, and first discovers to them the necessity and the usefulness of mutual dependence. For within this varied scene of exertion and inactivity, there always will be those who press forward with impatience to the different degrees of merit and reputation; while there will be others, who as eagerly decline the restraint of application and the sacrifice of abstraction; who depend for present assistance and freedom from labour on the efforts of the studious, for whom, in after-days, they rationally hope to reserve due tributes of gratitude and esteem, anxiously considering the success and fame of their friends as involved in the event of every action over which their interest and inclination enjoy even a partial control; since, in the perfect exercise of genuine friendship, no advantage can attend either party in which both do not equally participate; for surely they shall be strong in the strength, wealthy in the wealth, and powerful in the influence of each other; their friendship shall change storms and tempests in the affections to a day of sunshine, and out of darkness and confusion of thoughts shall bring daylight on the understanding. But there are many connexions, less interested in the commencement, which may prove more beneficial in the event; for such as are founded on personal predilection, or intellectual appreciation, are secured by affection, and confirmed by respect. These have been known to survive the sprightliness and the prime of life, and remain constant even to "the murmurs of peevishness and the dreams of dotage;" till, when those aged companions have shaken off their load of years, and gone to rest in the peacefulness of the tomb, the memory of their virtue is bequeathed as a monitor to surviving friends, and a cheering director to re-union in a happier world.

If there is felicity in cherishing the social tendencies of the human heart, or if there is advantage in cultivating the social relations of human life, how sincere and pure a pleasure we feel in perusing the simple dialogues of the Roman philosopher, which perpetuate the memory of the best and wisest men, who have filled the world with history and wonder—who have displayed, even in chains and in death, the power of attachment and the spell of affection, and left to posterity the sense of that sublime generosity and moral beauty, which is calculated to produce the most beneficial effects both on the state of general society and the constitution of individual sensibility. But these ancient pairs, as their conduct toward each other was influenced by esteem and love, so their actions in the world were governed by unblemished integrity; the course of their happy and honourable days terminated, as they commenced, in the light of virtue. For to them what was more beautiful than virtue? It refined their intentions, and sublimed their thoughts; it endued them with dignified notions of their relative situations, and spread a sanctity over that closest and gentlest of all endearments, the *bosom friend*.

It is a chastening task to review the steady friendships of such venerable characters; but to calculate on each impulse or caprice which excite and regulate our age of enthusiasm, would be the wildest among the absurdities of cold speculation. To measure the ardour which hurries forward the execution of precipitate designs and the declaration of incautious opinions, is to attempt impossibilities, and struggle against the laws of reason. For the commencement has been appropriately termed the romance of life: its most unaccustomed scenes are succeeded by novelties more unexpected; the transitions and the changes in its situations are rapid and brilliant; admiration is attracted by the lustre of dazzling possession, and rapture elicited in the delight of luxurious gratification. But the splendour of the pageant serves only to disguise its own unsubstantial and transitory nature, since the next stage of existence reduces the aspiring and unequal thoughts of man to a level with the sober realities of common life. He now discovers the capriciousness of accidental intimacy; the possibility of friendships being obliterated; the warmth of feeling frozen into courteous formality; and the unaffected zealous eagerness of regard checked and bridled into managed condescension. He sees men looking abroad into the world with circumspect reserve and deliberate caution, reposing confidence in no assistance and fidelity but their own—their little centres of their narrow systems.

the sole objects of their solicitude and labour. Under such impressions, without great violence, he may in some respects compare such a state of society to that of the ancient barons, when "every man's house was his castle," and his sword the only means which the occasion and the law allowed him for defence. He may, indeed, think himself free from personal violence, at least possessed of sufficient remedies for such abuses; but he will discover a painful reality, that he is scarcely free from insidious circumvention, and barely protected from treacherous importunity: he may be stung by the lifeless adder, which he had imprudently warmed on his hearth; he may be plundered by the houseless steward, to whose hands he had confided the advancement and preservation of his wealth. From this sickening view of worthlessness and corruption, he will look with transport to the days that are gone, when the advanced experience of life had not as yet disclosed the alloy which lurked beneath so brilliant, yet so slight a covering, so near the surface; the brightness of which was so speedily tarnished, and the substance so easily worn away. He will find the consolation of this bitter season, in early recollections connected with former pleasures, unsullied and without alloy; far different from those transitory enjoyments, so happily compared to the crackling of burning thorns, the sound of which is just heard as it is silenced—the flame just seen as it sinks into ashes.

From such prospects we have ventured to remove the veil which the thoughtlessness of boyhood spreads across the range of its vision. If their aspect is calculated to check impatience for that freedom from restraint, which presents itself with unreal attractions to the imagination; if their description tends to recall the fancy from that eccentricity to which it had been propelled in search of treasures without value, and objects without existence, to its natural course, or determine the relative proportion of happiness and misery allotted to the young and to the old—we shall rest satisfied with the picture we have drawn; and in the hope that it will attach the memory and the affections of those for whom it is designed, to the scenes and associations of their early days, we are content to resign it to their hands, without adding another embellishment, which may endanger the reputation, or weaken the impression of our labour.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

LAWS OF HONOUR.

A DUEL was lately fought at Startbourg between two ladies, one French and the other German, on a quarrel about a young miniature painter. The combatants met, pistol in hand, and each attended by a female second. The German was furious, and insisted on fighting muzzle to muzzle; but the Frenchwoman, regulating her conduct by the advice of her second, stood out for twenty-five paces. They fired together, and missed. The German then insisted on their approaching, and firing until either fell. The seconds, however, now interposed, and declaring that the laws of honour were satisfied, took away the pistols, and the affair ended; but without any apology. The fair Frenchwoman, before leaving the ground, handsomely professed herself not actuated by any personal hostility. "She had thought it due to her honour to take a shot with the German; but now that the affair was at an end, the lady was welcome to the miniature painter, whom she had forbidden her presence that very morning." The German was a baroness, and the Frenchwoman the wife of a general of division.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The following, from a paper published in London in 1723, will illustrate the difference between the present times and a century past: "Tuesday, January, 1723. On Sunday a woman was seized near London-wall for wearing a gown faced with calico; and being brought before a magistrate, and refusing to pay the penalty inflicted by the statute, she was committed to the compter." The importation of cotton wool last year, exceeded twenty nine million pounds. What would the good lady say to the magistrate if she could return and see the cotton articles now in use? What was Manchester in those days?

Married at Bristol, Master Daniel Fish, aged eighteen, to Mrs. Neoma Small, aged forty-five, more or less, after a long and sentimental courtship of no time at all!

THE SERENADE.

"The maiden paused, as if again
"She thought to catch the distant strain,
"With head upraised, and look intent,
"And ear and eye attentive bent,
"And locks flung back, and lips apart,
"Like monument of Grecian art."

ANNA, list! the zephyrs play
Over the blue wave fleetly;
And the boatman's distant roundelay
Breaks on the still night sweetly.
Ope the casement—open wide—
Let us drink the moonbeam's light;
Like a proudly-glitt'ring bride,
Rides she through the clouds of night.

O 'tis sweet—the hour I love—
The lovely hour of placid even;
Thus to let our spirits rove,
And mingle with the stars of heaven.

Nature sleeps—and all around
A holy silence spreads her reign;
Save the sheep-bell, not a sound
Is heard along the tranquil plain.

While the halcyon calm we view,
Anxious cares and troubles fly;
We the bliss that's past renew—
Breathe to absent love a sigh.

Hark! a lute—I heard its tone—
Again the sound salutes my ear:
Who the wand'rer late and lone,
Thus that joys rude night to cheer?

"List thee, Anna, list, I pray"—
Softly steals the melody—
Sweet the voice, and sweet the lay,
Floating o'er the silent sea.

TIME'S CHANGES.

There was a child, a helpless child,
Full of vain fears and fancies wild,
That often wept, and sometimes smiled,
Upon its mother's breast;
Feebly its meanings stammered out,
And tottered tremblingly about,
And knew no wider world without
Its little home of rest.

There was a boy, a light-heart boy,
One whom no troubles could annoy,
Save some lost sport, or shattered toy,
Forgotten in an hour;
No dark remembrance troubled him,
No future fear his path could dim,
But joy before his eyes would swim,
And hope rise like a tower.

There was a youth, an ardent youth,
Full of high promise, courage, truth;
He felt no scathe, he knew no ruth,
Save love's sweet wounds alone;
He thought but of two soft blue eyes,
He sought no gain but beauty's prize,
And sweeter held love's saddest sighs,
Than music's softest tone.

There was a man, a wary man,
Whose bosom nursed full many a plan
For making life's contracted span
A path of gain and gold;
And how to sow, and how to reap,
And how to swell his shining heap,
And how the wealth acquired to keep,
Secure within its fold.

There was an old, old, gray-haired one,
On whom had fourscore winters done
Their work appointed, and had spun
His thread of life so fine,
That scarce its thin line could be seen,
And with the slightest touch, I ween,
'Twould be as it had never been,
And leave behind no sign.

And who were they, those five, whom fate
Seemed as strange contrasts to create,
That each might, in his different state,
The others' pathways shun?
I tell thee, that, that infant vain,
That boy, that youth, that man of gain,
That gray-beard, who did roads attain
So various—they were one!

TEARS.

Oh, those tears,
If they were true and rightly spent, would raise
A flowery spring in the midst of January;
Celestial ministers, with crystal cups,
Would stoop to save them for immortal drink!

THE FIREMAN.

Talk of the courage of cavaliers and warriors! It is all well enough, and it arises from very strong causes: fame, admiration, fortune, promotion and renown, are before the soldier, and he would be a mere clod were not his shout "onward!" His exploits are the admiration of the beautiful and the theme of the sons of song; his name goes abroad in the world, and his life forms a portion of history. Human existence being no great affair, it is no wonder that man should risk it under such powerful inducements.

But look at the intrepidity of the fireman—night after night rushing to scenes of danger and alarm; mounting the blazing pile, and groping through the dense smoke; every step uncertain, and every motion perilous! And all this, too, in darkness and solitude, for his companions are too busy in the same duty to admire his exploits, and applaud his heroism. He may walk along the verge of the burning roof and plunge amidst the flames, to save helpless women and children—he may exhibit the self-possession of a Caesar, the impetuous heroism of a Hannibal, or the humanity of a Bayard, and yet the world knows nothing about it. The next day finds him engaged in his ordinary business, and as he walks along he is not pointed out and admired by the crowd—the "*monstratier digito*" appertains not to him; and yet, who can there be more worthy of admiration? Worldly renown and worldly promotion do not follow in consequence of his intrepidity; he is not lauded in the gazettes of the day, nor is his name recorded in history; even emolument, the most paltry of all rewards, is not awarded to his services. And yet, where shall we look for more generous self-devotion, more manly perseverance, more exalted courage? Not in the battle-field, or on the ocean—not in the storming of a fortress, nor in the struggle with a tempest—and where else can we look for the parallel?

Mora. Cour.

VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

The criminal court of justice of Corsica was lately occupied with the trial of a case, which presents some curious and romantic circumstances. About the year seventeen hundred and sixty, a native of Corsica, named Franceschini, on his return from Sardinia, where he had just been married, was captured by an Algerine corsair, who conducted both himself and his wife to Algiers, where they were exposed for sale as slaves, and purchased by a rich inhabitant. He had humanity enough, however, not to separate the newly married pair. They had three children, two boys and a daughter named Davia. Franceschini contrived to get into the good graces of his master, amassed a large fortune, and obtained permission to return to Corsica with his family. He had scarcely, however, set sail, before he was again captured, his treasure taken from him, and he and his family carried captive to Morocco. Franceschini was again very fortunate, however, and was presented to the emperor, who evinced great partiality for his daughter Davia, then about seven years old. Though he was loaded with honours and riches, the love of country prevailed over his ambition, and he asked as a favour of the emperor, that he might be allowed to return—to which the latter consented, on condition that Davia should remain. When Franceschini returned home, he began to feel uneasy at the idea that his daughter should be immured in a seraglio; and having armed a vessel, he again set sail for Morocco, with the intention of carrying away a prince of the imperial family, in order that he might obtain his daughter in exchange. He landed at Salee, but was suddenly attacked with disorder, and died. Some years elapsed, and Davia, after numberless vicissitudes, had become empress of Morocco, and her mother and her two sons went there to see her, and resided with her some time. Davia died in 1802, of the plague, and her son Augustin possessed himself of her riches, and returned home. Two years afterwards, he suspected that his nephew, Jacques Marie, had robbed him of five hundred piastres, and he therefore brought him before the above court on this charge. The court, however, acquitted Marie, and he was set at liberty.

THE LIE.

At a court-martial, a young Irish officer, when questioned whether he had not given the lie to a certain person, replied, "No: I only said that either he or the colonel had told a lie, and that I was sure it wasn't the colonel."

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

STANZAS.

I CANNOT speak in joyous strain
Of youthful pleasure's rosy chain,
For to my wild and changeful song
No tones save those of pain belong.

Why is it thus? has nought of joy
Been mingled in my cup of life?
Have I but found this earthly scene
A dreary waste of pain and strife?
Oh, seldom does the hand of heaven
A child of earthborn sorrow bless
With such sweet joy as has been given
To me, in all its sweet excess.

Why is it, then, that notes of wo
Are all that from my lyre will flow?
Oh, 'tis because in joyous hours,
When all around is glad and gay,
I think not of the fragile flowers
The muse has scattered in my way.

Though o'er her sunny path the muse
May sprinkle flowers of varied hues;
And image forms of life and light,
And beauty, to her votary's sight,
Yet vain the art—there are for me
Fornas brighter in reality.

Oh, not to glad and joyous hearts
The glorious wealth of song is given;
But when each transient joy departs,
Like flowers before the tempest driven;
And when from earth we turn away,
With faded hopes and feelings riven,
Then poetry, with soothing sway,
Comes like a messenger from heaven.

VILLAGE TALES.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SOLITUDE.

THERE was bustle and commotion in the village of M—. It was just about sunset. The labourers were returning to their peaceful homes; their wives and daughters were standing at the doors or on the lawns to welcome them; the boys were let loose from school; and, in short, it was the very witching hour of idleness, when trifles excite the interest of the curious crowd, and the slightest event is deemed the forerunner of "things of mighty import." But the occurrence which now disturbed the serenity of the little village could scarcely be called a trifle: it was nothing less than the arrival of a messenger to the steward of Hawthorn-Place, to announce that the house, which had remained uninhabited for nearly three years, was about to be occupied by a stranger. Who could it be? was the question. The owner, a man of immense wealth, seldom came to visit it. He was a merchant in a large city, at least sixty miles off; a singular old fellow, who cared very little for any thing but business, hated moving from place to place, and, from the distance of the village from any commercial town, probably thought of his property in it as rather an incumbrance than any thing else. It had been bequeathed to him by a distant relation, and after advertising it for sale for some months without finding a bidder, he had remained in quiet possession of it, contented with receiving once in three months from the honest old steward, accounts of the rents, profits of the farm, &c. All the wisdom of the villagers could not discover who the new owner could be. Some hinted that the property had been disputed and recovered by a nearer relation than the late claimant. Others, that a son of his had mysteriously disappeared in his infancy—was supposed dead—and had come to life again, from pure regret that so handsome a place should be tenantless. None surely could be mad enough to buy a farm without seeing it, and all were ready to aver that no stranger had visited it in a long time. Curiosity was busy in conjectures upon the subject for nearly a fortnight, but as it could not be satisfied, it, at last, in a great measure died away; though it was said that scandal had given place to wonder in the weekly tea-parties of the old women; that some had sickened from curiosity, and one old maid had actually dismissed her physician and overcome a nervous disorder which had troubled her seven years, for fear she should die before she arrived at the truth of the matter.

In the meanwhile workmen arrived at the place, alterations were made in the house, improvements on the farm, neat, handsome furniture replaced the old, and still every

thing went on as though it were conducted by an invisible agent. From the important air of old Martin the steward, he was thought to know more than he chose to tell; but still it might be pretence, as no hint from him ever escaped to confirm the supposition, and examination and cross-examination availed nothing with him or his assistants. Don't know, was all the answer obtained by the querists for the name of the coming resident, and it was true from all excepting the old steward, who was the only participator in the secret. The only one in the village who seemed uninterested in this important affair, was a young gentleman who had resided for some months in the village, and was generally spoken of as the young artist from the city. He had excited some curiosity at first, but as he had always appeared what he represented himself—a student, who wished to reside in the country for a time, to recruit his health and perfect himself in his studies, he was soon considered as one of the village, and none suspected him of being the confident of the steward. He had obtained a few scholars in drawing among the richer inhabitants, which employed him for a few hours in the day; the rest of his time was apparently devoted to study, or solitary rambles, to sketch from nature landscapes for his pupils to copy. His manners were reserved and somewhat haughty, and, in spite of his tall handsome figure and pale interesting countenance, the village belles, piqued at his indifference to their charms, regarded him with dislike, which his apparent poverty by no means contributed to dispel. But there was one among his pupils who thought differently: she was his favourite, and none wondered at it, for Ellen Maynard was the sweetest and most engaging maiden that ever danced upon village green. She had been an orphan from early childhood, and from her smallness of stature and elasticity of step had obtained the name of fairy Ellen. But her character will be better known from the following letter written by our young artist to a friend:

"DEAR GEORGE—I am at present residing in one of the sweetest little spots in this western world. It is situated on the banks of a beautiful river, and is surrounded on three sides by thick woods. I am tired and disgusted with a world in which I have met nothing but disappointment, and I think I could live and die here without a wish ever to see it again. You know my passion for long solitary journeys on horseback: in one of them, Providence, or, as you would call it, chance, directed me here. It was a delightful afternoon, and leaving the choice of the road to my faithful horse, he conducted me through a path in the woods to this charming vale. I was at the entrance of the village. On one side was a thick hedge of hawthorn; and alighting from my horse, that he might browse the green grass, and climbing the hedge very valiantly, I looked over, and oh, such a beautiful group met my view, that I thought myself for a moment under some enchantment. Several pretty children, from five to eight years of age, were gathering the flowers which grew in rich profusion around; some still younger were playing on the grass. A few grown lads and lasses were sitting on rural benches, laughing and chatting in the exuberance of innocent mirth; and one young girl was wreathing the flowers gathered by the children into various fantastic shapes, and laughing at her own ingenuity, as she twisted them with the glossy ringlets of the little ones, and fastened them amid her own dark curls. She was a perfect Hebe; as light and airy as a vision of fancy, and graceful as Venus herself. She seemed the divinity of the little party, and I soon discovered that it was to celebrate her birth-day they had assembled together. I introduced myself as Edgar Newton, a young artist, and was received very cordially by the young men, and presented to the maidens.

Addressing an elderly woman, who proved to be the aunt of my Hebe, I asked her if I could be accommodated in the village; and she directed me to a small house kept by an old lady, who professed to have rooms to let, and, taking one of them with my usual promptitude, I found myself quite at home. I have announced myself as teacher of drawing, and the dear bewitching Ellen is one of my scholars. She is quite an heiress, and can do pretty much as she pleases with the old folks; and it is her pleasure to take two lessons a day, that she may improve rapidly. If I were not the most modest fellow in the world, I should say—but never mind—capricious, wild and volatile as she is, she is one of the most fascinating vixens I ever met with. She sings like an angel the simplest songs in the world, weeps at the melody of her own voice, and then laughs at herself for weeping. She will listen for hours to my descriptions

of fine paintings, explanations of the art, and then ask me, with an arch look, what I have been talking about? But it is evident she treasures up every word, as she makes the most astonishing progress in the art. I am in love with her, George, seriously in love; and if she will love me, for myself, I shall be the happiest man upon earth. I wish you to assist me in a plan I have devised, the particulars of which I shall inform you in my next. Good by. E. W."

Ellen Maynard had not arrived at the age of seventeen without admirers. The spruce doctor had long been anxious to obtain her smiles, and the bashful curate had sighed at an immeasurable distance, happy if she but looked at him, and if she spoke to him, inspired. But all offers had been decidedly rejected. She seemed too happy in her own freedom to yield to the dominion of the arch god; and had not our Edgar most opportunely arrived at M—, Ellen would inevitably have been at last an old maid. But he did arrive, and with all the ardour and rashness of her age and nature did Ellen love him. He was superior to her former companions in intellect, and as she received his instructions, she felt that new worlds were opened to her view. She read with avidity the books he gave her, she sung to his flute, and was astonished herself at the rich sweetness of her own voice. She knew that she loved, but she durst not believe herself beloved. She thought him too far above her in genius and intellect to think of her as a wife; and she felt that to be near him, to hear his conversation, and receive his approbation, were to her happiness supreme.

What a change does this all-engrossing passion make in the heart of woman! Man loves—is disappointed—and loves again. But woman, the moment in which she confesses to herself that she loves, is a changed being. Her former amusements afford her no pleasure; she wonders how she ever could have been happy without some one to love. She thinks not of the future, and the present is one long dream of indescribable happiness. So it was with Ellen. But one day Edgar slightly hinted to her that the time of his departure was approaching. The thought was horror to her; it had never occurred to her before, and now it rendered her miserable. She had naturally a strong mind, and she contrived to answer him calmly; but Edgar knew well the heart of woman, and he read in her changing colour and fixed eye enough to satisfy his hopes. "She loves me, dear George," he wrote in his next letter to his friend. "I drew the confession from her last night, in the little walk by the hedge I have so often mentioned. I am loved for myself alone; she thinks I am poor and friendless, but she says she owns enough for us both. What a competency!—a small cottage with a little farm of about three acres. Well, she shall be the happiest woman in the world. I have obtained the consent of the old people, and we are to be married soon. I shall expect your presence at the wedding, and, in the meantime, your assistance in the plan I mentioned in my last."

What this plan was, if our reader has not had wit enough to guess, he must wait patiently until we are at liberty to disclose it.

Great rejoicings were preparing in the village, for none was so beloved as Ellen; and though many, a little envious, perhaps, sneered at her choice, yet a wedding was a merry event, and looked forward to with joy by all.

During the courtship of our two lovers the great house had been but little thought of, but as it was now finished, and declared ready for the reception of the owner, curiosity was again awakened respecting him. Old Martin received information that the gentleman would arrive on the eighth of September. It happened to be the appointed wedding-day of Ellen. It arrived at last—a beautiful bright morning. The church was decorated with greens. The little favourites of Ellen were up with the dawn, gathering daisies and other flowers to strew in her path. The bride-maids were busily engaged in ornamenting their dresses and anticipating the pleasures of the day. There were two young girls, friends of Ellen, who were to officiate as bride-maids. The brother of one of them was to be groomsmen; and it appeared that Edgar had forgotten to engage another. "Strange!" said the girls to each other; "what shall we do?" About ten o'clock, a plain, neat, green barouche, entirely new, was seen to drive up to the door of the manor, and an under-sized gentleman, of about twenty-eight or thirty years old, alighted, and announced himself as Mr. George Newby. The servants pressed forward to receive him; the villagers thronged to pay him their respects and satisfy their curiosity.

Hearing of the approaching wedding, he expressed a wish

to attend, much to the delight of the old aunt of Ellen, who said he was a perfect gentleman. He conversed freely with Edgar, as being from the same city as himself, and offered to stand up as groomsmen. All matters being arranged, the party proceeded to the church. After the venerable old pastor had concluded the simple service, and the bride had gone through the customary forms, the whole party, by the invitation of Mr. Newby, proceeded to Hawthorn-Place. He ordered refreshments to be prepared, and leading Ellen to the head of the table, welcomed her to her own house. The surprise was universal.

"Yes," said Edgar, "it is true, my friends, Mr. Newby is my friend, and has assisted me in preparing this surprise for my beloved Ellen, who, in loving me for myself, has filled the measure of my happiness. I will live in the midst of my tenants, making their happiness my own; and in choosing their favourite Ellen for my wife, I am sure of their approbation, my own felicity, and, if I read her bright eyes aright, that of my sweet Ellen." J.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH SOCIETY.

FROM A LATE LONDON PERIODICAL.

MAD—QUITE MAD.

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied."

It has frequently been observed that genius and madness are nearly allied; that very great talents are seldom found unaccompanied by a touch of insanity, and that there are few bedlamites who will not, upon a close examination, display symptoms of a powerful, though ruined intellect. According to this hypothesis, the flowers of Parnassus must be blended with the drugs of Anticyra; and the man who feels himself to be in possession of very brilliant wits, may conclude that he is within an ace of running out of them. Whether this be true or false, we are not at present disposed to contradict the assertion. What we wish to notice is, the pains which many young men take to qualify themselves for bedlam, by hiding a good, sober, gentlemanlike understanding, beneath an assumption of thoughtlessness and whim. It is the received opinion among many, that a man's talents and abilities are to be rated by the quantity of nonsense he utters per diem, and the number of follies he runs into per annum. Against this idea we must enter our protest; if we concede that every real genius is more or less a madman, we must not be supposed to allow that every sham madman is more or less a genius.

In the days of our ancestors, the hot-blooded youth, who threw away his fortune at twenty-one, his character at twenty-two, and his life at twenty-three, was termed "a good fellow," "an honest fellow," "nobody's enemy but his own." In our time, the name is altered; and the fashionable, who squanders his father's estate or ruins his best friend, who breaks his wife's heart at the gaming-table, and his own neck at a horse-race, escapes the sentence which morality would pass upon him, by the plea of lunacy. "He was a rascal," says common sense. "True," says the world; "but he was mad, you know, quite mad."

We were lately in company with a knot of young men who were discussing the character and fortunes of one of their own body, who was, it seems, distinguished for his proficiency in the art of madness.

"Harry," said a young sprig of gentility, "have you heard that Charles is in prison?"

"I heard it this morning," drawled the exquisite—"how distressing! I have not been so hurt since poor Angelica—his bay—broke down. Poor Charles has been too flighty."

"His wings will be clipped for the future," observed young Caustic.

"He has been very imprudent," said young Candour.

I inquired of whom they were speaking.

"Don't you know Charles Gally?" said the exquisite, endeavouring to turn in his collar; "Not know Charles Gally?" he repeated, with an expression of pity. "He is the best fellow breathing; only lives to laugh and make others laugh; drinks his two bottles with any man, and rides the finest horse I ever saw—next to my Angelica. Not know Charles Gally? why every body knows him! he is so amusing! ha! ha!—and tells such admirable stories! ha! ha!—often have they kept me awake"—a yawn—"when nothing else could."

"Poor fellow!" said his lordship, "I understand he's done for ten thousand!"

"I never believe more than half what the world says," observed Candour.

"He that has not a farthing," said Caustic, "cares little whether he owes ten thousand or five."

"Thank heaven!" said Candour, "that will never be the case with Charles: he has a fine estate in Leicestershire."

"Mortgaged for half its value," said his lordship.

"A large personal property!"

"All gone in annuity bills," said the exquisite.

"A rich uncle, upwards of fourscore!"

"He'll cut him off with a shilling," said Caustic.

"Let us hope he may reform," sighed the hypocrite.

"And sell the pack," added the nobleman.

"And marry," continued the dandy.

"Pshaw!" cried the satirist, "he will never get rid of his habits or his hounds."

"But he has an excellent heart," said Candour.

"Excellent," repeated his lordship, unthinkingly.

"Excellent," lisped the fop, effeminately.

"Excellent," exclaimed the wit, ironically.

We took this opportunity to ask by what means so excellent a heart and so bright a genius had contrived to plunge him into these disasters.

"He was my friend," replied his lordship, "and a man of large property; but he was mad—quite mad. I remember his leaping a lame pony over a stone-wall, simply because Sir Marinaduke bet him a dozen that he broke his neck in the attempt; and sending a bullet through a poor pedlar's pack, because Bob Darrell said the piece wouldn't carry so far."

"Upon another occasion," began the exquisite in his turn, "he jumped into a horse-pond after dinner, in order to prove it was not six feet deep; and overturned a bottle of Eau de Cologne in Lady Emilia's face, to convince me that she was not painted. Poor fellow! the first experiment cost him a dress, and the second an heiress."

"I have heard," resumed the nobleman, "that he lost his election for ——— by lampooning the mayor; and was dismissed from his place in the treasury for challenging Lord C——."

"The last accounts I heard of him," said Caustic, "told me, that Lady Tarrell had forbid him her house, for driving a pig into her drawing-room; and that young Hawthorn had run him through, for boasting of kissing his sister's hand!"

"These gentlemen are really too severe," remarked young Candour to us.

"Not a jot," we said to ourselves.

"This will be a terrible blow for his sister," said a young man who had been listening in silence.

"A fine girl, a very fine girl," said the exquisite.

"And a fine fortune," said the nobleman.

"The mines of Peru are nothing to her."

"Nothing at all," observed the sneerer—"she has no property there. But I would not have you caught, Harry; her income was good, but is dipped, horribly dipped. Guineas melt very fast when the cards are put by them."

"I was not aware Maria was a gambler," said the young man, much alarmed.

"Her brother is, sir," replied his informant.

The querist looked sorry, but yet relieved. We could see that he was not quite disinterested in his inquiries.

"However," resumed the young cynic, "his profusion has at least obtained him many noble and wealthy friends." He glanced at his hearers, and went on: "No one that knew him, will hear of his distresses without being forward to relieve them. He will find interest for his money in the hearts of his friends."

Nobility took snuff; foppery played with his watch-chain; hypocrisy looked grave. There was long silence.

We ventured to regret the misuse of natural talents, which, if properly directed, might have rendered their possessor useful to the interests of society, and celebrated in the records of his country. Every one stared, as if we were talking Hebrew.

"Very true," said his lordship; "he enjoys great talents. No man is a nicer judge of horse-flesh. He beats me at billiards, and Harry at picquet; he's a dead-shot at a button, and can drive his curricule-wheels over a brace of sovereigns."

"Radicalism," says Caustic, looking round for a laugh.

"He is a great amateur of pictures," observed the exquisite, "and is allowed to be quite a connoisseur in beauty; but there"—simpering—"every one must claim the privilege of judging for themselves."

"Upon my word," said Candour, "you allow poor Charles too little. I have no doubt he has great courage—though, to be sure, there was a whisper that young Hawthorn found him rather shy; and I am convinced he is very generous, though I must confess that I have it from good authority, that his younger brother was refused the loan of a hundred, when Charles had pigeoned that fool of a nabob but the evening before. I would stake my existence that he is a man of unshaken honour, though, when he eased Lieutenant Hardy of his pay, there certainly was an awkward story about the transaction, which was never properly cleared up; I hope that, when matters are properly investigated, he will be liberated from all his embarrassments; though I am sorry to be compelled to believe that he has been spending double the amount of his income annually. But I trust that all will be adjusted. I have no doubt upon the subject."

"Nor I," said Caustic.

"We shall miss him prodigiously at the club," said the dandy, with a slight shake of the head.

"What a bore!" replied the nobleman, with a long yawn.

We could hardly venture to express compassion for a character so despicable. Our auditors, however, entertained very different opinions of right and wrong!

"Poor fellow! he was much to be pitied—had done some very foolish things—to say the truth, was a sad scoundrel—but then he was always so mad."

And having come unanimously to this decision, the conclave dispersed.

Charles gave an additional proof of his madness, within a week after this discussion, by swallowing laudanum. The verdict of the coroner's inquest confirmed the judgment of his four friends. For our own parts, we must pause before we give in to so dangerous a doctrine. Here is a man who has outraged the laws of honour, the ties of relationship, and the duties of religion; he appears before us in the triple character of a libertine, a swindler, and a suicide. Yet his follies, his vices, his crimes, are all palliated, or even applauded, by this specious *facon de parler*—"He was mad—quite mad!"

THE DRAMA.

THE SUPERNATURAL CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE.

BY THE LATE HENRY NEELE.

"He was the soul of genius,
"And all our praises of him are like waters
"Drawn from a spring, that still rise full, and leave
"The part remaining greatest."

It is one of the most striking peculiarities in the genius of Shakspeare, that, although he is eminently the poet of nature, and exhibits her with singular felicity in her ordinary and every-day attire, yet that, when he gets "beyond this visible, diurnal sphere," he surpasses all other writers, in the extraordinary power and invention which he displays in the delineation of supernatural beings. It has been justly remarked, that in his most imaginary characters he cannot be so properly said to go beyond nature, as to carry nature along with him, into regions which were before unknown to her. There is such an extraordinary propriety and consistency in his supernatural beings, and every thing which they say and do is in such strict accordance with the character with which he has invested them, that we at once become, as it were, denizens of the imaginary world which the potent art of the poet has conjured around us; the marvellous merges into the probable, and astonishment and surprise are changed into intense interest and powerful sympathy. Shakspeare is the only poet who effects this; at least to the same extent. The magic of other writers pleases and surprises us; but in that of Shakspeare we are thoroughly wrapt up. We are as much under the influence of the wand of Prospero as are Ariel and Caliban; the presence of the Weird Sisters on the blasted heath, arrests our attention as strongly as it did that of Macbeth and Banquo; and the predictions of the prophetic spirits on the eve of the battle of Bosworth, ring as fearfully and as solemnly in our ears, as they did in those of the conscious usurper. The great secret of all this is, the wonderful art with which the character of these visitants from another world is sustained, and in which they are not surpassed by any of our author's representations of mere humanity. Ariel is as perfect and harmonious a picture as Miranda.

or Ferdinand; and, above all, the witches in "Macbeth," are creations on which the poet has lavished all his skill, and exhausted all his invention.

The supernatural machinery of which he makes the most frequent use, is founded upon the popular belief in ghosts. This is a superstition which has existed in all ages and countries, and among all classes and conditions of men. There are many who affect to despise it, but it is scarcely too much to say that there never existed an individual who was not, at some period or other, under the influence of the feelings which such a belief excites.

The "saint, the savage, and the sage," the man of letters, and the uninformed peasant; the child of science, who can explain the structure of the universe; and even the skeptic—Hobbes, for instance, among many others—who refuse to give credence to any written revelation of the will of the Creator, have all confessed that

"There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

Hence this belief has become an engine of most potent influence in the hands of the poet; since by it he could work upon the feelings of all mankind. The great authors of antiquity, and these of Spain and Italy, and above all, those of the north of Europe, the countries of cloud and mist, the

"Lands of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Lands of the mountain and the flood,"

where the phenomena of nature are such powerful auxiliaries to a lively imagination and a credulous understanding, all these have delighted in breaking down the barrier between the corporeal and the spiritual world, and in shaking our dispositions

"With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls."

The most distinguished writers of our own age have not neglected to avail themselves of this popular superstition, if such it must be called. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner;" Lord Byron's "Manfred," and "Siege of Corinth;" and that masterpiece of the mighty wizard of the north, the "Bride of Lammermoor," are proofs, among innumerable others, of the ability which our contemporaries have evinced, when they have ventured to lift up the veil which shrouds the secrets of the spiritual world.

It is, therefore, not surprising that Shakespeare should have enrolled these shadowy beings among his *dramatis personæ*; or that in his management of them he should have displayed consummate genius. The introduction to the entrance of the *ghost* in "Hamlet," shows infinite taste and judgment. Just as our feelings are powerfully excited by the narration of its appearance on the foregoing evening, the speaker is interrupted by "majesty of buried Denmark" once more standing before him:

"The bell then beating one—
"But soft, break off!—look where it comes again!"

then the solemn adjurations to it to speak; the awful silence which it maintains; the impotent attempts to strike it; and the exclamation of Horatio, when it glides away—

"We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence,"

present to us that shadowy and indistinct, but at the same time appalling and fearfully interesting picture, which constitutes one of the highest efforts of the sublime. The interview with Hamlet is a masterpiece. The language of this awful visitant is admirably characteristic. It is not of this world. It savours of the last long resting-place of mortality; "of worms, and graves, and epitaphs." It evinces little of human feeling and frailty. Vengeance is the only passion which has survived the wreck of the body; and it is this passion which has burst the cerement of the grave, and sent its occupant to revisit the "glimpses of the moon." Its discourse is of murder, suffering, and revenge; and gives us awful glimpses of that prison-house, the details of which are not permitted to "ears of flesh and blood." Whether present or absent, we are continually reminded of this perturbed spirit. When on the stage, "it harrows us with fear and wonder;" and when absent, we see it in its influence on the persons of the drama, especially Hamlet. The sensations of horror and revenge which at first possess the mind of this prince; then his tardiness and irresolution, which are chided by the reappearance of the spectre; and his fears, notwithstanding all the evidence to the contrary, that it may be an evil spirit, which—

"Out of his weakness and his melancholy,
Abuses him to damn him,"

form one of the most affecting and interesting pictures in the whole range of Shakespeare's dramas.

The spirits of the murdered victims of the usurper Richard, are also admirably introduced; but they do not occupy so prominent a station in the drama as the ghost in "Hamlet." The apparition of Julius Caesar in the tent of Brutus, is a brief but awful visitation, and the mind of the spectator is finely prepared for it by the unnatural drowsiness which possesses all the attendants.

The *ghost of Banquo* exists only in the disordered mind of Macbeth; and we think that the effect would be prodigiously increased, if the managers would listen to the opinions of the best critics, and forbear to present it before our visual organs. But what shall we say of the weird sisters, and of their unutterable occupation?

"How now, ye secret, black, and midnight bags,
"What is't ye do?"
"A deed without a name!"

This is the true sublime; it is composed of the essential elements of sublimity; and the most highly-wrought description of their employment would produce an effect infinitely inferior to the simple brevity of this reply. The mind wanders into the pathless field of horrible imaginings. From the moment that Macbeth encounters them on the blasted heath, he is impelled along his inevitable path by their spells. His mind is troubled with "thick-coming fancies;" his "face is a book where men may read strange matters;" "things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:" until at length, he is

"In blood
"Slept in so far, that should he wake no more,
"Returning were as tedious as go o'er!"

and his unearthly tempters complete their horrid task and gain their prey.

The *fairies* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are of a nature as essentially and distinctly different as celestial from infernal, or light from darkness. Even "that shrewd and knavish sprite" Puck, is but mischievous only, not wicked; and Oberon, and Titania, and all their elfish troop, are untainted with any fiendish attributes, and almost without any touches of mortality. The "delicate Ariel" is another still-varying creation of the same gifted pencil; made still more effective by its contrast with the monster Caliban—"that thing of darkness"—"as disproportioned in his manners as in his shape:"

"Whose mother was a witch; and one so strong,
That could controul the moon, make ebbs and flows,
And deal in her command, without her power."

But to do ample justice to all the supernatural characters of Shakespeare, would demand a volume, not an essay; and however frequently we may have perused the magic page which "gives these airy nothings a local habitation and a name," it is still untiring, and still new. And though the all-potent art which gave it life, and breath, and being, is extinct; though the charm be broken, and the power lost; yet still—

"Our mighty bard's victorious lays
"Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
"And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
"Yields to renown the centuries to come."

THE COUNTRY MAIDEN.

The sweet country maiden, she gets up betimes,
Taking her kids to feed out on the grass—
On the grass, on the grass—ah! the sly little lass,
Her eyes make me follow with mine as they pass:
I am sure they'd make day in the middle of night.

Then she goes, the first thing, to the fountain hard by,
Treading the turf with her fresh naked feet—
Naked feet, naked feet—O so light and so sweet,
Through the thyme and the myrtles they go so complete,
And she makes up a lap, which she fills full of flowers.

Then she tucks up her sleeves to wash her sweet face,
And her hands, and her neck, and her bosom so white—
Her bosom so white—with a gentle delight:
I never beheld such a beautiful sight;
It makes the place smile wheresoever it turns.

And sometimes she sings a rustical song,
Which makes the kids dance, and the sheep also—
The sheep also—they hark, and they go;
The goats with the kids, all so merrily O!
You would think they all tried to see who could dance best.

And sometimes, upon a green meadow, I've seen her
Make little garlands of beautiful flowers—
O, most beautiful flowers—which last her for hours;
And the great ladies make them for their paramours,
But all of them learn from my sweet country lass.

And then in the evening she goes home to bed,
Bare-footed, and loos'ning her laces and things—
Her laces and things—and she laughs and she sings,
And leaps all the banks with one of her springs;
And thus my sweet maiden she passes her time.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

FAMILY ECONOMY.

THERE is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It is as much impossible to get a ship across the Atlantic with half a dozen butts started, or as many bolt-holes in her hull, as to conduct the concerns of a family without economy. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in the kitchen or in the parlour, it runs away, he knows not how; and that demon, *waste*, cries more, like the horseleech's daughter, until he that provides has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it—not the least article, however unimportant in itself, for it establishes a precedent; nor under any pretence, for it opens the door for ruin to stalk in, and he seldom leaves an opportunity unimproved. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs; to assist him in his journey through life; to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interests should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition carry her no further than his welfare and happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits is in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune as he possibly can in the counting-room or workshop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy; it is what is saved from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes a deposit of the fruits of his labour with his best friend; and if that friend be not true to him, what has he to hope? If he dare not place confidence in the companion of his bosom, where is he to place it? A wife acts not for herself only, but she is the agent of many she loves, and she is bound to act for their good, and not for her own gratification. Her husband's good is the end at which she should aim, his approbation is her reward. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance; the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account; and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.

WHO IS SHE?

There is not a question that betrays greater anxiety than "Who is she?" Any thing beautiful in a fair stranger instantly strikes, and inquiry is everlastingly hummed. The ideas of beauty are almost as various as the different lines of the human countenance. Feeling does not follow at all times those ideas, but the secret spell of sympathy influences the heart, and we are oftentimes in love without admiring. Some amateurs there are who prefer the display of a well-turned ankle to all other considerations, while many are in raptures at the "dignity of love," of action, the graceful step, the beaming eye, or the heavenly smile; but there are thousands whose sullen souls, like "lamps in sepulchres," are unmoved by either. Peace to all such! the power of attraction grows with the intensity of heat; and those that have it not, cannot expect to be entertained when they cannot contribute to enjoyment.

"Who is she?" rushes into the tender bosom when she views a dangerous rival. "Who is she?" glances from the eye of the gallant, when cheered by the prospect of an agreeable change, or a charming variety; and the fortune-hunter, when a hint is dropped, teases you with importunities. "Who is she?" repeats the scandal-bearer and the newsmonger, that he may entertain the next acquaintance with his fresh acquisitions. "Who is she?" flashes from the poking stare of the dandy, when he pops his eye through the quizzing-glass upon a strange *charmanie*! and "Who is she?" rushes from the eager gestures of old Tease, when his shrivelled up heart is subdued by graces that despise his imbecility.

Massachusetts Jour.

THE RAINBOW, RAIN, &c.

A rainbow can only occur when the clouds containing or depositing the rain are opposite to the sun; and in the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains in this climate are usually brought by the westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road, by the wind, to

us; whereas the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us. When the swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low, or close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. This is explained as follows: swallows pursue the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats usually delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter, and usually moister, than cold air, when the warm strata of air are high there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture with cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface, it is almost certain that, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place.

Edin. New Phil. Jour.

A BLOW-UP.

A few weeks since, the good people that dwell in the little village of Triana, on the banks of the Tennessee, in the county of Madison and state of Alabama, being much at a loss for the wherewithal to complete a church, resolved on a dramatic effort for the accomplishment of this purpose. Accordingly, after some deliberation, the tragedy of "Pisarro" was selected. Thespians are ever fond of the tragic muse, and suitable preparations were made to astonish, electrify, and horrify the eager and delighted multitude that flocked from the village and adjacent country to "see a play." For a while, our Thespians were "at fault" about the representation of a storm that occurs in a very interesting part of the story. A storm without thunder and lightning would never do at all. At length, a piece of sheet-iron and a quantity of powder were obtained, and it was supposed, that beating on one and flashing the other as an accompaniment, would be a "most apt" imitation, and could not fail of producing effect. The room was crowded to overflowing—the entertainment proceeded, and the storm in all its grandeur and magnificence came on. Two of the corps were ready at their posts, to manufacture a due portion of thunder and lightning. Rap—rap—rap went the sheet-iron, and it thundered! Flash went the powder—and it lightened! The children were alarmed—the ladies were really apprehensive that the flood of rain would burst upon them—while the men declared it was the most "natural thing" they had ever seen in their lives. The effect was fine! At this critical moment the canister of powder took fire, and in an instant, "Jupiter Tonans" and his coadjutor of the "forked element" were blown "sky high." The "red right arm" of the "thunderer" was somewhat lacerated, whilst he who, but a few minutes before, held the "winged lightning" in his hand, now found himself burnt, scorched, and singed in a very painful, though not in a dangerous manner. The sufferers were speedily conveyed home, and their wounds dressed; but during this painful operation they uttered furious and bitter imprecations against home-made thunder and lightning. This thing, of a flash of lightning slipping out of one's hand, and singeing off his eye-lashes, burning his hair, blacking and scorching his face, is, without doubt, a very ugly business, and should be carefully guarded against by all Thespians. Nash. Rep.

EXTRACT.

It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge. Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information; for error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet, on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, on which we must first erase. Ignorance is contented to stand still, with her back to the truth; but error is more presumptuous, and proceeds in the same direction. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is, that error, when she retraces her footsteps, has further to go, before she can arrive at the truth, than ignorance.

THE HATTER AND RUSTIC.

"There are tricks in a' trades but ours," as the lawyer said to his client.—An honest rustic went into the shop of a quaker to buy a hat, for which twenty-five shillings was demanded. He offered twenty shillings. "As I live," said the quaker, "I cannot afford to give it thee at that price." "As you live!" exclaimed the countryman, "then live more moderately, and be hang'd to you." "Friend," said the quaker, "thou shalt have the hat for nothing. I have sold hats for twenty years, and my trick was never found out till now."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Tales of Passion, by the author of Gilbert Earle.—These are two extremely interesting volumes; inferior, indeed, to Pelham, but not unequal to a competition with almost any other of the modern novels. The tales are three in number: "Alice Lovel," a story of love and devotion; the "Bohemian," a powerful romance of love and vengeance; and "Second Love," a tender Spanish tale of pure affection. Of these the longest and the best is the "Bohemian." The writer has displayed in it profound knowledge of the fierce passions, whose effects it was his purpose to illustrate, great command of language, purity of style, and richness of imagination. The letters of the reformed Roué Savile, in the last story, are admirable; but for the total absence of misanthropy, we might almost compare them with those masterly articles in Blackwood, entitled the "Posthumous Letters of Charles Edwards, esq." By the world of novel readers, these volumes will be welcomed as a valuable acquisition.

Yesterday in Ireland.—Another novel! The time appears to be rapidly approaching when the important periods of Irish history—and they are by no means few or far between—will be illustrated by a novel. As to Irish character, that has been illustrated until the subject is almost exhausted; we are as familiar from childhood with it as with the very A B C itself, in the writings of Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, Mr. Banim, Crofton Croker, and a host of other literary worthies. Thus we have made a step in the career of knowledge. Hitherto the aim of Irish writers has been to describe and portray the individual men and women of that very interesting island; now we are taught to study the character of classes, and to investigate the operation of circumstances upon sects in politics and religion. Such has been the object of the author of this new work. The time he has chosen for his narratives is the latter part of the reign of Queen Anne; and his principal incidents arise out of the constant state of feud between the protestants—Irish as well as English—and the catholics. As yet, we have been able to bestow upon the novel but a hasty perusal; but it appears to be interesting, and written with some spirit. The writer is obviously a catholic, or, at least, friendly to "concession," and it is not improbable that his production was intended to have some influence upon the decision of the great question which at present agitates Great Britain.

The two Chambers.—We sincerely hope that this subject, so important to the welfare of the city, will be regarded by our citizens in its true light. Selfish policy and obtuseness have done much, hitherto, to prevent the adoption of a measure which needs only to be understood to meet with universal approbation. The immense responsibilities resting on the common council, the illimitable powers and authority vested in them, are not paralleled in the case of any other public body in this country, whether civil, political, legislative, executive, or judicial. The charter which formed them bears its date nearly two hundred years ago, when the population of this city was thirty times less than it is now, and the property over which they exercised control one hundred times less. And does not this increase require a modification of the governing power? When we call to mind the frequent abuses of this power, to which there is neither check nor limit, and which, we are sorry to say, even public opinion can scarcely restrain, we recollect the unwarrantable, and heedless, and unnecessary expenditures of the public money, the passing of oppressive and unequal laws, which are sometimes scarcely being carried into effect, to the annoyance of the citizens—as in the case of opening and improving streets—before they are revoked, and worse ones enacted in their place—we say, when all these circumstances are taken into consideration, will not the voice of the public call aloud for reform? But it is said, if we have two councils, one will be "a house of lords!" This argument succeeds wonderfully with those whose prejudices are so strong that they will listen to no reason, but allow their minds to be carried away by empty sounds. Whoever thought of calling the senate of the United States a house of lords, or designate the senates of the different states by this title? And yet, in their instance, the objection might be made with far greater plausibility, inasmuch as they are elected for a longer number of years than the members of assembly, or house of representatives, and have also executive powers of appointment delegated to them. In the case of the two branches of the common

council, it is not intended to make any such distinction. It is simply separating the aldermen from the assistant aldermen, and rendering them a mutual check upon each other. Thus, when one passes a law that is obnoxious to the citizens, they may have time to remonstrate before it passes the second chamber. Many other advantages of a similar nature might be enumerated; but it is unnecessary, as they will suggest themselves to every reflecting mind that is acquainted with the wants and interests of our varied and increasing population.

Cross-street.—A plan originated with the common council, not long since, to extend this street, and convert it from a receptacle of vice and misery to a decent and handsome thoroughfare. We trust the project will not be suffered to lie dormant, but be pursued in right good earnest, until it is completed. It would be a source of ample credit to the board, of real interest to the possessors of property in that neighbourhood, and of pride to the city at large. This street has long been viewed with horror and disgust by the community, and to pass it, especially after dark, is a matter of some risk to both life and limbs. A few dollars expended might be turned to good account, and made available in over-proportionate returns. We say this advisedly. We are aware, at the same time, that the interests of a few are at war with this object, as they must be with every one that redounds to public improvement at their own supposed cost. These few might be convinced, by sound argument, that their property would increase in value if the street was once cleared of the moral stain which is lying heavily upon it, and that the gain to their pockets, now brought in by the wages of sin and corruption, is a reflection upon themselves and a disgrace to the city.

The Park.—Often as we take the liberty of arraigning the negligence of our public authorities, we are happy, at all times, to bear testimony to all the good acts they perform. Among these we have great pleasure in noticing the very essential improvements which the Park has undergone within a few weeks past. Its appearance is calculated to gratify the eye and taste of the lounge, and to have no very inauspicious influence over the minds of those unfortunate creatures who are about entering the halls of justice to seek its decisive, if not always equitable awards. A goodly and verdant prospect is well calculated to allay irritated feeling, and introduce soothing and calm reflections where before all was bustle and angry turbulence. It were desirable that this thought should not be lost sight of, and that the purview of the hall should participate in the advantages of improvement. The bridewell, and the jail, and their appendages, what do they there, amid the green sward and the shady avenues of elms and sycamores? Why are they not removed, and thus the principle of improvement carried out to its full extent? They are surely not kept there for the purpose of contrast?

The Mercantile Advertiser.—This highly respectable and useful vehicle of commercial intelligence has lately undergone, in the true spirit of the age, a change, or metamorphosis. Its sheet has been enlarged, its type improved, and its editorial department strengthened by the accession of the services of John I. Mumford, esq. a scholar, a merchant, and a gentleman of undoubted talents. Under such an effort, it cannot be questioned that this long established paper will experience such a renovation in its spirit and patronage as will ensure it an exalted rank among its numerous rivals, and extend its sphere of active usefulness.

Poverty.—Although the season of general distress has passed away, we still find many beggars parading our streets, and imploring the public bounty. Why is this? Why are not means taken to prevent the continuation of an evil which, if allowed to grow, will soon darken this city with its disgrace. Example is contagious, and compassion to those miserable wretches who once take up the honest trade of asking alms, is the greatest encouragement that can be held out to their multiplication. Why do not the public authorities take this matter in hand? Or do they mean to grant license to beggars? It might be rendered a source of public revenue. Let them try it. It is not worse than receiving pay from the liquor venders of Alsatia. Where, too, are the ward committees? They were calculated and expected to do much good, but, as yet, they have done nothing. Now is the time, or never. To wait till the wound has broken open afresh, will be too late. Administer a radical remedy to the constitution, and it will never fester more.

THE BIRD THAT THROUGH THE SUMMER SKY.

THE MUSIC BY H. ZEUNER.

ALLEGRETTO.

The bird that through the sum - mer sky, Now
 takes his care - less flight, Is like to what my spi - rit was, Ere thou hadst met my sight. With
 bright-ness on his glit - t'ring wing, And glad - ness in his eye, He fear - less - ly pur - sues his way, And
 ca - rols through the sky - - And ca - rols through the sky.

But when the fowler's cruel sport
 Has marred his pleasant song,
 And, wounded sore, upon the earth
 His limbs are stretched along,

He then shall look, as now I look,
 Upon the distant sky,
 And sadly think on moments past,
 As I do—with a sigh.

And thine it is that I, bereft
 Of all that makes life dear,
 Must bear the deeply-rankling shaft,
 And shed the secret tear.

Thy words have been a blighting spell,
 Thy smile a curse to me;
 And welcome now is any fate,
 So 'tis not shared with thee.

LINES

BY MISS SHERIDAN.

I do not love thee!—no! I do not love thee!
 And yet when thou art absent I am sad,
 And envy even the blue sky above thee,
 Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.
 I do not love thee!—yet I know not why,
 Whate'er thou doest, seems well done, to me—
 And often in my solitude I sigh,
 That those I do love are not more like thee.

I do not love thee!—yet, when thou art gone,
 I hate the sound—though those who speak be dear—
 Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone
 Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee!—yet thy speaking eyes,
 With their sweet, bright, and most expressive hue
 Between me and the midnight heaven arise,
 Oftener than any eyes I ever knew.

I know I do not love thee! yet, alas!
 Others will scarcely trust my candid heart—

And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,
 Because they see me gazing where thou art.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR, AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

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FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EMMA HAYWOOD.

"Tis a strange world, and full of contradiction."

It has been often said, and with truth, that the life of one who devotes himself in his closet to the study of books, is monotonous, and to others uninteresting; but he who walks forth into this busy world, and mingles with his fellow-men, finds endless variety, amusement, and instruction. 'Tis true, we often deceive ourselves; and vanity, the great ruling passion, sometimes causes us to persist in error rather than own that our powers of observation are fallible. "Ah! you cannot deceive me; I know human nature so well." I caught the remark as I was passing, and stopped to look at the speaker. He was a thin, straight, little man, with a hooked nose, over whose enormous bridge he peeped into "human nature" with a pair of sharp little gray eyes, with scarcely enough of beauty in their expression to witch the heart of woman, but, nevertheless, of whose quickness of sight he was extremely proud.

"Do you know that old man?" said I to my friend.

"Yes; he is a broker in this city; a man of some standing among the merchants, as possessing rather more integrity than some of his trade, though less generosity than any. He is much given to suspicion; never trusts any one with business which he can possibly manage himself—except when he happens to take a particular fancy, as he calls it, and then he runs into the opposite extreme. He has lately taken into partnership with him a young man, who became a favourite with him, by some strange chance, several months ago, and has had the art to maintain his advantage ever since. He is a great hypocrite; has already secretly made away with some of the old fellow's property; and is gradually endeavouring, under pretence of relieving him from care, to get the business entirely into his own hands. If he succeeds, he will ruin his old master by his extravagance, and then probably laugh at him for his credulity. The broker will never listen to any thing in his dispraise: his invariable answer to such attempts is as you have heard—'It is impossible to deceive one who knows human nature so well.'"

I was much amused with this trait of character, though I could not help thinking that even the best and wisest among us are equally liable to suffer from the delusions of vanity.

It was a delightful day, and Broadway displayed more than its usual variety of beauty and fashion.

"That is a beautiful girl coming towards us," said I to my friend—"the one in black, walking with that tall young man. What an animated countenance! what a playful smile!"

"I think," said she, as she passed us, "the young man was perfectly right: he was insulted, and of course there was no remedy for him but to fight."

It was perhaps said without much thought, but the sentiment uttered by her rosy lips almost changed my opinion of her beauty. I easily guessed the subject of her discourse to be the young man in —, who had lately killed his antagonist in a duel resulting from some foolish private quarrel. Woman

strangely forgets herself, when she becomes the advocate of duellists. As delicate as her form should be the soul that inhabits it. Instead of being the encourager of the rude passions of man, it should be her care to soften, if not subdue them; to condemn these disturbers of society, both by word and action, and to uphold by her soothing support the truly principled, who braves the sneers of the crowd rather than offend his conscience and his God.

My reflections were interrupted by the stopping of a carriage near me, from which descended a lady whose face seemed familiar to me. As she came nearer, she glanced at me, and as her beautiful eyes sparkled with an expression of pleased remembrance, I recognised in her my old acquaintance, Emma Haywood. I was about to speak, but she checked me by a cold distant bow, which betrayed at once her change of character, and reminded me, that, as I had not seen her since the days of her childhood, I could not claim the right of a privileged acquaintance. As she turned away, I saw that her eyes were filled with tears; and as I saw it, and marked the paleness of her cheek, I knew that, however the ceremonies of the world of fashion had quelled the vivacity of her disposition and clouded her feelings, they had not changed her heart, and I longed again to converse with my little friend, whom, of late years, I had heard spoken of only as the dashing belle and vain coquette—terms, I was now convinced, entirely inapplicable to her real character.

Some years ago, before I had quite ceased to consider myself a young man, I boarded in a narrow street, and opposite a small neat building inhabited by Mr. Haywood, the father of Emma, who was his only child. The window of my chamber looked directly upon their back piazza, upon which Emma used frequently to sit with her books or needlework, and delight me by the melody of her song. She was just about fourteen, and having been brought up by a pious and intelligent mother, in a retired manner, she had not yet learned to covet the admiration of the world, and therefore possessed the artless unsophisticated manners most natural to her age. Her father was in a respectable business, which, however, brought him no more than just sufficient to maintain his family genteelly, providing every comfort, but rejecting all needless expense and useless show.

I became acquainted with the family, and used occasionally to visit them, though it was my chief delight to watch the young Emma. When unconscious of being observed, she would breathe her own happiness in the sweetest songs, or dance to the music of her own voice. I have often gazed upon her bright face and graceful form at such times, and wished, almost without a doubt of the realization of the wish, that her life might always be as happy, and her spirit always as pure. I have followed her, in my own fancy, through the happy scenes of youth, till she grew up a lovely woman, and with a half pensive pleasure pictured her a happy wife to some noble fellow, who could justly appreciate her worth.

I called to bid farewell to the family, when I was about leaving the neighbourhood for a foreign shore, and Emma received my parting salute with the frankness of childhood, and bade me good-bye with unconstrained expressions of regret. Often, amidst

scenes of dissipation and fashionable gayety, has my fancy gone back to sweet Emma Haywood; and often have I wished myself again at the little window, amusing myself with watching her childish sports. But when I returned to my native place, I learned that Mr. Haywood had, shortly after my departure, come in possession of a large fortune by the death of an old miserly uncle, who was thought to be miserably poor, until death forced him to disclose the secret of his hidden treasures. The money which had proved a perpetual torment to him, destroyed the happiness of the nephew and his little family. The house in which they had passed so many pleasant hours, was given up, as too small for their use. They removed farther into the city, occupied an elegant mansion splendidly furnished, bought carriages and horses, gave large dinner-parties, and, in short, entered with avidity into the dissipation of fashionable life.

Emma was a beautiful girl, and masters of all sorts being procured for her, she became an accomplished woman. But, admired by many for her beauty and intelligence, courted for her fortune, and flattered by all, she soon lost, in the giddy mazes of fashion, the simplicity of her character; the edge of youthful enthusiasm wore off, and, taught to disguise her feelings, to control the first impulses of her heart, and direct her actions and words, not by reason, but by caprice, it is no wonder that she should be thought of only as a beautiful, rich, and heartless woman. I had never met her until she passed me in the street, and, had it not been for the momentary sparkle of her former self as she recognised me, and the involuntary tear which started to her eyes as she turned away, I should have concurred with the opinion of the world. As it was, I sought and obtained an introduction. She passed for one of the gayest of human beings: she delighted the young by her wit and the fascination of her manners, while even the old forgot their sage maxims and stern morality in gazing upon her beauty, and receiving the soft attentions with which she well knew how to sooth their asperities, and flatter their peculiarities. But I, who had seen her amid such different scenes, liked not the change, and could not help thinking she was evidently supporting an assumed character. The sound of some simple melody would occasionally recall the recollections of past times to her mind, and she would shudder, as if the chord of memory vibrated painfully. I always noticed that she preferred the graces of Italian music to the airs that used to be her favourites; and if I attempted to speak of our early acquaintance, she would give the conversation a sudden turn, and chat upon indifferent topics with the ease apparently of an habitual trifter.

The constant round of dissipation was too much for Mrs. Haywood—she sank under it; and Emma had to weep the loss of a mother to whom she was sincerely attached, and who was the only confidant of her sorrows. Her fashionable friends, finding their consolations of little avail, confined their attentions to ceremonious calls, and the gay Emma was now frequently alone and neglected. I again became her friend, and, from the mere want of relieving her sorrows by disclosing them, almost her confidant.

"I am not happy," said she one day. "I often

wish myself again in retirement, but I cannot shake off the habits I have acquired; and, miserable as I am, should be still more so in any other situation. I am very proud, and I cannot bear to relinquish the station in society I now hold."

It was in vain to protest against such thoughts; she silenced me almost angrily, saying, her destiny was decided. There was a meaning in her words which I could not then fathom; but I afterwards learned it from an aunt of hers, with whom I happened to be intimately acquainted, and who afterwards supplied the place of her mother to Emma, in almost every respect.

"Emma is a strange girl," said my friend; "but though I see her destroying herself, from false opinions of her own character and capabilities of happiness, yet these opinions are too fixed for me to alter; and if I wish to remain her friend, I must not attempt it. Her father has lost a very considerable part of his fortune by imprudent speculations, and Emma, convinced that, were she no longer to mix in the gay world as the equal of the highest, she should be eminently wretched, is about to make herself the victim of her own ambition. Among her numerous admirers, is one whose chief recommendation is his fortune, which is said to be immense. He has been refused by her more than once, in very decided terms. Hearing of her father's losses, he has again offered himself to her; and, protesting that her every wish shall be gratified, and the misfortunes which threaten her father entirely averted, he has gained her consent, and the deluded girl will shortly be his wife. He is old, ugly, and said to be extremely whimsical and passionate. He now almost worships her for her surpassing beauty; but when the novelty of that shall have passed away, he is not one of those to be won by the sweetness of her disposition and her dazzling accomplishments; and if she once finds herself neglected, I know not what will become of her. The unhappy girl will never bend to his caprices, though she would probably witness them in silent scorn."

A few days afterwards, I heard that Emma was married to the rich old Mr. —. I have since met her sometimes, followed by a train of admiring sycophants, the gayest and most fashionable of them all. She has ceased to consider me as an acquaintance, and no tear ever dims her eyes now, at the thought of other days. She has learned the art of dissimulation to perfection, and is envied by all, as one of the blest ones of the earth. Once, and once only, have I seen her moved: it was at a party, at which she was, as usual, the point of attraction. It was mentioned that the handsome young Edward B—, who had been rather celebrated in the world of fashion as a pleasing poet, had that morning died of consumption—brought on, as was supposed, by some secret grief: the colour fled from the cheek of Emma, and it required all her self-command to check the tears which were rising to eyes of late unused to weeping. The plea of indisposition satisfied those who remarked, with surprise, her change of countenance; but, catching my glance of pity, she haughtily remarked that she was now quite well; and begging the dancers not to interrupt themselves on her account, she joined their train, and was again herself. I recollected the amiable young man whom Emma had formerly favoured, and while the neglect she afterwards had shown him—even though she loved him—filled up the measure of her errors, I thought his fate far far preferable to hers. None will recognise the subject of this history; for all are deceived. Her deceit is greater and more complete than that of many; but she is not the only one who yields up happiness to ambition, pride, or vanity. Many, whose eyes are bright, and whose words are gay, conceal heavy hearts, and find not in their choice of life, that which can fill the "aching void" within. Those whose

study is man, will often be disappointed by such melancholy changes of character; but there are some who pass the "ordeal" pure and uncontaminated, and the discovery of one such spirit will compensate for thousands of disappointments. The diamond would not be valued, if it were not rare; nor happiness really enjoyed, if it were not hardly won. J.

FINE ARTS.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR. THE FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

ON Saturday, at noon, the exhibition-room of the Academy was opened to a number of ladies and gentlemen, invited to examine the productions of the past year. Most of our readers will probably remember the appearance of the room at the last exhibition, the general excellence of the pictures, and the strong emotions of pleasure excited by the presence of a body of art so honourable to our country, and to the artists by whom it was created; we venture to predict that the present exhibition will be not less numerous and fashionably attended than the former, and that its visitants will derive from the examination at least an equal degree of gratification.

The number of pictures now prepared for the inspection of the public is the same with that of the preceding year, one hundred and seventy-two, with few exceptions, from the pencils of the same artists, but entirely different; for it is one of the principal regulations of this rising and elegant institution, that no one picture shall be twice exhibited; they must also be original; no copy, however excellent, is admitted; nor can any painting be received, unless the production either of an American, or of an artist residing in the United States.

It is not in our power at present, to give so minute or extended a notice as we should be pleased to lay before our readers; at the time of writing, we were not able to obtain a catalogue, and are therefore obliged to rely upon memory only, in giving to the public the impressions made upon us by our visit; but, however imperfect our recollection of the particulars may be, we do very distinctly remember that it was productive of a high degree of pleasure, for we take a deep and lively interest in the progress of our country in this noble art; and it is gratifying to our national pride to find that a single year has been equal to the production of so much improvement—of so many really creditable pictures; the fact speaks loudly in commendation both of the artists by whom it has been effected, and of the public in whom they have found encouragement and patronage.

On entering the room, the eye is immediately attracted by a full-length portrait of a lady at the further extremity, from the pencil of Mr. WEIR; this gentleman is an American, but has passed some years in Italy, gathering knowledge and improvement in that parent land of art, where the artist pursues his lofty occupation in the midst of inspiration. The good effects of Mr. Weir's years of study are visible in this picture, and also in his portraits of Redjacket and of a Greek boy, each in the graceful but contrasted costume of his native land; from these two beautiful specimens, engravings are in the *Talisman* of the present year, and are no doubt familiar to our readers. The spectator dwells with pleasure upon the chaste and simple beauty of the portrait, but is at length attracted from it by an exquisite production of Mr. INGHAM's fascinating pencil; this is a portrait of a young lady gracefully presenting a basket of fruit, her lovely countenance beaming with smiles and innocent animation, and her ringlets waving in careless profusion around her exquisitely moulded neck and shoulders.

The admiration excited by this gentleman's exquisite picture of the "White Plume," at the last exhibition, must be fresh in the recollection of our readers, but we think that the lady with the grapes will be even more admired. Mr. Ingham has also in the exhibition a portrait of a lady with white plumes, not less rich and glowing than the former, of which it is intended to be the counterpart.

Mr. MORSE, the president, we regret to say, has but few pictures in this exhibition, and those few are all portraits; among them is one which will be looked upon with deep in-

terest—an admirable likeness of Mr. Bryant, the distinguished American poet.

By the side of the lady with the grapes, is the latest effort of Mr. COLE; his genius has, in this instance, soared to an exalted flight; his subject is the "Subsiding of the Waters of the Deluge," and the manner in which it has been treated is worthy of his established reputation. The waste of waters is seen to be diminished; the bare and rugged peaks of the loftiest mountains are left uncovered; in the distance, the ark of safety is dimly visible floating in lonely security; and, over all, the glow of the returning sun is spread like a promise of hope in the midst of so great desolation. There is a grandeur in the simplicity of this picture which we cannot but admire. The other pictures of Mr. Cole are portraits of remarkable scenery in various portions of our own country, distinguished, like all his productions, for their sublimity and fidelity to nature.

Mr. HARDING, of Baltimore, has furnished an excellent portrait of the venerable patriot, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton; an interesting and admirably painted picture.

Mr. INMAN, among other portraits, has one which is naturally associated in the mind of the spectator with that of Carroll; it is of Col. Nicholas Fish, of this city, whose services in the "time that tried men's souls" have entitled him also to a place in the memory of every American. Mr. Inman has several other portraits, all worthy of his fame, both in fidelity of resemblance and in the excellence of their execution. We were gratified in beholding his original design illustrative of the Persian story in this year's *Talisman*—a rich and gorgeous picture.

Mr. DUNLAP has several pictures; among which we were particularly struck with one of the muse of history; a graceful and elegant composition, well drawn, and marked with his usual felicity of colouring.

There is one picture of our distinguished countryman, LESLIE, the property of Mr. Donaldson, to which we could devote a page of our journal, did time and dire necessity permit—for we are proud of it, as being the production of an American. The subject is a rural excursion by a cockney family; there is the snug and worthy citizen himself, resolved upon casting aside business for one day, and, John Bull like, enjoying, in the unaccustomed shade and quiet, his pipe and his newspaper; near him his two children and the little dog, deep in a game of romps, joyous laughter actually being in the faces of all the three; the mother holding up her warning finger to check their noisy merriment, lest it disturb the citizen in his reading; the grandmother looking on with heartfelt sympathy in their mirth; and at a little distance, the apprentice, dressed all in his best, with a bachelor's-button in his button-hole, looking unutterable things in the face of his blushing sweetheart. We stood and pored upon this exquisite composition for a good half-hour, and thought that, were our artists paid at home as they are paid in England, such pictures might be produced and purchased here as well as there; and then we sighed to think they were not, and went a little farther on, to look at Mr. QUIDOR's picture of Rip Van Winkle, from the *Sketch-Book*, in the excellence of which we found an evidence of the truth of our opinion. In England, this picture would be bought at a handsome price, and the painter be thus encouraged and enabled to produce one still better. How it will be in America we cannot say.

Mr. AGATE has a clever picture of two children striving to provoke each other to a smile; the composition is very happy, and the only fault of the painting is that it wants breadth, and the handling is somewhat timid. It gives testimony, however, of a very decided improvement over his pictures of the last exhibition.

Mr. CUMMINGS' miniatures bear away the palm again; one of a lady in crimson-velvet, struck us as being a masterly production.

We were much pleased with a sea-piece, by Mr. BRADFORD, we believe; a very beautiful cabinet picture; and also with the architectural designs of Mr. DAVIS. If we are not much mistaken, this gentleman will yet stand at the very head of his profession in this country, if not in the world.

But it is time for us to close this article, which we have already extended far beyond the limits within which it was our purpose to confine our remarks. In looking back at what we have written, we are surprised to find we have been able to say so much, after so short and imperfect an examination as we had it in our power to make of these works of art; and we look upon it as an evidence, and strong evidence too, of the merit of the exhibition, that so

many pictures should have made so vivid an impression upon our mind and memory as to enable us to mention them even as we have. We shall be a frequent visitor to the exhibition-room, and should we hereafter find any thing worthy of more particular notice, or if in our preceding observations we have committed any errors either of omission or of commission, we shall take great pleasure in returning to the subject.

LITERATURE.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TALES OF THE GOOD WOMAN.

BY A DOUBTFUL GENTLEMAN.

A VOLUME thus quaintly entitled, has just issued from the judicious press of the Messrs. Carvill. The name of the doubtful author is not given, but it requires no extraordinary acuteness to discover in these stories the originality and racy quaintness of the author of the "New Mirror for Travellers," the "Wise Men of Gotham," and of many of the papers in "Salmagundi." The tales are four in number; the "Yankee Roué," the "Drunkard," "Dyspepsy," and "Old Times in the New World;" and besides these, there is a "Memoir of the Unknown Author," which is not less whimsical and entertaining than the others. The "Yankee Roué" is eminently satirical, lashing with keen, yet playful severity, the absurdities of travelled dandies, whose emigrations to other lands have taught them only how to waste the gifts of nature, with follies more ridiculous or vices more detestable than they could have acquired if they had staid at home. The "Drunkard" is an appalling sketch of the miserable career of one born to better things, but debased by intemperance into brutality, peculation, insanity and murder. "Dyspepsy" is a pleasant prescription for the fashionable disease of idle gentlemen, teaching them by the force of example, how they may escape the fiend that gnaws their vitals, and become useful and respectable members of society. "Old Times in the New World" is a tale of the "ancient dominion" at the time of its first settlement, and abounds with pathos and pure fun. The heroic Captain Smith is one of the most prominent characters.

We extract as a fair specimen the following *hit*, from the "Yankee Roué." Sopus is the travelled hero, and accompanies his friend Heartwell to the American Academy of Fine Arts, to examine a collection of Italian originals—the prototypes, we suppose, of those lately disposed of at auction:

"Ah!" cried he, as they entered the exhibition-room, and saw the very worst collection ever imposed upon the good people of the city, labelled with the names of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Domenichino, Salvator, and the Carracci. "Ah! really now, this is something like; I declare this really does honour to the country. It reminds me of the gallery at Florence. Why, the names are the very same." Whereupon he out with his glass after the manner of travelled men, and fixing himself opposite to an immeasurable daub, full of green lions and brown trees, labelled Sal. Rosa, began to be quite enthusiastic. "What expression in the trees! What grace in the very rocks! What dignity in the lions! Any body could tell they were the kings of the beasts! There is nobody, after all, equal to Sally Rosa, for persuasive grace of attitude, softness of expression, and felicity of *groping*," as he was pleased to call it—"I knew her in Florence. She was a most elegant woman."

Heartwell stuffed the whole catalogue into his mouth, and walked away at a quick step. He, however, returned in a few moments.

"You are right," said he; "Miss Sally was particularly remarkable for all these characteristics. I see you are a connoisseur."

"A piece of a one," answered he, pulling up his stock, and adjusting his striped gingham collar. "But, my dear Heartwell, never again call a foreign lady miss or mistress. It is Madame or Signora Sally Rosa."

"I shall bear it in mind," said the other.

After spending some time in pointing out the various excellencies of this rare collection of originals, by the great Italian and Flemish masters, in which Sopus displayed equal taste and accuracy, he was carried into the apartment where the statuary and busts are deposited.

"What, in the name of all that is monstrous and vulgar,

have we got here?" cried he, stopping opposite the Laocoon.

"'Tis the famous Laocoon," said Heartwell.

"La—La—ocoon," said Sopus, "Who is it by?"

"The name of the artist is somewhat doubtful. It is supposed to be a work of great antiquity."

"Yes, any body can see it must have been done in the infancy of the arts. The artist did well to keep his name secret. But who is this tall, long-spliced, sprawling fellow, standing on one leg?"

"That is the Apollo Belvidere. You must have seen it before."

"O, ay—I think I do recollect something of a wooden statue, stuck up at the Belvidere House, where my uncle's club used to meet. I suppose they call it the Apollo Belvidere on that account. Can you tell me who carved it?"

"No, I regret to say that I have forgot it," replied Heartwell, again having recourse to the system of gagging.

"No matter," said the other; "it is not worth remembering. Let us go back; I want to take another look at the Sally—or as these vulgarians call her, Sal."

THE CARBONARO.

Perhaps there is not, or has ever been, in the civilized portion of the world an institution of which so much has been said, and yet of which so little is known with any thing like certainty, as the affiliated body, designated "The Carbonari," which, during several years immediately succeeding the fall of Napoleon, existed in almost every country of continental Europe. The fact of its existence was established beyond doubt; but of its nature, objects and operations, the utmost ignorance has hitherto prevailed; for as yet there have been no means of ascertaining these but by their effects. These effects were insurrections and revolt against the established authorities, springing up in various quarters at the same moment, and demonstrating by this unity of time that their contrivers were acting in concert. The volumes of which we are now to speak, profess to throw more light upon this hitherto obscure subject; and the details which they give are in a high degree curious and interesting. The "Carbonaro," Count Jerome de la Cesia, is the hero of the story; a young, wealthy, patriotic and high-spirited Italian nobleman, of rare abilities, strong passions, and a most enthusiastic hatred of oppression, or, what is with him synonymous, monarchy. The principal incidents of his life, engaged at it was in unremitted machinations and conspiracies, form the leading features of the tale; and in tracing the intricacies of his career, the author has exhibited a singularly minute and apparently accurate acquaintance with the hidden springs and causes of the various political *denouements* that agitated Europe during the period of which he writes. Interwoven with the revolutionary incidents of the work, is an underplot, the groundwork of which is disappointed passion, terminating in an appalling and successful scheme of vengeance.

The principal, indeed we may say the only fault we have to find with "The Carbonaro," is the unsatisfactory abruptness of its termination. The first chapter introduces the reader to a mysterious event, the *causes* of which the remainder of the book is occupied in developing; but of its *consequences*, in the discovery of which he is not less interested, he is left in utter ignorance; the road in which he is made to accompany the author, assumes the form of a complete circle, at a certain point of which they commence their journey together in the first page, and in the last they arrive at the same point once more, and part with very little ceremony. Perhaps, however, it is the author's intention to write a continuation.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

MR. SIMPSON'S BENEFIT.

WE stepped into the Park theatre, though at rather a late hour, on Monday evening, to see how affairs were going on at that establishment. We gave up all hopes of effecting a lodgment in the lower tier at the first glance—tried the second, but found it as impenetrable as Schumla—the third, which we were loath to venture into, having been trained up in the way that we should go, was the only resource, and so, like Falstaff, "hiding our honour in our necessities," we entered; but even here all "access and passage"

to the boxes was blocked up by compact masses of people, and being averse to lobbying, in every shape, we even ascended into the *fourth* heaven, and ensconced ourselves in a corner of that remote region! from whence we espied our old friends Mrs. Malaprop, Acres, and Sir Anthony moving in dumb show below. Hearing was altogether out of the question, unless it was the upper notes of Mrs. Wheatley, the fine peculiar laugh of Hilson, or the harsh, grating complication of sounds which Miss Kelly emits when she uplifts her voice in a fashion peculiar to herself, and which, by some persons, is irreverently termed singing. The house was crowded from top to bottom; and right glad were we to see it. There is no man that has better deserved the public approbation than Mr. Simpson. There is a feeling of honour and respectability coupled with his name in the theatrical world, and all who know him in private life, freely acknowledge his worth as a man. The present season at the Park has been eminently successful—may it continue so.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Last season was the ebb—this is the flood, and we sincerely hope it will lead on to fortune. There is a fair prospect of it, for we observe the "universal favourite," Clara Fisher, is engaged—the enchantress who has allayed the tariff ferment in the south by turning its feelings into a fresh channel, and who now, after a long absence, returns to gladden the eyes of her northern friends. We hope she will take a fresh range of characters, as there is yet a wide field in which she would be eminently successful. *Quere.* Would not Farquhar's fine comedy of the "Recruiting Officer" be an excellent speculation at the Park? We would not wish to see better representatives of Sergeant Kite and Bullock, than Hilson and Placide, while Miss Clara might indulge her *penchant* for male attire in the sprightly and dashing part of Sylvia. C.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

A REMARKABLE instance is given in the Scotsman of the sagacity of a dog. At a farm-house near Falkirk, during the late frost and snow, the hens were all missing from their roost, and could no where be found. In the evening the dog brought into the house in his mouth a hen apparently dead, which he laid down before the fire; he then departed and brought all the hens successively, laying them before the fire. It turned out that they had been benumbed by the frost, and in that situation had been discovered by the dog, who instinctively applied the proper remedy. The warmth of the fire soon brought them all to life and motion.

EXCELLENT RULES.

The following rules, from the private papers of Doctor West, were, according to his memorandum, thrown together, as general waymarks in the journey of life. They were advantageous to him, and, while they exhibit an honourable testimony to his moral worth, may be useful to others:—"Never to ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem such, however absurd they may appear to me.—Never show levity where the people are professedly engaged in worship.—Never to resent a supposed injury, till I know the views and motives of the author of it. Nor on any occasion to retaliate.—Never to judge a person's character by external appearance.—Always to take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.—Never to think the worse of another on account of his differing from me in political or religious opinions.—Never to dispute, if I can fairly avoid it.—Not to dispute with a man more than seventy years old; nor with a woman; nor with an enthusiast.—Not to affect to be witty, or to jest, so as to wound the feelings of another.—To say as little as possible of myself and those who are near to me.—To aim at cheerfulness, without levity.—Not to obtrude my advice unasked.—Never to court the favour of the rich, by flattering either their vanity or their vices.—To respect virtue, though clothed in rags.—To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions; especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.—Frequently to review my conduct, and note my failings.—On all occasions to have in prospect the end of life and future state.—Not to flatter myself that I can act up

THE CASKET.

THE FLORENTINE LOVERS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

The groundwork of this story is in a late Italian publication, called the *Florentine Observer*, descriptive of the old buildings, and other circumstances of local interest in the capital of Tuscany.

At the time when Florence was divided into the two fierce parties of Guelphs and Ghibelines, there was great hostility between two families of the name of Bardi and Buondelmonti. It was seldom that love took place between individuals of houses so divided; but, when it did, it was proportionately vehement, either because the individuals themselves were vehement in all their passions, or because love, falling upon two gentle hearts, made them the more pity and love one another, to find themselves in so unnatural a situation.

Of this latter kind was an affection that took place between a young lady of the family of the Bardi, called Dianora d'Amerigo, and a youth of the other family, whose name was Ippolito. The girl was about fifteen, and in the full flower of her beauty and sweetness. Ippolito was about three years older, and looked two or three more, on account of a certain gravity and deep regard in the upper part of his face. You might know by his lips that he could love well, and by his eyes that he could keep the secret. There was a likeness, as sometimes happens, between the two lovers; and perhaps this was no mean help to their passion; for as we find painters often giving their own faces to their heroes, so the more excusable vanity of lovers delights to find that resemblance in one another, which Plato said was only the divorced half of the original human being rushing into communion with the other.

Be this as it may—and lovers in those times were not ignorant of such speculations—it needed but one sight of Dianora to make Ippolito fall violently in love with her. It was in church, on a great holiday. In the south, the church has ever been the place where people fall in love. It is there that the young of both sexes oftenest find themselves in each other's company. There the voluptuous that cannot fix their thoughts upon heaven, find congenial objects, more earthly, to win their attention; and there, the most innocent and devotional spirits, voluptuous also without being aware of it, and not knowing how to vent the grateful pleasure of their hearts, discover their tendency to repose on beings that can show themselves visibly sensible to their joy. The paintings, the perfumes, the music, the kind crucifix, the mixture of aspiration and earthly ceremony, the draperies, the white vestments of young and old, the boy's voices, the giant candles, typical of the seraphic ministrants about heaven's altar, the meeting of all ages and classes, the echoings of the aisles, the lights and shades of the pillars and vaulted roofs, the very struggle of day-light at the lofty windows, as if earth were at once present and not present—all have a tendency to confuse the boundaries of this world and the next, and to set the heart floating in that delicious mixture of elevation and humility, which is ready to sympathize with whatever can preserve to it something like its sensations, and save it from the hardness and definite fully of ordinary life. It was in a church that Boccaccio, not merely the voluptuous Boccaccio, who is but half known by the half-witted, but Boccaccio, the future painter of the Falcon and the Pot of Basil, first saw the beautiful face of his Fiammetta. In a church, Petrarch felt the sweet shadow fall on him that darkened his life for twenty years after. And the fond gratitude of the local historian for a tale of true love, has left it on record, that it was in the church of St. Giovanni, at Florence, and on the great day of Pardon, which falls on the thirteenth of January, that Ippolito de' Buondelmonte became enamoured of Dianora d'Amerigo.

[How delicious it is to repeat these beautiful Italian names, when they are not merely names. We find ourselves almost unconsciously writing them in a better hand than the rest; not merely for the sake of the printer, but for the pleasure of lingering upon the sound.]

When the people were about to leave church, Ippolito, in turning to speak to an acquaintance, lost sight of his unknown beauty. He made haste to plant himself at the door, telling his companion that he should like to see the ladies come out; for he had not the courage to say which lady. When he saw Dianora appear, he changed colour,

and saw nothing else. Yet though he beheld, and beheld her distinctly, so as to carry away every feature in his heart, it seemed to him afterward that he had seen her only as in a dream. She glided by him like a thing of heaven, drawing her veil over her head. As he had not had the courage to speak of her, he had still less the courage to ask her name; but he was saved the trouble.

"Heaven bless her beautiful face!" cried a beggar at the door; "she always gives double of any one else."

"Curse her!" muttered Ippolito's acquaintance; "she is one of the Bardi."

The ear of the lover heard both these exclamations, and they made an indelible impression.

Being a lover of books and poetry, and intimate with the most liberal of the two parties, such as Dante Alighieri—afterward so famous—and Guido Cavalcanti, Ippolito, though a warm partisan himself, and implicated in a fierce encounter that had lately taken place between some persons on horseback, had been saved from the worst feelings attendant on political hostility; and they now appeared to him odious. He had no thought, it is true, of forgiving one of the old Bardi, who had cut his father down from his horse; but he would now have sentenced the whole party to a milder banishment than before; and to curse a female belonging to it, and that female Dianora!—he differed with the stupid fellow that had done it whenever they met afterward.

It was a heavy reflection to Ippolito to think that he could not see his mistress in her own house. She had a father and mother living as well as himself, and was surrounded with relations. It was a heavier still, that he knew not how to make her sensible of his passion; and the heaviest of all, that being so lovely, she would certainly be carried off by another husband. What was he to do? He had no excuse for writing to her; and as to serenading her under her window, unless he meant to call all the neighbours to witness his temerity and lose his life at once in that brawling age, it was not to be thought of. He was obliged to content himself with watching, as well as he could, the windows of her abode, following her about whenever he saw her leave it, and with pardonable vanity trying to catch her attention by some little action that should give her a good thought of the stranger; such as anticipating her in giving alms to a beggar. We must even record, that on one occasion he contrived to stumble against a dog and tread on his toes, in order that he might ostentatiously help the poor beast out of the way. But his day of delight was church-day. Not a fast, not a feast, did he miss; not a Sunday, nor a saint's-day.

"The devotion of that young gentleman," said an old widow lady, her aunt, who was in the habit of accompanying Dianora, "is indeed edifying; and yet he is a mighty pretty youth, and might waste his time in sins and vanities with the gayest of them."

And the old widow lady sighed, doubtless out of a tender pity for the gay. Her recommendation of Ippolito to her niece's notice would have been little applauded by her family; but, to say the truth, she was not responsible. His manœuvres and constant presence had already gained Dianora's attention; and, with all the unaffected instinct of an Italian, she was not long in suspecting who it was that attracted his devotions, and in wishing very heartily that they might continue. She longed to learn who he was, but felt the same want of courage as he himself had experienced.

"Did you observe," said the aunt one day, after leaving church, "how the poor boy blushed, because he did but catch my eye? Truly, such modesty is very rare."

"Learn aunt," replied Dianora, with a mixture of real and affected archness, of pleasure and of gratitude, "I thought you never wished me to notice the faces of young men."

"Not of young men, niece," returned the aunt, gravely; "not of persons of twenty-eight, or thirty, or so, nor indeed of youths in general, however young; but then this youth is very different; and the most innocent of us may look, once in a way or so, at so very modest and respectful a young gentleman. I say respectful, because when I gave him a slight courtesy of acknowledgment, or so, for making way for me in the aisle, he bowed to me with so solemn and thankful an air as if the favour had come from me, which was extremely polite; and if he is very handsome, poor boy, how can he help that? Saints have been handsome in their days, ay, and young, or their pictures are not at all like, which is impossible; and I am sure St. Dominic himself, in the wax-work, heaven forgive me! hardly looks

sweeter and humbler at the madonna and child, than he did at me and you, as we went by."

"Dear aunt," rejoined Dianora, "I did not mean to reproach you, I'm sure; but, sweet aunt, we do not know him, you know; and you know!"

"Know!" cried the old lady, "I'm sure I know him as well as if he were my own aunt's son—which might not be impossible, though she is a little younger than myself; and if he were my own, I should not be ashamed."

"And who then," inquired Dianora, scarcely articulating her words, "who then is he?"

"Who?" said the aunt; "why the most edifying young gentleman in all Florence, that's who he is; and it does not signify what he is else, manifestly being a gentleman as he is, and one of the noblest, I warrant; and I wish you may have no worse husband, child, when you come to marry, though there is time enough to think of that. Young ladies, now-a-days, are always for knowing who every body is, who he is, and what he is, and whether he is this person or that person, and is of the grand prior's side, or the archbishop's side, and what not; and all this before they will allow him to be even handsome; which, I am sure, was not so in my youngest days. It is all right and proper, if matrimony is concerned, or they are in danger of marrying below their condition, or a profane person, or one that's hideous, or a heretic; but to admire an evident young saint, and one that never misses church, Sunday or saint's-day, or any day, for aught that I see, is a thing that, if any thing, shows we may hope for the company of young saints hereafter; and if so very edifying a young gentleman is also respectful to the ladies, was not the blessed St. Francis himself of his opinion in that matter? And did not the seraphical St. Teresa admire him the more for it? And does not St. Paul, in his very epistles, send his best respects to the ladies Tryphena and Tryphosa? And was there ever woman in the New Testament—with reverence be it spoken, if we may say women of such blessed females—was there ever woman, I say, in the New Testament, not even excepting Madonna Magdalen, who had been possessed with seven devils—which is not so many by half as some ladies I could mention—nor madonna, the other poor lady, whom the unforgiving hypocrites wanted to stone!—and here the good old lady wept, out of a mixture of devotion and gratitude—"was there one of all these women, or any other, whom our blessed Lord himself?"—and here the tears came into the gentle eyes of Dianora—"did not treat with all that sweetness, and kindness, and tenderness, and brotherly love, which, like all his other actions, and as the seraphical Father Antonio said the other day in the pulpit, proved him to be not only from heaven, but the truest of all nobles on earth, and a natural gentleman born?"

We know not how many more reasons the good old lady would have given, why all the feelings of poor Dianora's heart, not excepting her very religion, which was truly one of them, should induce her to encourage her affection for Ippolito. By the end of this sentence they had arrived at their home, and the poor youth returned to his. We say "poor" of both the lovers, for by this time they had both become sufficiently enamoured to render their cheeks the paler for discovering their respective families, which Dianora had now done as well as Ippolito.

A circumstance on the Sunday following had nearly discovered them, not only to one another, but to all the world. Dianora had latterly never dared to steal a look at Ippolito, for fear of seeing his eyes upon her; and Ippolito, who was less certain of her regard for him than herself, imagined that he had somehow offended her. A few Sundays before, she had sent him home bounding for joy. There had been two places empty where he was kneeling, one near him, and the other a little farther off. The aunt and the niece, who came in after him, and found themselves at the spot where he was, were perplexed which of the two places to choose; when it seemed to Ippolito, that by a little movement of her arm, Dianora decided for the one nearest him. He had also another delight. The old lady, in the course of the service, turned to her niece, and asked her why she did not sing as usual. Dianora bowed her head, and in a minute or two afterward, Ippolito heard the sweetest voice in the world, low indeed, almost to a whisper, but audible to him. He thought it trembled; and he trembled also. It seemed to thrill within his spirit, in the same manner that the organ thrills through the body. No such symptom of preference occurred afterward. The ladies did not come so near him, whatever pains he took to occupy so much room before they came in, and then make room when they

appeared. However, he was self-satisfied as well as ingenious enough in his reasonings on the subject, not to lay much stress upon this behaviour, till it lasted week after week, and till he never again found Dianora looking even toward the quarter in which he sat: for it is our duty to confess, that if the lovers were two of the devotedest of the congregation, which is certain, they were apt also, at intervals, to be the least attentive; and, furthermore, that they would each pretend to look toward places at a little distance from the desired object, in order that they might take in, with the sidelong power of the eye, the presence and look of one another. But for some time Dianora had ceased even to do this; and though Ippolito gazed on her the most steadfastly, and saw that she was paler than before, he began to persuade himself that it was not on his account. At length, a sort of desperation urged him to get nearer to her, if she would not condescend to come near himself; and, on the Sunday in question, scarcely knowing what he did, or how he saw, felt, or breathed, he knelt right down beside her. There was a pillar next him, which luckily kept him somewhat in the shade; and, for a moment, he leaned his forehead against the cold marble, which revived him. Dianora did not know he was by her. She did not sing; nor did the aunt ask her. She kept one unaltered posture, looking upon her mass-book, and he thought she did this on purpose. Ippolito, who had become weak with his late struggles of mind, felt almost suffocated with his sensations. He was kneeling side by side with her; her idea, her presence, her very drapery, which was all that he dared to feel himself in contact with, the consciousness of kneeling with her in the presence of Him whom tender hearts implore for pity on their infirmities, all rendered him intensely sensible of his situation. By a strong effort, he endeavoured to turn his self-pity into a feeling entirely religious; but when he put his hands together, he felt the tears ready to gush away so irrepressibly, that he did not dare it.

At last the aunt, who had in fact looked about for him, recognised him with some surprise, and more pleasure. She had begun to suspect his secret; and though she knew who he was, and that the two families were at variance, yet a great deal of good nature, a sympathy with pleasures of which no woman had tasted more, and some considerable disputes she had lately with another old lady, her kinswoman, on the subject of politics, determined her upon at least giving the two lovers that sort of encouragement, which arises not so much from any decided object we have in view, as from a certain vague sense of benevolence, mixed with a lurking wish to have our own way. Accordingly, the well-meaning old widow lady, without much consideration, and loud enough for Ippolito to hear, whispered her niece to "let the gentleman next her read in her book, as he seemed to have forgotten to bring his own."

Dianora, without lifting her eyes, and never suspecting who it was, moved her book sideways, with a courteous inclination of the head, for the gentleman to take it. He did so. He held it with her. He could not hinder his hand from shaking; but Dianora's reflections were so occupied upon one whom she so little thought so near her, that she did not perceive it. At length the book tottered so in his hand, that she could not but notice it. She turned to see if the gentleman was ill; and instantly looked back again. She felt that she herself was too weak to look at him, and whispering to her aunt, "I am very unwell," the ladies rose and made their way out of the church. As soon as she felt the fresh air she fainted, and was carried home; and it happened, at the same moment, that Ippolito, unable to keep his feelings to himself, leaned upon the marble pillar at which he was kneeling, and sighed aloud. He fancied she had left him in disdain. Luckily for him, a circumstance of this kind was not unknown in a place where penitents would sometimes be overpowered by a sense of their crimes; and though Ippolito was recognised by some, they concluded he had not been the innocent person they supposed. They made up their minds in future, that his retired and bookish habits, and his late evident suffering, were alike the result of some dark offence; and among these persons, the acquaintance who had cursed Dianora when he first beheld her, was glad to be one; for without knowing his passion for her, much less her return of it, which was more than the poor youth knew himself, he envied him for his accomplishments and popularity.

Ippolito dragged himself home, and after endeavouring to move about for a day or two, and to get as far as Dianora's abode—an attempt he gave up for fear of being un-

able to come away again—was fairly obliged to take to his bed. What a mixture of delight with sorrow, would he have felt, had he known that his mistress was almost in as bad a state! The poor aunt, who soon discovered her niece's secret, now found herself in a dreadful dilemma; and the worst of it was, that being on the female side of the love, and told by Dianora that it would be the death of her if she disclosed it to him, or any body connected with him, or, indeed, any body at all, she did not know what steps to take. However, as she believed that at least death might possibly ensue if the dear young people were not assured of each other's love, and certainly did not believe in any such mortality as her niece spoke of, she was about to make her first election out of two or three measures which she was resolved upon taking, when, luckily for the salvation of Dianora's feelings, she was surprised by a visit from the person whom, of all persons in the world, she wished to see—Ippolito's mother.

The two ladies soon came to a mutual understanding, and separated with comfort for their respective patients. We need not wait to describe how a mother came to the knowledge of her son's wishes; nor will it be necessary to relate how delighted the two lovers were to hear of one another, and to be assured of each other's love. But Ippolito's illness now put on a new aspect; for the certainty of his being welcome to Dianora, and the easiness with which he saw his mother give way to his inclinations, made him impatient for an interview. Dianora was afraid of encountering him as usual in public; and he never ceased urging his mother, till she consented to advise with Dianora's aunt upon what was to be done. Indeed, with the usual weakness of those who take any steps, however likely to produce future trouble, rather than continue a present uneasiness, she herself thought it high time to do something for the poor boy; for the house began to remark on his strange conduct. All his actions were either too quick or too slow. At one time he would start up to perform the most trivial office of politeness, as if he were going to stop a conflagration; at another, the whole world might move before him without his noticing. He would now leap on his horse, as if the enemy were at the city gates; and next day, when going to mount it, stop on a sudden, with the reins in his hands, and fall a musing. "What is the matter with the boy?" said his father, who was impatient at seeing him so little his own master; "has he stolen a box of jewels?" for somebody had spread a report that he gambled, and it was observed that he never had any money in his pocket. The truth is, he gave it all away to the objects of Dianora's bounty, particularly to the man who blessed her at the church-door. One day his father, who loved a bitter joke, made a young lady, who sat next him at dinner, lay her hand before him instead of the plate; and upon being asked why he did not eat, he was very near taking a piece of it for a mouthful. "Oh the gallant youth!" cried the father, and Ippolito blushed up to the eyes; which was taken as a proof that the irony was well founded. But Ippolito thought of Dianora's hand, how it held the book with him when he knelt by her side; and, after a little pause, he turned and took up that of the young lady, and begged her pardon with the best grace in the world. "He has the air of a prince," thought his father, "if he would but behave himself like other young men." The young lady thought he had the air of a lover; and as soon as the meal was over, his mother put on her veil, and went to seek a distant relation, called Signora Veronica.

Signora Veronica was in a singular position with regard to the two families of Bardi and Buondelmonti. She happened to be related at nearly equal distances to them both; and she hardly knew whether to be prouder of the double relationship, or more annoyed with the evil countenances they showed her, if she did not pay great attention to one of them, and no attention to the other. The pride remained uppermost, as it is apt to do; and she hazarded all consequences for the pleasure of inviting now some of the young de Bardi, and now some of the young de Buondelmonti; hinting to them, when they went away, that it would be as well for them not to say that they had heard any thing of the other family's visiting her. The young people were not sorry to keep the matter as secret as possible, because their visits to Gossip Veronica were always restrained for a long time, if any thing of the sort transpired; and thus a spirit of concealment was sown in their young minds, which might have turned out worse for Ippolito and Dianora, if their hearts had not been so good.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

FROM THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.*

NANCY CHISHOLM.

BY JAMES HOGG.

JOHN CHISHOLM, farmer of Moorlaggan, was, in the early part of his life, a wealthy and highly respectable man, and associated with the best gentlemen of the country; and in those days he was accounted to be not only reasonable, but mild and benevolent in his disposition. A continued train of unfortunate speculations, however, at last reduced his circumstances so much, that though, at the time when this tale commences, he still continued solvent, it was well enough known to all the country that he was on the brink of ruin; and, by an unfortunate fatality too inherent in human nature, still as he descended in circumstances, he advanced in pride and violence of temper, until his conduct grew so intolerable as scarcely to be submitted to even by his own family.

Mr. Chisholm had five daughters, well brought up, and well educated; but the second, whose name was Nancy Chisholm, was acknowledged to be the most beautiful and accomplished of them all. She was so buoyant of spirits, that she hardly appeared to know whether she was treading on the face of the earth, or bounding on the breeze; and before Nancy was eighteen, as was quite natural, she was beloved by the handsomest lad in the parish, whose proper christian name was Archibald Gillies, but who, by some patronymic or designation of whose import I am ignorant, was always called Gillespick.

Young Gillies was quite below Nancy in rank, although in their circumstances they were by this time much the same. His father being only a small sub-tenant of Mr. Chisholm's, the latter would have thought his child degraded, had she been discovered even speaking to the young man. He had, moreover, been bred to the profession of a tailor, which, though an honest occupation, and perhaps more lucrative than many others, is viewed, in the country places in Scotland, with a degree of contempt far exceeding that with which it is regarded in more polished communities. Notwithstanding of all this, Gillespick Gillies, the tailor, had the preference of all others, in the heart of pretty Nancy; and, as he durst not pay his addresses to her openly, or appear at Moorlaggan by day, they were driven to an expedient quite in mode with the class to which Gillies belonged, but as entirely inconsistent with that propriety of conduct which ought to be observed by young ladies like those of Moorlaggan—they met by night; that is, about night-fall in summer, and at the same hour in winter, which made it very late in the night.

Now it unluckily had so happened, that Gillies, the young dashing tailor, newly arrived from Aberdeen, had, at a great wedding the previous winter, paid all his attentions to Siobla, Nancy's eldest sister. This happened, indeed, by mere accident, owing to Nancy's many engagements; but Siobla did not know that; and Gillies being the best dancer in the barn, led her to the head every time, and behaved so courteously that he made a greater impression on her heart than she was willing to acknowledge. As all ranks mingle at a country wedding, the thing was noted and talked of, both among the low and high; but neither the high nor the low thought or said that young Gillies had made a very prudent choice. She was not, however, the tailor's choice; for his whole heart was fixed on her sister Nancy.

The two slept in one chamber, and it was impossible for the younger to escape to her lover without confiding the secret to Siobla, which, therefore, she was obliged to do; and from that moment jealousy—for jealousy it was, though Miss Siobla called it by another name—began to rankle in her bosom. She called Gillies every degrading name she could invent—a profligate, a libertine—and to sum up all, she called him a tailor, thereby finishing the sum of degeneracy, and crowning the climax of her reproaches.

Nancy was, nevertheless, exceedingly happy with her handsome lover, who all but adored her. She enjoyed his company perhaps the more on two accounts, one of which she might probably deduce from the words of a wise

* A new work, in two volumes, just published.

man, that "stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant;" but another most certainly was, that Gillies having opened her eyes to the true state of her father's affairs, and by this led her to perceive that she was only "a penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree," she could not help drawing the conclusion that the tailor was as good as she, and that the course she was taking, besides being very agreeable to her own wishes, was the most prudent that could be conceived.

This information preying on Nancy's mind, she could not help communicating it in confidence to one of her sisters—Siobla, it is to be supposed—who believing the report to be a malicious falsehood, went straight to her father with the news, as soon as he arrived from the market. Some vexatious occurrences connected with his depressed fortunes had put him sorely out of humour that night, and he had likewise been drinking a good deal, which made matters worse; so that when Siobla informed him of the country rumour, that he was about to become a bankrupt, his fury rose to an ungovernable pitch, and, seizing her by the arm, he adjured her forthwith to name her informer, against whom he at the same time avowed the most consummate vengeance. His daughter was frightened, and without hesitation told him that she had learnt the report from her sister Nancy. Nancy was a favourite with old Chisholm, but that circumstance seemed only to inflame him the more; that one so much cherished and beloved should make herself instrumental in breaking his credit, was, he thought, a degree of ingratitude that justified his severest resentment, and with a countenance of the utmost fury he turned on her, and demanded if what he had heard was true. With a face as pale as death, and trembling lips, she acknowledged that it was. But when desired to name her informer, she remained silent, trembled, and wept. On being further urged and threatened, she said, hesitatingly, that she did not invent the story; and supposed she had heard it among the servants.

"This will not do, Miss," exclaimed her father; "tell me at once the name of your informer; and, depend upon it, that person, whoever it is, had better never been born."

Nancy could not answer, but sobbed and wept.

Just at that unlucky moment a whistle was heard from the wood opposite the window. This was noticed by Mr. Chisholm, who looked a little startled, and inquired what or who it was; but no one gave him any answer.

It had been settled between the two lovers, that when Gillies came to see Nancy, he was to whistle from a certain spot, in a certain manner, while she was to open the window, and hold the light close to the glass for an instant, that being a token that she heard and understood the signal. In the present dilemma, the performance of her part of the agreement was impracticable; and, of course, when old Chisholm was once more rising into a paroxysm of rage at his daughter, the ominous whistle was repeated.

"What is this?" demanded he, in a peremptory tone. "Tell me instantly; for I see by your looks you know and understand what it is. Siobla, do you know?"

"Yes, I do," replied Siobla. "I know well enough what it is—I do not hear it so seldom."

"Well, then, inform me at once what it means," said her father.

"It is Nancy's sweetheart come to whistle her out—young tailor Gillies!" answered Siobla, without any endeavour to avert her father's wrath, by giving the information in an indirect way.

"Oho! is it thus?" exclaimed the infuriated father. "And Nancy always answers and attends to this audacious tailor's whistle, does she?"

"Indeed she does, sir; generally once or twice every week," replied the young woman in the same willing tone.

"The secret is then out!" said old Chisholm, in words that quavered with anger. "It is plain from whence the injurious report has been attained! Too fond father—alas, poor old man! have matters already come thus low with thee? And hast thou indeed nourished and cherished this favourite child, giving her an education fitting her for the highest rank in society, and all that she might throw herself away upon a—a—a tailor!—Begone, girls! I must converse with this degraded creature alone."

When her sisters had left the apartment, Nancy knelt, wept, prayed, and begged forgiveness; but a temporary distraction had banished her father's reason, and he took hold of her long fair hair, wound it round his left hand in the most methodical manner, and began to beat her with his cane. She uttered a scream; on which he stopped, and

told her, that if she uttered another sound before he had done chastising her, it should be her last; but this causing her to scream only ten times louder, he beat her with such violence that he shivered the cane to pieces. He then desisted, calling her the ruin of her sisters, of himself, and all her father's house; opened the door, and was about to depart and leave her, when the tailor's whistle again sounded in his ears, louder and nearer than before. This once more drove him to madness, and seizing a heavy dog-whip that hung in the lobby, he returned into the parlour, and struck his daughter repeatedly in the most unmerciful manner. During the concluding part of this horrid scene, she opened not her mouth, but eyed her ferocious parent with composure, thinking she had nothing but death to expect from his hands.

Alas! death was nothing to the pangs she then suffered, and those she was doomed to suffer! Her father at last ceased from his brutal treatment, led her from the house, threw her from him with a curse, and closed the door with a force that made the casements of the house clatter.

There never was perhaps a human being whose circumstances in life were as suddenly changed, or more deplorable than Nancy Chisholm's were that night. But it was not only her circumstances in life that were changed: she felt at once that the very nature within her was changed also, and that, from being a thing of happiness and joy, approaching to the nature of a seraph, she was now converted into a fiend. She had a cup measured to her which nature could not endure, and its baneful influences had the instant effect of making her abhor her own nature, and become a rebel to all its milder qualities.

The first resolution she formed was that of full and ample revenge. She determined to make such a dreadful retaliation as should be an example to all jealous sisters and unnatural parents, while the world lasted. Her plan was to wait till after midnight, and then set fire to the premises, and burn her father, her sisters, and all that pertained to them, to ashes. In little more than an instant was her generous nature so far altered, that she exulted in the prospect of this horrid catastrophe.

With such a purpose the poor wretch went and hid herself until all was quiet; and there is no doubt that she would have put her scheme in execution, had it not been for the want of fire to kindle the house; for as to going into any dwelling, or seeing the face of an acquaintance, in her present degraded condition, her heart shrunk from it. So, after spending some hours in abortive attempts at raising fire, she was obliged to depart, bidding an eternal adieu to all that she had hitherto held dear on earth.

On the approach of daylight she retired into a thicket, and, at a brook, washed and bathed her bloated arms and face, disentangled and combed her yellow hair with her fingers, and when she thought she was unobserved, drew the train of her gown over her head, and sped away on her journey, whither she knew not. No distinct account of her escape, or of what became of her for some time, can be given; but the whole bent of her inclinations was to do evil; she felt herself impelled to it by a motive she could not account for, but which she had no power or desire to resist. She felt it as it were incumbent on her always to retaliate evil for good—the most fiendish disposition that the human heart could feel. She had a desire that the evil one would appear in person, that she might enter into a formal contract to do evil. She had a longing to impart to others some share of the torment she had herself endured, and missed no opportunity of inflicting such. Once, in the course of her wanderings, she met, in a sequestered place, a little girl, whom she seized, and beat her "within an inch of her life," as she called it. She was at this period quite a vagabond, and a pest wherever she went.

The manner in which she first got into a place was not the least remarkable of her adventures. On first coming to Aberdeen, she went into the house of one Mr. Simon Gordon, in the upper Kirkgate, and asked some food, which was readily granted her by the housekeeper; for, owing to her great beauty and superior address, few ever refused her any thing she asked. She seemed little disposed to leave the house again, and by no means could the housekeeper prevail upon her to depart, unless she were admitted to speak with Mr. Gordon.

This person was an old bachelor, rich and miserly; and the housekeeper was terrified at the very idea of acknowledging to him that she had disposed of the least morsel of food in charity; far less dared she allow a mendicant to carry her petition into her master's very presence. But

the pertinacity of the individual she had now to deal with fairly overcame her fears, and she carried up to Mr. Simon Gordon the appalling message, that a "seeking woman," that is, a begging woman, demanded to speak with him. Whether it was that Mr. Simon's abhorrence of persons of that cast was driven from the field by the audacity of the announcement, I cannot pretend to say; but it is certain that he remitted in his study of the state of the public funds, and granted the interview. And as wonders, when they once commence, are, for the most part, observed to continue to follow each other for a time, he not only assented to the housekeeper by his ready assent to let the stranger have speech of him, but the poor woman had nearly sunk into the ground with dismay when she heard him, after the interview was over, give orders that this same wanderer was to be retained in the house in the capacity of her assistant. Here, however, the miraculous part of this adventure stops; for the housekeeper, who had previously been a rich old miser's only servant, did, in the first place, remonstrate loudly against any person being admitted to share her labours, or her power; and on finding all that could be said totally without effect, she refused to remain with her master any longer, and immediately departed, leaving Nancy Chisholm in full possession of the premises.

Being now in some degree tired of a wandering, unsettled life, she continued with Mr. Gordon, justifying her hatred of the world rather by a sullen and haughty apathy, than by any active demonstrations of enmity; and, what was somewhat remarkable, by her attention to the wants of the peevish and feeble old man her master, she gained greatly upon his good will.

In this situation her father discovered her, after an absence of three years, during which time his compunctious visitings had never either ceased or diminished from the time he had expelled her his house, while under the sway of unbridled passion. He never had more heart for any thing in the world. All his affairs went to wreck; he became bankrupt, and was driven from his ample possessions, and was forced to live in a wretched cottage, in a sort of genteel penury. But all his misfortunes and disappointments put together, did not affect him half so much as the loss of his darling daughter; he never doubted that she had gone to the home of her lover, to the house of old Gillies; and this belief was one that carried great bitterness to his heart. When he discovered that she had never been seen there, his next terror was that she had committed suicide; and he trembled night and day, anticipating all the horrid shapes in which he might hear that the desperate act had been accomplished. When the dread of this began to wear away, a still more frightful idea arose to haunt his troubled imagination—it was that of his once beloved child driven to lead a life of infamy and disgrace. This conclusion was but too natural, and he brooded on it, with many repentant tears, for the space of nearly two years, when he at last set out with a resolution either to find his lost daughter, or spend the remainder of his life in search of her.

It is painful to think of the scenes that he went through in this harassing and heart-rending search, until he at length discovered her in the house of Mr. Simon Gordon. For a whole week he had not the courage to visit her, though he stole looks of her every day; but he employed himself in making every inquiry concerning her present situation.

One day she was sitting, in gay attire, sewing, and singing the following rhyme, in crooning of which she spent a part of every day:

I am lost to peace, I am lost to grace,
I am lost to all but death and sin;
I have lost my way in the light of day,
And the gates of heaven I will never win.
If one sigh would part from my burning heart,
Or one tear would rise in my thirsty eye,
Through woe and pain it might come again—
The soul that fled from deep injury.
In one hour of grief I would find relief,
One pang of sorrow would ease my pain;
But joy or woe, in this world below,
I can never never know again!

Whilst she was thus engaged, old Chisholm, with an agitated heart and trembling frame, knocked gently at the door, which was slowly and carelessly opened by his daughter; for she performed every thing as if she had no interest in it. The two gazed on one another for a moment, without speaking; but the eyes of the father were beaming with love and tenderness, while those of the daughter had that glazed and joyless gleam which too well bespoke her hardened spirit. The old man spread out his arms to embrace

her; but she closed the door upon him. He retired again to his poor lodgings, from whence he sent her a letter fraught with tenderness and sorrow, which produced no answer.

There was another besides her father who had found her out before this time, though he had never ventured to make himself known to her; and that was her former lover, Gillespick Gillies, the tailor. He had traced her in all her wanderings, and though it had been once his intention to settle in Edinburgh, yet, for her sake, he hired himself to a great clothier and tailor in the city of Aberdeen. After her father's ineffectual application to her, young Gillies ventured to make his appearance; but his reception was far from what he hoped. She was embarrassed and cold, attaching blame to him for every thing, particularly for persuading her out to the woods by night, which had been the means of drawing down her father's anger upon her. He proffered all the reparation in his power; but she would not hear him speak, and even forbade him ever to attempt seeing her again.

The tailor's love was, however, too deeply rooted to be so easily overcome. He would not be said nay, but waited upon her evening and morning; still she remained callous and unmovable, notwithstanding of all his kind attentions.

The frame of her spirit at this period must have been an anomaly in human nature; she knew no happiness, and shunned, with the utmost pertinacity, every avenue leading toward its heavenly shrine. She often said afterward, that she believed her father's rod had beat an angel out of her, and a demon into its place.

But Gillespick, besides being an affectionate and faithful lover, was a singularly acute youth. He told this perverse beauty again and again that she was acknowledged the flower of all Aberdeen, saving a Miss Marshall, who sat in the college church every Sunday, to whom some gentlemen gave the preference; and then he always added, "But I am quite certain that, were you to appear there dressed in your best style, every one would at once see how much you outshine her." He went over this so often, that Nancy's vanity became interested, and she proffered, of her own accord, to accompany him one day to the college kirk.

From the time that Gillies got her to enter the church-door again, although she went from no good motive, he considered the victory won, and counted on the certainty of reclaiming his beloved from despair and destruction. All eyes were soon turned on her beauty, but hers sought out and rested on Mary Marshall alone. She was convinced of her own superiority, which added to the elegance of her carriage and gayety of her looks; so that she went home exceedingly well pleased with—the minister's sermon!

She went back in the afternoon, the next day, and every day thereafter; and her lover noted that she sometimes appeared to fix her attention on the minister's discourse. But one day in particular, when he was preaching on that divine precept, contained in St. Luke's Gospel, "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you," she seemed all the while enrapt by the most ardent feelings, and never for one moment took her eyes from the speaker. Her lover perceived this, and kept his eyes steadfastly fixed on her face. At last the reverend divine, in his application of this doctrine to various characters, painted her own case in such a light that it appeared drawn from nature. He then expatiated on the sweet and heavenly joys of forgiveness with such ardour and devotion, that tears once more began to beam in those bright eyes, whose fountains seemed long to have been dried up; and ere the preacher concluded, she was forced to hide her face, and give free vent to her feelings, weeping abundantly.

Her lover conducted her home, and observed a total alteration in her manner toward him. This change on her seared and hardened spirit was more, however, than her frame could brook. The next day she was ill, and she grew worse and worse daily; a strange disease was hers, for she was seized with stubborn and fierce paroxysms, very much resembling those possessed of devils in the dawning of Christianity. It appeared exactly as if a good spirit and an evil one were contending for the possession of her person as their tabernacle, none of the medical faculty being able to account for these extraordinary changes in a natural way. Her lover hired a sick nurse, who attended both on her and the old man, which pleased the latter well, and he thought there was not such a man in the city of Aberdeen as the young tailor.

Nancy's disease was at length mastered, but it left her feeble and emaciated, and from that time forth, she showed

herself indeed an altered woman. The worthy divine who first opened her eyes to her lost condition, had visited her frequently in her sickness, and repeated his exhortations. Her lover waited on her every day; and not only this, but being, as I before observed, an acute youth, he carried to the house with him cordials for the old miser, and told or read him the news from the stock-exchange. Nancy was now attached to Gillespick with the most ardent and pure affection, and more deeply than in her early days of frolic and thoughtlessness; for now her love toward him was mel- lowed by a ray from heaven. In few words, they were married. Old Simon Gordon died shortly after, and left them more than half his fortune, amounting, it was said, to eleven thousand pounds; a piece of generosity to which he was moved, not only by the attention shown him in his latter days by the young pair, but, as he expressed it in his will, "being convinced that Gillies would take care of the money." This legacy was a great fortune for an Aberdeen tailor and clothier. He bought the half of his master's stock and business, and in consequence of some army and navy contracts, realized a very large fortune in a short time.

Old Chisholm was by this time reduced to absolute beggary; he lived among his former wealthy acquaintances, sometimes in the hall, sometimes in the parlour, as their good or bad humour prevailed. His daughters, likewise, were all forced to accept situations as upper servants, and were, of course, very unhappily placed, countenanced by no class, being too proud to associate with those in the station to which they had fallen. The company of lowlanders that had taken Moorlaggan on Chisholm's failure, followed his example, and failed also. The farm was again in the market, and nobody to bid any thing for it; at length an agent from Edinburgh took it for a rich lady, at half the rent that had been paid for it before; and then every one said, had old John Chisholm held it at such a rent, he would have been the head of the country to that day. The whole of the stock and furniture were bought up from the creditors, paid in ready money, and the discount returned; and as this was all done by the Edinburgh agent, no one knew who was to be the farmer, although the shepherds and servants were hired, and the business of the farm went on as before.

Old Chisholm was at this time living in the house of a Mr. Mitchell, on Spey, not far from Pitmain, when he received a letter from this same Edinburgh agent, stating, that the new farmer of Moorlaggan wanted to speak with him on very important business relating to that farm; and that all his expenses would be paid to that place, and back again, or to what other place in the country he chose to go. Chisholm showed Mr. Mitchell the letter, who said, he understood it was to settle the marches about some disputed land, and it would be as well for him to go, and make a good charge for his trouble, and at the same time offered to accommodate him with a pony. Mr. Mitchell could not spare his own saddle-horse, having to go a journey; so he mounted Mr. Chisholm on a small shaggy highland nag, with crop ears, and equipped with an old saddle, and a bridle with hair reins. It was the evening of the third day after he left Mr. Mitchell's house before he reached Moorlaggan; and as he went up Coolen-aird, he could not help reflecting with bitterness of spirit on the alteration of times with him. It was not many years ago when he was wont to ride by the same path, mounted on a fine horse of his own, with a livery servant behind him; now he rode a little shabby nag, with crop ears and a hair bridle, and even that diminutive creature belonged to another man. Formerly he had a comfortable home, and a respectful family to welcome him; now he had no home, and that family was all scattered abroad. "Alas!" said he to himself, "times are indeed sadly altered with me; ay, and I may affect to blame misfortune for all that has befallen me; but I cannot help being persuaded that the man who is driven by unmanly passions to do that of which he is ashamed both before heaven and man, can never prosper. Oh, my child! my lost and darling child! What I have suffered for her, both in body, mind, and outward estate!"

In this downcast and querulous mood did the forlorn old man reach his former habitation. All was neat and elegant about the place, and there was a chaise standing at the end of the house. When old Chisholm saw this, he did not venture up to the front door, but alighted, and led his cropeared pony to the back door, at which he knocked, and having stated the errand upon which he came, was, after some delay, ushered into the presence of a courtly dame, who accosted him in proud and dignified language, as follows:

"Your name is Mr. John Chisholm, I believe?"

"It is, madam; at your service."

"And you were once farmer here, I believe?"—*A bow.*

"Ay. Hem. And how did you lose your farms?"

"Through misfortunes, madam, and by giving too much credit to insufficient parties."

"Ay—so! That was not prudent in you to give so much credit in such quarters—eh?"

"I have been favoured with a letter from your agent, madam," said Chisholm, to whom this supercilious tone of cross-questioning was far from being agreeable, "and I beg to know what are your commands with me."

"Ay. True. Very right. So you don't like to talk of your own affairs, don't you? No; it seems not. Why, the truth is, that my agent wished me to employ you as factor or manager of these lands, as my husband and I must live for the greater part of the year at a great distance. We are willing to give a good salary; and I believe there is no man so fit for our purpose. But I have heard accounts of you that I do not like—that you were an inexorable tyrant in your own family, abusing and maltreating the most amiable of them in a very unmanly manner. And I have heard, but I hope not truly, that you drove one daughter to disgrace and destruction."

Here Chisholm turned his face towards the window, burst into tears, and said, he hoped she had not sent for a miserable and degraded old man to torture his feelings by probing those wounds of the soul that were incurable.

"Nay, I beg your pardon, old gentleman; I sent for you to do you a service. I was only mentioning a vile report that reached my ear, in hopes you could exculpate yourself."

"Alas, madam, I cannot."

"Dreadful!—dreadful! Father of heaven, could thy hand frame a being with feelings like this! But I hope you did not, as is reported. No—you could not—you did not strike her, did you?"

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the agonized old man.

"What! beat her—scourge her—throw her from your house at midnight, with a father's curse upon her head?"

"I did! I did! I did!"

"Monster!—monster! Go, and hide your devoted and execrable head in some cavern in the bowels of the earth, and wear out the remainder of your life in praying to thy God for repentance; for thou art not fit to herd with the rest of his creatures!"

"My cup of sorrow and misery is now full," said the old man as he turned, staggering, toward the door. "On the very spot has this judgment fallen on me."

"But stop, sir—stop for a little space," said the lady. "Perhaps I have been too hasty, and it may be you have repented of that unnatural crime already?"

"Repented! Ay, heaven is my witness, not a night or day has passed over this gray head on which I have not repented; in that bitterness of spirit, too, which the chief of sinners only can feel."

"Have you indeed repented of your treatment of your daughter? Then all is forgiven on her part. And do you, father, forgive me too!"

The old man looked down with bewildered vision, and, behold, there was the lady of the mansion kneeling at his feet, and embracing his knees! She had thrown aside her long flowing veil, and he at once discovered the comely face of his beloved daughter.

That very night she put into her father's hand the new lease of all his former possessions, and receipts for the stock, crop, and furniture. The rest of the family were summoned together, and on the following Sabbath they went all to church, and took possession of their old family seat, every one sitting in the place she occupied formerly, with Siobla at the head. But the generous creature who had thus repaid good for evil, was the object of attraction for every eye, and the admiration of every heart.

This is a true story, and it contains not one moral, but many, as every true portraiture of human life must do. It shows us the danger of youthful imprudence, of jealousy, and of unruly passions; but, above all, it shows, that without a due sense of religion there can be no true and disinterested love.

The Shepherd's Calendar.—A number of entertaining stories, from the pen of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, heretofore given to the world in Blackwood's Magazine, have been this week republished in this city, in two volumes, bearing the above title. We have selected one of these narratives in the present number, which has excluded all the other editorial lucubrations. We have not room for another word.

MY HEART AND LUTE.

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, BY WILLIAM WOOD, JR.

MODERATO.

I give thee all—I can no more, Tho' poor the off'-ring be; My heart and lute are all the store That I can bring to thee: A

lute whose gen-tle song reveals The soul of love full well, And bet-ter far, a heart that feels Much more than lute could tell. I give thee all—I

can no more, Tho' poor the off'-ring be; My heart and lute are all the store That I can bring to thee.

Tho' love and song may fail, alas!
To keep life's clouds away;
At least 'twill make them lighter pass,

Or gild them if they stay.
If ever care his discord flings
O'er life's enchanted strain,

Let love but gently touch the strings,
'Twill all be sweet again!
I give thee all—I can no more,

Though poor the off'-ring be;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

REFLECTIONS IN A STORM.

I LOVE to watch the tempest's deepening gloom,
While on the mountain-height the forest's pride
Bends low, as awed by that resistless power
Which bids the whirlwind rage—while all around
Of nature animate, in silence hushed,
Await their Author's will. This is the hour
To muse on life's vain dreams, and vainer toil;
This is an hour when mortal pride must bow,
And, humbled, own its weak, its frail support,
When nought is heard save the wild murmuring storm:
It speaks a language which the musing mind
Must own, in spite of towering pride: it tells,
In life's tempestuous path how insecure!
Its fairest hours are like the fitful rays
That brighter shine when clouds are gathering round,
Lighting with transient joy the varying scene;
Or like the white foam on the troubled wave.
Place not thy hopes on earth—the soul enchained
By loves and pleasures centred here below,
Anxious and wearied with the vain turmoil
Of disappointment and opposing cares,
Is like the trembling reed by tempest riven.
The storm is o'er!—the azure light of heaven
Smiles through dispersing clouds, like gentle hope
On sorrow's brow, or mild religion's light,
Soothing each wildering passion into peace.
The orb of day, in glorious lustre bright,
Now smiles serene, and nature wakes again
To life and beauty in its dazzling beams.
And shall not man beyond life's tempest wake
To life, and bliss, in mercy's heavenly ray?
To never-ending bliss? It is not given
To mortal here, the power his fate to scan,

Or future being; yet all nature speaks,
In language eloquent, a power supreme
In the wild storm, or in the sunny smile
Of renovated nature: in mental joy,
Or in the heart's deep woe, alike we trace
The footsteps of a God; and equal all
Deeply impress upon the grateful heart,
A God of love—we bow, and we adore.

EVA.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

ANACREONTIC.

Come, mingle the tide of song
With the wine-cup's rosy sea,
For few of the blessings it yields, ere long,
Shall sparkle or shine for thee.
And sweet are the notes that flow
From beauty's seraph mouth,
As on summer eves the winds that blow
O'er a flower-bank, from the south.
And as he who dwells by the shore
Which the green sea-waters lave,
Must dive through its depths, the pearly store
To win from the yielding wave;
So he who wishes to lay
Life's glittering treasures up,
Must boldly cleave his luminous way
To the depths of the vintage-cup.

ALPHA.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SONNET.

There is a blight which falls upon the heart
In its young spring-time, withering in the bud
Hope's fragrant sweets. Oh life has nought
Of fair, and beautiful, and lovely, then,

To charm the wearied eye; hope's young fond light
Expires, and life one dreary waste presents,
Save memory's momentary saddened ray.
Nay, ask not why that pulse beats heavily;
Dream not that smile is still to nature true:
Look on the languid eye, the listless gaze,
The pallid cheek oft flushed with wasting care,
The lip compressed, in scorn and weariness
Of all around, and say if this is not
A blight which knows no renovating morn.

F.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TO MARY.

When heaven unchains this prisoned soul,
And earth receives this kindred clay,
What is't to me whose tear may roll,
Whose heart may heave, whose lip may pray?
There is a green sequester'd spot,
That sleeps beneath yon willow's shade;
And there, by all but thee forgot,
Be my unmarbled relics laid.
Let not the world's unhallow'd breath
Disturb the sleep of him who wills
That thou alone, in life or death,
Should'st share its joys, and sooth its ills.
There be my rest; and when thy tear
Shall dew the flowers that o'er it wave,
Fond fancy whispers me 'twill bear
Love to this heart, e'en in the grave.

B.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1829.

NUMBER 46.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

THE GATE OF GOLD.

SHE read:—and again the dark clouds came,
And wrapp'd in their strength the letters of flame;
And again was the darkness rent asunder,
With a crash more sudden and loud than thunder.
And the fear of her spirit passed away,
And she felt in her breast a dreamy pleasure,
While she read the words that before her lay
In a mellow flame and a lighter measure:

"Daughter of beauty! the Gate of Gold,
That has never before been backward rolled,
For mortal step, now opens for thee;
And the diamond piles that within it shine,
And the ocean of life that flows in wine;
All these—all these are for thee—for thee.

"And the gardens of beauty that daily shoot,
From their branches, ripe and fragrant fruit;
And the bow'rs that within them be;
Where the midnight moon falls gently round,
And the fountain sends its silvery sound;
All these—all these are for thee—for thee.

"And the lake, and the barge, and the light guitar,
And the sweet song warbled to beauty's star,
By him thou hast wandered to see;
And—but think of all that can flow from love,
And think of all that is bright above,
And more than these are for thee—for thee!"

She read—and again the dark cloud came,
And robed in its strength the letters of flame;
And slowly opened the gate of pearls,
And showed in the vista a group of girls;
Oh! they were lovely as summer dawn,
When it looks in blushes on lake and lawn:
And a long bright fetter of flowers ran round
Their beautiful limbs, and each playful bound
Tightened or loosened the chain, and showed
How the form through the thin white vesture glowed;
And the wave of the arm, and the heave of the breast,
Like a round summer moon through her silvery vest;
And the footsteps light as the dewfall's rain,
And the curls whose links were Cupid's chain;
And the eye with that luscious lustre fraught,
Which charms the soul from all other thought
The cheek of rose, and the lip of blisses,
Seeking to bathe in a shower of kisses:—
She saw all these as they danced along
To the sound of tabor, and lute, and song;
Binding, unbinding the chain of flowers,
And wooing one more to their happy bowers;
And as backward the pearly portal rolled,
They led her on through the "Gate of Gold." ALPHA.

THE REPOSITORY.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

MY AUNT DEBORAH.

A MOST remarkable woman was my old Aunt Deborah! Yet she was not exactly my aunt either, but my mother's; sister to my grandfather. She was an Englishwoman, and therefore full of whims, and prejudices, and odd notions from her birth, like all Englishwomen; and these, though subdued and kept in the back-ground while youth bloomed in her cheek and sparkled in her eyes, as age came on, and brought with it firmness to her character and decision to her feelings—as age is very apt to do—these grew with her growth and strengthened with her strength, and came to be visible in every action, and to stamp a peculiar expression even upon every thought. My Aunt Deborah was a favourite with her father, and her grandfather doted upon her—that is, when she was young; and they were both of what is

called a literary turn, in a small way. Novels, and romances, and pretty pathetic stories, with about as much nature in them as there is of valour in a sucking-dove, were not so prevalent in those days as they are at present; but still there were enough of them, and, in all supposable probability, by far too many; and these valuable productions of human wisdom did my venerated ancestors, the father and grandfather of my Great-aunt Deborah, much incline to love, and ponder over. In fact, her first reading lessons were taken from a tender story, in six enormous volumes, entitled the "Mysterious Menace, or the Romance of Castle Crackbrain," or some other veritable history with a cognomen of similar dimensions. It is not, therefore, by any means astonishing that, as my Great-aunt Deborah advanced in years, her predilection for this species of light reading—so misnamed—should have kept pace with her growth, and become, in time, an appetite as absolute as those which prompted her, at certain regular intervals of the day, to exercise the indispensable functions of mastication and deglutition. Thus it happened that, by force of reading nothing but fictitious narratives, full of improbable incidents and impossible characters, and taking no manner of notice of the incidents that were passing, and the characters that were existing around her, in course of time my Great-aunt Deborah grew up to womanhood, as ignorant of the world and all its ways, as utterly unconscious of the fashions and desires, the contrivances and schemes, the rogueries and littlenesses of that most heterogeneous mixture, man, as though her life had been passed within the walls of one of those dismal convents that figured so largely in her miscellaneous reading. In fact, the world she lived in was one of her own contriving, and a very queer concern it was. According to her notions, every man she met with, possessing a decent figure and a handsome face, was either a disguised nobleman predestined to become her worser half, or the afflicted lover of some other lovely lady, and therefore entitled to all her sympathy; or, at the very least, a most amiable, upright, and accomplished being, the hero, or, at all events, worthy to be the hero of some other equally ingenious hypothesis—and by the same rule of judgment, every ill-favoured unfortunate was infallibly set down for a rogue, or a tyrant, or an assassin. Her time was divided between reading, imagining adventures similar to those of which she read, and dreaming. Now, with all this perversion of reason and imagination, my excellent and amiable aunt was, as I have already intimated, brimful of prejudices; the first and grandest of which was a firm conviction that, out of England, her native land, there was nothing decent or endurable, either in character, manners, climate, soil, or, to sum up all in three most comprehensive words, in any thing. Who would have supposed that, with such notions and such habits, my Great-aunt Deborah would have married a creditable, reputable, industrious, painstaking man, as decided a creature of matter-of-fact as she was of fancy; would have emigrated with him to America; become a sharer with him in all the comforts and enjoyments of increasing wealth; and finally have died at the age of seventy, a widow of some twenty years standing, and left behind her half-a-dozen fortunes for her nephews, nieces, and others nearest of kin, as the lawyers said, who pick-

ed up some small morsels in the division? Yet all these things came to pass; and every one of my readers will, I doubt not, join with me in thinking my Aunt Deborah a most remarkable woman.

But, after all, it is not upon account of these singularities that I have bestowed that epithet upon her; but it is in consideration of one most extraordinary and almost incredible feature in her character, to which I have not as yet in the slightest degree alluded. This was—and I almost fear to venture upon making the assertion, lest my readers set me down incontinently as one that says the thing which is not—a disposition to taciturnity, such as was perhaps never before witnessed in one of her darling sex—at least history makes no mention of any such, and it cannot be supposed that a fact so wonderful would have been passed over in silence, had it ever occurred—and probably—to a degree of probability not less striking than would justify a man in wagering all Wall-street to a farthing—never will. Words are actually wanting to express the extent to which my aunt was sparing in the use of them; perhaps I cannot hope to accomplish this desideratum more successfully than by declaring the fact, that she once staid a week in one of the hotels at Albany, waiting for a sloop to come down the river, and left the whole household, landlord, landlady, waiters, cook, and chamber-maid, in the full conviction that she was dumb by nature, utterly incapable of speech. I had this fact from mine host himself, and therefore its authenticity is beyond dispute.

It is inconceivable to me how my Aunt Deborah managed to preserve her powers of locution, using them so rarely. No intreaty, no insinuation, no subject however interesting, no event however extraordinary, not even contradiction, could prevail upon her to talk with any thing like fluency. I verily believe that her death was occasioned solely by an examination which she was forced to undergo before a master, in a ten years' suit in chancery, wherein she was called upon to testify concerning sundry transactions of her deceased husband, in the purchase and sale of various tracts of land, of all which the good lady knew no more than Hannibal, the Carthaginian. Her ignorance unhappily availed her nothing. She was worried with questions and cross-questions, and, what was worse, compelled to answer them. I am sure it killed her. A very remarkable woman was my Great-aunt Deborah.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

HOME.

"My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life:
A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley and a lofty wood.
Some god conduct me to the sacred shades,
Where bacchanals are sung by Spartan maids;
Or lift me high to Hemus' billowy crown,
Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down;
Or lead me to some solitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race."

I do not know one who has been more unfortunate in his dealings with the world than Arthur Vallette; many successive griefs have already met him, and he is spoken of by his acquaintance in terms of compassion. But they do not comprehend his character and feelings. Perhaps there is no one less in need of commiseration: I think he is the happiest man I ever saw; and he finds all this happiness in

the bosom of his family. By the failures which recently agitated the commercial world, he has been reduced from wealth to a very moderate competency; and his family have yielded, without a murmur, all the splendours of fashion, for the simplicity and seclusion which the strictest economy could suggest. I spent an hour with him the other evening. We walked up to his place together, from the dust and confusion of the city. It is situated a short distance out of town; and as the fields and woods gradually appeared around us, and the breeze became purer, and the sultriness of the crowded and unhealthy streets was exchanged for the fresh air and nameless scents which came blended together with such agreeable influence from the meadow and wood, the traces of care left his brow, and his step quickened with the elasticity of pleased expectation. His abode, however deficient in the improvements with which riches decorate the mansions of the great, had yet an air of simple and natural loveliness pleasanter to gaze on; and as we entered its little winding walk, and trod beneath the over-hanging branches of its budding trees, and his children came forth to meet him with kisses, I thought their rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes were richer ornaments than statues and columns, and the sound of their young voices, in the utterance of pure and careless feelings, more grateful to the heart than the pealing anthems of heroes and kings. His wife also ran out, and, blushing at the sight of a stranger, paused, with a slight though graceful embarrassment, which warranted the suspicion that, but for me, her greeting would have been more free and warm-hearted. Among the furniture which my friend had saved from the rapacity of creditors, was a picture—the work of some of those inspired Italian artists whose imaginations are imbued with the spirit which in their country pervades all nature's creation. It was the image of a Swiss soldier in the act of leaving his native land. The sun is setting—the sky, all lighted up with his melancholy and expiring glory, reflects its hues upon the mountain, the meadow, the wood and the stream. The quiet scene is pencilled with surpassing beauty upon the bosom of a lake, on whose shore a cottage arrests the wanderer's gaze; for his wife and children are before the door, and looking after him.

"Poor fellow," said Arthur; "his manly heart is swelling now. Thousands, like him, have torn themselves from their homes, to find a gory and a nameless grave upon the field of battle."

I left my friend soon, but the picture yet hung in my imagination. The image of the husband and father, thus breaking away from his quiet abode, to mingle in the brutal scenes of war, led me to reflect upon the value of a home, and the miseries of those who are without one. I regard with sincere sympathy the many whom circumstances have banished from their native land. The commotions of Europe have driven thousands to our shores, and I never can see these, especially the poorer class, with their strange accent and foreign style of dress, taking their solitary rambles among the crowds of beings here connected together by the ties of relationship and affection, without yielding them the passing feeling of sympathy.

The kindest gift of nature is our affections: all others are valuable only as auxiliary to this. I am convinced it is in their rational cultivation that we are to look for content, and that all the ambition which would tempt us away upon foreign enterprise, is a vain and dangerous feeling. Whatever, therefore, contributes to render home attractive, possesses a value infinitely above that which it could claim on any other consideration; and a thousand little trifles in manners and accomplishments, contemptible if cherished only for vanity, when shedding their influence over that most delightful of all pictures, an af-

fectionate and happy family, assume importance, and beauty, and rank among the virtues.

To a man immersed in the cares of business, yet who retains sufficient purity of mind to estimate properly the many false amusements and melancholy scenes of a great city like this, his home is a subject of powerful interest. In the labours of the day he has in a great measure to conceal his real character, and bend himself to occupations calculated neither to improve his mind nor his heart. He mingles with his fellow-men without any ties of affection. It is his business to suspect, and sometimes to deceive. He enters a great arena where all are striving to take advantage of each other, and in the ordinary course of affairs he sees the worst traits of human nature; scenes of fraud are developed which he cannot expose, and wretchedness he is unable to relieve. It is necessary for him to become often callous to the voice of sorrow; to endure his own disappointments without sympathy, and often accompanied by the triumphs of those who have profited by his losses. The generous romance of youth and the fine impulses of feeling would be out of place, and despised in the great crowd of avaricious and unfriendly beings pressing on to their own designs; and he, in many instances, beholds the impudent and heartless grasping rewards denied to modest merit and generous frankness. All private interests and helpless virtue are crushed on the mighty thoroughfare; eager and careless feet tread even upon the graves of beings he has loved, and others are continually shuffled off the scene, and go down time's ceaseless stream among the wrecks of departed things, with as little notice as the dried leaf falls from the tree in autumn.

From the anxious and wearisome struggles of such a scene, where shall the labourer turn when the hum dies away, and the shadows of night come down around him? He who has a home knows well enough the consolation which awaits him: his feet conduct him where his heart has ever been—to the pure atmosphere of his own domestic circle. Perhaps he is a son, and he hastens to the only spot on the face of the wide earth where he knows he may fling away suspicion. Kind parents and affectionate sisters are around him; his mind is disentangled from the thousand irksome ties which have bound him down to the grovelling earth, and the feelings and affections long frozen up in his heart, gush out like fountains at the coming on of spring. Or if he be a husband and a father, the well-known voices of his children come upon his ears like the warblings of birds, and the affection of their mother is visible every where around him, as if he were already the inhabitant of a better world. Here he rests from his labours, and becomes invigorated for the trials that are to come. His anxieties and his enjoyments are so nicely balanced, that his happiness is without satiety, and new exertions are agreeable. In seeking success, here he has nature to aid him: all other enterprises are fraught with doubt and danger; and even the unmixed delights he meets with elsewhere, pall upon the taste, and their stimulants are only the harbingers of subsequent despondency. But the charms of home are the wholesome and natural pleasures of the heart: instead of corrupting, they strengthen and improve it. Many a noble fellow has been ruined for the want of a home: he has no one to dissipate the gloom which the day gathers around the soul, and his wandering affections seek repose in vain, till he allows them to settle upon forbidden objects.

The city teems with young men of excellent minds, and gifted with all the sources of happiness, which need only cultivation to render them a blessing; to whom those refreshing shades of evening, which fall upon others with a thousand consoling influences, bring danger, and perhaps ruin. They are either strangers in town, whose families reside

abroad, or their homes are rendered disagreeable by some secret and pernicious spell—the bad passions or neglect, in which many indulge, unconscious of the consequences to which they lead. A tyrannical father, a heartless wife, or even the carelessness of a family, who have not the intelligence or the inclination to render home pleasant, drive many a man forth into the haunts of vice, where disease, and sin, and wretchedness accomplish his destruction. I cannot believe that the crowds of fine young men whom I have seen thronging around the bars of taverns, or parading through the streets, with all the fatal marks of recklessness and debauchery—I cannot believe that these have thus abandoned wantonly the pure and sweet pleasures of happy homes. There is a secret in this, which wives, mothers and sisters can unravel. There are clouded faces and ungentle words, where all should be cheerfulness and love. There cannot be many so coarse in their tastes, so dull in their understandings, so corrupt and bad in their hearts, as to plunge into the absorbing vortexes of dissipation which, in every part of this city, are dragging down so many healthy bodies and lofty minds into ruin, without some private cause. The whole sum of sensual gratifications which all such enjoy during the period of their lives, is nothing when compared with one calm happy hour of domestic peace.

I cannot picture any scene more pleasing than family groups: there is nothing else in nature like them. If I were a painter, it should be my joy often to study fine subjects in the physical world. The glorious sunset, or the breaking of day; the quiet green wood, with its gushing brook and many-coloured flowers, or the silvery river stealing and winding along by its fringed and shaded shores—my conception of all these I should glory to embody upon canvass; but I have never lingered around the cheerful hearth of one pure happy family without dreaming of pictures surpassing them all. There is a want of worldliness in these scenes which wins upon the fancy. I have known men for years, in the mere way of business, without the slightest esteem for their characters or interest in their fortunes, who, after having seen them in their own homes, mingling in the familiar and graceful pleasures of their families, discovered a thousand good qualities, that raised them in my estimation.

It is, however, to women that we must look for the charms of home: their gentle attentions and winning ways must steal upon the gloom of man's thoughts, and reveal his lighter and pleasanter feelings. How important it is, then, that the education of females should be adapted to this end! It is for this that I would have them value the fashionable accomplishments of the day; not to astonish a party with a waltz or a finely-executed piece of music. I am but half satisfied with a dashing belle who sings in a crowded drawing-room, and can scarcely unite in the warm compliments with which she is so profusely greeted; but I have stood aside to gaze with admiration deeper than I chose to utter, when a happy wife and mother was singing to her husband his favourite airs, and the voices of her children came in mingling with the music.

If, then, a man's home exerts so important an influence upon his character and destiny, it cannot be amiss to inquire what will cause it to be the centre of his thoughts. Is it fashion? He may meet crowds of the fairest and gayest, and yet be alone. Is it splendour? His apartments shall be decorated with all that wealth can purchase, and his eye still find nothing but misery. Is it luxury? You may treat his senses with ambrosial perfumes, and tempt his palate with the feast of kings, and he will soon turn away coldly and sick at heart. Not even leisure and opportunity to devise and execute great enterprises

will give the lustre of real cheerfulness to his cheek, and its buoyancy to his bosom: nothing but the communion of gentle feelings will ever awaken him to all life's real blessings. Fashion and splendour, luxury and fame, derive their fictitious value from the caprice of the world; their triumphs are cold and brief; they are ethereal intoxications, and pass away like light fevers of the soul, leaving it weaker for their exhilarations. But the indulgence of the affections is the vivacity of health and virtue; you drink pleasure from a natural spring, whose fountain is in the heart. Providence has guarded the dazzling ways which ambition and the passions of mankind generally prompt them to pursue with innumerable perils, as if to show they were forbidden ground; while along the humbler path of domestic life peace and pleasure come unbidden, unattended with danger, and almost without pain. From the soil of the first, art and labour can raise no plants but what are without colour or fragrance, and soon fade away; while along the latter, natural flowers spring up exuberantly, and scent the air with wholesome fragrance.

In all the public stations of life, the very best and most fortunate have generally failed to secure their own happiness, unless such as they snatched during the intervals of their traffic with the world. There is a fine fellow of my acquaintance, who set out early in life to be rich. He resolved to sacrifice all pleasures which interfered with his favourite design, and to devote himself entirely to the acquisition of wealth and eminence in his profession. He resolved to live a single life, for a wife and children would make stronger calls both upon his time and purse than he could conveniently answer. He continued his career for a considerable time, and as he possessed much talent and many friends, his advances were rapid. His fortune has already exceeded his former wishes, and his fame is equal to his fondest hopes; but he himself is a sulky and peevish being, who will never again enjoy a single true blessing in life. He boards at a splendid hotel, but spends his evenings at theatres, balls, or taverns, wondering that other men who have not half his riches, are so merry in the occupations to which their necessity drives them.

I remember another, whom I consider a still greater object of commiseration. He also had conceived the desire of wealth; but he was volatile and free-hearted, and never thought of persevering industry and economy: he was to be rich by some dashing speculation. He deemed the world intolerable to a poor man; and once told me, that, without elegant horses and a fine house, with plenty to carry him through all the varieties of fashionable pleasures, he should never know what it was to be happy. I shook my head sagely at his mad-cap opinions, and attempted to moralize a little, but it would not do; even while I was holding him by the button and instilling, or striving to instil into him some of those wise precepts which every body has at his tongue's end, his eye caught an acquaintance riding by in a gig; Tom stopped, and Bob jumped in; and seizing the reins, he gave a crack of the whip that made the horse leap forward, and off they dashed for Cato's, leaving me to pursue my solitary ramble. I knew him well enough to have learned his affection for a charming girl, who, I believe, fully returned it; but she was poor, and could not promote my friend Bob's dreams of wealth. He crushed therefore his own passion without much difficulty, and soon after paid his addresses to a rich, ugly, and bad-tempered woman, who now renders him the very personification of mortification and misery. His wish for money, therefore, is realized, but he has no longer any tie to bind him to his true interest: he has no home. His spacious dwelling is full of magnificence, and possesses all that is calculated to gratify the idlest taste, but it has neither intellect nor affection. He spends all his days in wandering carelessly about,

and at night he has whist-clubs and billiard-tables to beguile the hours, which, with the additional aid of segars and wine, pass at length away. I saw him the other night, while the full moon was in the middle sky, reeling from the theatre to his cheerless dwelling, and I could not, while I shook my head again at his sad miscalculations, refrain from the thought of how much better and happier his destiny would have been, had he but given up all the splendour of wealth and fashion for a happy home. F.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

GENTLENESS.

WHOEVER understands his own interest, and is pleased with the beautiful, rather than the deformed, will be careful to cherish the virtue of gentleness. It requires but a slight knowledge of human nature to convince us that much of happiness in life must depend upon the cultivation of this virtue. The man of a wild, boisterous spirit, who gives loose reins to his temper, is, generally speaking, a stranger to happiness; he lives in a continual storm; the bitter waters of contention and strife are always swelling up in the soul, destroying his peace, and imparting their baneful influence to all with whom he is connected. He excites the disgust and ill will of those who are acquainted with his character, and but few can be found to wish him success in any of his undertakings. Not so is the influence of gentleness. This virtue will assist its possessor in all his lawful undertakings; it will often render him successful when nothing else could; it is exceedingly lovely and attractive in its appearance; it wins the hearts of all; it is even stronger than argument, and will often prevail when that would be powerless and ineffectual; it shows that man can put a bridle upon his passions, that he is above the ignoble vulgar, whose characteristic is to storm and rage like the troubled ocean, at every little adversity or disappointment that crosses their path; it shows that he can soar away in the bright atmosphere of good feeling, and live in a continual sunshine, when all around him are enveloped in clouds and darkness, and driven about like maniacs, the sport of their own passions. The most favourable situations in life, the most lovely objects in nature, wealth, and all that is calculated to increase the happiness of man, lose their charm upon a heart destitute of this virtue.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady. Besides preparing her to join in that part of public worship which consists in psalmody, it will enable her to sooth the cares of domestic life; and even the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom, may all be relieved by a song, where sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind. I here introduce a fact which has been suggested to me by my profession, and that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast, by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumptions, nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music-master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons who were strongly disposed to consumption, who were restored to health by the exercise of their lungs in singing.

Dr. Rush.

AN INGENIOUS THIEF.

A considerable wager was laid by a gentleman that he would procure an Indian chief who would steal the sheet from under a person without waking him. The thing was effected in the following manner: the chief approached the person, who lay on his side, from behind, carefully folded up the sheet in small compact plaits till it reached his back; then taking a feather, he tickled the ear of the sleeper, who immediately scratched his face and rolled over on the other side, when, with a slight effort, he completely released the sheet, and bore it off in triumph.

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

A Lucchese peasant, shooting sparrows, saw his dog attacked by a strange and very ferocious mastiff. He tried to separate the animals, and received a bite from his own dog, which instantly ran off through the fields. The wound was healed in a few days, but the dog was not to be found; and the peasant, after some time, began to feel symptoms of nervous agitation. He conceived that the dog, from his disappearing, was mad, and within a day or two after this idea had struck him, he began to feel symptoms of hydrophobia. They grew hourly more violent; he raved, and had all the evidences of the most violent distemper. As he was lying, with the door open, to let in the last air that he was to breathe, he heard his dog bark. The animal ran up to the bed-side, licked his hand, and frolicked about the room. It was clear that he, at least, was in perfect health. The peasant's mind was relieved at the instant; he got up with renewed strength, dressed himself, plunged his head in a basin of water, and, thus refreshed, walked into the room to his astonished family. The statement is made in a memoir, by Professor Barbantini; and it is not improbable that many attacks of a disease so strongly dependent on the imagination, might be equally cured by ascertaining the state of the animal by which the bite was given.

ANECDOTE OF AN EAGLE.

A boatman, while engaged in conveying salt on the Onondaga lake, a few years since, saw a large gray eagle cutting his gyrations in the air, apparently noticing some prey in the lake beneath. In a moment he poised, and darted from his altitude into the water, from which he was unable to rise. A continued flapping with his broad and extended pinions kept him from being drawn under, and proved that his diamond eyes had not mistaken their object. He approached the land slowly, the unknown creature below acting as propellant and helmsman. The boatman grew interested in the affair and landed. The eagle, on touching terra firma, showed himself fastened to a fine salmon. Our hero, thinking it time to take his share of the plunder, cut himself a stout cudgel, and approached the imperial bird of Jove; which, having his talons fast, was unable to rise, advance, or recede. Three times was the club raised to strike, but the noble bearing of the regal bird, and his undaunted front, made even the boatman quail. He could not assault imprisoned majesty. The eagle exhibited no signs of fear, but occasionally nibbled the gills of his prize, and indignantly glanced at the intrusive boatman. At length the talons of one leg became released, and, by a dextrous turn, those of the other, when he soared away to his thunder-clouds on high, leaving the much-coveted salmon to the boatman, who, on weighing it, found it to balance twenty-six pounds. Morning Courier.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD COCKNEY.

Cockney is the distinguishing appellation by which those gentlemen are honoured who, being natives of the metropolis, are supposed never to have very far exceeded the vibrative limits of St. Paul's clock or Bow-bell. A citizen of London making an excursion with his son to the neighbourhood of Highgate, the lad—who had never before taken a journey of such magnitude and extent—happening to hear a horse neigh—which was quite new to him—hastily exclaimed, "How that horse barks, daddy!" "Barks! you booby," replied the father; "neighs, you mean. A dog barks, a horse neighs!" They had not proceeded far, when the youth, finding his ears assailed by the sudden crowing of a cock, was so fascinated with the shrill and unexpected sound, that he instantly attracted his companion's attention with "Hark, daddy, how that cock neighs!" To which happy effusion of fancy the citizens of London will probably stand indebted for the name of cockney to the end of time.

A DILEMMA.

A man the other day speaking of the backwardness of the spring, said, "We shall never have warm weather as long as the snow continues on the mountains—and I'm certain the snow will never get off the mountains till it is warm weather."

This world were but a dreary waste
To the lone child of sorrow,
Did not memory gild the past,
And hope light up to-morrow.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

London, April 10, 1839.

MY DEAR M.—You have so often, and so perseveringly assailed me with importunities to write to you, that I have resolved at last, in utter despair, despite my abhorrence of pen, ink, and letter-paper, to comply with your request; premising, however, that you must endure yourself with fortitude to meet the consequences, let them be as disastrous as they may. I have long resisted all your entreaties, and even reproaches; I have told you again and again, that it was no more possible for me to concoct an interesting document for you, than it would be for my Lord Eldon to look with any thing like complacency upon a measure which savours of an increase of intelligence or liberty to the plebeian vulgar; and you have as often desired me not to put myself to any unnecessary trouble in watching over your welfare, but simply to do as I was bid, and leave all questions connected with your gratification, so far as that was to be affected by my compliance, entirely to your own consideration. I have found this answer of yours, at last, unanswerable; so my latest conclusion in the matter is, to spare myself all further trouble in inventing, and you in refuting excuses for not writing, and, as the cheapest mode of settling the dispute, to write at once. If the tax upon your time proves ultimately onerous, remember that it is not of my inflicting; you have insisted that I shall devote sundry of my leisure hours to the task of spoiling good paper, and I, in return, shall expect that what I have written you will read.

I shall not occupy myself and you, and this first spotless sheet, in giving you a long description of my sensations and emotions upon landing in this marvellous country; nor yet in striving to present you with any notion of my impressions on my arrival in this overgrown den, or, in popular phrase, metropolis. If you feel any resistless curiosity to know what those impressions were, turn to almost any wandering American's first letter, or, if you have such a thing at hand, to any book of travels perpetrated by some ambitious Yankee, and the chances are considerably in favour of your finding a chapter exclusively devoted to this subject, under the head of "first day in London," or "reflections on arrival at London," or something of similar import; read this—after you have found it—and then consider wherein your friend, by reason of some peculiarities of disposition with which you are tolerably familiar, would be likely to think or feel differently, and you will have as good an account as I could give; and I shall be spared the trouble. Allow me, however, to suggest one additional feature in the picture, one very general feeling in the minds of strangers on their first visit to this monstrous city, which, although every one must have been conscious of during the first few days, I do not recollect to have seen mentioned in any book, or heard from the lips of any traveller—I mean the withering sense of loneliness, of desolation, in fact, that weighs upon the mind and spirits of the stranger, until he has formed acquaintances, and become, in some measure, familiarized to the scenes and faces that surround him. I have been conscious of this feeling before, when I have visited remote cities in my own country, but never in so appalling a degree. The Johnny Newcome here feels himself indeed to be in the midst of a most populous desert; he wanders along, jostled by crowds of people, of whom he knows nothing, and with whom he scarcely feels himself to have any thing in common; faces innumerable encounter him wherever he turns his eyes, and all are strange, and full of occupation in which he has no interest; every thing, and every body, appears to be distinct from him; to whatsoever quarter he directs his steps, there is no hope of meeting a familiar countenance, or a smile of friendly greeting. Of the thousands whose unobtrusive glance he meets—of the hundreds of thousands whom he knows to be existing all around him, there is not one that knows or cares any thing concerning him; to whom his life would be matter for a moment's consideration. It cannot appear very dreadful to you, sure as you are, that you cannot look out from your second story window, are you still in that narrow dirty lane, where the workmen dignify with the title of Nassau-street, catching the wind, when you

happen to pop off in a hurry on some moonlight night, the melancholy occurrence would be known, and sighed over, by half the population of the city, by breakfast-time the next morning. But if you have any curiosity to know what it really is to feel lonesome, come here, and the first six days will enlighten you sufficiently upon that subject, to keep you from all inclination to try the experiment again so long as you live, if it were a thousand years.

But *revenons à nos moulons*; which, being interpreted, signifies, let us quit this idle rambling, and say something more touching the manner in which I propose to conduct the correspondence your perseverance has wrung from me. In the first place, then, it is not my intention to favour you with any description of this country, or of any towns, cities, villages, roads, bridges, churches, palaces, or other edifices thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining; if you want to know aught concerning these things, come and see them yourself; and if you do, by the way, pray bear it in mind to line your pockets abundantly before you commence your pilgrimage. In the second place, I am not going to instruct your ignorance by any solemn dissertations upon English character, general or particular; every writing man that has ever migrated from Yankee land, or elsewhere, into this foggy atmosphere, has done that thing before me, to any requisite extent; and if you are in want of any edification concerning the same, read, read. Thirdly; I am by no means in the mind at present, to convert my valuable self into a gatherer of news for your special delectation. If you desiderate "late intelligence," make arrangements to have some half dozen papers transmitted to you by the packets; or insinuate yourself into the good graces of some one of your fraternity in your own abiding-place, who has "files coming to hand" by every arrival, and let him yield unto you the revision of his bundles after the scissors have done their work. Fourthly, and lastly, my intention is to write to you just so often as it is my humour so to do, and to fill my letters with all manner of rambling cogitations, out-of-the-way facts, and irregular notions, such as may come into my head in the course of my various wanderings in and among the thoroughfares, and show-places, and odd corners of this modern Babylon. If the fit is upon me, you may have a sheet brimful of sober soliloquizings upon men, manners, and things in general; if I am in a merry mood, I will not promise not to be comical; in short, you shall have letters filled with just such matter as my conversations with you would consist of, were I comfortably established, on some long and merry winter's night, in my old arm-chair, by your chimney-corner, with yourself in *propria persona* opposite, the cat upon my knee, and that snug round table that you wot of, happily disposed at equidistance between us, and laden, as usual, with Stoppani's segars, and any body's wine, provided only that it be good. Thus, then, you have my proposition; if it likes you not, let me know speedily by the first conveyance. And now that I have possessed you of the particulars, and being somewhat sleepy, I shall come to a full stop, so soon as I have given you to understand that in my next I may perhaps tell you something of the late debates upon the catholic relief bill, which will no doubt soon become part and parcel of the "law of the land" Yours ever, J. H.

THE CASKET.

THE FLORENTINE LOVERS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

BUT here was a situation for Gossip Veronica! Dianora's aunt had been with her some days, hinting that something extraordinary, but, as she hoped, not unpleasant, would be proposed to the good gossip, which, for her part, had her grave sanction; and now came the very mother of the young Buondelmonte to explain to her what this intimation was, and to give her an opportunity of having one of each family in her house at the same time! There was a great falling off in the beatitude, when she understood that Ippolito's presence was to be kept a secret from all her visitors that day, except Dianora; but she was reconciled, on receiving an intimation that, in future, the two ladies would have no objection to her inviting whom she pleased to her house, and receiving a jewel from each of them as a pledge

of their esteem. As to keeping the main secret, it was necessary for all parties.

Gossip Veronica, for a person in her rank of life, was rich, and had a pleasant villa at Monticelli, about half a mile from the city. Thither, on a holiday in September, which was kept with great hilarity by the peasants, came Dianora d'Amerigo de' Bardi, attended by her aunt Madonna Lucrezia, to see, as her mother observed, that no "improper persons" were there; and thither, before daylight, let in by Signora Veronica herself, at the hazard of her reputation and of the furious jealousy of a young vine-dresser in the neighbourhood, who loved her good things better than any thing in the world except her waiting-maid, came the young Ippolito Buondelmonte de' Buondelmonti, looking, as she said, like the morning-star.

The morning-star hugged and was hugged with great good will by the kind gossip, and then twinkled with impatience, from a corner of her chamber-window, till he saw Dianora. How his heart beat when he beheld her coming up through the avenue! Veronica met her near the garden-gate, and pointed toward the window, as they walked along. Ippolito fancied she spoke of him, but did not know what to think of it, for Dianora did not change countenance, nor do any thing but smile good-naturedly on her companion, and ask her apparently some common question. The truth was, she had no suspicion he was there; though the gossip, with much smirking and mystery, said she had a little present there for her, and such as her lady-mother approved. Dianora, whom, with all imaginable respect for her, the gossip had hitherto treated, from long habit, like a child, thought it was some trifle or other, and forgot it next moment. Every step which Ippolito heard on the stair-case he fancied was her's, till it passed the door, and never did morning appear to him at once so delicious and so tiresome. To be in the same house with her, what joy! but to be in the same house with her, and not to be able to tell her his love directly, and ask her for hers, and fold her into his very soul, what impatience and misery! Two or three times there was a knock of some one to be let in; but it was only the gossip, come to inform him that he must be patient, and that she did not know when Madonna Lucrezia would please to bring Dianora, but most likely after dinner, when the visitors retired to sleep a little. Of all impertinent things, dinner appeared to him the most tiresome and unfit. He wondered how any thinking beings, who might take a cake or a cup of wine by the way, and then proceed to love one another, could sit round a great wooden table, patiently eating of this and that nicety; and, above all, how they could sit still afterward for a moment, and not do any thing else in preference—stand on their heads, or toss the dishes out of window. Then the festival! Heaven only knew how happy the peasantry might choose to be, and how long they might detain Dianora with their compliments, dances, and songs. Doubtless, there must be many lovers among them; and how they could bear to go jigging about in this gregarious manner, when they must all wish to be walking two by two in the green lanes, was to him inexplicable. However, Ippolito was very sincere in his gratitude to Gossip Veronica, and even did his best to behave handsomely to her cake and wine; and after dinner his virtue was rewarded.

It is unnecessary to tell the reader, that he must not judge of other times and countries by his own. The real fault of those times, as of most others, lay, not in people's loves, but their hostilities; and if both were managed in a way somewhat different from our own, perhaps neither the loves were less innocent, nor the hostilities more ridiculous. After dinner, when the other visitors had separated here and there to sleep, Dianora, accompanied by her aunt and Veronica, found herself, to her great astonishment, in the same room with Ippolito; and in a few minutes after their introduction to each other, and after one had looked this way and the other that, and one taken up a book and laid it down again, and both looked out of the window, and each blushed, and either turned pale, and the gentleman adjusted his collar and the lady her sleeve, and the elder ladies had whispered one another in a corner, Dianora, less to her astonishment than before, was left in the room with him alone. She made a movement as if to follow them, but Ippolito said something she knew not what, and she remained. She went to the window, looking very serious and pale, and not daring to glance toward him. He intended instantly to go to her, and wondered what had become of his fierce impatience; but the very delay had now something delicious in it. Oh, the happiness of those moments!

oh, the sweet morning-time of those feelings! the doubt which is not doubt, and the hope which is but the coming of certainty! Oh, recollections enough to fill faded eyes with tears of renovation, and to make us forget we are no longer young—the next young and innocent beauty we behold! Why do not such hours make us as immortal as they are divine? Why are we not carried away, literally, into some place where they can last for ever, leaving those who miss us to say, "they were capable of loving, and they are gone to heaven!"

Reader. But, sir, in taking these heavenly flights of yours, you have left your two lovers.

Author. Surely, madam, I need not inform you that lovers are fond of being left to themselves.

Reader. But, sir, they are Italians; and I did not think Italian lovers were of this bashful description. I imagined that the moment your two Florentines beheld one another, they would spring into each other's arms, sending up cries of joy, and—and—

Author. Tumbling over the two old women by the way. It is a very pretty imagination, madam; but Italians partake of all the feelings common to human nature; and modesty is really not confined to the English, even though they are always saying it is.

Reader. But I was not speaking of modesty, sir; I was only alluding to a sort of—what shall I say—a kind of irrepressible energy, that which in the Italian character is called violence.

Author. I meant nothing personal, madam, believe me, in using the word modesty. You are too charitable, and have too great a regard for my lovers. I was not speaking myself of modesty in any particular sense, but of modesty in general; and all nations, not excepting our beloved and somewhat dictatorial countrymen, have their modesties and immodesties too, from which perhaps their example might instruct one another. With regard to the violence you speak of, and which is energy sometimes, and the weakest of weaknesses at others, according to the character which exhibits it, and the occasion that calls it forth, the Italians, who live in an ardent climate, have undoubtedly shown more of it than most people; but it is only where their individual character is most irregular, and education and laws at their worst. In general it is nothing but pure self-will, and belongs to the two extremes of the community—the most powerful, whose passions have been indulged, and the poorest, whose passions have never been instructed. True energy manifests itself, not in violence, but in strength and intensity; and intensity is by its nature discerning, and not to be surpassed in quietness, where quietness is becoming. Besides, in the age we are writing of, there was as much refinement in love matters with some, as there was outrage and brutality with others. All the faculties of humanity, bad and good, may be said to have been making their way at that period, and trying for the mastery; and if on the one hand we are presented with horrible spectacles of tyranny and revenge, on the other we find philosophy and even divinity refining upon the passion of love, and emulating the most beautiful subtleties of Plato in rendering it a thing angelical.

Reader. You have convinced me, sir; pray let us proceed.

Author. Your *us*, madam, is flattering; I fancy we are beholding the two lovers in company. We are like Don Cleofas and his ghostly friend, in the Devil on Two Sticks, when they saw into the people's houses; I, of course, the devil; and you the young student, only feminine—Donna Cleofasia, studying humanity.

Reader. Well, sir, as you please; only let us proceed.

Author. Madam, your sentiments are engaging to the last degree; so I proceed with pleasure.

We left our two lovers, madam, standing in Signora Veronica's parlour, one at the window, the other at a little distance. They remained in this situation about the same space of time in which we have been talking. Oh! how impossible it is to present to ourselves too grave and happy lovers trembling with the approach of their mutual confessions, and not feel a graver and happier sensation than levity resume its place in one's thoughts!

Ippolito went up to Dianora. She was still looking out of the window, her eyes fixed upon the blue mountains in the distance, but conscious of nothing outside the room. She had a light green and gold net on her head, which enclosed her luxuriant hair without violence, and seemed as if it took it up that he might admire the white neck underneath. She felt his breath upon it; and beginning to expect that his lips would follow, raised her hands to her head, as

if the net required adjusting. This movement, while it disconcerted him, presented her waist in a point of view so impossible not to touch, that taking it gently in both his hands, he pressed one at the same time upon her heart, and said, "It will forgive me, even for doing this." He had reason to say so, for he felt it beat against his fingers, as if it leaped. Dianora, blushing and confused, though feeling abundantly happy, made another movement with her hands as if to remove his own, but he only detained them on either side. "Messer Ippolito," said Dianora, in a tone as if to remonstrate, though suffering herself to remain a prisoner, "I fear you must think me"—"No, no," interrupted Ippolito, "you can fear nothing that I think, or that I do. It is I that have to fear your lovely and fearful beauty, which has been ever at the side of my sick bed, and I thought looked angrily upon me—upon me alone, of the whole world." "They told me you had been ill," said Dianora in a very gentle tone, "and my aunt perhaps knew that I—thought that I—Have you been very ill?" And without thinking, she drew her left hand from under his, and placed it upon it. "Very," answered Ippolito; "do not I look so?" and saying this, he raised his other hand, and venturing to put it round to the left side of her little dimpled chin, turned her face toward him. Dianora did not think he appeared so ill, by a good deal, as he did in the church; but there was enough in his face, ill or well, to make her eyesight swim as she looked at him; and the next moment her head was upon his shoulder.

There was a practice in those times, generated, like other involuntary struggles against wrong, by the absurdities in authority, of resorting to marriages, or rather plightings of troth, made in secret, and in the eye of heaven. It was a custom liable to great abuse, as all secreties are; but the harm of it, as usual, fell chiefly on the poor, or where the condition of the parties was unequal. Where the families were powerful and on an equality, the hazard of violating the engagement was very great, and seldom encountered; the lovers either foregoing their claims on each other upon better acquaintance, or adhering to their engagement the closer for the same reason, or keeping it at the expense of one or the other's repentance for fear of the consequences. The troth of Ippolito and Dianora was indeed a troth; they plighted it on their knees, before a picture of the Virgin and Child, and over a mass-book which lay open upon a chair. Thus were they secretly married. Ippolito then, for the pleasure of revenging himself of the pangs he suffered when Dianora knelt with him before, took up the mass-book and held it before her, as she had held it before him, and looked her entreatingly in the face; and Dianora took and held it with him as before, trembling as then, but with a perfect pleasure; and Ippolito kissed her twice and thrice out of a sweet revenge.

[We find we are in the habit of using a great number of *ands* on these occasions. We do not affect it, though we are conscious of it. It is partly, we believe, owing to our recollections of the good faith and simplicity in the old romances, and partly to a certain sense of luxury and continuance which these *ands* help to link together. It is the fault of "the accursed critical spirit," which is the bane of these times, that we are obliged to be conscious of the matter at all. But we cannot help not having been born six hundred years ago, and are obliged to be base and *reviewatory* like the rest. To affect not to be conscious of the critical in these times, would itself be a departure from what is natural; but we notice the necessity only to express our hatred of it, and hereby present the critics—ourselves included, as far as we belong to them—with our hearty commendations.]

The thoughtless old ladies, Donna Lucrezia, and the other—for old age is not always the most considerate thing in the world, especially the old age of one's aunts and gossips—had now returned into the room where they left the two lovers; but not before Dianora had consented to receive her bridegroom at home, that same night, by means of that other old good-natured go-between, yclept a ladder of ropes. The rest of the afternoon was spent, according to laudable custom, in joining in the diversions of the peasantry. They sung, they danced, they ate the grapes that hung over their heads, they gave and took jokes and flowers, they flaunted with all their colours in the sun, they feasted with all their might under the trees. You could not say which looked the merriest. In Tuscany they have had, from time immemorial, little rustic songs or stanzas that turn upon flowers: one of these, innocently addressed to Dianora by way of farewell, put her much out of counte-

nance—"Voi siete un bel fiore," sung a peasant girl, after kissing her hand:

You are a lovely flower. What flower? The flower
That shuts with the dark hour:—
Would that to keep you awake were in my power!

Ippolito went singing it all the way home, and ran up against a hundred people.

THE ESSAYIST.

FROM A LATE LONDON PERIODICAL WORK.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

"WHAT shall I do?" exclaimed Lady Emily to me the other day, as I entered her apartment, and found her reclining negligently on an ottoman, with a most languishing air; "What shall I do, Charles," she exclaimed, laying a strong emphasis on the shall, "to expel ennui, and recover my lost spirits? All the world seems to have deserted town, and left me to enjoy my own company; positively, Charles, you are the only rational being my eyes have had the pleasure of seeing this month; and now do be a good creature, and get me from the circulating library Scott's last novel; it is scarcely two, and old Lady Jervis's card says seven for dinner this evening, where I believe you are going." She accompanied this request with such a bewitching smile as would have melted a much harder heart than Charles Bellamy's. I readily promised, and we soon after parted; Lady Emily to her toilet, and I to execute my commission. But by some fairy impulse or other, Lady Emily's "What shall I do?" had taken entire possession of my thoughts, much to the detriment of Scott's last novel. "Such a lovely creature as this!" said I inwardly, "formed to be the ornament of society, forced to such an exclamation! But," continued I, in the same train of consideration, "by whom are they not uttered? In every station these few words will be heard with more or less meaning. The wealthy heir, revelling in all the pleasures and delights of luxury, and snatching with hasty hand every sweet life can afford, like the bee, culling honey from every flower, in the midst of all his joys and festivity will cast his weary listless limbs on the nearest couch, with the exclamation of 'What shall I do?' The miserable offspring of poverty, dragging on his existence through hardships and difficulties, utters the same exclamation from his straw pallet: the shuddering victim of sorrow, while the unconscious tear trickles down his care-worn cheeks, will clasp his hands in agony, and sigh forth the scarcely-articulate sounds from his agitated and bursting bosom. It is alike connected with the soft melting accents of pity and the tumultuous fury of anger; it is often to be found in the last desperate address of the discarded lover, and the broken ejaculations of my old grandfather during a twinge of the gout. The philosopher has often broken out into a similar expression while demonstrating some hidden problem, or unravelling the secrets of nature; and as often has it come to the aid of the dismayed countryman, as, with one hand employed in scratching his head and the other in collecting the fragments of the broken milk-jug, he planned the best mode of avoiding the anger and broomstick of Betty the housemaid. As my thoughts were hurrying thus rapidly on, my feet were not slow in accompanying them; and I had made some progress in the park, when, to my amazement, I heard the identical subject of my meditations uttered in the deepest tones of distress. I mechanically turned to the sound, and beheld a tattered aged figure, in the habiliments of a soldier, hanging in silent agony over a poor dog, which, after having apparently been the faithful companion of his wanderings, now lay dead at his feet; his long gray locks floated in the cold air, and, as he dropped the tear of affection over his lost favourite, the old man's countenance, expressive of despair, and at the same time attempted resignation, touched me as feelingly as Lady Emily's smile. I slid gently up to the aged veteran, and slipped some money into his hand. He at first stared at me and my offering with a senseless gaze, like a person just recovering from the effects of some horrible dream!—his eye then glanced upon his poor dog, and, as he recalled his scattered thoughts, the hectic of a moment passed over his furrowed cheek, and a tear stood trembling in his eye; he indignantly brushed it off, and, looking steadfastly at me, attempted to speak, but it was in vain—the words died away in his throat, and he covered his face with his hand. There was no need of thanks, no need of words; that single look was sufficient; it was as precious

to me then as the sweetest smile that ever played over the cheek of beauty. Oh! ye thoughtless sons of luxury, ye would give the choicest pleasures of art to be able to enjoy the thrill of delight that single silent look bore with it to my soul: it spoke volumes; and, in my idea, said as feelingly as the old man could have ever wished, "What shall I do to requite you?" I turned away from the affecting scene, and hurrying rapidly on, endeavoured, by the swiftness of my motions, to avoid too open a display of the indescribable feelings that succeeded one another in the mastery of my whole bosom; but, in my haste, stumbling over something in the road, and, on casting my eyes downwards, finding them to be a little boy's playthings, I set about repairing my error; and upon looking out for the little fellow, found him by my side, standing in a most ludicrous attitude of rage, and the look which he directed at the dispersed objects of his amusement was amply expressive of "What shall I do to revenge myself?" The contrast between this and my former adventure was too striking to be unobserved. "Here are two circumstances immediately to corroborate my observations," was my remark, as I walked more slowly onwards, "and a hundred more would perhaps occur in the space of an hour: these go well to prove how often those four expressive monosyllables are every where uttered," continued I, resuming the broken thread of my observations. "Sir Felix Patient, while yielding to the overwhelming torrent of her ladyship's tongue, stretches out his limbs, good easy man, before the parlour fire, and, as his dirty shoes afford new subjects for his cara sposa's eloquence, solaces himself with the conciliating 'Lord, lord! my dear, what shall I do to please you?' The county member, while lowering his purse-proud haughtiness to the apron of some greasy rogue, often owes his vote to the overpowering 'What shall I do for your son Samuel, or that little chubby-face darling, Sally?' Amidst, too, the transactions of our own miniature world, to enumerate the various repetitions of these four words would bid defiance to the calculating powers of a Burton. How often has some unhappy youngster, running in breathless, and finding himself too late for school, deliberated at the door, whether he should trust his fate to the master's clemency, or return, with a sick headach, to his dame's; how often has he then appealed, with tears in his eyes, to some companion, in the emphatical, impressive, much meaning 'What shall I do?' Thou thyself, Charles, hast often been inclined to try the force of these monosyllables amid the various jeopardies in which you have been involved by love, or a romantic disposition." Little did I at this moment suspect that the fates were preparing a new jeopardy for me; but unfortunately the hour had already arrived which attracts all the butterflies of fashion into the park, and in the midst of my cogitations I found myself crossing the ride, and there appeared, within a few yards of me, a horseman advancing at a most tremendous rate, and to all appearance one of those hair-brained gentlemen that pay very little regard to humble foot-passengers, though even of the honourable Charles Bellamy's rank. As I wheeled round on my retreat, to my utter dismay, a moving phalanx of carriages appeared in the rear, blocking up my escape. My only outlet lay through a part of the road, from which, as I perceived the mud with which it was environed, I turned with horror; but what was to be done? carriages approaching one way, my friend on his bit of blood splashing and dashing at a devil of a rate on the other, like Obadiah on his coach-horse; I was in almost as bad a predicament as Dr. Slop. "Heavenly Trivia!" I exclaimed, "what shall I do?" and I was on the point of forcing a passage through the aforesaid palisade of mud, which had been scraped up with most officious industry, when a well-known voice arrested my progress with "Well, Charles, have you been looking for the fair maid of Perth in the park?" I looked up; it was Lady Emily's carriage that had been my opponent that way, and she was negligently leaning with her well-turned arm over the door.

For the first time I recollected my promise, and the novel, and immediately began stammering out a list of excuses; but I was evidently at a loss; I felt myself quite entitled to say, "What shall I do?" "Any thing but stand staring there, with such a beautiful creature before you," replied youth and love. I thought the reproof just. Fortunately her old uncle, the companion of her ride, had just been summoned away; in a moment the door was opened, and I offered my lovely cousin the services of a penitent, willing to atone in every way for his forgetfulness.

It was accepted; and, pardon me, gentle reader, if, while

she pronounced my forgiveness, another of Lady Emily's bewitching smiles totally banished from my thoughts the recollection of "What shall I do?"

NOT AT HOME.

"Not at home," said her ladyship's footman, with the usual air of *nonchalance*, which says, "You know I am lying, but—*n'importe!*"

"Not at home," I repeated to myself, as I sauntered from the door in a careless fit of abstractedness. "Not at home!" how universally practised is this falsehood! Of what various, and what powerful import! Is there any one who has not been preserved from annoyance by its adoption? Is there any one who has not rejoiced, or grieved, or smiled, or sighed, at the sound of "Not at home?" No! every body—that is, every body who has any pretensions to the title of *somebody*—acknowledges the utility and advantages of these three little words. To them the lady of ton is indebted for the undisturbed enjoyment of her *vapours*; the philosopher, for the preservation of solitude and study; the spendthrift, for the repulse of the importunate dun.

It is true, that the constant use of this sentence savours somewhat of a false French taste, which I hope never to see engrafted upon our true English feeling. But in this particular who will not excuse this imitation of our refined neighbours? Who will so far give up the enviable privilege of making his house his castle, as to throw open the gates upon the first summons of inquisitive impertinence or fashionable intrusion? The "morning calls" of the dun and the dandy, the belle and the bailiff, the poet and the petitioner, appear to us a species of open hostility, carried on against our comfort and tranquillity; and, as all stratagems are fair in war, we find no fault with the ingenious device which fortifies us against these insidious attacks.

While I was engaged in this mental soliloquy, a carriage drove up to Lady Mortimer's door, and a footman in a most appallingly splendid livery roused me from a reverie by a thundering knock. "Not at home!" was the result of the application. Half-a-dozen cards were thrust from the window; and, after due inquiries after her ladyship's cold, and her ladyship's husband's cold, and her ladyship's lap-dog's cold, the carriage resumed its course, and so did my cogitations. "What," said I to myself, "would have been the visitor's perplexity, if this brief formula were not in use?" She must have got out of her carriage; an exertion which would ill accord with the *vis inertiae* of a lady; or she must have given up her intention of leaving her card at a dozen houses to which she is now hastening, or she must have gone to dinner even later than *fashionable* punctuality requires! Equally annoying would the visit have proved to the lady of the house. She might have been obliged to throw the "Abbot" into the drawer, or to call the children from the nursery. Is she taciturn? She might have been compelled to converse. Is she talkative? She might have been compelled to hold her tongue; or, in all probability, she sees her friends to-night; and it would be hard indeed if she were not allowed to be "not at home" till ten at night, when from that time she must be "at home" till three in the morning.

A knock again recalled me from my abstraction. Upon looking up, I perceived an interesting youth listening with evident mortification to the "Not at home" of the porter. "Not at home!" he muttered to himself, as he retired. "What am I to think? She has denied herself these three days!" and, with a most loverlike sigh, he passed on his way. Here again, what an invaluable talisman was found in "Not at home!" The idol of his affections was perhaps at that moment receiving the incense of adoration from another, possibly a more favoured votary: perhaps she was balancing, in the solitude of her boudoir, between the vicar's band and the captain's epaulettes; or weighing the merits of gout with a plum, on the one side, against those of love with a shilling, on the other. Or, possibly, she was sitting unprepared for conquest, unadorned by cosmetic aid, wrapt up in dreams of to-night's assembly; where her face will owe the evening's unexpected triumph to the assistance of the morning's "Not at home."

Another knock! Another "Not at home!" A fat tradesman, with all the terrors of authorized impertinence written legibly on his forehead, was combating with pertinacious resolution the denial of a valet. "The captain's not at home," said the servant. "I saw him at the window,"

* Every one knows the gradations of *vis*, *visit*, and *visitation*; *vis inertiae*, therefore, signifies an idle visit.

cried the other. "I can't help that," resumed the laced Cerberus, "he's not at home."

The foe was not easily repulsed, and seemed disposed to storm. I was in no little fear for the security of "the castle," but the siege was finally raised. The enemy retreated, sending forth from his half-closed teeth many threats, intermingled with frequent mention of a powerful ally in the person of Lawyer Shark. "Here," said I, resuming my meditations, "here is another instance of the utility of my theme. Without it, the noble spirit of this disciple of Mars would have been torn away from reflections on twenty-pounders, by a demand for twenty pounds; from his pride in the king's commission, by his dread of the king's bench. Perhaps he is at this moment entranced in dreams of charges of horse and foot! He might have been roused by a charge for boots and shoes. In fancy, he is at the head of serried columns of warriors! His eyes might have been opened upon columns of shillings and pence. In fancy, he is disposing of crowns! Horrible thought! he might have been awakened to the recollection that he has not half a crown in the world!"

I had now reached the door of a friend, whom, to say the truth, I designed to dun for an article. Coming in the capacity of a dun, I ought not to have been surprised that I experienced a dun's reception. Nevertheless, I was a little nettled at the "Not at home" of my old friend. "What," said I, recurring to my former ideas, "what can be Harry's occupation that he is thus inaccessible? Is he making love, or making verses? studying Euclid or the Sporting Magazine? meditating on the trial of Queen's last October, or the trial for King's next July?" For surely no light cause should induce one gentleman to be "not at home" to another.

As is usual with persons in my situation, who are more accustomed to speculate upon trifles, from which no fixed principle can be deduced, I negated the theory of one moment by the practice of the next. For, having returned from my perambulations, I seated myself in my study, with pen, ink, and a sheet of foolscap before me; and, finding myself once more "at home," enjoined the servant to remember that I was "not at home" for the rest of the day.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Anniversaries of Religious and Moral Societies.—The events of the last week, as connected with these institutions, offer a striking commentary on the boasted spread of infidelity and atheism. The audiences which attended to hear the annual reports, were more numerous than they had been for several years, and the announcement of the transactions during the past year, evinced an increased and extended ardour in the public mind to promote the great objects of virtue and piety. We are not disposed, more than others, to foster sectarian or bigotted prejudices, and we are particularly hostile to whatever tends to promote the views of those who would introduce a national religion into this now free and happy country, or, in other words, connect church and state. But while we are thus earnest on this vital point, while we shall ever hold ourselves in readiness to sound the first alarm at the approach, or even threat of an approach of the evil we deprecate, we cannot be blind to the great benefit conferred by the societies to which we refer, and whose prosperity is identified, so long as they are restricted to their proper objects, with the happiness and improvement of the community at large. We deem it, therefore, our duty to notice their proceedings so far as to preserve a record of their usefulness in our pages, and lend the feeble tribute of our testimony to their success.

The Honorable Richard Varick presided at the annual meeting of the "American Bible Society," and a number of eloquent speakers addressed a crowded and gratified assembly. The report stated that the receipts for the last year had amounted to one hundred and forty-three thousand one hundred and eighty-four dollars and thirty-three cents; the expenditures to one hundred and forty-seven thousand and eighty-one dollars and sixty-eight cents. The number of books printed, or otherwise procured by the society, during the year, amounts to three hundred and sixty-two thousand four hundred and ninety-two; one hundred and ninety-one thousand one hundred and seventy-four books were issued for sale, and nearly nine thousand gratuitously distributed.

The "American Seamen's Friend Society" was formed in January, 1827. A permanent agent is now engaged to promote its interests. A Sailors' Magazine has been com-

menced, and a *Seaman's Saving Bank* established. This last institution is not connected with any society, nor should it be; it should be open to all classes, worthy and unworthy, as being admirably calculated to confirm the former in their virtuous habits and intentions, redeem the latter from their deviations from the paths of rectitude, and to guard both against the temptations to which improvidence and ignorance too often render this useful class of men so peculiarly obnoxious. To the east and south, schools and places of worship have been erected to accommodate them. We sincerely hope that the efforts now making to unite the hardy tar in ties of moral fellowship with his brother-citizens, from whom he has too long been severed, may prove availing, and produce benefits that shall operate to the mutual benefit of both.

"New-York Sunday School Union." Our eye was arrested the other afternoon, as we were carelessly strolling up Broadway, by a singular spectacle, at once imposing and delightful. A large concourse of boys and girls crowded the park, in front of the city-hall, arrayed in neat attire, and on the point of forming a procession, of nearly eight thousand in force, for the castle-garden. The utmost decorum marked the behaviour of this hopeful multitude, on whom much of the future good or wo of this community must of necessity depend, and after having been reviewed by their teachers, they formed, and marched in order to the destined place of meeting. Here a large concourse of spectators awaited their coming, and seemed highly gratified at their appearance. Their young voices rose in choral strains of praise to their great Creator, and a blessing was then invoked upon them by Dr. Milnor. The number of scholars has very much increased during the last year, as well as the number of schools and teachers. Forty-seven libraries belong to the schools, containing upwards of thirteen thousand volumes. It is impossible to contemplate the prosperity of this institution, without experiencing delightful anticipations of the future good to society at large with which it is fraught. The improved moral condition, the useful knowledge, and active habits of the coming generations of man, might be secured by a universal extension of these humble but efficient instruments; and sorry, indeed, are we to perceive that a want, an extensive want, still obtains in this enlightened state, of the means of instruction. Sorry are we to confirm the charge made by an able and accomplished writer at Philadelphia, that our own deficiencies are too much neglected for the quixotic object of supplying those which exist in the most distant regions, and which have no claims upon us whatever. Children who have no access to school, are still numerous amongst us; and the probability is in favour of their ignorance exposing them to become easy victims to the temptations of vice, and the seduction of corruption. Remove this reproach, wipe out this foul stain; give your every spare penny to the instruction of the needy in knowledge and the abject in morals, and then, when you have effected this imperative object, it will be time enough to seek objects upon whom to pour forth the excess of your charity abroad, ay, and to blazon it forth to the four ends of the earth.

"New-York City Temperance Society." A very excellent address was pronounced before this association, on Tuesday evening of last week, by Hugh Maxwell, esq. who, to his natural eloquence, added all the force which the nature of his subject would admit, and drew the stronger attention from the known fact of his being about to resign the responsible station he has so long and so ably filled. He dwelt on the necessity and obligation imposed upon all men possessing authority and influence, to attempt the eradication of an evil to which alone much of the misery, the pauperism, the immorality, the crime, and the diseases of the present day, and of our city in particular, might be safely imputed. He alleged that three-fourths of the five thousand criminals that were annually brought to the bar of justice, owed their degradation to intemperance. Half of the witnesses, say thirty-thousand in all, who are more or less engaged with the principals in crime, were generally intoxicated at the time of commission. Out of twenty trials for murder at which he had assisted, all the convicts had been proved to be drunk when they perpetrated the horrid acts for which they stood indicted. A strong instance was furnished by Richard Johnson, who lately underwent the sentence of the law for the murder of a woman to whom he had been wrongly, but ferrely attached. This unfortunate man confessed to the district attorney, that he had drunk repeatedly before he

committed the awful deed. Mr. M. commented in severe, but just terms, on the conduct of the corporation. This body, that fears to do evil, that is so scrupulous about the rights of the people that it cannot even allow them to extend these very rights, lest some individual privilege be encroached upon, this excellent, virtuous, and discreet body, dares not refuse to *any one* a license to retail spirits, be it in Broadway or on the Collect. When shall we have a responsible body of men to act and legislate for us, and not merely to talk and sip tea, and quaff champagne? We are happy to hear that the "Temperance Society" is doing well. Some of the most sanguine already prophesy that, in a few years hence, even wine will be utterly banished from the tables of gentlemen!—always excepting the members of the corporation in their collective capacity.

Grant Thorburn.—Reader, art thou subject to the dumps?—that is, anglicised—art thou apt to feel weary of the world around thee, and of every thing in it, not excepting even thyself? Dost thou ever think, with Hamlet, that "this goodly frame, the earth, is a sterile promontory, and this brave o'erhanging firmament, the air, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire, is a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours?" Dost thou ever feel as if man delighted thee not, nor woman neither? then betake thee straight to Thorburn's, and there scent the fragrance of the new-blown rose, or

"But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
"Or Cytherea's breath."

there gaze upon the deep and lasting verdure of the tropic shrub, the cactus serpentine, or lemon, tapering in beauty, and giving forth blossom, fruit, and the sere leaf withal—three seasons joined in one—and there breathe in holy influences drawn from the concentrated beauties of nature, as she appears the richest, and the fairest, and the most promising, in all her pride of vegetation, and all her glow of fruitage, and thou must indeed be made of impenetrable stuff, if thou yieldest not thy sternness and thy gloom of spirit to the enchantment that surrounds thee. But, gentle reader, if all this beauty of verdure, if all this freshness of spring, awake thee not from thy slumbering mood, then get thee into the parterre within. There the objects that will greet thine eye, will also awaken hallowed feelings in thy heart. There is the identical table on which thy country's benefactor, thy own great Washington, was wont to lean, as his sincere aspirations for his country's welfare burst forth from his pure heart, and ascended to heaven. This table occupied his pew in Trinity church, and simple as it is, how numerous and full of interest are the associations which it is calculated to call up! There, too, thou wilt find numerous articles to stimulate thy antiquarian taste and curiosity for antique novelty. The laws of this state in 1656; the first directory ever published in Gotham; the chair in which the venerable Dr. Rogers was wont to sit preaching to his congregation; the quaint lines of Grant Thorburn himself, written underneath the picture of good old Mary Simpson, the faithful servant of Washington, and his home-thrusts at doctors, and lawyers, and divines—but go, good reader, and see for thyself—thou'lt thank us for the hint that sends thee there. While recommending friend Thorburn's floral theatre, we deem it appropriate to furnish the visitor with some beautiful lines—extracted from a late London paper—which will readily associate with the genius of the place:

FIRST FLOWERS.

First flowers of the spring-time,
Bright gems of the year,
All lovely and blooming,
How fresh ye appear!
Springing up in the garden,
The hedge-row and vale,
Enriched by the showers,
And fanned by the gale.
Your beauty is transient,
But, oh, it is sweet,
As the deep-felt emotion
When absent friends meet;
After dangers surmounted,
And miseries flown,
Their lips and looks telling
Of days—that are gone:
Your herald—the tempest;
Your bed—the cold earth;
Unsheltered and sunless
The place of your birth:
The snow-drift is sweeping,
And dimly the morrow
From the eastward is stealing
To hail your return.
I have lov'd your young blossoms,
They ever brought joy,
By regret unimbittered,
Unchecked by a sigh!
But now, whilst I gaze on
Your pale tender flowers,
Each leaf tells the tale
Of happier hours:

Of friends smiling round me,
Now laid in the tomb!
Of friendships—all withered;
Hearts—stript of their bloom;
Loved eyes, whose expression
Time never can steal,
Whilst your blossoms the coming
Of spring-time reveal!
Still, still, ye are welcome!
In sorrow or bliss:
Remorse never mingles
With feeling like this—
As first love to the boom,
So you, to the year,
In your innocent beauty
And freshness appear!
The summer may bring us
Its sunshine and flowers,
Perfuming the valleys,
Entwining the bowers;
O'er beds of sweet roses
The zephyrs may fly,
And breathe on each flow'ret
The same balmy sigh.
In loneliness bending
Beneath the rough blast,
Your gentle forms raising,
When danger is past,
Shining on! shining on!
Like hope, ye appear,
First flowers of the spring-time,
Bright gems of the year.

Resignation of Mr. Maxwell.—It is equally as necessary to the pure administration of justice, that public officers should be men of talents, skill, and integrity, as that the laws themselves should be good. We cannot, therefore, refrain from expressing our regret at the resignation of Mr. Maxwell. The duties of the district attorney are of a peculiar nature; they require more character than most public occupations; and he who would discharge them faithfully, must possess firmness, discretion, and honesty, blended with benevolent feeling. He must comprehend the disadvantages of the wretched, without yielding too much to sympathy, and investigate affairs, involving the interests of the wealthy and powerful, uninfluenced by promises or threats. This delicate and laborious station Mr. Maxwell has long filled in such a manner as to make his retirement a subject of sincere and universal regret. His persevering zeal, his powerful talents, and fearless and manly independence, rank him among the highest ornaments of the bar; and if any thing could diminish our sorrow at beholding him abandon the office he has ornamented, it is, that he yet remains among us in a retirement which cannot fail to add to the advantages he has already obtained. In offering his resignation, at the close of the May term of the court of sessions, he made the following observations: "As it regards the presiding magistrate of this court, I can freely say, that in his hands justice has not lost its purity, or been administered without mercy; and, as far as my feelings are enlisted in the declaration, I am most happy in making it." We believe this sentiment came from the heart of Mr. Maxwell, and the compliment is as well merited as any we have ever heard pronounced. Although the career of Mr. Riker has been beset with political enemies, who have spared neither labour nor ingenuity to injure his reputation, every intelligent and disinterested mind can distinguish between the calumnies engendered in the warmth of party spirit and the cool and just charges of reason and truth. These ungenerous reports have been most industriously circulated, and we have watched their progress with mingled regret and indignation; but, whenever they assumed a palpable shape, and could be traced to any responsible authority, they have uniformly vanished before investigation, and left their object yet more firmly established in the respectful esteem of his fellow-citizens. It is one of the advantages of a free press, that while its independence sometimes degenerates into licentiousness, the public mind, from habits of discerning, perceives when it extends beyond the limits of truth; and vague accusations, which surround every individual elevated above the common level, float about, like the light clouds in the sky, which, when left to themselves, pass away with the idle wind.—Ogden Hoffman, esq. is named as the successor of Mr. Maxwell.

Trinity Church.—The wooden paling which has so long disfigured this venerable edifice, has been removed some paces back, and is to have its place supplied by a light and graceful iron railing. Availing ourselves of a suggestion made by the editor of the American, we recommend the still farther removal of the new enclosure, so that it shall range with the front of the body of the church, and throw forward the portico, in bold relief, upon the pavement, which will then form a noble sidewalk and promenade, fit for the most commanding site in the most elegant highway in the United States.

Catholic Emancipation.—Seldom has it fallen to our lot to perform a more grateful duty than the one now imposed upon us, to congratulate our Irish friends on the immeasurable victory which justice and enlightenment have achieved for them at home, under the auspices of a vigorous administration. Nature, and nature's God, entitled them to freedom from the galling chain and the yoke that depresses to earth, and this freedom they have obtained. They are as their fellow-citizens—their foreheads no longer branded with the marks of servitude, their minds no longer fettered by the disabilities of a cruel and oppressive exclusion. They can now go forth and exert their faculties in political and moral improvement. They have once more a country for which to live, for which to die. Their souls are once more on fire, ready on eagle wings to fly aloft, and mingle with kindred genius and intellect. The wrongs of Ireland are avenged—the voice of Sheridan is heard even now that the lips which gave it birth have mouldered into dust. Green Erin rejoices throughout her glad valleys, and her sons, as they receive the glad tidings of liberty and equality, assume the port of men.

"Fierce in their eyes the fire of valour burns,
"And as the slave departs, the man returns."

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, BY WILLIAM WOOD, JR.

ANDANTE.

Come, rest in this bo - som, my own strick - en deer; Though the herd have fled
from thee, thy home is still here; Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'er -
cast, And the heart, and the hand, all thy own to the last!

O! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same, Thro' joy and thro' torments, thro' glory and shame? | I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart; I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art! | Thou hast called me thy angel, in moments of bliss— Still thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this: | Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue, And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A DEAD FRIEND.

PAINTED BY INMAN.

EARTH holds thee not, thou bright and beautiful:
The living play of that fair countenance,
The lip's bright smile, and the eye's sunny glance,
Which no dark thought could dull,
Are over now, for death, the mighty one,
Hath changed the face we loved to look upon.

Yet *there* thou smilest still—oh! is there not
Something of high and holy in the art
Which thus can keep alive, within the heart,
Looks, else perchance forgot?
For those once wont our light of life to be,
Come dimly oft upon the memory.

Yet by the painter's magic—blessed power!—
We see thee still: the look, the smile are there,
The bland expression thou wert wont to wear,
When, in the social hour,
Thou mad'st home's circle sweet a fairy ring—
Alas! e'en then its flowers were withering!

We feel thy presence when around the hearth
We gather, and the twilight's mellow gloom
Throws its dim shadows o'er the darkened room—
The hallowed hour of earth!
And the faint firelight glances on the walls,
And on the pictured semblance softly falls.

How vivid the illusion!—*thou* art there,
The cheek's faint glow, the eye's benignant glance;
We gaze upon the noble brow's expanse,
The dark and glossy hair,
The sweetness of thy half-formed smile, and thou,
E'en in life's beauty, art before us now!

But ne'er before didst thou, in silence chill,
Listen to mirthful speech or repartee;
And now, while converse flows unchecked and free,
Why art *thou* silent still?
Alas! the dream is broken!—on the ear
No longer fall the tones it thirsts to hear.

Yet still thy looks are eloquent, and while
Thine eye looks down upon us, mild and sweet,
Yet with a searching glance, and while we meet
Thy bland and gentle smile,
We feel a spirit's presence, and we fear
To utter aught unworthy of thine ear.

THYRA.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Quam Deus amat, moritur adolescens.—*Horace.*

In the far chambers of the radiant west,
Was sinking to repose the golden sun;
His red glance lingered on Euphrates' breast,
And trembled on the fanes of Babylon,
With beams that gladdened all they gazed upon:
Thro' fragrant gardens stole the south wind's sigh;
Mild as a thought of some rich vision gone;
A spell seemed cast upon the o'er-arching sky,
Lit by the magic power of sunset's alchemy!

At such an hour, the mind's creative charm
Sheds over earth a halo of delight;
The heart, with rapture and with glory warm,
As the day yields unto the calm twilight,
Thrills, while young fancy soars on pinions bright;
And hope is lingering with her music there,
With her dreams pictured to the spirit's sight—
Earth then seems Eden; heaven is clear and fair;
And hallowed stars look out from the blue fields of air.

Yet unto hearts which have been stirred by love,
Like fount by wild-bird on its purple wing,
How must the green earth's breast, the sky above,
At such an hour, to their imagining
A rapt delirium to the spirit bring!

All things have gladness for the bounding soul;
The world is brightening with the hues of spring;
As passion-tides through ardent bosoms roll,
Spurning the bonds of clay, despising their control.

And thus it was, when gentle Thisbe came,
Musing in bliss, that golden evening-tide;
With sighs of fragrance, and with heart of flame,
To early love's devotedness allied—
A maid in beauty, destined for a bride!
How thronged glad fancies to her ardent brain,
As young birds, flower-like, in the air will glide,
When leaves make music to the west wind's strain!
Thus was her spirit fill'd with hopes and yearnings vain.

Where was the loved one, while that maiden stood
In her meek loneliness beside the tomb;
While dread and fear, like an o'erpowering flood,
Swept o'er her young heart with a sense of gloom;
While from her rose-leaf lip had passed the bloom,
And the light from her enkindled eye;
Which no fond accent ever might relume:
As the dun clouds when autumn-winds are high,
Shut out the crimson ray that gilds the evening sky?

Oh, love! thine image is a shadow vain;
An unsubstantial and delusive ray;
Once beaming kindly o'er youth's fresh domain,
And then for ever passing hence away,
Leaving the spirit shut in walls of clay!
Why should young hearts e'en bow them at thy shrine,
Wedded to dust, united to decay?
Yet let the soul that loveth, not repine—
Such was thy fate, fond Thisbe!—such is mine! C.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1829.

NUMBER 47.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

BALLAD.

"La rose cueille et le cœur gagné ne plaisent qu'un jour."

THE maiden sate at her busy wheel,
Her heart was light and free,
And ever in cheerful song broke forth
Her bosom's harmless glee.
Her song was in mockery of love,
And oft I heard her say,
"The gathered rose, and the stolen heart,
"Can charm but for a day."

I looked on the maiden's rosy cheek,
And her lip so full and bright,
And I sighed to think that the traitor love,
Should conquer a heart so light:
But she thought not of future days of wo,
While she carolled in tones so gay;
"The gathered rose, and the stolen heart,
"Can charm but for a day."

A year passed on, and again I stood
By the humble cottage-door;
The maiden sate at her busy wheel,
But her look was blithe no more:
The big tear stood in her downcast eye,
And with sighs I heard her say,
"The gathered rose, and the stolen heart,
"Can charm but for a day."

Oh! well I knew what had dimmed her eye,
And made her cheek so pale;
The maid had forgotten her early song,
While she listened to love's soft tale;
She had tasted the sweets of his poisoned cup,
It had wasted her life away:
And the stolen heart, like the gathered rose,
Had charmed but for a day.

IANTHE.

THE NOVELIST.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE BURIAL.

It was September. Day had dawned on the happy valley where the pomp and fashion of the city, and the beauty and simplicity of the country were assembled to witness the most interesting scene of college life. That scene had passed, and the varied groups, on the morning succeeding commencement, were leisurely departing for their several homes. I sat in my attic window pensively looking after the crowded vehicles as they rolled rapidly away from the village, and were lost behind the autumn-tinted copses of maple or birch, or among the undulations of the far-off green hills that skirted the charming vale. There was much bustle in the halls and on the college-green. The echo of light feet and happy voices rung out at intervals. Now and then I could hear, "Farewell, remember me to, you know *whom*," mutually exchanged; and then succeeded a catch of "parting friends," or "home, sweet home;" as friend after friend walked rapidly away. Many a student paused on the green, looked smilingly back to his second home, waved his hat or hand to those who observed him from the windows, and hurried off. At length all became silent, for all had departed except myself: and such, said I—but I will spare the reader all my moralizings: brushing the ashes from my segar, I arose, and walked thoughtfully along the deserted halls. The initials of many a cherished name, penciled during some listless moment, offered a theme for reflection, while waiting the stage that was to carry me home. As I slowly turned an angle of the wall, the name of "Gordon Hall, 1807," broke on

my view. In a moment the image of that great and good man was before me, associated with all that is venerable and sublime in Christian philanthropy; with the darkness and degradation of unhappy India, and the temples, and the idols, and the countless multitudes that perish there. Thought followed thought in rapid succession, till my mind was absorbed in an infinitude of associations without end or order, and became, as it were, dizzied under their perplexing influence. At that moment the coachman's whip broke my reverie, and we were soon gliding down the college-avenue toward my distant home. The white chimneys, around which the smoke of a hundred deserted fires lazily curled, grew small and smaller by degrees, till they faded from my sight in the blue distance. We rode leisurely along the bank of a charming little river that beautifully winds through the valley of W—, and near the middle of the afternoon approached the precincts of my native village. The objects grew more and more familiar as we advanced, awakening a thousand recollections of my younger years. I am no enthusiast, reader, but is there aught so lovely as home, "sweet home?" There is very music in the name, when we have long been absent. Where are the vales, and the streams, and the hills, and the mountains, and the garniture of forests, and the billowy wave of golden harvests, and the varied imagery of clouds, and stars and suns, so beautiful as around our boyhood's home? There the flowers exhibit a brighter hue, the birds a fairer plumage, and their song comes upon the ear in a richer and more pleasing melody. To a fanciful view, the whole landscape wears a living expression, only surpassed in loveliness by the smiles of those who await us there. In my imagination I was already grasping the proffered hand of parents and beloved ones, and listening to their kindly greetings, when the solemn toll of a knell rung through the peaceful valley, and died away in innumerable echoes among the neighbouring mountains. There was an involuntary shudder among the passengers when that monitory sound broke upon their ears. A second succeeded, and every eye was turned toward the various buildings that compose the little village of S—. As mine glanced rapidly along from dwelling to dwelling, it fell upon a group assembled around the mansion of my aged friend. The truth flashed upon my mind. He had an only daughter, who was the companion and solace of his declining years. She was the pride of the whole village, and the joy of every heart. As I bade her adieu a few months before, I marked a hectic-like tinge upon her cheek; but affection whispered that it was but a temporary indisposition. The vehicle now halted at the inn, and without waiting to return the kindly salutation of its worthy proprietor, I hurried across the green, and was soon mingled with the crowd that was collected beneath the lofty elms which canopied the door-yard. Under the most leafy stood the bier, and as I closed the white gate, the coffin and the corpse of the lovely maiden were brought forth and placed on the melancholy car. A low deep sigh broke from the assembly as the afflicted parent, the aged and only kindred mourner of the dead, followed the silent and sorrowing procession and seated himself near the coffin. The venerable minister of the parish then ascended a temporary pulpit, erected for the occasion beneath the spreading tree, and, while

a tear glistened in his eye, portrayed, in striking, yet simple colours, the worth and Christian loveliness of the "beautiful and the dead." Her character was above comment, but he failed not in the delineation! His eloquence was beautifully simple, and of that cast which thrills the heart from its very simplicity. Every eye bore testimony to the power and the pathos of his language. The countenance of the widowed parent grew brighter and brighter as his venerable friend proceeded; and when he exclaimed, in the language of Him who spake as never man spake, "the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth," a visible smile played for a moment over his furrowed features.

For myself, I cannot cry. It is not in language or in suffering to draw a tear from me. I am no stoic, but the luxury of tears was never mine. Whether it is constitutional, I cannot tell. I have known many such, who, amid the keenest sufferings, could never weep. There is a sorrowing of the soul, a heaving of the bosom, a difficulty of respiration, and an indescribable suffocation in the throat; yet, amidst all this tempest of emotion, no drop of sorrow falls. I have often envied those whose grief is mitigated by the effusion of tears. I could not weep, though the deceased was the playmate of my early and brightest years. But, let that pass. The funeral hymn succeeded, and as the last solemn notes of the requiem died away, there was a momentary silence, as if the pulse of nature had ceased to beat. It was but for a moment, and the hawk resumed his fitful shriek, as he wheeled his circling mazes over a neighbouring grave, the crow screamed from her distant perch on the scathed and branchless pine, and the autumn breeze sighed among the waving elms, sweeping down leaf after leaf, fit emblem of the beautiful and faded one who reclined beneath. The lid was raised for the last farewell view of the village favourite. The melancholy assembly gathered around the bier. All eyes were bent on the pale features of the dead, in the last lingering gaze of an affectionate adieu. It was a sight incomparably affecting. She whose step, but a few short months before, was so elastic, whose cheek was ever dimpled with smiles of innocent gladness, or moistened by the tear for others' wretchedness, lay chill and motionless as the clod of the valley which was, ere long, to roof her narrow dwelling. There was a slight perspiration on her marble brow, that appeared beautiful as the white lily empearled by the summer shower. The crowd respectfully retired as the bereaved parent and the affianced partner of the deceased maiden drew near. The old man stood up, and looked for a moment on the beautiful features of the last of his once-promising offspring. At first he wept not, but soon the stern and the better thoughts of an earthly adieu vanquished the Christian firmness of his soul and wrung the big drops from his eye. He bowed himself and retired. Such a parting sufficed not the overwhelming emotions of the affectionate youth. He knelt beside the coffin, and gazed with fondness on the betrothed of his bosom. "Death," exclaimed he, "thou must not, shalt not, have all;" and as he spoke, he severed a rich auburn curl from among the ringlets that clustered around her snowy forehead. At length, recollecting himself, he arose, printed a kiss on the yet smiling cheek of his Emily, and withdrew. The procession was then formed, and the bier, borne on the shoulders of four young men, moved

slowly to the grave-yard. Not a sound was heard save the echoing knell.

Whoever has been in the grave-yard at S——, will recollect two aged pines that spread their long arrowy branches over the white tombs, as if to protect them from the inclemencies of the seasons. I have sat for hours under their mournful shade, and while the moonbeams reposed along the grassy mounds that swelled up around me, listened to the sighing breeze or the whippoorwill, while musing on the loved ones that were resting there. Often have I wished that my own worthless form might repose with them, after the consummation of my earthly pilgrimage. I am not superstitious, but I have shuddered at the thought of lying down among the promiscuous assemblage of a city cemetery, far from my father's dust. It is of but little consequence what niche in earth's crowded Golgotha these limbs may occupy; but still I would rest in the grave-yard of my native village, beside the companions of my childhood, beneath the grass, and the flowers, and the pines that murmur there; where the sun and stars, and the mountain breeze could greet my grave; and not in the city's charnel-house, to mingle with that fearful mass of human corruption, or be disinterred by the spade of the reckless sexton. Oh, did we know the precise spot where our wearied forms shall repose after the toils, and tumults, and troubles of life, how often should we visit there, and pluck away the springing weeds, and enclose it with flowers of our own rearing, and shade it with the cypress, and learn lessons of loneliness and abasement, from the reflection of our melancholy destination!

But I have wandered from my path. The sun was just setting as the procession entered the cemetery. Beneath one of the pines of which we have spoken, I observed a little heap of fresh mould. It betokened the maiden's grave. She had chosen the spot a few weeks previous, and requested to be buried there. Her request was granted, and ere the last carmine tints had faded from the western clouds, the sexton had spread the green grass turf over the silent dwelling of the loved and lovely Emily. ARION.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

LIFE.

LIFE is but a sickly and feverish dream. Its highest enjoyments are transient and fluctuating, and its realities painful and vapid. The poet of nature has, with truth, exclaimed, "How dull, stale, and unprofitable, are all the uses of this life!" To him who has passed its meridian, and descended into the vale of years, its uses are indeed stale and unprofitable. He looks back upon the irregular path he has trodden, and perhaps remembers with regret the few flowers he has seen and left behind, and looks forward to the barren waste that lies before him. He may remember the joyous feelings of his youth—when fancy dipped her pinions in the rainbow-hues of hope—when all the breathing scenes and living pictures of this world were "beauty to his eye, and music to his ear;" but while he remembers, he sickens to think that they were but the "baseless fabrics of a vision"—the glittering baubles of ideal bliss, that have

"Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were."

And what is life? To the majority of mankind, a mere struggle for existence—a constant effort to obtain a modicum of food and raiment. To this end man labours through life; passes off, and is followed by those who pursue the same uniform path. In civilized, as well as savage life, man is driven by the same impulse, and struggles for the same object. Those, indeed, who are born to wealth, are not influenced by the same necessity, but they are propelled to action by another motive—the love of pleasure, power, or fame. To all, the Deity has issued his mandate, that virtuous action is indispensable to happiness. The motionless and unagitated lake may please the eye by its apparent placidness, while its waters are putrid, and its particles pregnant with the seeds of pestilence and death.

He who labours for mere subsistence, gives strength and activity to his body and employment to his mind; and he who seeks fame, or wealth, or power, must be intellectually, if not physically, employed. He feels the stimulus which gives him pleasure, and he bounds forward from cliff to cliff, in his ascent, till life closes his exertions and his hopes. Disappointment does not always check his career, but sometimes adds new ardour to his pursuit, and fresh vigour to his exertions:

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

He lives and acts in the anticipation of future good; and when all the sickly realities of life have been enjoyed, and have passed away, he still looks forward to more substantial and enduring happiness beyond the tomb. All human pursuit, and human exertion, terminate in this common boundary—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

And when, at the close of life, he is about to plunge into the eternal world, he casts back his eye upon the varied scenes through which he has passed—the toilsome march he has made—the unsubstantial pageants he has sighed for—and the ruins of blasted hope, or wild ambition—he must exclaim, in the language of Pindar—

"We are shadows, and dreams of shadows are all our fancies imagine."

Abdulraman III. caliph of Cordova, had experience of the vanity of the world when he pronounced the memorable summary of the days of happiness he had enjoyed:—

"I have now reigned above fifty years, in victory or peace, beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies; riches and honours, power and pleasures, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot; they amount to *fourteen*. Oh, man! place not thy confidence in this present world."

How very few can say even this! fourteen days of happiness, out of fifty years of existence, are more than fall to the share of the great mass of mankind. Let man, then, regard the world as merely a preparatory stage to a future and eternal state of existence. Let him consider his miseries, misfortunes, and sufferings, as merely intended to prepare him for a world of glory and happiness; and let him persevere in a course of virtue, in despite of the malignity of his enemies, and the storms of adversity that howl around him, and he will infallibly attain this great object, the only true end and aim of all human exertion and pursuit.

Washington City Chronicle.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

A Vermont lady, the papers say, lately cured herself completely of a very uncomfortable liability to take cold, by bathing her face, neck, and arms, early every morning with pure cold water, profusely applied. Besides guarding her health, the application, it is averred, greatly heightened her beauty; and we understand it is getting to be generally believed in many parts of the country—and we do not see why it should not be equally efficacious in town—that soft, cold, clean water, applied early in the morning, is one of the finest cosmetics ever used. Rouge, pearl powder, cold cream, and all the knicknackery of the perfumer, are said to be nothing at all to pure water for clearing the complexion and brightening the eyes. The hint is supposed to have been taken from a garden, or meadow, by some lady, who accidentally observed the effect of the cool dew of the morning upon the roses and lilies; the glow and the fragrance it gave to their blossoms, and the firmness and freshness it imparted to their stalks and leaves. We have no great faith in catholicons and panaceas, but we do think this looks more like one than any we have seen noticed; and if, as advised in other cases, its application be accompanied with a little attention to regimen, just enough to secure temperate meals, regular exercise in the free air, and sleep o' nights, from ten or eleven till five or six o' the clock, we believe it would come as near to an universal specific as any thing may come, in a world so remarkable as this is for adversity of circumstance and vicissitude.

TALEBEARING.

Keener than the assassin's dagger, deleterious as the poisoned bowl, are the baneful effects of an uncurbed disposition for talebearing. The noble few who conscientiously avoid "talebearing, backbiting, and spreading evil re-

ports," merit and obtain the approbation of the wise and good; and happy would it be for the community at large, if the number of these worthies could be augmented. The ladies have it in their power to discourage or abet this propensity to detraction, either in their own, or our sex; and as the helpless female is often a sufferer by the indulgence of this unprincipled conduct, it becomes an imperious duty in them to make common cause, and with one accord discourage it. Never let the soft lip of beauteous woman unclose to utter a tale of injurious tendency, or her affectionate bosom be the depository for the dark whisperings of evil report. Let her spurn with high-souled dignity the miscreant who would pollute her ear with the failings or follies of another, and thus do her part toward banishing from society this pest of social life. But this determination to promulge the faults of others, is by no means to be understood as confined to the fairer part of the creation. Observation and daily experience confirm us in the belief, that the evil complained of is to be traced too often to those who have been tempted to boast their proud prerogative in the scale of nature, and whose time would be much better employed in the steady pursuit of their own daily avocations, than in dwelling on the weakness or wickedness of their neighbours: let them with manly firmness combine to "discourage talebearing, backbiting, and spreading evil reports."

AN IRISH INNKEEPER.

The following dialogue recently took place between an English gentleman and the landlord of an Irish hotel:—"Hollo! house."—"I don't know any one of that name hereabouts."—"Are you the master of this inn?"—"Yes, sir, when my wife is not at home."—"Have you a bill of fare?"—"Yes, surely; the fair of Kilderry is next week."—"Tut, tut! how are your beds?"—"Very well, I thank you, sir."—"Is your cellar good?"—"Oh, never fear that, sir; I only want the buyers to make me seller."—"Is your port fine?"—"Never a finer port in the three kingdoms, sir, than Cork harbour; and sure I'm quite convenient to it."—"Have you any mountain?"—"Yes, sir, plenty; the whole country is full of mountains."—"Have you any porter?"—"Have I? oh, by the powers, I'll engage Pat is one of the best porters in the world."—"But I mean porter to drink."—"Oh, sir, he'd drink the ocean dry; not a doubt of that."—"Have you any fish?"—"Yes, they call me a fish—an odd fish, sir."—"I think you are; but I hope you're not a shark."—"Not I, sir; I'm not a lawyer."—"Have you any sole?"—"For your boots and shoes, sir?"—"Pshaw! Have you any plaice?"—"No; but I was promised one, if I'd only vote the way I did not, at the last election."—"Have you any wild fowl?"—"They're tame enough now, for that matter, for they have been killed these ten days."—"I must see myself."—"And welcome, sir; I'll bring you my *Mirror* in a minute."

AMUSEMENT.

Amusement is the natural and inseparable companion of leisure and affluence. Moralists may declaim, cynics may sneer, bigots may grate their teeth, but the active spirit of man will never be content without amusement. We envy not the feelings of that man who can wrap around him the mantle of indifference, and stalk through life, regardless of those delights which the lavish hand of nature is every where presenting for his enjoyment. Those principles, however sacred their pretensions, which *never* permit the smile of festivity to unbend the brow, should be distrusted; nay, more, they should be eschewed.

Amidst the charms of social amusement, the anxieties of life release, for a time, their painful hold upon the thoughts; the feelings go forth from the open heart to mingle with the flowing feelings of those around us; and the spirit is inspired with fresh elasticity and vigour, to resume the severer duties of society.

The passions are the main springs, which give impulse and energy to man. For these, the most proper food is well-regulated amusement. You may, indeed, enslave them to the drudgery of money-making, but they will ever be constrained and unwilling servants, if not permitted now and then to play at large beyond the narrow routine of business. And it well becomes those who would coerce our natural propensities within the most scanty limits, and who set up to reform the manners of the age, to consider well the innate strength of the human passions, and to inquire with caution whether they can manage the *leviathan*, before they attempt to put a ring in his nose.

To the casuist we leave the province of determining what amusements best suit the economy of human nature, and by what chilling formalities self-denial may require that all our enjoyments should be adulterated. We are not the keepers of our neighbour's conscience. Content to direct our own license by the dictates of a conscientious morality, when that share of life's duties which falls to our department is honestly discharged, we have yet to learn, by what authority another is authorized to say to us: "The insipid flowers on the common of life you may be indulged to crop, but venture not to extend your hand to those fairer, more fragrant, and richer blossoms which Providence has, indeed, placed *apparently* for the gratification of man, but which *we* have discovered are pregnant with ruin."

Free to avow ourselves, on all proper occasions, the friends of rational and well-regulated amusement, we cannot sit silently by, when the most innocent enjoyments are arraigned and condemned by those sour temperaments, who would mingle their own acidity with the sweet cup of every fellow-being's pleasures.

AMERICA.

Our country has been described abroad as sterile of moral interest. We have, it is said, no monuments, no ruins, none of the colossal remains of temples, and baronial castles, and monkish towers; nothing to connect the heart and the imagination with the past; none of the dim recollections of the gone-by associate the past with the future. We have not travelled in other lands. But in travelling over our ancient forests, planted by nature, and nurtured only by ages; when we have seen the sun rising over a boundless plain where the blue of the heavens, in all directions, touched and mingled with verdure and the flowers; when our thoughts have traversed rivers a thousand leagues in length; when we have seen the ascending steam-boat breasting the surge, and gleaming through the verdure of the trees; we have imagined the happy multitudes, that from the shores will contemplate this scenery in the days to come; and have thought, that our country might at least compare with any other in the beauty of its natural scenery. When, on an uninhabited prairie, we have fallen at nightfall upon a group of cemeterial mounds, and have thought of the human bones that moulder beneath; when the heart and the imagination recall the busy multitude that have strutted through "life's poor play," and ask the phantoms who and what they were, and why they have left no memorials but these mounds—we have found ample scope for reflections and associations of the past with the future. We should not highly estimate the mind, or the heart of the man, who could behold these prairies without deep thought.

POWER OF SONG.

Farinelli was a celebrated Italian singer. After three years of supremacy in England, he, in 1737, prepared to make a tour of the continental courts, scarce more in the style of a candidate for musical honours, than of a coequal with their royal masters in the distinctions due the public pre-eminence. In passing through Paris, he made a conquest of the ears of the capital, charmed the French king, and even extorted from Parisians some acknowledgments of the possible beauty of music not composed within the boundaries of France. From Paris he went to Madrid, where he arrived just in time to save the state; for Philip the Fifth had refused to change his linen, have his face washed, or be shaved. The whole empire was at a stand; and the wisdom of the council was wasted on devices to make the monarch submit to the razor. But the wit of woman at last prevailed. The queen placed Farinelli in an apartment adjoining the closet where the unshorn monarch sat, resolute not to part with his beard. The song began, the monarch listened, and successively was surprised, touched, and enraptured; he ordered the enchanter to appear, and bade him demand what he would. Farinelli demanded only that his majesty would condescend to be shaved, change his linen, and appear in council. What the kneeling world could not have done, was done by a song; and the washed monarch of both the Indies appeared another man. Such are the fates of nations.

A SECRET.

An auld Scotch wife, having heard an advertisement read from a newspaper, which ended with this intimation, "Not to be repeated," exclaimed, "Hush! my dear sirs, that must be a great secret!"

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

Many stories of the sagacity, &c. of dogs, are new, and illustrative of the extraordinary character of that animal, improved as it has been by its companionship with man. We copy two or three examples.

"In London, within these few years, the use of dogs in dragging light vehicles has become very general; and though their strength is rarely employed in combination, as is the case with the Esquimaux sledge dogs, their energy makes them capable of moving very considerable weights. There is scarcely a baker, in the more populous parts of London, who has not his travelling shop upon wheels, drawn by one or two stout mastiffs or bull-dogs. But the venders of cats' meat appear to have derived the largest benefit from this application of animal power. The passenger through the narrow streets and lanes of London, is often amused by the scenes between the consumers of the commodity and those who bring it to the houses. At the well-known cry of the dealer, all the cats of a whole district are in activity, anxiously peeping out of the doors for the expected meal, and sometimes fearlessly approaching the little cart without apprehension of their supposed enemy who draws it. The dogs attached to those carts appear to have no disposition to molest the impatient groups of cats who gather around them. The habit of considering dogs and cats as natural enemies, has tended to the production of a great deal of cruelty. It is true that dogs will, by instinct, pursue any thing which flies from them; and puppies will thus run after, and frequently kill chickens. But dogs, by chastisement, may be made to comprehend that nothing *domestic* must be molested. Beckford, a writer on hunting, alludes to the circumstance of buckhounds playing with deer on a lawn, within an hour or two after a chase of the same species. There is, at present, a tame doe in the streets of London, belonging to some person near St. Clement's church-yard, which the passing dogs never affront; and we have seen, some years ago, at Goodwood, the seat of the duke of Richmond, a pack of foxhounds, on their way to cover, go close to a fox chained at the outer gate of their kennel, without taking the slightest notice of him. This, at any rate, shows that dogs have their instincts under subjection to the commands of their friend and master, man.

"All dogs can swim, although some dislike the water, and take to it with difficulty, at the bidding of their masters. The bull-dog would appear the least likely to combat with a heavy sea, as the Newfoundland dogs often do; and yet the following circumstance is well authenticated: On board a ship, which struck upon a rock near the shore during a gale, there were three dogs, two of the Newfoundland variety, and an English bull-dog, rather small in growth, but very firmly built, and strong. It was important to have a rope carried ashore; and as no boat could live for an instant in the breakers towards the land, it was thought that one of the Newfoundland dogs might succeed; but he was not able to struggle with the waves, and perished. The other Newfoundland dog, upon being thrown overboard with the rope, shared a similar fate. But the bull-dog, though not habituated to the water, swam triumphantly to land, and thus saved the lives of the persons on board. Among them was his master, a military officer, who still has the dog in his possession.

"Many of the inferior animals have a distinct knowledge of time. The sun appears to regulate the motions of those which leave their homes in the morning, to return at particular hours of the evening. The Kamtschatka dogs are probably influenced in their autumnal return to their homes, by a change of temperature. But in those animals possessing the readiest conceptions, as in the case of dogs in a highly civilized country, the exercise of this faculty is strikingly remarkable. Mr. Southey, in his *Omniana*, relates two instances of dogs who had acquired such a knowledge of time as would enable them to count the days of the week. He says, "My grandfather had one which trudged two miles *every Saturday*, to cater for himself in the shambles. I know another more extraordinary and well authenticated example. A dog which had belonged to an Irishman, and was sold by him in England, would never touch a morsel of food *upon Friday*." The same faculty of recollecting intervals of time exists, though in a more limited extent, in the horse. We knew a horse—and have witnessed the circumstance—which, being accustomed to be employed once a week on a journey with the newsman of a provincial paper, always stopped at the houses of the several customers, although they were sixty or seventy in

number. But further, there were two persons on the route who took one paper between them, and each claimed the privilege of having it first on the alternate Sunday. The horse soon became accustomed to this regulation; and, although the parties lived two miles distant, he stopped once a fortnight at the door of the half-customer at Thorpe, and once a fortnight at that of the other half-customer at Chertsey, and never did he forget this arrangement, which lasted several years, or stop unnecessarily when he once thoroughly understood the rule.

"Dr. Gall says, that dogs 'learn to understand not merely separate words, or articulate sounds, but whole sentences expressing many ideas.' Dr. Elliotson, the learned translator of Blumenbach's *Physiology*, quotes the following passage from Gall's treatise *sur les Fonctions du Cerveau*, without expressing any doubt of the circumstance: 'I have often spoken intentionally of objects which might interest my dog, taking care not to mention his name, or make any intonation or gesture which might awaken his attention. He, however, showed no less pleasure or sorrow, as it might be; and, indeed, manifested by his behaviour that he had perfectly understood the conversation which concerned him. I had taken a bitch from Vienna to Paris: in a very short time she comprehended French as well as German, of which I satisfied myself by repeating before her whole sentences in both languages. We have heard an instance of this quickness in the comprehension of language which is very remarkable. A mongrel, between the shepherd's dog and terrier, a great favourite in a farm-house, was standing by while his mistress was washing some of her children. Upon asking a boy whom she had just dressed, to bring his sister's clothes from the next room, he pouted and hesitated. 'Oh, then,' said the mother, 'Mungo will fetch them.' She said this by way of reproach to the boy, for Mungo had not been accustomed to fetch and carry. But Mungo was intelligent and obedient, and without further command he brought the child's frock to his astonished mistress. This was an effort of imagination in Mungo, which dogs certainly possess in an eminent degree. He had often observed, doubtless, the business of dressing the children; and the instant he was appealed to, he imagined what his mistress wanted. Every one knows the anxiety which dogs feel to go out with their masters, if they have been accustomed so to do. A dog will often anticipate the journey of his owner; and guessing the road he means to take, steal away to a considerable distance on that road, to avoid being detained at home. We have repeatedly seen this circumstance. It is distinctly an effort of the imagination, if, indeed, it be not an inference of reasoning.

"Linnæus has made it a characteristic of dogs, that 'they bark at beggars;' but beggars are ragged, and sometimes have that look of wildness which squalid poverty produces; and then the imagination of the dog sees, in the poor mendicant, a robber of his master's house, or one who will be cruel to himself—and he expresses his own fears by a bark. A dog is thus valuable for watching property in proportion to the ease with which he is alarmed. One of the greatest terrors of a domesticated dog is a naked man, because this is an unaccustomed object. The sense of fear is said to be so great in this situation, that the fiercest dog will not even bark. A tan-yard at Kilmarnock, in Ayrshire, was, a few years ago, extensively robbed by a thief, who took this method to overcome the courage of a powerful Newfoundland dog, who had long protected a considerable property. The terror which the dog felt at the naked thief was altogether imaginary—for the naked man was less capable of resisting the attack of the dog than if he had been clothed. But then the dog had no support in his experience. His memory of the past did not come to the aid of that faculty which saw an unknown danger in the future. The faculties of quadrupeds, like those of men, are of course mixed in their operation. The dog, who watches by his master's grave, and is not tempted away by the caresses of the living, employs both his memory and his imagination in this act of affection. In the year 1827, there was a dog constantly to be seen in St. Bride's church-yard, Fleet-street, which for two years had refused to leave the place where his master was buried. He did not appear miserable; he evidently recollected their old companionship, and he imagined that their friendship would again be renewed. The inhabitants of the houses round the church daily fed the poor creature, and the sexton built him a little kennel. But he would never quit the spot—and there he died."

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

STANZAS.

'Tis spring—the early leaves and buds
Are bursting into verdure now;
A chant is heard, of shouting floods—
Of joyous birds on many a bough:
The earth seems kindled with delight;
A hallowed azure decks the sky;
All things are eloquent and bright,
As if a festival were nigh.

And at this hour, when nature wears
A softened and a winning smile,
And every soul in being shares
The dreams that can the heart beguile;
I turn me from the verdant bough,
From the young blossoms of the tree,
To hours when joy lit up my brow,
And life was happiness to me.

I turn in memory to that hour
When first my bosom burned with love,
Ere death had snatched the brightest flower
Earth ever bore to heaven above;
Ere yet the pall had spread its fold
Above that blue and folded eye,
As the dark cloud, in storm, is rolled
Above the chambers of the sky.

EVERARD.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

London, April 16, 1839.

MY DEAR M.—In my first letter I told you that if you persisted in letting the stream of my correspondence loose, there was no telling how long, or how fast, it might run; and you already see the verification of my intelligence; for that letter was dated the tenth, or ninth, or eleventh, if I remember rightly, and now, upon this sixteenth day of April, in the year of grace 1839, I am inditing another attack upon your sensibilities. It is by no means established in the decrees of fate, that I shall not be guilty of another, to-morrow. My recollection of the contents of that first epistle is not the most distinct; but it is, nevertheless, borne upon my mind, that, among other things, I did hint to you that, in my next, I should probably have something to say upon the subject of the catholic relief bill, which was then the prevailing lion of the day; and which, I gave you to understand, was rapidly approaching its foredoomed consummation in the house of lords. Last night the finishing touch was given by an affirmative vote in the house of lords—or “upper house,” as it is denominated here—of something more than a hundred majority; a fact, of which you will probably be cognizant before this letter reaches you. The only wonderful thing to me in all this is, the amazing energy that has been exerted by the opponents of emancipation, in throwing obstacles in the duke's way, knowing, as they must have done, that all their toil would be of no avail. For my own part, I have never had a moment's doubt of the ultimate passage of the bill. Wellington is one of those remarkable men of whom it is difficult to say whether their success is most owing to fortune or their own sagacity and talents. You may safely say of him, that he will never undertake any enterprise of moment without having the certain means of its accomplishment within his grasp; and it should seem that he had entered into a compact with destiny, and bargained for the fulfilment of all his undertakings. I wish you could see him, for he is a remarkable man to the eye, as well as to the imagination and understanding. But the very thing for which he is so remarkable, is the entire absence of any thing peculiar or *frappant* in his exterior organization. Of all the plain unpretending personages who constitute that rare show of fancy to us republicans, who come into the world and are nurtured in the firm persuasion that a lord must have something grand about him by nature, to distinguish him from the common herd, perhaps there is not one upon whom the eye of a stranger would be so unlikely to rest, or in whom his curious glance would detect a lion. In stature he is rather small, or, to speak perhaps more correctly, middle-sized; thin and light, having no superfluous flesh or fat to obstruct his movements; with a meagre face, rather dull gray eyes, and a very prominent aquiline nose. The predominating expression of his physiognomy—at least to me—is always that of mildness, with a slight dash of indolence, that yet is not exactly indolence, but rather what the French word *insouciance* more accurately conveys. In short, he has much the look of a quiet, peaceable, country gentle-

man, addicted rather to meditative than active pursuits, and filling very reputably the unimportant station of a mere good citizen. His dress is always plain, and generally consists of a blue frock coat, black pantaloons, and very nicely polished boots, white waistcoat and cravat, and neatly-brushed hat. I have seen him but once in regimentals, and then he wore the gorgeous habiliments of a field-marshal. There is one peculiarity about him that is worth noticing. His dress has always that exquisite *fitness* of look, which I do not know how to express in any better fashion than by saying that the individual suit which he has on at any given moment, always seems to suit his person best—to be the neatest costume in which it is possible for him to array himself. This you may, perhaps, be disposed to think the consequence of his having a good tailor; but although I am fully aware of the wonderful effect to be produced in a man's character, as well as his costume, by the possession of so supreme a blessing, yet I cannot suffer you to remain the slave of that great error; for I am assured that the feature in the duke's history which I have just pointed out to you, has been always observable; and you are, of course, aware of the utter impossibility of any man's having a good tailor all his life—to say nothing of foreign *schneiders*, French, Russian, Belgian and Italian, each of whose manufacture his grace has worn, and always with the same becoming effect. But I may as well be candid with you at once, and save myself the trouble of writing half a letter to persuade you of a certain fact, when proof positive is within my reach, and may be brought to bear upon you in half-a-dozen lines—know, then, that, smitten with the exquisite look of fitness which struck me as appertaining to a very beautiful blue frock upon the shoulders of his grace, and secretly lamenting, as I ever have, and ever must—unhappy that I am—the slouching, awkward, bag-like air with which the most perfect specimens of sartorial art surround, but not adorn my unfortunate person, I ascertained the name and residence of his “*undertaker*”—the fashionable epithet at present for a tailor—and solicited his good offices in my behalf; he promised to employ his utmost skill and science, and I have no doubt that he kept his word; yet did the article assume a hang-dog look, far different from the neat and exquisite appropriateness of the duke's unrivalled togger. I suppose your sage remark upon all this will be, that the duke is a *well*, and I am *ill* made man—perhaps that is the amount of my long dissertation—but let us change the subject. As you are a literary man, I suppose you take some little interest in the doings of the swarms of writing people who actually characterize the present age. The last month gave birth to some dozens of new novels, but nothing has produced a sensation since the coming of “*Pelham*” and the “*Disowned*.” Mr. Grattan has just brought out another trio of volumes, entitled “*Traits of Travel, or Tales of Men and Cities*.” I cannot say that I have read them, but I *have* looked at them, and think them quite equal to his “*Highways and By-ways*.” Grattan is a clever man, and would be a superior writer, if he could but cure himself of his verbosity, and infuse a little more of the *vis viva* of Hook or Croker in his narratives. He is making money by his books, at least so they—that is every body in general, and nobody in particular—pretend. Next to these tales, we, in this critical metropolis, rank Mr. St. Leger's “*Tales of Passion*,” which I suppose you have either had already, or soon will have: they are written with much power, and some originality. After these come the “*Chelsea Pensioners*,” by Mr. Greig, and then an indiscriminate swarm of most dull duodecimos, whose only quality is mediocrity, that thing “*abhorred of gods and men*.” “*Yesterday in Ireland*,” “*Tales of Military life*,” “*Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean*,” the “*Carbonaro*,” the “*Naval Officer*,” “*Restalrig, or the Forfeiture*,” which might, perhaps, be promoted to a more honourable station, were it not for its too servile imitation of an author whose writings are too familiar to every class of readers, to admit of even an attempt at imitation without immediate detection; “*Something new on Men and Manners*,” which unfortunately contains nothing either new or entertaining, and many more of about equal pretensions, foredoomed to a quick and not unmerited oblivion. Meantime, the all-devouring public is comforted with the promise of an approaching Waverley, which we expect with lively interest; and the rumour of another gem from Mr. Bulwer, author of “*Pelham*” and the “*Disowned*.”

But it is time for me to close this rambling missive, for, although not exhausted—of *matériel*, I mean—I am sufficiently weary. So, fare you well.

J. H.

THE ESSAYIST.

FROM A LATE LONDON PERIODICAL WORK.

THOUGHTS ON THE WORDS TURN OUT.

“We all in our turns turn out!”

TURN OUT! There are in the English language no two words which act so forcibly in exciting sympathy and compassion. There is in them a melancholy cadence, beautifully corresponding with the sadness of the idea which they express: they awaken, in a moment, the tenderest recollections, and the most anxious forebodings: there is in them a talismanic charm which influences alike all ages and all dispositions; the church, the bar, and the senate, are all comprised in the range of its operation: indeed, we believe that in no profession, in no rank of life, we shall find the man who can meditate, without an inward feeling of mental depression, on the simple, the unstudied, the unaffected pathos of the words “turn out.”

Is it not extraordinary, that when the idea is, in itself, so tragic, and gives birth to such sombre sensations, Melpomene should have altogether neglected the illustration of it? Is it not still more extraordinary that her sportive sister Thalia should have dared indecorously to jest with a subject so entirely unsuited to her pen? To take our meaning from its veil of metaphor, is it not extraordinary that Mr. Kenney should have written a farce on the words “turn out?” We regard Mr. Kenney's farce as a sacrilege, a profanation, a burlesque of the best feelings of our nature; and in spite of the ingenuity of the writer and the talents of the performers, humanity, and its attendant prejudices, revolt in disgust from the scene which endeavours to raise a laugh by a parody of so melancholy a topic.

It is not difficult to account for the pensive feelings which are excited by these words: they recall forcibly to our mind the uncertainty of all human concerns; they bid us think on the sad truth, that from power, from affluence, from happiness, we may be “turned out” at a minute's warning; they whisper to us that the lease of life is held on a precarious tenure, subject to the will of a Providence which we can neither control nor foresee; they oblige us to look forward to that undiscovered country, from whose dark limits we would fain avert our eyes; they convince us of the truth of the desponding expression, “Man is but a thing of nought, his time passeth away like a shadow.”

Are not these the reflections of every thinking mind? If they are not, we must entreat the indulgence of our readers for the melancholy pleasure we take in the discussion of the subject. The words may indeed be more than ordinarily affecting to us, inasmuch as they remind us of a friend who, in his life, was “turned out” from every thing that life can bestow, but who, in his death, shall never be “turned out” from that consolatory tribute to his manes—the recollection of a sincere friend. Poor Gilbert! the occurrences of his eventful existence would indeed furnish materials for the poet or the moralist, for a tragedy of five acts, or a homily of fifty heads. His father always prophesied he would *turn out* a great man; and yet the poor fellow did nothing but *turn out*, and never became a great man. At fourteen he *turned out* with a bargeman, and lost an eye; at seventeen he was *turned out* from college, and lost an education; at three-and-twenty he was *turned out* of his father's will, and lost a thousand a-year; at four-and-twenty he was *turned out* of a tandem, and lost the long odds; at five-and-twenty he was *turned out* of a place, and lost all patience; at six-and-twenty he was *turned out* of the affections of his mistress, and lost his last hope; at seven-and-twenty he was *turned out* of a gaming-house, where he lost his last farthing. Gilbert died about a year ago, after existing for some time in a miserable state of dependence upon a rich uncle. To the last, he was fond of narrating to his friends the vicissitudes of his life, which he constantly concluded in the following manner: “So, gentlemen, I have been *turning out* during my whole life; you now see me on the brink of the grave, and I don't care how soon I *turn in*.”

We had not heard from him for a considerable space of time, and were beginning to wonder at his protracted silence, when a friend, who was studying the newspaper, apprised us of his decease by the following exclamation—“Oh, heavens! old Gilbert's dead! here's a quaint turn out!”

Alas! how often does it happen that we are not aware of the value of the blessings we enjoy, until chance or destiny has taken them from us. This has been the case in our ac-

quaintance with our lamented companion. How bitterly do we now regret that we did not, while his life was spared, make use of his inestimable experience to collect some instructions on the art of turning out, both in the active and the neuter signification of the words. For surely no two things are more difficult, than the giving or receiving of a dismissal. To go through the one with civility, and the other with firmness, is indeed a rare talent, which every man of the world should study to attain.

When we consider the various chances and vicissitudes which await the citizens of our little commonwealth in their progress through life; when we recollect that some of them will enter into political life, in order to be turned out of their places; others will enjoy the titular distinction of M. P. that they may be turned out of their seats the next election; while others again, by an attachment to chancery expedition, will endeavour to get turned out of their estates; it is surely worth while to bestow a little attention upon the most proper mode of behaving under these unfortunate circumstances.

Mr. Monxton receives a *turn out* better than any political man of our acquaintance. It was of him that Sir Andrew Freeman, a Hertfordshire independent, who, to do him justice, would be witty if he could, broached the celebrated remark, "He has *turned out* so often, that I should think he's *turned wrong side out* by this time." Mr. Monxton is indeed a phenomenon in his way. The smile he wears on coming into office differs in no respect from that which he assumes on resigning all his employments. He departs from the enjoyment of place and power, not with the gravity of a disappointed minister, but with the self-satisfied air of a successful courtier. The *tact* with which he conceals the inward vexation of spirit beneath an outward serenity of countenance, is to us a matter of astonishment. When we have heard him discussing his resignation with a simper on his face and a jest on his lip, we have often fancied that Mr. Kemble would appear to us in the same light, were he to deliver Wolsey's soliloquy with the attitudes and the gestures of a harlequin in a pantomime. Juvenile politicians cannot propose to themselves, in this line of their profession, a better model than Mr. Monxton.

Nor is this art less worthy the attention of the fair sex. There are very few ladies who have the talent of dismissing a lover in proper style. There are many who reject with so authoritative a demeanour, that they lose him as an acquaintance, whom they only wish to cast off as a danger; there are many again who study civility to such an extent, that we know not whether they reject or receive, and have no small difficulty in distinguishing their smile from their frown. The deep and sincere interest which we feel in all matters relating to the advantage or improvement of the fair sex, induces us to suggest that an academy, or a seminary, or an establishment, should be forthwith instituted for the instruction of young ladies, not exceeding thirty years of age, in the most approved method of saying "Turn out." So far, indeed, has our zeal in this laudable undertaking carried us, that we have actually communicated our ideas upon the subject to a lady, who, to quote from her own advertisement, "enjoys the advantages of an excellent education, an unblemished character, and an amiable disposition." We are happy to inform our friends, and the public in general, that Mrs. Simkins has promised to devote her attention to this branch of female education. By the end of next month, she hopes to be quite competent to the instruction of pupils in every mode of expressing "turn out"—the distant hint—the silent bow—the positive cut—the courteous repulse—and the absolute rejection. We trust that due encouragement will be given to a scheme of such general utility.

In the meantime, until such academy, or seminary, or establishment shall be opened, we invite our fair readers to the study of an excellent model in the person of Caroline Mowbray. Caroline has now seven-and-twenty lovers, all of whom have successively been in favour, and have been successively turned out. Yet so skillfully has she modified her severity, that in most cases she has destroyed hope without extinguishing love: the victims of her caprice continue her slaves, and are proud of her hand in the dance, although they despair of obtaining it at the altar. The twenty-seventh name was added to the list of her admirers last week, and was—with the most heartfelt regret we state it—no less a personage than the Hon. Gerard Montgomery. Alas, unfortunate Gerard!

"Quanta laboras in Charybdi,
"Digne puer meliore damna."

He had entertained us for some time with accounts of the preference with which he was honoured by this miracle of obduracy, and at last, by dint of long and earnest entreaty, prevailed upon us to be ourselves witness to the power he had obtained over her affections. We set out, therefore, not without a considerable suspicion of the manner in which our expedition would terminate, and inwardly anticipated the jests which would infallibly occur upon the subject of Gerard's "*turn out*."

Nothing occurred of any importance during our ride: Gerard talked much of Cupid and Hymen; but inasmuch as we were not partakers of his passion, we could not reasonably be expected to partake of his inspiration.

Upon our arrival at Mowbray lodge, we were shown into a room so crowded with company that we almost fancied we had been ushered into the earl's levee, instead of his daughter's drawing-room. The eye of a lover, however, was more keen. Gerard soon perceived the goddess of the shrine receiving the incense of adulation from a crowd of votaries. Amongst these he immediately enrolled himself, while we, apprehensive that our company might be troublesome to him, hung back, and became imperceptibly engaged in conversation with some gentlemen of our acquaintance. To speak the truth, on our way to "the lodge," these "thoughts on turn out" had been the subject of our reveries, and whatever expressions or opinions we heard around us, appeared to coincide with the cogitations with which we were occupied. We first became much interested in the laments of an old gentleman, who was bewailing the "turn out" of a friend at the last election for the county of —. Next we listened to an episode from a dandy, who was discussing the extraordinary coat "turned out" by Mr. — at the last ball. Finally, we were engaged in a desperate argument with a Wiccamist, upon the degree of talent "turned out" from each of the public schools during the last ten years. Of course, we proceeded to advocate the cause of our foster-mother, against the pretensions of our numerous and illustrious rivals. Alas! we felt our unworthiness to stand forward as Eton's panegyrist, but we made up in enthusiasm what we wanted in ability. We ran over with volubility the names of those thrice-honoured models, whose deserved success is constantly the theme of applause, and the life-spring of emulation among their successors. We had just brought our catalogue down to the names of our more immediate forerunners, and were dwelling with much complacency on the abilities which have, during the last few years, so nobly supported the fair fame of Eton at the universities, when our eye was caught by the countenance of our honourable friend, which, at this moment, wore an appearance of such unusual despondence, that we hastened immediately to investigate the cause. Upon inquiry, we learned that Montgomery was most romantically displeased, because Caroline had refused to sing an air of which he was passionately fond. We found we had just arrived in time for the finale of the dispute. "And so you can't sing this, to oblige me?" said Gerard. Caroline looked refusal. "I shall know better than to expect such a condescension again," said Gerard with a low sigh. "Tant mieux!" said Caroline, with a low courtesy. The audience were unanimous in an unfeeling laugh, in the midst of which Gerard made a precipitate retreat, or, as O'Connor expresses it, "ran away like mad," and we followed him as well as we could, though certainly not "*passibus æquis*." As we moved to the door, we could hear sundry criticisms on the scene. "Articles of ejection!" said a limb of the law. "The favourite distanced!" cried a Newmarket squire. "I did not think the breach practicable!" observed a gentleman in regimentals. We overtook the unfortunate object of all these comments about a hundred yards from the house. His wo-begone countenance might well have stopped our malicious disposition to jocularity; nevertheless, we could not refrain from whispering in his ear, "Gerard, a decided *turn out*!" "I beg your pardon," said the poor fellow, mingling a smile for his pun with a tear for his disappointment, "I beg your pardon—I consider it a decided *take in*."

ON SPENDING TIME.—The celebrated Lord Coke wrote the subjoined distich, which he religiously observed in the distribution of his time:

Six hours to sleep—to law's grave study six—
Four spend in prayer—the rest to nature fix.

But Sir William Jones, a wiser economist of the fleeting hours of life, amended the sentiment as follows:

Seven hours to law—to soothing slumber seven—
Ten to the world allot—and all to heaven.

THE CASKET.

THE FLORENTINE LOVERS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

IPPOLITO had noticed a ladder of ropes which was used in his father's house for some domestic purposes: to say the truth, it was an old servant, and had formerly been much in request for the purpose to which it was now about to be turned by the old gentleman himself. He was indeed a person of a truly orthodox description, having been much given to hair-breadth escapes in his younger days, being consigned over to avarice in his older, and exhibiting great submission to every thing established, always. Accordingly, he was considered as a personage equally respectable for his virtues, as important from his rank and connexions; and if hundreds of ladders could have risen up in judgment against him, they would only have been considered as what are called in England "wild oats;"—wild ladders, which it was natural for every gentleman to plant.

Ippolito's character, however, being more principled, his privileges were not the same; and on every account he was obliged to take great care. He waited with impatience till midnight, and then letting himself out of his window, and taking the ropes under his cloak, made the best of his way to a little dark lane which bordered the house of the Bardi. One of the windows of the great hall looked into the lane, the others into the garden. The house stood in a remote part of the city. Ippolito listened to the diminishing sound of the guitars and revellers in the distance, and was proceeding to inform Dianora of his arrival, by throwing up some pebbles, when he heard a noise coming. It was some young men taking a circuit of the more solitary streets, to purify them, as they said, from sobriety. Ippolito slunk into a corner. He was afraid, as the sound opened upon his ears, that they would turn down the lane; but the hubbub passed on. He stepped forth from his corner, and again retreated. Two young men, loiterers behind the rest, disputed whether they should go down the lane. One, who seemed intoxicated, swore he would serenade "the little foe," as he called her, if it was only to vex the old one, and "bring him out with his cursed long sword." "And a lecture twice as long," said the other. "Ah, there you have me," quoth the musician; "his sword is—a sword; but his lecture's the devil; reaches the other side of the river—never stops till it strikes one sleepy. But I must serenade." "No, no," returned his friend; "remember what the grand prior said, and don't let us commit ourselves in a petty brawl. We'll have it out of their hearts some day." Ippolito shuddered to hear such words, even from one of his own party. "Don't tell me," said the pertinacious drunken man; "I remember what the grand prior said. He said, I must serenade; no, he didn't say I must serenade—but I say it; the grand prior said, says he—I remember it as if it was yesterday—he said—gentlemen, said he, there are three good things in the world, love, music, and fighting; and then he said a cursed number of other things by no means good; and all to prove, philosophically, you rogue, that love was good, and music was good, and fighting was good, philosophically, and in a cursed number of paragraphs. So I must serenade." "False logic, Vanni," cried the other; "so come along, or we shall have the enemy upon us in a heap; for I hear another party coming, and I am sure they are none of ours." "Good again," said the musician; "love and fighting, my boy, and music; so I'll have my song before they come up." And the fellow began roaring out one of the most indecent songs he could think of, which made our lover ready to start forth and dash the guitar in his face; but he repressed himself. In a minute he heard the other party come up. A clashing of swords ensued, and to his great relief the drunkard and his companion were driven on. In a minute or two all was silent. Ippolito gave the signal—it was acknowledged; the rope was fixed, and the lover was about to ascend, when he was startled with a strange diminutive face, smiling at him over a light. His next sensation was to smile at the state of his own nerves; for it was but a few minutes before, that he was regretting he could not put out a lantern that stood burning under a little image of the Virgin. He crossed himself, offered up a prayer for the success of his true love, and again proceeded to mount the ladder. Just as his hand reached the window, he thought he heard other steps. He

looked down toward the street. Two figures evidently stood at the corner of the lane. He would have concluded them to be the two men returned, but for their profound silence. At last one of them said out loud, "I am certain I saw a shadow of somebody by the lantern; and now you find we have not come back for nothing. Who's there?" added he, coming at the same time down the lane with his companion. Ippolito descended rapidly, intending to hide his face as much as possible in his hood and escape by dint of fighting, but his foot slipped in the ropes, and he was at the same instant seized by the strangers.

The instinct of a lover, who, above all things in the world, cared for the stainless reputation of her he adored, supplied our hero with an artifice as quick as lightning. "They are all safe," said he, affecting to tremble with a cowardly terror; "I have not touched one of them." "One of what?" said the others; "what are all safe?" "The jewels," replied Ippolito; "let me go, for the love of heaven, and it shall be my last offence, as it was my first. Besides, I meant to restore them." "Restore them!" cried the first spokesman; "a pretty jest truly! This must be some gentleman gambler, by his fine would-be conscience; and by this light we will see who he is, if it is only for your sake, Filippo, eh?" for his companion was a pretty notorious gambler himself, and Ippolito had kept cringing in the dark. "Curse it," said Filippo, "never mind the fellow; he is not worth our while in these stirring times, though I warrant he has cheated me often enough." To say the truth, Messer Filippo was not a little afraid the thief would turn out to be some inexperienced desperado, whom he had cheated himself, and perhaps driven to this very crime; but his companion was resolute, and Ippolito finding it impossible to avoid his fate, came forward into the light. "By all the saints in the calendar," exclaimed the enemy, "a Buondelmonte! and no less a Buondelmonte than the worthy and very magnificent Messer Ippolito Buondelmonte!—Messer Ippolito, I kiss your hands; I am very much your humble servant and thief-taker. By my faith, this will be fine news for to-morrow."

To-morrow was indeed a heavy day to all the Buondelmonti, and as merry a one to all the Bardi, except poor Dianora. She knew not what had prevented Ippolito from finishing his ascent up the ladder; some interruption it must have been, but of what nature, she could not determine, nor why he had not resumed his endeavours. It could have been nothing common. Was he known? Was she known? Was it all known? And the poor girl tormented herself with a thousand fears. Madonna Lucrezia hastened to her the first thing in the morning, with a full, true, and particular account. Ippolito d' Buondelmonte had been seized, in coming down a rope-ladder from one of the front windows of the house, with a great drawn sword in one hand and a box of jewels in the other. Dianora saw the whole truth in a moment, and from excess of sorrow, gratitude, and love, fainted away. Madonna Lucrezia guessed the truth too, but was almost afraid to confess it to her own mind, much more to speak of it aloud; and had not the news, and the bustle, and her niece's fainting, furnished her with something to do, she could have fainted herself very heartily, out of pure consternation. Gossip Veronica was in a worse condition when the news reached her; and Ippolito's mother, who guessed but too truly as well as the others, was seized with an illness, which joining with the natural weakness of her constitution, threw her into a stupor, and prevented her from attending to any thing. The next step of Madonna Lucrezia, after seeing Dianora out of her fainting fit, and giving the household to understand that the story of the robber had alarmed her, was to go to Gossip Veronica and concert measures of concealment. The two women wept very sincerely for the poor youth, and admired his heroism in saving his mistress from suspicion; but, with all their good-nature, they agreed that he was quite in the right, and that it would be but just to his magnanimity, and to their poor dear Dianora, to keep the secret as closely. Madonna Lucrezia then returned home, to be near Dianora, and help to baffle inquiry; while Gossip Veronica kept close in doors, too ill to see visitors, and alternately praying to the saint her namesake, and taking reasonable draughts of Montepulciano.

In those days there were too many wild young men of desperate fortunes to render Ippolito's confession improbable. Besides, he had been observed of late to be always without money; reports of his being addicted to gambling had arisen; and his father was avaricious. Lastly, his groaning in the church was remembered, under pretence

of piety; and the magistrate—who was of the hostile party—concluded, with much sorrow, that he must have more sins to answer for than they knew of, which in so young a man was deplorable. The old gentleman had too much reason to know, that in elder persons it would have been nothing remarkable.

Ippolito, with a grief of heart which only served to confirm the by-standers in their sense of his guilt, waited in expectation of his sentence. He thought it would be banishment, and was casting in his mind how he could hope some day or other to get a sight of his mistress, when the word death fell on him like a thunderbolt. The origin of a sentence so severe was but too plain to every body; but the Bardi were uppermost that day; and the city, exhausted by some late party excesses, had but too much need of repose. Still it was thought a dangerous trial of the public pulse. The pity felt for the tender age of Ippolito was increased by the anguish which he found himself unable to repress. "Good heaven!" cried he, "must I die so young? And must I never see—must I never see the light again, and Florence, and my dear friends?" And he fell into almost abject intreaties to be spared; for he thought of Dianora. But the bystanders fancied that he was merely afraid of death; and by the help of suggestions from the Bardi partisans, their pity almost turned into contempt. He prostrated himself at the magistrate's feet; he kissed his knees; he disgusted his own father; till finding every thing against him, and smitten at once with a sense of his cowardly appearance and the necessity of keeping his mistress's secret inviolable, he declared his readiness to die like a man, and at the same time stood wringing his hands, and weeping like an infant. He was sentenced to die next day.

The day came. The hour came. The standard of justice was hoisted before the door of the tribunal, and the trumpet blew through the city, announcing the death of a criminal. Dianora, to whom the news had been gradually broken, heard it in her chamber, and would have burst forth and proclaimed the secret, but for Madonna Lucrezia, who spoke of her father, and mother, and all the Bardi, and the inutilty of attempting to save one of the opposite faction, and the dreadful consequences to every body if the secret were betrayed. Dianora heard little about every body; but the habit of respecting her father and mother, and dreading their reproaches, kept her, moment after moment, from doing any thing but listen and look pale; and, in the meantime, the procession began moving toward the scaffold.

Ippolito issued forth from the prison, looking more like a young martyr than a criminal. He was now perfectly quiet, and a sort of unnatural glow had risen into his cheeks, the result of the enthusiasm and conscious self-sacrifice into which he had worked himself during the night. He had only prayed, as a last favour, that he might be taken through the street in which the house of the Bardi stood; for he had lived, he said, as every body knew, in great hostility with that family, and he now felt none any longer, and wished to bless the house as he passed it. The magistrate, for more reasons than one, had no objection; the old confessor, with tears in his eyes, said that the dear boy would still be an honour to his family, as surely as he would be a saint in heaven; and the procession moved on. The main feeling of the crowd, as usual, was that of curiosity, but there were few, indeed, in whom it was not mixed with pity; and many females found the sight so intolerable, that they were seen coming away down the streets, weeping bitterly, and unable to answer the questions of those they met.

The procession now began to pass the house of the Bardi. Ippolito's face, for an instant, turned of a chalky whiteness, and then resumed its colour. His lips trembled, his eyes filled with tears; and thinking his mistress might possibly be at the window, taking a last look of the lover that died for her, he bowed his head gently, at the same time forcing a smile, which glittered through his watery eyes. At that instant the trumpet blew its dreary blast for the second time. Dianora had already risen on her couch, listening, and asking what noise it was that approached. Her aunt endeavoured to quiet her with her excuses; but this last noise aroused her beyond control; and the good old lady, forgetting herself in the condition of the two lovers, no longer attempted to stop her. "Go," said she, "in God's name, my child, and heaven be with you."

Dianora, her hair streaming, her eye without a tear, her cheek on fire, burst, to the astonishment of her kindred, into the room where they were all standing. She tore them aside from one of the windows with a preternatural strength, and, stretching forth her head and hands, like one inspired,

cried out, "Stop! stop! it is my Ippolito! my husband!" And, so saying, she actually made a movement as if she would have stepped to him out of the window; for every thing but his image faded from her eyes. A movement of confusion took place among the multitude. Ippolito stood rapt on the sudden, trembling, weeping, and stretching his hands toward the window, as if praying to his guardian angel. The kinsmen would have prevented her from doing any thing further; but, as if all the gentleness of her character was gone, she broke from them with violence and contempt, and rushing down stairs into the street, exclaimed, in a frantic manner, "People! Dear God! Countrymen! I am a Bardi; he is a Buondelmonte; he loved me; we are married; and that is the whole crime!" and, at these last words, they were locked in each other's arms.

The populace now broke through all restraint. They stopped the procession; they bore Ippolito back again to the seat of the magistracy, carrying Dianora with him; they described in a peremptory manner the mistake; they sent for the heads of the two houses; they made them swear a treaty of peace, amity, and unity; and in half an hour after the lover had been on the road to his death, he set out upon it again, the acknowledged bridegroom of the beautiful creature by his side.

Never was such a sudden revulsion of feeling given to a whole city. The women, who had retreated in anguish, came back the gayest of the gay. Every body plucked all the myrtles they could find, to put into the hands of those who made the former procession, and who now formed a singular one for a bridal; but all the young women fell in with their white veils; and instead of the funeral dirge, a song of thanksgiving was chanted. The very excess of their sensations enabled the two lovers to hold up. Ippolito's cheeks, which seemed to have fallen away in one night, appeared to have plumped out again faster; and if he was now pale instead of high coloured, the paleness of Dianora had given way to radiant blushes, which made up for it. He looked—as he ought—like the person saved; she, like the angelic saviour.

Thus the two lovers passed on, as if in a dream, tumultuous but delightful. Neither of them looked on the other; they gazed hither and thither on the crowd, as if in answer to the blessings that poured upon them; but their hands were locked fast; and they went like one soul in a divided body.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Memoir of De Witt Clinton.—The death of Mr. Clinton is a public misfortune, which all who reason upon human affairs may, without any affectation, deplore. His powerful and persevering talents, directed by the purest patriotism and philanthropy, have exercised an influence upon the character and prosperity of this state, which unborn millions will gratefully acknowledge; and those of the present age, who justly appreciate his benevolent and generous labours in the cause of his country, cannot but deeply lament that one so gifted in mind, so lofty and dignified in action, combining in so extraordinary a degree the energies and genius of the statesman with the fine and graceful sensibilities of the man, has gone from among us for ever. We are warm upon this subject, partly from admiration of his merited fame, as it will read in the pages of the future historian, but more from the memory of the endearing virtues which marked him the ornament and the blessing of private life, and which a personal acquaintance of several years afforded us many opportunities to discover. It has been the lot of Mr. Clinton to be involved in the tumults of party, and to be often the point where conflicting passions and interests met in all the rage of warfare. But his high destiny led him on over all obstacles, and thousands were looking forward to his advancement to the highest post in his country's gift, when they were shocked with the information that he was no more. The tempests which the busy fiends of politics had conjured around his path were hushed, as the grave closed upon his stately form, and all parties and all denominations, merging prejudice and passion in the general grief, assembled in lamentations upon the spot which his genius and virtues had consecrated alike to all mankind.

We hazard little in the assertion, that Mr. Clinton was one of the greatest men of this age; although, perhaps, in this age it may not be universally acknowledged. There may be those who now occupy more of the common notice.

The achievements of the conqueror place him more immediately within the reach of fame: his actions are easily seen and remembered; they appeal to the senses and the passions, the actual hopes and fears of man; they agitate the interests of every class, and sometimes rend asunder the social body with the violent convulsion of an earthquake. But the influence of the statesman is silent, gradual, and uniform; his labours are hidden from common observation, and their consequences come imperceptibly over the country, and are continued to remote periods of time. Intelligence, benevolence, philosophy, are his weapons. He overcomes obstacles invisible to other eyes—he accomplishes moral revolutions—he acts upon society as the gradual and gentle spring upon physical nature, that goes on with its sweet and imperceptible changes, while forgetful mortals are at rest, till the sterile prospect is all clothed with verdure. Such is the virtuous statesman—such was Clinton. With all his comprehensive genius and busy virtue, he is no more to be seen among the multitudes with whom he mingled, and for whom he laboured.

The memoir of such a man is always interesting. The mind clings with strange interest to the slightest actions and most unimportant occurrences of his life, no matter how, or by whom related. It is then, with pleasure, that we receive his biography from one whom intimate friendship and acknowledged talents render fully competent. The Memoir by Dr. Hosack, with a fine bust and admirably written life of Mr. Clinton, contains an immense mass of information, welcome to all interested in the progress of our national institutions. It is a quarto volume, of upwards of five hundred pages, from the press of J. Seymour, of this city, and is one of the neatest specimens of typography ever executed in this country. Of the work, as a composition, we have little to say which can add to the fame of its author. It is clearly and often eloquently written. The style is graceful and easy, and the compilation of letters, &c. in the appendix, seems to have been the result of considerable care and ingenuity. It cannot but prove very acceptable to the reader, and will tend to elevate our reputation abroad, where we presume it must be very extensively read. We cannot pay a higher compliment to the talents and industry of Dr. Hosack, than by expressing our opinion that he has done ample justice to his important undertaking; and that, however other biographies may hereafter appear, advancing new particulars, and produced under more advantageous circumstances, this volume will ever possess an intrinsic value which no subsequent event can diminish, and will always occupy an elevated rank in the esteem of the public. Productions of this kind are not often properly executed. They require talents, knowledge, and opportunity, seldom united, and are frequently attempted by those whom the mere desire of praise, or of gain, rather than any peculiar fitness in themselves, or enthusiasm in the cause of virtue, have urged to the undertaking. Dr. Hosack has acted with different feelings. His desire to perpetuate the virtues of his friend, gives to the work an energy, and an ardour, and a warmth of colouring, not found in the colder efforts of a mere disinterested observer; and his own solicitude for the prosperity of his countrymen, prompts him to hold forth, in a very able manner, those enlightened views which marked the career of his distinguished friend, and which have so materially contributed to the prosperity of the state. There is an inspiring pleasure in the thought, that while the mortal remains of the great and good are mouldering in the earth, their influence is yet abroad in the world, promoting the improvement and happiness of their fellow-men.

Death of the Hon. John Jay.—This illustrious patriot and exemplary Christian, after a life devoted to usefulness, honour, and glory, died at his seat, in Westchester county, on Sunday, the seventeenth instant, at the ripe age of eighty-four years.

The state of New-York has the honour of giving birth to this great man; and few have equally contributed to its prosperity, and to the elevation of its character. But his usefulness here was comparatively limited. His country was the theatre on which he made the exhibition of his splendid talents; and the history of the one must be that of the other. His was the powerful mind to comprehend empire, and to perceive all the relations of the parts to each other, and to make the just application of correct principles to the harmony, fidelity, and utility of the whole. His doctrines, as well political as moral, were of the purest kind; and no man ever united in his character, in a more

exalted degree, the distinguishing qualities of rectitude, sublimity, and grandeur. The observation made by the senate of the United States, on General Washington, is no less applicable to Mr. Jay: "Favoured of heaven, he has departed without exhibiting the weakness of humanity."

On Monday, the eighteenth, after the receipt of intelligence of Mr. Jay's decease, Chief-justice Jones, on the opening of the superior court, rose and addressed the members of the bar in the following pathetic and beautiful terms:—

"Information has just been communicated to the judges of the court, of the death of the venerable John Jay. When we consider the distinguished stations in life which have been occupied by this excellent man, with so much honour to himself, and benefit to the public—while we remember the ability with which he discharged his duties, when called upon to represent his country in a diplomatic character—when we view him upon the bench of the supreme court of the United States, as the first chief-justice under the federal constitution, presiding with the most entire dignity, intelligence, and impartiality—and, above all, when we look upon his bright example as a man and a Christian, the first impulse of every generous and reflecting mind is, to regard his death with sorrow, and his memory with the deepest respect. Few men in any country, perhaps scarce one in this, have filled a larger space, and few ever passed through life with such perfect purity, integrity, and honour. No man can point to a stain on his character or conduct; no reproach can be attached to him in any of the high stations which he so eminently filled; and when we look back upon his career, we see nothing but brightness on his path.

"This great man, thus honoured, thus distinguished, thus lamented, has passed away from among us.

"On the day when this deep-felt loss is communicated to those who knew him well, and with whom to remember is but to honour him, it is suitable that the ordinary business of life should give place to considerations which are suggested by this melancholy event.

"The judges of this court, therefore, will not proceed to-day in the business for which they are assembled; but direct an adjournment until to-morrow."

At an adjourned meeting of the members of the bar, on the nineteenth, the following interesting report was read:

"The bar of the state of New-York, now attending the sitting of the supreme court, met pursuant to their adjournment.

"James Tallmadge, esq. chairman of the committee appointed this morning, reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"The committee respectfully report,

"That the recent decease of the late venerable JOHN JAY is the cause of deep grief, and the present engrossing subject of private and public feeling.

"John Jay was a native of our state, and a member of this bar. The events of the American revolution called him early into public life. His inherent love of political and religious liberty made him an early and active agent in laying the foundation of this nation; of which he soon became one of the firmest, and continued one of its fairest pillars. In 1777, he was appointed the first chief-justice of this state, under the constitution which he had eminently contributed to frame, and most of which was drafted by his pen. He was a member of the first congress of the United States, and bore a conspicuous part in all its important duties, and presided, for some time, over the deliberations of that body. The exigencies of this nation required and commanded his great talents, discretion, firmness, and skill, in various interesting and important duties during the revolutionary struggle. At times, as chairman of the committee of public safety, he secured the domestic tranquillity, and at other times he was employed in important foreign missions and diplomatic trusts. He bore a prominent part in the negotiations for our independence as a nation, and the ultimate treaty of peace. He continued to represent his country at foreign courts for a number of years. He was, shortly after his return, called to preside as chief-justice of the supreme court of the United States, which place he afterwards left to accept the executive chair of the state of New-York. When he had performed that last and highest duty to his native state, he declined all further judicial or political employment, and retired to the calm shade of domestic retreat, where the evening of his days was spent in social and benevolent intercourse, and in the signal observance of that religion which had been the bright beam of the morning and the evening of his life; the rights and toleration of which he had secured

to this people in one of the most important articles of our constitution.

"There is no place more fit, and no persons are more willing to express their sincere feelings on this occasion, than this bar, where the talents and acquirements of the deceased were so early and so often displayed. Therefore,

"Resolved, That the members of this bar are impressed with deep grief upon the decease of their illustrious brother, John Jay. They find, however, a consolation in the reflection that his conduct, through a long and useful life, has given a lustre to our profession, and to this bar; and that while his character for private virtues and public worth justly endeared him to the nation, his patriotism, his great talents as a statesman, and his great acquirements as a jurist—his eminent piety as a Christian, and probity as a man, all unite to present him to the public as an example whose radiance points to the attainment of excellence.

"Resolved, That the chairman and secretary are desired to transmit a copy of the proceedings of this meeting to the family of the deceased.

"Resolved, That the proceedings be signed by the chairman, and published in the different papers of this city.

D. B. OGDEN, Chairman."

Traits of Travel.—We have read these volumes of Mr. Grattan with great satisfaction. A considerable interval has elapsed since the appearance of the last series of "Highways and Byways," for which these *Traits of Travel* have furnished ample compensation. The stories are all short and extremely interesting; they are the result of desultory ramblings in various lands, and abound with pleasing incident, graphic description, and admirable portraiture of character, national as well as individual. We follow the writer pleasantly in his desultory wanderings, certain of gathering a rich harvest of instruction and amusement in his company. We sympathise with him in all the vexations and inconveniences, as well as the gayety and pleasures of his ramble; it is impossible to be even for a short time in his company, without feeling toward him as an old familiar friend; and even his dog Carlo comes in for a share of our good will. Some of the articles have already appeared in various periodicals; one in particular, which we well remember to have read some years ago, and relished as a fine specimen of burlesque extravagance and neat ridicule; we mean that entitled the "Confessions of an English Glutton," intended as a *hit* upon the prevailing mania for autobiographies which had just then been generated by the success of Mr. Quincy's "Confessions of an Opium Eater." "The One-handed Flute Player" we have also met before; and two or three others of the thirty-one pieces of which "Traits of Travel" are composed. They have met with great success in England, and will no doubt become equally popular on this side the Atlantic, with Mr. Grattan's former works. They deserve to do so, at any rate. We take great pleasure in cordially recommending these volumes to our readers.

To a Subscriber.—We thank "A Subscriber" for his kind intentions; but we cannot insert his communication. From most of the journals throughout the United States we have received marks of approbation and good feeling which we shall ever gratefully remember; but in a few instances we have met with an opposition, so ungenerous and unaccountable as to drown all indignation in contempt. We have no disposition to quarrel, and shall not condescend to dabble in the disputes to which *private malice* or *public ignorance* may invite. With the papers mentioned by "A Subscriber" we have no more to do than with the Chinese gazettes, and if we have passed silently over the several signs of unkindness exhibited toward us by their present conductors, it is not that we have not seen, but because we have not *felt* them. We have always said to them, with uncle Toby, "Go, poor devils, there is room enough in the world for you and me;" and lest the *gentlemen* here alluded to should be under any mistake relative to our feelings concerning them, we take the liberty to dismiss them from our columns and our mind with this remark, that we enjoy a positive pleasure in perusing downright *personal abuse*. It is better than swallowing a thousand smooth, oily, unmeaning *puffs*, which deceive nobody; but to be assailed with bitter, angry, noisy words, warms us into a good opinion at our growing importance. It is like splashing in a stream on a hot summer evening, and refreshes us like a bath. A few columns every morning upon our breakfast-table would give zest to our coffee, and send us merrily to the labours of the day.

FIRST MOVEMENT OF THE DIORAMA SCENE, IN THE DUMB SAVOYARD.

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, BY MR. DE LUCE.

ANDANTE PASTORALE.



FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TO MISS CLARA FISHER.

WERT thou not born in fairy-land,
Young spirit of delight?
Or hast thou not at thy command
Some spell of power and might?

Enchantress! whence the witchery
That gives each motion grace,
And fascinates the willing eye,
While gazing on thy face?

To move our smiles and tears at will,
To bid our hearts forget
Their troubled thoughts of gloom and ill,
To chase away regret,

To bid, o'er the long-darkened heart,
Its early visions shine,
By the perfection of thine art—
Sweet Clara! this is thine!

There's magic in thy playful glance,
And in thy sportive smile,
The coldest spirit to entrance,
The saddest to beguile.

From thy sweet lip and azure eye,
The azure demons flee;
Grief does not dare to linger nigh
Thy laugh of frolic glee.

The forms which haunt our dreams in youth,
Can never come again;
Too beautiful and bright for truth,
We seek them still in vain:

So like art thou to these that we,
When thou dost greet our view,
Forget life's dark reality,
And deem its day-dreams true.

THYRA.

A COUNTRY WEDDING.

Oh, there is music in the bells
From yonder noisy steeple pealing,
That sweetly o'er the spirit swells,
And wakes the deepest chords of feeling.

It is not that this twilight hour
Blends softly with their melting tone;
Theirs is a deeper, holier power,
Whose echo's in the heart alone.

There's music in that merry voice—
The voice of peasants wild and high,
That bids the listener's soul rejoice,
And share in all their revelry.

It is not that those sounds proclaim
Some boastful conqueror's vain parade;
They swell not now the pomp of fame,
They hail no gorgeous cavalcade.

But, oh! they bear a mightier charm
Than shouts of triumph can express;
They spring from hearts with feeling warm,
Each voice a voice of happiness.

There's an o'erflowing tide of gladness
To-night, in all we hear and see;
A moment's passing dream of madness,
The heart's delirious jubilee.

Who recks, amid a life like this,
Of future grief, or toil, or pain?
To-morrow shall dissolve the bliss,
And care and reason wake again.

And it may be that yonder chime,
Which spoke to-day of hearts delighted,
May sadly tell, in after-time,
That death those hearts has disunited.

It may be—but away, away!
Forebodings dark, and dreams of sorrow!
Let mirth and music reign to-day,
And reason's voice be heard to-morrow.

I would not with most sage advice
Dispel this momentary fever;
For, oh! the world were paradise,
Could such delirium last for ever.

THE RECALL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Alas! the kind, the playful, and the gay,
"They who have gladdened their domestic board,
"And cheered the winter hearth—do they return?"

Come home!—there is a sorrowing breath
In music, since ye went;
And the early flower-scents wander by,
With mournful memories blent:
The sounds of every household voice
Are grown more sad and deep,
And the sweet word—*brother*—wakes a wish
To turn aside and weep.

Oh, ye beloved, come home!—the hour
Of many a greeting tone,
The time of hearth-light and of song
Returns—and ye are gone!
And darkly, heavily it falls
On the forsaken room,
Burdening the heart with tenderness,
That deepens midst the gloom.

Where finds it you, our wandering ones?
With all your boyhood's glee
Untamed, beneath the desert's palm,
Or on the lone mid-sea?
'Mid stormy hills of battles old,
Or where dark rivers foam?
Oh, life is dim where ye are not—
Back, ye beloved! come home!

Come with the leaves and winds of spring,
And swift birds o'er the main!
Our love is grown too sorrowful,
Bring us its youth again!
Bring the glad tones to music back—
Still, still your home is fair;
The spirit of your sunny life
Alone is wanting there!

IT IS NOT SO.

It is not so, it is not so;
The world may think me gay,
And on my cheek the ready smile
May ceaseless seem to play.
The ray that tips with gold the stream,
Gilds not the depth below;
All bright alike the eye may deem,
But yet it is not so.

Why to the cold and careless throng
The secret grief reveal?
Why speak of one who *was*, to those
Who do not, cannot feel?
No! joy may light the brow; unknown,
Unseen, the tear-drop flow;
'Tis the poor sorrowing heart alone
Responds—it is not so.

LINES BY MOORE.

Ah! thine is not the brief array
Of charms that time is sure to borrow;
That accident may blight to-day,
Or sickness undermine to-morrow.
No! thine is that immortal grace
That ne'er shall pass from thy possession;
That moral beauty of the face,
Which constitutes its sweet expression.
This shall preserve thee what thou art,
When time thy blooming tints has shaded;
For while thy looks reflect thy heart,
How can thy charms be ever faded?

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEW-DROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1829.

NUMBER 48.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

REMINISCENCES.

NUMBER I.

"Who would not, whatso'er his years,
"Or hope or lot hath been—
"The pathway long and down with tears,
"Or always smooth and green—
"Who would not, though the wish be vain,
"Wish for his young free heart again?"

THIS world is often beautiful. In the soft shadowy season of autumn, in the rich glow of summer, in the brilliant variety of spring, and even in the desolation of winter, the lover of nature finds innumerable charms, unheeded by the worldling, and despised by the misanthropist. And yet there are times when the heart is insensible to them all—when the breathing stillness seems like a reproach for its own gloomy wastes, and the gentle harmony of earth, air, and sky, in discordance with its own tempestuous feelings, heightens their darkness by the contrast. Where lies the secret of happiness? It has always been a favourite topic for discussion, but none ever felt the question satisfactorily answered. And yet there is happiness even in this world; but it is the happiness of moments only; and they are given, not to be enjoyed merely in the short period of their existence, but to be cherished for memory to dwell on in lonely hours, and for hope to fix upon, as the most convincing proof that, in another and brighter sphere, we shall enjoy the pleasure sought here in vain. I can remember well when such moments came not seldom; when many things which now oft pass unnoticed, would steal upon my heart with gentle influence, and wake its every spring to joy. I thought not then the cause was in myself. The fresh breeze of morning—the perfume of flowers—the melody of birds—the soft voice and gentle smile of welcome from a friend—each and all of these were sources of pleasure, and I exulted in the thought that I had placed my happiness upon things that could not fade. Not many years have passed away: spring still brings its flowers and breezes, but the "young free heart" that once bounded to meet and welcome them, sickens at the thought, that loved ones, who were wont to share with its joys and sorrows, now moulder in the grave; or, worse still, live for the world, but are dead to me.

Among the many friends whom I loved at school, there were two to whom I was particularly attached. They were very different, but I knew not to which I gave the preference. Clara Howard struck me, at first sight, as the most interesting girl I had ever beheld. She was tall and slender. Her features were regular, and animated by dark expressive eyes, which spoke the "ardent soul within." There was an air of melancholy in her countenance, and thought had set his mark upon her fair brow, and given it a dignity which those who observed not her smile might have deemed misplaced. But that smile—so pure, so brilliant! It was the illumination of soul, the glow of genius; and none ever saw its flash, but Clara Howard. That smile was rare; merry at birth, and the cold-hearted and the whom that smile was never wast proud and reserved, and wondered how

I know not how we became acquainted at first; for, to all else, she was cold and distant. Perhaps there was a secret sympathy in our natures; certain it was, there was a similarity in our tastes. Often, when I have wandered from the giddy crowd to some lonely spot, have I met Clara; and when I have heard with rapture some glowing sentiment from her eloquent lips, I have caught her smile, and showed her that she felt as I did. Thus our acquaintance grew to intimacy; and I became her confidant and her friend. With others, she was, almost invariably, silent; but when alone with me, I have listened for hours, while her feelings were poured forth in burning words, with a rapidity and eloquence I never knew equalled. Her imagination was enthusiastic, and she revelled in its luxuriance, and knew not that, like the lightning's flash, it was not less destructive than brilliant, and carried wildness and desolation in its path. The present was not for her. The occurrences of life were irksome to her. I had thought more than she had—for the wild dreams of her imagination could not be called thought—and I would tell her, that she was preparing wretchedness for herself; that it was wrong, that it was selfish, to live for herself alone; that she should interest herself more in the concerns of others, and it would in time conduce to her own happiness.

"Why should I?" she would answer, and her deep rich voice, like melancholy music, could always excite sympathy—"Who is there in this world to care for Clara Howard? I look around me, and see others of my age, with home, and friends, and parents; but I—the voice of interest is seldom heard by me. I sometimes endeavour to recall a dream almost forgotten. Methinks I was once the idol of a little circle; soft voices are heard now and then in dreams; and when I wake, the impression they leave seems very like the stain of sweet reality. But oftener still I dream of death—of sounds uttered by a dying mother. I fancy myself leaning over the pale corpse of a much-loved sister; and, starting from such visions, I feel that I am alone; that the world to me is but a splendid picture—I mean the moving, breathing world of animated beings; and why should I not dream of other worlds? Here, in the bright moonlight, with none but thou to listen, I can give vent to thoughts that are pent up during the long, long day. If it were not for this—this thinking of the future; if I did not believe that I should, in another world, realize that slight dream of the past, I would lay down the life I value not, and the bright moon I love so much should shine upon my grave."

Hers was no very uncommon character. She was possessed of genius: she had its pride and its ambition. Had she been man, she would perhaps have earned herself a name; but the timidity of woman would arrest upon her lips the feelings that sparkled in her eye, and shone in her smile. She was a poetess, but her poetry partook of the same wild melancholy as her conversation; and, too proud to give her character to the world, she would destroy every vestige of her muse ere it met other eyes than mine. She was one of those whose affections, not placed upon many, twine round the cherished one as the ivy round the oak. She loved me almost to idolatry, and I thought that hers was love that nought but death could change. But I had studied her enough to know that there was one leading trait in her charac-

ter which was almost unknown to herself, but which, if once discovered and gratified, might alter her fate, and change that character materially. This was ambition. She knew she was disliked and shunned at school; she seldom heard the voice of praise; she never courted it, and she learned to think diffidently of herself; and though the thought could not give her humility, it quelled for a time her ambition.

But time passed away, and it became necessary for her to mingle with the world. She was an heiress, and though, while a child, her guardian thought but little of her, yet, when her education was finished, he was proud to present to the fashionable circles so accomplished a girl as his ward, and Clara became a favourite. Her guardian visited in the best society, his wife was a woman of fashion, and with them Clara found no opportunity to indulge her taste for solitude. She had dreaded the world, as a scene in which she should still find herself alone and neglected. She was mistaken; and, as I had feared, the discovery proved fatal to her. She found herself the centre of attraction. Insinuating voices whispered to her that she was beautiful and accomplished. She was not vain; for she despised the flatterers that offered incense to her beauty: but she was proud. She felt as if those of her own sex had neglected her; and the thought that they now envied the superiority they had formerly overlooked, was gratifying to a heart which the indulgence of a morbid sensibility had perverted from its original purity, and rendered suspicious and irritable. She became eager for admiration; but admiration did not satisfy her. She felt that she had swerved from the character she had marked for herself in early youth. She had loved to think of heaven. Her piety was then pure; but it was not based upon principle, it was but the ebullition of feeling, and it could not now preserve the fount of happiness in her heart from the unhealthy springs of worldly doctrines.

I had often thought that the fate of Clara would be an unhappy one. Her feelings were too deep, too passionate, for happiness. She knew that hers were such as should not be indulged; but she would not own it even to herself; and drank deeper of the intoxicating cup of worldly pleasure, vainly expecting to lose, in her delirium, the remembrance of the past, and the fear of the future. But there is no Lethe for the sorrows of the heart. She wandered through the world as if she were performing a necessary penance. She was admired and followed, but none loved her. She could smile, but the smile, like a sunbeam upon the water, warmed not the icy surface of her heart. How many are there who thus mingle in society, but are indifferent to its pleasures! To such as these, misfortune loses its sting. Friends may die around them, and grief for their death is soon lost in envy for their lot. The contemplation of their own wretchedness renders them careless of the happiness of others, but the heart must have some object upon which to rest.

Clara returned to her solitude; but her former studies gave her no pleasure. She had heard the efforts of genius derided. The passing sneers of the world upon romance and literary tastes, and upon the abstraction of the thoughtful votary of the muse, indirectly aimed at her, and coldly disre-

could no longer lose herself in meditation, and be happy. She now loved to dip in the mazy labyrinths of metaphysics. She studied the various theories of skeptical philosophers upon the origin of creation. She inhaled the delusive maxims of Rousseau and Voltaire, and imbibed their principles. She had mistaken the wild visions of her romantic imagination for religion; and, because they could not give her the happiness promised to the votaries of religion, she loved to believe that this is a world of chance. It was a doctrine entirely opposite to the hopes of her youth; but where is the character that years do not change? Who does not wish, at times, for the pure feelings that have gone with former days?

I have not seen Clara for several months. The last I knew of her was, that she had sailed for England. But the breezes that waft her form from her native land, cannot purify her soul. Her education has been wrong, and there is no remedy for the evil. But perhaps I am in error. Some unseen spirit may breathe new life into her soul, and chase away the mists that hang around it, and inspire it with true and fervent piety.

"But when the heart is past its youth,
'Tis very hard to bring
Back to its fount the joy of truth,
The glory of its spring;
But, keep it pure from hour to hour,
It has no blight like bird or flower."

IMAGINE.

THE CASKET.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

A CHAPTER ON GENTILITY.

"GENTILITY," my father used to say, "costs so little, that I wonder any body should be vulgar; and, indeed, so religiously did he adhere to his favourite maxims, that I doubt whether he was ever guilty of an ill-bred action. But what it cost him will be seen, if the reader pleases, by reading farther on.

As he died when I was quite young, my recollections of his person are not very vivid; but an old portrait, which I found a few days since in my aunt's garret, represents him as a very comely person, with a light complexion, a powdered wig, a high forehead, and of goodly proportions. I was not a little surprised at the youthful appearance it had, although he died under forty, for his idea was always associated in my mind with an amiable old man. Such is the vast difference there seems, to children, between them and their parents. He is painted in a violet coat, with large silver buttons, and ruffles at the wrists; pea-coloured pantaloons, and a striped satin vest, with one hand negligently thrust into the bosom. I remember my nurse used to tell me he was searching for a sixpence to give me, and I have waited whole hours, expecting to see him draw it out. It was done, I have been told, in Paris—for my father had travelled—and, I doubt not, by a court painter, for he never went half way where gentility was concerned. The reason of its being thrown among the lumber of a garret was, its having no eyes. Before I was old enough to know what revenge meant, I, one day, after having been denied something I had cried for, stole into the parlour, and mounting a card-table, poked my forefinger through both eyes of my father's unresisting portrait. I had forgotten the circumstance, but seeing the picture recalled it fresh to my memory. I have it now hanging in my bed-chamber, and when I feel revengeful, from any real or imaginary wrong, one glance at its rent eyes never fails to satisfy me. What a happy thing it would be if gentlemen of the duello school could thus revenge themselves on each other's portraits; what cool and deliberate aim they would take; no tremblings, no changing of colour, no blood running to the ground; but all would be smooth, bold and genteel! It would give

great encouragement to the fine arts, and save many a worthy young fellow from an untimely grave.

My father's gentility was an inherent passion; he was born a gentleman, though why, I could never conceive, for his father was a plain, honest man, and who his father's father was, I believe, is still a secret to our family; and my grandmother was as notable a housewife as ever knit a stocking; but it was his genius, and a born prince could not have had finer ideas. Some mystery-loving philosopher might call it a recollection of a previous state of existence; and, if it was, I doubt not I might boast of a German baron, or a French prince, for an ancestor. He was an expert swordsman, a tolerable musician, and one of the most elegant dancers that ever stepped a minuet; but he never acquired enough of any accomplishment for it to look professional in him. He adored the fair, and worshipped them in fact, as fervently as Burn's has in song. I am inclined to think, from some fragments I discovered among his papers, that the delicacy of his passion sometimes led him to poetry. The following lines are the only verses that appear to have been finished:

TO PHILOMEL.

Teach me, sad bird, with tender moan,
My Delia's heart to move,
For ah, like you, I wear a thorn
Of unrequited love.

Or fly, sweet Philomela, fly
To Delia's charmed bower,
Tell her how sad and piteously
I mourn each silent hour.

Tell her, sad bird, how keen the woe
Of alighted love to bear—
Thou wouldst not sing so sad, but thou
A wounded heart dost wear.

Alas, each rustling zephyr's breath
May reach my Delia's ear,
Each rude wind blowing o'er the heath,
But me she will not hear.

The dewy flowers she plucks at morn
Might mind her of my eye,
For there the glistening tear-drops shone;
Alas, she would not dry.

O! happy winds that round her bowers
Can unforbidden sigh!
O! happy are the lowly flowers
That in her footsteps lie!

Sad bird, to Delia fair complain,
Let Delia hear thy moan;
I cannot bear to know thy pain,
It minds me of my own.

This tender address was not blistered by "foolish tears," though it spoke as much truth, no doubt, as verses generally do. I found another short epistle written in a different character, but affairs of the heart were never meant for broad daylight, and passing them through a printer's hands rubs off all the sentiment; so I will expose no more of these tender billets. I may want to use them, as Sterne did the corporal's letter, so let them rest until some love-inspiring eyes shall draw them to the light.

I have looked in vain among my father's papers for letters respecting his early life, but unpaid bills and *billets-doux* were all that I could discover; from which I concluded, that either Cupid or the sheriff held him in constant chains. He was relieved, however, from the thralldom of both by wedlock; my mother brought him a snug fortune, but it flew faster and higher than scandal, for my sire's gentility was an expensive passion; kind soul, had he been content, like a Frenchman, with a great deal of tinsel and very little substance, he might have lived for an age as genteelly as a prince, but he despised affectation in his heart. Neither was he a *parvenu*, borrowing his betters' manners outwardly, but retaining all his in-born meanness; his was "nature's aristocracy," and it fitted him like his own coat, not like his neighbour's. Shakspeare has drawn him in Timon; how could he miss him? for he was formed by nature, not by the crowd, though my father had none of the Athenian's cynical passions in him; he was, in truth, all gentleness, and when he could no longer invite his friends to a feast, he did not, like the noble lord Timon, summon them to a banquet like that when he bid "each man to his stool, with that spur as he

would to the lip of his mistress;" nor, when his creditors pressed hard upon him, did he send so foolish a message as this to his friends:

"I am proud; say
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money."

For he knew well that,

"Since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside."

Of my golden days of infancy I remember but just enough to make me wish for them again, and tradition is silent on the subject. By the time I had entered my eleventh year, my father had contrived, with the assistance of his friends, and by following his favourite maxim, to ruin himself, that is as the world has it; for if he had lost his property, he had not lost his *sauvitur in modo*, and he was, in truth, a much finer gentleman than ever, though a much poorer one. As I was from home during the winding up of our fortunes, I was not a witness to the melancholy bustle of selling off; so, when I was sent for to come home, I was filled with amazement upon jumping on the hall floor, to hear the sound made by my little feet reverberate through hollow sounding rooms; the carpets, the chandelier, and the pictures, were all gone; the doors all stood ajar; I looked into the parlour, but the curtains were all down, the floor bare, and the chairs and tables gone. I ran breathless down to the nursery, but there was fresh food for wonder. At a little round table sat my mother, doing the honours of the scurviest breakfast I had ever seen: a snoutless china coffee-pot stood on the table, and by its side a champagne glass for a cream-pot, and cups and saucers to correspond, not with each other, but with the rest of the equipage: my genteel sire was toasting a slice of kidney on the end of a fork, and Patrick, a faithful old servant, sat with my youngest sister on his knee, telling her stories of wild Irishmen and fairies, which, had she been able to have comprehended them, would have made her auburn locks uncurl, and stand on end.

The next morning—it was a dark drizzly day in April—two long covered wagons drove up to the door, and I was told we were going a long, long way off, up into the country. I held my breath, and looked at the preparations for setting out, with as much awe as if we were going to the moon. My father was as passive a spectator as myself; for he had not the smallest business-capacity in the world, and so he stood, and bowed, and smiled, to his creditors, as they occasionally passed, as unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

Into the first wagon was put the little furniture the law had left us, the pots and kettles hanging beneath; and into the other my father and mother, my two little sisters and myself, some boxes of baked meat, "funeral baked meats" they were, for this was the death of our gentility, an old hat-case, my mother's guitar, and my father's two pointers.

After the last farewell was taken of the last friend, and the reins were in Patrick's hands, I saw, for the first time, a tear starting in my father's eye; my mother's bosom heaved convulsively; her lips trembled, and turned deadly pale; she strove in vain to hide her emotion, the tears gushed from her lovely blue eyes, and, resting her head on my father's shoulder, she wept long and loud. The sympathy of tears is all-powerful, and my sister and myself now began to show it in no very ambiguous or gentle manner. Honest Patrick, who felt for all our misfortunes, though he had heretofore only administered to our pleasures, without sharing in them, showed his condolence by setting up a howl, such as he had probably practised at wakes. The two pointers hearing this unusual concert, commenced an accompaniment at the tops of their throats. In addition to these sobs and howlings, the rattling of the wagons over the pavements set all our crockery and tin-ware a jingling,

so that we had the satisfaction of drawing the whole neighbourhood out of their beds, and of seeing the window-shutters thrown open, and curtains drawn half aside, as we passed along. The market-boy set down his tray, and the milk-man held his dipper suspended over his pail, to look at us. But it was better than a play to a cavalcade of ragged boys and little chimney-sweeps, who followed us, shouting and jumping in high glee, until we were fairly out of town, where, if the reader pleases, we will jog on in silence.

But one word—I will not hold thee, kind reader, long by the button. If my story has a moral—and all tales should have one—I hope it is too palpable to need pointing out; but if thou dost ever feel an inclination to crowd thy parlours with well-dressed and smiling friends, and haply take delight in seeing them eat jellies and pic-nics, and other costly things, at thy expense, I do opine, if thou hadst seen my father the morning he left his once-gay mansion, with no friend near him, it would have cured thee of a *soiree*—at least for one season. G. H.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

DUTCH MAIL.

WHILE I was at Nottingham, I fell in with a plain elderly man, an ancient reader of the *Leicester Herald*, a paper which I published in the halcyon days of my youth. Its reputation secured me many a hearty shake by the hand, accompanied by the watery eye of warm feeling, as I passed through the midland counties. I abandoned it in 1796, for the *Monthly Magazine*, and exchanged *Leicester* for *London*. This ancient reader hearing that I was in Nottingham, came to me with a certain paper in his hand, to call me to account for the wearisome hours which an article in it had cost him and his friends. I looked at it, and saw it headed, "Dutch Mail," and it professed to be a column of *original Dutch*, which this honest man had been labouring to translate, for he said he had not met with any other specimen of Dutch. The sight of it brought the following circumstance to my recollection: On the evening before one of the publications, my men and a boy were frolicking in the printing-office, and they overturned two or three columns of the paper. The chief point was to get ready in some way for the Nottingham and Derby coaches, which, at four in the morning, required four or five hundred papers. After every exertion, we were short nearly a column. But there stood in the galleys a tempting column of *pi*. Now, unlettered reader, mark—*pi* is a jumble of odd letters, gathered from the floor of the printing-office, but set on end in any manner, to distribute at leisure in their proper places. Some letters are topsy-turvy, often ten or twelve consonants together, and then as many vowels, with as whimsical a juxtaposition of stops. I suddenly bethought me that this might be called Dutch, and after writing a head, "Dutch Mail," I subjoined a statement, that, "just as our paper was going to press, the Dutch mail had arrived, but that, as we had not time to make a translation, we had inserted its intelligence in the original." I then overcame the scruples of my overseer, and the *pi* was made up to the extent wanted, and off it went as *original Dutch*, into Derbyshire and Nottingham! In a few hours, other matter, in plain English, supplied its place in our local publication. Of course, all the linguists, schoolmasters, high-bred village politicians, and correspondents of the *Ladies' Diary*, set their wits to work to translate my Dutch; and I once had a collection of letters containing speculations on the subject, or demanding a literal translation of that which appeared to be so intricate. How the Dutch could read it, was incomprehensible. My Nottingham *quidnunc* was one of the number, and it appeared that, at times, for above four and thirty years, he had bestowed on it his anxious attentions. I told him the story—and he left me, vowing that, as I had deceived him, he would never believe any newspaper again! Sir R. Philips' Tour.

PARENTAL MURDER.

A few months ago, at the village *Chang-yuen*, in the neighbourhood of Canton, in the family of Lew, there was an only son, sixteen years of age, of a bad disposition, and given to thieving. The neighbours often complained to

his parents of his petty thefts, and made them ashamed. In consequence of this, the father and mother of this only child, conceiving that it would be difficult to alter his disposition, agreed to put him to death, that they might not be disgraced by him. Accordingly, the same night on which they came to this resolution, they passed a cord round his neck, the father pulling one end, and the mother the other, and so strangled him. Husband and wife next day carried him beyond the precincts of the village, and interred him on the common. The neighbours all knew of the occurrence: Our native correspondent, a young man, writes, "Alas! though the youth was vicious, he might have reformed. There was no necessity to move the murderous hand and take his life. Where was the feeling of their hearts?" But an old Chinese, who stood by and read the account, fully justified the proceeding; and affirmed that he had a grandson whom he apprehended he must despatch in a similar manner. The power given by the law to parents over disobedient children is very great; and in this case, as there was none concerned to prosecute, the murderers remained undisturbed!

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

We read much of the luxurious effeminacy of the old Romans, their fantastically curled hair, their favourite robes, &c.; but what will posterity think of some of the modes of puppyism in our times, when they read, in a chronicle of fashion, dated one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine, that gentlemen wore elegant drab opera manteau, lined with sash velvet, and confined at the collar with a gold chain? In another dress, the waistcoat is directed to be made of "a very beautiful white embroidered velvet." Some young men have appeared at balls with "blue dress gloves, embroidered with white." "The system of the cravat is to form the organisation of linen on the breast;" but the very "march" of foppery is "cloaks of the gentlemen lined with plush silk of celestial blue." At balls, our young exquisites sport pocket handkerchiefs "of fine lawn, with a hem as broad as their thumbs, the corners only are embroidered;" "shoes tied with a small rosette." "A young gentleman now suffers his hair to grow, has it curled, and parted on the left side of the forehead," &c. This is the very quintessence of foppery.

THE SPARK AT SEA.

"A friend," says the editor of the *New-Bedford Mercury*, "has handed us the following lines, with permission for their publication. They are the production of George Washington Adams, the circumstances of whose fate has awakened a peculiarly melancholy interest."

There is a little spark at sea,
Which glows 'mid darkness brilliantly;
But when the moon looks clear and bright,
Emits a pale and feeble light;
And when the tempest shakes the wave,
It glimmers o'er the seaman's grave.
When ocean's storms roar wild and high,
Most brightly we this light descry;
Amid the billows sparkling foam,
Onward it sails to seek a home;
Despite the elemental war,
The wave is its triumphal car.
Such friendship's beaming light appears,
Through the long line of coming years;
In sorrow's clouds it shines afar,
A feeble but a constant star;
And, like that little spark at sea,
Burns brightest in adversity.

BOLIVAR AND THE BARBER.

The following anecdote is from "Memoirs of Bolivar, by General Ducoudray Holstein," now in the press, and about to be published by Mr. Goodrich, of Boston.

"One night, as the liberator was standing on the piazza of his house, he heard the music of a guitar, accompanied by singing. The verses sung were composed in honour of General Bolivar, the liberator, &c. He listened attentively to the singer, and was so delighted, that he ordered him to be called up stairs. The man was a barber, and an Indian. Bolivar, surrounded by a numerous circle, assigned him a seat in the midst of the company, and told him to repeat his song. The verses were the production of the barber himself, and composed in his own way. Bolivar was set forth as the hero of heroes. He was compared to the gods, descending from heaven, and bringing, to poor mortals, welfare, peace, liberty, equality, &c. At the end of

the performance, Bolivar being enraptured, the company burst forth in loud applause, and beside some money collected for him upon the spot, the Indian barber received, the same evening, by way of encouragement to his splendid genius, a present from the munificent liberator of a house and store, the property of a rich Spanish merchant, who had emigrated. Next day, the barber took possession, and still continues to sing his songs in honour of the liberator."

OLD LETTERS.

Reader, hast thou never pored over a budget of old letters, frail remembrancers of things frailer than they? traces of the hand that guided thine infancy, parental injunctions and fond anticipations? How well have they been answered? Some careless chirography too, from schoolmates and college cronies, filled with schemes of pleasure and plans for many a mad-cap frolic, and always some Tom Scamper was to join the party, and give it a double relish! Then a thousand plans for the years to come; promises of heart and purse; assurances of disinterested friendship; hopes of soon meeting—all marked with that freshness of feeling which grows faint, and withers, and passes away in the chilly atmosphere of after hours. Where now are the kind and light-hearted? Some risen to opulence, others crushed by disappointment—one had crossed the ocean wave—one sleeps beneath it—all were parted—all changed. The bright links had been displaced by other, "sterner stuff;" and yet, perchance, by those that bind closer and firmer. And yet—a pity 'tis—those bright things must pass away. They have, however; and for the past—peace to its ashes!

A KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT.

Some years ago, two persons in this town having a dispute relative to certain money concerns, submitted the matter to arbitrators. Instead of employing lawyers, each one pled his own cause. They spouted away in fine style for some time, until one happening to drop something offensive to the sober views of the other, he broke in upon him in the middle of his speech. Whether it was to enforce his argument, or whether it was merely accidental, report saith not; but the party on the floor was armed with a *raw-hide*. When, taking the interruption in high dudgeon, he drew the weapon across the head of his antagonist so forcibly, as for a few moments completely to upset his ideas. But he was not long in recovering his recollection, and drawing his fist, he gave the aggressor such a blow as sent him lumbering against the table, on the opposite side of which sat the honourable the arbitrators. The impulse given to the fallen orator upset the table; the table upset the arbitrators; and orator, table and arbitrators

"In common ruin lay."

"There, darn ye," said the victor, recovering his fist, "I guess that'll settle the hash!" And in fact it proved a very forcible argument, for from that day forward the suit was never renewed.

Berk. American.

TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.

The following is a literal copy of a speech delivered at a debating society, in one of the western towns of Pennsylvania. Corporal Trim's eloquence was no touch to this masterpiece: "Well—the subject to be excused is, wether ardent spirits does any good or not. I confirm it don't. Jist think of our ancestors in future days—they lived to a most numerous age—so that I think that whiskey nor ardent spirits don't do no good."—*A long pause*.—"Well—the question to be excused is wether ardent spirits does any good or not—so that I conclude it don't."—*Another long pause*.—"I can't get hold of the infernal thing."

ENVY.

The most curious specimen of envy we ever heard of, was exhibited by a London alderman. He was on his way to a turtle dinner, and was encountered by a half-starved beggar, who solicited charity. He looked at the applicant intently for a moment, and then burst out, "Confound you, I'd give five guineas for your *appetite*."

I once had a constant and troublesome visitor, whom I tried many ways to get rid of. First, I essayed smoke, which he bore like a badger; then I tried fire, which he endured like a salamander. At last, I lent him five dollars; and have never seen him since!

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

LINES.

"The fierce thirst of death, and still unslaked."

THE grave! the grave!—Oh, would that now
In its dark bosom I might rest!
That o'er this aching heart and brow
Its cold damp covering were prest!
For I am weary of the strife,
The heartless vanity of life.

I care not if the deep dark sea,
Or the green earth, should o'er me close;
I care not where my grave may be,
So that I there may find repose:
Oh! sweet it were to be at rest,
Whether in earth or ocean's breast.

Let me but die, I reckon not where
My ashes rest—it matters not;
The eye of love will come not there,
Nor friendship's footsteps seek the spot.
But vigils o'er my dreamless sleep
The spirit of neglect shall keep!

Still in my hopeless heart the same
Dark feeling dwells, whose Upas blight
Each hope and joy which near it came
Hath withered—all of fair and bright
That crossed my path have faded thence,
Beneath its deadly influence.

Thou poison in the cup of life!
From earliest youth my spirit's bane!
So long my heart unequal strife
With thee hath waged, that I would fain
Seek in the gloomy grave's recess
A refuge from thy bitterness.

The darkest and the brightest hour
Alike thy influence confess:
When sorrow o'er my heart hath power,
And evils closely round me press,
Thou com'st to bid my hours of gloom
A deeper, darker tint assume.

And when the hearts I love are glad
Around me, and I would be gay,
And smile with them, and drive each sad
And boding thought, and fear away,
Thou com'st to chill the burst of glee,
And make my smiles a mockery.

Yet still, while laugh and jest flow free,
None mark the spirit is not there,
None knew how much of agony
My heart hath learned at length to bear.
The spirit's utter recklessness
Oft springs from misery's excess.

Yet, but for thee, I could bear on,
Although my path is fraught with ill,
Were but this gnawing canker gone—
Dark thought! wilt thou pursue me still?
I cannot fly thee, for thou art
The spectre of my haunted heart.

The grave! the grave!—Oh, there alone
From thee my spirit shall be free,
And that which I have never known
Shall then be mine—tranquillity.
Oh, when shall that blest moment come,
Which calls me to my wished-for home? THYRZA.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

London, April 16, 1890.

MY DEAR M.—I wrote you something of a letter this morning, for which I take it for granted that you are adequately grateful; but my benevolence is so far excited in your favour that I have determined, before I sleep, to scribble another sheetful for your peculiar edification. I might now, if I pleased, take unto myself much credit for this measure, by laying it entirely to the account of that benevolence which I have just spoken of; but honesty is the best policy, after all; so I may just as well confess the real reasons why I am, at this moment, doing what I am; to wit, in the first place, because the rain is descending in showers; in the second, because I expect soon to leave this place, on an excursion to the continent; and, before I go, it appears but reasonable that I should say all I have to say to you; for, during my journeyings, it is not probable that you will be troubled with any of my lucubrations. Thirdly, and lastly; I have nothing else to do. Nobody will call upon me now, because I want somebody to keep me company, and I have read till my eyes are tired, and my limbs weary of inac-

tion. Apropos to nothing; what a dust you have been kicking up with that amiable and exemplary gentleman, who took such an unceremonious leave of absence from this city, some five months since; I mean the quondam banker, Stephenson. Do you know that our worthy countrymen have brought down upon themselves a pretty lot of compliments on this occasion? That just and reasonable man, John Bull, takes it for an assumed fact that the whole population of the United States were engaged in the abduction of the fugitive from Savannah, and he is amazingly delighted, of course, with the handle it has given him to belabour us with abuse. He quite forgets to remember the atrocious violations of law and justice that are perpetrated every day, and every hour in the day, in his own household, and under his very nose, and plumes himself delightfully upon the unheard-of wickedness of Brother Jonathan. As to Stephenson himself, his sins are altogether overlooked, and every body sympathises with him for his unhappy destiny in falling into the cruel hands of the barbarous, murderous, piratical, kidnapping, law-despising, blood-thirsty Yankees—they call us all Yankees here, whether we hail from Maine or Georgia. I had quite a sparring match, yesterday, with some friends of mine, upon this subject. They began the battle, and did not spare me, I assure you. "Is this the boasted morality," said they, "of which your countryman, Cooper, makes such a parade in his last book of notions? According to him, we must believe that in America there is no such thing as a violation of the law, or a breach of the public peace: that all the Americans are orderly and quiet, respecting every man's rights and privileges, and scrupulously abstaining from any thing like fraud or injustice."

"This does not look much like it, however," said a lively brunette, in whose good graces I am particularly anxious to stand well; "here has been as barbarous an instance of brutal and lawless violence as was ever committed by a savage. What have you to say, Mr. H. in exculpation of your countrymen?"

I will not detail to you, at length, the substance of my argument, but content myself with informing you that I did not come the worst out of the disputation. I made them observe, that the first instigator of the outrage was an Englishman; that there was some reason to suspect another Englishman, and he a public officer of his majesty, of an intended, at least, if not an actual participation in the offence; that the first kind treatment the fugitive received was at the hands of an American; and, finally, that his liberation was owing to the prompt interference of American lawyers, citizens, and magistrates. Then I alluded to the interest manifested by the inhabitants of the city in general; and so, I flatter myself, I succeeded in turning the tables upon my antagonists. For a time, Stephenson was quite the lion of the day—you know that London must always have at least one lion, and sometimes half-a-dozen. His property was sold at extravagant prices; though why Sir John should conceive a horse or a phaeton, a picture or a hair-brush that had belonged to an absconding and criminal debtor, to be more serviceable than another, I cannot, for the life of me, imagine. The mania has long since passed away; it was forcibly dispossessed by the catholic question, which gave way to Madame Malibran, who will, in turn, soon be succeeded by Miss Smithson, or some other man, or woman, or thing; and so the world of London goes on from miracle to miracle, wondering, crowding, running, crushing, and always paying, and that right plentifully. For some time past, the fashionables have been flocking to the colosseum, in the Regent's park; but they are beginning to turn their attention in other directions, and the humbler world of men and women merely has succeeded to the rage. The park is crowded every day with denizens of all sorts of unknown places—Farringdon without, and Bishopsgate, and Aldermanbury, and Crutchedfriars, and the Minorities. By the way, I wish you were here, just for a day or two, to see that colosseum. You can have no idea of the stupendous magnitude of the building; nor can, or shall I attempt to give you one. But it is almost worth making the voyage to see it alone. You have heard the story, I dare say, of one of your rich New-York gentry, an amateur of every thing pertaining to the fine arts, who went through the British museum and did not notice the Elgin marbles. He could hardly escape seeing the colosseum, even if he were to try.

I went, yesterday morning, to see a sparring-match at the Fives-court, and there I found our mutual friend, Richard S. He paid great attention to the sport, and spoke

quite like a knowing one, at least so it seemed to me; but I have no great skill in these matters. I asked him, among other things, what brought him over, and he told me that he came expressly to get boxing-gloves and lessons. Pray, is the noble science of fifty-cuffs much cultivated among you? or is Richard a rare instance of devotion to it? For my own part, I prefer the exercises of the gymnasium to all the boxing-matches in Christendom. I have attended Voelker's school very constantly for the last two years. His former lieutenant is now, I understand, or was, lately, in your city; a very clever and scientific German, with the form of an Apollo, and as strong as Hercules? Have you seen any thing of him? His name is ——. If you have not, I advise you to find him out and cultivate him. Oh, send me Willis's new Magazine whenever it comes out. You remember you mentioned it to me in one of your letters. I showed some of W.'s pieces to M—e and C—ll, and they were much pleased with them. The remarks of these two poets were curious and characteristic. M. objected to the trifling nature of the subjects, and the flippancy of the sentiment. C. suggested that the writer took too much pains to polish his verses. I remember once showing Halleck's Fanny to M. and he had a fault to find with that too: His objection was to the occasional introduction of a ludicrous image, or idea, after a fine thought or sentiment; as, for instance, in those beautiful lines entitled "Music," he thought it much to be lamented that Mr. H. had ended one of the most exquisite stanzas with rain and Scudder's balcony. I quoted Byron, but he said it was a fault in *him* too. M. speaks very highly of the Americans now. Once, when I was at his house, he alluded to his former abuse of us, and apologized very handsomely indeed. I was with him, I remember, soon after the news arrived of the simultaneous deaths of Jefferson and Adams. He was delighted with the incident of their both dying on the fourth of July, and said, if we Americans could not write poetry, we could act it; that the happening of those deaths as and when they did, was true poetry. But I am weary of this gossiping, so farewell. Yours, truly,

N. B. Whiskers are no longer in fashion.

THE ESSAYIST.

FROM A LATE LONDON PERIODICAL.

WEATHERCOCKS.

"Round he spun."

WE have a great respect for a weathercock! There is something about it so *springy*, so sprightly, and, at the same time, so complying and so accommodating, that we are not ashamed to confess that we have long taken it for our model. It changes sides perpetually, yet always preserves one unvaried elevation; it is always in motion, yet always remains the same. We could look at a weathercock for hours!

To us, however, it has another charm, independent of its intrinsic good qualities. Its name, not less than its character, recalls to our recollection a family which is entitled, in the highest degree, to our esteem; of which we should never cease to think, even if our memory were not daily sharpened by the little remembrancer, which is at once their namesake, their crest, and their model.

The family of the Weathercocks is one of considerable antiquity. The first of the name whom we find distinguishing himself in any extraordinary degree, is Sir Anthony Weathercock, of Fetherly, Staffordshire, who changed his party seven times during the unfortunate dissensions between the houses of York and Lancaster. And this he contrived to do with so much tact, that he was a considerable gainer by his six first defections. By his seventh he certainly sustained a trifling loss—he lost his head!

It is a well-known observation, that the descendants of surpassingly great men are often either blockheads or idiots. The present instance certainly affords us an exemplification of the truth of the remark. The successor of this genuine weathercock was a poor weak fellow, who had no more idea of turning to the right-about, without compulsion, than he had of breakfasting without beef. Upon his refusing to deliver up the castle of Nounhame to the celebrated Warwick, he was besieged, compelled to surrender, and immediately hung up upon the gates of the fort, to learn to behave like his forefathers.

The religious persecutions which followed the union of the white and red roses, afforded fresh opportunity for the

manifestation of the merits of the Weathercocks. Theirs was almost the only family of any note in England, which did not lose one or other of its members from the indiscriminate fury of superstition. The head of the house appears to have embraced as many religions, and more wives, than Henry himself; and a younger branch is said to have been, within a week, a serving-man in the train of Gardiner, and a clerk in the household of Cranmer. But we are forgetting that we and our friends live in 1829, and that we shall weary the patience of our reader by tracing those dry historical facts *ad orem*.

The Weathercock family, or rather that branch of it with which we are at present concerned, resides on a large and productive estate in Leicestershire. We have spent much time with them, and have had several opportunities of studying their peculiar merits. Their mansion affords a perfect college for mutability; every thing is kept in readiness to be destroyed or refitted at a minute's warning. It is quite delightful to see how new fashions of furniture come in and go out; how the faces of the servants are continually altered; how the hour of meals, the regulation of the *parterres*—in short, the whole system of domestic economy is always subjected to some new ephemeral arrangement, which must soon give way to another equally new and equally ephemeral. To us, we say, this is delightful. But one seldom finds two tastes alike. Many pronounce the Weathercocks to be quite crazed; and many decide that "they are mighty good kind of people, but have very odd whimsies!"

The disposition for change, which is inherent in the family, has produced very strange effects upon their place of residence. The house was originally a good stout old-fashioned house, remarkable for nothing but the antiquity of its pictures and the size of its dining-hall. But its name and character have shifted considerably since it came into the possession of my worthy friends. It has been alternately a hall, an abbey, a castle, and a lodge; nay, during the life of the late Sir Adonis Weathercock, it became, for a few months, a cottage. The proprietor, however, in this instance, gave up his design before it had effected any thing beyond the windows. The mansion bears more permanent marks of its other metamorphoses. On one side it has the square turrets and battlements of the feudal system; on another, the flowery-pointed arch of a Gothic cathedral. One of the owners of the place thought proper to sink a moat round his habitation; but he afterwards filled it up, and converted it into a circular gravel walk. Another had a fancy for erecting some solid Doric pillars: he, doubtless, much improved their appearance by placing upon them a beautiful Chinese veranda. Similar observations are suggested by an inspection of the interior of the building. You may almost read a history of two or three centuries in the relics of their manners, which are scattered in every apartment. War has been carried on with tolerably equal success between Lely's portraits, Gainsborough's landscapes, and Bunbury's caricatures. A cast of a Hercules looks somewhat angrily upon a mandarin, who is his next neighbour; and a timorous Venus maintains her post with great obstinacy, although her divine presence is invaded by the scaly folds of an enormous dragon. There are bonzes and cupids, oaken tables and mahogany tables, drab papering and crimson papering, high mantel-pieces and low mantel-pieces, Dresden china and French china; every thing is superb, every thing incongruous, every thing unfinished.

The old park has been reduced to the same state. A scrupulous homage has been paid to every new mode of cultivation; a thousand emendations, and additions, and improvements, have been successively introduced. But it is easier to plant new customs than to eradicate the old. Lycan was turned into a beast, but he retained his old habits of atrocity. Arachne was transformed into a spider, but she did not forget her spinning. The park of the Weathercocks has, in like manner, assumed various novel shapes, without losing the traces of its old ones. At one time it was dressed out in all the stiff regularity of alleys and arcades; at another, it was dubbed a "wilderness," and was immediately laid waste by a terrible inroad of shrubs and weeds without number. In one part, your eye rests upon the muddy vestiges of an artificial cascade; in another, your foot stumbles over a heap of rubbish, which has been produced by the demolition of an artificial ruin. Some people object to these things; for my part, I own I am delighted with them. They show a proper distrust of one's own opinion; a decorous compliance with the unsta-

ble will of the world; an eager spirit of enterprise; in short, they prove that the Weathercocks have not an ounce of obstinacy in their composition.

Sir Wilfrid Weathercock, the present head of the family, is a cheerful and hale man, between forty and fifty years of age. He is about the middle stature, although upon some occasions, by the affectation of a fashionable stoop, he appears somewhat dwarfish; while, upon others, by the assumption of a military gait and a pair of high heels, he bids fair to be accounted a giant. With a self-denial worthy of a Cincinnatus, he has avoided all offers of place or pension, all invitations to embark in public life; he has confined his manifold talents and his extraordinary versatility to the limits of his own estate. Perhaps, indeed, his determination, in this respect, may have been a prudent one; for, although any ministry would have been benefited by the unusual facility with which Sir Wilfrid would have flown from patriotic speeches to taxation and gagging bills; from prayers for peace to declarations of war; from professions of economy to measures of profusion; yet it must be confessed that his reluctance to remain a minute stationary would have driven him from one side of the house to the other, oftener than is seemly in a public man. Let it be understood that we speak with all due deference and respect for the numerous precedents which are to be found in our English history. Leaving great statesmen to settle this point, we can only express our opinion that our friend has certainly acted best for his own comfort, by choosing a quiet privacy, where he may "change every hour," undisturbed by the malevolence of envy, or the violence of faction.

His education was, in his youth, sadly neglected. Indeed, his father fluctuated so long, first between Eton and Westminster, and afterwards between Cambridge and Oxford, that it is marvellous to me how little Wilfrid picked up any education at all. He has, however, obtained just so much learning as enables him to cry up the Greeks and the Latins alternately, and to flirt with all the nine Muses in succession. He escaped the fatigue of deliberation in the choice of a profession, by the death of his father, who left him, in very early life, the heir to all his fortune, all his friendships, and all his follies. He spent his first two years upon the estate, occupied in reflections of no very serious import: such as, whether his coat should be red or green; whether his hunter should be bay or brown; whether his equipage should be a barouche or a curricle. So far all was sunshine; but some tempestuous days were approaching. It was suggested to him that the ancient family of the Weathercocks ought to have an heir to its honours and possessions. No evasion would serve; Sir Wilfrid must take a wife. He was now in a novel and a disagreeable dilemma. In any trifling part of his domestic economy, in the livery of his servants, in the arrangement of his dinner-table, in the fashion of his plate, he would have bowed without a murmur to the decision of his friends; but to inflict upon himself a wife, was a thing so utterly unlooked for and unprepared for, that Sir Wilfrid paused. He hesitated and decided, and hesitated again, through three years; at the termination of which he broke his leg in a fox-chase, grew quiet in consequence, sold his hounds, and looked out for a wife. Then another perplexity occurred. Who was to be the happy woman? He could never resolve to make so invidious a distinction.

"It is very true," said poor Sir Wilfrid, "that Miss Dormer has a very fine face, but then I never much admired her nose. I certainly have always preferred her cousin, although that unfortunate cast of the eye—well, well, I am a young man, and, as my aunt says, 'there is no hurry!' Miss Rayner is very beautiful, and has such charming dark hair; I always liked dark hair; yet I don't know if light is not as pretty—prettier sometimes—as, for instance, Miss Chevier's—only she is so insipid; I think Lady Mary is more fascinating, but then she is so terribly satirical. Perhaps her sister would make a better wife—if she was not such a fool!"

He consulted in this manner with himself for a long time: half the belles of the county were ready to pull caps for him, but he "prattled with fifty fair maids, and changed them as oft—" At last, in a fit of courage, he flung himself at the feet of his chosen one—talked some rhapsodies—sighed some sighs, and awaited his sentence. The lady was sorry, very sorry—and she was flattered, highly flattered—and she was sure, quite sure—it would only be attributed to her own want of discernment, that she declined the favour, the honour, the distinction—the—He heard no

more; he hesitated; should he leave the room?—yes!—no!—yes!—and he escaped as well as he could.

He has continued to this day a bachelor. In spite of all solicitation, all persecution, he has remained, in this one instance, obstinate. In all others, he is a real Weathercock. He builds cottages, apparently with no object but that of pulling them down; and pulls them down, apparently with no object but that of building them up: he is a tory one hour, and a whig the next, and takes in the *Chronicle* and *Courier* alternately: he seldom reads more than half a number of a periodical work, and never wears the same coat above a month. In his conversation, he pursues the same plan—or rather want of plan. In short, in manner, in language, in business, and in pleasure, he sets an admirable example of mutability, which we shall always make it our study to imitate—especially when we take up our pens.

Of Sir Wilfrid's nephew and heir we shall here say nothing. We pass on, therefore, to the baronet's maiden sister, Lady Rachel Weathercock, who is nowise deficient in the peculiarities for which family is remarkable. Lady Rachel has now attained her fiftieth year; the caprices and follies of her youth have gradually subsided; and, in many points, she has become more stationary than a Weathercock ought to be. Her character, however, is just saved by one little ingredient, by which a person who is unacquainted with her habits may not be a little puzzled. Lady Rachel is an inveterate reader, an inveterate talker, and an inveterate arguer. You might, therefore, suppose that few subjects could be started upon which the lady would not ground a dispute—but it is no such thing. Her ladyship possesses such a delightful pliability of opinion, that it is hardly possible to differ from her upon any topic. We have heard her advocate and abuse every school of painting or poetry in almost immediate succession. She combats to-day the very opinions she maintained yesterday; yet, upon the very first semblance of a contradiction, she veers round forthwith, and proves herself a more accommodating antagonist, if possible, than the Neapolitans. Mr. Oakley was three hours in conversation with her; and though the burden of his song was No, No, No, he was unable to pick a quarrel. Like Sir Robert Bramble and Job, "they couldn't disagree—and so they parted."

The only remaining member of the family is Sir Wilfrid's niece. How delightful is your mutability, charming Leonora! You are like a chess-board, which is checkered with black and white squares alternately—or a melodrama, in which the tears of tragedy are relieved by the follies of farce—or a day in April, which blends rain with sunshine, summer with winter—or a periodical, in which the serious is united with the absurd, and pathos is intermingled with puns. What a wardrobe must be yours! To-day you assume the costume of the victim Mary—to-morrow, that of the executioner Elizabeth; you put off the diamonds of the queen for the garland of the peasant; the curls of the coquette for the veil of the nun. Your voice has a thousand tones; your lips have a thousand smiles; all of them distinct, yet all of them engaging! You are always the same, yet always varying; consistent only in your inconsistency! Be always so! we will build a fane in the most beautiful region of fancy; where no two flowers shall wear the same hue, no two days be of the same length or temperature: light gales shall breathe from all points of the compass by turns, and clear streams shall vary their course every hour; stability shall be sacrifice—and Leonora shall be the goddess of the temple.

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

THE ROMANCE OF JESSIE, THE FLOWER OF DUNBLANE

"Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
"The pang of despised love, the law's delay,
"The insolence of office, and the spurns
"That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
"When he himself might his quietus make
"With a bare bodkin?"

THE poet Tannahill is justly celebrated for his many sweet Scottish songs. His short life of poverty and unfortunate death are probably known only to the peasantry of his own country and the curious in biography. Poor Tannahill, stung with indignation from a sense of mortified pride, and, as he conceived, hopes blasted irre-

rushed from a merry circle where he had spent the evening, and rashly put an end to all his earthly troubles, by drowning himself near the place of his nativity.

Many months previous to his death he had become gloomy and abstracted, and contemplated self-destruction with a fearful composure. The following words, solemnly addressed, and written by a brother poet on the eve of committing a similar act, were ever on his tongue:

"Good heavens! the mystery of life explain,
"Nor let me think I bear the load in vain;
"Lest, with the tedious journey, cheerless grown,
"Urged by despair, I throw the burden down."

Tannahill had long been the sport of wayward fate, occasioned, in some degree, by faults within himself; but more particularly by the apathy and remissness of his countrymen, who, with all their boasted generosity, neglected him. Like most poets, he was sensitive to excess, and deadly jealous of his fair fame. Always suspicious of the motives of his patrons, he was reserved and unamiable before them. That they should look down on him as an object for their commiseration, or entertain him as they would a paid creature for their amusement, was to his haughty spirit mortifying in the extreme; and, rather than submit to the humiliating caprice of patronage broadly assumed, he chose to clasp poverty to his aching heart, and, in the ragged abode of misery, was pleased to utter those brilliant strains of imagery and sentiment which have beguiled many a weary hour, and yet shall enliven the social circles in his native land—if there be any thing in immortality—to the "crack of doom."

The cause for irritation which immediately preceded his act of self-destruction was a supposed insult given by one of his associates on the fatal evening. Talent will always create envy, and, consequently, beget enemies, who will seize opportune moments to mortify and annoy. This is according to human nature, and poor Tannahill ought to have estimated it with the mind of a philosopher; but, unfortunately for himself, he carried within his bosom the heart of a poet, tremblingly "alive all o'er" with a high sense of honourable feeling, rendered still more intense by a vivid imagination.

Of his songs, none have been more universally esteemed than his "Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane." The beautiful imagery of the verse, and the plaintive sweetness of the air,* gained it an immediate popularity, which promises to be as lasting as the language in which it was written.

The fair subject of this song was a bonnie lassie in Dumblane. Her family were of poor extraction, and Jessie was contented with a peasant's lot. When Tannahill became acquainted with her, she was in her "teens," a slight dimple-cheeked, happy lassie; her hair yellow-coloured and luxuriant; her eyes large and full, overflowing with the voluptuous languor which is so becoming in young blue eyes with golden lashes. The tinge which lit up her oval cheek was delicate and evanescent, and her pulpy lips bubbled with bliss as she gave utterance to her heart.

Tannahill was struck with her beauty, and, as in all things he was enthusiastical, became, forthwith, her ardent worshipper. But her heart was not to be won. Young, thoughtless, panting to know and see the world, she left her poor lover "to con songs to his mistress' eyebrows," while she recklessly rambled among the flowery meads of Dumblane, or of an evening sang his inspired verses to him with the most mortifying nonchalance. This was a twofold misery to the sensitive poet. A creature so sweetly elegant, so dear to him, so very lovely and innocent, and yet, withal, so encased in insensibility as apparently neither to be conscious of the beauty of the verses trembling on her dulcet tongue, nor caring for the caresses of her lover—it was too much, to mark all this, and feel it with the feelings of a poet, was the acme of misery.

But the "Flower of Dumblane" was not that unfeeling, unimaginative being which Tannahill pictured her. She was a creature all feeling, all imagination, although the bard had not that in his person or manners to engage her attention or to arrest her fancy. The young affections are not to be controlled. Love, all mighty love, must be free, else it ceases to be love. Tannahill was plain in his person and manners, and felt and expressed discontentment at the cruel disappointments which it had been his unhappy fate

almost invariably to encounter. Jessie, on the contrary, looked upon the world as a brilliant spectacle yet to be seen and enjoyed, as a vast paradise full of the beauty of heaven and of earth, where men walked forth in the image of their Creator, invested with his attributes, and where women trod proudly amidst the lovely creation, an angel venerated and adored. To express dissatisfaction under all these circumstances was to her mind the extravagance of a misanthrope, the madness of a real lover of misery, and a sufficient cause for her not to respect him. Both viewed the world through a false medium, and their deductions, although at variance, gave colour to their minds and accelerated their fate.

Jessie could not comprehend what appeared to her the folly of her suitor. She relished not his sickly sentiment; and as all woman-kind ever did so, she scorned a cooling lover. The bard was driven to despair, and, summoning up an unwonted energy of mind, departed, and left his adored to her youthful aberrations.

Soon after this period, the song of "Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane," together with the music, was published; and became a public favourite; it was sung every where, in theatres and at parties; a world of praise, was showered upon it from woman's flattering lips, and men became mad to know the adored subject of the lay. In a short period it was discovered. Jessie Monteith, the pretty peasant of Dumblane, was the favoured one. From all quarters, young men and bachelors flocked to see her, and her own sex were curious and critical. Many promising youths paid their addresses to her, and experienced the same reception as her first lover. Nevertheless, at last poor Jessie became really enamoured. A rakish spark, from Mid Lothian, adorned with education, being of polished manners, and confident from wealth and superiority of rank, gained her young affections. She too credulously trusted in his unhallowed professions. The ardour of first love overcame her better judgment, and abandoning herself to her love of passion, she made an imprudent escape from the protection of her parents, and soon found herself in elegant apartments near the city of Edinburgh.

The song of neglected Tannahill was to his Jessie both a glory and a curse; while it brought her into notice and enhanced her beauty, it laid the foundation for her final destruction. Popularity is a dangerous elevation, whether the object of it be a peasant or a prince: temptations crowd around it, and snares are laid on every hand. "Who would be eminent," said a distinguished child of popularity, "if they knew the peril, the madness and distraction of mind to which the creature of the popular breath is exposed?"

When the poet heard of the fate of his beloved Jessie, his heart almost burst with mental agony, and working himself into the enthusiastic frenzy of inspiration, poured forth a torrent of song more glowing and energetic than ever before dropped in burning accents from his tongue. It is to be lamented, that in a fit of disgust, he afterward destroyed those poetic records of his passion and resentment.

Ere three years had revolved their triple circuit after Jessie left her father's home, she was a changed woman. The companion of her flight had forsaken her. She was destitute in her splendid habitation. Her blue eyes looked pitiful on all things around her; her oval cheeks were indented by the hand of misery, and her face and person presented the picture of an unhappy, but amiable being. How changed was the figure clothed in silk, which moved on the banks of the Forth, from the happy, lively girl in Dumblane, dressed in the rustic garb of a peasant! But this is a subject too painful to dwell on: let us hasten to the catastrophe.

It was on an afternoon in July, a beautiful sunny afternoon, the air was calm and pure. The twin islands of the Forth, like vast emeralds set in a lake of silver, rose splendidly over the shining water, which now and then gurgled and mantled round their bases. Fifehire was spread forth like a map, her hundred of inland villages and cots tranquilly sleeping in the sunshine. The din of the artisans' hammers in Kirkcaldy and Queensferry smote the still air; and Dumfermline's apron'd inhabitants scattered forth their whitened webs beneath the noontide sun. On the opposite shore, Leith disgorged her black smoke, which rolled slowly in volumes to the sea. Edinburgh castle, like a mighty spirit from the "vasty deep," reared her gray bulwarks in air; and Arthur's Seat rose hugely and darkly in the back ground. The choruses of the fishermen, like hymns to the great spirit of the waters, ascended over New-Haven; and down from Grainsmouth, lightly booming o'er the tide, floated the tall bark. The world seemed steeped in happi-

ness. But there was one, a wandering one, an outcast, wretched and despairing, amidst all this loveliness; her bosom was cold and dark, no ray could penetrate its depths; the sun shone not for her, nor did nature smile around but to inflict a more exquisite pang on the unfortunate. Her steps were broken and hurried. She now approached the water's edge, and then receded. No human creature was near to disturb her purpose—all was quietness and privacy; but there was an eye from above who watched all. Jessie Monteith—how mournfully sounds that name at this crisis! But Jessie sat herself down, and removing a shawl and bonnet from her person, and taking a string of pearl from her marble-seeming neck, and a gold ring, which she kissed eagerly, from her taper finger, she cast up her streaming eyes, meekly imploring the forgiveness of heaven on him, the cause of her misery and death. Scarce offering a prayer for herself, she breathed forth the names of her disconsolate parents, and ere the eye could follow her, she disappeared in the pure stream!

The sun shone on; the green of the earth stirred not a leaf; a bell did not toll; nor did a sigh escape from the lips of one human being, and yet the spirit of the loveliest of women passed away.

S.

THE DRAMA.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

PARK THEATRE.

For two months past we have daily turned over the southern papers, to read the accounts of the triumphant progress of every body's favourite, Miss Clara Fisher, through that part of the country, and busied ourselves from time to time with calculations of the interval that would elapse before she returned to gladden our northern eyes. At length she came—we went night after night to witness her delectable performances, and, sinners that we are! have not so much as indited a single worthless paragraph on so memorable an occasion; so that the countless myriads of people who peruse this invaluable paper, may have "burst in ignorance," if they have not had some more trust-worthy means of receiving the important intelligence. We hope, however, that Miss Fisher will be immediately re-engaged, or at all events before the end of the present season, which is now drawing fast towards a close. The manager can present no greater attraction, for there are people who will go and see Clara Fisher, though the thermometer stood at one hundred and twenty, and a state of "continual dissolution and thaw" were the inevitable consequence. During her present engagement she has not appeared in any new character, excepting as a lively widow and a peasant girl, in the new musical drama of "Home, sweet Home," a pretty trifle, translated from the French, and as light and pleasant as that light and pleasant people. French tragedy is the dullest and stiffest of all tragedy, and there is not much chance of its being any better so long as they dislike Shakespeare and laugh at the witches in Macbeth; and French comedy, with the exception of Moliere's, is not much better; but in "airy nothings," like the present—a combination of farce and melo-drama, with the broadest features of the one and the bloodiest of the other omitted—they are unrivalled. The French dramatists, like the French cooks, can furnish forth a pleasant entertainment out of very slender materials. A cook once made an incomparably rich soup out of Louis the Fourteenth's old listen slippers; and a dramatist of that nation will take a little bustle, a little intrigue, half a grain of wit, and quarter of a grain of humour, a particle of love, and an abundance of sentiment, and, with the help of a few cottages and peasants, a vineyard, some indifferent music, and excellent dancing, will compound a more agreeable mixture than an English dramatist with ten times as good materials. Why this is we cannot tell, but it is so; they have the knack of it, so there is no more to be said about the matter.

The plot of "Home, sweet Home," is sprightly enough: Maria, a peasant girl, of the mature age of fourteen, and a boy named Henry Le Roche, swear eternal constancy, and separate; the boy goes for a soldier—the girl stays behind, and remains constant, after the French fashion; that is, marries another, but is still true to her first love, merely, as she says with considerable *naivete*, giving her hand without her heart. Her old husband dies, and leaves the poor peasant girl a rich and dashing widow. The boy, after an interval of ten years, returns a man and a colonel; but having some misgivings that his pretty Savoyard will not suit

* The air is composed by R. A. Smith, of Edinburgh. The verses, too, are indebted to his critical acumen, the manuscript song having been twice the length of the printed one. The writer of this received the intelligence of the fact from Mr. Smith, who was on intimate terms with Tannahill, and often endeavoured to cheer up the drooping spirit of the bard.

the drawing-rooms of Paris, resolves to visit her in disguise. But what are the contrivances of a man to those of a woman, and that woman a widow? She discovers his plan, and way-lays him as Madame Gernance, and, in five minutes, the constant colonel is incontinent in love. He, however, tears himself away, and sets out to visit his first love; but the widow arrives at the village before him, and in the dress of the peasant Maria, by dint of singing and sentiment, again makes him prisoner. The worthy colonel is now in a quandary, being in love with two ladies at the same time—his heart is split in twain—he “owes a divided duty,” which is at last happily reconciled, by Maria and the widow very conveniently turning out to be one and the same person. Barry, as the colonel, was handsome and agreeable, and Clara, as the widow, gay and graceful enough to have seduced any man from his allegiance; but her acting as the innocent light-hearted Savoyard was better still; it only lasted one scene, but what there was of it was truly delightful—a perfect gem. The effect she gives to her songs with such limited powers of voice is wonderful. We could write a column on this subject, but a sincere respect for the feelings of our readers restrains us. There is an underplot, which, we presume, gives its name to the piece. A sentimental corporal, wishing to see his sweetheart and his “Home, sweet Home,” deserts from his regiment, the consequence of which is, that he nearly gets sent off to his long home, his commander not entering into his feelings on the occasion. A going-to-be-shot scene ensues, but a pardon arrives at the exact period when it always does, namely, when the culprit has marched three quarters across the stage, and a quantity of love, gratitude, thankfulness, with a merry *finale*, concludes “Home, sweet Home.” Mr. Richings, as the corporal, was highly respectable, and repressed that exuberance of passion and violence of jesticulation which characterizes the acting of Kean and Mr. R. There was a beautiful song, “When the Pilgrim returns,” allotted to him, which he sung with taste and feeling, and with all the effect that his voice is capable of giving. One of the most amusing things in the piece was a servant of the colonel’s, played by T. Placide—a brother of the popular actor of that name—though the whole humour of the part consists in the repetition of the word “enthusiasm” in season and out of season. This, together with the good acting of Mrs. Sharpe, Mr. Simpson, and Barnes, sent the audience away in great good humour with “Home, sweet Home.” The music, by Bishop and Lee, is of itself well worth going to hear. This is really a fine time of day to give an account of a new piece; but as it was highly successful, and will, doubtless, be frequently repeated, it may serve to give an idea of it to those who have not seen it, and refresh the memories of those who have. C.

AMERICAN OPERA HOUSE.

Accident alone has heretofore prevented our bestowing a passing remark upon this new establishment. We say *new*, because its name, its front, its manager, and its company, are new. Who does not remember Chatham theatre, which, in the days of its original projector and proprietor, was the most popular place of amusement in this city? But the eccentric little Frenchman was called to a more permanent scene of action, and the Chatham, after passing successively through a variety of hands, and as many internal changes and mutations, has recently been resuscitated from a death-like lethargy, to a state of vigorous activity. Mr. Hackett has converted the establishment into what he denominates the “American Opera House,” for the representation of operas, farces, melo-dramas, &c. A handsome new front, in imitation of marble, has been erected in Chatham-street, and the corridor leading to the main building widened and embellished. A company, comprising some first-rate talent, has been collected. Every one knows what a cool, pleasant summer theatre it is, and we sincerely hope Mr. Hackett will have a profitable season. The Chatham garden, which has also been opened for the season, is a pleasant resort. The fountain has been repaired, and bordered with a rich belt of verdure, while the brim of its basin is tastefully fringed with flowers in full bloom. The trees have leaved forth in luxuriance, and the paths are all ornamented with shrubbery. A wall of separation has been placed between the two establishments.

We understand that Mr. Gilfert has succeeded in obtaining another lease of the Bowery theatre, and that he is again making his “little arrangements for the whole United States!”

NATURAL HISTORY.

SINGING BIRDS.

An English naturalist observes, that those who have attended minutely to the singing of birds, may have distinguished a provincial accent in those of different English counties; and that hence the chaffinches of Essex are much more highly valued than others. He quotes our favourite ornithologist as saying, that birds differ as widely as men in tone, energy, and expression. “There was one wood-thrush,” says Wilson, “with whose notes I was so familiar that I recognized him the moment I entered the woods. He serenaded the forest with notes as clear as those of the nightingale.”

THE MOCKING BIRD.

Mr. Rennie, in an article on American song birds, in the January number of the Magazine of Natural History, has an interesting account of the mocking bird, which he says seems to be the prince of all song birds, being altogether unrivalled in the extent and variety of his vocal powers; and besides the fulness and melody of his original notes, he has the faculty of imitating the notes of all other birds, from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accents he faithfully follows his originals, while in force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. His own notes are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at most five or six syllables, generally expressed with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardour for half an hour or an hour at a time. While singing, he expands his wings and his tail glistening with white, keeping time to his own music, and the buoyant gaiety of his action is no less fascinating than his song. He often deceives the sportsman, and even birds themselves are sometimes imposed upon by this admirable mimic. In confinement he loses little of the power or energy of his song. He whistles for the dog; Caesar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to his master. He cries like a hurt chicken; and the hen hurries about, with feathers on end, to protect her injured brood. His imitations of the brown thrush are often interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and his exquisite warblings of the blue bird are mingled with the screaming of swallows or the cackling of hens. During moonlight, both in the wild and tame state, he sings the whole night long. The hunters, in their night excursions, know that the moon is rising the instant they begin to hear this delightful solo. His natural notes partake of a character similar to those of the brown thrush, but they are more sweet, more expressive, more varied, and uttered with greater rapidity.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The Collegians.—This is among the best, if not the very best, of the Irish novels; by which appellation we mean to designate those tales of which the scene is laid in Ireland. The characters are almost exclusively Irish, and the spirit entirely so; for there are novels possessing the two first requisites, without the last, obviously written by Englishmen, and giving incorrect views and notions of Irish feeling, character, and manners. The collegians are two young men of the same rank in life, educated alike, and similarly situated, so far as externals are concerned; but in disposition wide as the poles asunder; as are their destinies, if it be not a perversion of language to apply that term to what are merely the results of the respective characters and actions of the individuals. If we are not deceived, this tale is founded upon facts; it is strongly impressed upon our mind, that we have read a narrative of the leading features of the story, in the unembellished but interesting form of a law report. It is but justice to the unknown writer to say, that he has made most excellent use of his materials; that from them he has constructed a story of deep and touching interest, abounding with natural and well-told incidents, felicity of expression, and fine touches of individual character, strongly marked, indeed, but not surpassing nature and experience. There is scarcely one of the personages of the story, of whom the reader cannot say, “I have known a being like this.” The purpose of the author has not been merely to write an attractive tale, but to exhibit some of the innumerable varieties of human disposition, governing, or strongly influenced by, circum-

stances, and the effects of passion, when unrestrained by principle. In this object, he has entirely succeeded; and the result is a valuable, instructive, and highly entertaining book. In his style we think we have discovered a resemblance to that of Mr. Galt; and that many of the characteristics of the “Entail,” and “Sir Andrew Wylie,” may be perceived in the “Collegians.” In conception and delineation of character particularly, there is no inferiority to those popular novels; Hardras Cregau, and Polly Naughton, and Danny the lord, will bear a comparison with almost any of Mr. Galt’s creatures. Would our limits permit, we should be pleased to make some extracts; but, as it is, we must be content with expressing the pleasure with which we have read the “Collegians,” and with recommending them to our readers as a means of procuring to themselves an equal degree of gratification. The work is in two volumes, and is published by the Messrs. Harpers.

Twelve Years of Military Adventure.—We have read these well-written volumes, which, though not of so exciting a nature as the preceding, are still very entertaining. The author appears to be a man of good plain sense and some power of observation, and has wisely confined himself to giving, in unpretending language, the results of his dozen years of service. The first volume consists principally of the early campaigns of Lord Wellington—then General Wellesley—in India; the second, of the masterly career of the same illustrious commander in the Peninsula. This last is, of course, the most interesting portion of the work, at least to us Americans. There is nothing, indeed, particularly new contained in it, so far as the general operations of the campaigns are concerned, but the details of these are agreeably interspersed with anecdotes and accounts of private adventures of the author, forming altogether a pleasing narrative, with which the reader may wile away his leisure hours very satisfactorily. As a book of reference, moreover, “Twelve Years of Military Adventure” is not without its value; for there is every reason to believe its details to be strictly and invariably authentic. Seymour, Fanshew, Sleight, Clayton & Van Norden, are the publishers.

Tales of Military Life.—We regret to say, that we cannot join with the English periodicals in the commendations which they have been pleased to bestow upon this work. The first and longest story, “Vandaleur,” is interesting, and this is all that can be said of it. There is no striking discrimination of character; no fine knowledge of human nature displayed in it. The good people are all angels, and the bad people all devils incarnate; the former are in tribulation for a time, and the latter are finally exposed and punished for the especial benefit of the reader, who knows that it must be so, from the very beginning. In short, we cannot help considering these “Tales of Military Life” as very stupid affairs, regular catchpennies, such as any hack-writer for the London press would contract to furnish at the rate of four per annum for a moderate compensation.

Christian Examiner.—Among the periodical publications which confer honour on this country, this one deserves a pre-eminent rank, for its independent opinions, its liberal, yet manly tone, its pure morality, and its vigorous thoughts and chaste style. Dr. Channing, one of the first didactic writers in the English language, is its editor, and he is likely to elevate it to a high and splendid popularity. He has lately enlarged the work and amplified its general plan, so as to admit all subjects of literary, as well as of strictly theological discussion.

Reminiscences.—The communication of Imogene is interesting to all, but particularly so to those who understand its allusion. The ladies of New-York will perchance recognize the resemblance. No personal feeling shall ever be wounded, nor shall the retirement of private life be ever violated in the Mirror, but the world of fashion as it moves by us, affords many subjects which may be slightly sketched without any unkind feelings or disagreeable consequences, and we solicit from our fair correspondent more characters drawn from real life. There is an ease in her writings which renders them welcome to all, and the plan of selecting subjects from the immediate world around us cannot fail to prove both amusing and instructive.

Strawberries and Green Peas.—Our friends of Philadelphia are boasting of their early strawberries and green peas. One of their papers informs us, that “notwithstanding the supposed backwardness of the season, vegetation seems going on as in a Russian summer!”

BRIDESMAID'S SONG AND CHORUS, FROM DER FREISCHUTZ.

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, BY WILLIAM WOOD, JR.

Re - ceive this wreath of ro - ses rare, By friendship's hand u - ni - ted; O may thy for - tunes bud as fair, And bloom through life un - blight - ed!

CORO. FOR.

May the bon - dage love im - po - ses, Prove a wreath of ro - ses! Prove a wreath of ro - ses!

ADDITIONAL LINES BY OUR FAIR CORRESPONDENT, THYREA.

May all the dreams that gaily now
Glide through thy youthful fancy,
Still to thy life their charm bestow,

And evermore entrance thee:
May the blessings round thee beaming,
Be more than fancy's dreaming!

Though life has clouds that, dark and deep,
Frown on their victim sadly,
For thee may all their terrors sleep,

And sunshine ever glad thee;
May friendship's smile, and love's caressing,
Make life to thee a blessing!

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

WHY, when a thousand stars, less bright,
Were lonely wandering through the sky,
Shouldst thou, fair daughter of the night,
Be singled out so soon to die?
Thy lovely sisters linger still,
Although the place which thou shouldst fill
Is vacant now. Wilt thou return,
Again among that band to burn?
Their hymn thy sisters nightly pour,
In pensive notes, out on the air,
In tones of sadness, that no more
Thy rich voice mingles with them there.
The dewy gems that fill the flowers,
Through all this bright green land of ours,
Are tears of grief thy sisters shed
For thee, the loved, the lost, the dead!
Perhaps thou still art in the sky,
From thy beloved home afar,
Beyond the reach of human eye,
A lone and melancholy star;
Pining with grief among the throng,
Ne'er mingling in their joyous song,
Nor holding converse with the few,
But palely burning 'mid the blue.
'Tis always thus—the loveliest
On earth, as well as in the sky,
Are shining marks above the rest,
To fade away, and droop, and die.
Canst thou behold from thy lone stand,
Those lovely ones linked hand in hand,
And hear the deep and plaintive song
They've nightly sung for thee so long?
When this our world shall melt in gloom,
Its joys all sink to rise no more,
Its lovely things all find a tomb,
Amid the last conflicting roar;
Then shalt thou find a long-lost home,
No more to part, no more to roam,
From that beloved and happy band,
So long as heaven's broad dome shall stand.

Thus the cold spectre-hand of death
Parts friends from all they love below;
Breathes on their hopes his poisonous breath,
And lays their joyous prospects low:
But they, at length, like thee shall rise,
And meet again where purer skies
Float over brighter lands than this,
Where all is love, and joy, and bliss.

FELIX.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TO A FRIEND.

I dare not think that, when years depart,
No change will be found in thee;
I dare not believe there is yet one heart
That will still remain true to me.
I dare not hope that the future scene,
Which so fair in the distance appears,
Will be brighter than all the past has been,
When joined to those vanished years.
The visions that shed o'er my earliest days
A brilliant and beautiful light,
Were the visions of friendship and love—and their rays
Have set in the darkness of night.
Then why should I think that a later beam
Less transient and fading will be?
Or why should I hope that a wilder dream
Will have more of reality?
It is, that there seems such a promise of truth,
And candour and faith with thee,
That I cannot doubt—though the lessons of youth
Have been a sad warning to me.
But ah! I will yield to illusion still,
Or trust to the confidence
That friendship's pure and unbroken spell
Has given for thy defence.
There is that in thy calm and open brow
That tells me I am not deceived,
That assures me these thoughts and feelings now,
Are, by thee, understood and believed.
Then fare thee well—when the evening star
Shines over the deep blue sea,
Thou wilt think of thy home and thy friends afar,
And oh, then, remember me!

ESTELLE.

FROM THE ETIONIAN.

SONG.

Say a kind farewell, my Mary!
Here's a kind farewell to thee!
'Tis the last time ever, Mary,
Thou'lt say farewell to me.
I'll not depart in sorrow,
Nor mourn upon the shore;
But I'll smile upon to-morrow,
And the sea-wave and its roar.
I dreamed a heart was mine,
With its passion and its joy;
And oh! the heart was thine,
And I loved it as a boy.
But all is over now, Mary,
The dream and the delight;
And I'll bury all beside, Mary,
In forgetfulness to-night.
I'll sing the song that others sing;
I'll pass the jest with all;
And I will not tame my spirit's wing
In banquet or in hall;
But I'll fill one cup alone, Mary,
To drown thy maiden spell;
And I'll drain that cup to thee, Mary,
For a health and a farewell!
When the snow-white sails are set,
And the seaward gale is blowing,
My eyes shall not be wet;
My tears shall not be flowing;
But when England fades away, Mary,
And I'm lone upon the sea;
Oh! I'll look tow'ards England, then, Mary,
And sigh farewell to thee.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEWDROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1829.

NUMBER 49.

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE TWO EMILIES.

"WELL! this is sufficiently tantalizing," exclaimed young Harry Ponsonby, as he sat at his solitary breakfast, sipping a cup of very indifferent tea, and perusing a letter which had just been brought him. "Now, here have I been for this month past, thinking, dreaming, and talking of nothing else than my expected meeting with my dear little Emily; and at the very moment I am going to set off post on this delightful errand, comes this confounded letter, to quash all my hopes!—Deuce take me if I go at all," said the impatient youth, tossing the unwelcome epistle from him to the furthest corner of the room.

The letter which called forth this burst of impatience from the youthful lover, was from his guardian, Mr. Devereux, and we shall give its purport in his own words as follows:

"DEAR HARRY,—We are rejoiced to hear of your success at Cambridge, and at the near prospect of seeing you here. Had your little mistress been with us at present, we should no doubt have had mighty preparations for your reception at Stokely, and you might have had the satisfaction of throwing yourself and your laurels at the young lady's feet in the true heroic style. But joking apart, my dear Harry, though sorry for your disappointment, I think it may be just as well that my ward and you should not be thrown together until the childish impressions received when you were last here shall have undergone the test of time, and till the influence of society, and the attractions of others may have had free scope to act upon the unfettered hearts of both.

"You no doubt thought me a surly fellow, when I forbade all childish promises; but you may live to thank me for my obduracy, and mean time you must console yourself as best you can, or if much at a loss, may practise pretty speeches at the expense of my Emily, who, though not perhaps so gay as her lively cousin, is very much what her father could wish her to be; and who, together with Mrs. Betty and myself, will be delighted to see you at Stokely Priory," &c. &c.

"Well! perhaps Mr. Devereux was right, and I was wrong after all," said Ponsonby, as after another perusal, he crumpled the letter into his pocket, and threw himself into the carriage which had been in waiting for some time. "But unfortunately the promise was given before I was aware of his intentions, or at least before I had done more than half suspect them. And now, what if Emily should have grown up coarse!—but surely that is impossible;—she was so pretty and so playful.—Let me see, it is just five years since I saw her last—she was then but thirteen; and now she is eighteen—what a charming age!"—and in contemplation of that golden age, and on the change which five years must have made upon his Emily—the hours rolled on, and so did the carriage until he arrived at Stokely Priory.

It was a bitter sharp evening in the end of February; the ground was covered with snow, and the sound of the carriage wheels was scarcely to be heard

as it swept round the circle, and stopped at the door of his guardian's mansion.

Ponsonby was one of those youths who delight in surprises, and who love to throw the whole precise arrangements of a quiet family into confusion. He congratulated himself, therefore, that no one appeared at the door to receive him, except the old butler, a favourite domestic of the family, and was still better pleased, when old John assured him, that he might, if desirous of so doing, steal upon the family quite unawares.

"For," added he, "master always makes Miss Emily sing to him after dinner until the candles come, while he sits listening with his eyes shut, in one arm-chair, and Mrs. Betty is sleeping in t'other; so if you go in by the anteroom, sir, you may hear Miss Emily sing, and she be never the wiser; but you know, sir, it's not your Miss—I mean, sir, that it's t'other Miss Emily, master's daughter, that's at home now."

"I know, I know, John; I shall be very happy to see Miss Devereux, and to make acquaintance with her."

"So saying, Harry stepped lightly up the stair-case, and softly opened the door of the apartment which led to the drawing-room, he stopped for a moment, lest the noise of his footsteps should arrest the sweet sounds which met his ear from thence. Oh, what a voice was that! so soft, so full, so sweet!—but it was not *his* Emily who sang, and a pang of disappointment thrilled through his breast.

Harry was passionately fond of music, and he stood chained to the spot, drinking in the rich melody which seemed formed to penetrate his soul. The air was one he well knew,—it was a beautiful French air from the opera of *Joconde*—"Dans un delire extreme." There was something in the tenderness with which the words

"Et l'on revient, toujours, toujours,
A ses premieres amours!"

were breathed, which thrilled through his heart. Had it been *his* Emily who sung, what a moment of delight would this have been! But he had no time to sigh or to think about the matter, for old John entered the room with candles, and at this moment an exclamation of surprise, and, as Harry fancied, of pleasure, escaped the lips of the lovely songstress—for lovely she indeed appeared, as she started from the instrument, her cheek suffused with the brightest blushes, while she hastily extended, and as hastily drew back, the prettiest little hand in the world.

"Papa, it is Mr. Ponsonby," said Emily, "and I have almost introduced myself to him."

Mr. Devereux rose to welcome Harry, and complete the introduction, while Mrs. Betty rubbed her eyes, and, putting on her spectacles, exclaimed,

"Bless me! Master Harry! it surely can't be;—why, he is a finer man than his father was, and that I thought hardly possible."

"Do spare my blushes, dear Mrs. Elizabeth," said Ponsonby, grasping the old lady's hand with much kindness; "you know I was always a modest youth, and I would not have my fair cousin think me otherwise now, although I have been so bold as to steal upon you unannounced; but the temptation old John held out was not to be resisted, and the sounds I have heard not easily to be forgotten."

"What, Mr. Ponsonby, and you have been a listener," said the blushing Emily; "well, my cousin Emily told me many of your faults, but she did not give me reason to believe you were so very unprincipled."

"Did Emily speak of me to you?" inquired Harry with eagerness; "and what did she say?—You must tell me what faults she said I had, that I may set about reforming them."

"Come, come," said Mr. Devereux, "we shall not enter upon so ample a field at present; see the urn is smoking on the table, and no tea in it yet. Why, Emily, you are getting as giddy as your cousin; and I have been telling Harry here, that you are a paragon of steadiness and regularity."

An arch smile played for a moment around the rosy lips of Emily, as, without farther reply, she rose and began to busy herself in the duties of the tea-table. Harry and his guardian talked about his Cambridge studies and future views; and thus, between the grave and gay, the evening quickly passed in pleasant conversation.

When Ponsonby had retired at night to his old quarters in the blue room, he cast around him a glance of cheerful recognition upon every familiar thing, grown dear from the recollections and associations of childhood.

"Well," said he mentally, "were my little Emily but here, I should feel just as I used to do, and we might be as happy as possible."

But Harry was at that moment aware that in truth he did not just feel as he used, or as he ought to have done. The beauty and attractions of the present Emily had filled his heart with a troubled delight, and he felt the necessity of wishing for the presence of the absent Emily, to protect his plighted faith.

"Then this Emily is so like her cousin," reasoned he with his own conscience, "that I almost forget myself in her presence; and yet she is different too—more grave, more thoughtful. My Emily's face was ever speaking, even when her tongue was silent."

Thus making out a catalogue of his little Emily's charms, and confusing them gradually with those of her lovely cousin, the bewildered Ponsonby fell asleep.

A week had passed away, and Ponsonby was forced to acknowledge that his uncle's acquaintance with the human heart was greater than his own, and that it would have been far better for himself, had he submitted to be governed by it. But the fault of Harry Ponsonby had ever been impetuosity, and it required all the generosity of his disposition, and all his high sense of honour, to atone for the imprudences which he too often committed.

Little Emily as she had always been called to distinguish her from her cousin, who was a few months older, and formed upon a larger scale, was the orphan daughter of a younger brother of Mr. Devereux. He had filled a high situation in India, and upon the death of his wife, sent home his only child to be educated with her cousin. His own death quickly followed, and Emily's recollections of her parents and of India, were but as a dream, while all the bright realities of youth were connected with Stokely Priory, and the kind friends she had found there. Mr. Devereux was a widower, but the two Emilies passed their earlier years under the tuition of an excellent governess, be-

tween whose attentive solicitude, and the caresses of good aunt Betty, the loss of a mother was never felt. Mrs. Elizabeth Devereux was an unmarried sister of Mr. Devereux's father, and consequently grand aunt to the children. She was the kindest of women, and the sweetest of old maids. She did not attempt, with her old fashioned habits and ideas, to reform the ways and manners of the young; but she entered into their tastes, and made allowance for their feelings and their manners, for which she was repaid by the tenderest affection and the most watchful care.

As the cousins grew out of childhood, Mr. Devereux found it necessary to alter his plan of educating them together. Their governess had accepted an advantageous offer of superintending a limited establishment for young ladies; and the increasing infirmities of his aunt, made Mr. Devereux unwilling to deprive her of the society of both the little girls at once. A plan was therefore arranged, that the cousins should each alternately be for a year with their former governess, Mrs. Hartley, and with their grand-aunt at Stokely, until their education should be completed. Thus it happened, that during the twelve months which Harry had passed with his guardian, previous to his quitting him for college, the younger Emily had been his only companion, and the natural consequence of their being thus thrown together, was a growing affection for each other. Ponsonby then thought that his love for Emily was the sweetest, and would be the most enduring feeling of his existence: he had cherished it during five long years of absence, and had been proud to feel that it never was stronger than at the moment when he expected to be restored to her. All this was true—and even now he felt that sweet and young affection warm at his heart!—ah no!—how different from this was the wild tumultuous feeling which now swelled his breast and beat in every pulse, as woman, lovely, full-grown woman, asserted her sway, and burst upon him in all her charms!

But not unchecked did young Ponsonby permit himself to indulge in this sweet intoxication; severely did he take himself to task, and yet he scarce could say whence the blame had arisen. He had come prepared to love his own long-cherished mistress, yet ere one wandering thought had sprung within his breast, he had listened to that voice which could never be forgotten, and gazed on those bewitching eyes which still would follow him wherever he went. Yet was it long before the youth would admit the painful, humiliating truth, that his first love was extinguished, or had never deserved the name of that omnipotent passion. His upright honourable heart turned with pain from the possibility of such unfaithfulness, and he shut his eyes to the danger, and resolved to struggle with it, if it indeed existed.

Thus passed the time away, and Ponsonby felt his task becoming more difficult every hour, nor did Emily appear to aid him in it. It was true, she rather encouraged than checked him in any allusion to his youthful attachment; nay, she dwelt with emphasis upon the minutest circumstances regarding it, which had been confided to her by her artless cousin; and Harry thought she almost took a malicious pleasure in attaching importance to them, at the very time when he was wincing under the recollection of his fetters. Yet it was difficult to reconcile this mischievous triumph with the deep blush of pleasure which would suffuse her cheek, when she herself was the exclusive object of his attention. Thus, as the conduct of Emily became every day a greater enigma to Ponsonby, and consequently fixed more of his observation, his heart became more and more filled with her image. He tried to satisfy himself as to the state of her feelings, but his efforts were vain. Her character was much too open, and her disposition too generous to ad-

mit the imputation of coquetry, and yet at times her conduct was inconsistent—almost capricious. Puzzled with Emily, and dissatisfied with himself, Ponsonby resolved to turn from the dangerous contemplation. He would busy himself with books—he would only make his appearance when the assembled family party would render the meeting less dangerous to him.

It was after having thus absented himself for some days, that he chanced to meet with Emily on her return from an early walk, and though he had resolved on striking into an opposite path, such is the weakness of a lover's forbearance, that his resolution failed him at the moment, and he could not resist joining the enchantress. He even induced her to prolong her walk, by observing that the day was too inviting to allow of her returning to the house, and requested permission to accompany her. But no sooner had he made the request than he repented of it, for it seemed as if the lady was more disposed to resent his unlooked for attention than to accept of it.

"Pray, Mr. Ponsonby," said the provoking girl, "to what am I indebted for this unusual piece of gallantry? I rather think the sun has shone quite as brightly for this week past, but neither it, nor any thing else has been able to draw you from your room. I hope my absent cousin has had more of your thoughts of late than we of your company, or I fear she may have reason to repent of her early preference. Does Mr. Ponsonby avoid thinking of the absent, as studiously as he does talking of them?"

"What can you mean, Emily? Surely I have never avoided talking of your cousin when an opportunity has offered."

"But you have avoided the opportunity," said the saucy girl, "which comes to the same thing.—Poor little Emily! I fear she runs much risk of being forgotten altogether; and yet it's no fault of mine, for I am sure when we were together, I reminded you of her daily, hourly—did I not, Harry?"

"Oh, Emily!" exclaimed the agitated Ponsonby, grasping her hand, "you do indeed remind me of her, and that so powerfully, that at times I scarce know which Emily I am thinking of or speaking to. I look on you as I should look on her! I think of you when I should think of her, and wish, and wish—what is impossible—that there was but one Emily in the world for me, and she was—"

"Oh, do not say it, Harry!" exclaimed the now trembling girl, placing her hand upon his lips, as if to stop the words she dared not hear.

"Come, come, I must not listen to this nonsense.—I shall go to Mrs. Hartley's and send Emily to you, and then you will have your wish, and I shall have mine; for believe me, dear Harry, there is nothing I desire so earnestly as that you should continue true to your first affection."

With these words Emily returned to the house, leaving Ponsonby more bewildered than ever.

"Nothing that she desires so much as that I should be true to my first affection!" repeated Harry.

"Strange, unaccountable girl!—But be it so!—The task becomes easier, now that I know that she does not love me. And now I have but to school my own heart, and avoid the dangerous pleasure of being alone with this bewitching creature while she remains here."

But this schooling of the heart, Ponsonby found no easy task. Every member of the family appeared to have a plot to bring this unfortunate couple together. Even good Mrs. Elizabeth innocently lent her aid,—she could not make out her evening walk unless supported by an arm of each; and when she had reached her accustomed distance, she would urge Harry and Emily to continue their way a little farther, giving them frequently some commission of benevolence to perform, which she herself was unable to accomplish.

It was while proceeding one afternoon, on a mission of this nature, to the cottage of an old Scotchwoman, a pensioner of Mrs. Betty's, that Emily and Ponsonby had been induced to prolong their walk. The evening was sultry, almost to breathlessness; and as Emily leant on the arm of her companion, slowly pursuing their way, a more than usual constraint seemed to weigh on the spirits of both. Few words had been uttered by either, until they reached blind Margaret's door, and they felt it a relief when the old woman appeared, seated in her usual sunny corner at the end of the house. She arose, and spreading down her apron, seemed prepared to welcome them long before the silent pair believed it possible for her to be aware of their approach.

"Well, Margaret, and how are you to-night?" said Emily advancing; "I have brought a friend with me to see you, and you must tell who it is before he speaks. You know I always said you was a witch, Margaret, and now I am sure of it, for you rose to-night to receive us before even 'Fine Ear,' in the fairy tale, could have told we were coming."

"Na, na, Miss Emily, I'm no a witch, nor as little a fairy," said the old woman; "the gifts which witches and fairies possessed are no bestowed on mortals now-a-days; yet heaven has given a sense to the blind which amais makes up for that which he has seen fit to deprive them of, and I dinna think it needed any witchcraft to tell that it was Maister Harry coming up the loan, switching the thistles and nettles wi' his cane, as he used to do when he was a laddie, and little Miss Emily would aye be trotting after him. His step is no sae light to-night as it used to be in ither days, and yet I would hae kent it among a thousand!"

"Thank you, Margaret, for your kind remembrance of me and my boyish tricks," said Harry, kindly shaking hands with the old woman. "I was not aware that I was disciplining the thistles to-night. I think I might have been cured of that bad habit ere now."

"And I thought sae too, Maister Harry, for ye may mind weel it cost you a sair heart when you was younger than you are the day, and you nearly whipped out little Miss Emily's een, driving about you with your switch—ay, I mind weel how you brought the dear bairn in to me, and I couldna mak out which of you had got the hurt, for you was crying and she was comforting you—till the sweet bairn said, 'Never mind, Harry, for if I am blind, you will lead me about and promise never to leave me; and I shall be far happier than poor old Margaret, for she has nobody to be kind to her'—And then you promised!"

"Oh, Margaret, you must not be remembering all the foolish things I said and promised when I was a boy," said Ponsonby, colouring deeply; "one gets wiser as they get older."

"Aweel, aweel, see that it be sae, my young gentleman; but remember it's ae thing whiles to be wise, and anither to be honest, and I never saw muckle good come of the wisdom that made folk no like to hear of their youthful promises.—But winna ye step into the house, Miss Emily, as ye used to do, for I feel an unco weight in the air, and I'm thinking we'll no be lang without a shower?"

"Indeed," said Ponsonby, looking at the sky, "it is darkening all round us; Emily, we must hurry homeward."

Emily, who saw that her companion was impatient under the ill-timed recollections of poor old Margaret, availed herself of the threatening appearance of the clouds, to shorten their visit; so with an assurance to the old woman of visiting her soon again, they took their leave, and left the cottage.

They were nearly two miles distant from the Priory, and Ponsonby observing the fast increasing darkness, and feeling the sulphurous oppression of the air,

began to fear that the storm would break before they could reach its shelter. He would have urged Emily to strike across the wood, as affording a nearer path, but just when about to propose this measure, the first flash of lightning broke from the clouds, and he thought it safer to keep the open fields, even at the risk of exposure to the coming rain. Emily was no coward, but the rattling peal of thunder which immediately followed the vivid flash, declared how alarmingly close the danger was, and clinging, pale and breathless, to her companion, she felt the blessing of having such an arm to support her trembling steps.

"Lean on me, dearest Emily," said Ponsonby: "try to hasten your steps; if you can reach the old barn at the end of the field, it will afford you shelter from the rain;" and they quickened their pace with this hope. But now the clouds burst at once over their heads, the rain descended in torrents, and when they reached the old barn, they found that all the protection they could gain was from the outer wall, for the door was fastened so securely as to resist all Harry's most powerful attempts at forcing an entrance. In vain he led her to the most sheltered side of the wall, the violence of the gale made it impossible for him to screen her from the drenching rain, and Ponsonby saw with dismay, her light garments wet through, and clinging to her slender form.

In a moment he stripped off his coat, in spite of Emily's entreaties to desist, and holding it between her and the blast, he placed himself as a further shelter against its fury. At length came a flash of such startling brightness, that Emily clung to her companion with convulsive fear, and Ponsonby himself was thoroughly alarmed. He drew the trembling and almost lifeless girl to his bosom, and gazing earnestly on her pale face, he conjured her to open her eyes and look at him!—to speak to him if but a word!—for her silence and death-like paleness had filled him with unutterable terror.

"Emily! you are not hurt?—you are only frightened? Oh say so, dearest! speak to me if it be but a word!"

"No, I am not hurt, and I ought not to be frightened," said the still trembling girl; "but, dearest Harry, that flash—that awful flash! it seemed to fall so frightfully near to where you stood. Oh, heaven! if it had fallen on you!"—and she looked up at him with an expression of tenderness and anguish that thrilled to his inmost soul.

"Emily, dearest Emily! and was it for me you feared? and would you have regretted me—would you have grieved for me had I been taken from you?—then grieve for me—then pity me now! Oh, Emily! believe me that the stroke which would have laid me at your feet—which would have purchased for me those precious tears, would be less terrible than what I now feel—the bitter, bitter pang, that now we must part for ever! Yes, Emily, in this moment of terror the sweetest, yet the saddest of my life, I must be allowed to speak to you—to say all, and then—Emily, I love you!—deeply, fondly love you!—nay, do not stop me now—when I have said this, I have said all. You know my faith is pledged to another;—I have been rash—imprudent—against my will unfaithful. But dishonourable or unprincipled, I cannot and I will not be—I cannot offer you my heart; worthless as it is, it is the property of another, although filled with your image alone. Hers it is to keep, or to reject; but faithless, rebellious as it is, it cannot be a gift for you. I now must lay it open to that injured one. Oh that I had never seen her, or seen but her alone!"

He paused, overcome with contending feelings: he looked at Emily, but her countenance expressed no recoiling horror—there was no cold disdain in her tearful eyes; she still clung to him with confiding tenderness, and though she wept, they did not seem bitter

tears. He clasped her to his heart: he felt he was beloved, and tasted for a moment the deepest bliss this world has to bestow.

It was but for a moment—the next he almost thrust her from him.

"Oh, Emily! do not look upon me thus, or I shall be a villain!" and he tore himself shuddering from her arms. At this moment, the voice of Mr. Devereux was heard approaching them, and Ponsonby hailed it as that of his guardian angel. Too much agitated to speak, he placed Emily in her father's arms, and was hastily retreating, when his guardian caught him by the arm.

"What has happened, Harry?" inquired the anxious father; "are either of you hurt?"—But still receiving no reply, he looked more suspiciously at the conscious pair—the truth appeared to burst upon him.

"Go, young man," said he, in a tone of displeasure—"go and order the carriage here—it is well for some that it is at no great distance, for neither of you seem very able for much exertion. It will be well also to assume a little more composure before reaching home; for there is one waiting your arrival who may as little comprehend your present agitation as I do. Emily, your cousin is come, and Mrs. Hartley's carriage now waits for you."

Ponsonby remained to hear no more. Darting from his guardian, he beckoned for the carriage to attend them, and plunging into the wood, he took a path which led him in an opposite direction to the Priory.

The rain had now ceased; the blue sky appeared once more, and the last rays of the setting sun were reflected from a thousand sparkling gems, which bent the heavy branches to the ground. But the unhappy Ponsonby heeded not the beauty of the sky, nor yet the wetness of the tangled wood through which he forced his way. To remove from Stokely, and from all it contained, was the only distinct feeling of his heart. Yet the freshness of the air, and the fragrance of the woods, allayed by degrees the fever of his mind, and cooled his burning brow. He reached a summer-house in the furthest part of the wood, and resolved to remain there, until all chance of meeting with Emily should be over. He could not bear the thought of seeing together the two beings whom on earth he had best loved and most deeply injured.

Many were the agitating thoughts which tortured the brain of Ponsonby during this anxious interval; but none of them was so painful as the recollection of the earnest persuasion, by which he overcame the reluctant timidity of his young and gentle Emily, and forced from her a promise of being his, and his alone; and this too without the permission of her uncle. He well remembered that this promise was mutual, and could he hesitate a moment to perform his part in it?—No! he hated himself for the very thought; and rose, determined that the night should not close until all had been confessed to her who held his plighted faith.

As he drew nigh to the priory, he was thankful that the deepening twilight would conceal in some degree his agitation; but still reluctant to enter, he sought a momentary respite by passing into an adjoining shrubbery, which surrounded the house. A glass-door from the drawing-room opened upon a little lawn, fringed on both sides with flowering shrubs, and Ponsonby knew that from this opening he could observe, whether the room was yet lighted up, or if the family were assembled there. All was dark within; but his attention was soon drawn to another quarter by hearing the voice of Mr. Devereux in earnest conversation with another person at no great distance; in the next moment he saw the figure of his guardian, with that of his now dreaded Emily, at the end of the walk into which he was about to enter. Ponsonby hesitated for a moment whether he should approach them: but hesitation came too late—he saw that he was observed;

for Emily, the justly offended Emily, hastily pulled over her face a veil, which till then had been thrown back.

"She dreads to look upon me," thought Harry; "perhaps she already knows how unworthy I am of her—but meet we must," and without farther delay he advanced towards the bench upon which they were seated.

His guardian arose to meet him, and, with more of emotion than of anger in his countenance, held out his hand to the agitated young man.

"Harry," said he, "I am glad you have come at last. Shame and self-reproach could alone excuse your absence at such a time; but if you are forgiven here, I must not be obdurate. From this lady I have heard all—all that I ought to have heard from you long ago; but I will spare my reproaches; you have a powerful advocate in her breast, whom it would be in vain for me to gainsay. Take then the heart you gained in infancy—it has never wandered from you—and may heaven bless you in each other!"

With these words he took the trembling hand of Emily, and placing it in that of Ponsonby, he left them there alone.

"Emily! Miss Devereux! can you forgive me?" said Ponsonby in extreme agitation, as raising the passive hand that lay in his, he put it to his lips.

"Oh, call me not by so cold a name," exclaimed a voice which thrilled his soul with rapture.

"Oh, Harry, forgive my part in this deception, and look upon me," said the blushing girl, as she threw back the veil from her face; and Harry gazed upon each well-known feature, and clasped to his heart his only love—his first loved—last loved Emily.

The moon was high in the heavens before Emily and her lover recollected the hour. It was the sound of music in the drawing-room that first drew their attention.

"It is my cousin singing to her father," said Emily; "and now, Harry, you shall see for the first time this dreaded Emily, of whom, poor innocent thing, we have made such a cat's-paw; but it was all my uncle's doing, and I believe he did it as much to punish us for our fault as to prove our affection."

"Thank heaven, the punishment and the probation have ended both so happily," exclaimed Harry. "Oh, Emily, with what unmingled pleasure shall I now listen to those sweet words,

*"Et l'on revient toujours, toujours
A ses premières amours!"*

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

Two young physicians on their return home after having received their diplomas, were astonishing the weak nerves of the passengers on board the steam-boat, as well with their display of technicality as learning. The passengers were all dumb. An old gentleman, more bold than the rest, however, ventured to address the following question to one of these sons of Esculapius. "Pray, sir, is the section of country in which you are about to settle, sickly?" "Very much so, indeed," observed the Doctor, "I expect to witness a great many death-bed scenes in the course of the next summer." "I have no doubt but that you will," replied the old gentleman, "provided you get much practice."

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

It was a practice common among the Greeks, to cut off their hair (which they usually wore very long and always ornamented) as a mark of grief on the death of a friend. It is related of Helen, that on her return to Argos, she repaired to the tomb of her sister, Clytemnestra, where, instead of divesting herself of her hair, she merely clipped the ends, so as not to injure her good looks, (*quere, locks?*)

*See, she hath shorn the extremity of her locks,
Anxious of beauty, the same woman still.—Eurip. Elect.*

The English laws punish vice, the Chinese laws do more: they reward virtue.

THE CENSOR.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.
THE PERIPATETIC.

NUMBER I.

THERE is more importance in trifles than folks generally imagine. Petty misfortunes sometimes put philosophers in a passion, and heroes often fail in accomplishing the most insignificant enterprises. Perhaps the very fact of their greatness prevents their success, as I have seen a giant of a fellow, whose Atlantean shoulders could almost have borne a world, vainly striving with clumsy fingers to untie the knot of his shoe-string. You shall hear an orator stammering out instructions to his tailor, and many a soldier, fierce as Mars on parade, would not take hold of a crab for a commission. This is human nature, and it is on this principle that I account for the difficulty we have found in selecting an appropriate title for our numbers. We had determined to reform the city, and that the *NEW-YORK MIRROR* should be the periodical which our productions should immortalize. Several noted characters and some secret circumstances had been laid before us as proper subjects for fun; one or two charming belles singled out for the first incense of our praise, and a gang of lawyers, doctors, and the like, were stowed away in small parcels to be used according to future exigencies. We only wanted a title, and, do you believe it, kind reader, you have been disappointed for more than a week past in the perusal of these our lucubrations, in consequence of the difficulties which here occurred? A committee was appointed to settle the affair, and arrange all the necessary preliminaries. I had the honour to be named as one of the members, and one pleasant afternoon, in the sweet month of May, we rambled down upon the Battery, in pursuance of our design, and took possession of those very seats for which, Mr. Morris, we believe our fellow-citizens are indebted to you. I should now proceed, after the fashion of popular essayists, to describe how every thing appeared; how the sun was just setting behind the western hills—how there was a silvery haze in the air, through which the vessels on the bay appeared like the half seen images of fancy—how the distant blue shores were softened down into the indistinctness of a dream—how the nameless scents were wandering about with singular effect, and how the breeze was just folding its wings so as not to interrupt our important discussion. But I hate the sentimental in warm weather, and never meddle with the pathetic when the thermometer is above ninety, so I will speak on plainly what I have to say without any fine flourishes to the right or left. I inquired of my associates under what name it would be proper to make our debut?

"We want," said my friend C. with a grave air—"we want something expressive of all we mean to do, without any appearance of affectation. Something unique, classical, allegorical, easily comprehended, yet never before used—something brief, strange, unassuming and apt—"

"The *Tribunal of Satire*," said the lawyer.

"Too long," said the captain; "we will call it the *Broadsword*, because we shall cut every thing to pieces."

"Or the *Bumble Bee*," added another, "we shall always make a buzz."

"We'll call it the *Rifle*," said the captain.

"We'll call it the *Pop-gun*," said the lawyer.

"We'll take something in the fish line," said B.; "the whale, the dolphin, the flying-fish, the sea-serpent!"

"Or something in the way of agriculture," said C.; "the flail—the scythe—the—the—"

He hesitated, and there is no knowing how long he might have gone on, laying all nature, animate and inanimate, under contribution, had we not been interrupted by the appearance of a fair lady, who saluted our lawyer with a most condescending bow and smile, which he returned with interest; but no sooner had she passed him fairly by, than he commenced, in his usual strain, to remark upon her character.

"She is a fine girl," said he, "but is affected with the walking mania. I never go out without meeting her. It seems to me she is never stationary, but possesses some ubiquitary prerogative, by aid of which she is every where at once. If I attend the theatre, she is sure to enter before the play is half over; while I am seated in church, and instigated by worldly thoughts, am peradventure casting around a covert glance by way of examining faces, I am sure that same unchangeable countenance of hers will be before me somewhere, with the inevitable punctuality of Monsieur Tonson himself. I went last summer to the Falls of Niagara. I thought with a smile, as the steamboat put off from the crowded dock, and the vast city lessened in the distance, 'well, I shall at least get clear of my everlasting face for a few weeks; but, as I reached the hotel at Albany, and was ordering the porter to place my baggage in my apartment, the saloon door opened, (I vow I thought without any mortal aid,) and there were the same hat and feathers—flounces—furbelows—the identical individual! She had arrived the day before. She started away in the afternoon, heaven knows where! I myself went on to the Falls, and when the first prospect of the stupendous cataract broke upon my sight, the whole effect was destroyed by the image of a lady with red ribands in her hat, flaring by me with a smile. I should have known her in Kamschatka. Astonishment at the cataract was merged in wonder of the lady. Business called me soon back to town. I got out of the steamboat—walked up Courtlandt-street—turned down Broadway, and there she was—the hat—the ribands. It seemed to me like witchcraft. Aristotle should have lived in New-York instead of in Athens, and here would have been a peripatetic, to whom he might have lectured for ever."

"We will call it the *Peripatetic*!"—said the doctor, awakening from a brown study, and slapping his hands together as if he had caught a bright idea.

"We'll call it the *Peripatetic*!"—echoed the lawyer.

"It's the very thing!" exclaimed B. "We shall walk through the streets of this great city like so many spirits."

"We'll trim the bar!" said the lawyer.

"We shall expose quacks!" said the doctor.

"We shall plague the gentlemen and please the ladies!" said one.

"We shall make an uncommon noise!" said all.

And thus having decided this interesting question, I was elected to write the first number. Here it is, Mr. Morris, and if you will take our word, the ensuing sketches shall be very curious and very interesting. A.

THE ESSAYIST.

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

IN a visit which we paid some time ago to a friend in the country, we became acquainted with two characters; upon whom, as they afford a perfect counterpart to Messrs. "Rhyme and Reason,"* we have bestowed the names of Sense and Sensibility.

The Misses Lowrie, of whom we are about to give our readers an account, are both young, both handsome, both amiable: nature made the outline of their characters the same; but education has varied the

colouring. Their mother died almost before they were able to profit by her example or instruction. Emily, the eldest of the sisters, was brought up under the immediate care of her father. He was a man of strong and temperate judgment, obliging to his neighbours, and affectionate to his children; but certainly rather calculated to educate a son than a daughter. Emily profited abundantly by his assistance, as far as moral duties or literary accomplishments were concerned; but for all the lesser *agrémens* of society, she had nothing to depend upon but the suggestions of a kind heart and a quiet temper. Matilda, on the contrary, spent her childhood in the city, at the house of a relation; who, having imbibed her notions of propriety at a fashionable boarding-school, and made a love-match very early in life, was but ill prepared to regulate a warm disposition, and check a natural tendency to romance. The consequence has been such as might have been expected. Matilda pities the distressed, and Emily relieves them; Matilda has more of the love of the neighbourhood, although Emily is more entitled to its gratitude; Matilda is very agreeable, while Emily is very useful; and two or three old ladies, who talk scandal over their tea, and murder grammar and reputations together, consider Matilda a practised heroine, and laugh at Emily as an inveterate blue.

The incident which first introduced us to them afforded us a tolerable specimen of their different qualities. While on a long pedestrian excursion with M—, we met the two ladies returning from their walk; and, as our companion had already the privileges of an intimate acquaintance, we became their companions. An accurate observer of human manners knows well how decisively character is marked by trifles, and how wide is the distinction which is frequently made by circumstances apparently the most insignificant.

In spite, therefore, of the similarity of age and person which existed between the two sisters, the first glance at their dress and manner, the first tones of their voice, were sufficient to distinguish the one from the other. It was whimsical enough to observe how every object which attracted our attention exhibited their respective peculiarities in a new and entertaining light. Sense entered into a learned discussion on the nature of a plant, while Sensibility talked enchantingly of the fading of its flower. From Matilda we had a rapturous eulogium upon the surrounding scenery; from Emily we derived much information relative to the state of its cultivation. When we listened to the one, we seemed to be reading a novel, but a clever and an interesting novel; when we turned to the other, we found only real life, but real life in its most pleasant and engaging form.

Suddenly one of those rapid storms, which so frequently disturb for a time the tranquillity of the finest weather, appeared to be gathering over our heads. Dark clouds were driven impetuously over the clear sky, and the refreshing coolness of the atmosphere was changed to a close and overpowering heat. Matilda looked up in admiration—Emily in alarm: Sensibility was thinking of a landscape—Sense of a wet pelisse.

"This would make a fine sketch," said the first.

"We had better make haste," said the second.

The tempest continued to grow gloomier above us: we passed a ruined hut, which had been long deserted by its inhabitants.

"Suppose we take refuge here for the evening," said M—.

"It would be very romantic," said Sensibility.

"It would be very disagreeable," said Sense.

"How it would astonish my father!" said the heroine.

"How it would alarm him!" said her sister.

As yet we had only observed distant prognostics of the tumult of the elements which was about to take place. Now, however, the collected fury of the storm burst at once upon us. A long and bright flash of lightning, together with a continued roll of thunder, accompanied one of the heaviest rains that we have ever experienced.

"We shall have an adventure," cried Matilda.

"We shall be very late," observed Emily.

"I wish we were a hundred miles off," said the one hyperbolically."

"I wish we were at home," replied the other soberly.

"Alas! we shall never get home to-night," sighed Sensibility pathetically.

"Possibly," returned Sense drily.

The fact was, that the eldest of the sisters was quite calm, although she was aware of all the inconveniences of their situation; and the youngest was terribly frightened, although she began quoting poetry. There was another and a brighter flash; another and a louder peal: Sense quickened her steps—Sensibility fainted.

With some difficulty, and not without the aid of a conveyance from a neighbouring farmer, we brought our companions in safety to their father's door. We were of course received with an invitation to remain under shelter till the weather should clear up; and of course we felt no reluctance to accept the offer. The house was very neatly furnished, principally by the care of the two young ladies; but here again the diversity of their manners showed itself very plainly. The useful was produced by the labour of Emily; the ornamental was the fruit of the leisure hours of Matilda. The skill of the former was visible in the sofa-covers and the curtains; but the latter had decorated the card-racks, and painted the roses on the hand-screens. The neat little book-cases too, which contained their respective libraries, suggested a similar remark. In that of the eldest we observed Milton, Shakspeare, Dryden, and Pope; on the shelves of her sister reclined the more effeminate Italians, Tasso, Ariosto, Metastasio, and Petrarch. It was a delightful thing to see two amiable beings with tastes so widely different, yet with hearts so closely united.

It is not to be wondered at that we paid a longer visit than we had originally intended. The conversation turned, at one time, upon the late revolutions. Matilda was a terrible radical, and spoke most enthusiastically of tyranny and patriotism, the righteous cause, and the holy alliance: Emily, however, declined to join in commiseration or invective, and pleaded ignorance in excuse for her indifference. We fancy she was apprehensive of blundering against a stranger's political prejudices. However that may be, Matilda sighed and talked, and Emily smiled and held her tongue. We believe the silence was the most judicious; but we are sure the loquacity was the most interesting.

We took up the newspaper. There was an account of a young man who had gone out alone to the rescue of a vessel in distress. The design had been utterly hopeless, and he had lost his life in the attempt. His fate struck our fair friends in very different lights.

"He ought to have had a better fortune," murmured Matilda.

"Or more prudence," added Emily.

"He must have been a hero," said the first.

"Or a madman," rejoined the second.

The storm now died away in the distance, and a tranquil evening approached. We set out on our return. The old gentleman, with his daughters, accompanied us a small part of the way. The scene around us was beautiful; the birds and the cattle seemed to be rejoicing in the return of the sunshine; and every

herb and leaf had derived a brighter tint from the rain-drops with which it was spangled. As we lingered for a few moments by the side of a beautiful piece of water, the mellowed sound of a flute was conveyed to us over its clear surface. The instrument was delightfully played: at such an hour, on such a spot, and with such companions, we could have listened to it for ever.

"That is George Mervyn," said M—to us.

"How very clever he is!" exclaimed Matilda.

"How very imprudent," replied Emily.

"He will catch all the hearts in the place!" said Sensibility, with a sigh.

"He will catch nothing but a cold!" said Sense, with a shiver.

We were reminded that our companions were running the same risk, and we parted from them reluctantly.

After this introduction we had many opportunities of seeing them; we became every day more pleased with the acquaintance, and looked forward with regret to the day on which we were finally to leave so enchanting a neighbourhood. The preceding night it was discovered that the cottage of Mr. Lowrie was on fire. The destructive element was soon checked, and the alarm quieted; but it produced a circumstance which illustrated, in a very affecting manner, the observations we have been making. As the family were greatly beloved by all who knew them, every one used the most affectionate exertions in their behalf. When the father had been brought safely from the house, several hastened to the relief of the daughters. They were dressed, and were descending the stairs. The eldest, who had behaved with great presence of mind, was supporting her sister who trembled with agitation.

"Take care of your box," said Emily;—it contained her father's title-deeds.

"For heaven's sake preserve this locket!" sobbed Matilda;—it was a miniature of her mother!

We have left, but not forgotten you, beautiful creatures! Often, when we are sitting in solitude, with a pen behind our ear, and a proof before our eyes, you come, hand in hand, to our imagination! Some, indeed, enjoin us to prefer esteem to fascination;—to write sonnets to Sensibility, and to look for a wife in Sense. These are the suggestions of age; perhaps of prudence. We are young, and may be allowed to shake our heads as we listen!

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CHAPTER ON LETTER-WRITING.

BY HAZLITT.

"THE polite Letter-writer," and "Every man his own Correspondent," I have never read. They are doubtless two bewitching books, able to transform any stick of a gentleman into at least a three-penny post. I am the more particular in disclaiming all knowledge of these letterary authors, as I would not my reading public should imagine me guilty of plagiarism. Believe me, I am not.

Something I have to say touching most sorts of letters—not all. For instance, I have nothing to say of lawyers' letters, those peremptory "how don't you do's," Charons of Fleet-ditch, purveyors of bread and water, whose words run through the heart cork-screw-wise, outraging a tit-bit at the table, and mixing aloes in our wine:—they cannot reach me,—I am off, away from the land of credit—no dun can knock at my door,—we deal for ready money only. For the same reason I am silent about tailors' cross-legged scrawls, coming like a needle at the wind-up of one's Christmas merriment, telling us, modest hurrying rogues, they have "a small bill to make up by Saturday next," and "hoping for future favours." I wear my own

coat! A man here, may live as happy as Job; for recollect Job had no debts. Nor will I speak of the letters of great men deceased, golden authors, or tinselled authorities; they speak for themselves. Nor of mercantile letters—yes, they must have their due; for they uphold commerce. By the head of Hermes, though most interesting compositions to pursy exchangers and young ledger-students, they are unworthy of his votaries! His other votaries, thieves and pick-pockets, can surely write better—though not to my knowledge; fortunately for society at large, and perhaps for myself, I have no correspondence with these "gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon." But look at their every day, or rather their every night language; is it not fanciful? While they decorate their theft of linen from a hedge with the cant expression of "nimming the snow," with many other similar snatches at poetry, I cannot forbear, in an imaginative point of view, placing them far above Mercury's humbler servants. To make short work, I divide merchants into two classes—the laconic and the flummery. Here is a specimen of the first:—

"Gentlemen. Your's 9th received. Contents noted. Arrived, Jenny, Saunders. She cleared the custom-house yesterday. Her hams not yet landed. Hope they are in good condition. Enclosed last price-current. Since which a spirit in the rum market. Wines, best, run off quickly. Lead heavy. Copper very dull. Tin plates look lively. Much done in tallow. Wax sticks on hand. Feathers, goose, are down. Skins do not get off. Great demand for hemp by the government. Coffee, very good, this morning, with sundry parcels of sugar, eagerly sought after. Our exchange, one half, has fallen. Money scarce, and therefore great difficulty with bills. Bristles rising. We are, gentlemen," &c.

The other style is "tedious as a king," and I cannot "find in my heart to bestow it all on your worships." It generally contains advice of a bill being drawn, and rings a bob-major, as thus:—"Honour to acknowledge your esteemed favour—have the honour to transmit—valued on your respected house in favour of our esteemed and valuable friend—not doubting but your respected house will favour us by duly honouring—and, with the most perfect esteem and respect, we have the honour o be," &c.

What a relief to turn from such perpetrations! What a blessed invention is the post, whether two-penny, general, or foreign! It carries off, by a thousand invisible channels, like the system of underground draining, half the disorders of the human heart. Let every one write down his worst, instead of putting it into practice. A spiteful scrawl cannot well do much harm in the world; while, on the other hand, a sheet of paper full of kindness does infinite good to all parties. One of this last description lately fell into my hands, from a cook at Canterbury to her old uncle. She enclosed, kind soul! a two pound note, saved from her quarter's wages; said a thousand affectionate things, and, after wishing him many happy days, she—what think you?—she quoted Shakspeare!—"May goodness and you feel up one monument." Thomson's Seasons lying in the window-seat of a cottage has been pronounced sufficient evidence of the poet's fame; but what is that compared to being quoted by a Canterbury cook?

Love-letters—here's a theme! In the first place let every one beware of counterfeits, for such are, abroad. Few genuine ones are to be had for love, and none for money. Finely wrought compliments, an epigrammatic style, or any thing that looks like great care and study, is a sure proof of heresy—that rogue is thinking of the girl's money. Raptures and complaints, sprinkled with something stolen from Ovid or Moore, and crow-quilled on the best gilt-edge, are

enough to startle any considerate young lady. Folks cannot be too cautious. There is another sort of love writing, much in vogue in this our philosophic age, down-right profanation, taking upon itself to prove that Cupid has found out a new cut to the heart; namely, by sending his arrows first through the brain—it makes me wince to think of it. Such letters are treatises on preternatural history. These sedate persons, who generally wear flannel night-caps because the head should be kept warm, and Angola socks for winter wear because the damp is so bad for the feet—these mock-heroic gentry, I say, absolutely assert, there can be no true love except what is founded on the qualities of the mind. At first, as they argue, it must be no more than simple esteem, till ripened into a softer feeling, by a similarity of taste, and a congeniality of sentiment in matters of religion and morality, it haply attains to something of the value of—a plain gold ring and the parson's blessing. A very comfortable doctrine for those with whom it is impossible to fall in love. Just as if Romeo and Juliet ever thought of more than one sentiment in each other's breast; and their love was truer than metaphysics. I must quit such a subject; flesh and blood can't bear it. Now for a hint at what is more to the purpose. It is no such difficult matter to distinguish between truth and hypocrisy in these affairs, as some old people imagine. For the benefit of the rising generation, here are a few infallible signs of an unfeigned passion. Let them always bear in mind that obscurity is the grand point. There ought to be so restless a confusion in the lover, that far from its being necessary his mistress should find his letter intelligible, he should be, after an hour's respite, incapable of explaining his own meaning; it is quite sufficient if he thought he understood himself at the time. If thou art guilty of a pretence to the drowsiness of reason, "there is no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune." This is a general rule, and, as the style is inimitable, there can be no fear of deception. Any attempt, though a flurried one, at sense or connection of sentences, is fatal. Again, a constant interchange of the sublime and the bathos is indispensable; together with certain usual epithets of endearment, in endless repetition; and, here and there, a lively idea of dying. To uninterested persons such effusions may appear insipid, and probably silly, but their opinion is of no importance. In fact, to the parties themselves, if they ever happen to fall out of love, they will certainly be as little amusing as a physician's prescriptions to his patient just happily recovered from a fever. Let not my readers, fair ones I mean, imagine I entertain any disrespectful notions of love, or that my temper is soured by a parcel of billets-doux returned on my hands. All my intention is to show that the young blooming god ought not to expose himself in black and white.

Hate-letters ought not to come next; yet, for the sake of variety, they are welcome. These, whether expressed in reproaches or threats, contempt or indignation, are wonderfully energetic. Of all passions, anger is the most eloquent. It is easier to say a cruel thing than a kind one. Milton's devils talk better than his angels. It is more difficult for love to express itself in words, because it has so much to say; while hatred can utter its heart-full in a breath, and afterwards expatiate on the strength of its own inspiration. An angry man, and a good one at the same time, always writes more bitterly than he would have spoken; this, at first sight, seems unaccountable, as the comparatively slow motions of the pen must give him the more time for reflection; but I am convinced the cause of this excess arises from having a blank piece of paper before him instead of a human countenance, which latter must be very bad indeed not to awaken some remorse. The greatest provocation to

write a hate-letter is in answer to a treacherous friend, who still addresses you throughout in the kindest manner, with a "My dear sir," at the beginning, and ends with a "Yours, most sincerely." In this case, it may be excusable to dip your pen in gall; but will that do any good? On the contrary, it is more noble, more manly, to pay respect even to the ashes of friendship.

Now are a swarm of notes, like gnats, buzzing about me, all claiming attention to their several merits. One, without a seal, yet pretending to the title of "a letter," boasts of introducing strange gentlemen to one another. A second makes wary inquiries about the "cleanliness, sobriety, and honesty," of a housemaid, footman, or cook. Then a crowd of borrowers perplex me, by requesting the loan of a fish-kettle, or the last new novel, or a trifle to be repaid in a fortnight. And lastly, a very agreeable one offers to bribe me with an invitation to dinner.—I cannot possibly accept it.

At length I arrive at what my fingers have been aching to come at—letters from a friend; or, if the world will allow it, from many friends. In my opinion, friendship can best express itself by the pen; from which alone the closest friendships have sometimes originated. "The pleasure of society among friends," La Bruyere tells us, "is cultivated by a resemblance of opinion on points of morality, and by some difference of taste in the sciences." Yet this pleasure may exist in parties who can separate for ever without much regret. While that honest, glowing sentiment, of all others the least selfish, never so thrills in our hearts as when our friend writes to us; and it must be often, and in all his moods, in his hopes and fears, in his joys and sorrows. Not the careless correspondence between two worthy gentlemen in adjoining counties, when a day's ride, or haply a walk, can bring them face to face. No; the letter must have been long on the road, must be stamped with a foreign post-mark, to make it precious; or with an English stamp, to him who is called the "foreigner," wherever he travels away from his endeared associates. It is enough to make sweet the pain of actual banishment. Let those who live out of their own country describe, if they can, the emotion they feel as they burst the seal of such a letter.

It is a frequent complaint with those at home that the one abroad does not write so often as he ought. I suspect there is little justice in it. The one abroad will hardly fail, until wearied out by neglect. He will be wise enough to bait his hook. The fact is—and why conceal it?—there is manual labour, time occupied, and no small resolution requisite, to fill a sheet of paper in a minute character, which, every one knows, is expected between friends; and these are the sole reasons of their deferring it from day to day, with an evil worrying conscience, till at last they are often ashamed of writing. I never have put faith in the phrase of "the pleasure of writing to you;" as I invariably find it used by the worst correspondents; it is a lying bit of civility. Nothing indeed can be more delightful than to stroll about the fields, filling up an imaginary letter; but when we sit at our desks to turn it into a reality, it becomes downright work, and is cheerfully performed solely because it is the means of getting another in return. Besides, an absentee, if he happens to be remiss, should be treated with charity. He requires evidently more attention than those left behind. They have their ordinary occupations and associations; they miss but a single link in the chain; a traveller has torn himself from all. Again, this feeling must not be omitted in the balance; he who is at a distance has better grounds for the suspicion of being forgotten, while his friends have an assurance that he cannot possibly forget his home.

Some there are whose labours might be spared. I have long ceased to encourage them. They fill the first page with apologies for not having answered me earlier—this is worse than their silence. The next thing is, to echo every circumstance I have related for their amusement; and their sentences, one after the other, set out with—"Your account of"—"How delightful you must have been when"—"I envy the journey you had from"—"As you observe, the climate must be"—and so on to the end of the chapter; and this they call answering me. Then follow loving remembrances from all the family, severally and collectively. And they finish with another apology, far more reasonable than the first, for having "troubled me with so much nonsense." There are others who fly off into the opposite extreme. To execute something worthy of being sent across the channel, and of the postage, is to them a serious matter; quite an undertaking. They tease their brains for a fit subject, ponder on the best things that may be said upon it, and send you, not a letter, but an intolerable essay. A few general rules may be of use. The principal one is, as in conversation, to keep in mind the taste and character of the person to whom you are writing. It is always folly to assert you have "really nothing to say," unless it is your belief you would remain dumb in his company. Never touch on politics to one who cares not for a newspaper; indeed it is well to omit them on every occasion, as they read better in print. With a matter-of-fact man, you must imagine yourself in a witness-box; no exaggeration, nothing figurative—I would not trust a metaphor; he may be confused, or misled, or, what is worse, suspect you intend to impose upon him. You have no small advantage in addressing a literary man; with him every thing is interesting that is worth telling; however, news of new books, or of a very old one, ought to occupy a considerable space. To a lady, young or old, a story is acceptable; and let it be spiced with love. By the by, I have to beg pardon of the ladies for not having yet said a word about them. Perhaps, as they have so constantly been praised for their skill in letter-writing, it appeared to me a work of supererogation. I assure them, that were the world entirely composed of ladies, a gentleman, and then he must be the man in the moon, would know better than to drop any instructions on this point. It is said the reason of their excelling is, that they write as they talk. I insist upon it their writing is superior; at least that their pens run on like their tongues in their pleasantest and happiest moods. Then, a great recommendation to a traveller, they have the art of bringing to one's mind, home, more than can any master of a house; every word breathes of their own atmosphere, till it is difficult to believe you can be at so great a distance—surely I am only next door! After what I have thus said publicly, I trust I shall be rewarded—secretly, if they prefer it; and no doubt this will increase the number of my fair-handed correspondents. Men's letters are, for the most part, of too stubborn a nature. They will not bend to petty circumstances; or, if they do, it is but a kind of Dutch painting. They either omit them altogether, or paint them with an awkward minuteness, leaving nothing to the imagination. "In your next describe your present sitting-room"—were the few words which made me feel the force of the writer's friendship, and the interest he took in all that concerned me, far more than a very long sentence which preceded it, where he expressed his regret at our being separated. Of all letters the most magical in their effect are those written in a state of pure enjoyment, full of high animal spirits. Sorrows will have their way, and it is fit they should; but if we are happy, why not make it appear? The gravest philosopher can, if he chooses, clap on his wig with the hind part before; and his profoundest

thoughts will lose nothing in being uttered with a laugh. So great an epicure in this science as I am could give as many receipts as that kitchen-favourite, Dr. Kitchener. But at this moment I am all impatience. The post arrived an hour ago, and the treasures of the leathern bag must by this time be sorted.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

FOR THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

INTRODUCTION.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;"

And, for the most part, very miserable players they are—as dull as Cumberland's heroes and heroines, and as wicked as Wycherly's—without the morality of the one or the wit of the other. In the great drama of life how few enact their parts with credit to themselves, or satisfaction to those around them; though, in their own estimation, they perform them with all the grace of Apollo and the wisdom of Minerva: their friends and neighbours laugh at their vanity, and, in turn, play the fool themselves after another fashion. Yet, with all their double-distilled dulness, their folly and frivolity, how immeasurably wicked the *dramatis personæ* of this globe of ours contrive to become! Really, if a mere spectator of the world—an abstract piece of mortality—could be found, he ought to be like the god Janus, two faced, with one to laugh and the other to cry at what was passing around him; or like some one's picture of Thalia and Melpomene combined in the same person, with a dimpled cheek and sparkling eye on one side, and an awfully elongated semi-visage on the other—a very original idea, by the way, on the part of the painter, but which did not succeed in consequence of the lap-sided state of the physiognomy, occasioned by the superior length of the lachrymous division.

How beautifully expressive is Byron's exclamation—

"Oh, thou world!
Thou art, indeed, a melancholy jest!"

But the melancholy certainly predominates. The jests are thinly scattered and very indifferent:—the tragic incidents are of every-day occurrence—the war and carnage—love and murder—deaths, births and marriages—duns, doctors, and bailiffs—the tailor's bills—but we won't weep!

Now, the stage is much better than the world. It is there that the *spirit* of the real drama of life is given, separated from the wide field of dry detail, and the ocean of commonplace. Wit and humour have there exhibited the faults and foibles, the whims and oddities of mankind in their richest and happiest lights. Genius has pored over the deep and mysterious volume of nature—has soared into the boundless regions of imagination—dwelt upon the records of history—listened to the wild traditional legends of other years,—and the pictures which have thence arisen in his mind, he has clothed in all the gorgeous glory and everlasting beauty of poetry; and from the stage, they make their appeal to the hearts and souls of men;—that is, when the players are good for any thing—otherwise, the aforesaid goes for nothing; for a "poor player" (poor in the worst sense of the word) is a greater transmutator of metals than any alchemist that ever studied the golden science—he can make Sheridan heavy and Shakspeare bombastic, and his dulness is more omnipotent than the humour of Colman or the wit of Congreve.

The stage! It is an abridged copy of human life—a selection of its most prominent points—the few grains of wheat separated from the many bushels of chaff, and which, unlike Gratiano's reasons, are well worth the having. It is here that pleasure is real and pain fictitious, for sorrow ceases with the fifth act, while the gibes and jokes—the merry thoughts and happy conceits, become the property of the audience. A tragedy is the best illustration of the "luxury of wo," and the harrowing feelings that might be left upon the mind by the representation of Othello's jealousy and Desdemona's sorrows are mellowed by the recollection that the "wronged Othello" is probably, after death, swallowing his wine, and the "gentle Desdemona" discussing her supper. And however the stage may have been profaned by blockheads, or denounced by worthy well-meaning gentlemen who did not know exactly what they were talking about, and who ran full tilt at its abuses, altogether overlooking its uses, it will ever continue the favorite amusement of a moral and sensible people. In semi-barbarous nations,

like Austria—in deplorably ignorant ones, like Spain and Portugal—or in those totally debauched and degraded, like Italy, the drama is in very slight request; but wherever taste, intelligence and prosperity prevail, it has been, is, and will be, held in deserved estimation.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where players starve and theatres decay."

A few general observations on "the abstract and brief chronicles of the times" in this city may not be amiss. Though we cannot say with Shakspeare, that they are the "best actors in the world, for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral comedy," &c. yet they are among the best, and, take the year round, there are not many theatres in Europe that rank higher in the quality and variety of their dramatic entertainments than the Park. The regular company is very good, though it might have been better, if the individuals composing it occasionally heard a little truth, instead of being informed by the newspaper puffs of some A, B, C, D, and all the rest of the alphabet, what wonderfully clever fellows they are. Some of the city papers, indeed, have at times spoken out in the language of true criticism; but it has been by fits and starts; and though it may have been beneficial at the time, it has been discontinued too soon to produce any permanently good effect, so that our actors have at length become as tender as flowers—complete sensitive plants—and nothing harsher than the breath of praise must touch the delicate creatures! Their feelings, forsooth, must not be wounded! As if the public had no feelings—and as if they did not get them at times intolerably lacerated by their villainous personations. Though we heartily agree with Sterne, that "of all the cants that are canted in this canting world, the cant of criticism is the most intolerable;" and though few things can be more vexing than to see a man of genius—actor, author, painter or sculptor—worried by a pretending blockhead with a little technical slang at his tongue's end, yet even bad criticism, with a little bitter in it, is better than everlasting praise; and false or injudicious strictures seldom do any harm; they carry their antidote along with them, and fall to the ground of themselves. No one ever thought the worse of Garrick because the wits said that he looked in Othello like Desdemona's black footman; or of Kean because the "John Bull" swore his Macbeth was like the wooden Highlander stuck over a snuff and tobacco shop in Cornhill. A man may be execrable one night and excellent the next, according to the character which he represents; but here, instead of being censured for the one, which would make the praise of some value when it came, it is merely said, "Mr. — was rather out of his line, but went through his part in his usual style of excellence," or something equally true and complimentary. In the succeeding numbers of the Mirror we may occasionally offer a few observations on the merits, demerits, and capabilities of the principal performers, and endeavour to do them justice to the best of our poor abilities. Whatever our remarks may be in other respects, they shall at least be made without fear or favour, though certainly with the desire to benefit rather than injure the individual to whom they are applied.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The Last of the Plantagenets.—This is a curious legend, purporting to contain a history of the son of Richard, duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. of England. The story relates that the young man was educated in privacy and ignorant of his parentage, at a monastery in the island of Ely, where he remained until a few days before the fatal and decisive battle of Bosworth Field, which transferred the crown of England to another race. On the eve of the battle he was brought into the presence of his father and acknowledged by him; thus learning his lofty birth and proximity to a throne only in time to witness the downfall of his house, and in consequence thereof, to enter upon a career of trouble, danger and affliction. In the progress of the story, the reader is made acquainted with some of the prominent personages of the time, and enlightened with much curious information concerning the manners and incidents of the age. Among other things the author undertakes to refute the traditional account of Richard's deformity and wickedness, following the opinions of Horace Walpole and John Wesley. The narrative is told in a vein of great simplicity, and in its style bears a very close resemblance to the productions of the po-

et at which it is supposed to have been written. Indeed so accurate is the imitation that, while reading it, there is some difficulty in remembering or believing that it is in fact fictitious, and a production of the nineteenth century. Perhaps there is some actual foundation for the leading features of the story; at any rate the author must have read very extensively in the ancient chronicles and histories, to acquire the information which he has here collected in the form of an interesting narrative. The Messrs. Harper are the publishers.

Words, Words.—We have received two new dictionaries, one entitled "Cobb's Walker," and the other the "Ladies' Lexicon." The first compiled by Mr. Lyman Cobb, and published by Messrs. Mack and Andrus, at Ithaca; the latter compiled by William Grimshaw, and published by John Grigg of Philadelphia. The principal differences that we have been able to discover between Mr. Cobb's abridgement of Walker and those heretofore in use (twelve we believe in number) are these: those plurals of nouns which are formed by the addition of a syllable instead of the mere addition of an s, as *case, watch, box*, &c. are given, those which are irregular in their formation, as for example, such as *change* their final letter like *knife, wharf*, &c., the particles and preterites of verbs, and the comparative and superlative degrees of adjectives; some errors of Walker are corrected and some omissions supplied, and an appendix is given containing several words in common use in this country but not to be found in preceding abridgements or in the original. Among these last are some which might as well have been omitted, as *approbate, bunk, capsize, locate, straddle*, and several others. The book is however at least as good as any of its predecessors, and in some respects we think better. It is intended for school-boys, and for them will no doubt prove valuable and useful.

The "Ladies' Lexicon" also contains the plurals and participles, as well as other derivatives, but differs from the preceding in not exhibiting the pronunciation of words by a distinct and separate spelling, which is not necessary, as the work is intended rather as a parlour companion for the lady than a task book for the scholar. It will be found extremely useful to correspondents and persons who have frequent occasion to write letters, particularly as great care has been taken in the selection of words, and none have been admitted which are not of polite or popular use, without the requisite caution that such is the case.

American Poets.—Mr. Goodrich, of Boston, one of the most zealous promoters of American literature, has recently published three duodecimo volumes, elegantly executed containing brief notices of all our poets, *great and small*,—except M'Donald Clarke!—with specimens of their productions. The omission of the author of *Afara*, and a "cart load of other compositions," must certainly have been an oversight in the editor, although poor Clarke says "he expected nothing better from the blindness of the present generation!" The work is full of interest, and we hope it will meet with a rapid sale.

Chambers-street.—The members of the corporation have lately devoted themselves with much zeal to the improvements of the city, and have wrought a change in its appearance almost incredible. Among their numerous plans, however, we wonder they have never thought of opening Chambers-street to the East-river. The expense attending this alteration would bear no comparison with the advantages that would accrue to the public generally, and to the owners of property in the neighbourhood in particular. We shall resume this subject at more convenient leisure.

Washington Irving.—Our readers will be pleased to learn that our universal favorite, Washington Irving, has received the appointment of secretary of legation of the United States to Great Britain.

Air Navigation.—We learn from the Philadelphia Chronicle, that an ingenious mechanic, of the district of Southwark, has invented a boat to navigate the air. It is about eight feet long, has two bows or stems, and holds two persons, and by means of very simple machinery, is made to glide through the air at the rate of five or six miles an hour.

New Music.—"I remember that sweet hour," the "Merry mountain horn," and "Ah no, first love is but a name," three exquisite songs, as sung by Miss Clara Fisher in the new drama of "Home, sweet home," have just been published by Mr. Taylor, No. 128 Bowery.

THE ORPHAN BOYS OF SWITZERLAND.

SUNG BY MRS. HILSON, IN THE DRAMA OF THE WANDERING BOYS.—ARRANGED FOR THE MIRROR, BY WILLIAM WOOD, JR.

LARGHETTO AFFETTUOSO.

Our cot was shelter'd in a wood, And near a lake's green mar-gin stood; A moun-tain bleak be-hind us frown'd, Whose top the

PP.

snow in sum-mer crown'd. But pastures rich, and warm to boot, Lay smil-ing at the moun-tain's foot: There first we frolick'd hand in hand,

hand in hand, hand in hand, Two in-fant boys of Swit-zer-land, Two in-fant boys of Swit-zer-land.

FOR.

When scarcely old enough to know,
The meaning of a tale of woe,
'Twas then by mother we were told,
That father in his grave was cold!

That livelihoods were hard to get,
And we too young to labour yet,
And tears within her eyes would stand
For her two boys of Switzerland!

But soon for mother, as we grew,
We work'd as hard as boys could do,
Our daily gains to her we bore,
But oh! she'll ne'er receive them more.

For long we watch'd beside her bed,
Then sobb'd to see her lie there dead!
And now we wander hand in hand,
Two orphan boys of Switzerland.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EVENING.

METHINKS 'twas on some glorious night like this,
That love—delightful love!—first left the skies,
To print on woman's lip that holy kiss,
Which sorrow since has mingled so with sighs—
For such a scene of calmness and of bliss
And thee, my Julia! with thy soft blue eyes,
Oh, I could shun the day's obtrusive light,
And wish our lives were one unbroken night!

Beauty and eloquent silence live around,
Illumining the heart from care's eclipse,
So deep, you hear no interrupting sound
Save zephyrs playing o'er the rose's lips,
Or streamlet running by the grassy mound
From which some branch into the current dips;
And this but seems to compass vale and hill,
And make the night's deep silence deeper still.

If this world, Julia, were eternity,
With all the leaves that now so greenly deck
Our fields and forests, and those stars on high,
That shine like pearls around an Ethiop's neck,
Streams, birds and flowers—sweet flowers! of every die,
And hearts of love, which sorrow could not wreck,
And—but, alas! in vain we count them o'er,
They're nothing nearer to us than before!

Well, if the hour of sorrow must descend,
Why let it! Is thy bosom not my shrine?
The bolt may burst and nature's strength may bend,
I'll brave it all, thus—thus to know thou'rt mine.
And though they'll fade, 'tis kind in heaven to send
Such hours to cheer us when our hearts decline.—
Such hours as these with thee, are all I seek,
When winds, flowers, love's holy language speak.

Yes! 'tis not for dull sleep those hours are given;
'Tis, that the loved and loving may retire,
And breathe their vows to that approving heaven,
That lights such meeting with its golden fire.
Yes, Julia, yes—when day is backward driven,
And in the sea his parched beams expire,
Then we shall turn to these secluded bowers
Where love shall be as balmy as the flowers.

ALPHA.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

REQUIEM.

Gentle one and beautiful,
Thou art laid at rest!
Death alone those eyes could dull
Ne'er by grief depressed;
Dimness ne'er their orbs had shaded:
And thy cheek and lips,
Care their bloom had never faded,
Which nought could eclipse.

See the silken curls are gleaming
Still upon thy brow
In their golden beauty, seeming
Sunbeams on the snow;
On thy placid cheek are lying
Tears—they are not thine!
And the air is mixed with sighing
Round thy earthly shrine.

Love hath o'er thee strew'd fresh flowers,
Wet with sorrow's dew,
Not with heaven's refreshing showers:
Rose and violet's hue,
Once so like thy cheek and eye,
Deeper gleam and glow
From the contrast, as they lie
On thy robe of snow.

From the open casement near
Sunset's hues are shed,
Like a glory on thy bier,
Round thy cherub head,
Flushing e'en thy waxen cheek—
Life seems mantling there;
And these lips—will they not speak?
Oh, their smile, how fair!

See! the air with timid breath
Stirs one radiant tress,
As this slumber were not death;
And this loveliness
Yet might wake to warmth and life—
But the dream is vain—
To this being's feverish strife
'Twill not wake again.

Ere thy feet the thorns had met
Which beset life's path,
Ere one cloud had crossed thee yet,
Of its tempest's wrath,
Ere thy heart was sorrow's shrine,
Thou art gone to rest—
Why was not my lot like thine?
Early called and blest!

THETA.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ST THOMAS' CHURCH, BROADWAY.

Drawn and Engraved for the Architectural Magazine.

1829.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEWDROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1829.

NUMBER 50.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE MOTHER TO HER ONLY CHILD.

My own, my child! with strange delight I look upon thy face,
And fold thee to my throbbing breast in a mother's fond embrace.
Each breath that stirs thy little frame can thrills of joy impart;
And thy tiny hand's soft clasp is like a pulse within my heart.
Thy little life lies but within the compass of a dream
And yet how changed does every scene of my existence seem:
For over e'en its dearest paths, in freshening gushes, roll
Feelings that long like hidden springs slept darkly in my soul.

My own, my child! what magic power is in that simple word,
The very depths of tenderness by its sweet sound are stirred:
And like Bethesda's heaven-bless'd pool give out a healing power,
For how can sorrow dwell near thee, fair creature of an hour?
Though from my breast had died away each spark of hope's pure flame,
Though pain and sorrow wrung my heart as erst they racked my frame;
Yet gladly would I suffer all to feel the rapturous glow
That thrilled each nerve when first I gazed upon thy baby brow.

My own, my child! fain would I draw the shadowy veil that shrouds
The future from my view with all its sunshine and its clouds,
To learn what storms must gather yet around thy sinless head,
And look upon the varied path which thou through life must tread.
It may not be—no human skill those myst'ries may divine—
'The God who led my erring steps will surely watch o'er thine:
Enough if to thy mother's hand the blessed power be given
To shield thy heart from passion's strife and fix its hope on heaven.

LANTHE.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF THE CITY.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH,

CORNER OF BROADWAY AND HOUSTON-STREET.

With a highly-finished engraving.

This beautiful edifice, of which the annexed engraving affords a very accurate representation, is one of those new churches to which the rapid increase of this city for the last few years has given rise; and is the result of individual zeal and enterprise. In the autumn of 1823, the formation of an episcopalian congregation in the upper part of Broadway was suggested by a few gentlemen residing in that vicinity, and by them proposed to the late Rev. Mr. Duffie, then recently admitted to holy orders. Being unprovided with a parochial cure, the proposition was acceded to by him and the attempt made, by the regular celebration of divine worship, in a room at the corner of Broadway and Broome street. From the success which attended the first effort, and the gradual increase of the congregation, encouragement was derived to pursue the laudable undertaking, and measures were soon adopted for the organization of a parish. This was accordingly done on the 25th of December, 1823, when the first vestry was chosen, the title of St. Thomas's Church in the city and county of New-York, given to the parish, and the Rev. Cornelius R. Duffie invited to the rectorship. The congregation continuing to increase under his faithful and highly acceptable ministrations, it was soon determined to erect a permanent building for public worship, and the site on the corner of Broadway and Houston-street having been purchased, the corner-stone of the present edifice was laid with suitable religious solemnities on Tuesday the 27th of July, 1824, by the Right Rev. Dr. White, bishop of Pennsylvania, acting for the bishop of New-York, the Right Rev. Dr. Hobart, then absent in Europe. In less than two years from that time the church was completed; and on the 23d of February, 1826, was consecrated by the Right Rev. Bishop Hobart. On the Sunday following it was opened for divine service, and at a sale of pews a few days after, a very considerable addition was made to the number of permanent worshippers. The beauty of the structure, and the novelty of the style of architecture served greatly to attract the public attention to it; but though it was unquestionably much favoured by these circumstances and by its admirable location, the success of the enterprise must be attributed, under Providence, to the indefatigable exertions of the gentlemen composing the vestry, and especially to the exempla-

ry zeal, devotion, and industry of the late lamented rector. In the year 1826, a parsonage house, which also appears in the plate, was erected in the rear of the church, on the corner of Houston and Mercer streets. The parish continued to flourish, and was rapidly increasing in point of numbers and respectability, when, on the 20th of August, 1827, it pleased the Almighty Disposer of events, to deprive it of its pious, zealous, and highly popular pastor, after a few days' illness. After his decease, the pulpit was supplied by the clergy of the city alternately, until the 6th of March, 1829, when the present incumbent, the Rev. George Upfold, M. D. then rector of St. Luke's Church was instituted into the rectorship.

This church exhibits the best specimen of the gothic style of architecture in the city of New-York. The walls are constructed of marble, rough from the quarry; the buttresses, window-casings, imposts, mouldings, bands, battlements, shields, tablets, and pinnacles, are of brown free-stone, finely wrought. The plan of the building is rectangular, with a front of sixty-six feet, flanked by two octagon towers, twelve feet in diameter and seventy-three feet in height, supported by buttresses. Between these buttresses, are lofty pointed arches, enclosing niches intended for the reception of statues, with a tablet under each, containing two shields. Between the towers is a large circular case, or catherine-wheel window, thirty-one feet high, and twenty feet six inches wide, divided by mullions into twelve compartments, with a head of the most elegant tracery, presenting a very imposing appearance. Immediately under this window, is the principal entrance, under a Tudor arch, resting upon columns of free-stone, and flanked with blank niches, trefoil-headed. Other doors give entrance into the body of the church through the towers. The sides are one hundred and thirteen feet in length, containing six lofty pointed arched windows each, the sashes glazed in diamond form, and the head of each containing a fleur de lis of rich stained glass, from the manufactory of Mr. Brewerton of this city. The body of the church contains three aisles parallel with the sides, and two cross aisles, giving entrance to the pews which are finished in an uncommon style of neatness, each door containing pannels with quarter-foil tracery. The pulpit, chancel, and organ gallery are ornamented with panneling from the chapel of Henry VII. The nave is also ornamented with panneling rising from side ceilings, supported by open brackets, with pendants; these, together with pews, doors, &c., are all painted in imitation of wainscot oak. On the south side of the pulpit and in rear of the chancel, is the font, standing in a niche, surmounted with a most richly carved heading. A similar niche is in preparation, to be placed on the north-side, for the purpose of receiving a monument nearly completed to the memory of the late rector. The building was erected by Mr. Joseph Tucker and Messrs. Geer and Riley, under the superintendence of James N. Wells, esq. from drawings by Josiah R. Brady, architect.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE MANIAC'S SONG.

They say he sleeps in this lonely place,
In this silent house of stone;
And that none shall see the pale—pale face
Where sorrow runs its briny race,
But she whom he loves alone,
But she whom he loves alone.

And I hear the young, and the fair, and gay,
As they pass in the evening dim,
Whisper that I shall no longer stay,
But pass like the sainted soul away,
To bloom for ever with him,
To bloom for ever with him.

Then flowers that blossom and stars that shine,
And waters that cool the dell,
Your care to others I now resign,
For hence far holier joys are mine,
Stars, waters, and flowers, farewell,
Stars, waters, and flowers, farewell.

ALPHA.

THE REPOSITORY.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

ELLEN CAMPBELL.

"MANY years have passed away since I first saw the original of this picture," said my uncle, as with a faint sigh he took from its case of faded morocco the miniature of a young and lovely female. "My locks have been whitened by the hand of time, my brow has been furrowed by the touch of sorrow, my feelings have been chilled by long intercourse with a cold and selfish world; but when I look upon that face, still so young, and bright, and beautiful, the lapse of time is forgotten, the freshness of youthful feeling returns, and I am once more the ardent and impassioned boy who offered up his heart's earliest and purest homage before that form of breathing loveliness. The artist has portrayed with exquisite skill the lineaments of that beautiful countenance; but its ever-varying expression is wanting, and you can form no better idea of the intellectual charms of her face from this picture than you could of the fragrance of the rose from beholding its counterfeit in painted mudlin."

It was, in truth, one of those rare and peculiar faces which I know not how to designate otherwise than as the Mary Stuart style of beauty. The dazzlingly fair complexion, the swanlike neck, the oval face, the beautifully curved lips, the dark gray eyes, so full of that melancholy sweetness which in former times was supposed to portend early death, the finely pencilled brows, the high white forehead, "a shrine for holy thought," and the dark tresses which fell in rich luxuriance upon her bosom, all contributed to form the very perfection of female loveliness.

"Did such beauty ever belong to a mere mortal?" exclaimed I, gazing with a still unsated eye upon the picture. The old man smiled sadly.

"You have often wondered," said he, "that I should have chosen to spend my life in loneliness when the various vicissitudes of my fortune have afforded me so many opportunities of marrying happily and advantageously. Do you now wonder that I should have found no woman capable of supplying the place of such a creature in my affections? Listen—my story is a very simple one; but to you it will not be devoid of interest.

"It was during the summer vacation, shortly after I entered college, that I first saw Ellen Campbell. I arrived home just at sunset, and, knowing that I was not expected for several days, I determined to surprise my parents by my sudden appearance. Leaving my horse therefore with my groom at the gate, I walked up the long avenue of elms, and going round to a side window, through which I had often clambered in my boyish frolics, was just in the act of springing into the room where sate my father and mother, when my attention was attracted by a young female seated in the spot usually occupied by myself, and apparently busily engaged in drawing. Her face was completely concealed from me by the thick masses of dark hair which fell around it; but the contour of her head and neck was exquisitely beautiful. Who could she be? Not a visitor; for I plainly saw that she was domesticated in the family. Suddenly a passage in my mother's last letter occurred to me, which seemed in some degree to explain the mystery. She mentioned that one of my father's friends had lately died under circumstances of a peculiarly distressing nature, leaving to the guardianship of my father his only daughter, who would probably become a resident in our family. This then must be the orphan. While I was thus deliberating, she turned to my father, and holding up the drawing said, 'There, my dear sir, I have just put the finishing touches to your favourite.' His countenance wore that benignant smile for which it was so remarkable; and when I perceived the picture to be a

small but highly-finished sketch of the mansion-house with its lofty turrets and spreading elms, I could easily understand his feelings. If he was proud of any thing it was of his mansion-house, which had formerly been a baronial residence, and still retained much of its ancient magnificence. I was therefore at no loss to account for the glow which suffused his fine features as with all the precise courtliness of an old fashioned gentleman he expressed his thanks. Ashamed of remaining longer concealed, I left my lurking place, and entering the room, soon found myself seated by my father, listening to my mother's detail of village gossip with the most exemplary patience, and gazing upon the matchless beauty of Ellen Campbell with all the unchecked eagerness of boyish admiration.

"Placed in such a situation with regard to each other, it may easily be supposed that we did not long remain strangers. Ellen had been the youngest of eleven children; but her family had suffered an uninterrupted series of calamities. Her sisters, as they arrived at the age of womanhood, fell successive victims to consumption, and her brothers had all perished by violent deaths. The last, a fine, noble boy of eighteen, had been accidentally shot by his own father, who, overpowered by this new and unexpected stroke of affliction, put a period to his existence, leaving the orphan Ellen sole heiress of his vast possessions. Such a continued succession of misfortunes had given a deep tone of melancholy to her character. The sorrow which had thrown so dark a cloud over her early days, had destroyed the natural cheerfulness of her disposition; and among the gay and happy creatures whose age fitted them to be her companions, she appeared constantly oppressed with sadness; as the flower which grows only in the shade will seem pale and almost scentless when compared with those that have drank the light as well as the dew of heaven. She was indeed a rarely gifted being. The wild luxuriance of her untrained genius had spread itself widely over the vast field of knowledge; and there was scarcely any branch of science to which it had not attached itself; but the powers of her mind wasted themselves by their own superabundant strength; as the unpruned vine will expend, in putting forth new shoots, the vigour which should enable it to produce fruit in its season. Though her education had been merely that of an ordinary female, she had acquired a variety of information greater than is possessed by many highly cultivated men. But it was all superficial; she knew nothing profoundly, and yet this very ignorance of the technicalities of wisdom gave a brilliancy and originality to her remarks which could not fail to charm even the most learned of her hearers. Her voice was one of uncommon sweetness and flexibility. In ordinary conversation there was a melancholy music in its tone which thrilled like the harpings of the wind-god's lyre; but when she read aloud her voice was capable of every variation, from the gleeful tone of mirth to the low deep murmur of despair.

"I will not attempt to describe the progress of my attachment to this extraordinary woman. We walked together, we rode together, we studied together; our tastes, our habits, our pursuits were the same; and when compelled to separate myself from her in order to return to college, it was like the sundering of soul and body. But I had now a new stimulus to exertion, a new goal for my ambition; and diligently did I strive to win those honours which I fondly hoped would enhance the value of my affection. Thus passed several years of happiness. I had never breathed my love to Ellen in words, but I could not suppose her unconscious of that which betrayed itself in my every look and tone. Alas, I might have been spared much suffering if I had better understood that strange mystery, the heart of woman. I mistook the proffered hand and frank welcome of sisterly regard for the deep tenderness of love, and little knew how closely she hides within the inmost recesses of her heart the secret of her affections. Well do I remember the expression of her face when I first told my love. We were standing in the deep recess of a large Gothic window, looking out upon the western sky then glowing with the splendors of a summer sunset. Her cheek wore the crimson flush of suppressed emotion, and her large dark eyes were fixed upon the gorgeous pageantry of clouds, as if drinking in anew the light of heaven. While I was intently watching the changes of her expressive countenance, she suddenly clasped her hands together, and, as if forgetful of my presence, exclaimed, 'Oh that these earthly fetters might be quickly loosed! Oh that my restless spirit might soar unchecked to those

pure regions where alone it can find repose!' Overpowered by the deep and earnest sadness of her manner, I could no longer restrain the expressions of more than fraternal regard, which had so often trembled on my lips. She listened to me in perfect silence. She averted not her face, she did not even blush at my earnest and imploring gaze; her whole soul seemed absorbed in feeling too strong for all ordinary modes of expression; but when she raised her eyes, her look was such as I had never before witnessed. It was not a look of sadness, but of suffering, deep, intense, long-continued suffering, and I felt too surely that I was answered.

"I will not weary you by repeating all our conversation, though every word is as familiar to me as if I heard it but yesterday. Ellen was too generous to allow me the faintest hopes of success, when by the sacrifice of her woman's pride she could at once convince me of their vanity. With a flushed cheek and burning brow she confessed to me that her affections were no longer in her own power; and though it seemed perfectly incredible that Ellen Campbell should be the victim of a hopeless passion, yet such I was compelled to believe was the fact. We parted. She remained in her tranquil home to cherish her ill-fated affection in secrecy and sorrow, while I went out into the world, vainly seeking, amid the bustle of business and the pleasures of society, to lose all recollection of past scenes. But the expectations of both were disappointed. No change of place, no vicissitude of fortune, ever had power to banish from my remembrance the being whom I had so fondly worshipped; and Ellen, poor Ellen, alas, she had too much reason to exclaim with the satirist, 'the gods have heard with too indulgent ears,' for by the very attainment of her wishes she was destroyed.

"It was her misfortune to love a genius—that is to say, a man who from his earliest years had been accustomed to the most extravagant praise for the superiority of his mental powers, and who had therefore devoted his attention entirely to their culture, forgetting the weeds that in the mean time were rapidly springing up in his heart. Ellen had met with him at an age when she was capable of judging of the brilliant rather than the good. The beauty of his person and the splendour of his genius had dazzled her young imagination: she saw in him the very idol of her dreams; and it is not surprising that she should soon have learned to look upon him as the 'being meant to be her happiness.' But at that period ambition was his idol: he had no time for love even with such a creature as Ellen before him; and when circumstances occurred to separate them, he turned away as coldly as if he had never looked upon her beauty, leaving in her heart the poisoned arrow of unhappy love. About a year after I had parted from her they again met. He had acquired a large share of popular applause, he had, as he supposed, fully provided for obtaining the 'fame that follows after,' and he had now time to indulge the softer feelings of his nature. The beautiful heiress was an object too conspicuous to be overlooked; with the quick eye of a man experienced in human nature he discovered her secret partiality for him, and in a short time she became his wife. Then first did she learn the reality of sorrow. He was a man not only of dissipated habits but of depraved feelings; and the pure and delicate being who had fondly believed with Madame de Stael, that genius is always full of goodness, was compelled to see the god of her idolatry transformed into the object of her contempt.

"When I next saw her she was fast sinking into the grave. She died with her hand clasped in mine; and though thirty years have passed since then, I still feel the cold grasp of those relaxing fingers as distinctly as if not an hour had elapsed. I did not curse the wretch who had thus trampled on her young affections; for I recollected that she had loved him; but in the bitterness of my soul I prayed that he might feel, deeply and dreadfully feel, the value of the heart he had broken. In youth, in manhood, and in age, she has ever been my idol. For her sake I have toiled after fame! for her sake I have prized the applauses of the multitude; and the world can bestow on me no prouder praise than that of deeming me worthy to have been the lover of Ellen Campbell."

IANTHE.

Allegories, when well chosen, are like so many tracks of light in a discourse, that make every thing about them clear and beautiful.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in every thing.

THE CASKET.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

FALSE REFINEMENT.

THERE are beings who do not seem designed by nature to live in this world; who appear totally unfitted, from character and disposition, to mingle with the common class of mankind. They are either disgusted with the frivolity of fashion and the conceit of education, or wounded with the rudeness of ignorance and the impertinence of curiosity; and thus, from an innate delicacy of mind, a peculiar sensitiveness which few can understand, and fewer still appreciate, they are often led to pass on through life, and move amidst the multitude in utter loneliness of heart. It is both a misfortune and a fault to cultivate this overstrained refinement of taste, which causes its possessor to lock up the social springs of feeling, and withdraw into the desolate solitude of the spirit, rather than to seek enjoyment from common sources.

"The world is not all a desert," said Julia Wilmington, to her friend Everard Montreville. "It has its redeeming places of loveliness and beauty, which might almost seem to the fancy, like detached parts from the garden of Eden. You will not be as happy as you might be, on account of your foolishly fastidious ideas; and yet, at the same time, I know you are not half as miserable in reality, as you would fain persuade yourself."

Montreville smiled—and with his smile, the gloom passed from his countenance, like a cloud from the sun.

"It may be so, Julia," he replied; "but if I err on one side, you err also on the other. You, I fear, are not as happy as you pretend to be."

"My feelings have changed with circumstances," answered she, in a tone of indifference. "I have had my hours of despondency; but they are past. Stern necessity has taught me a philosophy which perhaps I should never have learned, could I have chosen my own lot in life."

"And what is this philosophy, Julia?" said Montreville. "Can you not teach it to me?"

"No," answered she, hastily; "you have no need for it at present; and without the necessity for its exertion, it cannot be acquired."

Everard Montreville was one of those beings who refuse to mix with the crowd, and unbend to the world in general.

To most of his acquaintance he appeared cold, haughty, and reserved; and though his talents were of a higher order than common, and his powers of pleasing seldom equalled, it was not singular that while many admired, there were but few that loved him. It was only his intimate friends who knew the generosity of his heart and the nobleness of his mind; and who regretted in him, the fatal indulgence of those fastidious sentiments and that morbid refinement of feeling, which destroyed the charm of the ordinary pleasures of life.

Julia Wilmington had much of the same disposition; but with this difference—that while Everard encouraged and cherished it in himself, she saw and felt its deleterious effects, and endeavoured, as much as possible, to subdue and conquer it. Still, Montreville appeared to her the most perfect being in existence; and while she laughed at his scruples, and condemned his selfishness in withdrawing from the fellowship of those around him, she loved him not the less for finding that enjoyment in her society which he could not derive from others. In return for this preference, and, perhaps partly from a kind of unconscious vanity which it occasioned, she gave her whole heart to friendship, while Everard gave only his esteem and confidence.

There is always danger in a friendship between those of opposite sexes, and seldom perfect candour. In many cases, the nature of things and the customs of the world, forbid it. Julia Wilmington, for instance, would affirm to Montreville, that she was happy, while a sigh contradicted her words; and Everard, on the other hand, would often say that he was miserable, while a glance of triumph told that he would not exchange his feelings, and the consciousness of his own powers, for all the boasted happiness of the thoughtless and the gay. He had chosen Julia for his friend; but he had given his love to another. These two had never met—and Julia shrunk from the idea of seeing the one who had rivalled her in the affections of Everard.

"I know," she would say to herself, "that she cannot make him happy. She may have talents, and beauty, and accomplishments; but she will never enter into the peculiar temperament of his disposition, nor discover the delicate traits in his character."

It would be impossible to describe Helen Milford. Her face was beautiful, from its expression and intelligence; her conversation delightful from its variety, and her manners fascinating from their strict adherence to nature. Indeed she was far superior to Julia in every thing but the knowledge of the human heart. She loved Montreville; but it was true that she did not understand him.

He married her—and the false refinement of his ideas caused him to discover a thousand blemishes in her character.

Julia, on the contrary, became strongly attached to the young and lovely wife of her friend, and saw with regret, that while both were amiable and estimable, they were not calculated for each other.

"My dear Julia," said Helen in the course of a familiar conversation, "I wish you would tell me how to please Montreville—I sometimes think he would have been far happier with you, than he is with me; and really wonder that you did not marry him."

"For the best reason in the world, Helen," answered Julia, laughing at her apparent seriousness—"because he selected you; and I fancy no one will accuse him of want of taste. The only difficulty now is, that you do not know him as well as I do."

"I shall never know him then," said Helen, with a sigh. "He is more and more a mystery to me every day."

"Do not encourage such a sentiment, dear Helen," said her friend; "it will be the bane of your peace, and will gradually undermine an affection which ought to grow stronger with the progress of time. Believe me, Everard loves you better than any other human being; and you have only to correct those trifling errors in your conduct, which clash with his peculiar opinions of propriety, to make yourself all that he wishes you to be."

"I cannot change my nature, Julia," said Helen, with a return of her natural sprightliness, "and if Montreville expected to find perfection in a girl like me, he deserves to be disappointed."

So saying, she turned to her piano, and with an air half gay and half sad, commenced singing the fashionable song,

"Fall not in love, dear girls beware,
Oh, never fall in love—" &c.

Julia sighed involuntarily; and Everard, who had entered unperceived, echoed her sigh. She started, and a single glance was exchanged between them, but not a word. Helen closed her instrument, and each of the trio appeared to feel an unwonted restraint, for which they could scarcely account.

Shortly after this little scene in married life, chance or destiny separated the friends for a lapse of years. Montreville removed with his wife to a distant part of the state; and the correspondence which was at first begun with ardour, grew, by degrees, less and less frequent till at length it ceased entirely.

Julia had gathered from a few desultory expressions in the letters of each, that neither was very happy; and grieved in secret that two gifted and accomplished individuals, who were both capable of feeling and inspiring affection, should thus have thrown away their happiness in an ill-assorted match.

She often wished to hear from her again, but it is always difficult to renew a broken correspondence. The common topics of interest between the parties, soon become absorbed in a protracted silence; and though the heart may continue to respond to its early friendships, the expressions which at first flowed easy and natural, grow, after a long separation, stiff and constrained.

Accident, however, introduced to her acquaintance a lady who had been residing in the same place with Montreville and Helen, and from her she learned the sequel of their history.

Mrs. Martine was fond of talking, and delighted, like many others, to be the bearer of intelligence.

"I believe, Miss Wilmington," said she to Julia, "that you were formerly acquainted with Everard Montreville?"

"I had that pleasure, madam," answered she.

"You know then, I presume, that he has separated from his wife."

"It is not possible," exclaimed Julia, with a look of indignation—and then suddenly checking herself at the recollection that she was speaking to a stranger, she inquired, with a forced appearance of unconcern, the cause of their parting.

"I cannot tell," replied the lady. "People say that he thought she had too much levity, but I imagine he was somewhat singular in his notions, and over-particular in what he required. Mrs. Montreville was a very lovely woman, and no one thought she was to blame."

"And where is she now?" asked Julia.

"Gone home to her parents," said Mrs. Martine, "and her husband, I am told, is in this city."

She fixed her eyes on Julia, who could no longer conceal the unusual and unaffected interest which she took in her recital.

"You will probably see him, Miss Wilmington," continued she.

"Yes—no, madam," answered Julia, scarcely knowing what she said. "We have been too long separated for him to seek, under such painful circumstances, a renewal of former intimacy."

"He is excessively proud and reserved," said her companion, "and appears to disdain the opinions of the world, and yet his particular friends are enthusiastic in his praise."

Julia had no idea of descending with Mrs. Martine on the merits of one who had once held the highest place in her esteem, and making some slight reply to her observations, she left the room. A thousand gloomy and distressing reflections crowded on her mind; and while she sincerely pitied Helen, her heart refused to reproach Montreville.

"He is already sufficiently punished," thought she to herself—"The overwrought delicacy of feeling, the deep refinement of sentiment, which he so wilfully cherished against his better judgment, will only serve to augment the misery they have occasioned. And thou too, dearest Helen! ardent, and beautiful, and fascinating, in thy first setting out in life, how unfortunate has been thy destiny!"

Julia believed that Everard would call on her, and she was not disappointed. To her he was still the same. The changes in the fortunes of his life had made no alteration in his friendship for her—yet they both felt on meeting, that something of the charm of former intercourse was lost.

He did not speak of Helen; and she understood his character too well to introduce the subject: but after conversing for awhile, he urged her to sing for him; and it was then, that she ventured an allusion that might soothe, without wounding his feelings, by choosing those beautiful words,

Oh, no, we never mention her,
Her name is never heard; " &c.

The last verse in particular, seemed to be felt in all its meaning.

"Like me, perhaps, she struggles with
Each feeling of regret;
But if she loves as I have loved,
She never can forget."

A silent pressure of the hand was the only answer of Everard, but it spoke more than volumes to the heart of Julia.

It may be, that these deep and morbid sensibilities in the bosom of Montreville, may yet be dissipated in the rapid stream of commerce, or swallowed up in the vortex of the world; but let his history be a warning to those who would live in fellowship with mankind, and derive pleasure from the social interchange of friendly offices with each other, to avoid the indulgence of that false refinement of mind, which will give a fatal disgust to the ordinary scenes and enjoyments of life.

ESTELLE.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

ANACREONTIC.

I have gold in my coffers, 'tis good and 'tis bright,
I have gems in my cave would illumine the night,
I have ships on the ocean and steeds in the stall,
But the dark eye of beauty is better than all.

Gold and gems fall away like the leaves from the tree:
They were yours, they were his, now they're settled on me,
The gallies will perish, the coursers will die,
But eternity shines in a love-lighted eye.

ALPHA.

A NICE DISTINCTION.—However contradictory it may be in geometry, it is true in taste, that many little things will not make a great one. The sublime impresses the mind at once, and with one great idea; it is a single blow: the elegant, indeed, may be produced by repetition, by an accumulation of many minute circumstances.

LITERARY.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HEBER'S SERMONS.

THE admirers of this lamented and highly accomplished prelate, will be gratified with this valuable present from his amiable relict. We have not had time to peruse the volume; but from what we have seen, feel confident it will support the author's previously acquired fame, and furnish useful matter for pious meditation. It is from the press of the associate printers, and is in exact accordance with the London copy.

ABRIDGMENT OF THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

Washington Irving has done himself no more than ordinary justice, in abridging this large and able work for the more general use of the public. We heartily concur in the suggestion thrown out in the Evening Post, that it be made a reading class-book in our seminaries. The beauties of its style, and the interest of its subject, ensure its success.

THE SOUTHERN REVIEW.

The June number of this periodical has just been published, and it fully sustains the high promises given by its predecessors. This work is considered in Europe to surpass its two rival contemporaries in this country. It possesses a raciness and freshness in its style; a boldness, and vigour, and originality in thought; and a spirit of imagination enlightens and gives zest to its analyses, which we shall in vain look for in its elders. We could wish to see it more extensively circulated in this part of the country, as a means of diffusing correct information respecting the capacities and knowledge of our southern writers, and also respecting the claims of our southern brethren generally to our esteem and affection—claims that have too often been set aside and trampled under foot by the selfish and hypocritical views of certain writers amongst ourselves.

MEDICAL AND PHYSICAL JOURNAL.

The twenty-ninth number of this periodical, which is now conducted by Dr. Peixotto, and a great number of associate contributors, has just made its appearance. This work, which is the only quarterly publication in the state of New-York, has been much enlarged, and improved in its general appearance. Among the writers of essays, we perceive those of Professor Beck of Albany, Dr. Doucet of New-York, Christy, Rumsey, Belden, Ogden, and Graves. We sincerely hope that this journal may meet with a substantial and generous support from the public. The price is five dollars per annum. C. S. Francis, the proprietor of the Parthenon, Broadway, is the publisher.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

We have looked over the proof-sheets of a work, entitled "Inductive Exercises in English Grammar; designed to give young pupils a knowledge of the first principles of the English language; by Richard W. Green." The preface is a modest and well written exposition of the author's views. School-books are too frequently composed above the comprehension of young boys; and regular rules, however clear they may seem to the writer, and however thoroughly they may be committed to memory, rarely add much to the real knowledge of the scholar. Mr. Green has reduced the rudiments of the science of grammar to their most simple form, and by making the pupil deduce rules from his own previously acquired experience, instead of striving to compel him to receive, from the rules abstractly, an understanding of the subject, he gives him confidence in his exertions, and renders the study easy and agreeable. With the aid of this excellent treatise, children of a very early age may become familiar with the fundamental principles of language with a facility not to be enjoyed by any other method, and we recommend it to the attention of parents and teachers, as a guide much superior to those generally in use. Many well advanced in parsing, would receive much advantage from an attentive perusal of it, and we do not remember to have seen any which would be a more valuable acquisition to those academies whose purpose is to conduct very young pupils through a preparatory course of education. We notice the book more at length hereafter.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

HUMAN LIFE.

I HAVE been pondering on the dreams of life,
By this dim stream in twilight's pensive hour,
Along whose banks with early promise rife,
The glad winds whisper with mysterious power;
And gentle dews descend, a viewless shower.
As I have watch'd the rippling waters play,
And marked the freshness of the closing flower,
My thoughts have passed with day's declining ray,
Back to the times gone by—to spirits passed away.
Each haunt of boyhood, each familiar face,
Comes thronging back like sunbeams to my soul,
Bright as a spring-cloud in its nameless grace,
When its pure borders to the breeze unroll,
And float through azure depths without control;
The loved, the beautiful! whose soul-lit eyes
Beamed as our steps were turned to pleasure's goal,
Whilst o'er our heads were bent the golden skies,
Filled with those hues of joy to which the heart replies!
How like to being is this babbling stream,
With shade and moonlight on its restless breast,
Passing, like wind-tones, or a fitful dream,
Still rushing onward with no place of rest,
Stirred by the soft winds from the balmy west,
Kissed by the blossoms of the sunny spring,
For a brief summer with a green shore blest,
Then bearing autumn's yellow offering,
Till o'er its icy thrall dull winter shakes his wing!
Oh, this is human life!—one hour is given,
When all sweet blossoms in our paths are spread;
When earth's bright semblance wakes a dream of heaven;
When the blue infinite is fair o'erhead,
And gleams of joy from fairy wings are shed:
Then come the shadows of the night of age,
With passions crushed, enthusiast feelings dead—
With the dim, oft-conn'd leaves of memory's page,
And the hush'd evening-tide of our brief pilgrimage! EVERARD.

THE CENSOR.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE PERIPATETIC.

NUMBER II.

HAVING happily adjusted the preliminaries to which I have before referred, and which the sagacious reader cannot but perceive was no easy matter, the next consideration to be attended to, was incident and adventure. Here again, a thousand difficulties started up—a thousand obstacles, which at first appeared insurmountable, presented themselves,

"Undique et undique,"

and I was in the very act of abandoning the project, and of leaving No. I. to stand, as is not unfrequently the case with literary undertakings, as the sole monument of my existence, and of my good intentions, at least, if not of my resolution, when my friend, the captain, proposed a walk in Broadway. I at first hesitated. Rambler as I am, no less in habit than in name, the very thoughts of encountering the variety of scenery, if I may be allowed the expression, and of incident which, from my former experience, I anticipated from: such a lounge, the constant and unceasing succession of pretty faces which, although pleasurable in themselves, to a sensitive individual like myself could not but be productive of painful reflections, had almost occasioned a refusal. But your military men are not to be easily foiled. The captain, with all the authoritativeness, though perhaps with a little more condescension than when commanding his forty men in a volunteer corps of ill-trained militia, insisted on a compliance, which at length I was induced to give. We accordingly sallied forth, and after having traversed a few streets thickly strewn with mud, pigs, and children, found ourselves on that most fashionable part of this favorite promenade, the walk fronting St. Paul's, and mingled in the crowd which were wending their way towards the Battery, with all the regularity of a rapid stream. My friend, with the enthusiasm so natural to his personal, and the gallantry so indispensable to his professional character, walked on, leaning upon my arm, apparently unconscious of his companion, and wrapped up in the enchanting scene around him. Occasionally a half broken exclamation escaped his lips, as some beautiful creature passed by; then a nod, look, or word of recognition, and an eager gaze behind him as far as his eye could reach, convinced me that our walk was not likely to be productive of much pleasure, as far, at least, as it depended on community of feeling. At length, however, I seized the opportunity which accident afforded, and broke the silence which had, to a certain extent, marred the gratification of our ramble, and had hitherto placed us rather in each other's way. "It has often," said I, "been to me a matter of observation how much the pleasures and even the comforts of life

are made subservient to considerations inconsistent with both. And as often as I have turned my attention to the subject, I have been struck with astonishment at the eagerness and ingenuity with which means are sought out and invented to increase those restraints upon that easy and rational enjoyment which should form, as it were, the soul of our existence, and which is undoubtedly intended to relieve the mind from all that is disagreeable and perplexing. No man seems to consider his natural wants as sufficiently numerous, but all are constantly on the alert stimulating their avidity for change, and as studiously increasing their cares and their wants, as if they, and they alone, were the source of happiness. The desire of novelty becomes the predominant passion, and, like Alexander, who sighed for another world to conquer, when the means of its gratification are exhausted, we either sink into a kind of moral lethargy, or rush upon some expedient whose absurdity is only equalled by its extravagance. Our habits of business are regulated, not according to our own sense of expediency or propriety, but according to the uncertain and fluctuating standard of the *aura populari*, while our sources and means of gratification are restrained by the capricious and still more uncertain scale of fashionable and the polite society. We surrender in both instances not only without resistance, but seemingly with a degree of pleasure, the privilege which, as rational beings, we ought to exercise of thinking and acting for ourselves, for which all that we receive in return is the consolation incident to the reflection that we have compromised with the world as well as we could, and, reasoning upon the principle of the old proverb, "misery loves company," that, if we are chargeable with folly, we do not stand alone. Nay, more, we separate ourselves from the great mass of society, from whom we should derive enjoyment, and to whose enjoyment we are bound by every tie that connects us with society to contribute, and entrench ourselves within a pale where all is dissimulation, formality and fashion. Do you ask for an example? Behold yon crowded assemblage of fair and gay, so thickly collected together amid the luxuries of what is technically called a *jamb*, that respiration is almost impossible, and locomotion utterly out of the question; with occasionally a dance, compared with which the military lock step is freedom itself, to while away the time, seasoned by a little restrained, formal, and unmeaning gossip—and to wind up all, a fatigue of body and mind, with their concomitants, head-ache, heart-ache, and the "thousand other ills that flesh is heir to," which render existence almost insupportable! Behold the same individuals going through the same listless ceremony night after night, jaded, exhausted, and almost sinking under the exertion, and yet supported through it by some invisible agency, by which it is borne up in the midst of sufferings (for they can be called by no other name) which seem almost beyond human endurance. Turning your eyes towards yonder fashionable promenade, behold for hours together the mazy throng move on, untired like the constant undulation of the ocean tides, the thermometer at ninety "in the shade," and the dust rising in clouds, which at a distance present the appearance of two contending armies. Or behold yon deserted dwellings—their tenants flying as from a pestilence, surrounded on all sides by smoke and steam, to enjoy the luxury of a burning sun, fanned occasionally by a still more burning breeze, bearing upon its wings countless myriads of mosquitoes, and tell me why this fretful uneasiness at surrounding circumstances, and this unceasing desire for novelty even at the cost of personal suffering?"

"Fashion," said the captain, who although his attention had been principally directed to surrounding objects, but who had nevertheless paid some little attention to the observations I had made, "fashion is every thing."

"I have heard," continued I, "an old proverb—'pride knows no pain,' and I have never known one more strongly applicable. Fashion, indeed! Strange must be its influence, and stranger still its effects, if it can turn sources of suffering into scenes of pleasure, and change the bitterness of existence into its most agreeable and desirable enjoyment. Marvellous the cause which can convert torture into delight, or which, by the simple effect of imagination alone, can lull us into security in the midst of the most imminent danger. Let us hear no more of the severity of punishment, since it requires but the assistance of the fancy to render it the source of pleasure, or of the agony of personal torture, since the same cause which produces it sweetens our enjoyments,

and adds an endearing charm to the thread of our existence. Let us learn to view fashion as the end of our being; let us cease to think of usefulness as at all necessary to the formation of character—and, above all, let us regard the apparent vexations in which we will be involved, and the troubles we may be called on to endure in reducing this principle to practice, as a kind of self-gratulatory penance, similar to that which certain enthusiasts of old took delight in rendering to the idol of their devotion, by standing in a single position for days, weeks, months, and even years together, and ceasing to wonder whence the pleasures of fashionable life are derived, our only cause of surprise will be, not that such should exist, but that their sway should not be universal, and their dominion acknowledged by all who have the least pretensions, not merely to polish and education, but to civilization itself."

"In the abstract," said the captain, who had listened with considerable attention to the conclusion of my remarks, and who did not fail to observe the tone and manner in which they were delivered, "I might, perhaps, admit the justice of what you have said. But I need not tell you that society is an artificial institution, in which many of our natural comforts as well as necessities must be sacrificed to those laws which have been established for its regulation, and the wisdom of which, if viewed abstractly, are of necessity viewed erroneously. We are all, to use a military figure, like soldiers in an extensive army, who are required to submit to many privations, which fall heavily upon individuals, it is true, but which are indispensable to the order and discipline of the whole. Rely upon it, then, that if you mean to pass through life with comfort to yourself, you will be compelled to adopt in earnest, as your rule of conduct, what you now appear disposed to treat with ridicule, although, perhaps, rather highly coloured; and that if your happiness is marred by their observance, it is not at all likely to be increased by arraying yourself against popular opinion, and attempting to subvert those customs and institutions which have received the sanction of universal usage, and are as firmly settled as the foundations of society itself."

I was about to reply, but my friend recollecting an engagement the appointed hour for which had arrived, we separated.

B.

THE ESSAYIST.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SKETCH BY A MAN OF FIFTY.

THIRTY years ago I was penniless and without a friend. I had engaged unsuccessfully in two or three forlorn speculations, in the course of which I wandered about the state with a reckless independence, sometimes mourning over the past, and sometimes anticipating the bleak and gloomy future. At length my funds and every invention to increase them were exhausted, and, shunning all society, I spent a week in devising plans by which I was to be rescued from my embarrassments. I was very young, and adversity was a strange thing to me. In the absence of all amusement and occupation, I devoted myself to rambling. I passed hours and whole days in roaming over the lovely scenery of one of the most picturesque countries I ever saw. I would start off in the morning, when the sun first peered above the glowing east, and, with a few hard biscuits in my pocket, push my journey I knew not and I cared not whither. I cannot describe the sensations with which I have awakened from my feverish slumbers, and gone thus abroad beneath the fair morning sky, when the fragrance was loosened from the thousand surrounding flowers, and every simple object of nature came up to my sight with sweet reality, after a night tinged with the colours of unhappy dreams; and as the sun

"Sprang gloriously
And freely up, and hill and river
Were catching, upon wave and tree,
The arrows from his subtle quiver."

I have seemed abstracted from the ties of society, and dwelt in the silence that was unbroken by any sound to remind me of man, as if I had been a deer or a bird, or some other free and untamed creature of the forest, gifted with human sense and feeling. Of the scenery around me I was completely enamoured. I lost every taste for other occupations. I wished to enjoy for ever this wild existence, in the midst of rocks, and trees, and rivers, watching the occurrences of the inanimate,

world, in the many capricious shapes in which life has sprung up in its mysterious connexion with matter. I wish I could paint, but it is impossible, the exquisite pictures which here pressed themselves upon my notice. The pencil may sketch the outlines of unmoving things, and present the cloud, the river, or the grove, with something like life upon the canvass; but it cannot compass the graceful changes of the earth and air; it cannot make the cloud melting into its many images, and floating down the blue heavens; nor the grove, with the rustling and waving of its restless branches, nor the stream, lapsing along like liquid diamond, or gurgling around the rough rock with its world of living gorgeous creatures, darting like spirits through its lucid element. I had imagined myself an observer of nature, but I had never before been driven to a study of its countless and inexpressible beauties, and now I found in their contemplation a kind of relief from other thoughts.

There is every where through the works of Providence an assuasive influence above philosophy, inconsistent with violent emotion. Dear reader, if you are weary of the world—if life has gone with you so that you look upon it as a tedious and a hacknied story—if you have laboured long and are yet surrounded with want—if poverty has cut down the best feelings of your soul—if you have hoped and been disappointed—if you have trusted and been betrayed—if some being, around whom your very heart's strings were woven, has been but yesterday returned to the dark earth,—go forth from the rude noise of busy men to the quiet and winning loveliness of a country scene. Look out some dell in the midst of a lonely forest, where the green bank, scented with a few wild flowers, slopes down to a running stream that sometimes dashes through a compressed channel, and sometimes expands into a silvery lake. The bending willow shall overhang its surface, and a few rocks jut their mossy points here and there into the rippling water. When you lie down upon the cool grass, the birds will alight near you, and warble their sweet notes, and trim their beautiful feathers, with a confidence in you which you would deem it sacrilege to betray. Above your head, through the openings in the branches, pieces of blue sky will gleam upon you with clouds sailing silently, and if it be towards evening, and the red sun is going down to his golden couch, his crimson rays will stream through the trees, and fall upon some venerable oak, or the leaves of a grove, or the side of a high rock, or the bosom of the glassy stream, lending them all a beauty like that of fairy land. Before you have numbered half of these simple and common things in nature's history, though there have been a tempest of wild and gloomy resolutions in your mind, it will all pass away unconsciously; you will be inspired with a resignation to the will of Providence singularly opposite to your former recklessness, and be filled with a softness of grief dearer than the lightest flash of pleasure.

In such scenes, with such sensations, I yielded myself to the current of the world, and resolved again to seek upon its unstable billows for a reputation and a home. I wrote to a friend who was the proprietor of an academy of some renown, and offered my services as an assistant. They were kindly accepted. His answer enclosed advance money to a considerable amount, and, in a few days, as if I were but the image of some changing dream, I found myself away from the wide green hills and shadowy woods of the country, pent up in a small room with a class of boys whom I was to initiate into the mysteries of geography and astronomy.

The first lad was a dull singular looking being, of a most unpromising exterior. Judging from appearances, the probability of teaching his "young idea how to shoot," seemed a matter of some considerable doubt. I strove several times for a glimpse of intelligence in his mind in vain. It was like the labour of the Brazilian slave, digging in the sand for diamonds.

"Where is Asia?" asked I.

He reddened, put out his under lip, cast down his eyes, and at length found words to say,

"On the map, sir."

"Point to it."

He stuck out his clumsy hand like the fore paw of a dancing bear, and pointed in a direction of about twenty degrees above the horizon.

"What causes the day?"

"The sun, sir."

"What causes the night?"

"The moon, sir."

I was quite satisfied as to the extent of his abilities, and passed on.

The next was a clear complexioned, noble looking fellow, with large dark eyes and glossy hair, curled about his high temples; his full lip was red like a girl's, and his voice as sweet as music. He had a correct knowledge of what he had gone over, and a facility in learning whatever was placed before him. The few simple interrogations which I put to him were easily replied to, till at length he missed several in succession. Then came a shadow over his bright morning face, and the tears stole up softly into his eyes, and hung upon their long lashes trembling. I could not but wonder to myself if he had a sister or a cousin who resembled him; but what was that to me? So I went on.

The next had nothing to distinguish him from boys in general. His countenance was one of those common faces which we never notice. He had pins stuck in the sleeve of his coat, and twine hanging out of the corners of his pocket. His stockings had slipped down over his shoes, and the strings trailed along the floor. He fidgetted with his button hole, and put his foot in his lap, and at length got one of his companions laughing at something which he had in his hand. I called him to me, and he thrust it into his pocket, which stuck out from his body as if it contained the whole amount of his personal estate. I desired him to empty it upon the desk, and forth came a medley of school-boy treasures: isinglass—slate pencils—a ball—chewed India rubber—paper boats—a top, and among the rest, a fly-box, containing a most unfortunate prisoner, who, without judge or jury, had been summarily condemned—his wings stripped from his back, and he hanged by a hair rope on an appropriate pine wood gallows, which my friend had manufactured for the occasion.

The other was an awkward, lubberly, overgrown creature, with a pair of green eyes that looked like a cat's. His hair stuck out straight on every side like a coat brush; he had a huge nose that occupied a third of his face, and he spoke with a cracked voice that had as little of melody in it as the filing of a saw. He sat upon the bench with as little animation as if he had been made out of putty, and though he did not answer any question, yet he exhibited no other sign of grief than might have been detected in a yawn that opened a mouth of most appalling dimensions.

Now mark the caprices of fortune. Thirty years have gone with the wind. I have taken an interest in watching the progress of my little class. The last mentioned grew up into a poet. He has written some of the most delightful stanzas I ever read. They breathe a soul of the highest nature, and a heart stored with all that ennobles and sweetens life. The dunce whom I first examined, at this instant holds an office in the service of the United States, where his deep knowledge of human nature, and his powerful talents, have made his name familiar to every ear, as his praises will be to future generations. He in whom I found nothing to distinguish him from common boys, but his slovenly appearance, is now one of the neatest and wealthiest merchants in the city, and universally beloved for his intelligence and virtue; and the other, whose sweet face and brilliant mind won my affections immediately, and awakened the liveliest hopes of his future eminence, sleeps in the grave.

after season, these gentlemen "labour in their vocation." They are a worthy triumvirate—three public benefactors, to whom the citizens ought to be grateful; for their talents have often given them pleasure in exchange for care; and many a merry hour and joyous laugh has been the result of their exertions.

Four or five years ago, Placide's abilities were but little known. He had risen from the lowest walks of the drama, and, as is common in such cases, the admiration of the audience did not keep pace with his increasing merit. They were slow to believe that one whom they had long been in the habit of regarding as not above mediocrity, could ever attain excellence, and strangers were often astonished at the slight estimation in which he was held. This is human nature: we are unwilling to give up early impressions, or retract expressed opinions. Had a strange actor of equal merits and some reputation, appeared before the same audience, he would instantly have become an object of unmingled admiration. This, however, could not last, and the unequivocal ability displayed by Placide in some parts commanded praise—praise attracted attention, and that was all that was wanted. Since that time he has steadily and rapidly advanced in public estimation—he has never once receded, and his course is still onward.

To speak of Placide apart from the character he represents, is difficult. We know that there are a string of set phrases going the rounds of the press, concerning actors "identifying themselves with the part they play," and "losing themselves in the character they represent," &c. and, in some sense, this is true, seeing that they frequently lose themselves, the character, the author, and the audience; but in reality, there is not one man in a thousand who possesses the gift of making the audience forget the actor in the part. Even in Kean it was sometimes wanting. It is the highest kind of praise; and as it appears to be fast becoming a settled rule, that all praise, to be worth the having, must be in the superlative, a quality that is peculiar to the few, has been awarded without scruple to the million. Indeed, so very loosely and indiscriminately are these phrases applied, that we should not be surprised to see one of them tacked to a commendation of Barnes, who seldom or never "identifies" himself with any thing, but simply plays Barnes, let him appear in what he will; and so amusing and successful is he in that character, that he cannot do better than stick to it.—But Placide has in truth the faculty of appearing to be the character he assumes; and we would instance as a strong proof of the soundness of this assertion, that of all the imitations of celebrated actors that have been given in this city, not one has been attempted of Placide. And why is this? For the simple reason that he has no peculiarities common to all his characters, and the imitation would not be recognised unless the audience had seen him in the part imitated. Not so with many—Barnes, for instance. Let a good imitation of him be given in any character, and though nine-tenths of the audience have never seen him in that peculiar character, the general resemblance will be instantly appreciated.

In articles like the present, which must of necessity be brief, it would be impossible to enter into a minute examination of the various excellencies of Mr. Placide in the wide range of parts in which he appears. There are three distinct classes in which he is without an equal, namely, old men, or rather middle aged gentlemen, drunken servants, and kind-hearted, simple country lads. As a sample of the three we would instance the Marquis in the Cabinet, Antonio in the Marriage of Figaro, and Zekiel Homespun in the Heir at Law. In the last he would probably be successful either at Drury Lane or Covent Garden. His Lord Ogleby we did not so much admire; it was a creditable performance, but rather stiff and with scarcely enough of the coxcomb, and appeared what he himself termed it, an attempt. Upon the whole, he is a fine—almost a faultless actor, with a rich natural vein of humour, free from the alloy of buffoonery. There are only two things of his which we remember without pleasure, namely, a portion of his Peter in Romeo and Juliet, and an ill-judged attempt to give a ludicrous expression to the word "bubble" in the caldron scene in Macbeth, while enacting one of the witches. The sinful deed was certainly committed by one of the beldams, and we unwillingly thought by Placide. If it were not, we ask his pardon: if it were, he may be assured of one thing—Shakespeare is still a greater.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

PLACIDE.

WITH the exception of the two great London houses, we question whether there is a theatre in England or America, so strong in what is called "low comedy" as the Park. Doubtless three as good actors as Hilson, Barnes, and Placide, are to be found; but it would be extremely difficult to get three together with qualities so finely balanced—so excellent, yet so dissimilar, that in whatever requisites one is comparatively poor, another is proportionably rich—three who will play with equal spirit and effect in the same piece, and appear as frequently together without jostling each other. There is something pleasing, and to those who know any thing of the everlasting feuds and jealousies of a green-room, something astonishing in the uninterrupted harmony with which, season

THEATRICAL NOTICES.

PARK THEATRE.

The present season is fast drawing to a close. The manager has used every exertion to procure first-rate talent in every department, and these exertions have been liberally rewarded by the public. We do not recollect any preceding year to have been so fertile in new pieces; two having been produced since our last. One of them, the "Nymph of the Grotto," is from the teeming pen of Dimond, a person who has written more successful nonsense than any gentleman living; and who, in the present instance, has succeeded in concocting a light and pleasant summer piece. The scenery is showy, the dresses rich, the language extravagant, and the incidents improbable. A principal cause of its favourable reception, was the acting of Barnes, which was positively, and of Clara Fisher, which was superlatively, fine. The latter bids fair, in at least three or four different lines of character, to be one of the finest actresses that ever trod the stage. We do not say this in a moment of thoughtless admiration of this fascinating girl, but think it an assertion which will be fully borne out by an impartial analysis of her varied performances.

Of the new farce produced on Monday, entitled "Gretna Green," we have only space to say, that it was very amusing and well received.

THE BOWERY THEATRE.

Great attraction has been furnished at this establishment, by the spirited and popular performances of Miss Rock; and we believe she has met with all the encouragement which the nature of the season, the numerous other diversions, and the low state of the public purse would allow. Dramatic stock is not very high in New-York at present, and, in recommending that of the Bowery, we speak in favour of undisputed claims to public patronage. Great expense has been incurred to render this house a "worthy temple of the fine arts," and such efforts should not go unrewarded.

THE AMERICAN OPERA HOUSE

Has signalled itself by the production of a very singular and peculiar drama, entitled the "Death Fetch." It is founded on the celebrated Banim's tale of "The Fatches;" and the plot and incidents of the novelist are closely followed, with the exception, that the scene of action is, for obvious reasons, transferred from Ireland to Germany, the only true ground for mystifications of all kinds. The present piece is *sui generis*; nothing similar to it having ever been produced upon the stage. This is strange; for in the annals of superstition we do not know of any thing so appalling as the properties imputed to the "Death Fetch." It closely resembles the Scottish *wraith*, except that the *wraith* is seen immediately preceding, or at the moment the person expires, while the *fetch* wanders about for an indefinite period before the catastrophe; and there is really something very horrible and bewildering in the idea of this flitting to and fro of the spirit before its final departure. Peter Schemil without his shadow is nothing to this conception of the duplicate of a man—a being that is not himself, and yet is himself, and acting for him, and as him, without his knowledge. It is scarcely distinct and tangible enough for the stage, and the author (John Howard Payne,) deserves much praise for the skilful and dramatic manner in which he has developed this perplexing piece of superstition.—The drama had justice done it by the fine acting of Mrs. Blake, Mr. Cowell, and Mr. Archer, though the latter had many difficulties to surmount, as regarded personal appearance; his robust frame and strongly marked features being rather curious specimens of a nervous, imaginative, delicate, and dying student. Of the manner in which the piece has been produced, we can speak with unqualified praise, the machinery, shadows, blue-lights, &c. being in most effective order.

MR. KEAN.

Like a phoenix emerging from destruction, this elastic being, bidding defiance to disease and the doctors, is once more shining as brilliant a star as ever in the theatrical firmament. Scarce had the news reached us of his having been struck with the palsy, and incapacitated for life from appearing on the stage, than later news announced his re-appearance in Shylock, to a fashionable and crowded audi-

ence in Dublin! Truly may we say of Richard's representative, as Catebysays of Richard himself,

"The king enacts more wonders than a man."

MR. FORREST.

Our distinguished and favourite tragedian has made a golden round through the southern states. He is shortly expected to arrive in this city. We ensure him a hearty and profitable welcome.

MADAME MALIBRAN.

It is rumoured that this astonishing actress and vocalist may shortly return to this country. Her success in Europe is no great warranty for the accuracy of the report. Should it be true, however, the fable of the "apple of discord," will be likely to be realized among our managers.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

Paris, May 1, 1829.

MY DEAR M.—IN my last I told you, among other things, that it had seemed good unto me to absent myself for a while from the great Babylon, and solace myself with an excursion to the antipodes—moral I mean, not physical. By the way, how very singular it is that between two nations, there should be so very insignificant a number of geographical miles, yet so startling a dissimilarity in every possible attribute of humanity! On one side of a puny strait of six and twenty miles English, exists a people sturdy in form, and sedate in disposition; brimful of pride and prejudices, hugely given to thinking, but by no means distinguished for colloquial volubility; rich, haughty and ostentatious; brave and quarrelsome; domineering over, yet the dupes of all other nations; egotistic yet benevolent, warm hearted, yet of solemn and ungracious demeanor, in short, a mere congregation of all sorts of incongruities: on the other, a race of lighthearted, lightheaded, and lightheeled philosophers, whose tongues from one end of the kingdom to the other, are never at rest for a moment; poor but happy, brave yet good natured and peaceable, much more punning than pugnacious, wanderers over every portion of the globe, yet every where at home, and every where the same, light, airy, pleasant, sociable fellows, that would rather fight than work, dance than fight, and talk than either: in a word, in every possible or supposable point of character, the very contrast of their serious neighbours: and this extremity of opposition has endured for ages undiminished, exists now in all its breadth of contrast, and in all human likelihood will endure until both kingdoms are obliterated and their habitants have disappeared to make room for some new race of conquerors or colonists from Tonbaktu or California. Then what treatises have been laboriously written to account for this strange opposition; and all to no purpose, for nobody is as yet one whit the wiser for all their sage deductions. For my own part, I have never given myself any trouble to discover or imagine an explanation; enough for me to know that such is the fact, and being so, as Paul Pry says, "tis very mysterious—very mysterious indeed."

But to return to my starting place; you know the celerity of my movements, you will not therefore be astonished to learn that having on the 16th of April resolved to abscond for a season, on the 17th I took my place in the Dover coach, hurried round to drop my T. T. L's., at 6 P. M. mounted the box, and by daylight the next morning was eating a comfortable breakfast within sight of the French coast; at nine embarked on board the *paquebot*, and at half past 12 was staring for wonderments in Calais. Most English tourists with a very pardonable nationality of feeling, prefer to cross the channel in the English steamer; for you must know that the narrow space between France and England is traversed every day by several steamboats (as you call them) of both nations; but my desire was to get out of John Bull's dominions as soon as possible, and I knew that a French *paquebot* would be as decidedly France to a traveller, as the very capital of his most christian majesty. Apropos to this, I have been speculating for the last half hour upon the causes of this complete transition. The fact is indisputable; the moment you step on board a French vessel you perceive that you have changed your national locality, but this perception does not follow the embarkment on board an English steam-

er. I remember when I first came to England, that finding some difficulty or rather delay in getting up to Liverpool with the ship, we left her in the channel and went on board one of the Irish steamers, which took us to the town; but it did not seem to me like being actually in England till we landed; with some few exceptions, such as the inferiority of the vessel to our own glorious North River boats, the English banner, and one or two other little matters, I could have easily enough imagined myself sailing in our own waters and in sight of my own native land; but here there was no such possibility, no mistaking for a moment the fact that I was upon French (constructive) ground, or rather a French deck. It could not be altogether that there were many French passengers, for I have been similarly situated before without the feeling, and besides there were not more French than English. I have come at last to the conclusion that the effect was produced principally if not entirely by the air of *matter-of-course-ness* (if I may coin a word,) with which they addressed me in their own language, as if it did not once occur to them that I could possibly speak in any other tongue. At home you must have observed a kind of hesitation, an air of doubt, in the first address of a foreigner, as though he was suspicious of not being understood; here there was no such thing, and if this is not a good explanation, "I give it up." I was exceedingly amused with my fellow voyagers. Their costumes so different from those to which I had of late been accustomed (they were mostly of the lower orders;) their good humour and indomitable *gaieté-de-cœur*, (or what John Bull for want of knowing the feeling calls "frivolity,") and the liveliness of their discourse kept me in a high state of entertainment during the whole *trajet* (*Anglice* "passage.") One lively little body of a grisette in particular, afforded me an infinite fund of amusement; her memory seemed to be a perfect magazine of melody, a store house of songs which she continued to carol forth from the moment the paddles were put in motion until we reached the pier, with occasional interruptions by the most appalling fits of seasickness; it was a struggle between sheer lightness of heart and deadly nausea for the mastery; but she soon satisfied me that nothing on earth can conquer the inherent liveliness of a gay good natured Frenchwoman; she had a joke or a repartee for every one and from every one on board; even the sententious old *capitaine*, in spite of the dignity of his *croix de la legion d'honneur*, could not withstand her smiles and her good humour. It was bitterly cold and the wind blew great guns; I, wrapped in a large great coat and a cloak to boot, was actually shivering; but she had a new and very tasteful cap upon her head, and a bright and gaudy dress; could she have the heart to hide these glories beneath a bonnet and a cloak? Forbid it vanity, not she; I see her now, holding firmly with one hand by one of the ropes, yielding to every motion of the vessel, dancing (when she could,) singing and waving her spare operative to all that looked at her, smiling and chattering, the very image of a heart that had no place for care or sorrow—I almost envied her, cold as it was.

The view of Calais from the water side is rather fine; its tall spires piercing the clouds, its superb mole or quay which extends nearly a mile in length, its light house in front, of a picturesque and singular form, the crowds of people that swarm upon the quay and wharves as any vessel comes up; all these together form a picture that the eye rests upon with pleasure. The city itself is built upon a low piece of land which stretches away to the left, rising as it recedes and terminating abruptly in a lofty and perpendicular bluff at some distance; on the other side the coast continues low and is finally lost in the horizon, where it cannot be distinguished from the sea that bounds it. Calais is a very good specimen of a French town, bearing not the slightest vestige of having once been inhabited by English. The scene that presents itself on landing is ludicrous in the extreme. The staring, fidgety, obstreperous mob; the authoritative gens d'armes; and the yelling, bustling, squabbling porters from the different hotels screaming forth the names of their respective establishments, Quillac, Quillac! Meurice! Dessein! Hotel d'Angleterre! de l'Europe! &c. or of places for which they have lines of stages, Paris, Paris! Boulogne! St. Omers! and a thousand other unimaginable sounds, are enough to provoke a smile on the face of the most imperturbable ascetic that ever denied himself a moment's mirth. The assiduity of these rascals of porters is intolerable; I had my hands filled with greasy cards, my ears stunned with their braying, and my sides punched with their confounded elbows, till I was half

uad. It is in vain to tell them that you have engaged a place, or that you do not want to go to any of the places they propound to you. Getting rid of them by either of these methods is utterly out of the question. They follow you to the custom-house, seemingly determined to carry their point (that is, you and your luggage) *vi et armis*. I told one fellow, or rather asked him with a very expressive tone, if he wanted me to knock him down? An Englishman in his place, would have tried his hand upon me on the instant; but my Corypheus bowed and smiled with the utmost good nature, and said "People do not knock each other down in France, Monsieur;" my heart smote me at the moment, but why should I care for a Frenchman's feelings? are they not slaves and papists, and do they not eat frogs and wear wooden shoes? After undergoing the usual inspection at the douane or custom-house, which, though strict, is executed with the utmost civility, and what is still better promptly, and gazing for some hours about the town, I set off for Abbeville, in the diligence, a huge, unwieldy, rumbling monster of a vehicle, (comfortable however,) drawn by six horses, two wheelers, and four leaders abreast; the manager or conducteur sits in front in a snug little cuddly hole called the coupe, but he has nothing to do with the driving part of the business; his occupation seems to be a sort of general superintendence over the whole concern, passengers, passports, luggage, tolls and all; in the performance of which he exercises a most unaccountable activity and restlessness; is here, there, and every where in an instant; now down and behind the vehicle, now popping his blue cap and important visage in among the passengers, the next moment in his own snugery, and then again before you could dream of such a thing, aloft among the luggage. The horses are guided by a postillion who rides one of the wheelers and drives the leaders with rope reins; they do not make use of horns or bugles as in England and at home, but announce their approach and departure by a desperate cracking of their whips, which they flourish about their heads with a dexterity equalled only by the great black fellow that used to beat the bass-drum in the regiment to which you belonged some years ago.—You remember him, I dare say.

N. B. Expect another scrawl soon—that is, if I am in the humour. Adieu, yours, most punctiliously, J. H.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The present Number.—We have the satisfaction this week of presenting our subscribers with an elegant copperplate engraving of one of the most splendid public edifices which adorn our native city, executed in a manner that does credit to the skill of the artist, and surpasses any ornament of a similar kind in this or any other periodical published in the United States. But not alone with mechanical embellishment do we entertain the hope or ambition of rendering our miscellany of to-day acceptable to the public. By the kindly and efficient aid of our correspondents we have been enabled to fill our columns with a great variety of interesting matter, altogether original, and, as we think, well calculated to please and instruct the general reader: nor has music,

"which can touch
Beyond all else, the soul that loves it much,"

withheld her soothing influence. Our selection is a popular and delightful piece, which, we trust, will give an hour's pleasing recreation to our lady readers.

While on the subject of *self*, we cannot refrain from the expression of our surprise to see a weekly statement ushered before the world by a contemporary of its superior claim to cheapness. Not to dwell on the fact, that not a line of it is original, but "borrowed from itself," under another name, we shall simply remind its conductors of an anecdote we published about a year since, of a clergyman, who, after informing a querist that the compensation he received was one hundred pounds a-year, and being told that it was poor pay, rejoined, "Yes, but I take care to give them poor preaching for it."

When the expenses of the Mirror are taken into consideration for its engravings, its music, its superior typographical beauty, and the quantity of its original matter, it will be pronounced by all impartial and competent judges, as being in fact afforded at a lower rate than any other similar work in America, if not in the world. To explain the "means whereby we live," we have only to refer to the extent of our

subscription list, and the character of those who honour it with their names.

N. B.—The first number of the *seventh* volume will be issued on the eleventh of next month. No effort shall be wanting on our part to render the Mirror, as it advances in honourable age, more and more worthy of the flattering patronage it already enjoys.

Temperance.—We are happy to perceive the sustained efforts which are making by the societies instituted for the purpose, to spread and diffuse the observance of this cardinal virtue. Day after day, and night after night, is the evidence brought home to the most superficial observer, that the inordinate use of the unbalanced cup is the besetting sin of our land; the immediate, never ceasing, and all pervading cause of one half of the distress and crime which disgrace and afflict this otherwise favoured country. The wide prevalence of a depraved taste for ardent drink, and the unlimited and unrestricted facilities every where tempting its constant indulgence, and deriving their protection from the laws, are the two great obstacles to be encountered in the attempt to banish this vice from among us. Reason, and an appeal to the better feelings of our nature, will do much to counteract and lessen the force of the first, and accordingly we find, from the report last made to the "American Temperance Society," that much has been accomplished to subdue the fondness for strong liquors. It is actually asserted, that, in the eastern portion of this country, the consumption of spirits has diminished one half, and in the whole United States, one third! This is a gratifying circumstance, evincing the great good which may be produced by combined exertion and radical reform. But how is the second obstacle to be removed? How are the cupidity of the law, and the timidity and selfish policy of lawgivers to be satisfied? Once overcome this difficulty, establish it as a positive injunction that liquors are poisons, and make it the interest, as it is the duty, of police officers to enforce it, and then your success is complete, your triumph over vice, over misery, is achieved. Until this is accomplished, your labour is only half done. So long as the crystal glass allures, in each well lighted shop, the passing traveller, and invites him to repose his wearied frame, and refresh his parched lips at the expense of his earnings and his health, so long as the watchful sentinel is at his post to warn the well-inclined lest they become imbecile water-drinkers, so long does the evil threaten to return. We would not have it understood that we are opposed to inns and taverns altogether. No—they are wanted; but, for the good of the public, for the interest of their very owners, they should be few, and they should pay a heavy tax. The drone should not be allowed to relieve his beggary by ministering to the vicious propensities, and pampering the inordinate appetites of his neighbours. The landlord should possess sufficient character to give assurance that he felt an interest in the well-being of the community, before he be allowed to open a house of public entertainment. Then it will be his inclination, as well as his obligation, to see temperance and decorum observed within his doors. And is this not fair? "No," it will be said, "trade should be open to all men; the means of livelihood must not be monopolized by the few, to the exclusion of the many." Is not the clergyman, the lawyer, and the physician, obliged to pay so much for his education and his license, before he is allowed to administer to the religious, civil, and physical wants of his fellow-citizens? And does not a regard for the public safety require the imposition of this tax—if so it must be called—and the restraints of this monopoly—if so it will be deemed? Why, then, not other trades? Why shall a man be allowed to pursue, for his own benefit, that which is, which must be, destructive of the peace, the virtues, and the happiness of those around him? The answer is plain. If the law can impose ten, it may one hundred, nay, one thousand dollars, on the vendors of spirituous liquors. The law was, or should be, intended to promote the public good. Let it then be rendered efficient, and answer its great ends.

City Dispensary.—The trustees of this charity are making the most strenuous efforts to procure sufficient funds to enable them to erect an appropriate building to accommodate their officers and patients. As yet, they have not been successful as could have been desired. The great demands made upon the liberality of the public, by the distresses of the poor during the last winter, have been assigned as the cause. Surely this argument will not prevail for ever. All have

superfluities of which to dispose, and which, if appropriated to the purposes of the dispensary, will go far to obviate a recurrence of claims from the indigent. This institution, unlike other eleemosynary institutions, holds out no inducements to beggary and indolence; it relieves no fictitious wants, pampers no vicious propensities, and creates no new focus for pauperism. It ministers to the sick simply. It prevents the almshouse and the hospital from being filled to overflowing; it diminishes the public burdens, and restores, by timely advice and positive aid, to the industrious mechanic and labourer, the means of procuring a livelihood for himself and family. Again we ask the oft-repeated question, shall its claims be unregarded?

Fourth of July.—As the anniversary of our glorious independence approaches, the signs of its appropriate and general celebration multiply. Let us hope that no more booths will be erected around the Park and Battery,—let them be transported to the regions of Washington-square. We take occasion to express the hope that on this festive day, no demonstrations of dissatisfaction will be apparent among the military. The late orders of the commander-in-chief, re-organizing the several brigades, have given rise to several disputes relative to rank. All these, we trust, will be adjusted—if not, buried in oblivion on that sacred day.

City Convention.—Much is hoped from this august assemblage of sage grave men, who meet on Tuesday next, to devise proper methods whereby we, their humble constituents, may be governed more wisely, more economically, and more efficiently, than "after the old sort." They have a responsible task imposed upon them, and let them look to it. The eyes of all Gotham will be upon them. We shall, like the chiel in Captain Gross, be "among them taking notes, and faith, we'll prent them." Therefore, look to it, ye men of the convention.

Animals.—There is a curious anomaly in the characters of some beasts between their conformation and their conduct. We have frequently stood for hours in menageries, watching the operations of the various animals contained in them, and puzzled ourselves in vain to account for the discrepancies which have been presented between what we had a right to expect and what we found. The elephant for example, the most huge, ungainly, clumsy beast of nature, with a form apparently the least fitted for active exercise, is yet almost constantly in motion; bobbing his head up and down, twisting his trunk about, turning himself round and round and round again, or exercising his muscles in some mode or other. The same with bears; with forms no better adapted to a state of motion, they seem to have no greater predilection than the elephant for a state of rest. If they are not rolling and tumbling heels over head, they are perpetually wandering back and forward from one end of their den to the other, with a restless, weary expression of countenance, that is ludicrously contrasted with their awkward configuration. The tiger on the contrary, the leopard, the panther, and in fact all the varieties of the cat-kind, whose conformation is admirably calculated for motion and agility, are almost constantly to be seen stretched lazily along, and are roused with difficulty. How is this anomaly to be accounted for? or is the case reversed at night?

Jail and Bridewell.—We have lately received several communications on the endless subject of the removal of these foul excrecences; but we most respectfully decline their publication. It is in vain. Go and ask the Emperor of China to abdicate the throne he has inherited from Fee-so-fu—the Autocrat of Russia to give up his views on St. Sophia's steeple—the Pope of Rome to cut off his whiskers—Judge Miller to relinquish the "luxury of his tenth segar"—but not the corporation of the city of New-York to give up their two darlings—twins in beauty—the Jail and Bridewell.

Church of the Ascension.—This edifice has been completed and consecrated to worship, under the care of the Rev. Manton Eastburn. It is a chaste and pure model of architectural beauty.

A New Tragedy.—We have been favoured with a perusal of a manuscript tragedy, entitled "Scio's Fall and Revenge," founded, as its name implies, upon the recent catastrophe in that unhappy island. The plot is interesting, and full of incident; the characters generally well drawn, and the author frequently exhibits a freedom of sentiment, not often found in native drama.

THE MUSIC OF THE DIORAMA SCENE IN THE TRIP TO NIAGARA.

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FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

DREAMS.

THE dreams of infancy what thought can trace?
Gaze on the smiling lip, the placid eye
Which seeks with upward glance its mother's face,
Look on the calm pure brow's tranquillity—
Oh! tell me not that soulless apathy
Dwells in that look, and in those smiles which seem
Like April sunbeams dimpling fitfully
The quiet bosom of some tranquil stream—
Whether of earth or heaven, infancy hath its dream.

And childhood hath its dream!—smile not at those
Whose smiles and tears alike are bright and brief!—
The Janus-future unto them but shows
Its face of smiles; to them the harrowing leaf
Of memory is sealed, they know not grief.—
Smile at their childish fancies ye who may!
Their dreams are realized, and thus the chief
Desire of all they wish attained—ah, stay,
Ye days of childhood, why do ye fleet away?

Youth has its dream—a dream of love and joy!
Too brief, too beautiful, too passing bright!
For life's reality must soon destroy
Those hopes which shine with all too-dazzling light!—
Beauty is in each form which meets the sight,
Music is in each word which then is spoken,—
The buoyant spirit deems each fresh delight
Is but of future happiness the token:
Such is the dream of youth—sweetest and soonest broken!

And when youth's visions bright have passed away,
And the experienced heart, now cold and tame,
Breaks from each former idol's potent sway,
In its romantic dreams no more the same,
What are the dreams of manhood? fortune, fame!
Oh, vain ambition! e'en though gratified
With all the pomp of wealth, the pride of name,
Is the sick yearning of the soul supplied
With all the imagined good, for which so long it sighed?

I too have had my dream, my vain, my dream,
That yet affection would to me impart
A charm to smooth and cheer life's troubled stream,
To blunt the sting of sorrow's keenest dart,
That yet this pining spirit and lone heart
The love of those around me might obtain—
And I have been awakened! could I start
From that sweet dream with an unclouded brain,
And knew that life's best years have all been spent in vain?

Not with the noble poet can I say,
"I have not loved the world;" but the world me
Hath loved not, though my heart from life's young day
To all around it clung too fervently!
Alas! I know not what the spell may be
Which thus for aye hath sealed affection's spring;
But it hath frozen into apathy.
What reck I now what life may henceforth bring?
Vain is its joy or gloom—my heart is withering.

THYRA.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TO A DEPARTED SISTER.

Spirit beloved! I will not mourn,
For thee, the change of earth for heaven;
But only shed, o'er thoughts which burn
Erefulgent in affection's urn,
Those sacred tears which fall forgiven.

My sister, who from childhood's hours,
On me thy sympathies bestowed;
Who called for me life's by-way flowers,
And sorrowed when its fitful showers
My early manhood's hopes o'erflowed.

The sainted memory of thy love,
Deep in my breast responsive wakes
Regret for days which hence must move
Without thy prayer, where'er I rove;
Without thy tear, when grief o'er takes.

O still, sweet sister, throned in light!
Shed down the rays of guardian care;
And may thy virtues, mirrored bright
Upon our souls, dispel the night
Which grieving love has gathered there.

FRANCIS.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TO JANE.

Thou hast fled, fairy form, other visions to bless,
With the smile of thy lip and the glance of thine eye,
Other hopes to revive, other friendships profess,
Other thoughts to enchain, other hearts to defy.

And have I then cherished these feelings in vain?
My warmest affections thus placed in thy power?
Must hopes so long silently nurtured, again
Thus wither away with the blight of an hour?

Ah, no! faithful mem'ry will often recall
Each look that was sweetest, each action most dear;
And I care not for ought that on earth can befall,
If thou art but constant, if thou art sincere.
Then turn, fairy spirit, these fears to allay,
This heart to its wonted kind feelings restore,
And drive these dark visions of fancy away,
From a soul that ne'er harbour'd such fancies before. ARIEL.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TO MY FRIEND.

Our hearts are one—the tie
That binds them to each other nought can rend;
Yet in far different paths our lot must lie—
Our fortunes cannot blend.

Thine is the sunny hour
Of love, and hope, and gladness—mine the night
Of grief—the tempest's desolating power
Hath o'er me shed its blight.

Beloved and loving, thou
Living wilt be most cherished—mourned when dead:
I unregarded to the grave must bow
Unwept, unvisited my narrow bed.

Ah, no! there yet is one,
Who, though none else remember, still will keep
My image in her heart, and oft upon
My lonely grave will weep.

Wilt thou not? Do I err
In deeming thou wilt love the unloved one,
That thou wilt breathe thy gentle sighs for her,
Nor her lone dwelling shun?

Sweet thought! thou yet canst cheer,
With a strange joy, this drooping heart of mine.
'Tis sweet to think for me will fall one tear,
And sweeter still to deem it will be thine.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Published every Saturday, at 163 William-street, between Beekman and Ann streets.—Terms four dollars per annum, payable in advance.—No subscription received for a less period than one year. Each volume contains four hundred and sixteen royal quarto pages, five copperplate engravings, including the title-page, and fifty-two popular melodies arranged with accompaniments for the piano-forte. For the names of our agents, throughout the United States, see the first page of the cover.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEWDROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1829.

NUMBER 51.

THE CASKET.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE CLOAKED GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER I.

"Look, Eudora," exclaimed Rosalie Clairville to her cousin, as they stood on one of the flat rocks at Glen's Falls, admiring the romantic and picturesque beauty of the scene, "there is that same mysterious being who so often excited our curiosity at the Springs."

Miss Malcolm started involuntarily, and turning her eyes in the direction of Rosalie's, beheld, to her astonishment, the identical person who had several times crossed their path within the last few weeks, and seemed as if secretly following their footsteps.

The stranger made a slight bow on seeing that he was observed, and instantly disappeared behind a projecting fragment of the rock.

He was a young man, apparently about thirty years of age, of a noble and commanding figure, remarkably handsome features, dark complexion, and an unusually melancholy cast of countenance. His step was firm and dignified, his motions easy and graceful, and the silent bow, with which he had sometimes accosted the cousins, appeared to have been learned in the school of fashion: but he was always alone, and evidently avoided society as much as possible. He was dressed in deep mourning, and generally wore a blue Spanish cloak, thrown carelessly around him, as if to protect him from the least chill or dampness in the air; which circumstance, together with his pale looks, gave the idea that he was travelling for the benefit of his health.

"It is strange," said Eudora, with an abstracted manner, as if speaking to herself.

"Strange indeed," replied Rosalie, "that we should meet him here. Who can he be? He has not the manners nor appearance of a common person."

"Beware, Rosalie," said her cousin with a smile, "beware that you take not too great an interest in one of whom you know nothing. But come, let us return to the house; my father will be uneasy at our long absence."

Judge Malcolm had already started in pursuit of the two beings who formed the only solitary links which connected him with mankind. Eudora was his only child, and Rosalie Clairville the orphan daughter of his sister; and but for them he would have stood alone in the world, with none to claim kindred with him, or participate in his affections.

"What has detained you so long, my children?" said he, on meeting them, "I began to fear some accident had happened, and came out in search of you."

"We were fascinated with the beauty of this romantic spot, my dear father," replied Eudora, "and have lingered longer than we intended; but we are ready now to accompany you. Come, Rosalie," continued she, to her youthful companion, who had again turned to gaze on the scene, which possessed at that moment a double charm, "come, you are not always such a loiterer."

Rosalie gave a half reproachful look in answer to

the implied meaning of the reproof, and taking the offered arm of her cousin in silence, they followed their benevolent guide to the carriage which stood in waiting.

It is difficult to read the heart, and it would be hard to determine which of the two young ladies, who have just been introduced to the reader, was most earnestly occupied, during their ride to Lake George, in forming conjectures concerning the mysterious stranger.

At the Springs, where they had been spending several weeks, they had frequently met him in their morning rambles, and had sometimes received a bow from him in passing. He was also often the subject of conversation and curiosity at the public house; but none could tell where he stayed, whence he came, nor whither he was going; and in speaking of him, he was generally described as the "cloaked gentleman." Various opinions were given concerning him. Some supposed him to be an English nobleman in disguise; and even hinted, that with such a king-like step and air, it was not impossible but he might be a branch of the royal family. Others fancied that he was some great man, who kept himself concealed for the sake of political purposes; and many believed that he was an unfortunate person, on whose character some stigma had been cast, which it was beyond his power to wipe away. Imagination is a powerful agent wherever there is mystery; and when it has once taken the reins of thought, it seldom stops at probability. The two cousins had likewise had their vagaries of fancy, in which they sometimes connected his movements with their own; and his unexpected appearance at Glen's Falls had nearly confirmed their suspicions. Their arrival, however, at Lake George, broke the chain of their reflections, and gave a new turn to their thoughts. Passionately fond of the beauties of nature, they forgot every thing in the enchantments of the scene around them. Arm-in-arm, they wandered along the margin of the lake, and gazed with delight on its mirrored surface, studded with numerous and beautiful islands. Objects of interest and attention were pointed out by each to the other, till almost every spot, within the reach of their observation, was gifted by them with its particular attraction and peculiar charm.

Suddenly a little boat shot from behind a tuft of trees, within a few yards of the place where they were standing; and the exclamation, "It is he!" burst from the lips of both. They could not be deceived. The cloak, which was almost as remarkable as the individual who wore it, was wrapped closely around him, and he reclined on the seat with an appearance of languor, which betokened either illness or extreme debility: yet a smile curled his lip at the surprise which was betrayed by the gestures of the young ladies, as they walked rapidly away, and hastened to rejoin their protector.

"We have seen enough of the lake, papa," said Eudora, with almost breathless eagerness, "let us proceed on our journey."

"Why, you are soon satisfied, my dear," replied her father, "but what's the matter? Rosalie, tell me. Have you seen any thing to alarm you?"

"Nothing, uncle," answered Rosalie, "but the 'cloaked gentleman,' in a little boat; and I know not

why he should be an object of such terror or aversion to Eudora."

"The 'cloaked gentleman,'" repeated Judge Malcolm—"I thought I had a glimpse of him once at Glen's Falls, but concluded afterward that I must have been under a mistake."

"You were probably right, papa," said Eudora, "for he was there. Rosalie and myself saw him on the rocks."

Judge Malcolm mused a few moments on the strangeness of the incident, and then replied:

"I know not what to think of him. If he be not singularly unfortunate or unhappy, he must certainly be most extraordinarily eccentric. But whatever may be his reasons for thus *cloaking* himself in mystery, it is evident from his manners and appearance that he is a gentleman, and I feel an involuntary interest in his fate."

The cousins listened in silence, and all three appeared lost for a time in their own reflections.

Eudora Malcolm was a beautiful and gifted girl. Her form was elegant, and her fine hazel eyes, together with a profusion of dark, glossy hair, attracted instant attention; but her countenance was almost too deeply thoughtful for one so young. Her complexion was fair as the lily, and as colourless; excepting when some strong emotion, or sudden excitement of feeling, raised a transient bloom on her cheeks, more lovely from its variable nature. Her mind had been highly cultivated, and its early fruits of genius and talent well repaid the culture; but there was a natural caution and reserve about her character, that wore an appearance of pride and coldness, utterly foreign to her nature. Sensitive to an extreme, and generous to a fault, she was still but little understood, and in general less beloved than her cousin.

Rosalie Clairville was entirely different. Her only resemblance to Eudora was in height and figure, which were nearly the same; but at first sight she was far the most strikingly handsome of the two. Her rich and glowing complexion, her deep, full, laughing, blue eyes, shaded with long lashes, and her teeth like polished ivory, fascinated the eye of the beholder. She had less of sterling talent than Miss Malcolm, yet she possessed an exuberance of fancy, a quickness of thought, and a happiness of expression, which often bore away the palm of superiority. She was gay, and artless, and sincere; and loved her uncle and her cousin with all the ardour of a warm and affectionate heart.

Judge Malcolm knew but little difference in his affection for the two girls. Benevolent and indulgent; his enjoyment consisted in seeing them happy; and while the pensiveness and high-wrought genius of Eudora were more in unison with his own disposition, he was frequently won from graver thoughts, and felt his broken spirits revive with the wild sallies of Rosalie's wit.

One beautiful September morning, about a month after their transient visit to Lake George, the cousins were gazing with new feelings of pleasure on the dashing waters of Montmorenci, as they fell from an immense height into the chasm beneath, where the foaming spray exhibited the colours of the rainbow in

the sun. Eudora took out her pencil to sketch a scene on the opposite bank; when all at once her view was intercepted by the well-remembered figure of the mysterious stranger, of whom they had lost sight until that moment, ever since his appearance in the little boat. He threw his cloak on the grass, and leaped from the spot where he stood, on a ledge of rocks a few feet below; when Eudora, alarmed at the appearance of danger in the act, gave an involuntary scream. The young man raised his eyes at the sound, and for the first time perceiving them, gave a bow of recognition, and, with a smile, half arch and half melancholy, sprung again to the bank, and walked round to the place from which they had not power to move.

"I feel almost privileged to claim acquaintance, ladies," said he, "after so many singular and unexpected encounters: and I cannot but think that there must be a sympathy of taste in those who are thus unconsciously drawn together, in so many places, for the sake of the same objects."

"But you should recollect, sir," replied Eudora, "that those places, where we have met, are constantly visited by people of every description, without any particular accordance of taste or feeling."

"True," replied the stranger; "but that we should inadvertently choose the identical day and hour, I may even say the very moment, for the purpose of witnessing the same scenes, and admiring the same beauties, is rather a remarkable coincidence."

The cousins thought so too; but made no answer, and he renewed the conversation.

"This is a beautiful stream," said he, "and the fall is picturesque and striking; but far less grand and wonderful than that of Niagara."

"Our curiosity is yet to be gratified," said Rosalie, "with a sight of that stupendous work of nature; yet I can scarcely imagine that any thing can be more delightful to the eye than this enchanting scene."

"Perhaps not more delightful," answered he; "but the view of Niagara overwhelms the mind with astonishment and admiration. Language is inadequate to express its grandeur and sublimity, or to describe the sensations it creates. Still, I cannot myself say that I prefer the sight to this: for to me there is something more touching to the heart in the simply beautiful, than in the magnificent and sublime."

His eyes rested on Rosalie as he spoke, with an expression which called a blush to her cheeks; and the thoughts which usually found a ready utterance, seemed to stagnate in her bosom. Eudora was also silent from a different feeling; and both experiencing an uncommon degree of awkwardness in their situation, they endeavoured to escape from it by bidding the stranger "good morning," and turning away. In the afternoon, however, they rambled back to take another look at the fall before they left the place, and as they approached the spot where they had separated from their unknown companion, they were almost startled at again beholding him reclining against a tree. The air had grown chilly and penetrating, and he drew his cloak around him, as if from a peculiar sensibility to the changes of the atmosphere, and, with a step which had lost its elasticity since the morning, advanced slowly towards them. A deeper shade of melancholy had passed over his countenance, which heightened the interest he had already awakened, and there was a sadness in the faint smile with which he addressed them, that made a strange impression on their feelings.

"I felt a presentiment" said he, in a low and serious tone of voice, "that you would come again to take a parting look at this scene of beauty; and I have also returned to bid farewell to you. We have been travellers for a short time on the same road, but our journeys now are about to take a different direction.

and it is not probable that we shall ever again cross each other's path in our wanderings."

"You must be aware, sir," answered Eudora, "that we know not by whom we are addressed. Ignorant even of your name, we can say nothing in reply to your words, but to reciprocate your farewell."

"My name," said he, "is of little consequence; and my solitary mode of travelling has rendered it unnecessary for me to give any explanations concerning myself. I am, perhaps, a little eccentric in conduct, and a little misanthropic in disposition; but the state of my health prevents me from finding much enjoyment in society. I delight in the beauties of nature—I love the fresh air, and the open canopy of the heavens; these I enjoy, without being tied to forms or hours; and scarcely thought to feel any regret, excepting for such pleasures, in bidding adieu to the world."

"I begin to suspect, sir," said Rosalie, attempting to smile, "that you are a little melancholy as well as a little misanthropic and eccentric. Pray why do you talk of bidding adieu to the world?"

"Because," replied he, "I feel within my bosom the symptoms of approaching death. I sometimes shake off the thought for a few moments, but it is sure to return with double power if any thing ever gives me a transient wish to live."

"And do you take no medical advice?" asked she; her air of pleasantry changing to a look of pity, as she raised her eyes to his pale, sad countenance.

"It would be useless," answered he—"medicine is not for diseases like mine. Change of scene and climate may perhaps do something; and should I live to put my design in execution, I shall go to the south of France: but whatever may be the result of the experiment, the reflection of having met with two lovely and artless beings, alike capable of sensibility, judgment, and generosity, will cheer my gloomy hours, and half redeem my opinion of mankind."

"We cannot be insensible, sir," replied Eudora, "to a compliment from one whose language and manners are of themselves a passport to confidence and good feeling. But after expressing our thanks, and sincere wishes for the restoration of your health, we will not prolong a conversation which only keeps you exposed to the dampness of the evening air."

The stranger bowed gracefully, and, laying his hand on his heart, pronounced in a deep and thrilling tone, "Farewell," and, without waiting for an answer, turned hastily away, and was soon lost to view amidst the surrounding trees.

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

A WINDSOR BALL.

WE have often thought that the endeavours of a dancing-master go but a very little way to prepare a lady for a ball. Were it possible to procure such an acquisition, we should recommend to our sisters not only a *maitre a danser*, but a *maitre a parler*, inasmuch as it is usually much easier to dance than to talk. One does not immediately see why it should be so; dancing and talking are in a ball-room equally mechanical qualifications; they differ indeed in this, that the former requires a "light fantastic toe," and the other a light fantastic tongue. But for *mind*—seriously speaking, there is no more *mind* developed in small-talk than there is in *chassez à droit*.

We do not admire the taste of men who dislike dancing; we are not of the number of those who go to a ball for the purpose of eating ice; on the contrary, we adore waltzing, and feel our English aversion for the French much diminished when we recollect that we derive from them Vestris and quadrilles.

Nevertheless, if any thing could diminish the attachment we feel for this our favourite amusement, it would be that we must occasionally submit to dangle at the heels of an icy partner, as beautiful, and, alas! as cold as the Venus de Medicis; whose look is torpor, whose speech is monosyllables; who repulses all efforts at conversation, until the austerity, or the backwardness of her demeanour, awes her would-be adorer into a silence as deep as her own. Now all this gravity of demeanour, in the opinion of some people, is a proof of wisdom: we know not how this may be, but for our own part we think with the old song—"Tis good to be merry and wise," and if we cannot have both—why then the *merry* without the *wise*.

Alas! we intended to drive straight to the Town Hall, and we have got out of our road half a column. It is indeed a cruel delay in us, for we know, reader, say what you will, you have been all the time turning over the leaf to meet with a spice of scandal. Well, then, suppose all preliminaries adjusted; suppose us fairly lodged in the ball-room, with no other damage than a ruined cavendish and a dirtied pump; and suppose us immediately struck dumb by the intelligence that the beautiful, the fascinating Louisa had left the room the moment before we entered it. It was easy to perceive that something of the kind had occurred, for the ladies were all looking happy. We bore our disappointment as well as we could, and were introduced to Theodosia—No! we will refrain from surnames. Theodosia is a woman of sense, (we are told so, and we are willing to believe it,) but she is very unwilling that any one should find it out. As in duty bound, we commenced, or endeavoured to commence, a conversation by general observations on the room and the music;—by-the-by, we strongly recommend these *generalities* to our friends in all conversations with strangers; they are quite safe, and can give no offence. In our case, however, they were unavailing—no reply was elicited. A long pause—We inquired whether the lady was fond of "the Invincibles?" To our utter astonishment we were answered with a blush and a frown, which would have put to silence a much more pertinacious querist. We ventured not another word. Upon after consideration, we are sure that the lady was thinking of a *set* of dashing young officers instead of a *set* of quadrilles.

We were next honoured by the hand of Emily.—When we have said that she is backward, beautiful, and seventeen, we have said all we know of the enchanting Emily. Far be it from us to attack with unwarrantable severity the unfortunate victim of *mauvaise honte*; we merely wish to suggest to one for whose welfare we have a real regard, that modesty does not necessarily imply taciturnity, and that the actual inconvenience of a silent tongue is not altogether compensated by the poetical loquacity of a speaking eye.

Being again left to ourselves, we sunk by degrees into a profound fit of authorship, and were in imminent danger of becoming misanthropic, when we were roused from our reverie by a tap on the shoulder from George Hardy, and an inquiry, "what were our dreams?" We explained to him our calamities, and assured him, that had it not been for his timely intervention we should certainly have died of silence. "Died of silence!" reiterated our friend, "heaven forbid! when Corinna is in the room!" And so saying, he half-led half-dragged us to the other end of the room, and compelled us to make our bow to a girl of lively manners, whom he described to us in a whisper as "a perfect antidote for the sullen." Our first impression was, "she is a fool;"—our second, "she is a wit;"—our third, "she is something between both!"—Oh! that it were possible for us to commit to paper one half of what

was uttered by Corinna! Our recollection of our tête-à-tête is like the recollection of a dream. In dreams we remember that we were at one moment in a mud-built cottage, and were the next transported to a gothic chapel, but by what means the transmutation of place was effected, our waking thoughts are unable to conceive. Thus it was when we listened to Corinna. We were hurried from one topic to another with an unaccountable velocity, but by what chain one idea was connected with its predecessor we cannot imagine. The conversation (if conversation it may be called, where the duty of talking devolves upon one person) set out with some mention of fresco; from hence it turned off to Herculeum, and then passed with inconceivable rapidity through the following stages:—Rome—the Parthenon—National Monument at Edinburgh—Edinburgh Review—Blackwood—Ebony Bracelets—Fashion of short sleeves—Fashion in general dress in Queen Elizabeth's time—Walter Scott—Highland scenery. In the Highlands we lost our route for some minutes, and soon afterwards found ourselves, (we know not how) at Joannina, in company with Ali Pacha. By this time we were thoroughly wearied, and were unable to keep up regularly with our unfeeling conductress, so that we have but a very faint idea of the places we visited. We remember being dragged to the Giant at the Windsor Fair; from whence we paid a flying visit to the Colossus of Rhodes;—we attended Cato, the lady's favourite pug, during a severe illness, and were shortly after present at the Cato-street conspiracy. We have some idea that after making the tour of the Lakes, we set out to discover the source of the Nile. In our way thither we took a brief survey of the Lake of Como, and were finally for some time immersed in the Red Sea. This put the finishing stroke to our already fatigued senses. We resigned ourselves, without another struggle, to the will and disposal of our sovereign mistress, and for the next half hour knew not to what quarter of the globe we were conveyed. At the close of that period we awoke from our trance, and found that Corinna had brought us into a Club-room, and was discussing the characters of the members with a most unwarrantable freedom of speech. Before we had time to remonstrate against this manifest breach of privilege, we found ourselves in the gallery of the House of Lords, and began to think we never should make our escape from this amusing torture. Fortunately at this moment a freeholder of — entered the room. One of the candidates was a friend of Corinna's, and she hurried from us, after a thousand apologies, to learn the state of the election.

Our next companion was Sappho the blue-stocking. We enjoyed a literary confabulation for some time, for which we beg our readers to understand we are every way qualified. The deep stores of our reading, enlivened by the pungent readiness of our wit, are *bona fide* the admiration of London as well as of Windsor belles; we beg our friends to have this in mind whenever they sit down to peruse us. But to proceed—we very shortly perceived that Sappho was enchanted with our erudition, and the manner in which we displayed it. She was particularly pleased with our critiques on "Zimmerman upon Solitude," and was delighted by the praise we bestowed (for the first time in our life) on Southey's "Thalaba." We had evidently made considerable progress in her affections, when we ruined ourselves by a piece of imprudence which we have since deeply regretted. We were satirical,—this satire is the devil!—we were satirical upon German literature. The lady turned up her nose, turned down her eyes, bit her lip, and looked—we cannot explain how she looked, but it was very terrific. We have since heard she is engaged in translating Klopstock's "Messiah" into the Sanscrit.

We were next introduced to one of those ladies who are celebrated for the extraordinary tact which they display in the discovery of the faults of their sex. Catherine is indeed one of the leaders of the tribe. She has the extraordinary talent which conveys the most sarcastic remarks in a tone of the greatest kindness. In her the language of hatred assumes the garb of affection, and the observation which is prompted by envy appears to be dictated by compassion. If in her presence you bestow commendation upon a rival, she assents most warmly to your opinion, and immediately destroys its effect by a seemingly extorted "*but*." We were admiring Sophia's beautiful hair—"Very beautiful!" said Catherine, "*but* she dresses it so ill!" We made some allusion to Georgiana's charming spirits—"She has everlasting vivacity," said Catherine, "*but* it's a pity she is so indiscreet." Then followed something in a whisper which we do not feel ourselves at liberty to repeat. We next were unguarded enough to find something very fascinating in Amelia's eyes—"Yes," replied Catherine, "*but* then she has such an unfortunate nose between them." Finally, in a moment of imprudent enthusiasm, we declared that we thought Maria the most interesting girl in the room. We shall never, (although we live like our predecessors, Griffin and Grildrig, to the good old age of forty Numbers,) we shall never, we repeat, forget the "*Some people think so!*" with which our amiable auditor replied to our exclamation. We saw we were disgraced, and, to say the truth, were not a little pleased that we were no longer of Catherine's privy council.

Now all these ladies are foolish in their way. Theodosia is a silent fool, Emily is a timid fool, Corinna is a talkative fool, Sappho is a learned fool, and Catherine is a malicious fool. With their comparative degree of moral merit we have nothing to do; but in point of the agreeable, we hesitate not to affirm that the silent fool is to us the most insupportable creature of the five.

English Magazine.

STANZAS.

Thou hast left us, dearest spirit, and left us all alone,
But thou thyself to glory and liberty art flown;
And the song that tells thy virtues, and mourns thy early doom,
Should be gentle as thy happy death, and peaceful as thy tomb.
Thy place no longer knows thee beside the household hearth,
We miss thee in our hour of woe, we miss thee in our mirth;
But the thought that thou wert one of us, that thou hast borne our name,
Is more than we would part with for fortune or for fame.
Thy dying gift of love, 'twas a light and slender token,
And thy parting words of comfort were few and faintly spoken;
But memory must forsake us, and life itself decay,
Ere those gifts shall be forgotten, or those accents pass away.
Farewell, our best and fairest! a long, a proud farewell!
May those who love thee follow to the place where thou dost dwell—
Like the lovely star that led from far the wanderers to their God,
Mayst thou guide us in the pathway which thy feet in beauty trod.

A LIGHT ESSAY FOR WARM WEATHER.

—"Whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth wink at rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage."

I HAVE got a pair of old boots. I bought them at Exeter last summer, and they withstood all the malice of Devonshire paviers in a most inconceivable style. The leather was of a most editorial consistency, and the sole resembled a quarto. It was in them that I revisited the desolate habitation of my infancy; it was their heavy changing sound which echoed through those deserted apartments. It was in them, too, that I tottered upon the perilous summit of the Ness; and it was in them that I got wet to the knees in the disagreeable tempest which waited upon the Dawlish regatta. How many pleasant moments, how many dear friends, do they recall to my recollection! It was with their ponderous solidity that I astonished the weak nerves of one, and trod upon the weak feet of another. Every inch of them, old and *emeriti* as they are, is pregnant with some delightful, some amiable sensation. I cannot say they were ever very elegant

in shape or texture. Like the genius of my friend —, they possessed more intrinsic strength than outward polish. They served me well, however, and travelled with me to town.

I happened to put them on one wet morning in April. Whatever form or fashion they formerly boasted, was altogether extinct; they were as shapeless as a young cub, and as dusky as a cloud on a November morning. I beheld their fallen appearance with some dismay. "I shall be stared at," I said; "I had better take them off!"—but I thought of their former services, and resolved to keep them on.

They had brought their plated heels from the country, and they made a confounded noise upon the pavement as I walked along. Ding, dong, they went at every step, as if I carried a belfry swung at my heels. "This is a disagreeable sort of accompaniment," I said;—"I had better dismiss the musicians!" Just at that moment a young baronet passed me, attended by a fine dog. The dog was in high spirits, and made rather too much noise for the contemplative mood of his master. "Silence, Cæsar!—be quiet, Cæsar!"—No, it was all in vain, and Cæsar was kicked into the gutter. "That was cruel," I said, "to dismiss an old servant, because he was a note too loud! I think I will keep my boots!"

I walked in the park with Golightly. By the side of my stabile footcase, his neat and dapper instep cut a peculiarly smart figure; it was a Molossus tête-à-tête with a Pyrrhic; a gentleman's skiff moored alongside of a coal-barge. Golightly's meditations seemed to be of the same cast; he once or twice turned his eyes to the ground, as I thought with no very complacent aspect. "My friends grow ashamed of me," I said to myself—"I must part with my boots!" As I made up my mind to the sacrifice, Lady Eglantine met us, with her husband. She was constantly looking another way, nodding familiarly to the young men she met, and endeavouring to convince the world how thoroughly she despised the lump of earth which she was obliged to drag after her. "There is a woman," said Frederick, "who married Sir John for his money, and has not the sense to appear contented with the bargain she has made. What can be more silly than to look down thus upon a man of sterling worth, because he happened to be born a hundred miles from the metropolis?"—"What can be more silly?" I repeated inwardly;—"I will never look down on my boots again!"

We continued our walk, and Golightly began his usual course of strictures upon the place and the company. Hurried away by the constant flow of jest and wildness with which he embellishes his sketches, I soon forgot both the boots, which had been the theme of my reflections, and the moral lessons which the subject had produced. There was an awkward stone in the way! Oh! my unfortunate heels! I broke down terribly, and was very near bringing my companion after me. I rose and went on in great dudgeon. "This will never do," I muttered; "this will never do! I must positively cashier my boots!" I looked up;—an interesting girl was passing, leaning on the arm of a young man, whose face I thought I recognised. She looked pale and feeble; and, when my friend bowed to her with unusual attention, she seemed embarrassed by the civility. "That is Anna Leith," said Golightly; "she made an imprudent match with that young man about a year ago, and her father has refused to see her ever since. Poor girl! she is in a rapid decline, and the remedies of her physicians have no effect upon a broken spirit.—I would never cast off a beloved object for a single false step!"

"I will keep my boots," I exclaimed.—
they make a thousand!"

THE CENSOR.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE PERIPATETIC.

NUMBER III.

"HAVE you seen Miss —?"

"No."

"Ah, you are a lucky dog."

"How so?"

"Because you are heart-free."

"And you are —"

"In love."

"In love?"

"Deeply—eternally—most abominably."

"Do you know her?"

"Know her? I know she is the sweetest—the most charming—fascinating—bewitching little —"

"That will do, Tom. You are in love, true enough. Your symptoms are not to be mistaken; but are you acquainted with her?"

"To be sure I am."

"But personally—are you *personally* acquainted with her?"

"No, there's my misery. Although she is the theme of my every fancy, she does not know that there is such a being as I on the face of the earth."

"Most distressing, truly."

"And what is more so, if she did know me—ah, would she love me? She has travelled all over the world. Her imagination is filled with a thousand scenes of splendour, and images of manly beauty. She has had all the young bucks of England and the United States at her feet! What have I to hope?"

He sighed—his friend Charles sighed in echo.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Charles.

"That's the devil," said Tom—"I don't know."

"Would you marry her?" inquired Charles.

"To be sure I would—a thousand times."

"Oh, once is enough in all conscience, and sometimes too much," said Charles; "but it is not possible your affections are seriously engaged to this young creature?"

"Possible, Tom?—it were impossible for it to be otherwise. You who have never seen her, cannot comprehend the infatuation under which I labour; but oh, who with a heart and understanding could gaze on her intelligent and expressive face—could watch the indescribable grace of her beautiful figure—could listen to the tones of her voice, fraught with dangerous melody—and behold the wonderful power with which she delineates every light and shade of human thought and feeling, and not love her?—She is the most perfect being—the most—I cannot find language—it seems like rhapsody to you, perhaps; but as for me—I have sometimes fancied she has dropt newly from the skies to flash through the world a little while, and then leave us in darkness."

"Why, sir, you are raving. You shall be lodged in the lunatic asylum. I have seen Miss — in the street, and to be plain with you, I do not deem her even handsome. Her perfections exist only in your own imagination."

"There—I knew it," said Tom. "I thought so myself the first time I saw her—'She handsome?' I said—'she fascinating?'—nonsense; but oh, when I became familiar with her witcheries—when she developed to my enchained observation, the treasures of her heart and mind—when I saw her sustain her various characters throughout with so much delicacy—so much grace, intellect, and poetry; I was lost before I conceived myself in danger; and awoke from a reverie of delight to find myself her slave for ever!"

Charles was no common enthusiast. His talents

and education ranked high. His fortune was ample, and had just come into his own possession; nor was there any thing like a deficiency in his personal appearance which could make him an object of indifference to a lady's eye. He had been recently established in business, from which he realized no trifling income.

"I'll go forward," said he: "a faint heart never won a fair lady. I know who will introduce us."

"Who, and when?" asked Charles.

"Now, this instant, I have made an appointment with a gentleman who is acquainted with her."

"Had you not better get your hat?"

"True, I forgot."

"And had you not better change your dress?"

"Yes, so I must—what a dolt I am."

"Shall I accompany you?"

"By all means."

"Wait one minute—I'll make my toilette in a dash, and, bless her sweet, sweet face,"—he kissed his own hand as a rather poor substitute for hers, and was off like lightning.

Charles waited three quarters of an hour for his friend to dash through his toilette, who came at length so neat—so genteel—so every thing that man ought to be, that he seemed prepared "to witch the world" with the very sight of him. Oh what a night it was! One of our mild and brilliant June evenings. The moon and the stars of course. Music burst from the gardens—the breezes, as usual, rustled through the branches of the murmuring trees. The windows of all the splendid houses in Broadway were flung open, and the sounds of sweet voices in harmony with the light notes of the piano and guitar, came ever and anon to the ear of the ardent lover—he reached the house—he went in—but it is high time to change the subject.

"What's the matter with thee, John?" said Obadiah Jenkins to John Thomkins, as the former heaved a deep and long drawn sigh, and put away from him his plate, on which his dinner yet remained untouched.

"Nothing," responded John.

"But," persisted Obadiah, "something is the matter with thee: thou hast changed lately in a very wonderful manner. Thy spirit is all gone—thy colour is gone—thy appetite is gone—and thou lookest as sad as if thou wert about to fade away thyself. Take a potato, wilt thou? I'll give thee some of the gravy, and here's a piece of pork as tender as a quail. Come, John, eat and be merry."

"I don't want any gravy, Obadiah; and I can't abide pork, though it be more tender than love. I am not quite well, and will go and take a walk—so fare-well."

He put on his broad rimmed hat, and pulling it down over his little green eyes, heaved another gentle sigh and went forth into the open air. Obadiah followed him forthwith, and overtaking him said,

"Tell me what ails thee, friend John; and, if I can assist thee, I will."

"Dost thou promise me," said Obadiah, "never to reveal my secret, and to give me thine assistance?"

"I do, friend John."

"Then listen."

They walked down on the Battery. It was a soft afternoon, and the birds were all singing in their merry little conversations with each other. I am nothing at all at the pathetic, or I would go on with a very pretty description here, but as I have not the ability, I will go on with John Thomkin's story:

"Then listen," said Obadiah; "I was, the other evening, tempted, I think by the arch-fiend himself, to visit a place of public amusement."

"Oh, John," exclaimed Obadiah; "and it is this that preys upon thy virtuous heart. Thou hast repented and—"

"I have repented, and I have not repented," interrupted John. "I am sorry that I went, and I am not sorry that I went. It has been my misery and my happiness."

"Verily, friend," said Obadiah drily, and casting a suspicious glance into the eyes of his friend, as if he thought all was not right with him, "verily thou speakest in parables."

"Well then, I will shroud my meaning no longer in mysterious phraseology, but speak out, Obadiah."

"Well, John."

He stopped, lifted up his eyes, placed his hand upon his heart—or rather upon the place where his heart had once been—gave another sigh, and uttered.

"Obadiah—oh!—it is all over with me."

"Ah, I see how it is, you're smitten; but with whom?"

"With —."

His friend started as if he had trodden on a basilisk.

"Enamoured of —? Why thou art mad."

"Thou hast promised me thine assistance however, and must redeem thy pledge. I shall take an opportunity to see her at her dwelling, and I will marry her as I am a sinner."

Mr. Jeremy Dobbins was an exquisite of the very first water. He conceived himself to be a little superior to any thing going. He had a large annuity out of his uncle's estate, and was studying law. He had heard talk of sending him to congress, and did not know but that, some time or other, he might be the p—; but that, as yet, he did not say much about. If you would take his own opinion, he was the most elegant fellow you ever saw. Nothing but dignity and grace. He leaned in a fashionable attitude in the box-door, and frequently interrupted the performance with exclamations of approbation and rapture, such as "well," "very well," "very well, indeed," "beautiful," "lovely creature." He had, for several evenings, placed himself in the stage-box where his person might be seen to the most advantage, and conceiving the sight of him to be sufficient for his purpose, he went home and composed a piece of poetry which filled two sheets, and one sheet of prose. It would be superfluous, perhaps impossible to repeat—probably some of my gentlemen readers may imagine, and, as for the young ladies, their loss would not be great if they should never hear—the particulars of this explosion of his passion. But when he had relieved himself of the mighty charge which had weighed so heavily upon his susceptible heart, he felt a little easier, and went to the serious consideration of his future plans, when he should have made the dear bewitching creature Mrs. Jeremy Dobbins.

It was the very next morning—for I should have informed the reader that these trifles all occurred on the same day—that a ship put off from the East river with a fair wind, bound to the south. I was walking on the Battery at the time. One after the other, all her sails were hoisted and swelled with the breeze,—a graceful and intelligent looking girl, to whose talents and powers of fascination I myself was no stranger, appeared on the deck to take her last look at the fair city in which she was leaving behind her so many bewildered heads and fluttering hearts. All the heroes of the fore-going were on the Battery with me. There was John with his brown coat and broad hat, and his hand upon his bosom. There was Tom, straining his eyes glistening with tears to gaze after the vessel that bore away his hopes, and Mr. Jeremy Dobbins, with a huge collar and a little whalebone cane, opened his large eyes with silent astonishment at the singularity of his unexpected disappointment.

Some time has elapsed. The lady has returned; but the gentlemen have all proved weathercocks. Tom is married to a sweet pretty girl who makes him

as happy as can be. Mr. Jeremy Dobbins has patronized a fair nymph, tall, slender, timid, and unknown; and John Thomkins, although he has not yet entered into the state of matrimonial felicity, has recovered his appetite, re-instated pork among his favourite dishes, and eats gravy with his potatoes as free from the benumbing influence of the tenderest passions as the potatoes themselves. C.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

VALENCIA.

Colombia—Valencia, April 10, 1829.

DEAR M.—This city is distant from Caraccas one hundred and one miles, and from Puerto Cabello twenty. The road from the former, at first mountainous and ragged, becomes delightfully smooth and level as you approach the valley of Aragua. You pass successively through San Pedro, an irregular small town, noted for its hammocks—the village of Coquias—Victoria, beautifully situated in the bosom of sugar, coffee, cotton, and indigo plantations—San Mateo, the residence of the Libertador—and finally Maracay, a delightful town, distinguished for the industry and cleanliness of its inhabitants. Not far from this place is the pass of La Cabrera, a huge cone that rises from the valley in front of the lake of Valencia, and seems entirely inaccessible to human footsteps. It has, however, been scaled, and its summit is surmounted by a fortification which has often been the object of bloody strife between the contending parties in the revolutionary war. It is a splendid spectacle, and throws its shadows far and wide athwart the mirror surface of the ample lake beneath, while the shaded banks of the latter covered to their summits with luxuriant shrubberies, and the numerous islands sprinkled on its waters, add to the beauty and loveliness of the landscape. A ride along the sandy border of this lake amply repays for the toils and hardships, every where to be met with, in the interior routes of this country.

Valencia is on the borders of the lake of Tacarigua, and elevated perhaps fifteen hundred feet above the surface of the ocean. It is warmer here than in Caraccas. It is built pretty much in the same way as the latter city. The houses are all of one story, with a few exceptions occurring among those that surround the great square. These are occupied by the officers of the state and of the church, and are relieved by the presence of the cathedral, which, although yet in ruins from the effects of the great earthquake, gives evidence of a fine and great edifice: it both gives to the square which it faces, and receives from it, embellishment and grace. There is a monastery of Franciscans in this place, but, I believe, it is falling into decay. The streets are wide and well paved, and altogether this place has an agreeable aspect which recommends it much to every stranger. The English officers attached to "the Legion" cannot speak in terms sufficiently expressive of the hospitality and kindness every where bestowed during their severe trials.

The population of Valencia is said to be not far from ten thousand. Depons relates of the inhabitants, that half a century since they enjoyed the well merited reputation of being the most lazy in the province. The cause of this indolence was to be found in the fact that they universally considered themselves descended from noble blood, which they feared to degrade by descending to labour of any description whatsoever. The natural consequence was want and poverty. These, however, made little or no impression. Lamentations and prayers were the only resources within their grasp, until the arm of the law was stretched forth to redeem them from this disgraceful captivity to indolence, and

restore them to a sense of their duties. Their situation of itself would seem to induce them to no ordinary activity and enterprise. Through their city every commodity that is transported to Puerto Cabello must necessarily pass. The valleys of Aragua, fruitful beyond any others in the known world, all the llanos or plains, the districts of St. Philip, St. John, and Barquesimeto, all must send their produce to be shipped at P. Cabello through Valencia. Of such advantages what use would not be made by our active countrymen? They will not hereafter be thrown away, when the evils of war have ceased, and the eyes of the people can once more be directed to their own profit, instead of being required to look out eternally for the approach of an insatiate and sanguinary enemy.

Provisions may be bought here for almost nothing, they are so plentifully supplied from the valley, and they are withal exquisite in flavour.

The stone bridge leading to Valencia is shown as one of the durable monuments of Colombian suffering and of Spanish cruelty and rapacity. It was built, under the inspection of Morillo, by the hands of Colombian officers of every grade, who were by him ordered to perform this drudgery, and thus satiate his vengeance on the love they bore their country, and the hatred they cherished against his tyranny and oppression.

In one of the public rooms in this city another instance of Spanish ferocity is said to have taken place, which may challenge the pages of the most bloody histories for a parallel. After the capture of Valencia by Boves in 1814, who had solemnly pledged himself, by swearing upon the host, to respect the lives and property of the citizens, this monster in human shape, invited all the principal inhabitants of both sexes to a grand supper and ball, where he had no sooner secured their presence than he surrounded them with his armed bands, and in the unsuspecting moments of conviviality and enjoyment, massacred every male present, amidst the heart-piercing shrieks of their wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters. These last too the barbarian compelled, by stripes, to continue their dancing!! This is one of the innumerable examples that are every where recorded upon the annals of this exterminating war, so dreadfully carried into operation by the vindictive Spaniards. Could the Colombians ever yield to such a foe? The shrieks of their brethren have ascended into heaven—the Lord has heard their cry. The last Spaniard has ceased to breathe upon the Colombian soil, and thy oppressor, Colombia, trembles for his own throne.

The valley of Aragua, in which Valencia is situated, is justly the pride of every Venezuelan. Its fruitful soil and temperate climate, its rich and varied landscapes, its picturesque and ample lake, with its elf-like islands, and the towering mountains that on every side encompass it and seem to seclude it, like the happy valley of Rasselas, from the wretched world beyond—all tend to centre the affections of the native to this favoured spot, and to elicit the warmest admiration and longing wishes of even the passing stranger. Fancy may here love to build her cottage of repose, and, peopling it with the cherished beings of other climes and other days, create for herself a domicile of beauty, repose, and domestic felicity. Beautiful as is this valley, it has been defaced by the ruthless hand of war, and all its beauty and all the smiles of heaven could not protect it from rapine, from fire, and the sword.

My dear M., the more I see of Colombia the more I am led to admire the exquisite beauty of its natural scenery—to deplore the ravages of war, which have every where defaced the works of civilization, and put an effectual stop, for perhaps years to come, to the renewal of industry, and the successful undertakings of commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural

enterprise. A change will one day be effected; and Colombia, gifted by nature with resources beyond measure, will bloom in more than pristine freshness and beauty. May you live a thousand years. E. H.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

MRS. HILSON.

THERE is no actress who has run the risk of injuring a well-earned reputation more than this lady. She plays all and every thing; and though we would be one of the last to advocate the whims and airs of actors, in refusing parts which they consider beneath them, or unsuited to their abilities, yet there is no reason why any of them should absolutely sacrifice themselves in the cause of the theatre. We have seen Mrs. Hilson, in a short space of time, play Ophelia, Dolly Bull, and Lady Macbeth, together with various other incongruities; yet, in our estimation, Mrs. H. is by no means a lady of versatile abilities. She has not the faculty of mobility, and, except in a limited degree, is not at home either in comedy, tragedy, or farce;—and yet there are a hundred parts she can play far superior to any one else. When we remark that Mrs. H. is not at home either in comedy, tragedy, or farce, we mean in the broad and extreme parts of each. Nature has denied her the physical requisites for such efforts, and the exhibition of violent passions or emotions of any kind is not her forte; but in beings like Desdemona, she is unequalled in this country. We have never seen her Imogen in Cymbeline, but have heard it highly spoken of; and a woman that can do justice to such characters as Desdemona and Imogen, ought not to care about excelling in any thing else. In saying she does not excel in others, we mean when compared with the highest standard of excellence in those lines, and not with reference to many popular actresses who have visited this city:—for instance, with all its lack of force and spirit, we would rather see her sensible personation of Lady Teazle than the hoyden extravagances of Miss Kelly in the same character.

Her Ophelia is beautiful, and she performs even Lady Macbeth better than a host of others—with more propriety than Mrs. Sloman, (who by the way, does it very badly,) though perhaps not so effectively; yet she can no more make it what it ought to be, than her husband can do justice to the "worthythane of Cawdor." She has not strength and energy for tragedy—she can portray tenderness, but not agony—grief, but not despair. In comedy she is happier, but still not quite at home, and appears to us constitutionally unfitted for it; her temperament is too melancholy to enter into the irrepressible buoyancy of comedy; and though, having an abundance of common sense, a thing a good deal in request upon the boards, she does all she undertakes very well, yet her gaiety, like Clara Fisher's efforts in the pathetic, is only put on;—it does not come from or go directly to the heart—both of them appear warring against their nature. Mrs. Hilson cannot assume the dashing airs and affectation of a lady of quality, or the pertness and volubility of a chambermaid, but in such parts as Mary in John Bull, as Lady Amaranth in Wild Oats, and hundreds of a similar cast—in the Emily Worthingtons and Julia Faulkner's of the drama, she is far, very far superior to any actress on this side of the Atlantic. Her heroines do not smack of the stage; the loud protestation and exaggerated action are not there: on the contrary the quiet grace in every movement, and the sweet and simple earnestness with which the sentiments are delivered, render such personations perfect, and leave her without a rival in this class of character. We never saw what we could call a wrong

conception on the part of Mrs. Hilson; and she has always given more pleasure and less dissatisfaction than any one who ever appeared in such a multifarious quantity of characters. There is one thing, for which indeed she ought not to be praised, because it is no more than the performance of a simple duty, but which at least deserves mention in consequence of the flagrant neglect of others, and that is, she always takes the trouble of committing her part to memory, and gives the words of the author instead of thrusting forward foolish impertinencies on the spur of the moment. C.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

A SHORT CHAPTER ON FRIENDSHIP.

How very seldom do we find any one who has a relish for real friendship—who can set a due value upon its approbation, and pay a due regard to its censures! Adulation lives, and pleases; truth dies, and is forgotten. The flattery of the fool is always pungent and delicious; the rebuke of the wise is ever irksome and hateful. Wherefore, then, do we accuse the fates when they withhold from us the blessings of friendship, if we ourselves have not the capacity for enjoying them?

Schah Sultan Hossein, says an old Persian fable, had two favourites. Mahamood was very designing and smooth-tongued; Selim was very open and plain-spoken. After a space, the intrigues of Mahamood had the upper hand, and Selim was banished from the court. Then Zobeide, the mother of the sultan's mother, a wise woman, and one learned in all the learning of the Persians, stood before the throne, and spoke thus:

"When I was young I was said to be beautiful. Upon one occasion, a great fête was to be given. The handmaids dressed my hair in an inner apartment. 'Look,' said one, 'how bright are her eyes!' 'What a complexion,' said another, 'is upon her cheeks!' 'What sweetness,' cried a third, 'in her voice!' I grew sick of all this adulation. I sent my women from me, and complained to myself bitterly. 'Why have I not,' I cried, 'some friend on whom I can rely; who will tell me with sincerity when the roses on my cheeks begin to fade, and the darkness of my eyebrows to want colouring?' But alas, this is impossible."

"As I spoke, a beneficent genius rose from the ground before me. 'I have brought thee,' he said, 'what thou didst require: thou shalt no longer have occasion to reproach the prophet for denying thee that which, if granted, thou wouldst thyself destroy.' So saying, he held forth to me a small locket, and disappeared."

"I opened it impatiently. It contained a small plate, in shape like a horseman's shield, but so bright that the brightness of twenty shields would be dim before it, I looked, and beheld every charm upon which I valued myself reflected upon its surface. 'Delightful mirror!' I exclaimed, 'thou shalt ever be my companion; in thee I may safely confide; thou art not mercenary, nor changeable; thou wilt always speak to me the truth—as thou dost now!' and I kissed its polish exultingly, and hastened to the fête."

"Something happened to ruffle my temper, and I returned to the palace out of humour with myself and the world. I took up my treasure. Heavens! what a change was there! my eyes were red with weeping—my lips distorted with vexation. My beauty was changed into deformity—my dimples were converted into frowns. 'Liar!' I cried, in a frenzy of passion, 'what meanest thou by this insolence? art thou not in my power, and dost thou provoke me to wrath?' I

dashed my mirror to the earth, and went in search of the consolation of my flatterers!"

Zobeide here ceased. I know not whether the reader will comprehend the application of her narrative. The sultan did—and Selim was recalled.

CHARLES THE TWELFTH OF SWEDEN,

AND A LITTLE DALECARLIAN DAMSEL.

Having often observed, both from historical memoranda and actual remark on existing characters, that no men are usually so devoted to admiration of the fair sex as those we denominate heroes, I have often mused on the contradiction to this observation, so eminent in the recorded conduct of the celebrated warrior, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden.—He was young, a prince, a hero; and of a prodigiously ardent temperament. How, then, could such apathy to the only sentiment which, in vigour and impulse, at all correspond with the animated ambitions of a soldier? how could it find room in such a bosom?

A few years ago chance presented me an opportunity of trying, at least, to solve this apparent inconsistency.—I fell in company with the Baron —, an illustrious Swede; and one as well acquainted with the private history of his court for generations back, as my curiosity could have wished him. I put my question to him, and the answer surprised, while it gratified my previous general axiom on the subject. The reply shall be given, as nearly as recollection will serve, in the Baron's own words:

"The interesting fact," said he, "with which I am going to acquaint you, was communicated to me by indisputable authority. Our young monarch, so far from being constitutionally monkish in that particular you inquire about, was of a singularly opposite disposition; and those historians who have represented him as naturally indifferent to women, have been totally unacquainted with his real character.—You will find the proof in what I am now going to tell you, as the cause why he abjured, and at a very early age, all intercourse with the sex. You are not ignorant that the kings of Sweden, at that period, were of easy access to their subjects. They practised the condescension, but with proper limitations, of sometimes even engaging in their convivial society. Charles the Twelfth, on his accession, enjoyed this jocund prerogative with all the vivacity of his very early youth; and one evening, but a little time before he was to leave Stockholm, to open his military renown, he went to sup with a Dalecarlian gentleman, residing in the capital.—Charles was then only in his fifteenth year, and loved to talk with this brave descendant of the preserver of his great ancestor, Gustavus Vasa, with all the fervour of his own royal patriotism. But the young king's romance did not end there; he had seen a beautiful serving-maid from these very mountains, the wildest regions of his kingdom; he had seen her once or twice attend in the rooms, while a guest under the simple roof of his brave subject: he had seen and admired her in silence. It happened this evening that she chanced to open the door to him. The king, gently taking her hand attempted to kiss her. He expected she would be nothing loath. But he was mistaken; she drew back. He thought she was only coy; and, more impassioned, attempted to seize the kiss by a kind of gallant violence. She struggled; then bursting from him, with words of severe rebuke, in the agitation of her repulsion, struck him in the face.—At the moment she disappeared, the gentleman of the house, having heard the scuffle, came out of his room to learn what was the matter. On seeing the king, and his disorder, the worthy Dalecarlian, after a few hasty words of respect, inquired if any thing had happened to disturb his majesty? Charles smiled and coloured.—'I confess that I am disturbed,' replied he, 'and deservedly so; for, I am ashamed to say, I tried to force a kiss from your pretty damsel, and she has made my cheek smart for it.—This little adventure, has, however, given me my freedom from all of her sex for life. I am a king and a soldier: my soul's first object is the glory attendant on those names, and I know that the greatest men have, at times, wrecked both by an undue admiration of women; they ruined Antony, they almost ruined Cæsar, and they made a fool of Alexander, but, by heaven, they shall neither ruin nor make a fool of me!—I know the susceptibility of my own nature; and I know the power—the arts—the tyranny of the sex! Therefore, from this moment, I swear by the sceptre of Sweden and this good

sword, never to look on woman again with an eye to desire her smile, or fear her frown. In short, to regard her as, to me, no more!' It was even with solemnity that he kissed his sword on uttering this vow; and then turning their discourse immediately on the business of his visit, the old Dalecarlian saw only the brave and royal descendant of the great Gustavus before him."

This little narrative is indeed very extraordinary; but yet in considering it, it seems quite consistent with the whole after conduct of Charles. Indeed, what might not that resolution effect, which defied the extremes of heat, and cold, and famine; which, while it led a harassed and exhausted army through deserts of ice and snow, rejected the Czar of Muscovy's offers of capitulation in the style of a triumphant conqueror; and which, in fine, brought his very conquerors in homage round him at the last?

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

It was during a late severe season, a winter remarkable for its long and inclement frost, experienced with equal rigour throughout Italy, France, and Germany, where the largest rivers were rapidly congealed, and the people were seen to fall dead with cold, that in the French town of Metz, a poor sentinel was sent upon guard on one of the bitterest nights, when a fierce north wind added to the usual cold. His watch was in the most exposed situation of the place, and he had scarcely recovered from severe indisposition: but he was a soldier, and declared his readiness to take his round. It chanced that he had pledged his affections to a young woman of the same city, who no sooner heard of his being on duty, than she began to lament bitterly, declaring it to be impossible for him to survive the insufferable severity of such a night, after the illness under which he still lingered. Tormented with anxiety, she was unable to close her eyes, or even to retire to rest; and as the night advanced, the cold becoming more intense, her fancy depicted him struggling against the fearful elements, and his own weakness; and at length, no longer able to support himself, overpowered with slumber, and sinking to eternal rest upon the ground. Maddened at the idea, and heedless of consequences, she hastily clothed herself as warmly as she could, ran out of the house, situated not far from the place of watch, and with the utmost courage arrived alone at the spot. And there she indeed found her poor soldier nearly as exhausted as she had imagined, being with difficulty able to keep his feet, owing to the intenseness of the frost. She earnestly conjured him to hasten, though only for a little while, to revive himself at her house, when having taken some refreshment he might return; but aware of the consequences of such a step, this he kindly but resolutely, refused to do. "But only for a few minutes," she continued, "while you melt the horrid frost, which has almost congealed you alive." "Not an instant," returned the soldier; "it were certain death even to stir from the spot." "Surely not!" cried the affectionate girl, "it will never be known; and if you stay, your death will be still more certain; you have at least a chance, and it is your duty, if possible, to preserve your life. Besides, should your absence happen to be discovered, heaven will take pity upon us, and provide in some way for your preservation." "Yes," said the soldier, "but that is not the question; for suppose I could do it with impunity, is it noble or honourable thus to abandon my post, without any one upon guard?" "But there will be some one: if you consent to go, I will remain here until your return. I am not in the least afraid; so be quick, and give me your arms." This request she enforced with so much eloquence and tenderness, and so many tears, that the poor soldier, against his better judgment, was fain to yield, more especially as he felt himself becoming fainter and fainter, and unable much longer to resist the cold. Intending to return within a few minutes, he left the kind-hearted girl in his place, wrapping her in his cloak, and giving her his arms and cap, together with the watch-word; and such was her delight at the idea of having saved the life of her beloved, that she was for a time insensible to the intense severity of the weather. But just as she was flattering herself with the hope of his return, an officer made his appearance, who, as she forgot in her confusion to give the sign, suspected that the soldier had either fallen asleep or fled. What was his surprise, on rushing to the spot, to find a young girl overpow-

cred with alarm, and unable to give any account of herself, from her extreme agitation and tears.

Being instantly conducted to the guard-house, and restored to some degree of confidence, the poor girl confessed the whole truth; soliciting, with the anguish of doubt and distraction, a pardon for her betrothed husband. He was instantly summoned from her house, but was found in such a state of weakness from the sufferings he had undergone, as to leave little prospect of his surviving them. It was with much difficulty, with the assistance of medical advice, that he was restored sufficiently to give an intelligible account of himself, after which he was placed in close custody, to wait his trial.

"Far happier had it been for me," he exclaimed, on being restored to consciousness, "far happier to have died at my post, than to be thus reserved for a cruel and ignominious death." And the day of his trial coming on, such was the politic severity of martial law, as he had well foreseen, that he was condemned to be executed within a few days after his sentence. Great as was his affliction on hearing these tidings, it was little in comparison with the remorse and terror that distracted the breast of his beloved girl, who, in addition to the grief of losing him, in so public and ignominious a manner, accused herself as the cause of the whole calamity.—He, to whom she had been so long and tenderly attached, was now to fall, as it were, by the hand of his betrothed bride! Such was the strangeness and suddenness of the event, that her feelings being wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement and terror, her very despair seemed to give her strength; and, casting all fear of consequences aside, she made a vow to save him, or to perish in the attempt. Bitterly weeping, and with dishevelled hair, she ran wildly through the city, beseeching pity and compassion from all her friends and acquaintance, and soliciting every body of rank and influence, to unite in petitioning for a pardon for her lover; or that her life, she being the sole author of the fault, might be accepted in the place of his.

The circumstances being made known, such was the tenderness and compassion excited in her behalf, and such the admiration of her conduct, at once so affectionate and spirited, that persons of the highest rank became interested for her, and used the most laudable efforts to obtain a free pardon for the poor soldier. The ladies of the place also exerting their influence, the governor, no longer proof against this torrent of public feeling, made a merit of granting him forgiveness, on the condition of his being immediately united to the heroic and noble-hearted girl, and accepting with her a small donation, an example which was speedily followed by people of every rank; so that the young bride had the additional pleasure of presenting her beloved with a handsome dower, which satisfied their moderate wishes, and crowned their humble happiness.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY JUNE 27, 1829.

The Critic.—Among the occurrences of the last week, the discontinuance of this valuable and ably-conducted paper is calculated to awaken a just regret, for the bitter and unmerited disappointment to which the votaries of literature are still subjected in this city. It is a taming thought to the pride of its enlightened inhabitants, that of the numerous and meritorious attempts which have been made to establish periodical reviews amongst us, not one has ever proved successful. The want of subscribers has not been the cause. Of these an unlimited number is always ready to lengthen the list of the easily deceived projector of any literary enterprise, and thus blazon forth their devotion to literature, and their munificence to authors. But mark the sequel. When the payment becomes due, when substantial evidence is to be given of their boasted zeal, then it has all evaporated—and, to use the language of Mr. Leggett, "the collector is obliged to make repeated applications to obtain what should be cheerfully paid at the first solicitation." Now, this is disgraceful, and characteristic only of baseness or deceit. There is no compulsion employed to procure the subscription of any individual to any work. His consent to record his name among its patrons is voluntary, and should be con-

sidered a solemn pledge, to be redeemed on honour. A failure in the fulfilment is attended with the most disastrous consequences, and, in some cases, is tantamount to robbery. The proprietor of the work, depending on the receipts when they become due, makes his outfits proportionately, and is, in case of disappointment, doubly loser of his money and his time. When the small amount of the sum too, that is generally called for, is taken into consideration, the default of payment is, in most instances, worthy of the scorn of every honourably-minded man. We cannot envy the feelings of those who gratuitously incur the risk of such censure. Their consciences should be worse tormentors than even the never-ceasing rap of the obstinate and unwearied collector, true to his duty and his employer. In the mean time, however, the conductor must suffer, and if his sufferings, working upon a sensitive mind, cause the least relaxation of ardour on his part, or the least delay in the execution of his task, ten to one but your defaulters are among the first and the loudest to visit him with their cruel detraction and annoying complaints. Such has been the fate of many, and such, we are truly sorry to say, has been the fate of Mr. Leggett, the editor of the Critic, a gentleman of acknowledged talents, whose active exertions to render his miscellany worthy of public patronage, "deserved," even though they "did not command success."

While upon this subject, we think it incumbent upon us to remind those who feel inclined to undertake the publication of new periodicals, of the difficulties which must obstruct their path, and which can only be overcome by two indispensable weapons—time and money. A few months or a year, can never suffice to establish the reputation of any journal, and, until this is done, success is entirely out of the question. Now this is impossible unless there be ample funds to meet the necessary expenses, and they are neither few nor trifling. We say it advisedly, and from sad experience, that the loss of ten thousand dollars is scarcely enough to answer the demands which must be satisfied before a paper can be considered as on the tide of successful experiment. We have taken no account in this calculation of the wear and tear of mind and body—the patience—and the hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick—all summed up are calculated to awe and deter stouter hearts than ours, and we are free to say, that had any kind friend been enabled to apprise us of all we have gone through, in anticipation, we never would have encountered the contest even for the assurance of success. We cannot avoid adding the remark, that as there is to great a disposition on the part of the projectors of new papers, to be deceived by the apparent list of subscribers, so is there too strong an inclination on the part of the public to enter into the views of every projector. The flattering prospectus of a new journal is too often implicitly relied on, and when the reality comes to undeceive the fallacious hopes of the credulous, disappointment is sure to be felt, loss of confidence is the consequence, and these feelings are too apt to be extended to the proprietors of long-established works. That we have suffered, to a certain extent, by such consequences, we are not disposed to deny; but we must, in justice to our subscribers, make the gratifying declaration, that the great majority of them are prompt in the payment of their dues, and that more than one thousand of them come forward voluntarily to meet their engagements, of which they are never reminded by either bill or collector. We are careful, it is true, to guard against bad paymasters; and it would be well if the proprietors of all public journals adopted a similar rule. Had we acted otherwise, we might, no doubt, during the last five or six years, have multiplied the catalogue to an enormous extent; but they would have been names—mere sounds, "signifying nothing."

Before closing these remarks, for the length of which we hope the occasion will be a sufficient apology, we must return our thanks to Mr. Leggett for the handsome manner in which he has presented his subscription list to the Mirror. Our paper will accordingly be sent to those subscribers of the Critic who have paid for the uncompleted part of the second volume, and continued regularly to them unless otherwise ordered. "Those of the remaining portion of the subscribers whose non-compliance with the terms of the Critic resulted from negligence rather than intention, we shall be happy to receive as patrons to this paper." We trust they will not find our columns unworthy of their support; and may we not also hope to meet in them faithful and punctual friends?

Ecarté, or the Salons of Paris.—This is not a wonderful book, as some of the English periodicals have called it, but simply a very clever and spirited sketch of some of the temptations, splendours, vices, and peculiarities of the French metropolis, struck off with rapid but graphic touches of the pencil, and interwoven with a slight but not uninteresting story of true love. The characters are not particularly natural, but that is not a fault of any consequence, for it is not so much their actions as the scenes in which they are placed, that the author has intended to describe. Making some allowances for exaggeration of colouring, the picture is a faithful and appalling likeness, and should be studied by every young man who intends visiting that corrupt and licentious capital. But this novel has two other faults of greater magnitude; the first is, that many of the scenes and incidents are of a more exciting nature than the moral sense of this community can relish or even tolerate; we could not recommend these pages to the eyes of any female, and for this there is no palliation. The other fault sinks into insignificance in comparison. It is simply the very copious use of the French language, in which almost all the conversations are given. The English or American reader, who unhappily has no knowledge of any but his mother tongue, must have a more accomplished friend at his elbow to translate for him, or he will lose a very necessary portion of the contents. We could overlook even this defect however, and should be very glad to speak in terms of high commendation of "*Ecarté*," for it is undoubtedly a very clever work; but we cannot forgive that other stain upon its escutcheon.

Tales and Sketches by a Country Schoolmaster.—This is the production of a man of vigorous and healthful understanding, good sense, shrewd observation, and much practical knowledge of the world and its fashions. We should be inclined to suspect, however, that his labours in the barren field of country pedagogy-ship have not been many; there is too intimate an acquaintance with nautical scenes, manoeuvres, and phraseology, displayed in some of the sketches, to admit of the supposition that such information has been acquired in any other manner than by an actual participation in the toils and dangers of the sea. Yet the schoolmaster seems to be quite at home on shore; his descriptions of rural scenery are peculiarly graphic, vivid, and poetical, and his conception of character, particularly female character, beautiful. In this item of author-ship, our pedagogue is superior to Cooper; in his nautical descriptions nearly or quite equal; indeed we look upon him as one destined to attain a reputation both at home and abroad, not less honourable to himself and gratifying to his country than that of the "American Scott." His style is bold, manly, and nervous; his imagination rich and fertile; and, if we are not much mistaken, he is a poet—at least if he has never essayed to "build the lofty verse," we are confident that he has the power, and when he chooses to exert it, will not prove unworthy of a place among the few whom we are willing to acknowledge as American poets. The work is from the press of J. and J. Harper.

The American Monthly Magazine.—The third number of this periodical, just published, contains among other articles of interest, one which we have read with great satisfaction. A review of the life and the principal work of one of the most remarkable men of the age, who, in his own country, is almost worshipped, and in every other is admired, and what is better, read; to whom Scott and Byron, and many other distinguished writers have owned their obligations, while many more have been content to pillage without thanks,—in short, the venerable German Goethe. Mr. Bliss is the agent for this work.

Emerson's Letters from the Ægean.—We have not yet had time to read this volume, but promise ourselves much pleasure in the perusal, when we shall have. The extracts from it which have been given in various English papers and magazines, bear very honourable testimony in its favour. We shall endeavour to present our readers with one or two selections in our next.

New Music.—A fine martial air, composed by Mr. Ignace Roco, entitled the "Jackson Guard's March," has just been published by Firth and Hall. It is dedicated to Colonel Charles W. Sandford of the Third Regiment of Artillery.

New Works.—We have received "Anne of Geierstein," by the author of "Waverley," and the last number of the "Foreign Quarterly Review." Will mention them in our next.

ROSE OF LUCERNE.

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, BY WILLIAM WOOD.



I've come a-cross the sea, I've brav'd ev'ry dan-ger, For a bro-ther dear to me; From Swiss land a ran-ger; Then pi-ty, as-sist, and pro-tect the poor stran-ger, And buy a lit-tle toy of poor Rose of Lu-cerne, a lit-tle toy, a lit-tle toy, Then buy a lit-tle toy of poor Rose of Lu-cerne.

2d. verse. la-cies, I've sweet pret-ty you ne-ver, 3d. verse. I've a cross to make you smart on your breast you may bear it, 4th verse. Just o'er your lit-tle heart, I advise you to wear it; And I hope that no o-ther cross e'er will come near it, Yes I do, So buy a toy of poor Rose of Lu-cerne, Yes I do, Yes I do, So buy a toy, buy a toy of poor Rose of Lu-cerne.

Come round me, ladies fair, I've ribands and laces,
I've trinkets rich and rare to add to the graces
Of waist, neck or arm, or your sweet pretty faces,
Then buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

I've paint, and I've perfume, for those who may choose them,
Young ladies, I presume, you all will refuse them,
The bloom on your cheek shows that you never use them,
Yet buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

I've a cross to make you smart, on your breast you may bear it,
Just o'er your little heart I advise you to wear it;
And I hope no other cross e'er will come near it,
Yes I do—So buy a toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

THE INDIAN STUDENT,
OR FORCE OF NATURE.

From Squahanna's farthest springs,
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
(His blanket tied with yellow strings,) A shepherd of the forest came.
Not long before a wandering priest
Express'd his wish with visage sad—
"Ah, why," he cried, "in Satan's waste,
Ah, why detain so fine a lad?
"In white man's land there stands a town,
Where learning may be purchased low—
Exchange his blanket for a gown,
And let the lad to college go."
From long debate the council rose,
And viewing Shalum's tricks with joy,
To Cambridge Hall, o'er wastes of snows,
They sent the copper-colour'd boy.
One generous chief a bow supplied,
This gave a shaft, and that a skin;
The feathers, in vermilion dyed,
Himself did from a turkey win.

Thus dress'd so gay, he took his way
O'er barren hills alone, alone!
His guide a star, he wander'd far,
His pillow every night a stone.
At last he came, with foot so lame,
Where learned men talk heathen Greek,
And Hebrew lore is gabbled o'er,
To please the muses,—twice a week.
Awhile he writ, awhile he read,
Awhile he conn'd their grammar rules—
(An Indian savage so well bred
Great credit promised to the schools.)
Some thought he would in law excel,
Some said in physic he would shine;
And one that knew him passing well,
Beheld in him a sound divine.
But those of more discerning eye,
E'en then could other prospects show,
And saw him lay his Virgil by,
To wander with his dearer bow.
The tedious hours of study spent,
The heavy moulded lecture done,

He to the woods a hunting went,
Through lonely wastes he walk'd, he run.
No mystic wonders fired his mind;
He sought to gain no learn'd degree,
But only sense enough to find
The squirrel in the hollow tree.
The shady bank, the purling stream,
The woody wild his heart possess'd,
The dewy lawn, his morning dream
In fancy's gayest colours drest.
"And why," he cried, "did I forsake
My native wood for gloomy walls?
The silver stream, the limpid lake
For musty books and college halls?
"A little could my wants supply—
Can wealth and honour give me more;
Or, will the sylvan god deny
The humble treat he gave before?

"Let seraphs gain the bright abode,
And heaven's sublimest mansions see—
I only bow to Nature's God—
The land of shades will do for me.

"These dreadful secrets of the sky
Alarm my soul with chilling fear—
Do planets in their orbits fly,
And is the earth, indeed, a sphere?
"Let planets still their course pursue,
And comets to the centre run—
In him my faithful friend I view,
The image of my god—the sun.
"Where nature's ancient forests grow,
And mingled laurel never fades,
My heart is fix'd and I must go
To die among my native shades."
He spoke, and to the western springs
(His gown discharged, his money spent,
His blanket tied with yellow strings,) The shepherd of the forest went.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

HERE SHALL YOUNG GENIUS WING HIS EAGLE FLIGHT, RICH DEWDROPS SHAKING FROM HIS PLUMES OF LIGHT.

VOLUME VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1829.

NUMBER 52.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TO MARY.

THEY say that long years are a shadow—a dream,
And fall into time like the snow in the stream;
But little they think, who philosophize thus,
How dark are the moments that separate us.

Yes! little they think how those sorrowing hours
Come down on the heart like a blast upon flowers,
And how deep is the waste of the eye and the cheek
When the love that first linked us no tempest can break.

Like the fetters that fasten the wandering doves
Is the deathless—the living romance of the loves
That hallow our hearts, for the farther they fly,
The sweeter, the dearer, the stronger the tie.

Yes—yes, if they knew all the magical hours,
When our hearts like our fields were all fragrance and flow'rs,
When our innermost thoughts were reveal'd thro' the eye,
And the language of love was pour'd out in a sigh!

When the walk in the moonlight—the song of the birds,
Our little ones' smiles and their innocent words,
And the gladness we felt, undiminished by fears,
Spoke out of the futures' unsorrowing years.

Oh! yes, if they knew but all these, and how deep
Is the heart where the waves of their memory sweep,
Then—then would they utter that years are no dream,
Nor fall into time like the snow in the stream. ALPHA.

THE CASKET.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE CLOAKED GENTLEMAN, CHAPTER THE LAST.

THEY slept that night at an inn near the scene of their late conversations; and while Eudora, overcome with fatigue of body and exhaustion of mind, sunk into a profound slumber, the wakeful thoughts of Rosalie, induced her to leave her bed and look out upon the rising moon. Their room was on the first floor, and the window near the ground; and while she stood absorbed in meditations on the mysterious individual, whose sad farewell still sounded in her imagination, the same melancholy voice fell distinctly on her ear, and her eyes rested, as if by magic, on the noble form of the stranger.

"It was the hope of once more seeing Miss Clairville," said he, "which caused me to hover around this house; and I am too happy that I have not lingered in vain. A few hours since, and I believed that I had no eye for beauty, no heart for virtue, no feeling in common with any of the human race; but at this moment, I am fully, perhaps, fatally undeceived; for it is to you alone, that I owe the knowledge of the truth."

"Tell me who you are," said Rosalie, with an emotion which she in vain endeavoured to conceal.

"I am one," replied he, "to whom wealth has been dross; power, vain; ambition, a consuming fire; fame, a passing shadow; hope, a cheat; friendship, a bubble; and love, an ignis-fatuus of the brain."

"Strange, incomprehensible being," answered Rosalie! "I am confident that you have had a part in the fortunes and affairs of men, and a name in the world's annals. Tell me who you are?"

"Not yet," replied he. "The time may come, when I shall appear before you in my own name and character; but it will be at the risk of losing the interest which, I fear has only been excited by mystery."

"The interest which is only kept alive by mystery,"

said the young lady, somewhat coldly, "is not of the most flattering kind. It is absurd in me, however, to pry into things which do not concern me; yet why did you seek a renewal of so strange an intercourse?"

"In order to forget for a few moments," said he, mournfully, "that the world contained no being who cared for me or my destiny; but I go with the thought still heavy at my heart. I go without the hope that I shall retain a place in the memory of Miss Clairville."

"The changes of life," answered Rosalie, "permit few things to make a long impression on the mind, unless frequently revived by circumstances. It is, therefore, most likely that the stream of time will soon sweep these passing adventures into the gulph of oblivion."

"It were presumption in me to think otherwise," said the stranger; "and with this conviction, I once more bid you adieu *finally—for ever.*"

Rosalie leaned for an instant against the window to collect her scattered senses; but when she again looked out in the moonlight, he was gone. The astonished girl strained her eyes in vain. Every object lay motionless in its shadow, and not a sound broke the stillness of the quiet hour. She saw him no more.

In the course of another year, occupied with the pleasures and amusements of Charleston, the place of Judge Malcolm's residence, the cousins had almost ceased to talk of the "cloaked gentleman." Rosalie sometimes dwelt in secret on his last unaccountable conversation with herself; but the recollection became less and less frequent, and would have died away entirely, had it not been accidentally revived by the appearance of a young Philadelphian in their circles, who bore a strong resemblance, both in face and figure, to the mysterious stranger. Indeed, the two young ladies found it difficult to persuade themselves that he was not actually the same person; but as he never gave either word or look of recognition, they at length dismissed the idea as vague and unfounded. He was also apparently much younger, and had all the glow of health, together with the gay and buoyant spirits of hope and happiness. In short, Frederick Wallenstein was a universal favourite. His manners partook of the polish and refinement of his city; and his acquaintance with the polite accomplishments, as well as his general knowledge of other subjects, told that he belonged to the higher class of society. His attentions were principally devoted to the cousins, but more especially to Rosalie.

One evening they had escaped together from the heat of a crowded ball-room, to enjoy the fresh air on the balcony. Wallenstein was unusually taciturn, and Rosalie, at a loss for something to say, as the conversation flagged, abruptly asked,

"Have you ever visited the Falls of Niagara, Mr. Wallenstein?"

"I have," replied he.

"And Montmorenci?"

"Yes."

"I think," said Rosalie, "they are among the things which, once seen, can never be forgotten."

"They are, indeed," said he; and then added with peculiar emphasis, "I am very sure that I shall never forget *Montmorenci*; for it was there I experienced the first sense of enjoyment I had for many months."

Rosalie started—the words, the tone of voice in which they were uttered, forcibly recalled her suspicions; but she replied without appearing to observe it.

"You could not fail to be charmed with such a scene; but surely, Niagara far exceeds it?"

"In grandeur and sublimity very far," said Wallenstein; "but," continued he, with a sudden change from the tone of manly confidence, to the deep and thrilling accents of feeling—"to me, there is something more touching to the heart in the simply beautiful, than in the magnificent and sublime."

Rosalie hastily raised her eyes to his face, and could no longer conceal her surprise.

"I have heard those words before," said she, almost unconscious of her own expressions.

"Where, and by whom, were they spoken?" asked Wallenstein.

"I know not by whom," answered Rosalie; "but it was on the banks of Montmorenci."

"And have the *changes of life* permitted such a trifle to make a *lasting* impression on the memory of Miss Clairville?" said he, taking her hand with an air of tenderness.

The bewildered girl had been for several minutes lost in a labyrinth of doubt and perplexity; but that question instantly ended the deception.

"Then it *was* you," exclaimed she, speaking more in answer to her own thoughts than to his words.

Wallenstein smiled.

"I have long been aware of your suspicions, Rosalie," said he. "I know that in your own imagination you have often identified me with a strange eccentric being who once sought, without name or character, to secure a place in your remembrance. The folly of the attempt struck incontrovertibly upon my mind, during my conversation with you beneath the window, and I left you with an abruptness which you may perhaps recollect. I would fain explain to you now the motives of my conduct, but fear it will detain you too long from the company."

"Go on," said Rosalie; "I am too much interested to think of dancing."

Wallenstein pressed her hand and proceeded.

"I was actuated at that time partly by whim, and partly by dislike to the world, occasioned by early disappointments. I had wealth, education, and a respectable standing in society; yet they did not prevent me from meeting with deep treachery in man, and cold-hearted ingratitude and fickleness in woman; and I began to look on the advantages which had been given me, with a kind of sickening disgust. My health suffered from too great an indulgence of sensibility, and I determined to travel; though not so much from a wish to live, as from a desire to escape the necessity of seeing old acquaintances and pretended friends. It was, however, an odd caprice of fancy which induced me to adopt the mode I pursued, of passing unknown amidst the multitude. I thought by that means to study human nature more effectually, and to discover if there were really any intrinsic goodness or virtue in the heart of man; but darker sentiments of misanthropy were fast taking possession of my mind, when I had the good fortune to meet Miss Malcolm, and pardon me if I say, her more lovely cousin. Our repeated and romantic encounters, excited a singular

interest in my bosom; and my last interview with you occasioned an entire transition of feeling, which gave a new spring to my existence. I prosecuted my design of going to the south of France, where I soon experienced all, and more than all I anticipated; and with renovated health and spirits, returned to seek, and win, if possible, the only earthly treasure which I now desire—the heart of the artless, the innocent, the beautiful Rosalie.”

So sudden and unexpected a declaration from one who had made the first strong impression on her youthful fancy, overwhelmed his attentive auditors with astonishment and confusion, and her answer, whatever it might have been, was so disjointed and unintelligible, that it cannot be recorded. But Wallenstein was satisfied.

At that time he certainly thought and believed that he loved Rosalie. He had been fascinated by her native loveliness and simplicity; and it was not until after he had secured her affections and promise to be his, that he began to study more deeply the character of Eudora. With the active and restless spirit of man, he sought to vary, even happiness, in its calm and equal state, by occasionally endeavouring to penetrate the reserve of Miss Malcolm's disposition; and it was then, her genius, her talents, the higher and more intellectual order of her beauty, forced themselves with new power on his observation. “Is it possible,” sighed he to himself, “that I have mistaken my own taste and heart, in preferring Miss Clairville to her cousin?”—but he banished the thought as dishonourable to himself and injurious to Rosalie; and hastened to fulfil his engagement, and remove from the influence of a mind and character, which he found but too congenial with his own.

In Philadelphia the wife of Wallenstein was introduced into the first circles of elegance and fashion; and the gaiety of Rosalie's disposition, her natural love of company and pleasure, induced her to enter with eagerness into the dissipations and amusements of the city. She was passionately attached to her husband, yet she could not be reconciled to the dull monotony of domestic life. Wallenstein often expressed his fears for her health; but she laughed at them, in the full assurance that they were vain: and his indulgence, overcoming his scruples, he continued to attend her to public places, and generously endeavoured to make her happy according to her own ideas.

It was not long, however, before the rose faded on the cheek of Rosalie. A sudden cold, followed by a hectic fever and a hollow cough, carried her rapidly to her grave; and in the course of a few months from the time of his marriage, Wallenstein wept over her early tomb. He had not been happy in his choice; yet he sincerely mourned the fate of the artless and beautiful creature who had given him her young affections, and perhaps suffered from his false indulgence of her pleasures. In the solitude of his lately gay and cheerful mansion, he dwelt on the amiable and endearing qualities which had first won him from his loneliness and misery, to a second enjoyment of life; and more than a year was given to her memory, before he suffered his thoughts to wander to another.

Miss Malcolm was still unmarried. Wallenstein had been the only person within her knowledge, whom she could have loved; but his open preference for Rosalie had prevented her from throwing away the treasures of her heart. Still she had met with no other who could call forth the secret sympathies of her soul, and with irresistible power blend mind with mind.

To her cousin she had been truly attached; and her generous feelings rejoiced in her happiness, and grieved at its speedy termination. She would have felt a melancholy pleasure in seeing Wallenstein; but he sought her not; and she supposed that the death

of Rosalie had broken the only tie which gave her a claim to his regard. It was not so. He came when the season of mourning had expired, and ventured to ask the hand of her who had once almost tempted him to be false to his vows. Judge Malcolm freely gave his consent, and blessed a union which had long been the secret wish of his heart; and Wallenstein, united to one whose taste and feelings assimilated to his own, forgot the vicissitudes of his former life, and was at length happy.

ESTELLE.

VILLAGE TALES.

THE SUDDEN MATCH.

THE heedlessness and desperation with which mortals rush into enterprises where life is uselessly endangered, the insanity which leads a man to stand up and be shot at, in atonement for the insults he has received, are powerful sarcasms on the weakness of human nature; but to me they are far less inexplicable than the thoughtless haste with which multitudes rush into matrimony. I do not mean thoughtlessness on the score of pecuniary affairs; for I believe the old fashioned creed, that an early union with a virtuous and discreet wife, is likely to make a man richer, as well as happier, than he would otherwise be. But what can be hoped where there is total want of knowledge and reflection concerning principles, habits, suitableness of character, and mutual affection? One of the loveliest and noblest girls I ever knew fell a victim to this sort of imprudence. Her father's large mansion and highly cultivated farm are directly in sight from my library window; and they seldom meet my eye without recalling her youthful figure to my mind. Her beauty was brilliant and peculiar. She was dazzlingly fair; and there was a glorious light of expression all over her face, as if the brightness of an invisible angel were forever reflected upon it. Her beauty was decidedly *foreign*—altogether like a rich picture, which an enamoured artist had worshipped into life. Yet of gracefulness, both of thought and movement, she had even more than of beauty.

“Her form was upborne by a lovely mind,
Which dilating, had moulded her mean and motion,
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean.”

Above all women I ever saw, she had a strong and deep capacity for pure, disinterested love. Her mind was vigorous and manly—but a stranger to all disorderly dreams of liberty and power; for her thoughts and theories took their colouring from her heart.

At nineteen she was engaged to a young man apparently worthy of her, and her friends warmly approved the choice. It was not until the arrangements for her wedding were nearly completed that she discovered herself to be a second object of affection, and that her forsaken rival was fading under disappointment and weariness of heart. Her high romantic feelings recoiled at this—a mortal foot had intruded upon the fairies,—and her dreams were gone for ever. The young man, abashed at her eloquent admonitions, returned to his first love from whom excessive beauty had enticed him, and their union proved a happy one. As for the young Octavia, her spirits were for a while upborne by the consciousness of having acted nobly; but love, with its dreamy excitements, and all engrossing tenderness, had awakened affections that would not again return into the sealed caverns of the soul. Octavia was active and energetic—her mind and heart ever busy in some scheme of improvement and benevolence; but those who had known her intimately saw that all this was done with effort.

A journey was proposed, and in a few months Octavia was at the Springs amid the dangerous influence of flattery and fashion. In six weeks she returned, engaged! She who had reflected so much and so wisely on the chances of domestic happiness, had suddenly

promised herself to a man, of whose principles and dispositions she knew nothing. “After all, it is but a lottery,” she said, “and if I inquired and reasoned a year, I might be deceived.” I neither liked nor believed this doctrine; for I thought a tolerable share of discrimination would enable a careful observer to detect the real character through the most studied drapery of art.—Moreover, I did not like the gentleman. He was a courtly and polished favorite of the drawing-room; but there was a vindictive fire in his eye, and practised graciousness about his mouth, that to me, indicated an ill tempered and selfish man. Octavia's father knew him to be of goodly parentage, and possessed of a competent fortune; and as he made no objection, they were soon after married, with much of the “pomp and circumstance” of fashion.

Three months after, I visited Octavia. Something of painful embarrassment marked her very kind reception of me; and during my stay, I could not but observe she never spoke of her husband, except in the most casual way. Her manner toward him was submissive and gentle; but it seemed like the sweet resignation of a martyr. He was seldom at home; and when there his conduct was cold and selfish in the extreme. Once when she began to read a new book with much eagerness, he begged her to lay it aside, as he wished to have the pleasure of reading it himself.—Another time, when she was very ill, she dropped at his feet a handkerchief on which she had just poured some Cologne; but he looked at it without moving. I arose and gave the handkerchief to my friend. She coloured like crimson, and raising her eye to mine, she burst into tears. Poor girl! I knew the misery of a heart that had thus involuntarily poured forth its waters of bitterness! We never spoke on the subject; but from that day I resolved to warn all young ladies against marrying a man whom they had known only six weeks—and that too at the Springs!

LITERARY.

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN,

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVELEY.

ALMOST at the same moment that the intelligence of the appearance of this anxiously expected romance in England, was made known in this city by the arrival of English papers, a copy from the indefatigable press of the Messrs. Harper was received by us, and we need hardly say that all our other avocations were suspended until we had devoured its contents. We are not among the number of those who profess to find a visible depreciation in each successive production of Sir Walter Scott: we have read them all, and still read them, with delight, and look forward to the acquisition of each in turn as they appear, with anticipations of pleasure that seldom fail to be realized in their fullest measure. But we have no space or time to devote to the superfluous task of bestowing praise on any of the Waverley novels; our present business is, to lay before our readers a very brief account of Anne of Geierstein, premising however our opinion, that its merits are such as entitle it to rank with any of its predecessors. At the drawing of the curtain, the reader is introduced to two Englishmen, calling themselves John and Arthur Philipson, and journeying in the guise of merchants from the little town of Lucerne, in the autumn of 1474, toward the camp of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. In their perilous course, the youth is rescued from imminent danger by a maiden, Anne of Geierstein, and with his father hospitably entertained by her uncle Arnold Biederman, the Landamman or chief magistrate of the Canton of Unterwalden. At the time of their meeting, the Diet of Switzerland is on the eve of declaring war against the Duke, but the Landamman, who is looked up to with great respect by his countrymen, is anxious, if possible, to effect a reconciliation, and with this design, is about to proceed with several of the most distinguished Switzers, to demand an audience. The Englishmen having also business to transact with Charles, join the deputation, but not until

a mutual affection has begun to touch the hearts of Anne and Arthur. The damsel, who it appears is the daughter of a count, also journeys with them, being required by her father to rejoin him. On the road the Englishmen are beset with dangers and obliged to leave the companions of their journey; are seized by a mercenary and rapacious officer of the Duke, imprisoned and about to suffer death, but are mysteriously rescued by the agency of Anne of Geierstein; other perils await them, but are happily avoided through the assistance of a priest who exercises an unaccountable authority over all he meets, and at length the travellers arrive in safety at the camp of Charles; are recognised by him as the Earl of Oxford, (exiled from England in consequence of his fidelity to the cause of Lancaster, and to Margaret of Anjou, the widow of the feeble monarch Henry the VI. supplanted by the fourth Edward,) and his son Arthur de Vere; their object in seeking the Duke is to obtain from him assistance to restore the race of Lancaster to the throne of England, and they are successful in their suit; at least so far as to receive the promise of the powerful Charles, but all their hopes are wrecked, partly by the policy of Louis the XI. king of France, whose kingdom Edward of England had invaded, but who succeeds in effecting a peace with his invader, and in prevailing upon him to return to his own dominions; and still more effectually by the rash and ungovernable anger of Charles against the Swiss, whose country he invades, is twice defeated, and finally slain at the sanguinary and decisive battle fought near Nancy, which secured the independence of Switzerland. With his fall, and the death of Margaret of Anjou, which took place but a short time previous, the hopes and designs of the exiled Lancastrians were extinguished; and there being no longer any thing to prevent the union of Arthur and the Countess Anne of Geierstein, they are married, and all ends happily.—This is but a faint outline of the story, and necessarily gives no idea of the most interesting incidents of the tale; the difficulties which at first surround the love of Anne and Arthur; the perilous scenes in which Oxford and his son are involved; the wild and mysterious legend of the ancestors of Anne; the subtle contrivances of the priest already mentioned, who turns out to be her father, Count Albert of Geierstein, and the influence which, by his assistance she is enabled to exercise over the fortunes of her lover; all these and many more, our limits have compelled us to omit; but they are managed and related with all the wonted power of the author, and form a story not less interesting than either of the matchless romances for which the world is indebted to his splendid talents. An edition of this work has also been published by the association of printers of this city.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

We have just received a very handsome copy of the New Testament, beautifully bound and printed, stereotyped by James Conner of New-York, published by F. Adancourt of Troy, and containing, in addition to the text, a vocabulary of all the words therein comprised, divided, accented, and defined, and having the parts of speech annexed, arranged in alphabetical order, and adapted to the orthography and pronunciation of Walker; and also containing a catalogue of all the proper names with their division and pronunciation; with a key prefixed to the whole, representing the different sounds of the vowels. The plan pursued by the editor (Mr. Rennselaer Bently) appears to be excellent and calculated to assist the reader in many important particulars, not the least of which is, the acquiring a correct pronunciation of the Scriptural names. We have often remarked the different modes of pronouncing these appellations adopted even by divines, and have long thought that some work similar to that now before us was a desideratum in sacred literature. To every one who is in want of a Testament we would recommend this neat little volume in preference to any other that we have seen; and even to those who are already supplied, this is worth purchasing, for the sake of the vocabulary and key.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

We have received the seventh number of this work and find it to contain some excellent articles, among which is one that we have read with peculiar pleasure, upon the ancient poetry of Spain, probably from the pen of Southey, whose fame, by the way, we shrewdly suspect will depend far more upon his prose than his poetry for perpetuity.—The Short Essay

upon the Criminal Law of the French will be found curious and instructive; but the gem of this number is the splendid article upon Von Hammer's History of the Ottoman Empire, a subject highly attractive at the present time, when the fate of Turkey seems to hang in suspense, and the eyes of all the world are fixed upon the struggle. To the man of science, the antiquarian, the tourist and the historian, the Foreign Quarterly is invaluable; and the general reader who wishes to acquire a knowledge of the most important and remarkable works published in every part of continental Europe, and rarely imported into this country, will find in its pages the best, and, in most cases, only means of gaining the information he desires. The subscription is eight dollars per annum: and the Messrs. Carvill are the agents.

THE YANKEE.

On the tenth instant the weekly publication of this paper will cease. It will thereafter be issued in monthly numbers. "It is intended to improve the whole character of the work, and to establish, if possible, a monthly magazine, which, without crossing the path of any other, shall be deserving of liberal encouragement." From the very independent tone and original manner of Mr. Neal, we are certain that his publication will not interfere with the plan of any contemporary, and, from the interest generally attached to his writings, we anticipate for him a generous support. Mr. Neal has always been too rich in his own resources, too independent and high-minded, not to be above the pitiful and too common subterfuge of copying his neighbours' literary models. There is not an individual in the United States better qualified by his genius, learning, and intimate knowledge of men and manners, to conduct a literary periodical, and none more deserving of success. Wells and Lilly, of Boston, are to be the publishers.

THE ALBION.

We cannot but admire the quiet and even tenor with which the editor of this admirable journal pursues his literary career, never interfering with the local concerns of this country, and having the instruction and amusement of his numerous readers alone in view. No stronger evidence of the success of his labours could be adduced, than their vigorous and unrelaxed continuance to an eighth volume.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

BARNES.

It will not be easy for us to forget the first time we saw this actor. Going into the Park theatre one evening after the performance had commenced, we perceived a person on the boards conducting himself in what appeared to us, a very extraordinary manner; though it is not easy to find words clearly to explain what that manner was. He was moving his body across the boards in a most eccentric fashion, throwing his limbs into all sorts of unimaginable positions, ogling, squinting, puffing out his cheeks, and alternately elongating and contracting the muscles of the thin and narrow face of which he was the owner, with the most ridiculous and ludicrous rapidity. The business of the stage was at a stand, and the other actors appeared to wait with exemplary patience for the termination of those curious proceedings; and then they, and this person in particular, played out the rest of the scene in a discreet and proper manner. The people around seemed to take all in good part; while we were lost in astonishment, and knew not which to wonder at most, the impudence of the actor, or the passiveness of the audience. Hinting as much to a gentleman in the vicinity, he smilingly replied that "it was Barnes;" the announcement of which piece of information he seemed to consider as a perfectly satisfactory explanation of what had taken or whatever might take place.

Verily, there is much truth in the saying, that "custom is second nature." When Clara Fisher first appeared in this country, every one noticed and talked about the slight liep which it was then averred she had, though now, nine-tenths of her admirers will deny that any such peculiarity does, or ever did exist. So, though in a greater degree, with Barnes. Custom has so reconciled us to his ways, that we can at present sit and see the manoeuvres with which he intersperses his part, played off, scarcely conscious that they

are the same which formerly excited our unmingled astonishment; and if asked to speak of him as we now see him, we should say, that he is one of the most amusing, extravagant, and extraordinary actors we have ever beheld. In the main, he is undoubtedly a man possessed of real sterling comic talent, though not of the most polished kind. He has all the spirit, drollery, and coarseness of one of Cruickshank's caricatures. His buffooneries (if for the lack of another term, so harsh a word may be applied,) are the best species of that bad genus, inimitable of their kind, and less offensive than those of any other actor; and he has so intermixed them with every thing he does, that there is no separating the good from the bad, the wheat from the tares, so that his best efforts are sprinkled with defects, and his worst marked with many redeeming qualities. No man takes a liberty with his audience so frequently as Barnes, and no man does it so well. Others stop half way, as if conscious they were doing wrong, and fail; Barnes, on the contrary, treats the audience like an old friend—places unlimited confidence in their good nature, and succeeds; for they seem to feel that it would be unkind to repay this confidence by any thing else than a laugh at his good, bad, or indifferent jokes.

It would be folly to say that Mr. Barnes was any thing like a faultless performer, but he is a great deal better than many who approach nearer that character. He is an original, and one whom you like sometimes, even in spite of your judgment: and, let him play what he will, his appearance is always welcome. To use an expressive phrase, he "keeps the stage alive," and there is no reading of playbills, or looking round the boxes, while he is on it.

There are two classes of persons who form an undue estimate of Barnes. First, the vulgar, who admire prodigiously and applaud vociferously, the contortions and distortions of his visage, and are, for the most part, incapable of admiring any thing else; and, secondly, the over fastidious, who, pretending to an extraordinary purity of taste, judge him by his defects rather than by his merits, and, for a few unseemly excrescences, condemn a man of first rate talents as a low, vulgar actor. This is injustice in the highest degree. In nearly the whole of the extensive range of characters he sustains, the sterling ore is in the proportion of ten to one to the alloy; and in all the shades of old men, he may be pronounced uniformly good. There is a truth in his conception, and even a minute delicacy of finish in his representations of the lowest and most degraded stages of humanity—of extreme dotage and drivelling imbecility, that are superlatively fine. In old misers too,—rascals clinging with desperate inveteracy to this world and its concerns, yet fearful and anxious about the future—trembling at eternity and grasping at a guinea—such as Nicholas in *Secrets Worth Knowing*, or Silky in *the Road to Ruin*, he is altogether unequalled;—the tottering step—the greedy, ghastly, and suspicious look—and the sharp, broken, and querulous voice, form an impressive and pitiable picture of human nature; and yet Mr. Barnes's reputation is founded less on these than on far inferior efforts, such as *Mawworm*, &c. There is another class of old men, of a vigorous, passionate, and self-willed temperament, such as *Restive in Turn Out*, and *Col. Hardy in Paul Pry*, in which he is nearly if not equally happy.

Upon the whole there is a very great deal to admire in Barnes, with scarcely any thing, when once familiar with him, that is really offensive. And his faults too are not altogether his own, but are in some measure continued, if not created, by the public. For instance, when, as *Sir Peter Teazle*, in the screen scene, he relates the unkindness of his wife, and is moved to tears, the audience invariably catch at the application of the handkerchief to his eyes as an infallible one for them to laugh, thinking that the griefs of Barnes must of necessity be ludicrous; and, do all he can, he cannot make them comprehend that it is possible for him to enact a part where it is necessary to go through a little decorous sorrow, and affect to shed tears in earnest. As it is very hard for a man to have his griefs laughed at, Barnes in turn laughs at grief; and a dose of him in the evening, taken the last thing before going to bed, is as good an antidote for the spleen as Colman's "Broad Grins." C.

GENTEEL DUNNING.—The Troy Budget, speaking of the general alarm created by the late bank failures, cautions its subscribers to be careful and not have too much paper money on hand at one time, especially if their subscription be in arrears.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Oh, lovely in thy loneliness
 Thou smilest, fair star, o'er earth and sea;
 For the dark clouds that round thee press,
 Hide all the lights of heaven but thee.
 Though dark the earth, and dark the sky,
 And darker still this heart of mine,
 Thou, from thy distant throne on high,
 Doth still in unchanged beauty shine.

Beautiful star! how many a dream
 Of joy unknown, and yet to be,
 Has been my vainly-cherished theme,
 While I have fondly looked on thee.
 Each gentle ray of thine awoke
 Some new formed hope within my breast;
 To me thy face of beauty spoke,
 And told me I should yet be blessed.

Fair star! while gazing thus on thee,
 The shades of vanished years advance,
 Gliding before me rapidly,
 Brought back by memory's lightning glance;
 Days, marked by some new hope or joy,
 Nights soft, and beautiful, and bright;
 Dreams, which time only could destroy,
 All pass at once before my sight.

Forms, lovely and beloved, glide by—
 Faces I ne'er shall see again,
 Beheld by fancy's eagle eye,
 Now stand before me bright and plain:
 Sounds long forgotten strike my ear,
 Music and laughter's frolic tone;
 Voices long silent now I hear,
 Sweeter than all I yet have known.

The invocations sportively
 Addressed to thee, "mine own loved light,"
 While rose upon my memory
 Soft eyes whose beams as thine were bright.
 Oh! never shall my soul forget
 That fairy period of life;
 Still fondly does my heart regret—
 Those hours with sweet emotions rife.

What was the magic charm which made
 My life a fairy vision then?
 The sole green spot, the sunny glade,
 That now arise to memory's ken?
 There was a light that round thee shone,
 Which o'er surrounding objects threw
 Colourings of beauty not thine own,
 Reflections of its own bright hue.

What made thee then, sweet star, so dear?
 Thou wert identified with all
 Which did my darksome path-way cheer,
 In hours which fondly I recall:
 That bright star of my destiny,
 Which then around me shed its light
 Resembled, in its beauty, thee,
 Thou fairest planet of the night."

Star of my life! thy light is quenched
 And set for ever is its beam!
 At once from my dark soul was wrenched
 Its brightest, last, and loveliest dream?
 Yet thou unaltered, shinest on,
 Bright star! still beautiful as before,
 Thou art the only unchanged one
 Of all the lovely things of yore!

THYRA.

THE CENSOR.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE PERIPATETIC.

NUMBER IV.

I THINK it was Charles Surface, in the School for Scandal, who, on being reproved for his ingratitude in putting up at auction the portraits of his ancestors, replied, "Of what use are our ancestors if nothing can be made of them?" And although the remark has always passed off with rather an air of ridicule, I must confess that I have often been struck with its force, and with its strong applicability to a large, and by no means an unreflecting, portion of mankind. We have been divided, by a sagacious writer, into borrowers and lenders; all our advantages are founded upon some disadvantage, and that by no means an indirect one, to another, and, like children at the old play of see-saw, the rise of one produces a propor-

tionate fall of the other. Our virtues and our vices, our happiness and our misery, are all graduated upon this scale, and we are either good or bad, not according to any abstract principle of right and wrong, but as we compare ourselves with others. Friends and foes are transformed into mirrors, by which our thoughts, feelings, and dispositions are reflected to our view, and struck out in such bold relief as by no possibility to escape either our admiration or our disgust. Of this kind of experience it has been my fortune to have a great, perhaps a disproportionate share. I have, on all occasions, eagerly sought out originality of character. I have studied, weighed, and reflected, until perhaps, like the enthusiastic antiquary, by the force of whose imagination the commonest pebbles are metamorphosed into valuable and well authenticated relics of antiquity, I have been induced to magnify trifles, and attach undue importance to incidents of ordinary occurrence.

These reflections, although by no means new to me, have been called forth by a ramble from which I have just returned, and which I cannot refrain from communicating to the indulgent reader.

All who are in the habit of indulging themselves with a lounge in that chief of lounging places, Broadway, must have been struck with the appearance of a little elderly gentleman, of rather a reserved demeanor, and remarkable for his peculiar exactness on the score of personal appearance. Early and late, warm and cold, wet and dry, no matter when, he is there. Like a faithful sentinel he is ever at his post, so that one at all inclined to the poetical, would not hesitate a moment to set him down as the genius of the place. The singularity of his manner struck me with peculiar force, and I long desired to know his history. For some time I endeavoured in vain to effect an introduction, when, at length, by the politeness of my friend the lawyer, I succeeded. An acquaintance of great intimacy ensued. I found him communicative to an extreme, and in the ramble to which I have alluded, taking advantage of his good nature, I obtained from him the following sketch, which, at the hazard of being considered obnoxious to the illustration with which I set out, I shall give nearly in his own words:

"I was an only son, and the youngest of eleven children; and, as is always the case with the youngest, especially if a boy, I was the favorite of my mother. Born to independence, though not exactly to affluence, I was bred as children of wealthy parents for the most part are, to lofty ideas of my own consequence, which, if not inconsistent with equality in others, are always sensitively alive to any thing like rivalry, and which, without condescending to contend for the palm, claim it as a right which no one ought or dare dispute. Possessed, in addition to these requisites to the character and breeding of a gentleman, of a fair and rather handsome person, I early received an inclination towards displaying it to the best advantage, and, before I was six years old, took as much pride in the proper adjustment of my dress as I ever did in my more confirmed days of habitual and irreclaimable punctiliousness. How often did I beat my favorite dog for his familiarity, when calculated to soil the glossy surface of my "shining blue!"—how often have I quarreled with my nurse for placing around my neck at meals the apron designed to save, but in reality soiling with its linty fleece, my elegant clothing!—And, in the more advanced years of childhood, if I may be allowed the expression, when schoolboy days so invariably bring with them the long but by no means tedious train of schoolboy recreations, with what staid sternness of demeanor would I skulk away from my schoolmates, and seek amusement alone, lest in mingling with them, some harm might befall my clothes, or some envious rent intrude upon the satisfac-

tion I then experienced of being considered the handsomest and best dressed boy in the school; or, if I ever ventured to emerge from the state of solitude to which my exactness on the score of personal appearance seemed inevitably to consign me, how constantly did the appellation of "dandy" reach my ears from the envious lips of those to whom rags afforded the unlimited enjoyment of their boyish sports, without the slightest fear of tearing their attire, or injuring a new coat! How often would some envious urchin tread upon my devoted toes—taunt me about my watch—steal my pocket handkerchief or my hat—chalk my seat—and, with the instinctive obstinacy of the pig, coupled with all the petty-spite which is the sure concomitant of envy, studiously turn every little peculiarity of manner, conduct, or dress, to me so dear, into objects of ridicule and jest! And yet how vainly! Dress was my study—my devotion—my pleasure—my all—to which I was reconciled to sacrifice every other source of gratification however tempting, and in spite of all that I suffered—for to the youthful mind what can be a source of greater suffering than to be excluded from a participation in youthful pleasures, and be debarred from all friendly intercourse with its equals, without daring to presume upon the notice of its superiors, to anticipate in one sense and in another to fall behind the proportionate advance of years, and to stand, as it were, alone, without a friend to share our happiness, or to whom to impart our misery?—I still clung to this idol of my heart's devotion; and, like Gloster, having staked my life upon a cast, resolved to stand the hazard of the die. I did so. The same course did I pursue from the commencement to the completion of my education—the same results continued to follow, and I entered upon life a gentleman by birth, and a misanthrope by habit and education. I had learned, what few learn until they have had some experience of the world, what it was to be the object of envy, and it was in vain that I endeavoured to rid myself of the idea that, as far as I was concerned, this feeling was universal and likely to be lasting. Every body who has written upon 'man,' that never failing subject of moral speculation, has said that he is a social being. I believe it, and a knowledge of my own life confirms my opinion. We may restrain the passion, it is true, but it nevertheless continues to exist; we may smother the fire, but in a moment, at any time, it can be kindled into a flame. So it is with our social feelings. I accordingly determined to awaken the spark which had so long lain concealed, and, like a true convert, I had scarce emerged upon the stage of life before I set about the practice of the social virtues; but not at the sacrifice of my favorite passion for dress. I mingled with my equals; went to parties, plays, balls, and, in short, in less than six months, I was all gaiety, and life, and pleasantness, and sociability. Wherever fashion was, there was I, and in all the circles of beauty and ton I cut a very prominent figure; but I was the same incorrigible dandy as before. I was witty, and enjoyed the jests of others, but never would suffer myself to be decoyed into a hearty laugh lest I should displace my handsomely starched cravat and collar. I was gay—but to dance!—(Oh what a destroyer of arrangement!—what a disturber of that graceful negligence, so indispensable to gentility!)—I did not dance. I was gallant—but to tie a lady's shoe, or pick up her glove dropped, intentionally no doubt, to put my gallantry to the test—the thing was impossible. But notwithstanding, I mixed with society and enjoyed it; my company was sought, and myself caressed; the gentlemen treated me with courtesy, and the ladies, in a kind of suppressed whisper, designated me as "the handsome man;" but all would not do. I was not, could not be beloved. I was a very convenient sort

of person in parading the fashionable promenades with the ladies, in carrying their fan, or reticule, or parasol, in conducting them to the play, but that was all: although, like Childe Harold, I enjoyed the smiles, the compliments, and the flattery of the fairest of the fair, still, my fate like his, seemed to say,

"Yet, while the rivers seek the sea,
"And while the young stars shine,
"No woman's love shall light on thee,
"No woman's heart be thine."—

Occasionally I experienced a slight twinge of love, but there it ended; matrimony had no charms for me. I had been what is termed a "ladies' man," and to that, and that alone, I attribute my disrelish to marriage. Accustomed to the flattery of all, such can seldom bring their ideas to the steadiness and fixedness of purpose necessary to make a choice, and day after day creeps on, until they find themselves consigned to the 'black lettered list' of confirmed and irreclaimable bachelors. So at least it has been with me.

"I am now in my fiftieth year, and, when I take a retrospective view of my life, I cannot but ask myself what have I been about? Have I increased the stock of human wisdom or enjoyment, or will my exit leave a blank in the heart of one single human being? The answer combines in itself the solemn as well as the ridiculous. It is no. For thirty years my head has been a walking hat-pin; my person an ambulatory tailor's sign board, and my whole existence a kind of listless dream, surrounded on all sides by deep and impenetrable vacuity. To say that I am now reformed would be to contradict the obvious truth so beautifully expressed by the author of Waverley: 'Habits, master George, habits which to young men are like threads of silk, so lightly are they worn so soon broken, but which hang on our old limbs as if time had stiffened them into gyves of iron.' No, I have not reformed. I am still the same ridiculous being that I have ever been, with only the addition of age; and although I possess the consciousness of the fact, I blush to own that I want resolution to wean myself from a course of life fraught with so much that is ridiculous, and I may add vicious, and relieved by so little calculated to render it endurable."

I was about to urge the subject further, but the warm, and by no means dissembled seriousness with which the little gentleman concluded his narration, prevented me. I returned to my room, which overlooks his favorite walk, to pen this hasty sketch, and, while I am now writing, my eye, wandering from the paper before me, discerns him mingling in the scene with which he appeared so heartily disgusted not an hour ago.

B.

THE ESSAYIST.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

FRAGMENT OF A ROMAN MANUSCRIPT, OF THE FIRST CENTURY.

***** With a toga drawn close about me, I took my station at the eastern gate of the temple. Leaning against a column, I waited the coming of the procession. The sun had just risen from his couch as it entered the forum. Clothed in robes of virgin white, with veils reaching to the ground, the priestesses resembled the fairy beings which the soothsayers of my country say await my coming in the abodes of the blessed. The early dawn, shedding its mysterious light on every tower and every edifice, conspired with the procession, slowly and majestically winding its way up the broad avenue, to render the scene truly one of enchantment. At length it reached the temple. Quick, without command, the massive gates flew open. Ever and anon as it entered, I

caught the glance of a bright eye, as it flashed through some eyelet in the veils, until a form I could not mistake came up. A hand, white as her own veil, quickly pushed aside her robe, and dropped a sprig of myrtle. Snatching up the flattering token of preference, I pressed it a thousand times to my lips, and hastened to the palace of my patron.

On the day of my arrival from Numidia, I had seen Anathasia in the family of Ventidius, fair and graceful as the queen of beauty when she sprang to her seashell from ocean's foam. To see her was to love her. The purple currents which swelled my veins agreed well with the enthusiastic fire which glowed on her cheek, and long ere we could teach our tongues to frame each other's speech, our eyes had looked a language well understood 'y kindred spirits.

Seated in a grotto of my patron's garden, or wandering down an avenue leading to the banks of the Tiber, she used to relate the early history of her country—of the kings—of the glorious republic—and then, in accents of grief, would dwell on the causes which had led to their servitude under the emperors. Now and then a strange expression would drop from her as she spoke of a God to me unknown, and if I interrupted her with a fond expression, the ready tear would start into her eye.

I whiled away the remainder of the day in dreaming of the morning. In the evening, whilst reposing on a couch, Demetrius, a centurion, stood at the door. "Prince," said he, "are you for a night excursion?" Ever ready for any thing which promised an adventure, I sprang up and assented. We started. At the janiculum we found a chosen band. The word was given to march. Coming to the Tiber we embarked. Swiftly we glided past the lofty palaces which line either shore. Demetrius now explained the cause of the expedition. He said that in the time of Augustus a new religion had sprung up in Judea. It had strengthened in persecution; but that of late, until the burning of the city, they had been suffered to teach their doctrines unmolested. That destructive event having been charged as their act, Nero had issued his edicts to exterminate them from the earth. That night information had been given where a party were at their devotions, and he had been commanded to seize them.

Having now passed the utmost bounds of the city, we came to the wild and desolate country as you approach the sea. Landing at a jutting pier, we pursued our course. Not a star pierced the black canopy of the night. Cautiously and swiftly we moved. Demetrius, in a smothered tone, gave the word to halt, and, drawing close, bid me listen. A low and sweet murmuring of voices seemed to fill the air. Stealing through the high herbage we came to a dilapidated ruin of a patrician palace. Looking through a crevice of the broken wall, we saw ten or twelve persons engaged in their rites. When they had concluded singing, they knelt, and an aged man, with silver locks, his eyes turned towards heaven, his hands in an attitude of devotion, muttered an incantation. Demetrius ordered his men to surround the ruin. At the word we were among them with our naked blades. They made battle. The struggle was short. Demetrius at a blow cleft in two the chief priest. The women screamed and endeavoured to escape. One passed the rent—another was following. A soldier seized her by the hair, and whirled his sword to strike. A cloud passed from the moon and revealed her features. It was Anathasia! She screamed. I cleft his skull.

"Fly—fly!" I exclaimed.

Demetrius dashed upon me.

"Madman," he said, "what mean you? Would you save a wretch who would overthrow your altars and household gods?"

"Save her," I cried, "and the palace of my fathers

shall be yours—a thousand slaves shall call you master."

He shook his head. My brain was on fire. I raved—I foamed. I used every art to persuade him to suffer her to escape; but all in vain. Binding the prisoners, they hurried them on board, and soon we were in Rome. They were taken to the citadel.

The sun had just shed his first beams on the forum as I crossed it. The temple caught my sight. The gush of feeling was too much. Yesterday at this hour I was happy in the anticipation of bliss. Now all was blasted. Ventidius, breathless, met me as I entered. My countenance told him I knew all.

"Cursed girl," he cried, "thus to bring ruin and disgrace on my house, and forswear her country's gods. To day she expiates her life. There is a spectacle in the amphitheatre, and she with her wretched companions will be torn by wild beasts."

How I got there I know not—the first I knew I was at the palace of the emperor thundering for admittance. Nero had not risen; and there was no entrance, not even for a prince. In an agony of suspense I paced the avenue to his palace. Moments seemed hours. At length I was admitted. I rushed into the presence of him who ruled the world. A pale, weak, young man, reclining on a couch.

"Greatest of emperors, save, oh save her!"

My voice choked. He raised his head and gazed on me in astonishment.

"Guards, how gained this madman admittance?"

Rushing in they seized me.

"I am Numidia's prince," I cried; "but grant my petition, and my domains shall be yours."

"Thy domains!" he said with a smile, "and are they not mine already? Away with him."

My breast swelled—my veins burned—I would have rushed upon the tyrant; but my better genius prevailed.

I stood without the palace, Demetrius was at my side.

"You," I said, "you are the cause of my ruin."

"Nay, nay, my friend, it is not I, but the great gods. This girl hath rushed blindly to her ruin. I could not save her when you begged me, for there were others nigh. But now it is in your power, if such is your will."

Hope lighted up my heart.

"My will, great Jove! I'd down to black Tartarus, and beard Pluto himself on his throne, to save but a single drop of her costly blood."

"Follow then, if such is your mind."

We crossed the forum—ascended the Tarpeian Rock, and were in the citadel.

"I will command the guard to wait without," said Demetrius. "While you are within, persuade her, and we will secrete her in a subterranean passage which leads to the Tiber. At dead of night a trireme will be prepared, and you with her can escape to your land. Haste, for the hour of the games is at hand."

I needed not the incentive; but entered as the portals, at his command, were opened. She was kneeling. The creaking of the hinges aroused her. She slowly raised her head, and seeing me, uttered an exclamation and inquired the reason of my coming?

"To save you, dearest girl; you and your companions are condemned to a dreadful death. I come to save you."

A shudder passed through her frame.

"You cannot save me, you will only risk your own life in vain."

"I can, I can; Demetrius is my friend, and we have provided the means."

"And my friends—can they also be saved?"

"No."

"Then I cannot be."

"Oh, say not so, you are the only being that binds me to existence. But we are losing time. Come, we will secrete you until evening, and then together we will embark on a trireme for my beloved land; and there, far from tyrants, we will pass our lives in peace and harmony."

A smile passed over her lovely face as she shook her head and said,

"And think you I cannot die for my Saviour who died for me? Oh, it is sweet to think of him, and trust on his name."

"Now is not the time for such wild fantasies."

"Fantasies!" she repeated; and the tear ran down her lovely cheek as she raised her eye to heaven. "Ah! you cannot appreciate these feelings. Here, take this, and when I am gone to my Redeemer, read it, and consider it deeply for the sake of her who gave it to you."

She handed me a parchment scroll.

"Haste, haste," cried Demetrius, as he rushed in; "the guards are here."

"Then," said I, "in spite of yourself will I save you."

I attempted to seize and carry her forth. The heavy tramp of the soldiers echoed along the passage. It was too late.

I stood before the amphitheatre. The thousands and the tens of thousands were hastening in, their countenances eager for the bloody spectacle. All was confusion. The earth seemed changed. A vague notion of something dreadful weighed upon my mind. Soon the shouts of the servile multitude announced the coming of the favourite emperor. The ear was deafened with the clang of brazen-throated trumpets. The chariot of Popilius was in sight. He alighted. Dashing aside his guards, I was at his feet, grasping the hem of his robe. His face became flushed for a moment as he turned to his guards.

"What means this?"

My patron, alarmed for my safety, rushed forward. Raising me, he besought the wretch to pardon me, for I had but lately arrived from my barbarous country, and was but a novice in the manners of the imperial city. I essayed to speak. My voice was choked with agitation. He passed on. Ventidius and his friends were carrying me from the place, when recovering I cried,

"Where take ye me? If she is to die I will be present."

Ventidius replied, "You will but endanger yourself; but if such be your desire, I will gratify the son of my friend."

We were seated on the benches provided for the foreign princes. Close on the right was the tyrant's favourite, negligently reclining on the *suggestum*, encompassed by his thousands of guards; on the further side were immense iron grated portals, through which could be seen the glaring eyes of hungry lions chafing at the bars. An immense sea of heads filled the seats, as they rose one above another.

The spectacle commenced. The eastern gate was thrown open. A small band entered and walked slowly to the centre of the arena. In their midst my ardent gaze discovered Anathasia. The wretch condemned to black Tartarus' gulf is happy compared to me. Unmoved by all these dreadful preparations, they knelt; and as their gaze turned upwards, a smile of joy and resignation played on their features. A murmur, like the sound of distant waters, broke from the multitude, answered interruptedly by the roaring of the confined lions. Above it all rose the sound of voices chanting with a melody that belonged not to earth. The multitude were hushed, and in that assemblage of myriads nought was heard but the celestial harmony of that devoted band. The favourite gave

the signal. The gates opened. The hungry beasts rushed in, thirsting for their prey. My sight grew dim. My brain whirled. I sprang towards the arena. Ventidius grasped me. I fell as dead.

A shout that rent the very welkin roused me. The beasts had torn every one but Anathasia, and were gorging themselves with their lacerated bodies. One noble animal, leaving his prey, his eyes glaring like two suns, rushed, pawing and throwing up the sand, towards the devoted girl as she knelt. The noble beast stopped short in mid career, gazed on her for a moment, and roaring, dashed aside to an already mangled corpse. The multitude shouted to the favourite to save her. The wretch, with a demoniac smile, commanded a royal tiger to be loosed. A smothered execration burst from the populace.

"Who dares oppose my will?" cried the roused Popilius, darting a look of defiance around, and then fell listlessly back on his couch. It was beyond the strength of mortal to endure. I snatched a sword, leapt into the arena shouting for aid. A lion rushed on me. My sword was buried in his heart. I raised the fainting girl and retreated to a gate which the populace had burst. We were safe. The enraged people, breaking through the guards, seized the wretch livid with fright, and hurled him to the beasts. The amphitheatre rang with shouts of joy as the infuriated lions tore him limb from limb.

HAFED.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The close of the Volume.—As the traveller who prosecutes a long journey, delights, at the close of each day, to review its transactions, to recall the impressions of the scenes he has traversed and the persons with whom he has exchanged friendly offices, and to anticipate renewed pleasures for the morrow; so the conductor of a periodical publication, as he reaches the conclusion of each volume, is gratified with the retrospect of his past labours and successful efforts, and, in the hope of continued improvement, invigorates himself for greater and bolder attempts. May we not be disappointed in our hope. But we have spoken so much of ourselves lately, that we shall say no more at present, but let our next volume speak for itself. We shall only remind our agents and subscribers generally, that punctuality is expected in compliance with the terms of the paper.

Amusements for the Fourth of July.—For the information of the numerous strangers who are now in the city, it may not be amiss to enumerate a few of the prominent places of amusement, by visiting which, all tastes may be gratified, and meritorious zeal to please the public, be generously rewarded. The National Academy of Design and the Academy of the Fine Arts, offer to the amateur and connoisseur ample resources for an hour or two in the morning. Thence a lounge at the American or Peale's Museum, will open to the eyes of the beholder the wonders of nature as displayed in the three departments of zoology, botany, and mineralogy. The curiosities of art and history, of foreign and distant nations, as well as of our own aborigines, will also lend their charms to gratify scientific and popular inquiry. On the way, and when the spirits flag for want of refection, the gardens will extend wide their portals, and spread their luxurious feasts for the indulgence of the most exquisite palate. Niblo's enchanting retreat, Contoit's, with its unrivalled ice-cream, and Castle-garden, with its ample and cheerful prospects—little Chatham, with its crystal fountain, and old Vauxhall, with its romantic green alleys, and its statue on horseback, and, far up town, (where poor Graham lost his way in seeking Mount Pitt Circus,) East River garden, with its band of music from the navy-yard—all will offer their enticements, and may be selected in turn, as fancy or whim directs. Steam boats will be in readiness to transport you, at a moment's warning, to the most delightful landing-places in the neighbourhood of the city, afar from its throng and bustle. Animated nature will not withhold its powerful attractions. Throughout the day, the military will parade in all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war"—the civic societies, composed of the bone and sinew of the

country, the mechanics, will march in solemn procession through the streets, and the honourable the members of the corporation, will assemble at the city-hall to eat their costly viands, and quaff their sparkling wines for the benefit of the public. In the evening the actors, (those brief chroniclers of the times, whose good report is said to be better than an epitaph,) will hold forth at their respective theatres, to the edification of all who will listen to them. At the Park two new pieces, splendid and unsurpassed, will be produced, and the rival houses, the Bowery and the Chatham, will not be outstripped in their attempts to please. All those who doubt American patriotism, may be convinced of its existence this evening. The very name of liberty will produce three cheers, that of Washington six, and the appearance of his cocked-hat and jack-boots three times three. Music and noises of every kind—the tantarara of the trumpet—the rub-a-dub of the drum—the vile squeaking of the fife—the huzza of the raggamuffins—the mouthing of the public orator, and last, not least, the ding-dong of the brazen-tongued bell, with the firing of cannon, the explosion of rockets, squibs, and crackers, will add to the variety, grandeur, and confusion of our national jubilee, and complete the amusements of the day.

The City Convention.—We had intended to exhibit full length portraits of the august personages who compose this body, and detail their eloquence for the benefit of our readers; but the task we find more arduous and extensive than we anticipated, or than would be thought worthy of occupying the requisite space in our columns. We therefore "give it up," expressing the hope that they will do nothing but what has the general good in view.

The Springs.—Great preparations have been made at these fashionable resorts, in anticipation of the throng of visitors shortly expected to animate them with life and gaiety. A numerous collection is already in this city, prepared to start on the first elevation of Mr. Fahrenheit to ninety-two degrees. On their way they will not forget to ascend the heights consecrated by Mr. Webb to reflection and repose, and by nature, to the enjoyment of the most magnificent and sublime scenery in the world.

Rockaway.—Whoever has gazed upon the "multitudinous seas," whose waves, crested with foam, come dashing and roaring upon this spacious beach, and mingled himself, amidst all their deafening clamour, with its fresh waters, will recall a scene of equalled delight and wonder, well fitted to awaken ideas of grandeur in the mind, and relieve it from the dull monotony of every-day life. Unfortunately for the reputation of the place, a recollection of heavy charges at the hotels and boarding-houses, will also come in to deter from a repetition of the jaunt. This objection should be done away with. We understand that the accommodations are excellent the present season. Let us hope that the prices will also be a recommendation to visitors.

Bath.—The most delightful ride on a summer's afternoon, when the heat of the city fairly threatens to roast one, and turn him into a live coal, is on the turnpike, which, commencing from the city-like village of Brooklyn, leads southwardly over the romantic hills to Flatbush, and through the neat and highly cultivated township of the same name, to the plains and shore of Bath. The prospect for water and land scenery blended is unrivalled—the accommodations for bathing and fishing unsurpassed.

Small Pox.—His honour, the Mayor, has, with a promptness that reflects honour on his administration, notified the inhabitants of this city of the alarming extent to which this foul and pestilential disease exists in the southern ports and the West-India islands; especially Havana, Matanzas, New-Orleans, &c. He calls upon all the physicians in New-York to vaccinate as many individuals as in their power, whether they be citizens or strangers, adults or infants, who have not heretofore been vaccinated. We trust the recommendation will not be unheeded, and that the paternal care of our spirited public functionary may be appreciated and reciprocated both by the profession and the inhabitants in general. Every day's experience confirms the preventive powers of the kine pock. Its utility has indeed been questioned; but it is only by the ignorant and the prejudiced.

Subscribers to the Critic.—With the commencement of our new volume, we shall avail ourselves of the very general wish of the late patrons of the Critic to supply them with the Mirror.

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Vicissitudes of fortune

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Who is she?

What shall I do?

Windsor ball

Yours, faithfully

Youthful friendships

Zamor

Alas, how light a cause may move

As pilgrim wanderers

At Cheltenham, where one drinks

All thoughts, all passions, all delights

A monarch on his death-bed lay

And thou, fair flower of hope

Ah, dear one, it was left for thee

POETRY.

Alas, how light a cause may move

As pilgrim wanderers

At Cheltenham, where one drinks

All thoughts, all passions, all delights

A monarch on his death-bed lay

And thou, fair flower of hope

Ah, dear one, it was left for thee

A deep-toned lyre hung murmuring

A gallant form is passing by

Adieu, the chain is shivered now

Again the flowers we loved to twine

As o'er a bright and rapid rill

Ay, now I've lit upon a theme

And wilt thou think of him who traced

A lady young, and gay, and fair

And let them weep—and let them mourn

And art thou dead?

A fairer face, a brighter eye

Anna, list! the zephyrs play

Ah, thine is not the brief array

Bride, upon thy marriage day

Beneath these rankly spreading weeds

Behold the scene, where late

Blue eyes and jet fell out one morn

Beside the nuptial curtain bright

By woods and groves the oracles

Come o'er the border, dearest

Come take the lute—the lute I loved

Come, touch the harp, my gentle one

Come, fancy!

Cooper, whose name

Cling not to earth, thou dreamer

Come, ye that toil in hope

Come, mingle the tide of song

Come, come, there is a sorrowing breath

Doubt, when radiant smiles are shining

Day departs this upper air

Eagle, this is not thy sphere

Exalt, for the Saxon is robb'd of his spoil

Eve is the hour of bliss

Edith, o'er the waters blue

Earth holds thee not, though bright

Farewell, my gentle harp, farewell

Fear not, Lorenzo! satire's shafts

False friends, like insects

Famed diamond set in flint

Famed city of Gotham—proud queen

Fallen and sere

From distant climes the stranger came

For me, I rhyme not for posterity

Fond dreamer in life's bud

First flowers of the spring time

From Susquehanna's farthest springs

Good night! oh may thy slumber be

Geneva

Give me the active spring of gladness

Gentle in personage

Gentle one and beautiful

Her mighty sails the breezes swell

His face was wan and very pale

How various mid life's busy rounds

He came not with the glittering sword

He came, a meteor from the sky

Here lies, by death smitten

His foot's in the stirrup

How happily, how happily the flowers

He sought her east, he sought her west

Her look was calm, but it was not

He's gone, dear Fanny, gone at last

How lonely, beautifully lies

How still the pensive twilight throws

I must tune up my harp's broken string

I knew a gentler maid

I do not love thee—thou art not

I love the memory of the hour

It was a fairy scene

I would not be the one to break

I made a mountain brook my guide

I was born to hate my kind

I stood the lowly grave

I mark where morning breaketh

It waved not through an eastern sky

It was the time when children bound

It was the holy twilight hour

I go, I go! and must mine image fade

Indulgent patrons

I need not name thy thrilling name

I'm almost tired of waiting here

I look back on the vanished year

If I had but two little wings

I cannot call thine image up

Is thy heart pure and gentle?

I ask not of the autumn gale

Ianthe, could I touch the lyre

It was a sultry day of summer time

I cannot speak in joyous strain

I do not love thee

I love to watch

In the far chambers

It is not so, it is not so

I dare not think

I have gold in my coffers

I have been pondering

Know'st thou the land

Lady, why thus turn away

Lady, would you—know the passion

List, Carlos, list! I'll read to thee

Light of the noble mind

Leaves fall and wither

Lady, I've seen thee in the hour

Look out upon the stars, my love

Mr. Leach made a speech

My heart was a mirror

Minstrel, farewell

Maiden, awake from thy slumbers

My weary heart! joy, wake again

Mid the silence of that hour

Methinks 'twas on some glorious night

My own, my child! with strange delight

Nay, droop not, love

Now sit, Alphonso—let the light

No more shall the spring

No more, no more that plaintive strain

Oh sunbeam to the gloomy hour

Oh breathe, in mercy

Oh weep not, tho' I now am doom'd

Oh dearly and heavily

Oh dream not that a cheerful brow

Oh swear not by the moon, my love

Oh cheer thee, loved and lovely one

Oh, poverty! And have I leant at last

Oh waste not thou the smallest thing

Once more, thou darkly rolling main

Oh stay, oh stay, thou lady gay

Oh lightly, lightly tread

Oh, my ear-rings, my ear-rings

One kiss, dear maid, I said and sighed

Oh youth, thou art a dream of bliss

Oh smile. I cannot bear

Old Nick, who taught the village school

Oh, in London there's fun done

Oh, no, I never mention him

Oh, blessed heaven

Oh, rest, sweet bird of heaven, awhile

On the border of Erie

Oh, there is music in the bells

Our hearts are one—the tie

Oh lovely in thy loneliness

Pure girl! thy love is o'er

Rude winds, that hoarsely blow

Reflected on the lake, I love

Sleep on, thou dreamer

She was very fair

She stood up in the meekness of a heart

She dwelt in proud Venetian halls

She had been told

She was a Grecian maiden

She smiled, and I believed her true

Soft are your voices, oh ye spheres

Silent and mournful sat an Indian chief

She knelt, she pray'd, I watch'd her eye

Star of the west, thy dewy beam

Should sorrow o'er my brow

So early to the grave—alas!

Strangers, your eyes are on that valley

She dwelleth in elysium; there

Stately towers! blissful hours

Since childhood's hour

Sweet spirit, if the lyre be mute

Stay near me—do not take thy flight

Sweet spot! I leave thee

Spirit of Sappho!

She read—and again the dark clouds

Say a kind farewell, my Mary

Spirit beloved, I will not mourn

They tell us of an Indian shore

The night breeze steals across the lake

There was a beautiful spirit in her air

Thou hast burst from thy prison

To the sea, to the sea, my gallant bark

Thy features do not wear the light

The bugle sounds from hills afar

There is a flower whose modest eye

The sun had gone to rest, or rather

'Tis day—but sun or sky

The bridal is over, the guests are all gone

There were Patty Pollywog

The last sunburst of glory

'Tis passing strange that men

Thy harpers, fair Scotland

'Tis past the time

Twelve years were past since last I saw

The hour is past, the pleasure o'er

'Twas a rich night in June

Thou art bearing hence thy roses

There is a wild and burning dream

Thou art passing hence, my brother

The glorious day hath gleams of light

Thou glorious sea! more pleasing far

There's not a word thy lip hath breathed

Thou gorgeous insect! flower of air

The light that beams from woman's eye

There was a song I dearly loved

To souls less formed than thine to feel

The world is full of poetry. The air

The summer's heir on land and sea

The chord, the harp's full chord

There's not a cloud the sun to shroud

'Twas eve; the broadly shining sun

The turf is on thee, Brainard

The secret of her tongue concealed

The butterfly was a gentleman

The bolt, the masonry wall

The joys of home have oft been told

Thou hast a charmed cup, oh Fame

The lady's cheek is very pale

To love thee was the easiest task

Three spirits came at his natal hour

The winter's wind is rushing

Thou art gone!—the last farewell is past

Thou hast passed like spring

There was a child, a helpless child

The sweet country maiden

There is a blight

The maiden sat at her busy wheel

'Tis spring—the early leaves and buds

The grave! the grave!

They say he sleeps in this lonely place

The dreams of infancy

Thou hast fled, fairy form

Thou hast left us, dearest spirit

They say that long years are a shadow

Upon a mountain high and steep

Where is my lover? can any one tell

What hid'st thou in thy treasure caves

When Harry was old

What is a friend? a being who

Whilst others, lured by joys of sense

What though I smile—it follows not

We met, yet did not speak

When I was young and passing fair

When fate's decrees remorseless call

Where flows the fountain silently

What is life? The wounded mind

When to yon bright celestial spheres

What is immortality

We break the glass whose sacred wine

Why is that graceful female here

We met upon the world's wide face

When summer's sunny hues adorn

When love's reveille summons matron

Warm is the heart in boyhood's days

Whence comes those strains

Wilt thou accept this little ring

Woman's charms a smile can give

Wake but that strain

We met in youth

When heaven unchains this prison'd soul

Wert thou not born in fairy land?

Why, when a thousand stars, less bright

Young, chaste, and lovely—pleased

Yes, dear one, to the envied train

You would not meet her eye

You tell me you're promised a lover

MUSIC.

Let us haste to Kelvin grove

'Tis sweet upon the impassioned wave

Oh yes, we often mention her

Oh no, we never mention her

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower

Hurrah for the bonnets of blue

Yes, I will leave my father's halls

Return, oh my love, and we'll never part

Smile again, my bonny lassie

Fall not in love, dear girls, beware

Comin' thro' the rye

The dashing white sergeant

Love was once a little boy

Meet me by moonlight, dear maid

Buy a broom

Home, sweet home

Lord, remember David

I should very much like to know

Fairy queen

Mary's tears

Oh gaze on me, for I forget

Angels, ever bright and fair

Wha'll be king but Charlie

Hey, the bonny breast-knot

There's nothing true but heaven

Bonnie Doon

Luther's celebrated judgment hymn

I left thee where I found thee, love

The maid of Langollen

The bird let loose on eastern skies

March to the battle field

The blue bonnets over the border

Oh, did you not hear of Kate Kearney

An old man would be wooing

What can a poor maiden do

Far o'er hill and dale

Nora's vow

One hour with thee

Look out upon the stars, my love

Thou art amid the festive halls

The sun that lights the roses

Praise ye the Lord

Seventeen

The bird that through the summer sky

My heart and lute are all the store

Come, rest in this bosom

Music from the Dumb Savoyard

Bridesmaid's song and chorus

The orphan boys of Switzerland

Music from the Trip to Niagara

Rose of Lucern

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NUMBER 1.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

Thy young, the beautiful, the loved, are leaving us awhile!
We miss their voices' gladdening tones, we miss the sunny smile,
The sportive jest, the gay reply, the laugh of frolic glee,
That made our twilight hour so sweet with their hilarity.

We part—and sad and lone our hearts, and dim our path will be,
Till we meet their smiles again and hear their voices' melody;
And yet—oh, vain and cruel world! we must not, dare not show
The grief that struggles in our hearts, the tears that seek to flow!

For silence and for solitude such feelings must be kept,
And the eye by morning must look bright that bath in darkness wept:
And sighs be banished from the lip, and the wearied spirit seek
To mask a sad and pining heart beneath a smiling cheek!

Ye call the world reality, and chide me for my dreams—
'Tis false!—within its bounds there is naught which is what it seems;
Trust not to smiles—the tale is true which tells that they deceive,
That e'en while all without is bright, the heart within may grieve.

Trust not to words—the lip may say, and coldly say, farwell,
And thoughts that wring the troubled heart not e'en a sigh may tell;
Oh when in this dim world shall joy be aught except a dream,
And words be true, and sighs be free, and smiles be what they seem?

THYRAZA.

PASS ON, RELENTLESS WORLD.

"Del mundo vil hollando la bageza."

Pass on, relentless world,
With all thy empty pageantry and noise,
Pennon, and plume, and banner-sheer unfurled—
I envy not thy joys:
For thoughts that pierce the brain,
On that dark brow are registered in guilt;
And thy poor heart is wrung with many a pain—
Smile, maniac, as thou wilt.

Thou of the eagle eye,
In the red chariot of conquest drawn,
Cursed by the widow's and the orphan's sigh—
Pass in thy triumph on;
Yet know, in this high day
Of exaltation and of victory,
There be, who sighing mark thy proud array—
Hero, they pity thee.

Thou of the noble born,
Mitred or crowned, who careless look'st at me,
Pass on—I may forgive that glance of scorn,
But never envy thee:
For though the gilded robe
Wraps thee in hues as bright as evening's sky,
And thy proud sceptre awes the outspread globe,
Death shall not pass thee by.

Fairest and frailest flower,
Beauty! that joyest in thy heavenly birth,
Ruling all spirits with a nameless power,
Pass on, high queen of earth:
Yet at no far-off day
Shall fade the glory of that seraph form,
And on the richness of its honour'd clay
Shall feed the darkling worm.

And thou, whose iron door
Was never opened to the sufferer's cry,
Whose path to wealth was o'er the friendless poor,
Untouched by misery's sigh—
With all thy millions' speed,
Heartless and haughty, in thy course along—
Justice hath yet in store the righteous meed
Of thy unblushing wrong.

Thou too, that hop'st to send
Thy name throughout the future's farthest years,
Reckless of influence and example, and
The hydra's conscience rears—
Pass on—albeit the gloom
Of dim oblivion shall o'ershadow thee,
And voiceless as the never-whispering tomb,
Thy memory shall be.

Traitor to friendship's trust!
Who fawning smiled through fortune's sunny day,
But when thy friend was stricken to the dust,
Turned from his woes away—
Pass on, dishonoured one,
Thy deep'ning shame, thy baseness go with thee—
There are dark spots upon the glorious sun—
Could earth then, be more free?

And thou whose every thought,
Pondered the ruin of creation's pride,
Woman, for whom the high in heart have fought,
For whom the good have died—
Who when her love was won,
Didst spurn it for the wanton and the wine—
Pass on—I may not speak thy malison,
For vengeance is not mine.

But ye—to whom remain
Unstained honour, and unswerving truth,
Faith, meekness, charity with her bright train—
Virtue's immortal youth—
Whose love for human kind,
Like the pure heavens is boundless and serene—
Whose aims are like the ever-restless wind,
Refreshing, yet unseen.

And ye—o'er whom the call
Of wealth, rank, fame and glory has no sway,
Faithful and just, and kind in hut or hall—
Oh, pass not thus away!
For sure it is unmeet
That ye, who form life's beauty and its worth,
Mingling its bitter cup with many a sweet—
Should ever pass from earth!

ARION.

TWILIGHT.

How still the pensive twilight throws
Its shadowy veil across the sky;
Floating along the mountain side,
And where the sleeping forests lie.
It seems as if an angel's wing
Were slowly passing through the air,
And having thrown its shadow down,
Slept on its unfurled pinions there.

The clouds that float along the west
Are melting in a golden glow,
And, changing from their brilliant hues,
They to their gentle slumbers go;
Floating above the gone-down sun,
Like banners o'er a warrior's tomb,
They slowly gather up their folds,
And melt into the deep'ning gloom.

The winds that slumbered through the day
Within the silent forests' shade,
Now wander from their resting place,
Along the lovely greenward glade:
The leaves are stirred, the grass is bent,
The flowers that droop'd the live-long day,
Lift up their heads to meet the breeze
That scatters gladness on its way.

And fluttering through the trembling leaves,
Its notes of joy it gaily sings,
And on my overheated brow,
A most delicious coolness flings:
Oh how it revels on its way!
And stoops to kiss each scented flower
That blooms amid the wild unseen,
Or peeps out from a green clad bower.

The night grows chill—and all the leaves
That quiver in the evening air,
Put on a deeper, darker green,
Than whilom they were wont to wear.
The birds have hush'd their evening song,
And silence spreads her pinions far,
While from amid the eastern blue,
Shines out the lonely vesper star.

How brightly gleams that burning star,
Aimed the ether air on high!
It seems a gem of burnished gold,
Imbedded in the azure sky.
Endowed with life and loveliness,
And smiling, at this lonely hour,
As if it shed an influence,
On hill, and field, and tree, and flower.

Deep darkness veils the landscape now:—
'Tis slumbering in the falling dew,
Which fairies with their viewless urns,
Are pouring from yon dome of blue:
It is the calm and thoughtful hour,
To holy contemplation given,
When man may turn away from earth
To musings that partake of heaven.

FELIX.

ON VIEWING THE PORTRAIT OF A DECEASED FRIEND.

Though fair the pictured face,
And mild the eye we see,
The artist could not trace
The charms that dwell with thee;
The blush that warmed thy cheek,
The marble of thy brow,
Are here—but art's too weak—
It is not thou.

Ah no! he could but give
Thy features to the eye;
Thy virtues—they must live
Alone in memory;
Yet shined within thy heart
Those virtues shall remain,
Till called to yon bright sphere,
We meet again!

ALBERT.

ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

PERSIAN TALES.

The following is a translation from the Persian of one of the tales from Hafiz, and now published for the first time in the English language. The translation is from the pen of a scholar once attached to the Russian legation in this country, and who long resided at Tcheran.

FIFTH EVENING.

The story of a Rajah who was afflicted with leprosy, abandoned before he was completely cured, by a parrot that pretended to be a physician.

On the fifth evening, as soon as the sun had descended into the abyss of the deep, and the silver-faced moon began to irradiate the eastern horizon, Khojatah, with a disconsolate heart and eyes suffused with tears, went to the parrot's cage for the purpose of soliciting the wished for permission, and thus besought him:

"O monarch of the feathered kingdom! source of my felicity! why are you thus pensive, and what is the subject of your meditation?"

The parrot replied:

"I was engaged in thinking about you, my dear mistress, and reflecting on a subject in which you are deeply interested. Whoever has the happiness to gain your affections should possess the most amiable disposition, and his person ought to be endowed with every attraction. He should be constant, that your connexion with him may be as lasting as your worth and charms are unparalleled. His regard for you should be founded on an immutable basis, and he ought ever to cherish the tenderest affection for you. It would, therefore, be advisable to ascertain if he is not as fickle and inconstant in his attachments as a capricious child; and whether the impression your charms have wrought on his mind is not as transient and fleeting as the shadow of a passing cloud. Without this precaution, I am very apprehensive that you will never be completely successful, and but half accomplish the object you have in view, as it once happened to a certain rajah, who, confident of being entirely cured of an inveterate leprosy, was abandoned to his fate by a parrot, who had been recommended to him as a skilful physician."

Khojatah expressed a wish to hear the story, upon which the parrot related the adventure in these words:

"It is recorded in the legends of former ages, that a parrot once made her nest and hatched her brood on a tree not far distant from the village of Kameroo. It so happened, that a fox had taken up her abode and placed her young at the foot of the same tree. As soon as the perroquets had acquired sufficient strength and confidence to venture abroad, they would frequently leave their nest and join the cubs in their gambols.

"The parrot, who was endowed with great prudence and sagacity, observed the intimacy that subsisted between them, and foreseeing the consequences that might probably result from such a connexion, thus admonished her young ones: 'My children, birds and quadrupeds bear no affinity or resemblance to each other. Why should the feathered inhabitants of the air hold intercourse with the wild beasts of the forest? When individuals of different species and discordant habits associate together, their connexion can never be cemented by true friendship or a reciprocity of attachment; but, on the contrary, it will invariably be productive of strife and animosity. What intercourse and intimacy can there subsist between beings of different tribes and dissimilar manners, who do not comprehend each other's language? Whoever is familiar with a being of a different species

own, will experience a misfortune similar to that which once befell a certain monkey.' The perroquets were anxious to hear the story, and asked their mother what was the misfortune that befell the monkey? 'There was once a monkey,' she answered, 'a famous chess-player, who dwelt in a certain city, and frequently associated, for the purpose of playing at his favourite game, with the cady's son. Several of the inhabitants of the city observed their intimacy, and remonstrated with the monkey on the unsuitableness of such familiarity, admonishing him of the incongruity of his connexion with a different order of beings from his own, saying, What is the reason you seek to become intimate with the human species, and what advantage do you expect to derive from such an intercourse? Beware, lest your intimacy with them operate to your disadvantage, and in the end be productive of serious consequences. The monkey, however, disregarded their friendly admonitions. The cady's son gave once a magnificent entertainment to some of the principal persons of the city,—his friends and acquaintances, whom he invited to pass the day at his house. As he was engaged in his favourite diversion with his constant companion the monkey, a question on the game occasioned a dispute between them, in the course of which the monkey flew into a violent passion, and behaved with great indecorum in the presence of the whole company. The cady's son retorted by throwing the men at the monkey's head with such violence that the blood trickled down his cheeks, and stained the chess-board on which they were playing; upon which the monkey, seizing on his antagonist with his claws, scratched his face in the most shocking manner, and immediately fled for refuge to the ramparts of the castle. The young man was dangerously hurt in the contest, and daily grew worse of his wounds; every remedy that was applied failed of success, and the skill of the physician was unable to administer to his relief. A surgeon of the greatest eminence in the province was called in to give his opinion, and prescribe in the case. On examining the patient, he advised that the monkey's blood was the only sovereign remedy that could be applied, as the wound had been inflicted by his claws. He must, therefore, said he, be put to death, and the young man's head should be bathed with his blood, which will soon heal the wound, and completely restore him to health. Every other prescription will prove unavailing, for the monkey, having perpetrated the mischief, must furnish the remedy, as the bite of the viper can only be healed by its application to the wound. The cady's son felt great reluctance in resorting to the remedy prescribed by the surgeon, in consequence of the great intimacy that had subsisted for a long time between him and the monkey, and, at first, obstinately refused to consent to the death of his friend and playfellow; but after he had lingered for a long time in the most excruciating pain, his situation becoming desperate, he was at length urged by extreme suffering to yield his assent. The poor monkey was accordingly immolated, and his vile blood crimsoned the ground. If the monkey,' added the parrot, 'had never associated with the human species, his blood would not thus have been shed, nor had his life paid the forfeit of his temerity. Be warned by this adventure,' continued she to her young, 'from forming connections, or of becoming intimate with creatures of a different species from your own. Beware of exposing yourselves without prudence or foresight to similar disasters of which you may hereafter have cause to repent.'

"The perroquets, fond of playing with the fox's cubs, and joining them in their gambols and diversions disregarded the remonstrances of their mother, and paid no attention to her prudent admonitions; they daily visited them and participated in all their sports and pastimes. One day during the fox's absence from her cell, a wild beast of the forest surprised her cubs,

and carried them off a prey. When the dam returned and discovered that they were gone, she began to suspect the parrot of having been instrumental in kidnapping them, supposing that a hunter had been in quest of the perroquets, but not finding them, had taken her young in their stead. The fox made these reflections on the loss of her young: 'If beings of a different species from myself had not taken up their abode with me, I should not have experienced this misfortune.' After many sorrowful lamentations on being bereft of her offspring, she went to a badger and related to him the unfortunate occurrence that had taken place, and said to him, 'Although the fox is renowned among the beasts of the forest for subtlety and cunning, yet the loss of my offspring overwhelms me with such affliction, and so absorbs my thoughts that I know not what scheme to devise in order to avenge my wrongs. In this disconsolate situation I have been induced to resort to you for advice, and I request you would suggest some mode or stratagem by which I may be enabled to extricate myself from the present dilemma. I am determined at all events to get rid of a neighbour of a species and habits so dissimilar from my own.' The badger on being apprised of what had occurred, thus counselled the fox: 'When you observe a sportsman in pursuit of game, place yourself in his way, and limp along as if you were lame, until you shall have led him near the tree in which the parrot has taken up her abode; you can then suddenly slip off and get out of his sight in a moment. As soon as the sportsman sees the parrots, he will endeavour to catch them, and think no more of you.' The fox followed the badger's advice, and espying a fowler in pursuit of game, she placed herself at some distance before him, and limped along as if badly wounded, until she brought him in sight of the parrot's nest, when she ran off at full speed and disappeared in a moment. The fowler, at the sight of such a desirable prey, took his net and threw it over their nest and secured them all. The parrot, on seeing herself taken by the fowler said to her young ones, 'You did not foresee this evil that has befallen us. If you had listened to my advice, and given heed to my admonitions, you would not have persevered in your intimacy with the fox's young, we should have escaped this misfortune, and would not have been taken in the fowler's snare. We must now endeavour to extricate ourselves from the present difficulty, and the only means I can foresee for you to escape is to feign being dead. When the fowler discovers you apparently deprived of life, believing you to be dead, he will throw you away; if he keeps me, I will endeavour to escape and return to you.'

"The perroquets followed her advice, and accordingly feigned to be dead as she had recommended. The fowler finding them in that condition, believed them to be actually dead, and threw them away. Upon which they immediately took to their wings, and alighted on the uppermost branches of a high tree beyond his reach. The fowler, astonished at the fraud, and highly exasperated in thus beholding his prey escape, determined to take vengeance on the parrot, and was about to tear her in pieces, when she thus expostulated with him: 'Oh, fowler, appease your anger; follow not the dictates of passion, but take time to reflect before you put an end to my existence. Consider how natural it is in a mother to exert her ingenuity in the preservation of her offspring, and you will not blame me for what I have done; but in order to indemnify you for the loss of your game, I will exert all the talents with which I am endowed, and devote the residue of my days in serving you, and I shall place you beyond the reach of indigence and want. You will find me a useful and intelligent bird, for I am skilled in the science of medicine, and versed in the practice of surgery, and the anatomy of the human body. I am acquainted with every distemper to which it is subject, together with the surest method of cure. I can compose a beverage that will heal the most inveterate dis-

eases, and can even restore to sanity of mind the idiot and the madman. In a word, I possess secret remedies for the radical cure of every malady, and my reputation and abilities are well known throughout the world.'

"The fowler on hearing the parrot extol her skill and talents, said within himself, 'This is not a parrot but an Hippocrates; she is a philosopher of profound intelligence, a second Socrates, whom chance has thrown in my way, and ensnared into my net.' Under this impression he thus addressed her. 'The rajah of Kameroo has been a long time afflicted with a leprosy. Since you are endowed with so much skill in the healing art, you may probably be able to cure the prince of that malady.'

"What, oh fowler!" replied the parrot, 'is this task you require me to perform? What is the great undertaking you impose upon me? Be assured that I can perform every thing. So transcendent are my powers that I could even, were it necessary, cause the spots in the sun's disk to vanish, or remove the asperities from the face of the moon. With one glance, or by a single prescription, I can cure a hundred, nay a thousand patients, and restore them in a moment to the enjoyment of the most perfect health. You may with assurance conduct me to the rajah, and make such a representation to him of my skill and capacity, that he may be induced to purchase me at the highest price you may demand.'

"In compliance with her entreaties, the fowler shut her up in a cage, and brought her into the rajah's presence, and said to him:—'Behold a parrot versed in every science, and who particularly excels the most celebrated physician in the world, in the treatment and cure of all manner of diseases.'

"I am in great need of such an one,' replied the rajah, who forthwith agreed to purchase her. The fowler having asked a thousand diniers for the bird, he paid down the money with the greatest cheerfulness, and took her into his possession. The parrot proceeded without delay to prescribe for her distinguished patient, and strove by every assiduity and attention to administer to his relief. The rajah was so much pleased with her exertions in alleviating his distress, that he reposed the most unlimited confidence in his physician, and admitted her into his particular favour. In a short time he grew better, and found his health to be very much improved.

"One day the parrot said to her master, 'O prince! you are now sensible that you are half cured of your ailment through my skill and assistance, whilst I am reduced to great distress, and pine away in this cage, where I am shut up like a criminal in this dungeon. Deliver me from this imprisonment, and grant me permission to range about your palace and gardens. Consider with what zeal I have exerted myself in endeavouring to effect your cure, and what pains I have taken to assuage the severity of your indisposition. Reflect on the unremitting care and study which are necessary in searching for remedies, and compounding medicines suitable to your disease.'

"The rajah yielded to the plausible and insidious remonstrances of the parrot, unaware of the deceit which lurked under her complaints, and unsuspecting of her perfidious intentions, inasmuch that he was induced to comply with her request, and accordingly gave orders that she should be taken out of her cage and left at liberty. Upon which she immediately took to her wings and flew away, leaving him but half cured of his leprosy.

"Nakshebi! We ought not to give heed to every thing that people say, else we shall often become the victims of our credulity.'

When the parrot had finished the relation of this story, he said to Khojatah:—"My adorable mistress! My thoughts and reflections with regard to you, are analogous to the adventure you have just heard. I should be extremely sorry were your husband to re-

turn, and thus put an end to all further intercourse with your lover, in which event your plans would prove unsuccessful, and the object you so ardently desire, would remain but half accomplished. Now whilst the present moment is propitious to your wishes, before he returns arise and direct your steps to the mansion of your beloved.'

"Khojatah accordingly arose to depart, the sounds of the footsteps of the early passenger saluted her ear, and announced the approach of day. The sun was just peeping above the eastern mountain, which prevented the departure of the beautiful lady, and constrained her to remain at home, and defer her visit until a more auspicious moment."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

STATISTICS OF PARIS.

COUNT CHABROL of Volvic, who filled the post of Prefect of Paris for seventeen years, has compiled three volumes on the statistics of that city; but the copies, instead of being delivered to booksellers, have been mostly all distributed among the members of the two houses, of the council, and the diplomatic corps. The following is translated from the *Courrier Français* by the editor of the *American Argus*:

Population.—By the census of Colbert in 1700, the number of souls was five hundred and thirty thousand; by that of 1827, it appears to be eight hundred and ninety thousand, thus giving an increase in one hundred and twenty-five years, of three hundred and sixty thousand. The city is divided into twelve wards, (*arrondissemens*) of which the least populous is the ninth, formed of the *Isle St. Louis*, the *Hotel-de-Ville*, *la Cite* and *L'Arsenal*, which counts only forty-two thousand nine hundred and thirty-two.

Provisions consumed.—The population increases yearly, and also the amount of provisions consumed. The last yearly accounts were seventy-nine thousand six hundred and seventy-two oxen, ten thousand nine hundred and forty-one cows, four hundred thousand sheep, and eighty thousand calves. The sales of butter for the same period, amounted to more than nine millions of francs, (five to the dollar,) those of eggs, to more than four millions; the wine, at different prices, is calculated to be one million of bottles. The daily consumption of flour, is one thousand five hundred sacks of three hundred and twenty pounds each, making a total of six hundred and twenty-four thousand loaves of bread a day when wheat is at a middle price. In London, their tables show a remarkable difference of taste in this article: In London, one million two hundred and sixty-eight thousand five hundred and ninety-five persons consume only two millions five hundred and sixty thousand pounds of bread in a year. In Paris, eight hundred and ninety thousand persons consume two hundred and twenty-seven millions seven hundred and sixty thousand pounds in a year. In times of dearth, the supply of potatoes has to be tripled. The sugar used annually is about twenty-two millions of pounds; the coffee amounts to six millions of pounds.

Commercial exports.—The goods put up the most for foreign transportation are, fabrics for wear, amounting yearly to four millions of francs; shawls to more than two millions; and books to nearly the same amount. There are eighty printing establishments; six hundred presses going, and three thousand journeymen printers in constant employ. The most popular and frequent subjects of the new productions from the presses of the capital are, firstly, poetry; secondly, political economy and administration; then romances, &c.

Births.—These average twenty-seven thousand, one to every twenty-eight persons. More males are born than females. There is one birth for every twelve minutes. The months in which the most births occur, are March, August, and October. Of the number, eight thousand seven hundred and sixty are illegitimate.

Marriages.—The average number is six thousand three hundred and sixteen; one marriage among every hundred and eight persons. The month in which the ceremony is most frequent, is February, and it is least frequent in December. There is rather more than an average of three children to each marriage.

Deaths.—The annual mortality is twenty-one thousand and thirty-three. The periods most fatal to life in Paris, are, first, in the first three months of existence; second, during the first year; third, from twenty to twenty-five years

of age. The average number of suicides is two hundred, of which the greater number are single persons. The average deaths from being run over in the streets, are eighteen. On an average, a death occurs every twenty minutes. In the month of April, there are more deaths, and less in July, than any other time of the year. There is a yearly mortality among children of at least one thousand one hundred from small-pox.

Eloquements.—The average number is about twelve thousand.

Tombs.—The price of a funeral monument in the cemetery of Pere La Chaise, is one hundred francs, without counting the right to the grave. The most expensive have cost thirty-five thousand francs. Those erected to women are fewer by one half than those for men.

Lighting.—The streets, squares, quays, bridges, &c. (but not the alleys) are lighted nightly by four thousand five hundred and fifty-three lamps, having twelve thousand six hundred and seventy-two wicks, all fed with oil.

Water.—The Seine where it enters Paris under the bridge Du Jardin du Roi, is five hundred and ten feet broad; at the Pont Neuf, it is eight hundred and sixty-four feet across the two branches; at the bridge of Jena, where it leaves the city, it is four hundred feet broad. The average swiftness of the water is a little more than three feet the second. The level of the river is ninety feet above the sea. The measure of water called *voie*, sold by the water carriers, weighs twenty three pounds.

Hospitals.—The income of these and other charity-wards, is nine millions seven hundred and sixty-two thousand one hundred and fifty-four francs. The average cost to government for a day in the hospital is one franc and fourteen centimes. The average mortality in the hospitals, is one to seven. The manics from the two prisons of Bicetre and Salpetriere, average three thousand a year. The physical causes that produce the greatest number of cases are, firstly, the consequences of disease; secondly, epilepsy. The moral causes are in the following order: firstly, reverses and losses; next, disappointment and grief; next, political disturbances; next, the passion of love; next, religious exaltation, &c. The liberal professions which give the greatest number of insane, are sculptors and painters; the mechanical pursuits in which there are the most, are among workers in dress, and objects of luxury and ornament. The most frequent age is from thirty to fifty years, and the majority are of unmarried persons.

Lottery.—The average annual receipts from the lottery-offices, is twenty-five millions of francs; the gain to adventurers, nineteen millions, and the sum for the treasury, four millions five hundred thousand francs.

Gaming Houses.—The annual receipt is estimated at nine millions; the whole expenses, one million five hundred thousand francs. Those who lease them, must clear, so it is calculated, after a lease of six years, two millions of francs of profit, all expenses paid. The revenue to government is seven millions five hundred thousand francs.

Wine Tax.—The annual revenue is twenty-five million francs.

Letter-post.—The rough estimate of the petty-post for Paris, is four million five hundred thousand francs yearly, or one thousand two hundred francs daily. The month in which the most letters are written, is January, the least, September.

Theatres.—There are ten thousand spectators daily at the representations. Of these, it is estimated, that six thousand eight hundred and sixteen pay for admission. The annual average receipts of all the theatres, is five millions two hundred and thirty-two thousand four hundred and sixty-five francs.

Carriages.—The number has much increased within four years; but in 1814, there were nine hundred and twenty hackney coaches, seven hundred and thirty-three hack-cabriolets; six hundred cabriolets off hire; six thousand private cabriolets; five thousand private carriages; four hundred and eighty-four large diligences; two hundred and forty-nine small diligences; four hundred and eighty-nine livery-carriages; nine thousand and eighty carts; four hundred and eighty-five one-horse vehicles; eight hundred and forty-three porters' carts. Total of carriages, twenty-four thousand eight hundred and ninety-three. The daily profit to the owner of a hack is twelve francs; of a hack cabriolet, nine francs.

Travellers.—The average, since the peace of 1814, is seventeen thousand six hundred and seventy-six English residents or travellers in Paris.

SCRAPS OF CHIVALRY.

A safe, honourable, and respectful escort through hostile lands, was allowed to those who wished to join in the tournament or joust. The silence and solitude of the country, in those dark times were pleasingly relieved by bands of jolly and lady-loving cavaliers, with trains of squires and pages, riding to court, to the tune of a merry roundelay. It was particularly the custom of newly made knights, to attend a tournament, in order to establish their prowess, and show that they deserved their spurs. The scene of combat was the lists; a large place, surrounded by ropes or railing. The lists were decorated with the splendid richness of feudal power. Besides the gorgeous display of heraldic insignia, near the champions' tents, the galleries, erected to contain the proud and joyous spectators, were covered with tapestry, representing chivalry both in its warlike and amorous guise: on one side, the knight, with his bright falchion smiting away hosts of foes; and at the other kneeling at the feet of beauty. The ladies were the supreme judges of the tournaments; and if any complaint were raised against a knight, they adjudged the cause without appeal.—Generally, however, they deputed their power to a knight; who on account of this distinction, was called the "Knight of Honor." He bore at the end of his lance, a ribbon, or some other sign of woman's favour; and, with this band of authority he waved the fiercest knights into order and obedience. Each knight was followed by his squire, whose number was generally limited to three. They furnished their lord with arms, arranged his armour, and raised him from the ground, when dismounted by his foe. They also carried words of love, to re-animate the courage and strength of the exhausted cavalier; and a ribbon, drawn from a maiden's bosom, was often sent to a chosen knight, when in the shock of spears, her first favour had been torn from the place where it had been fixed by her fair hands. The tournament and joust survived chivalry itself, the image of which they had reflected and brightened. Changes in the military art—the use of the musket for the lance—did not immediately affect manners; and the world long clung with fondness to those splendid and graceful shows, which had thrown light and elegance over the warriors and dames of old.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

It is our intention to devote a portion of each of our future numbers to a record of such facts as we think will convey some idea of the state of improvement constantly making in knowledge, in almost every portion of the globe. We shall select the most curious and novel information, interspersing occasionally our own remarks. We hope thus to add a useful and not unentertaining department to our diversified miscellany.

SCIENCE IN FRANCE.—The naturalists and other scientific men in Paris enjoy advantages unparalleled in any other city in the world. The French government devotes a large sum annually to support scientific and literary institutions. Public lectures, on every subject, are attended gratuitously by the students, and the most complete and extensive libraries and museums are, at all times, of the most easy access to the public. The social meetings at the houses of distinguished men, such as the Baron Cuvier, the Baron Ferussac, and at the Institute, the Athenæum, &c. are very frequent; and the intercourse of learned men, thus facilitated, is of the utmost benefit to the cause of learning, because difference of worldly circumstances is altogether overlooked. It is scarcely to be wondered, that the French philosophers, enjoying superior vivacity and acuteness, and thus situated, should be the first in the world. When shall such a state of men and things obtain in these United States?

VACCINATION IN PORTUGAL.—Degraded and sunk in national estimation as this wretched country has been for years past, it is gratifying to know that the important subject of guarding the human system against the ravages of the small pox has been very faithfully attended to there. Vaccination was introduced into Portugal in 1799. An institution for its further propagation was established in 1812, as a branch of the Academy of Sciences of Lisbon; and both the government and private individuals have shown much zeal in promoting its objects. A lady, Doña Maria Isabel Wanzeller, of Oporto, vaccinated, herself, thirteen thousand four hundred and eight persons! This is laudable conduct, and deserves a crown of adamant. Political events have since interrupted the progress of the subject.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PERIPATETIC.

NUMBER V.

It is one of the advantages of a republic, that the roads to the highest offices are open to all. There is no hereditary nobility. By a kind of political chivalry every adventurer buckles on his armour according to his own taste, and joins the general throng that presses on to glory. I have no doubt that in time the nation will be entirely composed of heroes, statesmen, orators, editors, and philosophers. Who will make our clothes, build our houses, and cultivate our farms, is not for me to say. Doubtless some method will be invented of accomplishing all these mechanical operations by the aid of steam. We shall have potatoes and turnips engendered on demand at the shortest notice; buildings shall rise up like Aladdin's palace; and a journeyman tailor will measure half a million of our population together, and produce garments of all sorts, sizes, and colours, in the twinkling of an eye. It is certainly beneath the dignity of a true-born New-Yorker to waste his life at any mechanical occupation; and I take the liberty of recommending to the serious consideration of young gentlemen of every degree, whether it would not be preferable to pursue the prize of fame through the honourable path of a profession, rather than to educate themselves for any business which affords no advantage but the probability of competency and public utility. I am pleased to state that this is likely to be the case. The most reasonable and laudable ambition prevails through all classes of society. An honourable disdain for the mere common trades of our forefathers inspires all minds; and every whipper-snapper, who can read, write, and cipher, demonstrate the first problem in Euclid, *parlez Français* so as to be understood by any body but a Frenchman, and trudge through the first two or three books of Virgil, immediately becomes one of the profession, and amuses his imagination with the prospect of being one day president, or member of congress at least. These designs are much facilitated by the charity of the community, especially that part of it entitled refined society, as they, with a zealous enthusiasm, admirably calculated to produce the most beneficial consequences, receive with coldness into their polite circles, or altogether banish from the walks of refinement, those unfortunate youths who have contented themselves with a useful trade, however amiable and intelligent they may be, while they welcome with open arms the swarms of beardless lawyers, doctors, poets, &c., whom the warmth of public smiles has awakened into existence. How delightful to watch the progress of civilization! We can scarcely at the present enlightened time meet a single honest mechanic, while the aspirants after professional distinction swarm like summer flies. We are in continual danger of being run over by the gig of some fresh disciple of Esculapius, quietly seated by the side of his Ethiopian driver, whose business it is to urge along his steed, and to hold him at the door till the young M. D. has despatched the patient; or stumbling against a lawyer, his hat crammed with papers, and his head full of quarrels, hastening to the field of legal battle.

Master Napoleon Bonaparte Snip belongs to this latter class. Pa and Ma adore him, and sister thinks he will one day be the means of raising the family name to a wonderful degree of glory. He came out of college overflowing with logic, Latin, Greek, and ancient geography. If any one talks of Greece in his presence, he will astound them with an attack under Leonidas, a disquisition after the fashion of Socrates, a lecture from Epicurus, or an oration from Demosthenes. Name but Rome, and you will have to swallow the Coliseum, St. Peter's church, the Pantheon, with a host of baths, amphitheatres, circuses,

columns, mausoleums, catacombs, aqueducts, and fountains by way of trimmings. These come pouring forth in indiscriminate profusion from the reservoir of his mind, where novels, poems, and abridged histories, have flung them negligently together, and these form the mental treasures which he is hereafter to lavish in the halls of justice, or upon the floor of congress for the good of his country. Now Pa wanted Master Napoleon Bonaparte Snip to acquire a trade, for his own fortunes were failing, and he hinted that an intelligent and well cultivated mind might appear very advantageously in the rank of mechanics. But Ma rejected the proposal with scorn, as indeed did Master Napoleon Bonaparte Snip himself. What? waste his genius upon a "pestle and mortar!" Not he indeed. Such qualifications were intended for the profession, and so Master Napoleon Bonaparte Snip filed his certificate in a lawyer's office, and after a few years of elegant leisure, sometimes looking into Blackstone, and sometimes entering the receipt of a paper in the register, he beheld the term of his clerkship expire with evident delight, and floated through a brief and nominal examination, into the list of the profession, with about forty-eight other fresh candidates for the patronage of our quarrelsome community. And now his gilt tin sign blazes out on the window-shutter of an old two-story orrick house, surrounded on every side by clusters of similar emblems of praiseworthy perseverance and deep erudition, which are to thrive upon the weaknesses and misfortunes of the human race.

But Napoleon Bonaparte Snip, amid all the treasures of his mind, has forgotten to acquire any understanding of the practice of his profession. When he obtains a client he can amuse him with abstract reasonings upon the nature of his case, and perhaps edify him with the opinions of Justinian, or the sentiments of Alfred; but he has an invincible antipathy to details, and stands a cross examination by his victim in regard to the first steps to be taken and their consequences, as if he were stretched upon a rack. But what will not genius accomplish? What may not a man overcome with the aid of logic, ancient geography, Latin, and Greek?

I was one day sitting in the office of my friend Napoleon, when a huge country-fellow came in with a promissory note.

"I wish to place this in your hand for collection," said the client.

"Yes, sir—sit down, sir. I hope I shall be able to hand you the money. Let me see the note."

"I suppose you want a fee. I am an old friend of your father's, and I don't wish you to work for me for nothing."

He handed him ten dollars. Napoleon pocketed the cash, and looked at the note with a very wise air.

"Ah—oh—I see—this is a promissory note."

"Yes, sir," said the client. "I am the administrator of Mr. John Peterson, and I suppose I can sue this note as usual?"

"Oh, certainly," said Napoleon Bonaparte.

"I was told," continued the narrator, "that there are some forms necessary to be adopted as I belong to another state. What are they?"

"Forms? oh, yes, there are a number of forms. The fact is, ever since the time of Edward, there have been many changes in law, and these forms have changed with them. I will look into the books and let you know."

"Well; but how long will it be before the suit will be settled?"

"Why, the truth is," said Napoleon, "sometimes we get through these things in a little while and sometimes the contrary. It depends upon circumstances."

"Well; you will commence immediately. You had better issue the writ to-day. When will it be returnable?"

"Why, the fact is, that's a question which has excited a good deal of debate among us gentlemen of

the bar. It seems to you, I suppose, a very simple question, but, in reality, it involves some points very abstruse. I will look over the authorities and let you know."

I never heard how this suit, which had so auspicious a commencement, terminated; but it is very certain, that although the good gentleman received fine replies to all his interrogations, he did not find himself much enlightened upon the subject of the law during his brief interview with my learned friend Napoleon Bonaparte Snip. A.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

Paris, May 3, 1829.

MY DEAR M.—I left off, I believe, with the cracking of the whips of the French poetillions, which, as I have given you to understand, are made by them to serve instead of horns or bugles, to announce their departure and approach. John Bull of course considers this an evidence of extreme folly in his neighbours, as with the most exemplary charity and tolerance of disposition, he does every thing that differs from his own arrangements; but it must be confessed that to one accustomed to the neatness and admirable appropriateness of every thing about an English stage-coach, from the lordly driver to the very linchpins and patent buckles, the *tout ensemble* of the French diligence appears ridiculous even to hooting. The vehicle itself so huge and clumsy and not clean; the rough-coated, long-tailed, huge-footed quadrupeds by which it is dragged along; the postilion with his fancy dress and enormous wooden boots which in emulation of those of Hudibras might serve for granaries, or, on a pinch, as receptacles for luggage; and above all, the restless bustle and importance of the conducteur, are whimsical and amusing beyond conception; and not less so, though more provoking, are the stratagems that are put in practice by every one with whom that general object of plunder, the unhappy traveller, comes in contact, to extract the francs from their place of fancied safety in his pocket. At Calais, for example, his passport is taken from him, and he must have a *passaport provisionnel* for Paris, for no earthly reason, that I can imagine, save that it furnishes a good pretext for the demand of three of those aforesaid francs; then a *commissaire* is obliging enough to accompany the diligence from the city to the first barrier, bearing the provisional passports of all the passengers, which, on arriving at his limit, he distributes among the several owners; at the same time availing himself of the opportunity to let it be known that to give him "quelque-chose," would be an act worthy of the liberality and generosity of monsieur the voyageur. But of all the petty persecutions to which the traveller is exposed, the most persevering and annoying are those of the innumerable beggars that throng the roadside in the neighbourhood of every village or hamlet through which he passes. While the vehicle is in motion, these importuning personages have indeed but little chance, although I have seen some more adventurous mendicants mount upon the step, and maintain their post for miles, with a pertinacity not to be overcome either by the repeated refusals and maledictions of the assailed, or by the still increasing distance which must necessarily be traversed by the assailants on their return; but at every stop, even though it be but for a moment, the diligence is surrounded by a troop of clamorous rogues of all possible ages, sexes, sizes, and descriptions, who whine out their supplications in the most dolorous voice imaginable, with a perseverance highly deserving of approbation, and looking all the time as miserable as it is possible for human beings to look under the united influence of dirt, rags, laziness, and ingenuity. This last item in

the list may perhaps put you to some little trouble in the understanding thereof, and therefore I explain it by informing you that for my own part I am thoroughly convinced that the wretched appearance of these vagabonds is all an imposition, or as somebody said (and he deserves an ovation for the thought,) "a most transparent swindle," and that when there is no immediate inducement for the assumption of their wretched looks, they are thrown aside with as much facility as their not less wretched apparel. At one of the villages where we stopped to change horses, a troop of young vagabonds were shouting and skylarking with all imaginable gaiety and obstreperousness in the middle of the street, whose shouts and noisy laughter we could hear at the distance of a hundred yards; but as we approached them, their fun was in an instant laid aside, and in another, their flushed and grimy visages were thrust in by dozens at the windows of our vehicle, screwed up into the most lugubrious knot of misery imaginable, and with one accord they all began to drawl out the long story of their wants and their distresses, with the one eternal, unchangeable, everlasting chorus of "Donnez quelque charité, Monsieur, pour l'amour du bon Dieu," the syllables in italics being spun out, like the needless alexandrine, to a most unconscionable length, and terminating in a quaver that would almost melt the heart of an alligator, that is, supposing his heart to be capable of fusion by any earthly instrumentality. This intolerable formula was repeated, I am sure, at least a hundred times without the slightest variation in tone or accent, till my ears rung with its abhorrent iteration. Even now my slumbers are infested with the sound, and in the nervous moments even of my waking hours, every passing breeze comes loaded with the monotonous and heart-appalling cry. At another of our places of torment, two little girls attacked us; the youngest, I should think not more than eight years old, and they both had their hair very nicely done up "en papillottes!"

We crept along at the rate of about four miles the hour, through horrible roads and still more horrible weather, but very comfortably. These diligences are certainly highly worthy of respect on one account at least, I mean their roominess, if I may be allowed to use that illegitimate word for want of one more orthodox, which shall yet convey the meaning. My companions were four in number; a lusty, vulgar, ill-bred Englishwoman, of some forty years or thereabouts, who stunned me (being unhappily the only passenger on board to whom her lamentations were intelligible) with perpetual complaints and exclamations against the road, the weather, the diligence and its horses, driver, and proprietors, and in short the whole French world. According to her ideas of the matter, she was imposed upon at every step; her bones were broken by the jolts; her eyes offended with the sights; we should be overturned; we should not reach Paris before night, instead of being comfortably housed by noon as we had been promised; and ten thousand other afflictions of mind and body was she subjected to, and all in consequence of her rashness in removing her precious person from her own dear island of taxes and perfection. Strange that there should be men and women so very fond of plaguing themselves with fancied troubles, instead of enjoying the present good, and anticipating more in every thing to come! The others were an intelligent, quiet, respectable merchant from Bruxelles; a Prussian, who could speak no word of either French or English, and with whom, therefore, I could hold no intercourse; and a fine old veteran of the former imperial army, with a formidable pair of moustaches, who had been in actual service from his youth until the downfall of the Emperor, and entertained us with innumerable anecdotes of his campaigns, and his almost worshipped leader Bonaparte, together with no small quantity of significant intimations of his contempt and detestation of the Bourbons.

On the journey I noticed a considerable number of wooden crosses stuck upon little eminences by the road-side, and also some two or three very handsome crucifixes of iron splendidly gilt and ornamented. Perhaps, by the way, you are not aware of the distinction between a cross and the crucifix; should this be the fact, I run no risk of doing you an injury by informing you: the former is simply a cross; but the latter is a cross with the figure of the Saviour stretched upon it. Our route was through Abbeville, Amiens, and St. Denis; and we arrived in the great capital at about 1 p.m., having been two nights and a day and a half upon the road. The cost of the journey is extremely moderate; from London to Paris only £2 18s. including the passage of the channel; the other expenses of the road are even ridiculously light. In England they would laugh at the idea of obtaining a very decent luncheon of cheese, and bread, and butter, and a pint of tolerable wine, for 3d.; but such is the fact. Our dinner at Amiens, which consisted of three courses, and half a bottle of fair Burgundy to each man, cost only thirty cents a piece, and a donation of five or six more to the waiter; he certainly deserved it for his civility and neatness. Adieu for the present. Yours, as usual, J. H.

THE DRAMA.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

MRS. WHEATLEY.

THE clever and facetious author of "Sayings and Doings," in one of his admirable tales, makes a country manager remark, that "in the theatrical profession heroines and sentimental young ladies are as plentiful as blackberries, but that a good old woman is invaluable;" and all who are tolerably conversant with the affairs of the stage, very well know, that in one respect, at least, the order of nature is reversed, and that a fine old woman is more desirable than a young one. It is not difficult to account for this. We think the observation may be hazarded that females, generally speaking, prefer dimples to wrinkles; and so the young ladies very naturally refuse to anticipate the time when nature will compel them to appear as old ones, and the old ladies, whose ideas and reminiscences are juvenile, as pertinaciously object to personate anything but young ones, thinking, doubtless, it would be folly to surrender into the hands of youth and inexperience, those parts which time and practice has so well enabled them to perform. Bent on charming to the last, we have seen, with fear and trembling, a very fat old woman of fifty as Juliet, lolling over the frail and creaking balcony, while a short, puffy, and somewhat asthmatic Romeo came waddling to his love, puffing out—

"How softly sweet sound lover's tongues by night!"

The truth is, that the personation of old women is a very thankless branch of theatrical business, and the same quantity of ability which, employed in it, meets with comparative neglect, would, in a more enticing line of character, draw down thunders of applause. This may in some degree account for the meagre and scanty mention which is made of Mrs. Wheatley by the press of this city. She is seldom noticed, and when she is, it is generally in one of those unmeaning commendations which are at intervals dealt out to every worthless appendage of a green-room, such as she "was quite at home," or "went through her part with spirit," or any other ready-coined phrase. For our own part, we have the highest opinion of Mrs. Wheatley, and think there is little ventured in saying, that she is not only the best actress in her line on this continent, but the best beyond all comparison; and in all the theatres in which, in various parts, we have occasionally been present, out of London we have never seen her equal. Where is there another Mrs. Malaprop in this country? Or indeed, in all the range of

ridiculous old ladies, who, like her, can give the height of absurdity without the taint of vulgarity? There is all the difference in the world between making such a character as Mrs. Malaprop a coarse, ignorant old woman, and a foolish old lady. And herein lies the excellence of Mrs. Wheatley; however her "nice derangement of epithets" may betray her ignorance, her appearance and manners show she is not one of the *canaille*, but familiar at least with the forms and manners of a drawing-room. In the composition of her dress too, from "top to toe" there is not a vulgar curl or colour. But it is not in this line alone that Mrs. W. can lay claims to distinction. Her talents are as versatile as they are excellent, and her chambermaids, if not marked by the same evident superiority, have a pertness and spirit about them that are always amusing. There is one character that she plays, (a very disagreeable one) which in her hands is one of the most perfect efforts we have witnessed on the boards of a theatre, viz. *Mrs. Subtle* in Paul Pry. Every expression of her countenance, and every modulation of her voice, are imbued with the spirit of art and demure hypocrisy.

There is another thing worthy of remark. Mrs. Wheatley though the representative of age, is herself in the prime of life and full vigour of intellect. This is an advantage as great as it is rare; for the line of character in which she appears, is generally used as a dernier resort by actresses, who are themselves too old to appear in any thing else, and who bring to their task confirmed habits, and jaded and worn out powers of mind and body. According to the common course of nature, it will be long before the public will have to regret this as being the case with Mrs. Wheatley; and even when time shall have laid his unsparing hand upon her, her excellence in the execution of those parts, will have become so much a matter of habit, that only the physical force and energy will be wanting.

The faults of this lady are so few, that it is scarcely worth while pointing them out. The greatest is, that she is not always proof against the applause of the more noisy part of the audience; so that when she does any thing particularly well, and a clapping of hands ensues, she wishes to do more, and is in the habit of spreading out the folds of her ample and antique garments, and flouncing about the stage more than is exactly necessary. As long, however, as Mr. Simpson retains the services of Mrs. Wheatley in the Park company, that theatre is possessed of an attraction which no other establishment can, at present, or is likely to equal. C.

LITERARY NOTICES.

STRATTON HILL.

THERE is a considerable share of talent displayed in these volumes, and they also bear evidence of some research and industry. The subject matter of the tale is founded upon the struggle which ended in the death of Charles the first and the overthrow of monarchy in England. But the scenes which the author has chosen for the location of his characters and incidents, are new and as yet untouched. No novelist, that we remember, has ever availed himself of the history, characters, and manners of Cornwall, peculiar as they are, and distinct from those of the rest of England.—The author of Stratton Hill has not neglected his advantages. There is much originality in the personages of his story, and in their acts. Some of his conceptions are worthy of high praise; as for example, the veteran Andrews, whose whole existence, from long habit, comes at length to know but one predominating motive. Curries, the wanderer, is another happy sketch; and Trenlyon and his sister, whose veneration for their own long line of ancestry has succeeded at last in banishing almost every other passion, are drawn with considerable power and distinctness. The book however, it must be confessed, is heavy, and cannot hope for an existence of any very protracted duration; but must be content to fill a place in the foremost rank of things, for a very little while, and then sink down into com-

panionship with the hundreds of dull books that have preceded and will follow it—known only through the immortalizing pages of some circulating library's long catalogue.

STORIES FOR YOUTH.

Mr. Elam Bliss, Broadway, has just published a little volume under the above title, translated from the French by a pupil of the Washington Institute, which promises to be popular, both in schools and private families. The minds of children are as active as their bodies, and continually demand employment. The general mass of similar publications are not only useless but absolutely pernicious in their effects; and we should be pleased to see stories, like those now before us, generally adopted as substitutes. A child cannot fail to derive both amusement and instruction from a perusal of them, as they embrace the most familiar incidents, pictured in the plainest and clearest language. The choice of proper books for the leisure moments, or lighter studies of children, is a subject of great interest to parents; for, while they, at first, seem but trifles of no consideration, they are, in fact, introducing into the infant mind the seeds of future habits, passions, and opinions. We cannot, therefore, conceive the moment wasted which we have occupied in recommending to the notice of all charged with the education of youth, a volume calculated to promote the general cause of learning, and to render the business of instruction more agreeable both to the tutor and the child.

HUNGARIAN TALES.

We have received a copy of this new work from Messrs. Harper, the publishers, but not in time to notice it as much at large as we could wish in this week's Mirror. We have read one or two of the shortest of the stories, which are written with great spirit, and are extremely interesting. For vividness of description, and for the striking nature of the incidents, we think these stories may bear a comparison with Mr. Croly's Tales of the Great St. Bernard. The character of the people from whom the fair author has drawn the personages of her stories, is admirably adapted for the purpose of the novelist; and it is not a little singular, that it should have been so long neglected by the English writers. Their history, too, abounds with stirring and romantic adventure, such as the novelist loves to dwell upon. It is not wonderful, therefore, that these tales should have obtained great popularity in England.

THE ESSAYIST.

FROM A LATE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

PREJUDICE.

"Men's evil manners live in brass: their virtues
We write in water."—SHAKESPEARE.

Of all those errors, to which, from the frailty and weakness of our natures, we are perpetually liable to become subservient, few, I think, have been carried to a more ridiculous excess, or have more completely estranged the mind from notions of right and wrong, than prejudice. Whenever it has once gained a firm footing in our breasts, by persuading us to admit within them the seeds of enmity or aversion against any particular object, the most clear and convincing arguments will, in most cases, be found insufficient to eradicate them. They rapidly increase, and, from the most trifling and despicable origin, rise to the most absurd and violent extreme of detestation. Nay, to such an extent have they been cherished, that the powers of reason and reflection, which the very wisest can boast of, have been repeatedly blinded and overwhelmed by them.

Talent, fortune, honour, and all the most noble qualities allotted to mankind, will be forgotten and disregarded by him who entertains any dislike against their possessors. Our eyes, when directed by prejudice, are only open to the vices of men:—their virtues are concealed by the veil of disgust, which she throws indiscriminately over all our mental powers of vision. The advice of our friends, the reprobations of the world, and sometimes even our own conscience, would admonish us against this weakness:—weakness, however, I should not term it, for, notwithstanding that it displays the imbecility of the mind which cannot resist its impulse, it may, nevertheless, if once encouraged, extend itself into the most inveterate hatred which disgraces human nature.

Nor does prejudice confine herself to any one particular object; but her hateful effects may be observed in all ages, in all countries, amongst all ranks, and all sects of mankind.

She interrupts the peace of governments; she disturbs the amity and harmony of families: nay, religion itself is not free from the detestable and injurious turmoils which she has it in her power to excite. And when she has attacked any one upon whom she may publicly wreak her malice, by gaining over to herself the hearts and opinions of the community, no entreaties, no repentance, (if aught which demands repentance has been committed by her victim,) no exertions of talent or industry to regain his former honours, can rescue him from her power; however he may have incurred, or deserved to incur, her odium.

The first, and, in my opinion, the most detestable and overbearing species of prejudice, is that which the sects of various religions have repeatedly encouraged against each other. This may be most properly termed pharisaical prejudice. It is a melancholy thing to look back upon the page of history, and observe the pollutions and interpolations, which the most holy ordinances of religion have suffered from its influence. If we examine holy writ, how forcibly does its virulence appear, in the conduct of the Jews towards a Redeemer! How beautifully, yet how forcibly, does that very Redeemer exemplify its pernicious malevolence, in the parable of the pharisee and publican! Let us turn to a later period:—let us behold the cruelties exercised at various periods upon the continent, in England, and in her sister country, against the protestants. Can we trace in these any of the dictates of charity, of kindness, and of forbearance, which our Divine Master has, in all his words and actions, set before us? Must every different religion be supported by the annihilation of those who are unwilling to conform to its decrees? We have no authority, divine or human, to take such power upon ourselves. Whence, then, is the cause, that so much innocent blood has been shed? Wherefore do we hear different sects reviling each other, and affirming that none, excepting those who are of their own persuasion, shall obtain salvation? What is the root of all these evils—this enmity—this abolition of fraternal love amongst mankind? It is prejudice.

Another species, more ridiculous in its appearance, but equal in virulence to the above-mentioned, in attempting to gain the accomplishment of its wishes, may be aptly denominated political prejudice. It is astonishing to see the hatred and dissensions which are carried on from family to family, from century to century—what detestation against each other has displayed itself in hearts, which, in all other respects, might be classed amongst the most excellent and virtuous. The best and most skilful of rulers, have not escaped its pernicious influence. Whatever may be the good qualities of a king, they will vanish from the eyes of his subjects, if prejudice has forbidden them to look upon any of his actions, except those which are worthy of blame. How forcible a representation of its malevolence do the feudal times present to us; when the quarrels of powerful families were handed down, and continued with undiminished enmity and bloodshed, through the lapse of ages! And in later days, when we see a monarch dethroned and decapitated by his subjects, without cause;—when we hear all the invectives which the spirit of revolution can utter against those who the least deserve them;—when we see persons attacked in the performance of those duties which they have long discharged with honour to themselves and with success to their country: shall we not naturally, if we behold all these evils with the clear and steady light of reason, inquire into their origin? It is prejudice.

Under the same head may be included popular prejudice. That of the political species is more slow and deliberate in its advances, but more virulent and deadly in the completion of its purposes. Popular prejudice, on the other hand, is violent and immediate in manifesting itself; but its rage is exhausted in a much shorter space of time. It has been known, however, upon gaining an ascendancy over the passions of an intemperate and senseless mob, to produce the most diabolical paroxysms of fury, and to have operated on the minds of men, as it were by infernal agency. The conduct of Englishmen, during the execution of Governor Wall, if we turn back to the chronicles of that period, will show us popular prejudice in its most glaring and execrable light. I do not by any means wish to vindicate the character, or palliate the conduct, of that unfortunate man. He was justly and deservedly punished for his cruelty by the loss of life. But, however, great his offences might be, I must own that I was shocked and disgusted upon reading an account of the conduct of the lower orders, previous to, and during the time of, his execution. The public press teemed with every invective which could possibly enrage the populace

against him; his name was heard in every street, branded with all the malicious appellations that revenge could invent; his figure was represented in every print-shop, either as inflicting the cruelties which he had committed, or as undergoing the punishment to which he was to be doomed. His execution was repeatedly announced for a certain day, and then deferred. Hence, so great was the anxiety of the populace, so ardent their wish for the gratification which they expected from beholding his punishment, that, upon seeing the object of their hate, after they had repeatedly been disappointed in the performance of his execution, appear upon the fatal platform, they raised three loud and heart-drawn cheers, as if now certain of their victim. The same species of disgraceful barbarity was repeated at that most appalling moment, when the culprit was launched into eternity. While his limbs were yet quivering with the last agonies of death, the same tumult and hellish gratification manifested itself in almost every mind. But the most disgusting and brutal instance of their hatred is yet, I think, untold. Some women, even women, at the conclusion of his punishment, stationed themselves at the foot of the scaffold upon which he suffered, and drank perdition to him! Nay, the fatal rope itself, after having performed its duty, was cut into the smallest pieces, and purchased by the mob with avidity! An indelible stain remains upon the events of that day. It remains on the records of heaven, a lasting stigma on those who participated in such inhumanity. May succeeding generations, upon reading the scene which I have just recounted, be warned from that degradation of human nature, to which a whole nation were precipitated by popular prejudice!

Hitherto we have viewed prejudice, and the evils it produces in public affairs. We have seen to what an excess it has been carried—to what madness and rage it has excited a whole people. We will now make a few observations on its effects in the more immediate concerns of private life.

Nothing is, I think, more conducive to quarrels, jealousies, and heart-burnings in every family, than the foolish partiality which some parents show to a favourite child; while they neglect, or even treat with severity, some other of their offspring. This conduct may be defined parental prejudice. And here it is to be observed that those parents fall into a double error; for while they, from some trifling and ridiculous cause, take a dislike to one child, and make use of every opportunity to afflict and torment him; while they magnify all his small failings, and pass over his good qualities without notice, they will most probably behave as absurdly in the reverse towards the favourite. All that he does will be right;—he will be set forth as a pattern of cleverness, application, and every good quality, for the imitation of all young people in his vicinity. His very faults will be palliated and unobserved—nay, sometimes even be applauded and deemed worthy of commendation. But what are the consequences of this blind partiality and folly? The favourite is hated:—the amity which ought to subsist between each of the family is destroyed. But the whole consequences of such an error as this are not yet enumerated. At the time when both venture together upon the ocean of life, the one who formerly could depend upon no assistance from his parents will far surpass the other in the formation of his projects, and the completion of his designs; while the real good qualities of the favourite will be found to be choked up by the weeds of self-conceit and adulation.

Prejudice, when admitted against the various professional duties, is extremely detrimental to many, whose genius deserves a better fate. Nothing can be more disgusting than to hear the church, the bar, the army, navy, or medicine, attacked, on account of the misconduct of some one individual in these several lines of life, who has disgraced himself and his profession. Yet true it is, that many form their opinions merely from one example, and consider that the probity and honour of all connected with that profession must be weighed by the same standard. Hence many a promising youth, whose talents have been particularly inclined to any one branch of science, has been placed in a sphere unworthy of him, merely through a foolish dislike which one of his parents have entertained against those men whose studies and occupations he wished to pursue.

Nor is this species of prejudice to be looked upon as detrimental in one light alone. However great a man's abilities may be, in whatever degree he may deserve praise, should he chance to meet with any misfortune, or fail in the discharge of his duties so as to excite dissatisfaction and prejudice against him, his utmost exertions will never raise him to his former eminence. The most excellent and har-

monious poet; the bravest soldier; the most skilful physician; the most able painters, sculptors, and musicians:—will all, if the breath of prejudice once taint their fame, verge from the zenith of their glory, and be levelled with the common herd. When, therefore, I hear a good poem ridiculed, or a well-written essay abused, merely because it is the fashion to ridicule and abuse them; when I hear the character of a brave man attacked, and his conduct depreciated by the general voice, for some offence, the relation of which is most probably founded on rumour alone; when, in short, I see a man who has signalled himself in any station of life, cast down from the good opinions of all, and reduced to a level, from which he is not allowed, whatever may be his powers, to rise again;—I inwardly curse prejudice, and all the mischiefs she causes.

It is needless to enumerate the many and various less important species of prejudice. Not a day can pass without presenting to an observant eye, the follies, the inconveniences, and the ridicule to which all are subjected, when they obey the dictates of this most odious and contemptible error. It manifests itself not only in the occupations, but even in the amusements of life.

One more argument alone need be adduced upon the subject of these observations. When a hundred years from this period shall have come and gone; when we shall be as the dust of the earth, and our very names and actions shall have faded in oblivion; of what value shall we deem the good or bad opinions of the world, to which we formerly were subject in this life, if we have only lived righteously, and according to the dictates of pure religion? In the hour of death we shall be free from the virulence of prejudice; yet, at that future time, a mind conscious of its own virtue will triumph over the contemptible scoffs and ridicule which were aimed at its quiet during life; and exult in the expectation of attaining that heavenly mansion, from whence care, enmity, slander, prejudice, and all things conducive to our misery in this state of probation are banished for ever.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

A new volume.—We commence this week the seventh volume of the New-York Mirror, and avail ourselves of the occasion to renew the pledge so frequently given, and we hope never in a single instance unredeemed, of our constant endeavours to render its columns useful and entertaining to every class of readers. It will be perceived that our pages are enlarged, and the general appearance and arrangement of the work improved. The designs of four elegant engravings are in the hands of the artists, and will be issued at the periods promised in the prospectus. We have ordered an entirely new fount of music type, by which we shall shortly be enabled to present that department in a form nearly equal to copperplate. We will merely add, that neither expense nor labour will be spared to render this periodical an ornament to our great and growing country.

True charity.—Mr. Walsh announces, in one of his late gazettes, the receipt of two pamphlets from this city, one of which is a circular issued by a society formed for the purpose of encouraging education in India, and soliciting patronage; the other, a report of the city dispensary, claiming assistance, and announcing the lamentable fact that the institution has been quite threatened with extinction for the want of means. In no very sparing and yet appropriate terms, does the Aristarchus of Philadelphia raise his voice against the existence of such a condition of society as is implied by these two documents. Exertions making for the mental improvement of those who are removed by thousands of leagues, while hundreds and thousands at home are left unassisted in the very hours of sickness and sore distress! It is not the first time that a just commentary has been pronounced on this over anxiety for distinction in whatever is pompous and goes forth to the world at large, that makes the name of charity known to the further isles of the Pacific ocean and the Peloponnesus, and which is in direct variance with the performance of that more humble, but more efficient and truly virtuous benevolence which acts within its proper sphere of duty and reach of action. It has, indeed, been urged, that both these duties can be consistently discharged—that strangers and remote countries may be benefited by the extension of our kindness to them, and yet the wants of our own poor not be neglected. This will easily be granted—but is it the fact? Ask the agents of the public institutions in our own cities. They will tell you that apologies are eternally making for the withdrawal of former aid, and the

withholding of present contribution, on the ground of complete exhaustion by the Greek, and other foreign applications. This is not as it should be. After distress has been relieved within our own walls; after education has been widely spread among all who need its blessings, and they are neither few nor insignificant; after all the objects of indispensable improvement have been attended to amongst ourselves, it will be time enough to wander forth abroad in quest of the means of gratifying an enlarged and active spirit of benevolence. Be it understood that the feeling of sincerity in which these foreign charities are dispensed is not condemned;—it is desirable only that it be directed to proper objects, and not be allowed to waste itself in unlimited aims and inexhaustible outlets, while so many paramount and palpable claims arrest its attention, and call for its protection.

The newspaper press.—A large portion of the people of this country look for information, upon all subjects, to the public press. As each one of those, however, generally belongs either to one party or the other, all news assumes the tinge of the channel through which it flows; and according to the opinions and enterprises of the editors, will be the cast of his items of intelligence. We have sometimes seen a paragraph, headed "outrageous fraud," full of flourishes, notes of admiration, and capital letters, enough to arouse the indignation of every reader. The same event would appear in another journal as a "ludicrous accident" or an "unfortunate event." We read the character of one of our public men a short time since, in terms that made us shudder. He was represented as a fiend incarnate, about to overthrow all our civil and religious institutions, assassinate all the inhabitants, and reduce the country to ashes; but were quieted on the perusal of another account which declared him to be the most benevolent, enlightened, and patriotic individual ever created. A friend of ours published a book. It was a harmless kind of an affair, just about worth the money, and which might have instructed some, and amused more. One editor warned the public against it as dangerous in its tendency, another despised it as flimsy and unworthy of notice, and a third recommended it to the patronage of all who admired undoubted genius and pure virtue. The following is extracted from the Daily Advertiser, a journal of deservedly high standing in this city, on the subject of the recent celebration:

"The day was unpleasant, attended with repeated showers, some of them violent, which rendered the military display less interesting than usual."

"Notwithstanding the objections we have always felt to the injurious and indefensible custom of permitting booths to be erected, they have been increased, if it is possible, by the disgraceful scenes of Saturday last. We are confident that the city was never so deeply disgraced by such scenes on any preceding occasion; and the same opinion appears to be entertained by many others—we suspect by all respectable persons who saw them. It is believed that so many instances of drunkenness were never witnessed before. Mobs were continually forming, and fighting and rioting amongst the lowest blackguards that ever disgraced a city. Constant applications were made to the police office to suppress the riots. The high constable and the mayor's first marshal, who share the profits arising from the letting of the booths, were not seen suppressing the riots. The whole posse of vagabonds were dispersed towards night by the rain, which fell in torrents. We may perhaps hereafter give a few particulars."

The annexed is from the Morning Herald, a paper which, although we are no politician, we presume must belong to the other side of the question. Both extracts are published for the benefit of distant subscribers, that they may understand exactly how we behave in New-York on the anniversary of our national independence, and what reliance may generally be placed upon the newspaper press. It was, we understand, a matter of some debate among our brother editors whether or not the troops did not march all day under the rays of a scorching sun; but, upon further consideration, it was concluded, by the consent of the parties, to have been rather rainy:

"Either from the cooling influence of the weather, or a reformed state of society,—there was less drunkenness on this occasion than on any former one within our recollection. The crowds were orderly, quiet, and sober—we might add, sad and uncomfortable—but *n'importe*, they left the police no additional duties to perform, and themselves fewer headaches and repentant twinges after all was over."

Gold.—We see it repeatedly announced by the editors of newspapers, and with evident symptoms of rejoicing and exultation, that this precious metal is not confined to the mines of Peru and Mexico, but also deigns to mingle itself with the cotton and tobacco growing soil of our own country. Visions of El Dorado's and of inexhaustible wealth and unparalleled splendour rise up before the quick and glowing fancy, and dazzle the unthinking mind into downright blindness. Such do we consider the joy expressed on the discovery of gold in the lap of our own grounds. We want it not. We are satisfied that the southern countries should possess the precious metals, and with them all the evils which lie hidden in their train,—indolence, luxury, and

mental darkness and slavery. Give us the healthful industry which must redeem the unyielding earth by culture and tillage, must sow it with the seed of promise, and reap the harvest of plenty,—the reward of constant and health-inspiring toil. We want no wretches doomed to inevitable destruction by voluntary or involuntary descent into the bowels of the earth, where pallid emaciation, consumption, and a slow lingering death surely await them. We want no government enriched by factitious means; no overgrown fortunes, accumulated by good or ill fortune in speculations on the depth and extent of veins running through the earth. We want not the exchange of our simple pursuits in commerce, agriculture, and manufactures—our enterprise and intellectual activity, our skill in art, our depth in science, for the alluring but debasing and unimproving labour in mines. Lotteries are bad enough—they detract much from the honest earnings of the poor, and make frequent inroads upon the steady industry and integrity of the lower classes. Mines would be ten times worse. Gambling, neglect of ordinary but unattractive occupations, and insatiable thirst for instantaneous acquisition of wealth, would be among the least of the evils attendant upon an extension of the discoveries already made of the existence of gold in this country. Well did Shakspeare say of gold, that it was

"Worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,"

than poison itself.

The American Argus, and Commercial Telegraph.—This is really a valuable paper, as will be seen by a brief enumeration of its contents: Each number comprises the latest and most important news of the day, original and selected prose and poetry; such miscellaneous intelligence as is novel, interesting, or instructive; a price current, alphabetically arranged, on a larger and more comprehensive scale than any ever before published in this country; the rates of bank note exchange in the four principal commercial cities in the union; prices of national stocks, and of those of the different banking institutions in New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston; the prices or rates of exchange in those cities, of drafts, or bills of exchange, on many of the principal commercial cities in various parts of the globe, together with an extensive list of counterfeit bank notes, including all known to be in circulation throughout the Union; and notices of new emissions whenever they transpire, or as soon as discovered. The bank note table is alphabetically arranged in the geographical order of the states; the list of counterfeits in a similar manner, and also in numerical order; and, in addition, a list is given semi-monthly, of the broken banks; and of the principal packet lines established between the four cities above mentioned, and different ports both in this and in foreign countries, with their stated times of sailing, etc. etc. The Argus, edited by P. Canfield, is published every Monday morning, at 179 Broadway, in the folio form, on a sheet of paper about two feet long by three feet wide—more or less—at six dollars per annum, payable in advance.

Clinton-hall.—It is to be presumed that few individuals of New-York, "will shed tears in pity for the hapless fate" of that nest of rookeries which for many years graced the neighbourhood known by the appellation of Theatre Alley. The hand of improvement has touched the scene, and its wizard influence will soon convert it into a splendid hall, worthy of the hallowed name which is to distinguish it among future generations. Clinton-hall will, ere long, be seen rising above the ground, and vindicating its claims to architectural pre-eminence among the houses of worship, the courts of justice, and the saloons of pleasure which adorn its locality. One hundred feet square on Beekman and Nassau streets, will form a fine site for the erection of an edifice, commensurate with the objects of the association which projected it, and the grandeur of this commercial emporium. We are extremely happy to state that the National Academy of Design will occupy a part of the building.

Interesting to play-wrights.—The sum of three hundred dollars is offered by Mr. John Adams, the manager of the Charleston theatre, for the best original tragedy or comedy, and one hundred and fifty for the second best tragedy. Competitors are requested to forward their productions to Charleston on or before the twentieth of November next. If the successful author should be a native of South Carolina or Georgia, he will be entitled to a benefit in addition to the premium.

Binding.—Subscribers can have their volumes bound by sending the numbers to this office.

THE HARPER'S SONG.

ARRANGED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, BY WILLIAM WOOD, JR.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

Summer eve is gone and past, Summer dew is fall-ing fast; Summer eve is gone and past, Summer dew is fall-ing

fast: I have wan-der'd all the day, Do not bid me far-ther stray; I have wan-der'd all the day, Do not bid me far-ther

stray: Gen-tle hearts of gen-tle kin, Take the wan-d'ring Har-per in; Gen-tle hearts of gen-tle kin, Take the

wan-d'ring Har-per in, O take him in; Take the wand'ring Har-per in, Take the wan-d'ring Har-per in.

Bid me not in battle field,
Buckler lift, or broadsword wield;
All my strength and all my art

Is to touch the gentle heart,
With the wizard's notes that ring
From the peaceful minstrel string.

I have song of war for knight,
Lay of love for lady bright,
Fairy tale to lull the ear,

Goblin grim the maids to scare;
Dark the night, and long till day,
Do not bid me farther stray.

VARIETIES.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—A few years ago, a couple of Dutchmen upon the high hills of Limestone, though very friendly, had a dreadful falling out about one killing the other's dog, for which he sued for damages. They were called into court, and the defendant in the case was asked by the judge, if he killed the dog? "Pe sure I kilt him," said the Dutchman, "but let him proof it." This being quite satisfactory, the plaintiff in the case was called on to answer a few questions; he was asked by the judge, to what amount he estimated the damages? He did not understand this question so well, so to be a little plainer, the judge asked him what he thought the dog to be worth? "Pe sure," said he, "the dog was wot noting; but since he was so mean as to kill him, he shall pay de full walue of him."

WATERING MILK.—A Dutchman in Albany some time back, went out to his milkman in the street with a dish in each hand, instead of one as usual. The dispenser of attenuated milk, asked if he wished him to fill both vessels? The Dutchman replied, suiting the action to the word, "Dis is for de milk, and dis for de watter—and I will mix dem so as to shute mine self."

TO-MORROW!—What is to-morrow? A time that always is to come, and never comes—it is that part of eternity which lies beyond eternity—it is a name, a phantom, a chaos. Does it ever deceive us? it is because we place too much dependence on it. Procrastination is the top stone of destruction—let it have no control over you: avoid it as you would a pestilence.

BURIED ALIVE.—Two Irishmen wading across one of the principal streets in the city, one of them was knocked down by a dray driving furiously along. "Arrah Pat," said the other, "arn't ye dead?" "No," replied the prostrate son of Erin, "but I'm buried alive."

HOW TO BE RICH.—Nothing is more easy, says Mr. Paulding, than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody—to befriend none—to get every thing, and save all we get—to stint ourselves, and every body belonging to us—to be the friend of no man, and have no man for our friend—to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent—to be mean, miserable, and despaired, for some twenty or thirty years—and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment.

A BED LOVER.—An indolent youth being asked why he was so shamefully fond of his pillow, to the manifest injury of his reputation, replied, "I am engaged every morning in hearing counsel: *Industry and Health* advise me to rise—

Sloth and Idleness to lie still, and they give their reasons at large, pro and con. It is my part to be strictly impartial, and to hear with patience what is said on both sides—and by the time the cause is fairly argued, dinner is generally on the table!

HEREDITARY ATTACHMENT.—When the Jews are in the act of prayer, they turn their eyes towards Jerusalem; and such is their veneration for the soil of Judea, that many of them in different countries procure from Jerusalem portions of earth, which is sprinkled over the eyes of the deceased before interment. Many who can afford the expense, retire there to die, that their bodies may mingle with the bodies of their ancestors. At Copenhagen Jews are buried standing in their coffins.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NUMBER 2.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE MOON.

Written at sea in August, 1828.

MOTHER of light and beauty, hear my prayer,
And from thy stormless throne of stars above,
Whence thou beholdest earth, and sea, and air,
Oh look upon that spot of home and love;
That dwelling of my soft and gentle dove,
With all her little ones beneath her wing,—
And say if adverse storm presumes to move
The shelter from her solitude, or flings
Its desolating bolt against my fluttering things?

Yes, turn thy gaze upon my Mary's brow,
My fond—my fair—my melancholy one.
Doth she not gaze on thee as I do now,
And doth not the same stream of feeling run
Through both? As thou art lighted by the sun,
E'en so doth she reflect the light of thought
From this far distant heart—and thus, upon
The young beneath her smile, is there not brought
Their sire's reflected smile—though lessen'd not forgot?

Oh tell me if my Mary's cheek be pale,
And tell me if my Mary's eye be wet,
And tell me if the separating wail
Is lingering on her lip of sweetness yet?
That hour of sorrow I can ne'er forget,
It pour'd the soul out from its inmost shrine,
And many a gem of thought before me set,
Long undiscover'd in the mental mine,
Till sad love brought it forth o'er my dark path to shine.

And tell me if my Mary thinks on all
The hours we spent beneath thy holy light,
Or listening to the distant waterfall,
Or speaking of young love's divine delight,
Or of our home and those who made it bright,
Our young ones—each with some maternal trace
Which made them dearer to my heart and sight;
For aught that seemeth of her form or face
Becomes a part of her in beauty or in grace?

And if thou ever speak'st to dwellers here,
Tell her each breeze that passes westward by
Lingers obedient to my ardent prayer
To be the messenger of many a sigh.
When morning opens, and evening shuts the sky,
Tell her my thoughts are of her, and my heart
Throbs that some ship may lift her wings on high,
And bid her from her mateless isle depart,
And thee, my bosom, cease to be the thing thou art!

And she will hang with transport on thy voice,
And she will rush into the sounding shore,
And tread the peopled galley, and rejoice
In the wind's transport and the ocean's roar,
So they but bear her to this breast the more:
And she will fly into this heart of woes,
And bid, as oft her spell-word bade before,
Its wilderness to blossom as the rose,
And joy's untroubled fount its purest springs enclose.

Oh that the world and the world's ills should e'er
Divide the fond in heart—the pure in mind!
Oh that its storms affection's rose should sear,
And fling its close-clasp'd leaves upon the wind!
But let it be—the root remains behind:
Yes, Mary, love shall never all decay;
The rains may loose the leaves, the storms unbind;
But where there blush'd the blossom yesterday,
Another shall arise to bless another day!

Tell her all this, mild empress of the main,
And that until our meeting mine must be
The martyr mind of separation's pain.
Farewell—farewell awhile to her and thee,
That calmly sinkest o'er the distant sea!
And when again, on the Atlantic's swell,
Thou fling'st thy shaft of silver brilliancy,
Mayst thou come upward stormlessly to tell
Glad tidings of my love. Mother of light, farewell!

Veiling her face behind a silver cloud
She sinks into the calm waves silently,
And faint and fainter shed yon lessening crowd
Their starry lustre on the shoreless sea.
Adieu, enchanting night, to them and thee!
Sweet was the solace my lone spirit drew
From breathing thus my heart's rude minstrel
Heavy the hours shall plod ere thou renew
Thy fairy reign again—till then, sweet night, adieu!

ALPHA.

WHY—WHEN—WHEREFORE.

"Le temps qui produit les saisons,
Les tient l'une à l'autre enchaînées;
Et le soleil marchant par ses douze maisons
Renouvelle les jours, les mois, et les années."

I know not why, that on my heart,
A cloud of early sorrows fell,
Bidding each gentle thrill depart,
And waking sighs unspeakable;
Why love just laughed upon my way,
And scatter'd a few blossoms there,
Where swept the mildew of decay,
And rush'd the storm of cold despair.

I know not why, that on my brow
My heart's reflected shadows lie;
That a deep gloom is resting now
Upon my being's mournful sky;
That hope hath hush'd her siren lay,
That pleasure's wing is folded up,
And each bright gem hath pass'd away
That sparkled in her festal cup.

I know not when the golden dream
Which stirred my heart in thankfulness,
And spread o'er earth a peerless gleam,
Will e'er again my spirit bless:
It was too much of bliss to stay
About my changeful pathway long;
It pass'd like summer clouds away,
As the rich cadence of a song.

Perchance it ne'er will come again!
That earth will never wear a smile
So bright above its wide domain,
The unsullied bosom to beguile.
It is not meet that joy should fling
His light around my footsteps here;
For time hath clipp'd his buoyant wing,
And dimm'd his radiant atmosphere.

I know not wherefore, but my hours
Pass like a sad and funeral train;
And, gathering memory's blighted flowers,
My soul goes back to youth again:
And in it's vista'd light and shade,
I see how much my heart is changed—
What wrecks the tide of years hath made,
Where childhood's frolic feet have ranged!

Roll on, ungentle stream—I feel
The gladness of a hope within,
Which sorrow cannot all conceal,
E'en when its darkest hours begin.
Life is the vision of a day,
And rest awaits its evening tide,
When the unpinion'd soul can lay
Its weight of cumbrous dust aside!

EVERARD.

TO HELENA.

Few are thy years, sweet Helena!
Thy life is in its spring;
And the buds of hope, of love, and joy
For thee are blossoming.

Thy feet on life's rough path as yet
Have only trod on flowers,
And time hath lent his downiest plumes
To speed thy laughing hours.

In absence oft on memory
Thy winning graces rise;
Thy lip a nestling place for smiles,
And not a shrine for sighs;
Thy step so fraught with youthful grace,
With its light airy bound;
And the arch mischief of thy glance
Dwelling on all around;

The summer blue of thy clear eye
No cloud doth ever dim;
And thy voice hath all the melody
Of the lark's earliest hymn;

Thy silken curls of sunny hair
Wave o'er a stainless brow,
And nought but glad emotions speak
In thy cheek's varying glow.

A free, untroubled heart is thine,
Untouch'd by grief or care;
Yet is it feeling's chosen home,
And kindness centres there.

'Twere idle now, sweet Helena!
Thy future lot to trace,—
And yet methinks e'en grief would grieve
To mar thy smiling face.

Oh! cherish'd one of many a heart!
What cloud can cross thy path?
A spell is thine of power to quell
Misfortune's bitterest wrath.

The love that makes thy pathway bright,
A charm doth round thee throw—
'Tis this that gives thine eye its light,
Thy cheek a brighter glow.

Light-hearted girl! thy tears have been
For others' griefs alone,
For well thy gentle heart can feel
For ills it ne'er has known.

A wish for one so blest as thou
Would idle seem and vain;
Yet scorn not thou the parting prayer
With which I close this strain:

May thy as yet unclouded sky
No sorrow e'er o'ercast,
And the fair future be to thee
As pangless as the past.

THYRZA.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE UNEDUCATED WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

At the close of a gloomy day in November, Albert Fitzgerald, a young man of very elegant and interesting appearance, found he had missed his way, and was descending a lonely hill that ended in a thick forest. He stopped before he entered the dreary road and cast an inquiring and eager gaze around; but saw no alternative except to go on, or retrace his steps and ascend the long, tedious hill.

"This is abominable," said he, as he pulled the reins to stop his tired beast; "I should be quite unwilling to make a supper for some hungry wolf or bear; it would be a most inglorious end to my journey, and not at all consistent with deeds of noble daring; but perhaps there are no such prowlers here, and at all events it is a straight path—I can try it a mile or two, and if I see or hear any thing alarming I can return: it will not be very soldier-like, to be sure, to run from the enemy; but there is none to trumpet my fame in this wood—so come on, my tired dapple!"

The evening was fast closing, and he could only ride slowly, and with great caution, as the stumps of the trees often stood many feet high and much impeded his progress. After he had been riding for some time, the snow commenced falling, and Fitzgerald began to be seriously alarmed, when, suddenly, a bright light shone through the underwood at no great distance. He galloped quickly on, and saw, to his surprise and delight, a very comfortable-looking log house with glazed windows, quite an uncommon thing in the back country.

"I suppose," said he, "I shall share with some dozen little white heads, each striving by dirt and clamour to make me as uncomfortable as possible—well! I shall at least have a shelter from the bears and the weather."

So saying, he threw the bridle around a stump, and, springing over the fence, was just about knocking at the door, when a voice of great melody and sweetness struck on his ear, singing the "evening hymn." He stopped; but the music had ceased. He approached without noise to the window, and what was his surprise, his emotion, at beholding, in a secluded place like this, the most exquisitely beautiful creature he had ever seen. Her dress was that of a rustic, and her slight person, though thus unadorned, more faultless than the finest models he had ever gazed on in the halls of fashion and elegance.

Fitzgerald almost doubted his senses; for nothing mortal had ever seemed to him half so lovely. Her

little white hands and dimpled fingers were smoothing the gray hairs of a most noble-looking old man, who sat before a bright fire. His face was pale and careworn. His large, expressive eyes were turned on his youthful companion with a tenderness that seemed to affect her much, for she kissed his wrinkled cheeks again and again; and seemed trying, by a thousand winning ways, to divert him from his sorrows. He was dressed like a farmer; but round his chair was thrown a large military cloak, apparently to skreen him from the weather, one corner of which covered his foot that rested on a bench before him. The room was clean and comfortable, though it contained nothing but some chairs, a table, and a shelf with books. A rush mat was spread under the old man's seat, and a few cooking utensils placed in the corner of a large, stone fire-place.

Fitzgerald stood rivetted to the spot, scarcely daring to breathe lest he should break the charm that seemed to detain these objects in his sight; but the snow was falling fast, and the horse began to grow restive. He stepped gently back and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the old man, and Fitzgerald entered.

"Will you give me shelter for the night, sir," said he, bowing, "I have lost my way, and my horse is worn out with this day's travel?"

"With pleasure, sir," was the reply. "We can afford you a shelter; but we have no shed for your tired beast."

"Well then, he must take his chance under the forest trees: I am so happy not to be obliged to share the same fate, that I fear I shall not feel the sympathy for him I ought."

"Isidore, take the gentleman's coat, shake off the snow, and throw it over the rail to dry, and place a chair by the fire."

She moved from his side, where she had nestled like a young fawn or a timid dove, and placing a seat, reached out that beautiful little hand for the coat; but he, bowing as low as if she had been a princess, said, "By no means," and laid it aside himself, while Isidore, blushing and composed again, drew close to her aged companion.

Fitzgerald had never felt so much at a loss for conversation. To meet two such beings in a thick forest, so far from any human habitations, seemed so strange that he scarce knew how to address them; but the old gentleman began asking him about the road, how far he had travelled, &c. &c., and told him he was more than thirty miles from the place he had inquired for, and which he thought of reaching that night.

"But," said he, "if you can be contented with a little bread and milk, and a bear skin for a bed, you are most heartily welcome."

"I wish no better fare, sir, and shall feel grateful for your hospitality."

"You see I am almost a cripple, so my little granddaughter must do the honours of my humble abode."

The white table was set before him with bread, milk, and dried venison; and Albert thought he had never made a more delicious meal. They were soon all quietly settled for the night; the old man was helped to his room by his gentle child; and Albert lay before the fire wondering and thinking who they could be, until nature could no longer support him and he sunk to sleep.

When he awoke in the morning a bright fire was snapping and crackling in the room, and the old man was in his arm-chair with the table before him.

"We were sorry to disturb you, sir," said he; "but our place is not a very commodious one. It reminds me of the old song—'It served him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall.'"

While he was speaking Isidore entered, her beautiful hair covered with snow flakes, and her whole face radiant with smiles and beauty. An Indian came with her, bearing a basket. He remained some time talking

with the old gentleman, who understood the language, and Fitzgerald knew enough of it to hear him say,

"Who is he?" He turned and said,

"I think, sir, you have a right to know whom you have so kindly sheltered—my name is Albert Fitzgerald."

"Fitzgerald! Was the name of your father Campbell Fitzgerald?"

"It was."

"Young man," said he, "you are more than welcome. Your father was my friend, and as brave a soldier as ever marched to battle."

"You knew my father then, sir?" and Fitzgerald stepped before him.

"Yes, and well do I remember the day on which we parted—parted to meet no more—it was after a glorious victory! I called to say farewell, as at day-break I was to leave that part of the country. He was stretched on a pallet—the surgeon preparing to dress his wounds. He opened his eyes as I entered, and told my purpose. 'General,' said he, stretching out his hand to me, and all the fire of the soldier sparkling for a moment in his heavy eyes as he spoke, 'we shall drive these intruders from our land. Heaven bless you, farewell!' He was never well enough to return to the army, and I never had an opportunity to return to him again."

Albert listened with surprise. The old man forgot his lameness—he stood up, and his tall figure seemed almost gigantic, while the whole expression of his face was changed: it glowed with animation as he took Fitzgerald by the hand—

"Thrice-welcome to my home and heart," said he, "thou son of an old friend. Young man, poor and forlorn as I now appear, I once commanded armies, and this arm," extending it as he spoke, "was ever ready to draw the sword in defence of this ungrateful country. My name is Charlton."

"General Charlton!" said Fitzgerald, pressing his hand between both his own. "I have often heard my beloved mother speak of your covering my father with your cloak, and coming for him with a litter, by which you saved his invaluable life."

"These, my son, were the chances and changes of war; but" and he sighed deeply, "we who have toiled and bled, spent all!—yes, all, even our paternal inheritance, in the country's service, cannot choose but weep almost tears of blood, when we find ourselves beggars on the soil we have so warmly defended,—find ourselves unnoticed and unknown by the sons, who at ease in their possessions feel not, care not for the pangs of those who obtained for them their choicest blessings. Picture to yourself, sir, a young man well born, well educated, rich, of great expectations, sacrificing all for the cause of freedom, and losing all for his country; and when in old age, worn out, crippled, unable any longer to be useful, looking to that country for support, feeling that justice demands a prompt attention to his claims; waiting day after day, week after week, year after year, until weary, heart-sick and disgusted, he retires to some solitary abode, and finds among savages a better home than his countrymen are willing to bestow. This—this!" young man, "is the fate of the veterans of the revolution."

The General covered his face with his hands, and sunk back exhausted by his emotions. Albert felt the blood mounting into his face at the recollection of the ingratitude of the government; yet remembering that he had done all in his power to aid the cause of these disinterested but unfortunate men, he told the General, after a pause of some moments, that he should feel proud to assist him in any way; that his fortune was ample, and that he could not use it more to his satisfaction than in making the friend of his father happy.

"Happy!" said he, as he raised his mournful eyes to Albert; "I am almost at my journey's end: could I but behold this forest flower, this only tie to earth,

safely situated in the world, I should die contented." He pressed the beautiful creature to his bosom and sobbed audibly.

"My dear father," said Isidore, "grieve not for me, we are very happy here, and you have a new friend now, who will not let your little—"

She stopped, blushed, and hid her face on her grandfather's shoulder, fearing she had said too much.

Albert wished she had finished the sentence, and thought that to shelter her from harm he would willingly pass the rest of his days in the forest.

THE ESSAYIST.

FROM A LATE ENGLISH PERIODICAL WORK.

OUR INTEREST.

"So, for a good old gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice."—BYRON.

As a want of fixed and steady principle is the ruin of youth, so a too strict adherence to our interest frequently becomes the disgrace and canker of old age: the first destroys the tender buds of our spring with the pestilential influence of a blight; the other congeals, paralyzes, and deforms our winter, with its chilling frost. I shall confine myself to the rise, progress, and final effects of the latter. This "old gentlemanly vice" steals upon us, together with age, and is generally supposed to be the consequence, as well as characteristic, of declining years. But its seeds are not different from those of other vices. They are sown in youth; and though seldom visible to every one, are easily distinguished by the microscopic eye of the moralist. When, indeed, parsimony and an interested regard for money are discoverable in early life, it is manifest that these seeds will ripen into avarice and rapacity; we easily perceive that the young Pacuvius may hereafter be rich, but that his riches will never bestow happiness upon their possessor, or contribute to that of his fellow-creatures. A few words may suffice to delineate the life of such a person. The calculating and penurious character of his youth is despised by his companions, whose actions are dictated by the more exalted motives of youthful generosity and feeling; his riper years are wasted in the obscure and grovelling pursuit of wealth, which will be a benefit to no one, and will not even afford enjoyment to the infatuated being who is at once its master and its slave; who, urged on by the powerful influence of avarice, will not scruple to break down any principle of honour, morality, or religion; and who, in his unbridled career, will turn a deaf ear even to the voice of nature. These observations upon the probable conduct of the covetous man are not merely speculative; they are confirmed by the examples afforded us, drawn from the history of all ages and countries. No motive has led to more horrors than avarice. It has been the incentive to crime in sovereigns, favourites, and adventurers: reigning lord of the ascendant in the minds of the two former, it has frequently proved a scourge to the old world; and, leading on the daring enterprises of the latter, had nearly caused the utter annihilation of the inhabitants of the other hemisphere. Such is the conduct of men, when engaged in the attainment of wealth; the fruition of which is an object as unworthy the attention of mankind, as the pursuit of it is laborious and harassing. But when age renders man incapable of the latter, and the time which he has spent in it should have brought him to the former, he shows as much obstinacy in retaining his wealth, as he did rapacity and perseverance in amassing it. He neither enjoys the fruit of his labour himself, nor contributes to the enjoyment and happiness of others: he would appear, at first sight, to hold the creed of the Indians, that the same wants and cares, which are daily experienced in this world, are to accompany us beyond the grave; and we should conclude that he was making provision for his support in the next world. But it is rather from habit, than from any as-

signable reason, that arises this almost unaccountable propensity to render his acquisitions useless: he has been so accustomed to consider the possession of money as the chief good of life, that he cannot persuade himself to part with it. The misery and punishment which the covetous bring upon themselves are admirably predicted in the following lines of Juvenal:

"Vivat Pacuvius quæso, vel Nestora totum;
Possideat quantum rapuit Nero: montibus aurum
Exsequet: nec amet quemquam, nec ametur ab ullo."

It is seldom—as I before observed—that the seeds of this vice are manifest in youth; yet, like the seed of the thistle, which is carried in the air, and falls unseen upon the soil, they are often too deeply sown before they are perceived. A minute and studied concern for every thing which concerns self, and a neglect of the interests and welfare of others, are the sources to which every year will add a tributary stream, until they expand into avarice and covetousness, and finally overwhelm all the barriers which honour and morality oppose to their course. The force and power which these vices finally obtain, are, of course, greater or less in proportion to the magnitude or exiguity of the fountain-head.

I have already detailed the rise, progress, and effects of avarice, which is powerful and manifest, even at its beginning; it is now time that I should consider the vice of interested selfishness, which is smaller at its rise, but not less rapid in its increase, or less mischievous in its consequences. This vice is the more dangerous from the nature of its sources, which are concealed until they obtain uncontrollable force. Selfishness may have existed and increased for a long time in youth before it assumes its visible and definite form. We are seldom apt to apply the epithet of selfish to the idle or the extravagant; and, because they neglect their real interest, we fancy that they are indifferent to themselves. This is far from being the case: the fact is, they think of nothing but their idol *self*, and of that which will afford it present enjoyment. Idleness and profusion are the shapes which selfishness usually takes in early life, as avarice is that which it assumes in age; for youth, somewhat after the manner of the Epicureans, fancies it sees its interest in present enjoyment.

Eugenio has obtained the character and reputation of a dashing fellow, because he spends a profusion of money; and, disregarding discipline and constraint, follows all those pleasures which his fortune has placed within his reach, and which fashion tempts him to pursue. "He is the most generous creature in the world," says one of his companions. "His purse is always open," says another. True; his purse is always open, because he is always engaged in such pursuits as require it; but ask him to open it for any other object than that of procuring pleasure for himself, and it will be found to retain its contents with the close grasp of the miser; from whom its possessor differs in a very slight degree. The one adores the money itself; the other its produce; and both are equally careful that no one except themselves shall be a partaker of the enjoyments which accrue to them from their possessions.

Adrastus has, in the same pursuit, wasted gifts of nature much more valuable than those of the amplest fortune. Copiously endowed with the former, he has omitted to improve them, from a want of power over himself. His good sense admonishes him not to lose the opportunity of becoming useful to society, by cultivating and exercising his talents, but self has acquired such an ascendancy over him, that it scorns control, and hurries him headlong into the abyss of pleasure. Though limited with regard to fortune, his slender means are no obstacle to his course; the same cause—the gratification of his passion for himself—which urged him to neglect his talents, draws him on into the snares of debt. He obtains trust from creditors whom he knows he can never pay; and thus, step by step, loses all sense of honour and integrity; for, ac-

customed from youth to consider himself before every body and every thing, it is natural that he should not scruple even to defraud others for his own gratification, and that he should disregard the interests of other men, when put in competition with his own. Many other instances of the various descriptions of youthful selfishness might be enumerated; but I have been contented with these two, as they are the most common, and are sufficient to show the powerful influence and baneful effects of that vice. Let us now consider what it leads to in after-life. Ripening in years, the selfish man still continues to consult his own interest, and that alone, in all his actions and undertakings: he now finds, that it is his interest to obtain authority, influence, or wealth; that the days are past when his idol was to be satisfied with mere pleasure; and that they have been spent in such a manner, that he is unable to appease its present cravings, without making a greater sacrifice than he was wont in his early years. In proportion to the magnitude of the object in view, must be the sacrifice made to attain it. In his youth he disregarded the admonitions of others, and even of his own good sense;—his idol now demands a hecatomb; and in obedience to it, he sets at defiance the dictates of his conscience, which will in vain strive to oppose any measure which interest bids him pursue. To him indeed

"Sweet is the scent which from advantage springs,
And nothing dirty which good interest brings."

Leonatus was from a boy of a selfish disposition; yet that vice which brought disgrace upon his riper years was scarcely observed in his youth: he always rejoiced in an opportunity to distinguish himself at the expense of any of his companions; he would inwardly chuckle at the prospect of answering a question, which had been fruitlessly proposed to his neighbours; and when his assistance might have saved another from punishment, he invariably withheld it, lest he should lose the opportunity of publicly showing that he was acquainted with the subject of which his schoolfellow was ignorant. This was kindly attributed to an ardent spirit of emulation, yet he would never sacrifice his own wishes or enjoyments in order to be distinguished;—the selfish path of pleasure held out too many temptations, and he made no effort to forsake it. His idleness and extravagance, which were the consequence of this, received the fashionable appellations of juvenile thoughtlessness and spirit. Thus, while his youth lasted, his selfishness was disguised under various forms and colours; but in his manhood it threw off the mask, and appeared in its distinguishable shape. Over-burdened with debt, the fruit of his pleasures, Leonatus married an heiress, whose fortune he did not scruple to sacrifice to the demands of his creditors, relieved from whom he enjoyed a moderate fortune; but his interest prompted him to increase it; whether the means by which he could accomplish this purpose were creditable or disgraceful, was to him a matter of indifference: he chose such measures as would lead him most speedily, and with the least trouble, to the fulfilment of his wishes. The power of the ministry seemed on the decline; his professed principles had always been in unison with theirs, yet he hesitated not to join a violent opposition in order to obtain a part of the spoils of his former friends. The exertions which he made to raise himself to consideration in his party were great, and ruinous to his fortune; and after a few years he found that the undertaking in which he had embarked was fruitless, and the ray of hope which had gleamed upon his party proved an *ignis fatuus*, which led him to the brink of ruin. The alluring prospect of a place tempted him; he perceived interest beckoning to him from the treasury bench; he obeyed her command, received his bribe, and, from the bold and stormy patriot, became the

"Placeman, all tranquillity and smiles."

This step, though suggested by a regard for his interest, did not prove in the end more beneficial to Leo-

natus than his former speculation. An opposition was raised against him at the next election, and his constituents, enraged at his parliamentary conduct, declared themselves in favour of his antagonist; and, after having spent the remainder of his shattered fortune in an unsuccessful contest, he lost his seat in parliament, and sunk into the insignificance of a pensioned courtier. Thus all he reaped by his attention to interest in the prime of his life, was a poor miserable old age, embittered by the contempt and disgrace which awaits the apostate, and soured by disappointment, the seldom-failing punishment which hangs over the heads of the ambitious and covetous. The great danger of selfishness to youth is, that working underground and unseen, it saps the foundations of virtue and happiness, for it needs but to be seen in order to be despicable and odious: it has therefore been more the object of this paper, to bring selfishness into the light, stripped of the coverings and disguises which surround it, than to dwell upon its deformity. The manner in which the former may be accomplished, is by examining, not only the actions, faults, and virtues of men as they appear to our view, but also the latent sources from which they arise. These are two in number: one is generosity, a clear and limpid stream, rising amidst the pure snows of the mountains, gradually expanding into a noble and beneficent river, fertilizing and adorning the land through which it flows;—the other is selfishness, taking its rise in low swamps and marshes, swelling its polluted tide by receiving the confluent sewers of vice, and spreading noxious and pestilential vapours over the adjacent countries. From the first flow honour, friendship, morality, and philanthropy; from the latter idleness, fraud, profligacy, and avarice. The cup of virtue is replenished from the pure rill of generosity,—that of vicious pleasure with the ditch-water of interested selfishness. Q.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

FIRE-PROOF DRESS.—The government of Milan have rewarded the Chevalier Giovanni Aldini with a gold medal for an invention, by which the qualities of metallic gauzes, of being impermeable to flame, are applied with advantage in the forming a dress for firemen. This dress is made in the fashion of the armour of the knights of the chivalrous ages, and consists of a tissue of asbestos, covered with a metallic gauze. It is represented to be at once incombustible, a non-conductor of heat, so light as to be no impediment to the most prompt agility, and no hinderance to efforts of strength. Specimen dresses of the kind, with directions for making them, will be forwarded on reasonable terms to foreign states, on application to the inventor at Milan, free of postage.

A chivalrous dress will well become our hardy and fearless firemen. Happy would it be if any means can be practised to protect them from the numerous evils and dangers to which they so disinterestedly and magnanimously expose themselves.

VESSELS IMPELLED AGAINST STREAM BY FORCE OF THE STREAM ITSELF.—M. Fourasse, a French engineer and mechanic, in a work recently published on the application of steamboats to river navigation, gives a topographical statement of the principal rivers of Europe in which steam navigation may be successfully employed. The work concludes with an explanation of the theory of water-impelled boats, *bateaux aqua-moteurs*, a name given to a system of navigation, which derives from the current itself an impulse capable of driving the vessel against the stream. This impulse, communicated to a capstan, winds up a rope fastened by its extremity to the shore, and thus drags the vessel forward, as if by towage.

SWEET AND BITTER.—Dr. W. Herschel has discovered that the mixture of nitrate of silver and hypo-sulphate of soda, or lunar caustic and a species of glauber salts, which are both remarkably bitter substances, produces the sweetest substance in existence! "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Digitized by Google

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PERIPATETIC.

MY FIRST CAUSE.

THERE are certain landmarks in our voyage through life, which, however long its duration, are constantly in the mind as green and fresh as they were at the very next moment after they happened, and which imperceptibly link by link form a chain which in after years it delights us to retrace, and the recollection of which calls up feelings and associations rendered doubly dear to us by the reflection that they exist only in memory. The child whose mind is burdened with but few ideas, but whose associations are equally powerful with those of maturer years, looks back with delight which he cannot comprehend upon the pleasures and the feelings of infant days; the youth upon those of his childhood, the man upon those of his youth, and the aged and tottering patriarch upon those of a long and eventful life, until each, like the traveler who anxiously retraces the scenes he has passed, resting upon them, consoles himself in the anticipation of future disappointments, by the reflection that he has outlived and triumphed over those which are gone. Without the intervention of such reflections, life would indeed be what the discontented and the misanthropic have ever affected to consider it, a blank,—a mere void—a state of daily existence without a past to cheer us by its recollections, without a future to encourage us by its prospects and its hopes. And it is no matter from what sources they are derived, whether they be considerable or inconsiderable—great or small—the mind still finds them a resting place from which it can trace its advancement, and compared with which it can estimate its progress in the paths of honour, fortune, or fame. I believe I have before told my readers, although I am not vain enough to suppose that many of them have thought it worth their while to recollect it, that I am fond of studying character, and of reflecting upon incidents the importance of which, if they have any, is confined to myself alone. In doing so I not unfrequently perhaps, elevate trifles into undue importance, as many of my readers may be inclined to believe, when they are told that the incidents which form the subject of this number, have induced the grave reflections which have thus with so much solemnity preceded their narration. Such I would, however, take the liberty of reminding, that a broomstick was not beneath the meditation of a Swift, and that the shimmering of a teakettle puzzled and distracted the heads of half the *virtuosi* of Europe, until it resulted in the wonderful discovery of the application of steam. My modesty will however permit me to carry the comparison no further.

I shall never forget my first cause. It is seven years since—but it is as fresh in my memory as if it had been but yesterday. With how many associations is it connected, and how many recollections, some pleasing in themselves and others made so by the force of contrast alone, does the very mention of it call forth, as the mere touch of a secret spring in a complicated piece of mechanism sets the whole in motion. For seven years I had pored over the dull precepts of Coke, Blackstone, Tidd, Chitty and other legal worthies—for seven years I had undergone the drudgery of copying and serving papers, (the principal requisites now-a-days in the education of a lawyer,) when, after the ceremony of an examination, and the acquisition of my parchment, I found myself “attorney at law.” This was my first decided step from youth to manhood, and from being what I could not but consider myself, a kind of quill-driver over mere unmeaning jargon, I found myself all at once a member of society, and having attained the threshold at least of an honourable and proud profession. Scarce a day elapsed before my tin was to be seen ornamenting the side of a building by no means sparingly decorated with

similar *insignia*, where I had hired by way of an office, a small room in the cellar, or more properly speaking, the basement story. I had hardly taken up my abode before I found myself almost inundated with visitors. My office had been shortly before occupied as an oyster cellar or refectory, and the urgent and repeated calls for my predecessor, left but little reason to doubt that in the hurry of his departure, his little accounts had been somewhat overlooked. For days together I heard nothing but the incessant din of anxious inquiry, what had become of him? Not a being came to my office on any other errand—not a nibble did I get—and I was almost on the eve of abandoning the profession in despair, when an incident of no small interest gave a sudden turn to my resolution—it was the appearance of a client! All who have seen little *Knight* in the character of the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, can form some idea of his appearance, and those who have not, may imagine to themselves an apology for a man about four feet in height, and with no superabundance of flesh upon his bones. From the urgent manner in which he entered my office, I at first supposed that he was in pursuit of my predecessor the oyster-merchant, and was on that account little inclined to throw away upon him any unnecessary politeness.

“I have called upon you, sir,” said he, “concerning a case of mine, which is to be tried next week.”

Imagine the ecstasy with which I heard such an announcement. In a moment I fancied myself in the possession of half the business of the city. I began to think myself a man of no small consequence, and stretching myself in my chair, in which I had very modestly sat contracted almost to the size of a sixpenny piece, desired my client to be seated, with which he speedily complied.

“What,” said I, assuming the air and port of an old and experienced lawyer, “what is the nature of your case?”

“You must know, sir, that I am a tailor, and was hired a fortnight ago to make a coat for the man who has sued me. He furnished the cloth, and I finding that there was not enough, sent it back. He now asserts that I have cabbaged a yard of it, and sues me for damages, and I wish you to defend the case.”

“It is,” replied I, “one of importance, and must be well defended. I will cheerfully assist you.”

I was about to say something touching a fee, but my diffidence on the one hand, and on the other the fear that the mention of money might break the whole illusion which now gave me so much pleasure, and promised so rich a harvest of fame and fortune, induced me to desist. The case was commenced in one of the justice's courts, as appeared by a summons which he handed me, and I promised to meet Mr. Theophilus Stitch, (for such was the name of my client,) at the court, on the Tuesday morning following. I was now full of business. Wherever I went, Stich at the suit of Gabby, was before me. Every thing I saw—every thing I read—had some reference to the case—every book in my library (which to be sure was not the most extensive in the world) was put in requisition, and every library to which I could obtain access was laid under contribution; so that by the time Tuesday came around, I was fully prepared to bring in play in the defence of Mr. Theophilus Stich, every principle of law from Coke down to the latest writer, civil or criminal. My brief extended over four closely written sheets of foolscap, and I had laid out, ready to be appealed to at a moment's warning, between my own and borrowed books, some ten or fifteen volumes.

Tuesday came. I was on the ground, and Stich and two of his men followed on in close succession, bending under the load of law which my industry had hunted up to the no small astonishment of the motley assemblage of spectators which usually grace a forum of the character of that in which I had the honour to

make my *debut*. Stich could hardly repress the pride which he felt in having so industrious and able an advocate, while the knowing winks and nods which passed like electricity among the constables and pettifoggers who crowded around the judge's desk, seemed rather complimentary to my industry than my discretion.

“Timothy Gabby against Theophilus Stich!” exclaimed an authoritative voice, which I recognised on turning around to be that of the judge.

“Timothy Gabby,” echoed the constable.

“Here,” said a greasy looking tatterdemalion, who had been standing among the crowd, but who now pressed forward with no small degree of anxiety.

“Theophilus Stich,” continued the constable.

“Here,” answered both I and my client.

“What is the suit for?” asked the justice.

“In trover for a yard of cloth—damages ten shillings,” replied the constable, who having finished all the duties appertaining to that office by having the defendant in court, now appeared in the capacity of counsel.

“What is the plea?” continued the justice, turning to me.

“May it please the court,” replied I, opening out my brief, and forming a circle in the crowd by the extension of both my arms to their utmost length, “my client is not guilty. The charge which is brought against him is one affecting him most deeply; and which he considers it his duty to submit to a jury—I therefore”—and here I took up a book—“according to the statute, demand a jury.”

I was turning over to the statute when the justice informed me there was no necessity of showing law for that which I must confess not a little surprised me, as I had always supposed that nothing was taken for granted in a justice's court, and he accordingly directed a jury.

“I suppose,” said I, “the jury can be had in a few minutes.”

“Not before Friday,” said the justice.

“Friday!” echoed I. “I am ready now to try the cause.”

“Friday,” persisted the justice, who was about to say something further when a boxing match, which had just then commenced in the further corner of the room, interrupted our proceedings, and a kind of general skirmish ensued, in which all distinctions appeared to be lost. Not a little chagrined at my disappointment, I left the court followed by the same cavalcade who had so learnedly brought up the rear on my entrance. The intervening time however was not left unimproved. I added four more pages to my brief, and borrowed half a dozen more volumes, which, with those I had previously laid out, I arranged and rearranged, and coned over and over again—as a general marshals his men preparatory to battle, that he may the more successfully bring them into play.

The day appointed at length came, and found me at my post, with the whole paraphernalia of books and briefs, which had cut so conspicuous a figure on my first appearance. Six men, who were called the jury, were seated upon a plank, each end of which rested on a broken-backed chair, and opposite me at the table sat the constable, who now officiated as my opposing counsel. The case was opened by the constable, and the evidence produced fixed the *cabbage* upon my client beyond a doubt. I produced no evidence—for between impatience to get at my speech, the exclusive attention which I had paid to it, and the confidence I had in my powers of persuasion, I thought any thing else unnecessary, and when the constable was through I rose to address the jury.

I talked to them about character—honour—honesty—integrity—virtue and morality. I quoted to them indiscriminately Coke and Byron, Blackstone and Virgil, Bracton and Tom Moore, Chitty and Shakespeare, and after having read copious extracts from the books

which almost incapacitated the table on which they were placed, I concluded my remarks in a strain of pathos which would have melted them if they had been stones—and conjured them by every tie that I could think of, and by many of which I am sure they had never heard, to give the case their most serious consideration, and to avert the ruin which impended over my client, whose unpoetical name, as often as it came across me, spoiled my finest sentences, and afforded perhaps as successful a specimen of the bathos as was ever dreamt of by the renowned Martinus Scriblerus. I sat down in a state of complete exhaustion, after having spoken, as the constable informed me, "two hours and forty minutes by the watch," and having but once alluded to the coatee. The constable was silent—the justice left the case to the jury, and they, without leaving their seats, found a verdict for the plaintiff against my client of ten shillings. What a death blow to my ambition! I could scarcely look any body in the face—I felt as if disgrace were attached to my defeat, and without saying a word to any one, walked away with Stitch and his two men at my heels groaning under the weight of the books which they carried, as well as of the defeat they had just sustained. So far from asking a fee I felt as if I had picked his pocket—and was never more relieved in my life than when I saw his back turned upon my office.

Practice, they say, reconciles us to disappointments. It certainly has the effect of wearing away first impressions. I have often since turned to the incidents which I have described, and ridiculous as they seem, have made them in my own mind the starting point in my professional career, which has been since in a great measure crowned with success. The disappointment resulting from defeat, is a thing to which I am now accustomed by the succession of chances which result at one time favourably, and unfavourably at another; and my diffidence on the score of fees has yielded to a more confident and manly solicitude on the subject of what lawyers technically and somewhat pompously term the *quiddam honorarium*. B.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

Mon-Repas, June 12, 1829.

MY DEAR M.—Here I am at last, snug on my own estate, small it is true, but amply sufficient to satisfy my moderate wishes and love of seclusion. I recollect the time well, when in my fond anticipations of greatness, I would have laughed to scorn the project of retiring to a petty farm or country seat on the banks of the North river for the remainder of my life, and of abandoning those golden vistas of personal grandeur, opulence, and distinction, which were to have rewarded the exertion of my industry, and the acknowledged success of my talents. I then revelled in wild dreams of eminence, and already perched, in anticipation, upon an eyrie that mortal eye could scarce discern. I trod in fancied pride and vengeful indignation upon those haughty spirits who did not, by intuition, recognise me as their destined equal and future superior; I burned with impotent rage against all who offered me the least slight, and could have annihilated all barriers between me and the great goal of my future greatness. The dream has gone—it has flitted by like one of those misty masses which envelope the mountain heights in early morning, before the piercing rays of the sun have walked sufficiently high over the dews of the eastern hills to scatter them away, and finally melt them into airy nothingness. My dream is over. And is the sunlight of truth admitted to my soul, even as it now illumines the green valleys erst darkened by the mist? I trust that it is—I trust that all vain imaginings and idle conceits have departed from me, and for ever! I

struggled hard, I fought manfully, to retain my senses in the visionary transports in which they had long been steeped—but it would not do—a superior power awakened me. I contended nobly for the prize—I rose early, and watched late; toil, fatigue, mental agony, were nought to me—they were the means by which I must climb—I did climb; already my hand grasped the head of the ladder whose base rested on the earth, but whose summit was lost in the heavens. I deserved success—the shouts of the multitude offered me the incense of their flattering encouragement—I was to be blest—but—another won the prize—another came between me and my hopes—sat on the throne for which I had sacrificed time, money, health itself; he possessed the crown which was to have encircled my brows, and for which those brows had ached, alas! how heavily. But 'tis gone, and what avails it? *He is not happy, and I am.* Disappointment induces to sorrow, and sorrow is your best friend to meditation. I became a practical philosopher, and turned to profit the lessons I had unconsciously learned in my ardent chase after glory. A fortunate hit—it matters not what—it may have been a lottery ticket, or the death of a wealthy relative—made me master of some property. Away then all further contest for honours or fame! away from the very scene that witnessed my toil and my defeat. I bought me this estate; I furnished it decently, even elegantly. I provided myself with a library, in which and in the surrounding woods, I may be said to live. You have promised to furnish me with all that is new, and I, in return, am to send you my loose thoughts on men and manners and their productions. Be strict in obeying my request, and I shall not disappoint you in my communications.

How delightful is the sensation imparted by a consciousness of independence! How novel and how exalted the feeling which one long doomed to tug at poverty's oar experiences when he quits the frail bark of his perilous ventures, and joyfully alights on a spot of earth which he can call his own! Yes, the land is mine—and the grass that throws up its tender blades, enriched with the fresh verdure of spring—the flowers that raise their modest heads—the lofty trees whose leafy branches are swept by the passing breeze, receiving from it health and vigour, and imparting to it in return the fragrant odours of the paradise of the blest—these bold rocks, covered with moss and beetling darkly over the shadowed waves beneath—this gurgling stream that insinuates its graceful way among the thriving and flowery thickets, then clearing itself of their impediments expands into a tiny lake on which the noble swan, not unmindful of its former destiny, floats in conscious majesty and pride, and then again falling over the precipice that awaits it on its outlet, tumbles and foams on the pebbly bed below, from which it is hurried by violent strides to the shore—all these beauties, ministering to all the gentler influences of our moral being, and cherishing the love of virtue, of contemplation, and philosophy, of nature, and of nature's God—

"A blending of all beauties, streams, and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn field, mountain vine,"

these are all mine. And shall I not rejoice? shall I not be grateful? Often have I in my darker hours of adversity fancied

"That for me some home like this would smile."

I have lost glory, but I have a home. Is there any comparison between the two? Overlook the rant of these remarks for the principle of independence they are calculated to cherish. No man can be happy until he is independent. He may be miserable afterwards. Domestic crosses and afflictions may arise to grieve his heart and embitter his cup of bliss; but fully happy he cannot be without independence,

"Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye."

My situation is delightfully romantic. Protected from the chill blasts of the north, my mansion, neatly

painted and adorned with roses and honeysuckle, clustering in rich festoons, over the doorways and casements, overlooks, through a vista of full grown locusts, the course of the noble Hudson as it successively and constantly bears along on its bosom barks of sail or steam richly freighted with the products of industry and enterprise, and with an active and ever-moving population. I rise early, and ride or walk till breakfast time. After this I sit down in my study and read or write, or indulge in reverie as the whim takes me; or I wander into my fields, if occasion require it, and disdain not to handle the plough, dignified by the labours of Cincinnatus and Washington; or finally, I work in the barn, or at the pen, or any where. After dinner I stroll on the banks of the river with some favourite book, or perchance the last novel. The evening is devoted to sociality with any friend whom I can attract to me from the neighbouring village or the great city of New-York. I play backgammon with the clergyman, whose heart is the throne of all the benevolent and social affections of our natures, and who, though orthodox and pious, is neither an ascetic nor a monk. His sermons, unlike many you hear in the city, are his own, and breathe the most heavenly charity and love. They allure to paradise by a masterly display of the immortal blessings which await you there, rather than deter you from purgatory by frightful pictures of despair and the gnashing of teeth. They inspire towards all men the most disinterested benevolence, and inculcate an almost romantic love for the surrounding and abounding beauties of nature, as the first step towards religion and divine grace. They are also specimens of a chaste and simple, but vigorous diction, which might to some advantage be imitated elsewhere. Their author is a scholar, and a man of letters; and he delights to converse on the pristine glories of English literature, before a corrupt taste and a sickening spirit of worse than German mysticism impressed its darksome and confused tints upon it. Akenside and Goldsmith are his favourites. So you see I have found a jewel in the wilderness, and I make the most of it.

We have a schoolmaster, too; a mathematician—and a droll enough fellow he is. He is a native of old Scotia, and his dialect, no less than his acute intellect and quaint humour, and his over fondness for a "right gude willie waught," prove him to be descended from Rob Roy himself. He is eccentric and original in his opinions, and it would make you laugh to hear his unsparing observations and criticisms upon certain men of great renown. He is a devotee of Burns and Scott; and I am never at a loss for page and line whenever I want to quote either of these great poets. To the other members of the village I shall introduce you hereafter. K.

P. S.—I have received Scott's last; but will you believe it? the mathematician has secured it to himself. Send me O'Connell's speech, and be particular after this in forwarding the New-York Mirror. Lucinda cannot pass the week without your interesting work. She would feel a vacuum in conversation without its aid. Adieu!

THE DRAMA.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

BARRY AND WOODHULL.

THESE two performers are as opposite as the antipodes, and we place them together for the sake of contrast. Their style of acting is as dissimilar as may be. Woodhull is as unbending as iron—Barry as yielding as wax. In the expression of passion, Woodhull, like a flint, must be struck sharply before he emits a spark of fire—while Barry, like a rocket, is off in a blaze, at the slightest touch. The one is as hard as granite—the other as flexible as silk; and if, by any process, the qualities of the two could be compounded together, a fine actor would be the result.

In melo-drama, where murders have to be committed, or any other unlawful transaction carried on, they mostly hunt in couples. Both are generally scoundrels, but scoundrels with a difference. Woodhull is the stanch, obdurate villain—Barry the weak and wavering sinner. The one has "no compunctious visitings of nature"—the other is "too full o' the milk of human kindness, to catch the nearest way." Barry murders like a novice, while Woodhull does his work with the easy self-possession of a professional gentleman. In the end, too, when poetical justice comes to be awarded, they consistently die in character—the one marches to the gallows as "cool as a cucumber," while the other, in some fit of repentance, cheats the law by bursting a blood-vessel, or going off in a fit of apoplexy. For the truth of all this we appeal to nine-tenths of the melo-dramas that have been or may be enacted at the Park theatre, in which these gentlemen have heretofore appeared or may hereafter appear.

Mr. Barry is an actor with many faults, but still one that may safely be called a good actor—a title which, when fairly deserved, a man may be proud of, for it implies the possession of much and varied ability. He is a good actor, and there is nothing to prevent his being a better. Nature has given him a handsome face, a graceful person, and a full and mellow voice. Added to these advantages, his conception of his part is generally correct, and his execution spirited. The great fault of Mr. Barry is exaggeration—exaggeration in every variety of shape; but principally exaggeration in action, and this pervades, more or less, everything he does. When he should be out of temper, he is in a passion, and when he should be in a passion, he is in a phrenzy; when he should tremble for a moment, he shakes for a minute; and when flourishing a sword or any thing else, where once would do, he invariably does it twice; and so on, even to the veriest trifle, the same spirit exists. In some parts he is a complete fever and ague; and in characters where he has to look upon a spectre, an injured friend, or any thing of that sort, he daubs his face—particularly under the eyes—with some vile composition which gives him the appearance of an animated corpse: a new way, we presume, of painting the passions. When Mr. Barry has a mind, he can do what not one in a hundred can, that is, read poetry properly. He pronounces distinctly, minds his stops, accentuates his words with judgment, and modulates the tones of his voice with good effect; but let any of the *dramatis personæ* put this same Mr. Barry in a passion, and off he goes, laying, without discretion, a most astounding emphasis on every second or third word, which makes the dialogue jolt along like a hard-trotting horse; a proceeding which gains him a good deal of applause and no credit.

We have now found all the fault we can, consistently with truth, with Mr. Barry, and have dwelt so much the longer on what we consider his failings, because he has good qualities enough to make it well worth while to tell him of his bad ones; and moreover, because those bad ones are of such a nature as could be easily amended. With "all his imperfections on his head," he has few equals, and no superior here as a melo-dramatic actor; and there are parts of a higher grade* where his besetting sins are kept under by the nature of the character, such as the *Duke Aranza*, in the *Honey Moon*, which, we think he plays better than any man in the country. There is also a species of genteel comedy in which he is very agreeable. We have never seen him play *Belcour*, the West Indian, but judging from what he has done in that line, would be willing to wager a trifle that he performs it infinitely better than Mr. Caldwell, who was last season so highly be-praised in this and other parts, for some reason or reasons which, unhappily for ourselves, we were never able to discover; and as

the *Stranger*, in Kotzebue's nondescript, he will not suffer by a comparison with Conway, Cooper, or any one else. The manner in which Mr. Barry discharges his duties as stage-manager, is worthy of unqualified praise. He never thrusts himself unnecessarily in the foreground, and there are fewer mistakes in the business of the stage at the Park, than almost any other theatre.

We have but little space left for remarks on that much-enduring man, Mr. Woodhull. And what can be said of him, more than that he is one of the most useful and ill-used actors that ever trod the boards of a theatre! Who can particularize Mr. Woodhull's line of character? It is enough to make the head ache to think of what he has to go through in a single month. A few weeks ago we hinted at his blood-thirsty propensities on the stage, and he still goes on adding to his dramatic crimes; but this is only a single branch of his extensive business. He plays old misers and young spendthrifts, greybeards and lovers, walking gentlemen and half-pay officers, soldiers, sailors, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Dutchmen, Jews, Gentiles, French tailors and Indian savages; and all this work is done without offence, and most of it with satisfaction to the audience. What incalculable quantities of trash have to pass through his unfortunate brain and be impressed upon his memory! What floods of nonsense have to issue from his mouth! Night after night, week after week, month after month, and year after year—in play, in interlude, and in farce, there is Mr. Woodhull! and yet, notwithstanding the wear and tear that his intellect must have suffered from such courses, his brain appears untouched—his sense continues perfect, and he yet goes through his multifarious business with more propriety and rationality than many a would-be star. Heaven grant him patience to endure his useful but unenviable lot!

C.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LONDON COPY OF THE WAVERLY NOVELS.

We learn that the London edition is to consist of forty-five volumes. It will contain all the novels of Sir Walter Scott, from *Waverly* down to *Anne of Geierstein*, and will cost only ten pounds. It will be ornamented with numerous and finely executed plates, by the most expert engravers, from designs by the best artists; and it will be enriched with what its possessors cannot fail to deem a decoration of infinitely higher value—numerous notes and illustrations by the author. These additions, it is calculated, will be equal to two volumes. The work will not be a mere reprint; numerous passages, which the hurry of composition or the accidental carelessness of printers and correctors had left in an imperfect state, will receive the high advantage of the finishing touches of the same pencil that first sketched them. The new edition, therefore, will be at once the cheapest and most correct that has issued from the press.

RICHELIEU COURT JOURNAL.

The English papers state a new author is about to appear in the literary world, who is likely to hold a very distinguished station in it. His genius has long been recognised in private circles, and some of his productions have, without his knowledge, found their way into several weekly papers. His first avowed publication, now on the eve of appearance, is an historical novel, to be called "*Richelieu, a Tale of France*." The scene of the tale is chiefly at the court of France in the eventful days of Louis XIII.

SCHOOL OF FASHION.

A new novel under this title, from the pen of a celebrated lady of high rank is about to make its appearance in London. The object of the authoress has been to delineate the fashionable education of a young lady of the present day, and its effects upon herself and society. It will probably be a complete *exposé* of the minutiae of a young lady's education in England, and may be productive of considerable benefit. The London Morning Herald says, "the probe may be painfully felt at first, but the effect cannot but be beneficial."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE ROSE.

This beautiful shrub is found in almost every country, and in almost every country its beauty and fragrance have made it the ornament of the garden, and an object of admiration. Nature, as if delighted with this exquisite production of her hand, has multiplied its species and varieties to an almost unlimited extent; and the poet has sung its praises in all nations and in all ages. It has been wedded to the nightingale, and its fragrance and beauty have been the theme of every tongue. In Shiraz and Cashmere the rose is peculiarly odoriferous, and yields the most fragrant ottar, or essential oil.

"Who has not heard of the vale of Cashmere,
"With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave?"

Rhodes is said to owe its name to the immense quantity of roses which it produces. In the east this flower is particularly esteemed. The Guebres believe that when Abraham was thrown into the fire by the order of Nimrod, the flame turned into a bed of roses. A rose was always placed above the heads of the guests in the banquetting rooms to banish restraint, and to denote that nothing said there should be repeated elsewhere: and thus originated the saying *sub rosa*—under the rose—when a secret was to be kept. The perfume of this flower is thus accounted for by the fabulous authors: Love, at a feast of Olympus, in the midst of a lively dance, overset, with a stroke of his wing, a goblet of nectar, which falling on the rose, embalmed it with the delicious fragrance it still retains. And Catullus thus accounts for the colour of this flower, which was originally white:

"While the enamour'd queen of joy,
"Flies to protect her lovely boy
"On whom the jealous war god rushes,
"She treads upon a thorned rose,
"And while the wound with crimson flows,
"The snowy flow' ret feels her blood and blushes."

The petals of the rose are the only part of the flower that imparts the odorous matter to water, both by distillation and infusion. The ottar, or essential oil, is obtained from various species of the rose. The odour, though generally agreeable, has in some instances produced faintings, hysterical affections, inflammations of the eyes, &c. Orfila mentions an instance of a celebrated painter who could not remain in any room where there were roses without being in a short time attacked with violent headache, succeeded by fainting. The following is the process employed in Asia in making essential oil or ottar of roses: forty pounds of roses, with their calices, are put into a still with sixty pounds of water; the mass being well mixed in the still, is placed over a gentle fire, and when the fumes begin to rise, the cap and pipe are properly fixed and luted. When the impregnated water begins to come over, the fire is lessened by gentle degrees, and the distillation continued, until thirty-nine pounds of water have come over. The water is to be poured on forty pounds of fresh roses, and thence are to be drawn from fifteen to twenty pounds of distilled water. It is then poured into earthenware pans or tinned metal, and left exposed to the fresh air for the night, the ottar or oil will be found in the morning congealed and swimming on the surface of the water.

FRENCH SOCIETY.

The following extract of a letter from Paris—says the London Globe—is interesting, as referring to one of the most distinguished characters of the present age: "The most fashionable *soirée*, though it is in some sort political, is that of the veteran La Fayette, which takes place on every Tuesday evening. Here you may meet from one to two hundred persons of rank; peers, deputies, literateurs, avocats, distinguished foreigners, from all parts of the globe, and all that Paris can boast, in the way of female beauty among the liberals. These *soirées* are really very pleasant contrivances for keeping up good society, and perhaps party influence. Many persons attend them, in the first instance, from a natural desire to see the old general; but all return with delight to a spot in which there are so many *agremens* of wit, knowledge, and beauty. The ladies are full-dressed in those *soirées*, but the gentlemen go in boots, which, when of a dress character, are considered fit for all places except the ball room. The honours are delightfully done by the general, who is a fine, tall, and still vigorous man, of seventy-one. He has a kind word for every person, and a kind welcome for all. Benevolence and good humour are marked upon his countenance; and he appears above prejudices, whether of native or foreign growth. Nothing surprises a

* Such as William Tell and Virginus, which characters he performs far better than Mr. Hamblin and many other stars that we have seen.—Ed. N. Y. Mir.

stranger more than the first introduction to La Fayette. The reminiscences of the French revolution prepare one for a person in extreme age, but we find a hale and well looking man, who appears younger than he is, and who may fairly be expected to remain for many years a prominent character in French politics."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Musical taste.—It is delightful to witness the progress which the science of music has made in our city, within a few short years. Who does not recollect the time when the nasal twang of the village precentor might be recognised, not only in the imitative efforts made in his appropriate sphere—where swept the long aisle, down which his eye was ever and anon bent to gaze on some intruder at the door, and resounded the vaulted roof—but also, in the less sacred and lighter attempts to "soothe the savage breast," in drawing-rooms and parlours? Pianos then, of native manufacture, there were none; and those imported were few and costly. The teachers of music to the fair dames of Gotham were, with one or two exceptions, the masters of what were called *singing schools*, and their primitive and characteristic style—it is impossible to describe it—gave the tone to musical taste. There they were upon a slightly elevated stage, with a pitch-pine desk before them, upon which their forefingers, after having been elevated for some time, came down every now and then with a violence that shook the fragile sashes, and made every voice obey their magisterial indications. The hot weather reminds us of one of these meetings in a crowded school-room, on a sultry night in August—it was so warm that old Fahrenheit, had he been there, would have raised his mercury to one hundred and two degrees,—and a wicked wight in fact wrote in legible characters on the outer door, "Dinner dishes baked here!"—Well, on this night, after considerable preparation, as usual all eyes directed towards the tall cropped-headed tenor of the night, and all ears pricked up to catch "the setting of the key," up starts Mr. Twangoro, as red as a lobster, and after a long pull by himself alone, through the gauntlet of the gamut, he called upon his hearers to join in with

"Long for a cooling—"

"Long for a cooling—"

"Long for a cooling str—e—m," &c.

Well was he obeyed—and hard was the task, uninterrupted except by the scarce-repressed titters of those who had "no music in their souls!"

How different is the condition of music now! Philips came—and Phœbus himself, when he rises at early dawn from his liquid bed, does not sooner dispel the fog that hangs in heavy folds upon water and shore, than did Philips the utter barbarism into which we all had innocently been plunged.—Now sprung up a new taste; instead of "No, my love, no," or the "Jolly midshipman," it was "Eveleen's bower," "Robin Adair," and the "Bewildered maid." Many a poor maid was indeed bewildered in her first attempts to catch the new style, and suppress the ancient hereditary twang. It was however conquered; and gentlemen too, taught in the school of Inledon, assumed new powers, and elicited new beauties daily at the festive board, or at the evening party. All this was mere preliminary however—preparatory to the great development effected by Garcia and his inimitable corps. The sweet sound of the Italian no sooner reached the American ear, than it became a convert; those who had no ear for music, now procured one at the opera for two dollars a lesson; those who had an ear became connoisseurs and amateurs. Then rose the Philharmonic soon to fall—but *de mortuis*. On the disappearance of the troupe, the musical excitement was threatened with extinction, when a Knight renewed it, and reduced it to some simplicity, from which it had departed, by her unadorned, graceful, and melodious style. Austin, Feron, Horn, and Pearman have lately been stars of the ascendant. A great change has been effected. Pianos—splendid in make and sweet-toned—are manufactured without number, at as high a price as you please; and no house is without one. Music is every where cultivated; music-masters are roundly paid; and the race of the Twangoros has long since been driven by the foreign intruders on their shores, into the wilds formerly trod by the Kickapoos and Winnebagoes.—We hope that our efforts to diffuse and foster the prevailing taste for this delightful art, by the selections we give in the Mirror of the most approved pieces, may not be altogether unproductive of good.

Early rising.—It was a favourite subject of calculation with George Frederick Cooke—the greatest actor in his line that ever trod the stage—how many years he might add to the sum of his conscious existence by rising two hours earlier every day. The result is easily discovered, and yet it will strike the mind with astonishment when we reflect how much of life we uselessly waste in unnecessary sleep. In every twelve days we should, by the tragedian's proposition, gain a thirteenth; thus realizing what is vulgarly termed a *baker's dozen*. And, as we are anxious to obtain this additional loaf, is it not singular that we should be careless about securing twenty-four hours additional, in which to pursue our plans of pleasure and business? We should thus gain a whole month every year, and possess, at a trifling cost of labour, immense advantages over those of our fellow men who neglect them. Invigorated health, cheerful spirits, activity of mind and body are sure attendants on early rising. And it is an observation which has often been made, that most persons who have been remarkable for longevity, have been early risers. It is not pretended that early rising alone will secure the blessings of long life; but as it is one of the evidences of a vigorous and healthy constitution, it may be regarded as one of its surest signs.

The weekly papers of this city.—No person who has paid the least attention to this class of periodical publications, can fail to be struck with its present improved condition as contrasted with its frivolous character a few years since. The absence of all useful and entertaining articles, a want of dignity and liberality, were formerly their characteristics, and there were few indeed that either deserved or obtained support. Those which are now on the full tide of successful experiment are, on the other hand, marked by their good sense, extensive information, and their liberal and enlightened views on all subjects connected with politics, science, or literature. We shall, of course, be understood as speaking not of ourselves, but of our very able contemporaries.—We have had frequent occasion to mention the Albion in terms of merited and unexaggerated praise, as distinguished by its liberal and tolerant spirit towards this country, the general ability of its original department, and the interest of its selections.—The Atlas is also an excellent journal. It contains a great and judicious variety of miscellaneous matter, and is conducted with much talent. It never descends to the vulgar newspaper slang of the day, so frequently sought after and indulged in to the disgrace of the corps editorial and the public; but maintains a sound and correct tone of morality, and evinces, in every line, satisfactory evidence that its editors are gentlemen and scholars.—The Truth Teller is devoted to Irish interests, and it advocates them in an able and faithful manner. Its circulation is, we believe, very extensive already, and it should be more so. Every son of Hibernia ought to consider it *his duty* to encourage the manly and ever-zealous vindicator of his country's long-withheld and depressed rights. A more noble cause than that in which the Truth Teller has been engaged has seldom enlisted the sympathies of freemen, and the success of that cause is the best evidence of the firmness and talents of its numerous advocates. This useful journal has lately been enlarged and much improved in its general appearance. The ability, too, displayed in its original department, and its pleasing extracts, render it an interesting miscellany to the general reader.—To the above list of weekly papers, Mr. Canfield has lately added a very valuable one—particularly noticed in our last—which richly merits patronage. There are also a number of periodicals, devoted to the great cause of Christianity, which receive ample support. They are all excellent in their way. Indeed New-York, at this time, may justly boast of its weekly press as unrivalled by any city of the Union.

Of the daily journals we shall take occasion to speak at length hereafter; and we shall, in a fair and impartial manner, review the respective merits of each.

Prince's Linnean Garden.—We last week paid a visit to Flushing. The day was delightful, the air being peculiarly congenial to the feelings, and the clearness of the atmosphere gave buoyancy to the spirits, and brightness to the universal aspect of nature. It was the season of the carnation, which was in the very hey-day of its beauty: this flower is remarkable for the brilliancy of its colouring and the agreeable spicyness of its odour; the tints being all of the richest and finest description, and the clove fragrance of some of the varieties excessive. The carnation is comparatively a stranger in this country; the kinds hitherto cultivated in our gardens not exceeding a dozen, only one or two of which were fine; and we are entirely indebted to

the taste and perseverance of Mr. Prince for the addition of nearly two hundred new varieties of this charming flower. We particularly admired those with white grounds and broad and distinct scarlet flakes, and especially one with a slight creamy ground and dark plum-coloured stripes; but there were many others equally beautiful—pink and scarlet and crimson grounds, striped with darker shades of the same colours; and white grounds with every possible shade of pink, purple, scarlet, and crimson flakes. We were told by Mr. Prince that the plants were merely covered with a board last winter, and that they were transplanted only a month before flowering, otherwise they would have been larger. Many of them were exhibited at the recent meeting of the horticultural society in this city, and were justly allowed to surpass every thing of the kind that had been seen. Probably many of our readers have noticed those elegant drawings of this flower at the seed store of Thorburn and Son in Liberty-street; and they bear a very close resemblance to those of Mr. Prince, only that his are not so large, owing to their late transplantation. There were hundreds of other beautiful things, which we could merely glance at; but we cannot resist noticing the native American lily, (*lilium superbum*) which is one of the most graceful flowers we ever beheld. A stranger might very naturally suppose himself in a tropical country from the profuse display of plants from that region—such as the sugar-cane, the banana, coffee, and many others; but it would occupy two or three entire days to be at all particular in the examination of the innumerable varieties of this immense establishment. In all refined countries the cultivation of flowers is a favourite amusement; and he who delights in it, may justly be considered a man of taste and sensibility; but to us there is something fascinating in contemplating a lady attending to their management. To watch the progress of the future plant, from the first pushing of the tender germ through the earth, to its final expansion into colour and perfume, is a continual pleasure; and we hope the time is not distant when their cultivation will be esteemed a necessary branch in the education of every female—as the healthfulness of the employment would tend to make the bloom on her cheek rival that of the rose. We conclude with recommending to our readers a trip, during the pleasant season, to this fairy land of nature's sweets.

Tight lacing.—At the request of several ladies of the first standing in the city, we call the attention of our fair readers generally to an awful instance of premature death, which lately appeared in the newspapers, and which was occasioned by disease of the chest, induced by fashionable tight lacing. A dissection of the unfortunate victim was admitted after her demise, and the most extensive traces of destruction were evident in the chest. This fact speaks volumes, and should be impressed, in the most emphatic manner, on the knowledge and memory of mothers, who may, in many instances, avert the dreadful evil impending over the health and life of a daughter. Argument on the subject appears to us to be perfectly needless—one fact like the above must carry conviction.

Obituary.—With feelings of deep regret we have to record the death of William Coleman, Esq., the zealous and enlightened editor and original proprietor of the New-York Evening Post. He expired on the thirteenth instant, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Mr. Coleman was familiar with the science of jurisprudence, was distinguished for his literary acquirements, and well known as a most able critic: he had an intimate knowledge of the events of his own time, and was a well-bred gentleman. As the editor of a public journal, he held an elevated rank, and his writings on numerous subjects bear evidence of genius, learning, and profound research. Few men, we believe, can be found who are capable of discharging a similar duty with equal ability; and we therefore consider his decease a serious public loss.

Died.—At his residence, near Belleville, on the eighth instant, Johnston Verplank, Esq., in the forty-second year of his age. This gentleman was one of the original founders of the New-York American. He enjoyed an education of the highest order, and was familiar with every department of knowledge and classic literature. "His taste, fancy, and profound erudition"—say the editors of the Courier—"gave ease and animation to his style of writing, and weight and influence to his opinions. In the fierceness of political contests, he displayed towards his opponents a frank and manly bearing; he had a nice sense of honour, quick in the resentment of injuries, and prompt at the renouncement of prejudices. His frailties—the frailties of human nature—are forgotten in the recollection of his talents and social virtues."

AH! I REMEMBER THAT SWEET HOUR.

SUNG BY MISS CLARA FISHER, IN THE OPERA OF HOME, SWEET HOME.

COMPOSED BY H. R. BISHOP.

(Published by William Taylor, 129 Bowery.)

ALLEGRETTO VIVACE.

Ah! I re-mem-ber that sweet hour, When first my bo-som own'd love's pow-er, And hope a gar-land wove me; When Hen-ry held me to his heart, And fond-ly cried though now we part, Dear maid, for life, for life, I love thee, Dear maid, for life, for life, I love thee. Then swiftly pass'd those hours a-way, And all was joy that hap-py day, And all was joy that hap-py day, that hap-py day.

Ah, Henry, wilt thou come to me,
As true as I have been to thee;

And never leave me, never, never?
Oh! yes, he'll faithful prove I know,

There's something here that tells me so,
He'll soon be mine forever, forever!

He'll soon be mine forever, forever!
Then each sad thought will pass away,

And all be joy this happy day,
And all be joy this happy day, this happy day.

VARIETIES.

FLOWERS.—In all ages, flowers have been made the representatives of innocence and purity. We decorate the bride, and strew her path with flowers: we present the undefiled blossoms, as a similitude of her beauty and untainted mind; trusting that her destiny through life will be like theirs, grateful and pleasing to all. We scatter them over the coffin, the bier, and the earth, when we consign our mortal blossoms to the dust, as emblems of transient joy, fading pleasures, withered hopes; yet rest in sure and certain trust, that each in due season will be renewed again. All the writers of antiquity make mention of their uses and application in heathen and pagan ceremonies, whether of the temple, the banquet, or the tomb—the rites, the pleasures, or the sorrows of man.

LOGIC.—Give me that logic that will prove black to be white, and white no colour at all. Many are they who wield the weapon that can do it, and that too, despite of reason. "I will prove to you," says the logician, "that every cat

hath three tails." "And how?" inquires the gaping multitude. "Why, thus: no cat hath two tails." "Granted." "Every cat hath one tail more than no cat." "True." "Two added to one are equal to three—ergo, every cat hath three tails."

INNOCENT CONFESSION.—A lady at confession, amongst other heinous crimes, accused herself of using rouge. "What is the use of it?" asked the confessor. "I do it to make myself handsomer." "And does it produce that effect?" "At least I think so, father." The confessor on this, took his penitent out of the confessional into the light, put on his spectacles, and having looked at her attentively, said, "Well, madam, you may use rouge, for you are ugly enough even with it."

EXCELLENT THINGS.—A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know justly how to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

A SAD MISTAKE.—A certain lady had a custom of saying to a favourite little dog, to make him follow her, "Come along, sir." A would-be witty gentleman stepped up to her

one day, and accosted her with "Is it me, madam, you called?" "Oh, no, sir," said she, with great composure, "it was another puppy I spoke to."

A BAD MEMORY.—A village pedagogue, in despair with a stupid boy, pointed to the letter A, and asked him if he knew it? "Yes, sir." "Well, what is it?" "I knows him very well by sight, sir—but, rat me if I can remember his name."

BISHOP OF LONDON.—It is said in an English paper, that the income of the bishop of London, will, in the course of twenty years, from the falling in of leases and other circumstances, amount to one hundred thousand pounds a year.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Published every Saturday, at 163 William-street, between Beekman and Ann streets.—Terms four dollars per annum, payable in advance.—No subscription received for a less period than one year. Each volume contains four hundred and sixteen royal quarto pages, five copperplate engravings, including the title-page, and twenty-five popular melodies arranged with accompaniments for the piano forte.

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AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

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NUMBER 3.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL!—that hand's soft clasp of thine
Is mute, but oh, 'tis eloquent!
And those dark eyes more sweetly shine
Because on me their glance is bent.
That sweet voice has a tenderer swell
To me, as thus it sighs, "farewell!"

Friend of my early days, adieu!
Short shall our parting be, and when
We meet once more 'twill soothe to view
Thy gentle eye and smile again;
Yet boding thoughts are in my heart,
As with a tear from thee I part.

And thou, whose name must ever be
Unuttered by these lips, farewell!
Though fate denies thy smile to me,
Still on thy form shall memory dwell;
And fancy give, to charm my heart,
What sober truth can ne'er impart.

I may not take one look of thee,
One lingering look, although the last!
I can but trust to memory
(That fond recaller of the past!)
Thy graceful form and features fair
To bring before me, as they are.
Sweet vision! dim but beautiful,
Thou risest oft upon my sight!
And memories, time can never dull,
Come thronging o'er me fast and bright.
Memories of joys long past, for all
Thy form and features now recall.

Farewell!—yet wherefore say farewell!
Mine are no parting words to thee;
Yet on the theme I love to dwell,
For it is soothing still to me
To speak to thee as thou wert nigh,
And wouldst to my farewell reply.

Thou answerest not—yet, though afar,
Thou dost not own the power to sever
Thyself from me—my own bright star,
Where'er I go thou'rt with me ever!
Nor time, nor absence, can efface
Thine image from its resting place.

THYRA.

EVENING AMONG THE HILLS.

The moon is yet within her hells at rest,
And clouds that smiled along the welkin's height,
Lie sad and gloomy o'er the faded west,
As if they mourned the absent queen of night,
And laid aside their fairy robes of light,
For the dun sackcloth shade that veils the sheen
Of the deep sleeping heavens from mortal sight,
Where the redeem'd of earth's sepulchral scene
Bathe in the living beams of God's own face serene.

It is the midnight hour—the hour of sleep,
When the day's countless voices all are still,
And silence scarce is waked, e'en by the sweep
Of lifting branches from the distant hill,
Nor by wild cludings of the dancing rill
That leaps from rock to rock on its glad way;
Nor plaintive note of sweet-voiced whip-poor-will,
Singing the requiem of departed day—
So softly hush and sweet is evening's every lay.

It seems as nature slept through all her realms,
Couched 'neath the gloom that curtains her repose,
E'en as at twilight by the branching elms,
While deeper still the gathering darkness grows,
I've marked the flowers their dewy petals close,
And necks low in sleep their heads incline,
Tired with their life of light, since morn arose
O'er the horizon's undulating line,
And clothed the laughing earth in beamy robes divine.

Lo, from his sleep in yonder caverned cloud,
The fearful spirit of the night awakes
Like an armed warrior, when the clarion loud
Summons to battle—hush! the scared earth quakes,
As o'er its hills the sullen thunder breaks
In one wild madd'ning roar—its glittering spear
The voiceless lightning o'er the concave shakes,
Then darting onward in its swift career,
Lays forest, tower, and cliff, on one promiscuous bier.

But now the ruler of the storm is gone
Far o'er the zenith toward the sleeping day,
Chiding his legions with the awful tone
Of distant thunders—in their dark array,
The booming clouds the threat'ning voice obey;
And, while the chasing winds are mustering by,
Battalion speeds battalion on its way,
Till not a speck is left upon the sky.
Of all that dark dread host of heaven's artillery.

Joy! for the waking moon walks forth again,
From her still chambers like a youthful bride
To her glad nuptials, while a gorgeous train
Of handmaid stars come dancing by her side:
From every slope of the empyrean wide
Wave they their bridal lamps of radiant white
O'er the deep azure, and a liquid tide
Of beauty and of beams comes down, till bright
They veil each shadowy form in mists of silvery light.

A living freshness fills the crystal air
Where sportive zephyrs ply the buoyant wing,
Chasing the echo from her dwelling fair
Mid rocks and pines that shade the mountain spring;
Where softly sweet the bubbling waters sing
Their woodland numbers to the answering trees,
Whose leafy branches, as they lithely swing
Before the impulse of the waking breeze,
Fill every list'ning dell with thrilling melodies.

Earth feels the stirring influence of the hour,
And shadows forth the image of her prime,
In all its rich apparelling and power
Of breathing charms, tamed of the Eden clime,
By him who o'er the Aonian mount sublime,
Pursued "no middle flight"—a deeper green
Clothes the dim woodlands, bush, and fragrant thyme,
While every form displays its fairest mien
Decked with the dew-drop gems of night's resplendent queen.

ARION.

WRITTEN AFTER A BALL

Away—away—thou glittering thing!
In vain does laughing pleasure fling
Its spells around my heart:
In vain does Cupid bend his bow—
In vain does beauty's figure glow
With nature and with art.

In vain the gushing goblets shine,
Each deem'd by some the golden shrine
Where pleasure's secrets lie;
In vain Anacreon's soul and lyre
Allure the million with the fire
Of Hebe's lip and eye.

Give me instead, the woodland brook,
To which the trembling moonbeam's look
Is turned in holy love.

Give me that hour when, in the skies
Unnumbered stars, like angel's eyes,
Beckon the soul above.

Give me the cascade, rock, and tree—
For these are nature's luxury,
And these are nature's power;
Give me a cot beside whose shade
The rose's virgin cheek is laid
Upon the hawthorn's flower.

Give me for wine the streams that flow,
Unstained, like infancy, below
Their canopy of trees;
And for my guests the flowery throng,
And for my music give the song
That's warbled by the breeze.

Let these adorn my diadem.
But still it wants one crowning gem—
Woman's enchanting smile,
Untouched by sin, untaught by art,
To guide the soul and win the heart
From wickedness and wile.

Then be the sounds of lyre and lute
And luxury for ever mute,
Eternal be our loves!
Our lives as limpid as the stream,
Our thoughts as pure as childhood's dream,
Our passions like the dove's.

ALPHA.

A SIMILE.

The dews of the evening most carefully shun!
They are tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE UNEDUCATED WIFE.

CHAPTER II.

THE snow continued to fall, and the roads were impassable; the house had disappeared, and Albert had no alternative but to await the clearing. To find his way was impossible; besides, he would have staid with a more trifling excuse, so much was he interested in the beautiful Isidore. Weeks passed, and Albert still lingered, endeavouring to procure a horse and guide.

Conversing with the old gentleman he learned his sad story: learned, that, fired with ardour in the cause of liberty, he had left a delightful home and his lovely daughter Marion, the mother of Isidore, in the care of a favourite sister, and embarked for this country, where he remained during the war, constantly drawing on his own funds. Feeling certain of the final success of the American cause, he had no doubt of being remunerated for all. In the meantime Marion married an interesting young German, and the old general persuaded and finally prevailed on him to join the army. The unfortunate young man was severely wounded in the first campaign, which caused his death in a few years after. The old general, grieved to the heart that he had been the means of interrupting so much happiness, promised his daughter that he would come and spend the rest of his days with her as soon as his claims were settled, which he thought would be speedily. At the close of the year she wrote to inform him that if he ever wished to see her alive he must come soon, as she felt she could not live many months.

The heart-stricken father embarked immediately, and found his child just alive on his arrival. He was almost overwhelmed with grief, but Marion far from lamenting her early exit, said, "It is the will of heaven, and I have but these ties to earth," placing her slender and almost transparent hand on the fair brow of the little Isidore, and looking tenderly at her father. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, that there is a house not made with hands for me in heaven. I give you my child, certain that while you live you will be a father to her, and I trust, my dear sir, you will have her piously educated, for even my short life has taught me 'there is nothing true but heaven.'"

She died soon after this conversation, and the unfortunate old man, as he followed her to the tomb, felt almost broken-hearted. He settled all his affairs, and found he had made such calls on his estate, that after paying all his debts, he had but a thousand pounds. Embarrassed with the little girl, (for his own sister was dead, and he had no near relation,) he concluded to write to Madame Waldorf, the aunt of Isidore, her father's only sister, and request her to take the care of the orphan until he could come and claim her.—He wrote that his adopted country was in debt to him for services and expenditures, and he doubted not that he should be paid principle and interest, and that he should then be enabled, when settled in his own house, to send for his grand daughter.

She answered his letter immediately, and after, as the general said, many sage remarks, concluded by saying, "she had done all in her power to prevent her brother's leaving his pleasant home and lovely wife to follow a phantom—a will o'the whip—which he called glory. It had led him, where she expected, to death! That General Charlton had made him forget

what he had been taught at home, namely, that true patriotism did not consist in running after liberty, but in doing our duty as fathers, husbands, and children in the station and in the country where Providence has placed us. That she declined taking the little girl, and thought that if he intended to forsake his native country, he had better take her with him and make a savage of her at once."

Vexed and troubled at this severe reproof, he determined to quit the country for ever and take Isidore with him.

He was soon quietly settled near Philadelphia, where he waited patiently a long time; but at last weary and disheartened, finding his funds gone, and fearing that even his friends were tired of him, he took the little girl, and retired quite back into the country to hide himself and his sorrows from the world.

One day being in pursuit of game, he met an old Indian chief, whose life he had once saved in a skirmish, taken him to his tent and kept him until he was able to go back to his tribe. Sanaqua intreated the general to go with him.

"My nation," says he, "are grateful; they will love the white warrior who saved their chief's life—they will make a house and give him corn—he can himself shoot the deer—come with us."

The old man went, and true to the word of the chief, they supplied him with every thing necessary to support life. The little Isidore they almost worshipped, called her by every tender epithet, and brought her every dainty they could find; but, as he concluded, he said, "Am I not supported by charity!—by the charity of savages, while my countrymen refuse to share with me the blessings which I have toiled and bled to obtain!"

He trembled and turned pale, his limbs seemed to lose their strength, and but for the support of Fitzgerald he would have sunk on the floor. He tried to sooth and comfort him by telling him that as soon as the weather was fit he would provide a vehicle, and take him, with Isidore, to his own paternal mansion; he should have his father's study and his room, with all the comforts his old age required.

"I shall leave you for a few days, as I have a tract of land in this country that I wish to see; then return with such a conveyance as will make our journey agreeable."

Fitzgerald dared not trust himself to say any thing of Isidore. He felt he loved her, and he thought the old general would object to his speaking of marrying the child, as he always called her. The old man said, as he took his hand, "My dear son, you are a friend indeed. I rejoice to see that America has still some noble scions from the parent tree that promise to overshadow the land."

While Fitzgerald remained he had constant opportunities of seeing the beautiful and gentle girl; he saw her devoted attention to her grandfather, her patient sweetness at all times, her industry and neatness. How often did he wonder that with so limited a wardrobe she was always so neat and becomingly arrayed. He knew not, that rather than appear to disadvantage before one that she thought quite too perfect for a human being, she had sat up nights that all might be in order during the day. A more disinterested lovely creature *nature* never formed, but she was just as *nature* formed her, and Albert Fitzgerald enamoured with her beauty, delighted with her artless loveliness, forgot that he did not live among savages, and that a wife for him should be well educated and accustomed to good society. He forgot that all his life had been spent in cultivating and improving his own mind; forgot how often his beloved and accomplished mother had drawn the likeness, with a master's hand, of the woman she should be proud to call daughter.

But Isidore, the sweet, the exquisitely beautiful Isidore, had put all reflection and reason aside, and he

determined to ask her of the old general on his return.

Some days passed ere he could procure a guide to suit him. Watapan, a friend of the general, consented at last to go with him. Ere he left, he took General Charlton by the hand, and begged he would lay all his cares aside, and try to get well enough to accompany him back. The old man sighed, looked tenderly at his daughter, and said,

"God bless you, my son; if any thing happens to me, I know you will be a father to this innocent child."

Albert's face was crimson; the word "father" had embarrassed him so much, that when he took Isidore's hand, instead of speaking, he only pressed it to his lips, and raised his eyes to hers. She was pale as marble, and trembled so much, that Fitzgerald was surprised, and almost inclined to think he was in some way the cause. He said,

"You are ill, Isidore; come into the air:" and leading her to the door, stood by her until the blood came rushing to her cheeks and temples; then again, pressing her hand to his lips, he mounted his horse and galloped away, leaving her leaning against the door.

Isidore had never seen any one to love but her grandfather; she was grateful to the Indians for their goodness to her, but Fitzgerald was above any thing she had ever conceived, and she looked up to him with such devotion and reverence, that he was *worshipped* more than loved. She only thought of him as a friend of her father. To be his *wife*, never entered her innocent thoughts.

A month passed, and no tidings of Albert. The old general had been quite ill for some days. Isidore had made him a bed of dried leaves and bear skins near the fire, and had exhausted all her little skill as a nurse, but his pale looks and faltering voice alarmed her.—One evening, after a restless day, she knelt down beside him to bathe his temples, and began singing the evening hymn, but the general drew her close to him, and putting aside the glossy curls that hung over her polished forehead, said, as he gazed on her,

"I have made shipwreck of the happiness of all that I loved. As your aunt said—I have followed a *phantom*—I fear something has happened to our friend Albert, and my stay here is short."

Isidore shuddered, trembled, and seemed almost fainting.

"Grieve not for me," he said. "I am an old man, and can scarce expect to remain much longer with you. Should you see no more of Fitzgerald, get the Indians to take you to the nearest sea-port, and go to Germany to your Aunt Waldorff. She is noble and well educated, and cannot, when she sees you, refuse you her protection. But you may trust our young friend without fear."

He drew her head to his bosom, and raising his eyes to heaven, seemed for a while absorbed in thought.—The noise of voices disturbed them, the door was thrown open, and Fitzgerald entered with a joy-beaming face, exclaiming, "I have come for you, my dear sir,"—but the pale cheek and trembling hand of Isidore checked his eagerness, and when he took the old man's he was startled at its feverish heat.

"You are ill," said he, "but you will, I trust, soon be better, for I have many comforts for you in my snug warm vehicle."

The general looked kindly on him, pressed his hand and sighed deeply. The Indians entered with his baggage, which they assisted him to open, and he produced many little comforts that seemed to revive his friend, for he sat up and conversed quite cheerfully. Isidore resigned her place for the night to Albert, and took some repose, of which she was much in need. Several days passed in the same way, and Albert began to fear the old man was failing fast.

One morning, after a very restless night, he said, "My dear young friend, I fear I shall never be able

to go to your home, but I shall die in peace if you will be a father to my child."

Again the blood rushed to the cheeks and brow of Fitzgerald, and for a moment he was silent, but recovering himself, he said,

"I will protect and defend her with my life: but my dear sir, will you not give me a nearer and dearer claim to protect her? Give her to me for a wife!"

The old man started, and looked up to Fitzgerald—
"Wife! wife!—she is a mere baby."

"I know she is young; but she is old enough to take good care of you, my dear sir, and old enough to make me happy."

"Young man, son of my friend, do nothing rashly—a wife is not the plaything of an hour, a toy merely to look upon—but a companion for life; choose one that will be a *companion*, a friend, one who will at all times be ready to assist you with mind and heart—you have a vigorous intellect, a mind stored with useful knowledge and should have a well-educated and intelligent wife."

Fitzgerald sighed, he recollected how often his mother had cautioned him against being fascinated with beauty; but the soft voice of Isidore in the next room, singing one of his favourite hymns, put all reason and reflection asleep—

"She must be mine, father, if you do not object, and she will accept me."

The general smiled—

"Oh, *she* will not refuse you—and alas, I know too well how headstrong and self-willed the young are. If you are determined to marry her, I will say no more. For myself, I should be proud to see her your wife."

Albert's eyes sparkled with joy, and he soon made known his hopes and wishes to the beautiful and gentle Isidore.

The weather was delightful, and Albert felt extremely anxious to be on his way, but the general was evidently failing. One day they had been talking of their journey, and had just raised him into the arm chair that he might see the sun set, when the old Indian entered with a large packet. The general opened it with eagerness, and saw that his claims on his country were acknowledged and settled. He started convulsively from his chair, "*It is too late!*" he exclaimed; then clasping his emaciated hands together, crushed the papers between them, and fell dead upon the floor!

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

COMETS.—These luminous bodies present some of the most interesting phenomena in astronomy. It is well known that they appear at very irregular intervals, and their appearance has been always regarded with a certain degree of ominous awe. They do not present a well-defined disk, but exhibit a pale and cloudy light, accompanied by a tail or train, the direction of which is turned from the sun. They show themselves indiscriminately in every part of the heavens, and move in all directions. Examined through a telescope, comets resemble a mass of aqueous vapours, encircling an opaque nucleus of different degrees of darkness in different comets, though sometimes no nucleus can be seen. As the comet advances towards the sun, its faint and nebulous light becomes more brilliant, and its luminous train increases gradually in length. When it reaches its perihelion, the brilliancy of its light, and the length of its tail are greatest, and sometimes a comet rivals the splendour of the planet Venus. As it passes from its proximity to the sun, it becomes shorn of its splendour, and resumes its cloudy appearance; its tail diminishes in length, till it reaches such a distance that the light of the sun which it reflects ceases to reach the eye. Unseen by man, it continues to traverse the remote portion of its orbit far beyond the limits of the solar system. After a lapse of years, it returns again, having the same orbit which it had formerly described.

There are three comets which have been much celebrated, viz. those which appeared in 1680, 1744, and 1759. The

comet of 1680, was remarkable for its close approximation to the sun, so near that in its perihelion it was not above a third part of the diameter of the sun from its surface. The heat in that position was computed to be two thousand times hotter than iron at its white heat; of course it must have been dissipated if it had been any other than a fixed and solid body.

From the beginning of the Christian era to the present time, it is probable that there have appeared five hundred comets. More than one hundred are mentioned in history previous to that time. Many others may not have appeared to us from being too near the sun; from appearing in moonlight; from being in the other hemisphere; from being too small to be perceived, and so on.

ST. SWITHIN'S DAY.—The fifteenth day of July is devoted in the calendar to this eminent saint, who distinguished himself, as recorded in *Poor Robin's Almanac* for 1698, by

"many a feat
"As popish legends do repeat.
"A woman having broke her eggs
"By stumbling at another's legs,
"For which she made a woeeful cry,
"St. Swithin chanced for to come by,
"Which made them all a sound, or more
"Than ever that they were before."

There is a proverb connected with this day which is thus indited in *Scotch*,

"St. Swithin's day, gif ye do rain,
"For forty days it will remain;
"St. Swithin's day, an ye be fair,
"For forty days 'twill rain na mair."

Gay has thus rendered it:

"Now if on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,
"And every penthouse streams with hasty showers,
"Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
"And wash the pavements with incessant rain."

Mr. Howard, in his "Climate of London," attempts an explanation of the proverb. He observes that "the opinion of the people on subjects connected with natural history is commonly founded, in some degree, on fact or experience; though in their vague and inconsistent conclusions, are too frequently drawn from real premises. The notion commonly entertained on this subject, if put strictly to the test of experience at any one station in this part of the island (England), will be found fallacious. To do justice to popular observation I may now state, that in a majority of our summers, a showery period, which with some latitude as to time and local circumstances, may be admitted to constitute daily rain for forty days, does come on about the time indicated by this tradition: not that any long space before is often so dry as to mark distinctly its commencement. The tradition took its origin from the following circumstance: Swithin, bi-hop of Winchester, who died in 863, desired that he might be buried in the open churchyard, and not in the chancel of the minster, as was usual with other bishops, and his request was complied with. The monks, however, on his being canonized, considering it disgraceful for a saint to lie in a public cemetery, resolved to remove his body into the choir, and this was to be done on the fifteenth of July. It came on to rain on that day, and continued for forty days after so severely that the design was abandoned. Hence the proverb of St. Swithin's day."

We have related this anecdote, not as illustrating any abstract point of severe science, but as an instance of the origin of many popular traditions which have been grafted upon natural history of the weather, &c.

STORMS.—The visitations of thunder and lightning are so frequent now, that the following verses, written to a lady fearful of their effects, as we regret to say too many are, and a very foolish timidity it is, will not be inappropriate:

"Say whence this sudden chill, my fair,
"When thunder rattles in the air?
"Why quits your blood each distant part,
"And hastes to guard the labouring heart?
"The flash that strikes the villain dead
"Is taught to spare the guileless head:
"Or, should by this the virtuous die,
"Twere but on lightning's wings to fly,
"And gain, with greater speed, the sky."

MAMMOTH NEWSPAPER.—The *Atlas*, a weekly paper, published in London, attained a size on the fourteenth of March last, which had been hitherto unparalleled in the history of typography. Twenty thousand copies were struck off in a few hours, each copy containing forty feet of printed superficies. There were therefore produced eight hundred thousand square feet of printed surface, capable of covering an area of twenty acres. This number of copies consisted of three hundred and twenty thousand leaves, measuring sixteen inches in length, or of six hundred and forty thousand pages, or of one million nine hundred and twenty

thousand columns, or of two hundred and forty one millions nine hundred and twenty thousand lines, or of two thousand four hundred and nineteen millions and two hundred thousand words!!! Assuming, therefore, that an ordinary octavo volume of five hundred pages, each of thirty-four lines and of ten words in each line, contains one hundred and seventy thousand words, the press of the *Atlas* may be said to have printed in the course of a few hours, sufficient matter for fourteen thousand two hundred and thirty volumes. If the sixteen leaves of each copy be cut out and placed end to end, they would reach from London to Salisbury; and if each leaf be divided into its respective three columns, and similarly arranged, the printed slip would be of sufficient length to go round Middlesex and the seven surrounding counties. The whole of the machinery by which these wonderful effects were produced, consists of two larger and two lesser cylinders, put in motion by a steam engine of four horse power, managed by three boys, whose interference on the occasion was strictly limited to the presenting the end of the enormous blank sheet to the first cylinder, and to the receiving it in a few seconds, printed on both sides, as it was discharged by the last cylinder.

EXTRACTION OF POTASH FROM POTATOE TOPS.—The Register of Arts, for March, details the process adopted in France for extracting potash from potatoe tops, the upper part of which contain so considerable a portion as to render the extracting it a very profitable operation. The potatoe tops are to be cut off, at four or five inches from the ground, with a very sharp knife, the moment the flower begins to fall, that being the period of their greatest vigor. Fresh sprouts spring, which not only answer all the purposes of conducting the roots to maturity, but tend to the increase of their size, as the sprouts require less nourishment than the old tops. From the results obtained in France, it is estimated that the quality of land under annual cultivation with potatoes, in the United Kingdom, which exceeds five hundred thousand acres, might be made to yield nearly as many tons of potash: an amount fifty times that of the annual importation from America!

FLORA'S DICTIONARY.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

In eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.—*Percival*.

Beautiful language! Love's peculiar own,
Not for the cold, the careless to impart
By such sweet signs the silence of the heart.—*Pickersgill*.
Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.—*Percival*.

WHEN this new language is understood by our youthful readers, they will find it a source of pure and elegant amusement, as they can then hold sweet converse and pour out the fondest and most secret wishes of the heart without the tedious intervention of words. Every flower represents a sentiment; and a bouquet, when offered to the object of affection, thus becomes the fanciful medium of conveying the most tender and unutterable things. We have selected this from a thin and rather scarce volume, purporting to be issued from the city of roses; but not being ourselves deeply skilled in botanic lore, with the assistance of a kind and learned friend, we have corrected its imperfections.—We have seen many of these flowers in bloom in the garden of Mr. Prince, at Flushing, where there is a greater concentration of useful and beautiful productions from the dominions of Flora, than in any other on this continent.—*Ed. Mir*.

ACACIA ROSE.—*Robinia hispida*.—Friendship.

If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it.—*Shaks*.

Acacia, yellow.—*Virgilia lutea*.—Elegance.

Trifles themselves are elegant in him.—*Pope*.

Almond flower.—*Brabeium*.—Perfidy.

Stealing her soul with many vows of faith, and ne'er a true one.—*Shaks*.

Amaranth.—*Amaranthus*.—Immortality.

His love was an eternal plant, whereof the root was fixed in virtue's ground.—*Shaks*.

Amaranth, globe.—*A. globosa*.—Unchangeable.

Unalterably firm, his love entire.—*Milton*.

Ambrosia.—*A. maritima*.—Love returned.

She was beloved, she loved.—*Shaks*.

Amaryllis.—*A. formosissima*.—Splendid beauty.

With looks too bright and beautiful for such a world as this.

Anemone.—*Windflower*.—Expectation.

For him she breathes the silent sigh forlorn,
Each setting day, for him each rising morn.—*Darwin*.

Adonis.—Pheasant's eye.—Sorrowful remembrances.

Regretted raptures, long remembered woes.—*Rogers*.

Amer. star wort.—*Aster tradescanti*.—Cheerfulness in old age.

I've lived to know my share of joy,
And sing the good old times.

Arkansas coreopsis.—*Coreopsis tinctoria*.—I would rather not answer.

If you oblige me suddenly to choose,
My choice is made; for I must you refuse.—*Dryden*.

Arbor vite.—*Thuja occidentalis*.—Live for me.

I live in pleasure when I live to thee.—*Doddridge*.

Auricula.—*Primula*.—Avarice.

Nor love his peace of mind destroys;
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.—*Dryden*.

Althæa.—Consumed by Love.

My heart's on flame, and dies like fire,
To her aspire.—*Cowley*.

Bachelor's button.—*Ranunculus acris pleno*.—I with the morning's love have oft made sport.

When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—*Shaks*.

Balm.—*Melissa*.—Sympathy.

A world of earthly blessing to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.—*Shaks*.

Bluebottle.—*Centaurea cyanus*.—Constancy.

But I am constant as the northern star.—*Shaks*.

Belvidere.—*Scoparia dulcis*.—I declare against you.

Miserable most, to love unloved.—*Shaks*.

Balsam apple.—*Momordica*.—Impatience.

Impatience waiteth on true sorrow.—*Shaks*.

Bay leaf.—*Laurus*.—I change but in dying.

No: let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom;
But ties around this heart are spun,
That could not, would not be undone.—*Campbell*.

Cypress.—*Cupressus sempervirens*.—Despair.

The lifted arm of mute despair arrest,
And snatch the dagger pointed at his breast.—*Darwin*.

Calycanthus.—*C. floridus*.—Benevolence.

Nature all — is blooming and benevolent like thee.—*Thomson*.

Crocus.—*C. vernus*.—Cheerfulness.

Frame your mind to mirth and merriment; which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.—*Shaks*.

Cowslip.—*Primula veris*.—Winning grace.

A soft subduing grace around her breathed.—*F*.

China aster, single.—*Aster chinensis*.—I will think of it.

Be not disheartened then, nor cloud those looks
That wont to be more cheerful and serene.—*Milton*.

China aster, double.—*A. chinensis*, pleno.—I partake your sentiments.

Mutual love, the crown of all our bliss.—*Milton*.

Columbine, red.—*Aquilegia v. rubra*.—Anxious and trembling.

How throb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears.—*Rogers*.

Columbine, purple.—*Aquilegia v. purpurea*.—Resolved to win.

This hand I cannot but in death resign!—*Dryden*.

Canterbury bell.—*Campanula medium*.—Gratitude.

The debt immense of endless gratitude.—*Milton*.

Convolvulus.—*Morning Glory*.—Uncertainty.

Hope and fear alternate sway'd his breast.—*Home*.

Crown imperial.—*Fritillaria imperialis*.—Majestic power.

In his face sat meekness, heightened with majestic grace.
Denham

Chrysanthemum, white.—*Othonna*.—Truth.

If you knew his pure heart's truth.—*Shaks*.

Chrysanthemum, rose.—I love.

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—*Shaks*.

Chrysanthemum, yellow.—Slighted love.

Was it for this I loved him so,
And lavished hopes that brightly shone?—*C. G.*

Cardinal flower.—*Lobelia cardinalis*.—Distinction.

Keen are the pains advancement often brings.—*Hardis*.

Catchfly, red.—*Lychis viscaria*.—I fall into a trap that is laid for me.

Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken.
Shaks

Catchfly, white.—*Lychis v. alba*.—Youthful love.

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
When love's strong passion is impress'd in youth.—*Shaks*.

Dogwood blossom.—*Cornus florida*.—I am perfectly indifferent to you.

If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.—*Shaks*.

Daisy.—*Bellis*.—Beauty unknown to the possessor.

The beauty that is borne her in her face, the bearer knows not of.
Shaks

Dahlia.—*Dahlia superflua*.—Happy love.

To feel that we adore,
To such refined excess,
That though the heart would break with more,
It could not do with less.—*Moore*.

Everlasting.—*Gnaphalium*.—Never ceasing remembrances.

So turns the impatient needle to the pole,
Though mountains rise between and oceans roll.—*Darwin*.

Everlasting pea.—*Lathyrus latifolia*.—An appointed meeting.

Lovers break not hours, except it be to come before their time.
Shaks

Eglantine.—*Rosa rubiginosa*.—I wound to heal.

Now show the wound mine eyes have made in thee.—*Shaks*.

Foxglove.—*Digitalis*.—A wish.

O, that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek.—*Shaks*.

Gillyflower.—*Cheiranthus incarnus*.—Bonds of affection.

If this, he cried, bondage be,
Who would wish for liberty?

Geranium, rose.—*Pelargonium*.

But thee I love, by lot

Gerence.

Red.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PERIPATETIC.

POETRY.

PERHAPS there is no nation more alive to the beauties of poetry than our "own green forest land." The spirit is abroad every where, and discovers itself in a thousand forms. In every city there is a list of sighing swains who have at some time or other wandered away from the unworthy realities of human life, to pour forth their feelings in measured language, and soliloquize rhyme to the murmuring streams or the watchful stars. These melancholy gentlemen are to be found not only in great cities, where the artificial excitements of fashion may be supposed sometimes to produce a reaction, but every village has its bard especially favoured by the muses, and Miltons, neither "mute nor inglorious," are as thick as blackberries. What the value of poetry consists in, I confess I never could conceive. It is said to be in the pleasurable impression the mind receives from the consciousness of the art with which the language has been arranged; but must we then degrade the raptures elicited by fine poetry to so common an origin? Does the blood mount into the cheek, or the tears flow, merely in admiration of the skill which one gains from the practice of disposing his composition so as to produce a regular metre—or fitting the ends of lines with words of similar sound? This is a mechanical operation. We might as well weep over a beautifully wrought mahogany table. I have heard men of sense, and possessed of all the gleaming conceptions and brilliant thoughts which poetry arrests and embodies, declare that they despised it: that any man might easily acquire the habit of making it by means of a dictionary, and, if he could write prose, a little more patience, which might better be bestowed in any other way, would give him all the requisites necessary for the production of the finest rhyme. Others adopt a very different theory. Poets with them form a race as distinct from other men as an oyster is from a nightingale. They are the more delicate creations of nature, formed of better elements, and constructed with more care than their fellow-creatures. *Poeta nascitur non fit.* The poet is born and not made, they say, and, as is the case with nearly all the questions which have occupied any considerable share of the world's attention, both sides adduce many strong arguments in support of their positions. It is not my intention here to discuss the subject, nor to array myself under the banners of either party. It has ever been to me a matter of mystery, and my mind has vacillated from one opinion to another according to the circumstances by which I have been surrounded. Whatever may be the proper analysis of the pleasure which we derive from a fine poem, there is no doubt that the pleasure does exist. In some the capacity to receive it may be greater than in others; but I have seldom found one who could remain unmoved by the recitation of a really fine passage. It leads many away from all the common duties of life till their delight in it becomes a passion. The Americans are fond of poetry. Their taste for it is fostered by the innumerable presses which, even in the remotest states, send forth their little streams of literary information. They gush up every where with refreshing influence, like the thousand springs and rivers which cover our natural soil with verdure. Even while we were the affectionate colonies of Great Britain, one hundred and fifty years ago, the spirit began to work. John Cotton, Nathaniel Ward, and John Norton, delighted our great-great-grandmothers before the wrinkles of age or the traces of luxury had marked their fair foreheads, or corrupted their simple tastes. Among others, Peter Folger, mentioned by Franklin, courted the muses, with what success the following extract will show. He writes upon the separation of church and state, and I positively advise all who in-

tend reading it to be provided with pocket handkerchiefs.

"The rulers in the country I
"do own them in the Lord;
"And such as are for government,
"with them I do accord.
"But that which I intend hereby,
"is that which would keep bound;
"And meddle not with our worship,
"for which they have no ground.
"And I am not alone herein,
"there many hundreds more,
"That have for many years ago
"spoke much upon that score.
"Indeed, I really believe,
"it is not your business,
"To meddle with the church or state,
"in matters more or less."

Poetry has now taken a different turn. Compare the above honest effusion with this:

"I used to love a radiant girl,
"Her lips were like rose leaves torn,
"Her heart was as free as a floating curl,
"Or a breeze at morn," &c.
"Witching thoughts, like things half hid,
"Lurk'd beneath her silken lashes;
"And the modest droop of the veined lid
"Oft hid their flashes:
"But to me the charm was more complete,
"When the blush stole up their fringe to meet."
"Paint me, love, as a honey bee,
"Rosy mouths are things to sip;
"Nothing was ever so sweet to me
"As Marion's lip:
"Till I learned what deeper magic lies
"In kissing the lids of her closed eyes." &c.

I wonder what honest old Peter Folger, when he had finished his eloquent caution for his countrymen to mind

"their bu-si-ness,
"Nor meddle with the church and state,
"in matters more or less,"

would have thought of our friend's method of passing away his leisure moments! I'll warrant you, if Peter ever followed the kissing "bu-si-ness," he addressed himself to the sweet lips of his fair contemporaries, and never dreamed of speaking "much upon that score," or of meddling in rhyme with such "matters more or less."

But now, poetry, beaten off from the broad principles of nature, and the general passions of mankind as they are applied in the vast and complicated machinery of civilized society, is compelled either to seize upon refined matters, and to combine them ingeniously, or to travel the old track with a crowd of unnoticed aspirants, and to find that the path which once wound up to the temple of immortality, now leads in a pretty straight line to the cavern of utter oblivion.

The most prominent instance of the former is McDonald Clarke. He scorns all beaten tracks, both in his personal habits, and in his career of literature. He neither looks nor acts like other men; and his writings are wrecks, where the fragments of valuable thoughts are here and there discernible through heaps of ruins. He will say nothing which has ever been said before, or he will say it in a new way. A kind of vanity, not uncommon in poets, induces him to write badly and dress badly, for the sole purpose of being singular. His poems are therefore often like the ebullitions of some crazy imagination scrawled on the walls of a mad-house with a piece of charcoal, and he himself looks like a fright just escaped from the same species of domicile. And yet, when he substitutes for his queer clothes a decent garment, he looks very like a gentleman, and when he returns from his eccentric wanderings through the chaotic realms of his fancy, and condescends to give vent to his natural feelings in intelligible language, he writes very much like a poet; for example, this is very pretty, addressed to a belle whom he saw at the window of Mrs. Keese's boarding-house:

"Camest thou on the last south breeze,
"That lingers yet in thy glossy curls?
"I say the south—for Mrs. Keese
"Boards all the pretty southern girls.
"Thine eyes—I could not see their hue,
"The rushing crowd obscured my gaze,
"Yet I will hope that they were blue,
"Half bathed in morning's liquid rays.
"And then thy little crimson lips!
"Two roses on a maiden stem.
"How many sweet and secret trips
"Will memory take to visit them."

But when he begins to babble about thunder and muffled spirits, and most particularly when he, with a sacrilegious hand, would lift the veil which by universal consent is allowed to rest upon certain parts of our religion, it is pretty evident that, although he avoids the beaten road, he is yet far from the path that leads to fame. D.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

Paris, May 10, 1829.

MY DEAR M.—My last brought you with me to this celebrated city, and there very unceremoniously left you to your fate, without affording you any farther intimation of my own. It is but reasonable that I should now supply the omission, lest your anxiety for my well-being should rise to such a height as to prove ultimately distressing to your gentle spirit. Do I not remember the time when we were both boys together, and when I was so unlucky as to be caught *flagrante delicto*, that is to say, with the very apples upon my person which we had so joyously abstracted from that pet peculiar tree of the old red-faced farmer near the school-house; how he shook me and I roared, and how your tender heart would not permit you to avail yourself of the means of escape which your greater activity or more favourable stars had placed within your power, but drove you back to the place of my punishment, to share it with me? And, remembering all this, can I, as a man of any propriety of feeling, consent to keep you longer than absolute necessity compels, in suspense concerning the scapegrace whom you clung to so fondly and so faithfully in former and less serious years? Forbid it friendship, faith, and decency. Now do you know, my very profound and meditative friend, that at this present time of writing I feel much less inclined to prate to you concerning my present whereabouts, and the wonders so lavishly spread around me, than to gossip with you of those by-past days when we were wont to be so merry and so mischievous together? But before I proceed to follow this inclination, (to which I see I must give way,) let me indulge my organ of causality for a little space, and find out, if I can, why it is that my thoughts are so strongly fixed just now upon the thoughts and deeds of our olden time, and so indifferent to present matters, which yet one would naturally suppose more likely to claim their sedulous observance; why, in short, it seems more pleasant to me now, to gossip with you over our school-days, than to edify you with my "notes of Paris." The exciting cause then seems to me to consist in this. For some ten or twelve days past, my senses have all been kept upon the alert, and my faculties in a state of high excitement (that is as high as my cold temper will permit) by the constant variety of scene in which I have been luxuriating, and the perpetual occurrence of new incidents to keep me on the *qui vive*; first there was the bustle of preparation for departure, one of the most delightful of all possible excitations, at least to me; next the motion and change of my ride to Dover; no trifling item, when you remember that the country through which I rode was England, and the vehicle an English stage-coach; then the passage, and the novelty of a first arrival in France; then the ride to Paris, in the course of which every thing that meets the eye is new and as yet untried; and lastly, the great capital itself, with its palaces, and halls, and galleries, and fountains, and, greater still, its recollections. With all these things to gaze and speculate upon, it is not wonderful that every particle of brain of the possession of which I can boast, should be in a state of ferment; and therefore nothing can be more natural than that I should undergo what the newspapers used to be so full of in the states during the late presidential contest; that is to say, a reaction, and find a

pleasure in forgetting for a time the scenes around me, and the objects that have so completely engrossed my attention, to enjoy, though but in memory, the quiet gratifications of the past, which after all were perhaps at the moment as exciting in their nature as those of which I have been giving you some slight account, but are now softened and mellowed down by distance of time; as effectual a reducer, by the way, as its counterpart, distance in space. Is this solution perfectly satisfactory to you? If it is, *tant mieux*; if it is not, *tant pis*, and I do not care the tenth part of a brass farthing about the matter. Did you ever read the works of Hazlitt? I take it for granted that you have, and therefore will not inflict upon you any extracts, but simply recall to your memory a certain essay which he once did perpetrate upon letter-writing, general and particular, and which to my thinking contains some very ingenious thoughts and sensible notions.* Apropos of Hazlitt, I have seen him here; and by mere accident too. I have long had a curiosity to take a peep at his "external configuration," (see Vivian Grey) and made sundry efforts at various times in London to be introduced to him, but always without effect; he was always in the country or on the continent, or dining at the other end of the town, or if nothing else, "he had just stepped out, and it was quite uncertain when he would return," and so my well meant endeavours were always frustrated—Newton, the artist, who by the way is great at describing people, had given me a minute and *recherché* description of his person, by which I was assured I could not fail to recognise him at the first glance; and sure enough, a day or two since, on entering the gallery of the Louvre, I saw a man who I felt confident must be Hazlitt. You remember how we used to read his essays and criticisms, and fancy how he looked; the pictures were not very flattering, it must be owned; and they were as unlike as they were uncomplimentary. I have discovered, among other things of moment, that we were egregiously misled by the epithet or participle "*pimpled*," which we had been accustomed to see prefixed to the name of the ingenious gentleman abovementioned; pimpled Hazlitt has been his invariable appellation ever since I have known anything concerning him, and we, if you remember, with a most laudable respect for the literal propriety of the word, were accustomed always to think of him and picture him in the eyes of our imaginations as a stout red-faced varlet, with a nose gorgeously garnished with rubies and carbuncles, a bright and sensual, yet somewhat cynical eye, and a most strenuous disregard of tidiness in his apparel. The man whom I found assiduously copying one of the master-pieces in the Louvre, and whom I recognised from my friend's description, is the very reverse of all this. In person, he is rather thin than stout; has a pale meditative face, a most noble forehead, full of wrinkles and lines of thought, and a deep, searching eye; and, to finish the contrast, is extremely neat and particular in his habiliments. The only singularity about him was a large straw hat lined with green silk, worn, I suppose, more for the sake of the protection it affords his eyes, than for its efficacy as a covering for his knowledge box. In the course of my wanderings through the gallery, (in the Louvre you know there is room to wander,) I stole a few slight glances at his work; he handles his brush like an artist, and proves by the productions of his pencil as well as of his pen, that his pretensions to *virtu* are not unwarranted.

But it is time to return to the boyish recollections with which I commenced this letter. Oh, boyhood!—but I won't inflict all that upon you, my very excellent M—; we all know what every body says concerning the "happiest part of human life," and therefore there is no pressing reason why I should repeat it; for my own part, all my enthusiasm in favour of

those very milk and waterish times, has vanished long ago, and now I am quite satisfied to believe with Goethe that the only reason why we look back to our earlier years with such exceeding devotion is, that we have forgotten all the discomforts which annoyed us then, and remember only the pleasures with which they were intermixed. Now I suppose if you were at my elbow, or any where within speaking distance at this present moment, you would immediately assail me with one of your "obvious questions," as you are pleased to call them; to wit, why we have forgotten those discomforts, and remember those pleasures.—Listen then, most inquisitive sir, and you shall have my ideas upon that matter also. The discomforts were peculiar to the period of life in which they existed; a holiday denied, a favourite hard-shelled posset vanquished by some rival instrument of conquest, a lesson rather longer or more difficult than usual, (not to mention the excoriation of hand or shoulder consequent upon the omission to acquire the same,) a father in an ill-humour when we the suppliant desired to form an intimacy with one or two of those small pieces of the current coin of the United States which we could hear jingle in his pockets as he thrust his hand among them, these and a thousand other crosses of equally light moment, were sufficient to cloud our brows and mar the spirit of our enjoyments, though now we find it difficult to sympathise with our successors when we behold them writhing under the same inflictions. But the pleasures of manhood are more akin to the pleasures of the preceding stage of life; the man is not less exquisitely alive to the raptures of gastronomic indulgence than the boy; to the one, a ramble by the side of some fair stream, amid the quiet solitude of woods, or the melody of birds, is not less soothing or exhilarating than to the other; the J. H. of fifteen years ago found no more pleasure in the reading of a pleasant book, than does the J. H. of the present hour; and you, my dear M., cannot, I am confident, forget the *penchant militaire* which, when we were at school together, impelled you to organize your playmates into a troop with paper caps and wooden muskets, and has, in later years, conducted you with honour to the command of a gallant battalion. In short, to close this theory of mine, which with alarm I perceive extending itself to the amplitude of a dissertation, in every thing that pleased us *then*, we find the germ of our present gratifications; while on the other hand, the plagues of manhood are as distinct from those of youth, as is this long and very desultory yarn which I am spinning, from the "decent, sensible, and entertaining letters," which you used so perseveringly to urge me into writing for you.

But let us think of something else, for you see that the fit is on me, and I cannot prevail upon myself to lay aside the pen. Did I ever mention to you my meeting at the Fives Court with our old friend Richard S.? I think I did; and if I did not, it is no matter. Before I left London, Richard called upon me once or twice, and as he seemed most lamentably in want of somebody to patronize him, and show him all the lions, I even took pity upon the lad, and resolved to do the civil thing towards him, albeit at the expense of a whole morning. Among the other sights which he visited under my auspices, was St. Paul's, which we investigated from vault to cupola; Richard had brought a fine Newfoundland dog with him, and in spite of all my cautions, he will persist in having Carlo at his heels wherever he goes; of course therefore, Carlo made the circuit of the cathedral with his master, and maugre the resistance of the guides, even mounted into the very ball itself; a feat attempted but once before by any of the dog tribe, and then the unhappy animal fell a victim to his ambition; in an evil moment, when mounting the very narrow rickety stairway, by which it is barely possible to ascend above the whispering gallery, the adventurous quad-

ruped forgot that he was not on terra firma, and, by a false step, was precipitated to some unknown depth between the outer wall of the dome and the side of the cathedral, to which a voluntary descent with any hope of return, is utterly impossible. He died, and his bones are still mouldering where he fell,—for you must know that this calamitous event took place some indefinite number of years ago; and ever since the passage of all dogs beyond the ground floor has been prohibited. By some inexplicable process, compounded of bullying and bribery, the rule was suffered to be infringed by Carlo, and he explored every nook and cranny of the monstrous edifice with Richard. Perhaps you are ready to ask why I have told you this; my dear sir, please to remember that Carlo is an *American* dog.

Baptiste has just brought me a note; allow me to read it. "Dr. G. — compliments to Mr. H., — pleasure of his company—ride to St. Cloud—one o'clock—." It is half past twelve—just time to dress for the ride—so good by, friend M. J. H.

P. S.—Not a word of Paris in all this letter. Oh monstrous!

THE DRAMA.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

MRS. SHARPE.

THIS lady, though a favourite with the public, scarcely holds that place in their estimation which might be expected from her varied and manifold qualifications. The parts, to be sure, in which she generally appears, do not admit of any brilliant display of talent, and therefore Mrs. Sharpe's sensible and spirited manner of performing them only elicits a moderate share of approbation, though the aggregate pleasure derived from her performances is probably greater than from those of many who claim a loftier station in the profession. She is the Mrs. Woodhull of the Park theatre—that is, she holds the same rank in the feminine department, which that worthy gentleman does in the masculine, and is, like him, endowed in a high degree, with the yankee faculty of turning her hand to any thing. She is a very fair singer, an excellent "walking lady," and a capital comedian. Besides, she has somewhat of a "genius for the tragic," or rather a tolerable knack at declamation, and scolds in blank verse "with good emphasis and discretion." The necessities of the theatre, we presume, caused her to appear once or twice as *Elvira* during the past season, and although it is a character altogether out of her line, she performed it better than any woman we have seen attempt it on these boards. She looked well as the haughty Spanish beauty—"disdain and scorn rode sparkling in her eyes"—and in the fourth act she rated Pizarro in good round terms. This, however, is not the department in which Mrs. S. must hope to attain excellence. In comedy she is always happy, and divides the chambermaid business with the inimitable Mrs. Wheatley, without losing much by the comparison. She also takes charge of the characters of nearly all the young and middle-aged ladies. Now, there are plenty of actresses who undertake to do the same thing, but unfortunately they cannot change their manners with their dress, and continue just as vulgar in silk as they were in calico; being evidently nothing better than dressed-up chambermaids. This is not the case with Mrs. S.—she can scold, lie, and flirt like a waitingmaid, and look, speak, and act like a lady—she can be boisterous in the kitchen, and stately in the hall—and can jilt a footman or reject a knight with equal skill and dexterity. By the way, she has an uncommonly picturesque manner of repulsing improper overtures; when playing an innocent maid, wife, or widow, and a part of the stage libertines go down on their knees to her, and with wicked intentions, she ha

flashing her eye, folding her arms, and drawing up her person with an air of insulted virtue, that must produce a prodigious moral effect upon the kneeling sinner and the attentive audience. In parts, likewise, where a union of good acting and tolerable singing is required, such as *Georgetta Clairville* or *Donna Anna*, in *Don Giovanui*, it would be difficult to find her equal. Altogether, Mrs. Sharpe is a highly pleasing, clever, and useful actress, and moreover a fine woman; her worst fault is the too great extension of her mouth in a lateral direction when laughing, whereby her very excellent teeth are made visible, it is true, but at the expense of the rest of her features, which are collapsed and cut up into angles and triangles in a way which spoils their otherwise pleasing appearance. We recommend the close and attentive study of a looking-glass. C.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE YANKEE.

THE first number of the new series of this amusing and popular periodical in its improved form, has just come to hand, and its appearance is certainly more in its favour now than it was of yore; the octavo is unquestionably the neatest shape and size for a magazine. But let us look a little at the inside.

The first prose article is a notice critical and commendatory of Jeremy Bentham, and, as we happen to know, contains more truth about that remarkable man than nineteen-twentieths of all the stories that have been told of him. It is also written with much less extravagance than Mr. Neal is in the habit of exhibiting. The second, touching the aborigines of America, we have not read. The third is a long, unfinished, and very unintelligible story, bearing the title of "Live Yankees," and is John Neal from beginning to end; we are always tempted to ask "*cui bono*," when we have done reading any of his extravaganzas, and yet we always read them. In the fourth place, there is a vindication of some yankee system of self-teaching, which, as we were not cognizant of the attack which called it forth, we have passed over very civilly. Fifthly, a short lecture upon American painters and painting, wherein the writer—John himself—shows most incontestably that he knows no more of the subject matter, than he does of the private court scandal of Monomotapa. Sixthly, a brief paper upon arithmetic—a most unpromising subject, and therefore we will none of it. Lastly, certain still shorter notices of new works, wherein we have found nothing remarkable. Besides all these there are sundry stanzas of no great moment. The Yankee is now a monthly magazine, the subscription price is still three dollars, and it may be had of Mr. Thomson at the office of the Mirror.

HUNGARIAN TALES.

SECOND NOTICE.—We gave a very brief notice of this work week before last, containing little more than the fact that such a book was published by the Messrs. Harper, and that it had been favourably mentioned in the English journals. We have since read the whole of these tales, and find ourselves in justice bound to bestow upon them a stronger recommendation to the attention of our readers. Of the multitude of fictitious writings that have issued from the press within the last twelve months, we know of none, except Pelham, the Disowned, the last Waverley, and Mr. Croly's Tales of the Great St. Bernard, so well worthy of a favourable reception by the reading public as these volumes. Written with great vigour and purity of style, highly interesting in the development of the stories, and abounding with fine and graphic descriptions of character, as well as of external objects,—they have come like welcome guests to break the dull monotony of our reading hours, doomed as we are, week after week, to groan and nod over the heavy nothings that spring with appalling rapidity of growth from the scribbling mania which at present infests the idle gentlemen and ladies of England, Ireland, and Scotland. The locale, too, is new, and the genus of the personages almost unknown. Hungary and its romantic people have been hitherto neglected by the whole class of novelists, abundant as are the materials they furnish. The mine has at last been opened, and by a woman; and of a truth, the ore which she has had penetration to discover, she has not wanted skill to mould.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

NAPOLEON'S PASSAGE OVER THE ALPS.

THE following sketch of the most extraordinary adventurer of modern times, is from the Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, written for and forming the first number of *The Family Library*, a collection of biography now in the press in London:

At St. Pierre all semblance of a road disappeared.—Thenceforth an army, horse and foot, laden with all the munitions of a campaign, a park of forty field pieces included, were to be urged up and along airy ridges of rock and eternal snow, where the goatherd, the hunter of the chamois, and the outlaw smuggler, are alone accustomed to venture, amidst precipices, where to slip a foot is death; beneath glaciers from which the percussion of a musket shot is often sufficient to hurl an avalanche; across bottomless chasms caked over with frost or snow drift, and breathing

The difficult air of the ice mountain top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flits o'er the herbless granite.—Byron.

The transport of the artillery and ammunition was the most difficult point; and to this, accordingly, the chief consul gave his personal superintendence. The guns were dismounted, grooved into the trunks of trees hollowed out so as to suit each calibre, and then dragged on by sheer strength of muscle—not less than a hundred soldiers being sometimes harnessed to a single cannon. The carriages and wheels, being taken to pieces, were slung on poles, and borne on men's shoulders. The powder and shot, packed into boxes of fir wood, formed the lading of all the mules that could be collected over a wide range of Alpine country.

These preparations had been made during the week that elapsed between Buonaparte's arrival at Geneva and the commencement of Lanné's march. He himself travelled sometimes on a mule, but mostly on foot, cheering on the soldiers who had the burden of the great guns. The fatigue undergone is not to be described. The men in front durst not halt to breathe, because the least stoppage there might have thrown the column behind into confusion, on the brink of deadly precipices; and those in the rear had to flounder knee-deep, through snow and ice trampled into sludge by the feet and hoofs of the preceding divisions. Happily the march of Napoleon was not harassed like that of Hannibal, by the assaults of living enemies. The mountaineers, on the contrary, flocked in to reap the liberal rewards which he offered to all who were willing to lighten the drudgery of his troops.

On the 16th of May, Napoleon slept at the convent of St. Maurice; and in the course of the following days the whole army passed the Great St. Bernard. It was on the 20th that Buonaparte himself halted an hour at the convent of the Hospitallers, which stands on the summit of the mighty mountain. The good fathers of the monastery had furnished every soldier as he passed with a luncheon of bread and cheese, and a glass of wine; and for this seasonable kindness they received the warm acknowledgment of the chief. It was here that he took his leave of a peasant youth, who had walked by him as a guide, all the way from the convent of St. Maurice. Napoleon conversed freely with the young man, and was much interested in his simplicity. At parting, Buonaparte asked the guide some particulars about his personal situation; and having heard his reply, gave him money, and a billet to the head of the monastery of St. Maurice. The peasant delivered it accordingly, and was surprised to find, that in consequence of a scrap of writing which he could not read, his worldly comforts were to be permanently increased. The object of this generosity remembered, nevertheless, but little of his conversation with the consul. He described Napoleon as being "a very dark man," (this was the effect of the Syrian sun) and having an eye that notwithstanding his affability, he could not encounter without a sense of fear. The only saying of the hero which he treasured in his memory was, "I have spoiled a hat among your mountains; well, I shall find a new one on the other side." Thus spoke Napoleon, wringing the rain from his covering as he approached the hospice of St. Bernard. The guide described, however, very strikingly, the effect of Buonaparte's appearance and voice, when any obstacle checked the advance of his soldiery along that fearful wilderness, which is called emphatically, "the valley of desolation." A single look or word was commonly sufficient to set all in motion. But if the way presented some new and insuperable difficulty, the consul bade the drums beat and the trumpets sound, as if for the charge;

and this never failed. Of such gallant temper were the spirits which Napoleon had at command, and with such admirable skill did he wield them!

THE ELOQUENT MUST STUDY.

The labours requisite to form the public speaker, are by no means duly appreciated among us. There is nothing like the ancient estimation of this work. An absurd idea prevails with our scholars, that the finest productions of the mind are the fruits of hasty impulse, the unfoldings of a sudden thought, the brief visitations of a fortunate hour or evening, the flashings of intuition, or the gleamings of fancy. Genius is often compared to lightning from the cloud, or the sudden bursting out of a secret fountain: and eloquence is regarded as if it were a kind of inspiration. When a man has made a happy effort, he is next possessed with an absurd ambition to have it thought that it cost him nothing. He will say, perhaps, that it was a three hours' work. Now it is not enough to maintain that nothing could be more injurious to our youth than this way of thinking; for the truth is, that nothing can be more false. The mistake lies in confounding with the mere arrangement of thoughts, or the manual labour of putting them on paper, the long previous preparation of mind, the settled habits of thought. It has taken but three hours, perhaps, to compose an admirable piece of poetry or a fine speech; but the reflections of three years, or of thirty, may have been tending to that result. It is a good rule, no doubt, to write with fury, and correct with haste; but a man cannot write with fury, and write with sense too, without much previous thought. He may write with folly, and that is often done. He may imagine that he is writing finely, because he is writing fast, and that his sounding pen flies over an inspired page; and that is likely to result from the absurd application of the maxim, that happy efforts are hasty ones. Genius is thought—study—application. The two simple, but magic words which contain the secret of Newton's greatness, according to his own explanation, are "patient thought." There is not a more indispensable characteristic of genius, than good sense. It is this that has given to the true works of genius, universal reception and immortal fame. And here too, is indicated the rock on which thousands have split. Many men have a powerful imagination, but they have not the "patient thought," the good sense requisite to control it. They have not learnt, in "the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion," to acquire and beget the temperance that may give it smoothness. We wish that we could see an analysis of genius on these principles; that we could see unfolded all the previous thought, the patient study, the thorough reflection, the fine discrimination, that are necessary to produce even a page of really fine writing. It would be a useful lesson. It would teach our aspiring youth, that they never can succeed without labour; that it never will do to trust to irregular, hasty efforts; that they might as well expect literally to command the lightnings of the tempest without philosophy, as without philosophy to wield the lightnings of eloquence. They ought not to have this good without labouring for it, without waiting patiently at the shrine of that divinity,—the industry, which alone can give it. The gift is too great, too high, to cost them little. N. A. Review.

NOTHING AT ALL.

To write with grace and propriety about nothing is not an easy task; but to try to do so is a very useful exercise of the pen, since a writer who practises successfully this sort of composition, shall hardly fail to write well and easily, when he has any substantial matter to treat of. It is in this as in bodily exercise. The gymnastic pupil is set upon difficult movements and arduous exertions, which give strength and pliancy to the limbs, and enable him to perform the truly useful or necessary motions with ease and gracefulness. I compose this paper for such an exercise.

The ladies greatly excel in this species of composition; that is to say, writing about nothing. Witness the elegance of their epistolary style, as it may be seen in many publications of ladies' correspondence, both in our own and other languages. There is a charming flow of pretty trifling—that is, of nothing—in their letters, which men are very seldom able to produce. As the ladies write about nothing better than the men, so do they also excel the men in talking of nothing. Talking of nothing is so different a thing from saying nothing, that those who talk of nothing commonly say the most; and I have frequently heard a lady entertain a circle a whole evening in this manner with great success; although, after she had ceased, it was wholly im-

possible to say what had engaged our attention. The men who profess the art of small talk, which is the same as talking about nothing, are commonly great favourites of the ladies; and the reason may be, that the ladies have the double gratification of seeing themselves imitated, and of feeling their superiority in that which is the object of imitation.

It is not easy to distinguish between something and nothing; for the skill of a good wit will often give to nothing the quality of something, while a dull fellow will cause something to slip into the obscurity of nothing. I have heard a whimsical story, which is very probably as untrue as it is unlikely, but which may serve for an illustration here. A minister desired much to be allowed to preach before the king, and at length obtained his suit on condition his majesty should furnish the text, which he promised to send him. The divine, however, received no communication from the king until he was in the pulpit, when a sealed packet without any superscription, was put in his hand, which on opening, he found to contain nothing. The wit of the preacher, however, stood him instead of a text. He turned the packet first one way, and then another: "There's nothing here," he said, looking on the inner side—"there's nothing here," looking again on the outer side of the sheet, "and from nothing God created the heaven and the earth;" upon which he pronounced an excellent, learned, and useful homily to the great delight and admiration of his majesty, who did not fail to reward his wit and ability.

It is a curious fact that nothing often means not only something, but a great deal. Thus, when a crash is heard in the kitchen or hall, and Betty, summoned by the mistress's bell, is asked, "What is that?" she replies readily, "Nothing, ma'am;" though half of my lady's crockery be that instant lying in fragments on the floor. Another instance is, when a lady has committed some extravagance in dress or furniture, if she is asked "What such a thing cost?" she replies, "Nothing to signify;" which may be construed, "a great deal too much."

It is proved every day in life, that nothing may come to something; and it is a less agreeable observation, that something frequently comes to nothing in the same arena: industry and honesty cause the former phenomenon; idleness and extravagance the latter. Finally, let me hope I shall find readers rather in that class of critics who can be pleased with nothing, than among those whom nothing pleases.

OREGON TERRITORY.

But little is known of this territory, in this section of our country, and still less of the river from which it derives its name. So extensive is the continent of America, and so much of it remains unexplored, that many of our citizens are better acquainted with the localities and condition of Europe than with the climate, soil, vegetable and animal productions of certain portions of their own country. Miner's Journal contains some extracts from a work recently issued in French by a gentleman who resided several years west of the Rocky Mountains, which gives a more minute and interesting account of this territory than we have before seen published.

During the three years which he spent in the vicinity of the Columbia or Oregon River, the cold seldom passed the freezing point, and the heat was never greater than seventy-five or seventy-six degrees. West winds are more frequent in spring and the early part of summer; northwest winds in the latter part of summer and first of autumn; and southwest winds blow almost continually from the first of October till the beginning of January, which is the rainy season, and the most disagreeable part of the year.

The result of several experiments satisfied him that the land along the Columbia is generally unfit for cultivation, though the soil is not every where the same; and there were probably places which would yield abundant crops. Various kinds of garden seeds were planted by him in the month of May, but though his garden had a fine appearance in August, and the vegetables were suffered to remain in the ground until the end of December, still nothing came to maturity but radishes, turnips, and potatoes. The turnips were of a prodigious size, one of the largest measuring thirty-three inches in circumference, and weighing fifteen and a half pounds. A dozen of potatoes produced ninety, which were planted the succeeding spring, but the second season was so much colder than the first that these produced nothing at all.

Cedar, spruce, white pine, hemlock, &c. were the most common trees; the cedars being generally four or five fathoms

in circumference, and the hemlocks from twelve to twenty inches in diameter. An immense white pine tree is mentioned, which seven men, standing with their arms extended, were not able to encircle, and which upon admeasurement, was found to be forty-two feet in circumference!

Wild fruits in abundance are to be found from the middle of June to the middle of October. Besides the raspberry, the months of July and August furnish a pleasant acid fruit of a blue colour, about the size of a cherry, and another fruit which grows in clusters on a small bush like the garden currant, which has a fine taste, is wholesome, and may be eaten in any quantities without injury. Blackberries, cherries, currants, wild pears and crab apples are also found; together with a great variety of nutritious roots, of which the natives make great use. There is one in particular, which they reduce to paste by pounding, make into cakes of five or six pounds weight, and bake it on flat stones heated in the fire—producing a bread almost as palatable as our own.

Salmon and sturgeon abound in the Columbia River during certain parts of the year, and these constitute the principal food of the natives. The salmon fishery commences in July and continues until August; in the latter part of which month, and during September, sturgeon of an excellent quality are caught. Some of these are very large, one of which we saw measured eleven feet, and weighed three hundred and ninety pounds. In October and November, salmon are again to be had, though of a different species and poorer quality. In the month of February, a small species of fish, of a very fine flavour, is taken in abundance, but these remain only a short time.

The quadrupeds of this territory are the elk, the fallow-deer, the black-tailed deer, the roe deer, the black bear, the brown bear, the gray bear, the white bear; the wolf, the panther, the tiger cat, the raccoon, the whistler, a species of marmot, the land otter, and the sea otter. The gray bear is represented as being extremely fierce and carnivorous.

The most remarkable birds are the nun eagle, the black eagle, the turkey buzzard, the hawk, the pelican, the cormorant, the swan, the heron, the crane, the bustard, a variety of ducks, and several species of geese. The nun eagle is so called from its having a white head, though the rest of its plumage is of a dirty black.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Subscribers can have their volumes bound by sending their numbers to our office.

Pure Water.—If the influence of the public press could have availed in procuring for our citizens a supply of this indispensable source of aliment and refreshment, they would not still have to complain of its absence, and bear, as best they may, the contumelious but too merited reproaches of strangers. It is somewhat singular, and calculated to create inexpressible emotions of disgust, that while so many improvements on a grand scale have been projected and carried into effect, while so many sums of money have been expended for public celebrations, monuments erected in other counties, and every made up scheme of any one influential man who can lead the governor of the city in his train, this deficiency of pure water, long spoken of, and much wanted, should still exist. There is, and can be, no difficulty in procuring it—it is abundantly supplied by never failing springs in almost every portion of our wide spread neighbourhood, and an expense, comparatively trifling, would suffice to conduct it to the centre of our population. Lake Mahapoe was for a long time destined to be the grand source of supply. It is still ready to be made subservient to the great object, and we would respectfully ask, why is the subject neglected?

Typography.—The improvements which this most useful art has undergone, within a few years, in these United States, are such as to awaken feelings no less of astonishment than delight. No idle national vanity incites us to make the remark; but a simple desire of recording a fact which cannot fail to strike every intelligent reader. Formerly our dependence was entirely placed on foreign importation for the requisite supply of every article necessary in the printing office—paper, type, presses, ink, and even the skill and labour which were to use these materials. What of native manufacture was attempted, was little calculated to do credit to the country, or give promise of advancement. The paper was brown and the type faint, so that the impression of the one could scarce be distinguished upon the dingy surface of

the other, and the whole execution was, in fact, of the meanest kind. Not so now. The eye of the reader may repose on delightful specimens of typographical beauty, here swelling into the ample quarto, there dwindled into the little diamond octodecimo that suits well the sofa of the fair, or the pocket of the idle lounge. The hot-pressed paper of dazzling white and glossy smoothness,—the well-sized type of jetty black in full relief to the broad margin,—the high-wrought title-page, graced by the appropriate frontispiece, throw a charm around many of the productions of the present day which those only can appreciate whose organs of vision have been put to a severe trial by the small and indistinct impression, and the almost cerulean coloured paper that disgraced our typography of former times. The bookbinders should not lose their share of credit for the improvements they have made. If they do not equal their foreign competitors, they approach with rapid strides to their excellence. All the materials are now manufactured in this country—paper of a good quality, type elegantly cast, presses remarkable for their power and durability, ink for the beauty and permanency of its colour; and, with respect to the workmen, we shall simply express our conviction and regret that their valuable and skilful labours should meet with such paltry recompense. Of all men who pursue the mechanic branches, none are so disproportionately rewarded for the extent and value of their services as printers. This does not evince much love for the encouragement of the "art preservative of all arts," on the part of the community who is so much benefited by it. While on this subject we must be allowed to allude to the shameful manner in which newspapers generally are printed. They reflect no more credit on our typography, than many of them do on the talent or scholarship of their conductors. We are not disposed to be severe on this class of periodicals, but the indecency, the want of independence, and contracted spirit which so often disgrace the columns of a majority of them, too naturally call forth disgust.

The foregoing remarks have been elicited by an examination of a beautiful specimen of types, cast at the foundry of Mr. James Conner, of this city. Several of the founts are superior to any we have seen in this country. We particularly noticed the brier, and were so much pleased with its elegance, that we intend shortly to procure a sufficient supply for the Mirror.

Castle Garden.—Exhausted by the labours of the day, and the excessive heat of the weather, we lounged, a few evenings since, almost unconsciously, into Castle Garden, where the sound of Mr. Howard's voice soon recalled us to ourselves, and to a sense of the delights which surrounded us. Howard is, without doubt, one of the best vocalists in the country; and the sweetness and taste with which he executes his favourite airs never fail to draw down thunders of applause. The tender and melancholy ballad of "Oft in the stilly night," is one of his happiest efforts, and we shall never forget the impression it made upon us some years since at Chatham theatre. Castle Garden is still the bright place of enchantment it ever was. The prospect of the bay, and harbour, and neighbouring shores, with the thousand anchored or floating barks that animate the scene, is still without—the same splendour of light, and music, and song, and luxury, is still within its walls. Really Mr. Marsh, the proprietor, deserves encouragement. His attention and efforts to please receive the approbation of all who visit his delightful retreat.

Medical Society of the City and County of New-York.—At the anniversary meeting of this society, held on the thirtieth of July, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:

Dr. SAMUEL W. MOORE, President.	} Censors.
Dr. DANIEL L. M. FRIXTON, Vice President.	
Dr. BENJAMIN B. COIT, Recording Secretary.	
Dr. F. O. DOUCET, Corresponding Secretary.	
Dr. WILLIAM ROCKWELL, Treasurer.	
Dr. R. K. HOFFMAN,	
Dr. E. G. LUDLOW,	
Dr. C. R. GILLMAN,	
Dr. JOHN J. GRAVES, and	
Dr. WM. HIBBARD, JUN.	

New Novel.—We perceive by the late English papers that a new novel; from the pen of the author of "Pelham" and the "Disowned," is forth coming, to be called "*Deveraux*."

Great age.—In noticing a celebration of the fourth instant, near Raleigh, North Carolina, the Register states that "Mr. Arthur Wall, now in his one hundred and ninth year, was particularly invited; he excused himself on account of being '*busy with his crop*;' but said he would send one of his boys, a lad of eighty-two, with his toast."

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COMPOSED BY H. R. BISHOP.

[Published by William Taylor, 128 Bowery.]

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Come, my gal-lant sol-dier, come, Leave the proud em-bat-tled field; Shril-ly fife and roll-ing drum, All the pleas-ures war can yield, Quick-ly come, a-gain be-hold, The hap-py land where thou wert born, And hear its mu-sic sweet and bold, The mer-ry moun-tain horn, Yhu - - - ei o ei o, Yhu - - - The mer-ry moun-tain horn.

In thy native valley find, Far away from pomp and power, Constant love and peace of mind Here, in bright affection's bower, Quickly come, &c.

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One esteems, one admires, one fears extraordinary merit; but one seldom loves it without possessing it.

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J. SETON, PRINTER, JOHN STREET, NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOLUME VII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1829.

NUMBER 4.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A SKETCH.

The gale had sweetness as it wandered by,
As soft it passed along the clear lake's breast,
And stirred the image of the o'erarching sky,
Where amber clouds were folded into rest,
Like gorgeous islands for a spirit blest!
The heart responded to the cheerful scene,
The bosom felt not cares that had oppressed,
And fancy wandered, like a singing stream,
To many a scene of peace in many a guileless dream.

My steps had borne me from the village side
To a sweet coppice and a sunny glade,
Where verdant leaves to restless winds replied,
As in the woods their unseen pinions played,
And joyous music in the bland air made.
Mid poplars tall and orchards blossoming,
The tapering spire rose from the fragrant shade,
And round its balcony, on changeable wing,
Swimming, like flowers in air, the free young birds did sing.

I slept—I awakened—and the golden sun
Was sinking like a conqueror to his rest;
The low tree shades were lengthening upon
The upland side, with its enamelled breast:
Each bird was flitting to his downy nest—
When on my ear the tones of funeral bell
Came on the soft airs from the balmy west—
And through the vale passed on that lonely knell,
Breathing of earth's frail dreams and that wild word farewell!

Soon to the church-yard did a train go by,
And a young child was borne upon the bier,
Who scarce had laughed beneath the festal sky,
Ere death had frowned upon her glad career,
Like blighting storms that make the blossoms sere.
Pure one! she passed before the heartless earth
Had cast a shadow on her spirit here;
Before a cloud had gathered o'er her mirth,
Ere she had proved life's joy, and found it nothing worth.

Oh, should it not be thus! when pleasure's smiles
Fade like a sunbeam on the summer sea,
When last it trembles on a thousand isles,
As the "day joins the past eternity?"—
Thus life's dream withers from the scenes that be!—
Should we not glory that a rest is given,
Where the pure soul of innocence may flee,
Each clogging bond of dust and sorrow riven,
A fading flow'r of earth, to be revived in heav'n! EVERARD.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE UNEDUCATED WIFE.

CHAPTER III.

It is impossible to give any idea of the agony and grief of Isidore; she seemed almost beside herself; and Fitzgerald, alarmed for her health, hurried her away as soon as possible after the burial of the old general, who was followed to his humble grave by his two children and the faithful Indians.

I shall pass over their journey.—Isidore's wonder at the towns and cities they visited, and the consummation of their wishes in an union, which, as it was founded on the most disinterested attachment, promised uninterrupted happiness.

It was many months after their marriage, before Fitzgerald took his wife to his residence on the banks of the Hudson. It was a most delightful place—large, convenient, and elegant; and the gentle Isidore thought, as she wandered through the superb apartments, how gratified her dear grandfather would have been to see her mistress of such an establishment, and the wife of such a man as Fitzgerald. The library was her favourite apartment. There was a most romantic view of the windings of the river from its windows; it was commodious and well furnished with the most valuable books, and all that was necessary for the employment of an enlightened and cultivated mind, and the requisites for improving an ignorant one.

Isidore was too timid to ask questions. She idolized her husband; looked up to him with a reverence, a respect, that placed her at such a distance from him, it was impossible for him to enter into the feelings of her mind or heart. Indeed there was no one that she could make her confidant.

They had now been six months married: part of the time had been spent in travelling, and part at their delightful residence. Fitzgerald had brought home a distant relation of his for a companion and friend to Isidore. She was fashionable and appeared amiable; and he thought that the genteel Caroline Morland would be useful to his lovely wife, as she would need initiating into the polished circles which she must unavoidably enter. Many of his friends had called to see them; all were loud in praise of the exquisite little girl he had married. The house he knew would soon be filled with visitors from the city. He relied upon Caroline as a chaperone; but still he was too proud to acknowledge that his beautiful wife needed any instruction; and he feared it would pain her affectionate heart to inform her of her deficiencies. He was astonished to see that the lovely creature, who, in the forest shades, moved with the grace of a young fawn, was, in the drawing room, when surrounded with a fashionable party, stiff, awkward and embarrassed. "But she is so young—so very young," he would say, "it will soon wear off." Yet the very remedy he had provided only increased the evil. Caroline was envious, indolent, and selfish; and the gentle and amiable Isidore could not unbosom herself to the cold-hearted votress of fashion. She sighed often when she felt her ignorance and awkwardness. Her devoted love to Albert made her so fearful of saying any thing to mortify or disturb him, that she would often hesitate, stop and tremble when she was conversing, and saw her husband's eyes fixed on her. Fitzgerald had expected, for several days, some particular friends, to whom he wished his wife to be agreeable. He told her one morning, as she stood by the glass, arranging her beautiful hair, that Major Harcourt and Mr. Campbell would be with them on the following morning; and, gently pressing her hand, he added:

"Be yourself, my dear Isidore: imagine that we are in the forest; that my friends are Sanaqua and Watan; let me see you easy and cheerful before them. Shake off that timidity and fear that destroys all your movements. They are both elegant polished gentlemen, and—"

He stopped—for he felt that Isidore, though exquisitely beautiful and amiable, was not a companion for an accomplished man. She raised her timid eyes to his, and endeavoured to smile away her emotion; but her heart was full, and she took down her hair again to hide the tears that fell upon her bosom. He lifted the curls from her brow, and gently kissing her, left the apartment.

"My fears are true!" said she, as soon as the door was closed; "he is ashamed of me! Oh! my revered grandfather, you was right when you said a child like me, without education, could never make such a man as Albert Fitzgerald happy."

She pressed her forehead with her hands, leaned on her dressing table, and wept bitterly. Little did the noble-minded and kind-hearted Fitzgerald know the pain he had inflicted. He loved the gentle creature deeply, devotedly, and would have pierced his own bosom sooner than wound hers; but he began to see they had no sentiments in common, except their

love of nature. She looked upon her husband almost with wonder, when she heard him display the rich treasures of his polished mind. Worlds would she have given, could she have commanded them, to have understood and conversed with him. She read, but her untutored mind, with none to regulate and guide it, was little benefited by books; besides, they had crowds of company, and her time had been much occupied in walking the grounds, riding, sailing, music, dancing, visiting, &c.

Isidore often thought how much happier she could have been with Fitzgerald in the wilderness! There, she was at home; "but here," she would say, "I shall be almost a burthen to him for whom I could toil for ever."

The two gentlemen came, and Isidore, knowing they were her husband's particular friends, took great pains with her attire, and she never looked more beautiful than when she entered the room leaning on Fitzgerald's arm. They gazed on her with admiring eyes, and soon procured a seat near her. Had her husband left her, all would have been well; but her wounded spirit shrunk from his observation, and she answered only in monosyllables. Finding it impossible to draw her into conversation, they soon retired to another part of the room. Caroline Morland, as she seated herself beside her on the sofa, inquired,

"What is the matter with my good cousin to-day: you look quite forlorn. Has your canary bird taken flight, or your little spaniel run away?"

Isidore blushed; she saw that Major Harcourt had heard the salutation, and she was confused and distressed. After a few moments silence she said in a low voice,

"I have been indisposed, and had some idea of not leaving my room; but I thought a walk in the air might be of service to me."

"You don't look very ill," said Caroline. "I never saw you have more colour; but you might as well have remained there," she continued in an under tone, and with a scornful look; "we should scarcely have missed you."

Isidore felt too wretched even to reply to this unfeeling speech. The visitors were very animated and agreeable. The only one who appeared listless and dispirited was the innocent mistress of the mansion. She was unacquainted with fashionable life, and the fear of saying something that might displease her husband kept her silent.—He saw she was dull; and drawing her arm within his, he proposed a walk around the garden, inviting as many as chose, to follow him.

"Come, Fitzgerald," said Major Harcourt, as they left the house, "you are too selfish; allow me the honour," and attempted to take the arm of Isidore; but she clung to her husband who, confused at her showing so much reluctance to accept the proffered attention, said, as he hurried her down a retired avenue,

"Mrs. Fitzgerald is indisposed. I will return to you directly."

When they were quite out of hearing, he begged to know what was the matter, and why she appeared so unhappy?—She sighed, and a tear shot into her eye.

"I am not well! and—"

"Oh, if you really feel ill, retire; and I will apologize to our guests."

She was glad to avail herself of the opportunity, and was soon quietly seated in her own room.

Many weeks passed much in the same manner, and

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THE UNEDUCATED WIFE.

It is impossible to give any idea of the agony and grief of Isidore; she seemed almost beside herself; and Fitzgerald, alarmed for her health, hurried her away as soon as possible.

They had now been six months married: part of the time had been spent in travelling, and part at their delightful residence. Fitzgerald had brought home a distant relation of his for a companion and friend to Isidore. She was fashionable and appeared amiable, and he thought that the genteel Caroline Nicot would be useful to his lovely wife, as she would be initiating into the polished circles which she must unavoidably enter. Many of his friends had failed to see them; all were loud in praise of the young little girl he had married. The house he had bought would soon be filled with visitors from the city, and he relied upon Caroline as a chaperone: but still he was too proud to acknowledge that his beautiful wife needed any instruction; and he feared to trust his affectionate heart to inform her of her own faults.

"Be more" is not more. It

in the form of _____

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

FROM: AEC DEB DEB TT: 000 1-1

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hopeless not
beauty. —
—Darwin.
—Spenser.
—Perplexity.
—Pope.
tion beyond the grave.
is buried.—Shaks.
thee in prose.—Prior.
—Your qualities surpass your
ess.
merit wins the soul.—Pope.
tiveness.
brow.—F.
jalapa.—Timidity.
and the silent fear,
what I died to hear.—Prior.
—Autumn.—My best days
are past.
I know before we're told,
with that we grow old.—Young.
—Tagetes, patula.—Treachery.
outside falsehood hath!—Shaks.
—Tagetes, erecta.—Cruelty.
load a falling man.—Shaks.
—Cornarius.—Counterfeit.
sure him that mocks me once.—Shaks.
—Dianthus cæsius.—Aspiring.
climb, but that I fear to fall.—Sir W. Raleigh.
—Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.
fear, then do not climb at all.—Q. Elizabeth.
—Tropæolum majus.—A warlike trophy.
—My fate pursue,
for the rest, I die for you.—Dryden.
Egotism and self-love.
new, fond youth, it was himself he loved.—Ovid.
e.—Peace.
peace shall stand firm as rocky mountains.—Shaks.
—Nerium.—Beware!
—The Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.—Shaks.
—Glossom.—Citrus aurantium.—Your purity equals
your loveliness.
Nought can be diviner than those soft spring eyes,
Telling of thoughts all pure and bright within.
—Glossom.—Lathyrus.—Fickleness.
We in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the now.—Prior.
—Glossom.—Primula polyanthus.—Confidence.
Be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—Shaks.
—Glossom.—Primula veris.—Unpatronised merit.
Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise be lost who waits till all commend.—Pope.
—Primrose, evening.—Oenothera.—Pleasures of memory.
Still the fond lover views his absent maid.—Rogers.
—Pæony.—Pæonia.—Bashful shame.
I have marked a thousand blushing apparitions to start into
face; a thousand innocent shames in angel white
bear away those blushes.—Shaks.
Pink, variegated.—Dianthus.—
Retire, I beg you! leave me!—
Pink, white.—Ingenuousness.
Nor strove she with the
A love at once her bay
Pink, Indian.—D. chinensis.
Shall I go on? Or ha
Pink, red.—Lively and pu
He loves you with such
As will not, can not fly

Isidore grew more and more weary of society. She was alone! Her only enjoyment was walking around the estate, comforting the sick, and playing with the children of the tenants. One evening she was returning from such an excursion, and as the sun was setting behind a rich curtain of crimson and gold, she threw herself on a bank under the wall of a summer house, covered with honeysuckle and grape vines, to enjoy the scene. She had not been there long, when she heard voices, and not wishing to be seen, drew still further under the vines.

"It is in vain for you to excuse her, on account of her being young. I tell you, Harcourt, she is a beautiful fool; and I pity Fitzgerald most sincerely. He has been fascinated by a pair of bright eyes. Did you see the expression of his face this morning, when some one asked her which was her favourite hero?"

"I did, Campbell, and felt for the distress of his lovely wife; but do you not see that it is her timid sweetness united with her love for him that makes her appear so much embarrassed, and so awkward. She looks upon him as a being of superior order; and her very anxiety not to mortify him, causes half her mistakes? There was no cause for her tears this morning. There are many agreeable and polite women who make their husbands very happy, that know nothing of Julius Cæsar or Alexander; but the timid creature thought she ought to know, and feared that her husband would despise her for her ignorance."

"Well, you will acknowledge she appears like a fool, and that she can never make Fitzgerald happy."

"I fear she never will; but she does not seem like a fool to a close observer. It was unfortunate for her, as well as our friend, that she had not married some poor man; then the duties and cares of her station would have wholly occupied her attention, and she would have been contented; yet I am convinced that she has mind enough if it could be properly strengthened and cultivated. Were she a fool, she would be happy here surrounded with every thing, as she is, to please the eye; but you see she is not, and I fear never will be, for Fitzgerald cannot send her away to school. He would not wound her gentle nature; and she has not resolution to leave him for a few years. If she had but a real female friend to advise her, if the mother of Fitzgerald were but alive; but Caroline Morland is too envious of her beauty ever to be a friend to Isidore."

"I see how it will be; his home will soon be uninteresting to him, and he will travel again; perhaps go to Europe for a few years. Do you think, Harcourt, such a *baby* as she, is fit to leave without a protector?"

"But you know, my friend, she will not always be a baby."

"I don't know that; I fear she will; but, soft, here is Fitzgerald coming down the lawn; let's join him."

They left the summer house; and the trembling Isidore, with her heart swelling with grief and mortification almost to agony, remained until they were out of sight; then hastening to her room, she locked the door and gave vent to her feelings. When the servant came to call her to tea, she was really indisposed; she desired him to tell his master, that she was in bed with the head-ache, but should be quite well soon, if left alone. When Fitzgerald retired for the night, she seemed to be in a sweet slumber, and he stood by the window some moments watching the moon over which the fleecy clouds moved rapidly. He saw the spire of the church illumined by its rays. There reposed the bodies of his parents. He sighed deeply.

"Oh! my mother, my highly gifted and accomplished mother," said Albert, "how much I miss you—I fear—"

Again he sighed, but said no more. Isidore was so much agitated she found it almost impossible to feign sleep. She passed a restless night; but felt more calm in the morning, for her resolution was taken. She had determined to leave her husband; and, much

as she loved him, to leave him for ever, unless she could qualify herself for the station in which he had placed her. She was much more composed, and appeared to more advantage than she had since her arrival at the mansion. She felt that she should make a great sacrifice in leaving one who was beloved beyond expression; but the thought gave firmness to her step, and expression to her countenance. An opportunity soon offered to put her design in execution. Fitzgerald concluded to accompany his friends to the city and stay a few weeks, to settle some business. He knew that his wife and Caroline were invited to make a visit at a country seat some miles distant, and told her when he took leave, to ride, visit, walk and amuse herself in her own way—he should not be gone long. Their visitors had all departed. Caroline said she should go the next day to Mrs. Bensels, as the house was too lonely, with no one but Isidore for a companion. 'Now,' thought Isidore, 'is the time.' The first day after Caroline's departure was spent by this disinterested and amiable woman in planning and arranging her dangerous undertaking; the next in packing her clothes, and writing to her husband. She told the old steward that she wished him to speak a passage for her in the stage on the morrow, as she intended to visit her husband.

"Going alone, madam," he asked; "did not master wish me to take you down in the carriage?"

"No, David; you are to stay here. I shall leave the key of your master's room with you; so you can send us what we wish for in the city."

The old man bowed and retired. She wandered round the rooms, wept long before her husband's picture; but retired early, as the stage was to call for her at seven. The next day she was on her way to the city, towards which she travelled until night, after which it was impossible to get the smallest trace of her.

Fitzgerald returned in a few weeks; and, when he approached his house, was surprised at not seeing his lovely wife even at the window. Caroline was leaning quite over the balcony, and seemed looking for some one. He asked for his wife.

"Your wife? why she went to you three weeks ago!"

Fitzgerald turned pale, and, sinking on the steps, seemed lost in an agony of thought. He summoned all the domestics, but could learn nothing, only that she had left home to join him. He went to her room, examined every thing, but could find no clue to guide him.

"She cannot have left me," said he. "Oh, Isidore! who has torn you from my arms?"

At length, on opening his own desk, he discovered a letter addressed to him in the hand-writing of his wife, and what was his astonishment at learning that she had left him, and—for ever!

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

MYTHOLOGY.*

THE gods of whom we shall first relate the most prominent achievements, are those of the first class, who enjoyed a high reputation, and received the most exalted honours. There are many others of whom even the names have not descended to our day. Our calendar of polytheism is scanty, compared with that possessed by the ancients.

The stars first attracted worship: their lustre, brilliancy, and silent but never failing influence upon the beauty of the night, impressed their claims powerfully upon the imaginative and susceptible minds of the primitive shepherds, and the very heaven, in which they performed their revolutions, became an object of adoration. Hence Coelum is the most ancient of deities. Heroes on earth next secured homage, and the transition from them was easy to the abstract virtues which characterised their individual enterprises. Thus also the fine arts came in for their merited share of attention, and animals, and plants, and even stones, filled up

the sacred measure. The particular occasion, on which these latter entities became entitled to the veneration of men, is thus related. At the time when the Titans leagued themselves with their gigantic forces to attack great Jove in his palace in the heavens, the generals, who were put in command of the celestial expedition, were not endowed with features the best calculated to win the admiration of the fair, much less to gratify the taste of the ladies who presided in the supernal courts. There was Enceladus, of mighty muscular strength but rueful visage, who, to support the ladder by which the rebellious troops were to ascend, heaped Pelion upon Ossa; then the redoubtable Briareus, possessed of a hundred long and brawny arms, an enclosure in any one of which might well have struck the heavenly goddesses with fright; the fearful Typhæus, half man half serpent, whose front reached the hidden source of the thunder, and whose steps, as he took his awful strides, caused a convulsion of the yielding earth on which his footsteps lighted. At the sight of these monsters, all the goddesses then in the court of Jupiter fainted. The gods, ever ungallant, instead of assisting the ladies, and administering to them celestial hartshorn and divine smelling-bottles, ran away and hid themselves in Egypt. Once there, they transformed themselves, the better to avoid the Titans, some into rats, others into crocodiles, others again into cabbages, beans, trees, flowers, and even fishes. Under their assumed shape they remained disguised, until the war of the Titans had come to an end. From this time the Egyptians humbly adored almost every object, animal, vegetable, and mineral, which they first discerned after arising at early dawn from their lazy couches. Thus it chanced that the number of deities inhabiting the earth surpassed in number that of the residents of Olympus.

These various deities, for the better preservation of their respective ranks, were divided into four distinct orders. In the first order the celestial supremes were ranged; in the second, those subaltern to these; in the third, the demi-gods; and in the fourth, the petty popular deities. These last composed the celestial mob or *canaille*.

The deities of the first class are twenty in number. From these Jupiter selected twelve to form his grand council. This august assembly generally presented the following features in debate. On a burnished throne, elevated far on high, sat the dispenser of the mighty thunders. A sneeze and a cough, each thrice repeated, by his mighty nasal and vocal organs, was the signal for the opening of the council. Apollo, his secretary, then presented the report of the day. Juno invariably opposed its acceptance, contradicting the statements, and aiming to thwart the designs of her husband and master. Smooth-faced Neptune, forgetting his disposition to wrath when a south or north-east puff perplexes him, attempts to reconcile man and wife, but Vesta, their common grandmother, interposes and would fain discuss the cause of difference. She, in turn, is silenced by the gladiator-looks of ferocious Mars. Vulcan scarce opens his fiery mouth, from which sparks of wit and words of lucid wisdom may be supposed to flow, when Venus enchains the whole assembly, and, with bewitching grace, imposes silence on her restless mate, and, overcoming the great Jove himself with one of her looks, so full of meaning and of promise, dictates the decree, which Mercury, the messenger, writes in characters not to be effaced by time. In vain Diana vents her secret murmurs to herself in half-breathed whispers, or Ceres reddens with impatience, or Minerva revolves darkly the subject in her own capacious mind.

The other deities of the first order, such as Destiny, Saturn, Genius, Pluto, Bacchus, Love, Cybele, and Proserpine, were excluded from the council for reasons the best in the world.—Could Jove have any other?

VESTA being the oldest of the deities, claims our first notice. This venerable lady-goddess, in the first year of the world's creation, married Coelum. Titan and Saturn were the fruits of this eventful marriage. This old Vesta is no other than Cybele, and Cybele is no less a personage than the earth or Terra. Saturn, twenty years after espoused Rhea, who is no other than Cybele, or Vesta, or the earth. How is this enigma to be solved? Thus: Vesta gave the earth as a dowry to Rhea, when she became the wife of Saturn, and made her assume the name of Cybele. Hence the apparent confusion. Although Vesta gave up this goodly frame to her daughter, she reserved to herself all the titles and honours attached to the government of it, participating them with Rhea.—They are differently described: the dowager Cybele, grave and severe in her aspect, always preserves her authoritative airs of grandma. Her forehead is surmounted by towers, castles, and in her hands are

* Altered from the French for the New-York Mirror.

bundles of keys which open all the most ancient cities and fortresses of the earth. The young and lovely Cybele, her daughter, enjoying all the freshness of youthful beauty, conducts the seasons and love, and traverses her ample domains in a light equipage. Two superb lions draw her chariot, and nymphs dance around it on its noiseless way. A serene and cloudless sky smiles on her progress. The impetuous winds, enclosed in a drum, sleep at her side. Ceres, Flora, and Pomona dress a garland for their mistress, whilst Zephyrus, with his light and bland touch, barely loosens the fold, which scarcely conceals the snow-white bosom on which the race of mortals rely for support and nourishment. This young Cybele had a daughter, who also assumed the name of Vesta. She was the goddess of chastity and the sacred fire. In the temple dedicated to her worship in Rome, fire was kept constantly burning. If it was extinguished by any unforeseen mischance, the whole population offered up expiatory sacrifices, and it could not be relumed except by the rays of the sun. The care of preserving this sacred fire was confided to the vestal virgins—this care they frequently neglected, and their punishment was severe in the extreme. They were buried alive!

SATURN.—Cœlum and Vesta had a numerous offspring. The principal among them were Titan, Saturn, Oceanus, the Cyclops, Ceres, Thetis, and Rhea. This last was the favourite of Vesta, and was given, as we have seen, to Saturn for a wife. Then it was she took the name of Cybele.

Titan, the eldest son of the celestial family, was presumptive heir to the throne. Saturn, who was the second son, had no pretensions by which he could claim royalty. This was a cause of despair to young Cybele, his wife, whose ambition induced her to aim at a proud superiority over her kindred. Availing herself, therefore, of her influence over her mother, Vesta, she prevailed upon the old dame to persuade her husband, Cœlum, to prefer Saturn to Titan.

Titan, anxious to obey his worthy parents, ceded his rights to master Saturn. He imposed a condition, however, that this latter should never bring up a male child, with a view that on his death the throne might revert to his own family. Saturn accepted this proposal, and to show the greediness of his compliance, devoured all his male infants. Had he been a human being, he would have been denounced a cannibal. Among the gods it was otherwise regarded. For a time his divine wife consented to the replenishment of Saturn's stomach in this manner. At length her impatience of control—we cannot say her humanity, for she was a goddess—got the better of her faith, and she was determined to resist the imposition. So she hid little Jupiter, and substituted in his place a stone image dressed like a doll, which easy Saturn, like a good complying husband, swallowed without effort. In the same manner were masters Neptune and Pluto preserved; the one to preside over the restless waves, now lashing them into angry foam, now converting them into a placid mirror to reflect the beauties of his grandpapa (Cœlum's) face; the other to govern the river Styx and the shades of old Charon, and that wicked dog, Cerberus, (from whom preserve us!) Saturn's stomach was evidently more strong than his vision. He suffered no inconvenience from the hard morsels which he swallowed. How captain Dalgetty would have turned up his eyes, had he been admitted to a Saturnian banquet, and witnessed such petrifying *proband* voraciously eaten! Be this as it may, master Jupiter was secretly brought up in the isle of Crete. He had already grown up before his unwary uncle, Titan, discovered the fact of his existence. As soon as the old fellow ascertained the deception that had been practised upon him, he marched against Saturn, made him and his wife prisoners, and shut them up in a rather uncomfortable place—Tartarus. But Jupiter escaped the attempts made to capture him, and, not many years after, attacks his uncle, puts him in chains and frees his good old parents. Saturn, however, was no sooner restored to the throne, than dreading the courage and ambition of his filial liberator, prepared to entrap him into an ambuscade and reduce him to subjection.—Old Jupy was not thus to be caught. To anticipate his dad, and drive him forth from Olympus, was the work of a moment. Saturn, thus exiled by his own son, descended on this globe, and took up his sojourn in Italy, in the Latin country, where Janus then reigned. Here he became a tiller of the earth, and found that happiness in a cottage which a palace in the heavens had not bestowed. An agricultural people, profiting by his lessons, sowed the earth and rendered it fertile. Saturn was beloved by them, and found that the love of a nation was more grateful than its adoration, however humble.

It is to the circumstance of his having been the father of agriculture that Saturn is represented under the figure of an old man holding a scythe in his hand. In the other hand is represented a serpent biting its own tail. This is the emblem of prudence, the principal attribute of Saturn. The period during which this deity resided in Italy, was entitled the *golden age*.

That happy age was characterised by simplicity, innocence, candour, and the most benignant charities of life. Truth and nature presided over the conduct and appearance of men; love, hymen, and harmony were then in union, and all was goodness and peace on earth. It was in commemoration of those happy times, that the Saturnalia were yearly celebrated at Rome. During this festival, it was customary, in order to recall the virtues and the equality which formerly united mankind in indissoluble bonds, to reverse the order and ranks of domestic life. Presents were reciprocally exchanged among relations and friends and even acquaintances, to remind themselves of the good enjoyed under Saturn.

It is to be regretted that this deity, who is the only honest man in the calendar of mythology, should have allowed human sacrifices to be offered up on his altars, and have taken the gladiators under his especial protection. Not a few readers, however, who may be horror-struck at the idea these facts are calculated to excite, will perhaps be reconciled to the old man, when they are informed, that he was the great inventor of that principal means of commerce and barter, that indispensable passport to pleasure, to importance, to fame, and even to virtue, or a character for virtue—money. The coins which he caused to be struck represented on one side a vessel, the emblem of commerce which he had established, and on the reverse a head of Janus, the king of Italy.

This monarch had entertained Saturn with marked hospitality, and even admitted him to a participation of his royal honour and power. As a recompence, the deity granted him a knowledge of the past and future; hence his two visages. The month of January was dedicated to Janus. He is represented as holding a key in his right hand, to denote that he opened the year, and in his left hand a rod, as he presided over the augurs.

Romulus, the founder of Rome, and Tatius, the king of the Sabines, having concluded a treaty, erected, in honour of Janus, a temple in which there were twelve altars, one for every month in the year. This temple was always open in the time of war, and shut during peace.

FLORA'S DICTIONARY.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

GRAPE, wild.—*Vitis vulpina*.—Charity.

No harsh reflections let remembrance raise,
Forbear to mention what thou canst not praise.—*Prior*.

Hawthorn.—*Cretagus*.—Hope.

Hope! the sad lover's only friend.—*Cowley*.

Heliotrope.—*Heliotropium*.—Devotion.

Cross your meek arms, incline your wreathed brows,
And win the goddess with unwearied vows.—*Darwin*.

Hyacinth.—*Hyacinthus*.—Jealousy.

Love, thou knowest, is full of jealousy.—*Shaks*.

Honeysuckle, monthly.—*Lonicera belgica*.—I would not answer hastily.

We would consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.—*Shaks*.

Honeysuckle, coral.—*Lonicera sempervirens*.—The colour of my fate.

Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty!—*Shaks*.

Honesty, or satin-leaf.—*Lunaria*.—Sincerity.

My heart is true as steel.—*Shaks*.

Hydrangea.—*Hydrangea hortensis*.—A boaster.

I am the very pink of courtesy!—*Cowley*.

Honeyflower.—*Melanthus*.—Speak low if you speak love.

And tell with homed words the tale of love.—*Darwin*.

Heart's ease, purple.—*Viola tricolor*.—Forget me not.

Though we should meet no more,
Sweet maid, forget me not.

Heart's ease.—Yellow and purp.—You occupy my thoughts

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.—*Shaks*.

Hollyhock.—*Alcea rosea*.—Variety.

Skilled alike to dazzle and to please.—*Rogers*.

Iris, a flag.—I have a message for you.

Tell thyself what I would say,
Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.—*Dryden*.

Jonquil.—*Narcissus jonquilla*.—I desire a return of affection.

Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.—*Milton*.

Jasmine, white.—*Jasmine officinale*.—Amiability.

Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my view, and elevate my soul.—*Rogers*.

Jasmine, yellow.—*J. odoratissimum*.—Grace and elegance.

Grateful to sight, and elegant to thought.—*Young*.

Evergreen ivy.—*Hedera*.—Conjugal affection.

Their conjugal affection still is tied.—*Dryden*.

Lupine.—*Lupinus*.—Imagination.

Where beams of warm imagination play.—*Pope*.

Lupine, wild.—*L. perennis*.—Dissention.

Oh! why rebuke him that loves you so?—*Shaks*.

Lotus.—Birdsfoot, trefoil.—*Revenge*.

In revenge of my contempt of love, love hath chased sleep from
my enthralled eyes.—*Shaks*.

Lilac, white.—*Syringa vulgaris, alba*.—Youth.

Oh! would that life were ever thus
As beautiful and gay.—*W. B. G.*

Lilac, purple.—*S. purpurea*.—The first emotion of love.

She loves, and she confesses too.—*Cowley*.

Lily of the valley.—*Canvallaria majalis*.—Delicacy.

Not more fair the valley's treasure,
Nor more sweet her lily blows.

Lily, white.—*Lilium candidum*.—Purity and sweetness.

Every thing about her resembles the purity of her soul.—*Loe*.

Lily, yellow.—*Hemerocallis flava*.—Falsehood.

And yet he falsely said he was in love.—*Dryden*.

Lavender.—*Lavendula*.—Distrust.

Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.—*B. Jonson*.

Laburnum.—*Cytisus laburnum*.—Pensive beauty.

Fair was her form, but who can hope to trace
The pensive softness of her angel face?—*Rogers*.

Love lies bleeding.—*Amaranthus caudatus*.—Hopeless not heartless.

The dead will soon forget; and I
Shall soon be with the dead.—*F.*

Ladies' slipper.—*Cypripedium*.—Capricious beauty.

Fair Cypripedia, with successful guile,
Knits her smooth brow, extinguishes her smile.—*Darwin*.

Lauristinus.—*Viburnum tinus*.—A token.

A Lauristinus bear in blossom to my love.

Larkspur.—*Delphinium*.—Lightness.

For unto knight there is no greater shame
Than lightness and inconstancy in love.—*Spenser*.

Love in a mist.—*Nigella damascena*.—Perplexity.

Love in these labyrinths his slave detains.—*Pope*.

Locust blossom.—*Ceratonia*.—Affection beyond the grave.

In his grave assure thyself my love is buried.—*Shaks*.

Myrtle.—*Myrtus*.—Love positive.

I court others in verse, but love thee in prose.—*Prior*.

Mignonette.—*Reseda odorata*.—Your qualities surpass your loveliness.

Charm strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.—*Pope*.

Mimosa.—*M. pudica*.—Sensitiveness.

I cannot bear that altered brow.—*F.*

Marvel of Peru.—*Mirabilis jalapa*.—Timidity.

With easy smiles dispelled the silent fear,
That durst not tell me what I died to hear.—*Prior*.

Meadow saffron.—*Colchicum autumnale*.—My best days are past.

'Tis greatly wise to know before we're told,
The melancholy truth that we grow old.—*Young*.

Marigold, French.—*Tagetes, patula*.—Treachery.

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!—*Shaks*.

Marigold, African.—*Tagetes, erecta*.—Cruelty.

'Tis cruelty to load a falling man.—*Shaks*.

Mock orange.—*Coronarius*.—Counterfeit.

I'll trust at leisure him that mocks me once.—*Shaks*.

Mountain pink.—*Dianthus cæsius*.—Aspiring.

Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.—*Sir W. Raligh*.

Mint.—*Mentha*.—Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.

If you do fear, then do not climb at all.—*Q. Elizabeth*.

Nasturtium.—*Tropæolum majus*.—A warlike trophy.

My fate pursue,
I suffer for the rest, I die for you.—*Dryden*.

Narcissus.—*Egotism* and self-love.

Nor knew, fond youth, it was himself he loved.—*Ovid*.

Olea.—*Olive*.—Peace.

Our peace shall stand firm as rocky mountains.—*Shaks*.

Oleander.—*Nerium*.—Beware!

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.—*Shaks*.

Orange blossom.—*Citrus aurantium*.—Your purity equals your loveliness.

Nought can be diviner than those soft spring eyes,
Telling of thoughts all pure and bright within.

Pea blossom.—*Lathyrus*.—Fickleness.

We in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the now.—*Prior*.

Polyanthus.—*Primula polyanthus*.—Confidence.

Be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—*Shaks*.

Primrose.—*Primula veris*.—Unpatronised merit.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise be lost who waits till all commend.—*Pope*.

Primrose, evening.—*Oenothera*.—Pleasures of memory.

Still the fond lover views his absent maid.—*Rogers*.

Pæony.—*Pæonia*.—Bashful shame.

I have marked a thousand blushing apparitions to start into her
face; a thousand innocent shames in angel whiteness
bear away those blushes.—*Shaks*.

Pink, variegated.—*Dianthus*.—Refusal.

Retire, I beg you! leave me!—*Dryden*.

Pink, white.—*Ingenuousness*.

Nor strove she with dissembling art to hide
A love at once her happiness and pride.

Pink, Indian.—*D. chinensis*.—Aversion.

Shall I go on? Or have I said enough?—*Milton*.

Pink, red.—*Lively and pure affection*.

He loves you with such pure and holy fire,
As will not, cannot but with life expire.—*Dryden*.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE RIVAL BELLES.

"SELINA, are you ready?" said Adelaide Melleville, as she entered her sister's room completely attired for a ball. "Julia Singleton and her party have arrived, and it is near ten o'clock."

"I shall be done in a moment," replied Selina; "in the mean while do send Julia up, she may wish to arrange her dress."

Julia came, and the two young ladies flew to embrace each other in the most tender manner, as they were what is called intimate friends.

"How comes it, Selina," said Julia, "I do not find your toilet finished?"

"I was obliged to wait for Manuel to fix my hair. Do help me, Julia dear, for Hetty has gone to look up my hood and cloak."

"I will, with pleasure," said Julia. "What shall I do? Can I fasten your belt?"

"Yes, and then I shall be quite ready to go."

Julia drew off her white gloves, laid aside her perfumed handkerchief, and prepared to assist Selina. But this she found a more difficult task than she had anticipated; in vain Julia exerted all her strength, the ends of the belt would not approach an inch nearer than they were at first.

"Dear Selina!" exclaimed Julia, as with a last ineffectual effort she, panting, gave up the task—"dear Selina, how can you wear your dress so tight? It will kill you."

"Kill me!" said Selina, "I have worn my clothes in this manner for years, and am alive yet."

"But you do not know how soon it may give you some dreadful illness. Indeed you ought to consider. My father, who is a physician, and must be capable of judging in this case, says there is scarcely an instance in which those who dress thus are not attacked by some terrible disorder, or thrown into a consumption."

"I am glad," said Adelaide, who had entered the room, "to hear you talk so, Julia; I have exhausted all my eloquence in vain; Selina will not hear me. I do not think she makes herself any more pleasing by it; her figure is good, and she would look quite as well if her frock were a little looser, would she not?"

"Indeed I think so."

"I, for one," said Adelaide, "never admired those extremely slender waists; you never see them in paintings or statues; and, Selina dear, you know you often complain of the redness of your hands and arms; this, believe me, is alone occasioned by your dressing so tight. You have also owned that those fits of petulance which cause some of our friends to think you unamiable—and I am sure you are not—arises from the uncomfortable feeling your clothes produce."

"Dear me, what a sermon, Adelaide!" said Selina, who in the mean time had been endeavouring to raise her hands near enough her hair to arrange a flower. "But do not waste your breath, good people; I shall not alter my dress, I assure you; particularly as I am convinced you are mistaken in regard to this subject; it is not tight; your hands are weak; but here comes Hetty, who will soon hook the belt." Hetty came, and, with a powerful effort of her large strong fingers, arranged the refractory girdle to Selina's liking, and the toilette being finished, the friends departed. For this ball Julia and Selina had selected their most becoming apparel. Each expected this evening would decide her fate. They were both rivals in the affections—no, not affections, for what have belles to do with these?—they were rivals in the glory of obtaining the hand and fortune of the elegant Augustus Rovington. He was an exquisite of the first magnitude. He was immensely rich, and immensely fashionable; and there was no one who could compete with him in the dashing style of his dress, manners, and equipage. In vain, during the past winter, had the beauties and for-

tunes of the town assailed his heart with all their fascinations, and smiled on him their sweetest smiles; this Adonis was inflexible; he had as yet shown no pity; he fluttered around them, he basked in their smiles, he listened to their sweet flatteries, but still roved about, as free as ever. The travelling season now approached, and the ladies in despair began to fear he would fall a prey, at Niagara or the Springs, to some southern or eastern beauty; when at last the butterfly settled down between the friends Selina and Julia. He was devoted to both. One he had made up his mind to take; but which he preferred he could not tell.

"They both have their fortunes in their own possession," he said, when questioned by his friends on this subject; "are equally fashionable, equally beautiful, rich, and accomplished, and equally in love with me; but which I shall accept, hang me if I know."

This ball was to be, it was generally understood, the last of the season, as nearly all the fashionables had left the city; Julia and Selina expected soon to depart on their separate tours; now then, was to be their final effort, and every one was anxiously watching the event. Rovington and a group of his friends stationed themselves in the room where they could have a view of the door, and thus observe the entrance of all the company. Julia came in, leaning on the arm of her father. Her movements were unimpeded; she entered with a light step, while with a slight, but graceful bend, she made her respects to the lady of the mansion.

"How graceful!" cried one of the Rovington group; "no one here to-night has made such an easy and lady-like *entrée*."

Selina now appeared—she had once been as graceful as Julia; and, at fifteen, had been much admired for that quality; but the *vice* in which she had since screwed herself, had injured her movements as well as her figure.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Augustus, "did you ever see any thing so stiff!"

"She moves like an automaton," said one of the group.

"She walks," said another, "as if she were afraid of breaking asunder her wasp-like waist."

Selina had taken the precaution of placing herself near Augustus; but notwithstanding that, to her great mortification, he merely paid her the compliments of the evening, and then went over to Julia, whom he engaged to dance with him.

"I wager on Julia," said one of the group.

"Never mind," said Selina to herself, "I will dance opposite, and we will see then if he will remain insensible to the beauty of my figure, and to my vivacity."

This plan Selina put in execution, by desiring her partner to secure a place in the same cotillion with her dear Julia. But in vain she sparkled and prattled; in vain she nodded and smiled over to Julia; her stiff dancing, when thus closely contrasted with the graceful as well as dignified style of Julia's manner, never showed to such disadvantage, and Augustus kept his eyes on Julia alone. Selina, however, was not doomed to be always disappointed. She danced afterwards with Rovington, and kept him by her side for nearly the remainder of the evening. The hour of supper at length arrived. Rovington was seated between his rival sultanas, and while apparently talking soit nonsense to each, was thus musing in his mind:

"Which of these girls shall I have? My father is anxious for me to marry, and I ought to take one of them, as they are certainly the best matches in town; but the deuce of it is, I cannot tell which to choose! I rather incline to Julia; but Selina, besides her fortune, has a rich maiden aunt. How shall I decide?—draw straws?"

At this important crisis, our hero looked at Julia; her gloves were off, and her beautiful white hands, glittering with half a dozen rings, met his admiring

eyes. He turned to her rival: Selina had once as delicate hands as Julia, but now, by the tightness of her dress, they had become red and swelled. The fastidious Rovington turned quickly away.

"No, no!" he said; I cannot have a wife with hands like a washwoman's. Selina and her old aunt may go hang—Julia shall be Mrs. Rovington!"

Augustus now devoted himself to Julia. He called on her next day, offered himself and fortune, was smilingly accepted, and the affair was settled in due form. The preparations for the marriage went on merrily and rapidly, as the parties were anxious to make their bridal tour during the fashionable season; and the only thing which disturbed the felicity of the groom was the fear, he said, that the charming Selina would pine away and die for love of him; while the amiable Julia whispered her intimates, that the only bitter drop in the cup of her happiness, was the thought of her dearest Selina, whom she knew was suffering from her disappointment. All this was faithfully reported to Selina, and vexed her exceedingly. It was true she had once been willing to accept Mr. Rovington's thousands, and reign mistress over his splendid place on the banks of the Hudson; but as to love—she scorned the idea of dying for love of such a fool as Augustus. Her pride was severely mortified by the affected pity of her friends, and their wonder at her strength of mind in consenting to be one of the bridesmaids. As Selina was preparing for the wedding eve, her sister again entreated her to loosen her dress. Her only notice of this appeal was to tell Hetty to lace tighter, and make her look as well as possible.

"For," she said to herself, "if I must leave off lacing, and look, of course, like a dowdy, it certainly will not be to-night; no, I am determined to appear this evening to the greatest advantage; Julia, like all brides, will be pale and silent, while I, all brightness and bloom, will cause a pang of regret in the heart of Augustus. I must be in my best spirits also, or the fools will say I am disappointed at being bridesmaid instead of bride."

The company were all assembled at Mr. Singleton's at eight o'clock. The bride, attired in lace and white satin, sat in her dressing-room with her mother, waiting the arrival of the clergyman. In another apartment were assembled the twelve bridesmaids, beautifully arrayed in *crêpe-lisse* over satin; the groom and groomsmen were there also, in their new blue coats lined with white silk. All looked their prettiest; all were gay and joyous except Selina. In vain she aroused herself. To be more beautiful than usual she had drawn her laces tighter, so that notwithstanding her exertions, it affected her spirits. She had often felt thus before, but had been able to get the better of it; now, however, the consciousness that she ought to be gay than usual, contributed to lessen her vivacity.

"How provoking!" she said to herself, "they will say I am dull because I regret the loss of that simpleton."

As she was thus musing, one of her friends whispered her,

"Never mind it, Selina, keep up your spirits; they are all observing you."

"Never mind what?" angrily exclaimed Selina; but her friend had walked away.

She was on the point of following her; but glancing at the glass, she saw her eyes were dull and her face flushed.

"What a fool I am!" she said, "I must be gay."

And Selina began to be gay with all her might; she talked, and rattled, and laughed; but the pain in her side grew sharper and sharper; she panted for breath; her efforts at gaiety became evidently efforts. This Selina saw; she even caught the eye of the bridegroom fixed on her with such an expression of pity, that she was ready to weep with rage. The arrival of the clergyman was now the signal for summoning the bride. Augustus met her at the foot

of the stairs. She accepted his arm with the charmingly timid air and downcast eyes, proper for the occasion. The groomsmen and bridesmaids, followed arm-in-arm. They entered the drawing-room, took their appointed places, and the ceremony commenced. The reverend Mr. C. had just pronounced the words, "Augustus, wilt thou take Julia," &c. &c. and he had replied in a solemn tone, "I will," when Selina, the unfortunate Selina, fainted! "All was consternation. The ceremony was interrupted. Selina was taken out of the room. No one knew *now* what to do. Some sat down, then arose again. The bride looked provoked, the bridegroom fidgety. Selina's fainting fit, which was solely owing to the tightness of her laces, was attributed by all to the agitation consequent on seeing the beloved of her heart united to another.

"What mischief is sometimes done by these heartless male coquets!" whispered an old lady with a piteous shake of the head.

"Poor thing!" said one of the bridesmaids in a low voice; "how bitter must be the pangs of unrequited love!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed another, "it is envy and mortification."

"You have broken her heart, Gussy, to a dead certainty," lisped one of the *exquisite* groomsmen with a sneer.

But a few moments had however elapsed, when the ladies who had attended Selina out of the room, returned to say she had revived, but was too ill to appear again that night. The ceremony was performed without her. Selina, however, was not ill. On her revival she was anxious to return to the drawing-room, to convince all her fainting was accidental, and that she was now perfectly recovered; but this was impossible. Her dress was drenched with cologne, and vinegar, and camphor; her laces were cut, and altogether she looked so deplorable, that throwing her shawl around her in despair, went home and retired to her own room. Adelaide was all astonishment on seeing her sister return in such a plight.

"What in the world is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, ma'am," said the girl who had attended Selina home, "Miss Melleville fainted away as soon as the ceremony commenced."

"Fainted! Ah, my poor sorrowing sister," said Adelaide, as she folded her arms around Selina, and the tears fell from her eyes.—"It is then as I suspected; but why did you not confide in me? why would you be bridesmaid?"

"Oh, Adelaide, you will drive me to distraction!" exclaimed Selina, bursting into tears of vexation,— "will you also insist on believing I am suffering from disappointed love? I tell you it is no such thing. I fainted because I was laced too tight."

Selina succeeded in making her sister believe this; but she was the only one whom she could convince. Mortified at being taken for a forlorn lovesick damsel, she urged her father to hasten his departure, and they all set off on a tour to Canada.

The lesson Selina received has been of service to her: since that time she has dressed herself more reasonable, and finds herself as much admired and courted, and far more comfortable than before.

Two years after the marriage of Julia, Selina was united to one who suited her taste in every respect; being intelligent, wealthy, and fashionable. Her hands are now whiter than ever; she breathes freely, walks gracefully, and is gay without an effort. PLUMA.

GENEVIEVE.

How happy the zephyr that kisses thy lip,
And on thy fair bosom reposes,
While ah! not one drop of delight can I sip
From the dimple that smiles in the roses.
I know thou art young and a stranger to love,
Yet sweet, 'tis for this I adore thee;
For the innocent spirit that comes from above,
Still dwells in its purity o'er thee.
Shall I then to strange altars of beauty retire,
My real emotions concealing?
Ah, no! let me rather this moment expire,
With my fondest—my earliest feeling.

EIGHTH NUMBER OF THE PERIPATETIC.

MUSIC.

"Ye sons of freedom, awake to glory!"—*Peter Richings.*

"It came on the breeze,

"Like a gasp of choked thunder."—*Macdonald Clarke.*

"And there is music once a week,

"In Scudler's balcony."—*Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

THIS delightful science, although so universally cultivated among us, is yet involved in mystery which demands the utmost endeavours of philosophy to explain. What is the cause of the pleasure we receive from it? Why should different sounds, arranged in a peculiar manner, arrest the wanderings of mirth, dispel sorrow, and unlock the secret feelings of the soul? Different authors have treated elaborately upon this subject, and many of their hypotheses are ingenious; but, after all, there is much left for wonder. Some are entirely overcome by good music. Its soft, slow breathings fill them with pleasing melancholy, awakening dreamy memories of the past, and vague ideas of the future. A march straightens them up into military dignity, and sends them off upon a bold step with a Bonaparte kind of an air, while a merry little hornpipe sets their feet and fingers in motion, and perchance betrays them into a pigeon-wing before they suspect what they are about. We cannot trace its origin. Some imagine the word to be derived from *Musæ*, under the belief that the muses invented it. Diodorus conceives that it came from an Egyptian name, and that music was first known as a science in Egypt after the deluge. I have read somewhere that our early ancestors, when treading the fresh beautiful regions of the new earth, were struck with the sounds which the wind produced from the reeds growing on the banks of the Nile, and that they conceived the design of uniting similar sounds with equal effect. The doctrine of Plato, who taught that every thing in the universe was music, has afforded many a theme for poets and essay writers; but this general system is not that which I have at present under consideration. I am only venturing a few remarks upon that modulation of sound which occupies the attention of the present inhabitants of this wonderful city, and which in different grades of improvement has accompanied us through all our various revolutions since the smoke from the pipes of our Dutch ancestors first curled upon the breezes of the western world. Perhaps there is nothing which has been carried to a greater pitch of refinement than this. I remember when I was a youngster—which the reader will have the goodness to understand was many years ago—the most popular private singer we knew, and one who elicited most admiration, particularly from our elderly relatives, was a tall young man, with a powerful voice, who was wont to delight us with many interesting songs, sometimes of fifteen or twenty verses each. His "Chevy Chase" was considered the master-piece of taste and skill, and he would occasionally introduce a short trill, or a gentle flourish after his own fashion, whereat the wonder-stricken and delighted hearers would nod their heads at each other, and exchange glances of deep significance. There was one commencing

"I wish your wife and my wife
Were in a boat together—"

I forget the words, but it goes on through thirty-nine verses with great feeling and spirit, although with some happily delivered insinuations that the writer was not particularly elated at the result of his matrimonial speculations. My friend, however, was most in his element in church, where his acknowledged abilities as a vocalist had elevated him to the dignity of chorister. When mounted in the gallery with one of his proteges—who, to add to the effect of the scene, were considerably shorter than himself—on each side of him, he used to tie an enormous red silk pocket handkerchief around his head to preserve his ears from injury when he went into the air. Not having the advantage of a pitch-pipe,

he set the tune *visu voce*, and, after several unsuccessful attempts, during which we below sat all wrapt in grave but pleasing expectation, he would raise his open hand gently and gracefully just above his right ear, bring it down without noise upon the desk, and with a continued repetition of that appropriate gesture, which served at once to display his grace, and to keep him in the right time, he would commence in a manner which would have astonished Braham himself. When he was in good spirits, he would dwell upon some of his notes with a complacency which implied a regret at the necessity of ever quitting them, and fall into that slight nasal peculiarity which was formerly to our music what trills, and quavers, and semiquavers are at the present day, and which won for him many sly glances from the quiet and blooming beauties whom he passed on his return home.

By-and-by Mr. Moore's rich, voluptuous melodies found their way across the water. Phillips came also to illustrate their beauty, and gave an entire new turn to New-York taste. Who does not remember the enthusiastic crowds which he attracted to listen to his fascinating exhibitions? His "Robin Adair," his "Love's young dream,"—"Though love is warm awhile,"—"Fancy's sketch," and a number of others were to be found in every parlour, and upon every lip. Our old songs immediately vanished. They were comparatively simple and insipid, and in their place were substituted others of a higher and warmer character—the artifices of poetry and music, to awaken in young hearts and communicate from one to another the softest and most tender feelings. Sentiments which, in a plain dress of prose, could not have appeared in any company, now stole in every where under the winning disguises which the artist had woven for them, and acquired ascendancy over all hearts. But the appetite of fashion is insatiable, and demands perpetual change. Even these were at length worn out. The fancy, wit, and elegant licentiousness of Moore, were not long sufficient to supply the public taste.—We were almost at a stand when the Signorina Garcia with the Italian corps, rose upon the dramatic hemisphere like a new and brilliant constellation, tingling all around with its radiant beams. She personated her characters with so much soul, her conceptions of music were so fine and new, and her execution so masterly, that we began to be astonished, and not without reason. The whole town went music mad, and, when she sung "Di tanti palpiti," to all the fashion, beauty, and intelligence of New-York that could be crowded into the walls of the theatre, and the deep unbroken silence with which the vast multitude hushed their very breaths to catch every charm of her song, was succeeded by the simultaneous burst of applause, which sprang with one impulse from every bosom, she presented a fair illustration of the power of the art, the perfection which it had reached, and the sincere enthusiasm with which it was admired. Since that time every lady warbles delightful, unintelligible Italian. English is getting out of fashion; and while the unsuspecting old folks are sitting back on the sofa, congratulating themselves on their daughter's proficiency in music, what all those fine flourishes are about is best known to the glowing girl, and peradventure to the very agreeable young gentleman who leans over her shoulder to turn the leaves, and who is very much astonished when the clock strikes eleven. Among all the revolutions which have taken place in the musical world, it is but justice to say, that our valuable friend Mr. Peter Richings sticks to the "Sons of freedom" like a true patriot. He commenced singing it eight years ago, and has introduced it ever since on all possible occasions; and, as a constant intimacy is apt to produce an attachment, I grew at length quite fond of the song, and looked forward with pleasure, whenever I attended the theatre, to the moment when either between the play and farce, or during any part of the performance

when he could get a chance, he would present himself for that purpose, in which, as all our theatre-going population knows, I could not have been frequently disappointed. It so fell out, that business compelled me to leave the city for some time, and when I returned after an absence of about three years, I thought one evening I would go to the theatre. "I suppose," said I, "my friend and his 'Sons of freedom' have vanished by this time;" but I had scarcely seated myself and cast my eyes on the stage, when, to my great delight, in walked Mr. Richings in all his glory, with his *chapeau bras* over his left eye, and a huge sword drawn, and the first words were "Ye sons of freedom, awake to glory!" with accompanying flourishes of the weapon, and divers long and war-like strides, first to one corner of the stage and then to another, to the wonderful edification of the audience, who gave him a round of applause at the end of every verse. D.

THE DRAMA.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

HILSON.

WE now come to the last, though assuredly not the least, of that comic trio, whose efforts, as much as any thing else, have gained for the Park that high character which it at present enjoys; for it is not the half-dozen appearances of an eminent performer that gives an enduring reputation to a theatre, but the combined and well-directed efforts of a fixed company. There is a strange way of acquiring histrionic fame in this land, by a curious process denominated "starring," which is carried into effect somewhat in this manner: a man, after cogitating upon the subject, becomes impregnated with a high opinion of his own very moderate abilities, and determines forthwith to enlarge his sphere of action; he packs up his baggage and goes forth, scouring over the country in all directions, and becoming at intervals visible, for a few nights, first at one city and then at another; this continues for some time, when the gentleman returns, invested with all the privileges and immunities of a star, and impudently "lords it o'er his betters," though by what chain of metaphysical reasoning a man becomes more ably qualified to play Shakspeare or Sheridan by travelling a few hundred miles in a steamboat, is not exactly apparent. But so it is, and these luminaries at present abound. Stars, forsooth! (the use of this *slang* term is very disagreeable, but there is no helping it;) why nine-tenths of them are no better than tallow candles—rushlights—who emit a feeble, twinkling ray, till they come in contact with some slight change in the breath of public favour, when they disappear on the instant, and nothing but smoke remains. They ought to be snuffed out by the dozen.

We have wandered away from the subject more immediately in hand, being filled with virtuous indignation against those theatrical pedlers, in whose behalf a great portion of the public sneer at their more modest and stationary brethren;—as if locomotion were a virtue, and a change of intellect was a consequence of a change of air.—Mr. Hilson is no star, and the New-York people ought to be thankful for it; or what would they have done for their Nipperkins, Numpos, Figaros, Paul Prys, Drs. Ollapod and Pangloss, and a whole host of worthies that nobody else can play; together with an hundred parts that might be mentioned in which he is unrivalled?—Hilson's humour is not of the sly, quiet, and unconscious kind, like Placide's—nor of the broad and familiar, like Barnes's.—it is of a more bustling and vivacious quality, and in parts full of gaiety and motion, shifts and stratagems—such as intriguing footmen or lying valets—he is in his element. No man has a finer or quicker eye for the ridiculous: there are a number of

things which take place in the business of the scene that do not admit of previous study, and Hilson sees in a moment where a look or motion will add effect to an incident, or heighten the absurdity of a situation. This is of great advantage to him at all times, but more particularly in characters of a burlesque description, such as *Bombastes Furioso* and *Abrahamides*, which he performs to admiration. As a counterbalance, it may be added, that he is at times in the habit (though not so much lately) of disfiguring some of his best personations by noise and nonsense, unmeaning interpolations and unnecessary repetitions; and this is the less pardonable, as he has not the excuse of ignorance, for no one conceives or understands a character better.

But there is another ground on which Mr. Hilson may be taken, and on which he possesses an immense advantage over his two comic brethren Barnes and Placide, namely, in the exhibition of strong deep feeling, and rough violent passions; and this is, perhaps, his most perfect line, being altogether free from the follies before noticed. What effect he gives to the dead-weight character of *Rolamo* in *Clari*! and in stern, blunt and unfortunate veterans, of every description, he has the field all to himself—there is no competitor to contend with him. Who is there that has seen his *Robert Tyke*, and forgotten it? Unfortunately we never beheld the late John Emery in this, his favourite part, though we have Rayner, his successor at Covent Garden, and a number of others, but not one of them is to be compared with Hilson. This character is, perhaps, the best of Morton's crude conceptions. Tyke is a malefactor and a low and reckless vagabond, though still with some remnants of better feelings hanging about him; and, when his remorse is awakened by circumstances, it requires a person of no common mind to depict the passions and sufferings of the uneducated villain.—There are plenty who appear in it that can display a superabundance of bodily exertion, and do very well if you will accept gesticulation for feeling—that can rant and foam at the mouth—that can look like ruffians, act like ruffians, and gabble bad Yorkshire;—but all that is not playing Tyke. Very little is hazarded in saying, that in the United States there is but one man who can do justice to Robert Tyke, and that that man is Thomas Hilson.

There is a part which Mr. Hilson performed last week for the first time, in the new melo-drama of Ambrose Gwinett, which all the lovers of good acting would do well to go and see. It is a character not altogether dissimilar to the above; at least, like Tyke, he is originally honest and industrious, but plunged by his passions into crime and misery. In the first part of the piece (which is indifferently well dramatised) we see the strong man wrestling with his evil nature and overthrown by it, and this was full of bold and striking acting, though only what we expected, having seen Mr. H. in similar situations before; but between the second and third acts an interval of eighteen years is supposed to have elapsed, and the being who but a quarter of an hour ago stood before us in the full vigour of manhood, is now a weak and palsied wretch, bowed to the earth by drunkenness and disease, but with his evil propensities strengthened, and his passions as fierce and untameable as ever, and it was in depicting the struggle between strong mental emotion and physical imbecility, that Mr. Hilson surprised us: the voice and every look and movement were in fine keeping, and the debasing and retributive effects of sin and intemperance, both on body and mind, were never more forcibly portrayed. No one that we know of could have played it so well, and we cannot conceive how it could have been done better. This performance has contributed more than any thing we have seen or read of late, to show the folly and impropriety of human passions and affections, and convince us of the reasonableness of the cool and quiet

doctrine, that man ought to be brought into a vegetable state—that he ought to be as free from passion as the roots of the earth, and like them be moistened with cold water only! This will, doubtless, eventually be the case; and perhaps the time is not far distant when this unpruned wilderness of a world will be as one vast kitchen-garden, from whence all the weeds and flowers will be eradicated, and nothing but useful and well-regulated plants suffered to remain. In the meantime we should like to see Mr. Hilson play the monster *Caliban*, in the *Tempest*; and should like, moreover, to know the reason why he did not play it as advertised. We went night after night to see it, and night after night there was Mr. Richings, who, to be sure, made a very tolerable monster, though rather an indifferent *Caliban*. It is to be hoped that Mr. H. did not take the very absurd notion into his head that it was unworthy of his abilities. Neither he, nor any other, could do complete justice to such a creation as *Caliban*, though he might come as near it as any man. C.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

WHOLESMENESS OF COFFEE.—The general effects of coffee upon the nervous coat of the stomach is, unquestionably, a gentle stimulant; and as most substances of that class have to a certain extent a tonic power, it is not hesitated to be recommended to invalids whose powers have been debilitated by stimulants of a more powerful character, such as fermented liquors, wine, spirits, &c. The custom of taking coffee after a late dinner, and just before retirement to bed, is bad, because its stimulant property upon the nerves of the stomach exerts a power destructive to sleep—it promotes an activity to the mind, and gives a range to the imagination which prevents self-forgetfulness, that sure harbinger of repose.

THE TAMARIND TREE.—This tree is common in almost every part of India and the West Indies, and grows most luxuriantly in all the eastern islands. The soil of Java is said to bring the fruit to very high perfection; and those of the dependant island of Madura are reported to be the best. It is considered dangerous by the natives to sleep under this tree, and its presence has a deteriorating effect on grass and herbs. Its thick and lofty stem is terminated by spreading branches, bearing tufts of alternate smooth bright green leaves, abruptly pinnate; the short lateral branches are terminated by flowers, which are in simple clusters; the calyx is divided into four straw-coloured segments, and the petals are three, rather yellow and beautifully variegated with red veins; the seeds are roundish, somewhat angular, flattened, hard, polished, with a central circumscribed disk at each side, and lodged in a quantity of soft pulp. The first is cooling and laxative; but while it gratefully allays the thirst of ardent fever, it must be taken in large quantities to insure the latter effect, and is then apt to produce flatulence. The stones of the fruit are prescribed by physicians in dysenteric complaints, &c. It is very much adulterated in commerce.

ATTACHMENTS OF ANIMALS.—A correspondent of the "Magazine of Natural History," relates the following: There were two remarkably fine ostriches, male and female, kept in the rotunda of the Jardin du Roi. The sky-light over their heads having been broken, the glaziers proceeded to repair it, and, in the course of their work, let fall a triangular piece of glass. Not long after this the female ostrich was taken ill, and died after an hour or two of great agony. The body was opened, and the throat and stomach were found to have been dreadfully lacerated by the sharp corners of the glass which she had swallowed. From the moment his companion was taken from him, the male bird had no rest; he appeared to be incessantly searching for something, and daily wasted away. He was moved from the spot, in the hope that he would forget his grief: he was even allowed more liberty, but nought availed, and he literally pined himself away to death!

INLAND SEA IN NEW-HOLLAND.—Some natives who lately visited Sydney have reported the existence of an extensive sea in the interior of New Holland, and an expedition has been fitted out to ascertain the fact. If this be the case, and the inland sea prove navigable, the discovery will be of immense importance.

LITERARY.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

WE look upon this as the most interesting series of works that has for a long period issued from the fertile press of the Messrs. Harper. Seldom, indeed, does it fall to the lot of any man, as it has to that of Sir Walter Scott, to live to see edition after edition of his writings published and disposed of, and the supply still prove inadequate to the demand. But that an author who has written so much and so rapidly as Sir Walter, should live to prepare a revised and improved edition of his novels, consisting of more than forty closely printed volumes, a library of themselves; to disclose the foundation upon which has been erected the superstructure that has so long delighted and astonished the whole enlightened world; to place it in the power of his readers to analyse as it were his mind, and detect the materials with which it has wrought, and all this in the very prime of his faculties, and while continuing to enjoy a reputation such as few before him have acquired, though many have toiled and studied for—this is indeed an event worthy of all wonder and admiration. We have always considered the possession of a complete set of Sir Walter's novels as indispensable for every man possessing a taste for reading; they constitute an inexhaustible fund of amusement and information, so full of historical truth and of practical good sense and knowledge of life and nature, as to be worthy of frequent readings for the sake of the instruction they convey, yet so wrought up with entertaining incident and beautiful or humorous description, as to captivate the reader's attention: a combination deserving of the highest praise.

For years we have been resolving to obtain a copy of some one of the numerous editions that have been published, and still we have delayed. Now we are glad that it is so; for this, the last, is also best of all; since, in addition to the tales, it contains besides alterations and additions to the text, numerous and copious notes and references, exhibiting the slight materials which when submitted to the magic operations of a vigorous and powerful mind, have sufficed to form the groundwork of those most masterly productions.

These two volumes (Waverley) alone contain upwards of thirteen thousand words not in any other edition; if those which are to follow are enlarged in an equal degree, what a fund of additional information and amusement is about to be offered to the reading world! We understand that it is the intention of the American publishers to bring out each novel in succession as early as it is issued from the press in Edinburgh; and by the prospectus of the English edition it appears that there is a novel to be published every month until the whole series is completed.

BARNARD'S NARRATIVE.

This is an affecting story of misfortune, or rather of ingratitude. The author, Captain Barnard, it seems, sailed from New York in the month of April, 1812, on board the brig *Nanina*, on a voyage to the Falkland Islands, where he arrived in September of the same year; soon after, at one of the islands of the group, he fell in with the wreck of an English ship, the crew and passengers of which he took on board his vessel, and in return for his humanity was treacherously abandoned by them while on shore with four of his men, at one of the other islands. Here he remained about two years, undergoing great hardships from the difficulty of procuring subsistence, the severity of the climate, and worse still, from the perverseness and insubordination of his fellow-sufferers. In process of time they were taken off by an English whaler; carried to Lima, in South America; thence Captain Barnard sailed upon a cruise, and landing upon the island of Massafuero, concluded to remain there for a season, being smitten with a passion for the Crusonian mode of life; afterwards embarking on board another English ship he went to the Sandwich islands, and thence to China, and finally returned to his native country after an absence of four years and seven months.—The incidents recorded in this volume are interesting if all strictly true; for the honour of human nature, we hope they are at least exaggerated. It cannot be that there are men so unworthy of their nature as to perpetrate without any shadow of justification the deliberate cruelty of which Captain Barnard accuses the officers and crew of the *Isabella*. The charge is a grave one, and it should be answered. *Au reste*, the book is not badly written; the author or editor (for we

suspect that Captain Barnard has had what is called "literary assistance") occasionally manifests too great a disposition to "make a book;" lugs in, without rhyme or reason, extracts and quotations that have no business where we find them; and at times, in his efforts to be witty or pathetic, comes very near enacting the part of a most egregious buzzard. But saving these small blemishes, this narrative is well worthy of a perusal: if the number of pages were diminished by a third, (all superfluous matter being excluded,) it would be all the better; but as it is, we have read it with pleasure, and can honestly recommend it to such of our readers as have a taste for wild adventure; it is as interesting as Riley's far famed narrative, and, to say the least, quite as veracious.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Editorial Personalities.—Public attention has been of late directed to the very shameful manner in which editors of newspapers have been accustomed to treat each other and their readers. Instead of rendering their columns what they ought to be, pure vehicles of useful information, they too often devote their most conspicuous articles to the abject task of mutual recrimination, and holding up each other to public odium. Such conduct is at once ill advised, and injurious no less to themselves than to the community. It is a matter of little consequence to the reader of a newspaper what opinion Mr. A. B. or C. entertains on any given subject.—All he seeks for is instruction or amusement. If an editor is able to furnish this in the most prompt and succinct manner, and adds to his information valuable and popular reflections, there is little danger that his services will not be appreciated by the discriminating. It is by no means necessary, nay, it is positively injurious, that he should in his individual capacity be eternally identified with every article in his paper. It is elevating the man at the expense of the great interests of society, and perverting the true uses and ends of the public press. We are, for these reasons, very happy to see an attempt effectually making to do away with the idle custom of quoting the names of individual editors whenever particular opinions are to be commended or condemned.

Tight lacing.—On the fourth page of the present number will be found a light and graceful article on this subject, from the pen of a lady distinguished alike by her taste, her wealth, and the high and fashionable circle in which she moves. We are much pleased to observe that this delicate theme, on which we almost dreaded to say a word, lest we should give offence, is urged upon the public attention by the members of the very sex whose immediate interests its discussion is the best calculated to advance. Their health, their unadorned and most excellent beauty, nay, their very lives, are identified with the subject. To see these sacrificed on the altar of idle fashion, which would substitute art in the stead of nature, and transform lovely woman into a mere creature of constraint and artifice, we cannot, in our conscience, tamely submit to. In the language of a poet who wrote expressly for females, we may aver that we

"—hate the fair, however fair,
"That carries an affected air.
"The lisping tone, the shape constrained,
"The studied look, the passion feigned,
"Are fopperies which only tend
"To injure what they strive to mend."

Not poets alone, but physicians, who are best acquainted with the tendencies of the human frame, and the influence of surrounding agents upon it, have ever entered their solemn protest against the propriety of compressing the human figure, as injurious to health and productive of those most destructive disorders that too often cut short the thread of existence. In this climate, particularly, such an injury is calculated to be more rife than elsewhere. But why do we extend? One essay like that of Pluma is worth a thousand homilies.

Theatrical Portraits.—Under this title we have been publishing, for some time past, a series of racy and truly original sketches, descriptive of the individual traits of the more prominent actors of our stage. These "brief chroniclers of the times" never before had so much truth told about them in the whole range of the New-York press. Written in a fair and impartial manner, they breathe throughout the true vein of dramatic criticism, and bespeak a judge unaffected by the cant puffs of the day, or the grovelling and prevailing spirit of indiscriminating eulogy. The portraiture of Hilson is the best exhibition of his merits we have seen. It will amply repay perusal.

Shaking Quakers.—If among our readers there be any who, tired with the unvarying monotony which a city life exhibits, is anxious to behold something new under the sun, let him step on board an Albany steamer; and, about six or eight miles from the capital of this great and powerful state, he will encounter a truly curious and startling spectacle. A nation, distinct from all who surround them, and consisting of perhaps no more than two or three hundred in number, will there meet his eye, neat in their external appearance and habitudes, hospitable to strangers, upright in their dealings, void of all attempts at luxurious refinement, but singular, most singular in their mode of adoring the great Creator. We would attempt a description of the peculiar form of service of these "primitive christians," but the pen of Miss Sedgwick has so satisfactorily pictured it forth, that it is forbidden ground. All we can do is to recommend to the curious to take Redwood in their pockets, and trip it up to Lebanon. We were there on the last Sabbath, and never shall we forget the impression its scenery, and the whimsical figurings of the devout worshippers, made upon our bewildered senses.

Competition.—It is a trite remark, that the public are never well-served until there is competition. In a limited sense, this may be admitted to be true. But to such an excess is this spirit often carried, (and more disreputably so in our country than in any other in the world,) that not only are the authors in numerous instances prostrated and ruined by it, but the final effect is, that the public are very ill-served: for while such measures engender the strongest feelings of animosity and hatred between the parties more immediately interested, they seldom fail to open the door to the practice of gross fraud and imposition. Consequences too of a very dangerous, as well as of a fraudulent nature, are not unfrequently witnessed. Men who find themselves in their undertakings subject to a train of losses which threatens them with destruction, will too often resort to desperate expedients in order to avert so great an evil; and it is not unusual for the mischiefs to fall heavily on the community. In many cases this result is meritedly incurred; for if a community is faithfully and honourably served by any class of their fellow citizens, who have embarked their capital and skill in a useful pursuit or calling, such men are fairly entitled to a corresponding reward. Any new competitor, therefore, who comes into the market with the specious lure of cheap ware, or cheap accommodations, is always to be suspected; since nothing is more certain than that such competitor is determined either to act the part of the dog in the manger, or that he is bent on some base and nefarious scheme to cheat and deceive all who trust him.—These conclusions, we believe, will not be disputed. Evils, however, are found to correct themselves; but never until society has been well chastised for winking and conniving at the most reprehensible schemes, merely because their private interest might have been temporarily promoted by them.

We are all too prone to listen to projects which come recommended by a feigned regard to economy. In the majority of cases they originate in wanton deception and depravity. With respect to many of our great and important lines of transportation, in which the whole country is deeply concerned, the course of folly now pursued is indeed marvellous. The proprietors of those lines do not come in even for a share of the humblest thanks of the many thousands whom they transport almost gratuitously from one point to another; on the contrary, they make themselves the subjects of ridicule in all classes by means of it.

In matters of this kind, we think it but too palpable that the citizens at large are in the end deceived. No one will deny that numerous mischiefs must necessarily spring out of them. In addition to the deepest inquietude felt by proprietors, there is every motive to disregard the restraints of rectitude and good faith. Carelessness of those consequences which may involve many lives, indifference to accommodations, and a want of civil deportment, will be the certain and natural results. To remedy such a growing and threatening evil, we would humbly suggest, that a few liberal-minded gentlemen of good standing should institute an immediate inquiry into the origin of the ruinous policy so pertinaciously adhered to, and make known the circumstances of the cases, at the same time holding up to the public view the prime movers of the mad schemes.

Let it not be understood from the foregoing remarks, that we are opposed to any competition. Provided it is maintained on fair and honourable grounds, it is calculated to elicit useful improvement, and prove beneficial to all who are interested—but not otherwise.

O SWIFTLY GLIDES THE BONNY BOAT.

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, BY WILLIAM WOOD, JR.

ALLEGRETTO.

O swift-ly glides the bon - ny boat, Just part - ed from the shore, And to the fish-er's cho - rus note, Soft

PIA.

moves the dip-ping oar. These toils are borne with hap - py cheer, And e - ver may they speed, That fee - ble age and help-mate dear, And

MF.

tenderbairnies feed. We cast our lines in Lar-go bay, Our nets are float-ing wide, Our bon - ny boat with yielding sway. Rocks lightly on the tide. And

hap - py prove our dai - ly lot, Up - on the sum-mer sea, And bless on land our kind - ly cot, Where all our treasures be.

FOR.

The mermaid on her rock may sing,
The witch may weave her charm;
Nor water sprite, nor eldritch thing,
The bonny boat can harm;
It safely bears its scaly store
Through many a stormy gale;
While joyful shouts rise from the shore,
Its homeward prow to hail. We cast, &c.

VARIETIES.

LOVE SECRETS.—The following is related by Richardson the novelist: "I was not more than thirteen, when three young ladies, unknown to each other, having a high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love secrets, in order to induce me to write them copies to write after, or correct, for answers to their lovers' letters; nor did any of them ever know that I was the secretary to the others. I have been directed to chide and even repulse, when an offence was taken or given, at the very time when the heart of the chider or repulser was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection; and the fair repulser, dreading to be taken at her word, directing this word, or that expression, to be softened or changed. One, highly gratified with her lover's fervour, and vows of everlasting love, has said when I asked her direction, 'I cannot tell you what to write; but' her heart on her lips, 'you cannot write too kindly.' All her fear was only that she might incur slight for her kindness."

EPITAPH.—The Marquis de Bouvrac lately wrote a letter

to the superintendant of the burial ground of Pere la Chaise, for permission to put an inscription on the grave of a deceased friend. It was the following:

Sacred to the Memory of
FRANCOIS DOMINIQUE LE MOINE.
Gifted by Nature
For the highest places of society,
No one rose more rapidly.
He was impartial,
For he cared as much and as little
For the Jesuit and the Jacobin,
As for the Jansenist and the ultra.
He was just.
For he took bribes alike from all men.
He was wise,
For his first and last care was himself.
He was moral,
For he neither loved nor hated
either man or woman.

The superintendant wrote a letter of condolence to the Marquis on the loss of so rare a friend, and the grave-stone was prepared. The Marquis thanked him in return, and begged his pardon for the inadvertence of omitting some lines of the Epitaph—they were—

He should have been a minister of state:
He was not the less fit for the office,
because he was—a monkey.

ASTONISHING PERFORMANCE.—We have seen within these few days—say the editors of the Glasgow Herald—a specimen of fine writing, from the pen of Mr. Miller, which we are sure has never been equalled. Within the compass of a silver sixpence he has distinctly and beautifully written with a pen, the Lord's prayer, the creed, the names of the books of the Old Testament, the names of the books of the New Testament, the twelve tribes of Israel, our Saviour's twelve apostles, the seven wonders of the world, the five mechanical powers, the seven primitive colours, the five senses, the twelve months of the year, the names of the governor, deputy governor, secretary, and solicitors of the bank of England; the writer's name and age, and having in the centre a drawing of the Glasgow city arms.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOLUME VII.

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NUMBER 5.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNETS.

WHERE should the vows of youthful love be heard?
In thronging halls of thoughtless revelry?
Where the wild heart, by music's magic stirred,
Bounds in the mazy dance exultingly?
While torch and taper shed their radiance free
On many a sparkling gem, high friendship's token?
Or in the chancel's hallowing sanctity,
Should the full bosom's guileless truth be spoken?
Oh no! not there—but in the stilly grove,
Where nods the wild-flower by the moss-fringed spring,
While the pure stars bend listening from above,
And to the dews young zephyr spreads his wing;
Where all is still, save night's sweet pensive bird,
There should the mutual vows of youthful love be heard.

I fondly marked within a gay parterre,
Where countless flowers were sweetly blossoming,
Breathing their balmy fragrance richly there,
One tender plant in modest beauty spring.
A swelling bud adorned its rising crest,
Which soon expanded in the genial air;
No ocean gem in dazzling splendour drest,
Could e'er with that unsullied bloom compare.
But lo! a demon came upon the blast,
That fanned the floweret in its virgin pride;
I marked the shrouded monster as he passed,
Breathe on it once, and then it shrinking died.
The flower was female character, and he,
Whose breath destroyed, was withering calumny! ARION.

THE HAUNTED SPOT.

'Tis a haunted spot, but go not thou
When the sun is burning bright on high,
If thou wouldst seek its shapes to know,
Or hear its mournful melody;
But when the dim sweet twilight falls
Upon the tall and spectral trees,
And wraps in mist the ruined walls;
And when the gusty evening breeze
Sighs sadly round that ruin gray,
As mourning honours passed away.

Then go with awe, not fear, and gaze
Upon the wreck of pride and power;
And when the rising moonbeam plays
Upon the ivy-mantled tower,
Dim shadowy shapes are seen to glide
Beneath those arches' frowning pride,
And music's melancholy wail
Floats sadly on the sighing gale.

Thou shudderest—'tis a haunted spot—
But thou canst from the scene depart;
But what can cheer his shunless lot
Who bears about a haunted heart?
More fearful are the shapes that dwell
Within that dark and dreary cell;
And far more numerous is their train
Than those which haunt the ruined fane.

Yes—ghosts of buried joys are there,
And hopes long dead rise from their grave;
And faded visions, once too fair,
Now changed and saddened he must brave;
And every ghastly visitant
Which doth his troubled bosom haunt,
He cannot shun, he may not flee
Their torturing society.

The ruined dome attracts thy sigh
Of pity for its doom of ill,
Its days of glory long passed by—
But ruined hopes are sadder still!
The spectres of the silent tomb
Seek but the hours of night and gloom;
When dawns the morning sun they flee,
Unseen till night's obscurity.

But—the heart's are a sleepless brood,
Alike at night or noontide hour,
In gayest scene or solitude
The restless shades exert their power.
It boots not now the names to tell
Of all that haunt that gloomy cell,
Returning hope and peace to blast,
The ghastly spectres of the past!

Then, if whene'er thou dost behold
That dark tower, phantom-visited,

Thy heart should tremble and grow cold,
Turn from the fearful spot thy tread,
And thy reviving heart shall be
From all its former terrors free:
But dark and hopeless is his lot
Who cannot shun the haunted spot!

THYRA.

AN ITALIAN SCENE.

It is the hour of vespers now—
The sun hath sought his ocean rest,
And on the highest mountain's brow,
Some few green spots with smiles are drest;
And, bathed in day's departing light,
Like memory's dreams afar they shine
Brightly, as on some peaceful night
Pours out the moon her looks divine.

Nature seems robed for festal hour—
Behind, where marble cities swell,
The far blue hills arise, and lour
As clouds in autumn skies will dwell;
Dim, shadowy masses they uprear,
Their dark-blue foreheads in the skies,
As if ambition should be there,
To pour his burning sacrifice.

And see, where soft and mellowed streams,
Burst from the uplifted rocks, and roll
Like liquid gold—with boundless gleams
Spurning the fetters of control;
While sweetly, to the listening ear,
The song they murmur on their way
Comes, happily, distinct, and clear,
Gladdening the heart, like fancy's ray. EVERARD.

GREEK SONG.

Lift the flag on mount and billow,
Wake the sleeper from his pillow,
Let him, with the gun and sabre
Gird him for the battle's labour.
Freedom is no longer telling
Tales of yore within your dwelling,
Far too long her soul has slumbered,
But her days of sleep are numbered.
Who to meet the foe will falter,
Breaks our brand and stains our altar.

See ye yonder shrines of glory,
Records of your country's story?
See ye yonder sacred mountain,
Bosoming the muses' fountain?
Which from Homer we inherit,
Children of his godlike spirit?
See ye yonder widows mourning,
Children chained, and village burning?
Say shall these, then, undisputed
Be by tyrant foes polluted?

See ye how the land that bore us,
Like a suppliant bends before us?
Shall her cause be vainly pleaded?
Shall her sorrows be unheeded?
Shall we not with mad emotion,
As the torrents dash to ocean,
As the bearded lion rushes
From his den, and, seizing, crushes—
Shall we rush not thus and sever
Greece from tyrants' bonds for ever?

Hark! e'en now the bugle's calling—
Fire is flashing—foes are falling!
Listen! 'tis the cannon's thunder,
Tearing hill and vale asunder.
Hark again! the musket's rattle
Brings the voice of closer battle.
Haste we onward, quick and quicker,
Now the battle's din is thicker,
Fall we for our country's story,
Hers is freedom—ours is glory!

ALPHA.

TO A YOUNG RELATION.

Thou bid'st me write! in vain I call
The muses to the welcome task;
Good wishes, little friend, are all
That I can give or thou shouldst ask.
Mayst thou go on in quiet bliss,
Thy tranquil way to virtues shrine;
Sung in happier strain than this,
Dear to a noble heart than mine!
May kindness shed her cheering ray,
As now, upon thy sinless years!
And may thy future praise repay
The fondness of our hopes and fears!

N. O.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE UNEDUCATED WIFE.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

HER letter was short, but tender and impressive. It concluded by saying, "It will be useless to seek me, for I leave no trace behind; if you hear nothing from me in five years, think me with your blessed mother, and obtain a wife of whom she would not be ashamed. If I can make myself worthy of you, I will return."

Fitzgerald was in an agony of grief; he remembered nothing but her artless loveliness; felt a thousand fears for her safety; scoured the country in every direction; spent months in seeking, but without even getting a hint to guide his search beyond the night on which she left the stage. He went up to the log-cabin, but the Indians had heard nothing of her since she sent them presents of blankets, beads for their moccasins, &c.

A year passed away, and Fitzgerald began to think he should never see her more. He left his beautiful residence, where he could not remain, for every thing reminded him of his lost wife and departed mother, and removed to the city.

Year after year rolled on, and the lovely Isidore was forgotten. Even Fitzgerald thought of her only at times, and as a lovely vision that had long since passed away, for he had ceased even to hope that he should ever behold her again.

And where was the heroic girl who had made such sacrifices for him she loved! It would be beyond the limits of this narrative to relate all the perils she encountered; the toils, the dangers, and the difficulties she overcame before she reached her aunt Waldorff in Germany, where she at last arrived in safety, and was kindly received; for Madam Waldorff, though she had her prejudices, and disliked the Americans, (rebels, as she always called them,) was an elegant and accomplished woman. She entered warmly into the plans of her lovely niece, procured for her every instructor necessary to improve, cultivate, and strengthen her really powerful mind; and Isidore was astonished at her own progress. It was indeed rapid, for what will not love accomplish? The first years were entirely devoted to her mind and heart, the last to accomplishments. Music was her favourite among these; and she performed delightfully upon the harp.

She said to her aunt, one day, after playing for her some time,

"I have succeeded on this instrument beyond my most sanguine expectations."

"My dear Isidore," said Madam Waldorff, "I am pleased and proud of your progress; but I shall grieve to part with you. I have often, since your arrival, lamented that I did not take you from your grandfather; but I felt vexed that your father should have been urged from his home, and thought the general deserved all the anxiety he felt. I have long since overcome such feelings, and now, my dear child, you are wound round my heart so firmly, that it will ache to part with you. I have seen for some time that your thoughts are wandering to that dear one for whom all your exertions have been made. You are anxious to see your husband in your assumed character, and, though I dislike all deceit, I think if it ever was excusable, it is in your situation. I have a friend in whom I can confide, on the eve of embarking for America. You shall go with him as a relation, which you really are, though distant. He knows your story, and will aid you in every way. You shall see your hus-

band. He cannot know you, for you are no more like the little trembler that came here five years ago, than I am."

"How good you are, my more than mother. Do you think my husband will not know me?" said Isidore, as she walked up to a large mirror. "I am very tall now, and have, I believe, a rather more dignified and womanly appearance. But he will know me by my hair, which is of a peculiar colour."

"I think not; beside, my dear, you can easily conceal it with a head-dress."

"Ah, true; but I shall betray myself, dearest aunt, by my emotions."

"Isidore, have you overcome so many difficulties, shown yourself so superior to most of your sex, and have not yet learned to control and conceal your own feelings? Be yourself, my child, and all will be well."

"I wonder if Mr. Campbell, when he now sees me, will recognise the *baby*, the *fool*." Isidore blushed as she said this, for she did not exactly like the resentment that rose in her bosom. "Alas, my dear aunt, I have so many faults and foibles yet to correct! for I would not return with any feelings but those of affection and tenderness towards my friends. My only wonder is, that my husband ever could have loved me. But now, I am sure that I am worthy of his love; sure that I can make him happy; sure that I possess, in the resources of my own mind, treasures that, but for your kind attention to me, when I came a little ignorant child to your bosom, would have been lost for ever."

Isidore left her kind aunt soon after this conversation, with the friend she mentioned, and was on her return to America. * * * * *

"Can you tell me, Emma," said major Harcourt to his wife, as he seated himself beside her on a sofa, "who that elegant-looking female is, leaning on an elderly gentleman's arm, by the door?"

"Yes; it is the beautiful stranger I told you of; a relation of Mr. Weiland's, the great Holland merchant; and some say, heiress to his immense wealth. She is very much admired. Is she not lovely?"

"Exquisitely beautiful indeed, and uncommonly graceful. I have been watching her for some time."

"Come, I will introduce you to her, Henry; she is as intelligent and accomplished as she is beautiful. But you seem amazingly struck. See, your earnest gaze has quite disconcerted her; that fair face is covered with blushes, and she has turned to her protector, with whom she is conversing very earnestly."

Harcourt felt a singular interest in this beautiful stranger, and said,

"Let us follow her, Emma. I never saw but one being that interested me half so much;" looking expressively at his wife, and pressing her arm as he spoke. They were soon by the side of the person who had attracted their observation, where they spent an hour delightfully. Emma promised to call for Miss Walstein next day, to walk on the Battery, and major Harcourt, as they rode home, declared he had never conversed with a more intelligent and agreeable woman.

"My dear husband," said Emma, "if I was at all inclined to be jealous, I think I have some little cause for it now, for you have appeared perfectly fascinated with Miss Walstein, and have scarcely taken your eyes from her face."

"Indeed, Emma, she reminds me so much of some one I have seen, though for the life of me I cannot tell who, that I thought we must have met before; but it cannot be, as she told me it was her first visit to this city. I will go with you to-morrow, and take Campbell; he will lose his heart, you may be sure, as she is exactly the woman I have heard him often describe and wish to obtain."—Emma smiled.—"Why that smile? Do you not agree with me?"

"I think, my dear husband, your sudden and warm admiration is not consistent with your usual prudence and judgment."

"True, true; and I will say no more. Albert would have a fair right to laugh at me, should he know of my sudden and warm admiration of a beautiful woman."

The conversation then dropped. Emma told her husband that Campbell had called to say adieu; he was to sail for France in the morning.

Major Harcourt had made a most judicious choice when he selected from the beautiful and accomplished women that he visited, Emma Green. She was rather plain in her person, though graceful and elegant in her manners. He was sure of an agreeable companion, for her mind was well cultivated, and her disposition amiable.

Often would Fitzgerald, who was very intimate there, when he witnessed their perfect union and happiness, sigh and say,

"Ah, Harcourt, why was I so weak as to be fascinated by beauty alone? The voice of the good old general still sounds in my ears: 'son of my friend, do nothing rashly.' Why did I not listen to his advice?"

"My dear Albert, you have learned a useful lesson, and I hope your next choice will do you honour."

"I shall never marry again," replied Fitzgerald.

In a few weeks Sophia Walstein and Mr. Weiland were familiar guests at Major Harcourt's.

"I think," said Emma to her husband, "that Fitzgerald rather avoids us of late. I met him this morning as we were walking in Broadway, and introduced Sophia to him; but he had little opportunity of seeing her as her veil was down, and none of conversing with her, as she was seized with one of those fits of trembling that alarmed me so much the day you returned with him from the country. I hope she is not nervous. Albert ordered his carriage, and the ride soon restored her. I wish he would become acquainted with her. She is exactly calculated to make him happy, and it is quite idle to suppose he will ever hear from Isidore."

"I think as you do, Emma; but still his situation is an embarrassing one, as it would be dreadful indeed to marry one woman, and be claimed by another."

"True, true, Henry; but it is now almost six years since she left him; and could he obtain this lovely creature, he would be fortunate indeed. I never saw any one so much admired, and so worthy of admiration, that valued it so little. She prefers a social evening with me to the most splendid party, and a game at romps with your pet, Albert, to a walk with our most fascinating beaux. To-morrow she spends the day with us, and I am to send for her harp. Bring Fitzgerald home with you, and say nothing of our guest."

"I will," replied Harcourt.

After a day of social and refined enjoyment with her new friends, at evening Miss Walstein took her harp. She was playing a Scotch air when Harcourt came home with Fitzgerald. They stood some time at the open door, charmed with the melody. The latter seemed spell-bound. Was it the music that entranced him, or was he admiring the beautiful creature that touched the strings with her white and delicate fingers? His eager and admiring gaze delighted Emma, and she spoke to him:—The music ceased, and the fair musician hung over the instrument, pale and trembling. Her agitation was attributed to fatigue from playing so long; but she soon recovered herself. Fitzgerald was constantly examining her face, when he could do so without absolute rudeness; though after an hour spent in her society, he listened more than he looked, for he thought her uncommonly agreeable—still he appeared thoughtful, and at every pause in the conversation, quite dull.

Days and weeks passed, and Fitzgerald visited Sophia Walstein every day.

"Harcourt," said he, "you have drawn me into the society of this charming woman, whom it is impossible to know and not to love; and yet, whom it would be dishonourable for me to seek to obtain. Why do you

smile? Do not trifle with me, Henry; you know not the struggle between my attachment and my sense of honour. I sometimes wish I had never seen her."

"I would not trifle with you, Albert; but you must have discovered Sophia's preference for you. Why not declare yourself?"

"Are you mad, Harcourt? Am I not a married man? The lost Isidore is forgotten by the world: her beauty and her virtues buried in oblivion; but I cannot forget the tenderness with which I once almost adored her. Yet I love Sophia, devotedly, ardently. There is something about her, though I have never mentioned it before, that often reminds me of Isidore. The expression of her eyes sometimes, when she gazes on me; the tone of her voice, particularly when it is a tone of tenderness, brings the artless, self-sacrificing creature before me, so forcibly that her name is involuntarily on my lips. It was this resemblance that first drew me to her; but it is her noble, cultivated, and accomplished mind, and lovely, amiable temper, that irresistibly attach me to Sophia Walstein. It has become almost impossible for me to conceal my feelings towards her, and this night I will tell her my history. It may be unavailing, and perhaps selfish; but I cannot resist the impulse that prompts me. If she despises and avoids me, I can but relinquish her society, which is already become so dangerous to my peace of mind, and quit a country in which I seem doomed to meet with nothing but sorrow and mortification."

Fitzgerald walked the apartment in an agony of doubt and anxiety. Harcourt endeavoured to soothe him, by telling him to fear nothing, and striving to convince him that he might indulge his attachment and seek its return with honour; but he continued pacing the room until the servant announced Miss Walstein, when he took his hat and rushed into the street.

He returned more composed, and, seating himself beside the object of all this solicitude, attempted in vain to converse with his accustomed freedom. Sophia was talking of the importance of education to females.

"Will you hear my story, Miss Walstein?" at length he somewhat abruptly said. "It is a melancholy illustration of what you have just been saying; but I think I can tell it to you, though I scarcely know why I ask you to listen to it."

She turned very pale, and trembled excessively when he spoke of his wife; her artless loveliness, his regret and sorrow for her loss, and his long search for her. She looked on him with a tenderness that assured him he was beloved. Still he became embarrassed as he began to speak of himself.

"This," said he, taking Isidore's last letter from his pocket, "will explain what—my—"

Sophia started from her chair, threw off the head-dress that confined and covered her luxuriant tresses, and letting the rich glossy ringlets fall over her neck and shoulders, cried,

"Well, well do I know the contents of that letter; Albert, my dear, beloved husband!" and sank almost lifeless into his arms!

He gazed on her as if he doubted the evidence of his senses, then pressing her to his heart, exclaimed, "Isidore! My wife!" with such a frantic cry of joy, that Harcourt and Emma rushed into the apartment.

To describe the surprise and happiness of all interested, would be impossible.

"Dear Isidore," said Fitzgerald, when they were all quietly settled, "how could a young, timid, and ignorant girl—pardon me for the word—leave her home, her husband, and thus alone travel to Germany, without leaving any trace behind? It was the last place in the world I should have sought for you, as I knew you had a perfect dread of Madam Waldorff, on account of her treatment to your grandfather."

"True, Albert; but he told me in his last moments,

if I never saw you again, to go to her; and said she was noble and well educated, though proud. I knew she was rich, and had ample means to do for me all I wished. Had you examined your old wardrobe, you would have missed two suits of boy's clothes, that your mother had preserved, because, as you told me, your life had been saved in one, and the other you wore on your return from your first absence; these I wore after the first day, cutting off my hair, and staining my skin. You could not have known me yourself. You ask how I could leave you? To make the effort, it needed all the consciousness I felt of my unworthiness for the station in which you had placed me; needed all the misery that I constantly suffered, and the mortification I caused you. Oh, Albert! before I could summon resolution to leave you, I heard myself called a fool! yes, a fool, and by your best friends. I do not wonder at it; for how can any one perfectly uneducated, and ignorant even of the most common things, appear other than a fool, in the most intelligent and polished society? Riches may dazzle, and beauty may fascinate, but a highly intelligent and cultivated man cannot long love an ignorant woman; and you will acknowledge that it is a dangerous experiment for any such man, to take an uneducated girl, however beautiful, for a wife."

"Yes, yes, my love, I will," said Fitzgerald; "unless every woman were an *Isidore*."

FLORA'S DICTIONARY.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

- Poppy, white.**—*Papaver somniferum*.—My bane, my antidote.
Doomed to heal, or doomed to kill:
Fraught with good, or fraught with ill.—*Mrs. Robinson*.
- Poppy, red.**—*Consolation*.
Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things.—*Shenstone*.
- Phlox.**—*Unanimity*.
Whose souls do bear an equal share of love.—*Shaks.*
- Periwinkle, white.**—*Vinca*.—Pleasing remembrances.
Some little friendship formed and cherished here.—*Rogers*.
- Passion flower.**—*Passiflora*.—Susceptibility.
Young men's love then lies not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.—*Shaks.*
- Privet.**—*Ligustrum*.—Mildness.
You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings follow such creatures.—*Shaks.*
- Peach blossom.**—*Amygdalus persica*.—I am your captive.
No warning of the approaching flame,
Swiftly, like sudden death it came:
I loved the moment I beheld.—*Granville*.
- Queen's rocket or Dame's violet.**—*Hesperis matronalis*.—
You are the queen of coquets.
Like kings, we lose the conquests gained before,
By vain ambition still to make them more.—*Pope*.
- Quamoclit.**—*Cypripedium*.—Busy body.
Busy bodies and intermeddlers are a dangerous sort of people to have to do with.—*L'Esrange*.
- Ragged Robin.**—*Lychnis flos cuculi*.—Wit.
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit.—*Shaks.*
- Ranunculus.**—*Ranunculus*.—I am dazzled by your charms.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike.—*Pope*.
- Rose campion.**—*Agrostemma coronaria*.—Only deserve my love.
My love is thine to teach.—*Shaks.*
- Rosemary.**—*Rosmarinus officinale*.—Remembrance.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.—*Shaks.*
- Rue.**—*Ruta*.—Disdain.
And she I love, or laughs at all my pain,
Or knows her worth too well and pays me with disdain.—*Dryden*.
- Rose, fullblown.**—*Rosa*.—Beauty.
Beauty for use too rich, for earth too dear.—*Shaks.*
- Rose, unique.**—Call me not beautiful.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.—*Shaks.*
- Rose, white.**—I am worthy of you.
My sufferings for you make your heart my due.—*Dryden*.
- Rose, white and withered.**—Transient impressions.
Quickly withered like your love away.
- Rosebud, white.**—A heart that is ignorant of love.
A pure unspotted heart, never yet tainted with love.—*Shaks.*
- Rose, thornless.**—Lady, deign to smile.
Do not blast my springing hopes,
Which thy kind hand has planted in my soul.—*Rove*.
- Rose, maiden's blush.**—If you love me, you will find me out.
I do betray myself with blushes.—*Shaks.*
- Rosebud, red.**—You are young and beautiful.
She looks like morning roses newly washed in dew.—*Shaks.*
- Rose, damask.**—*Rosa damascena*.—Freshness.
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair.—*Pope*.
- Rose, moss.**—Superior merit.
Behold the first in virtue as in face.—*Pope*.

- Rose, Burgundy.**—Unconscious beauty.
Doubts the beauty, which she doubts alone,
Which dazzles every eye except her own.—*Hayley*.
- Rose, greville superb.**—*Rose greville*.—Grace.
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.—*Milton*.
- Rosebud, moss.**—Charming.
Where's the power that charms us so?
In the soul or in the eye?—*Waller*.
- Rose, yellow.**—*R. sulphurea*.—The decrease of love on better acquaintance.
The warmest love may sink by slow decay.
- Rose, hundred leaved.**—*R. centifolia*.—Pride.
I will instruct my sorrow to be proud.—*Shaks.*
- Rose, cinnamon.**—*R. Cinamomea*.—Love at first sight.
Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?—*Shaks.*
- Rose, York and Lancaster.**—*R. versicolor*.—War.
Such war of white and red within her cheeks.—*Shaks.*
- Sweet scabious.**—The mourning bride.—I have lost all.
With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know
The humble walks of happiness below.—*Rogers*.
- Sweetbriar.**—*Rosa suaveolens*.—Simplicity.
I am as true as truth's simplicity.—*Shaks.*
- Snowdrop.**—*Galanthus nivalis*.—Refinement.
Love refines the thoughts, and bath his seat in reason.—*Milton*.
- Snowball.**—*Viburnum opulus*.—To bind.
To bind our loves in a holy band.—*Shaks.*
- Scarlet lychnis.**—*L. chalcidonica*.—Lamp with a flame.
Sunbeam'd eyes.
Here love lights his constant lamp.—*Milton*.
- Snapdragon.**—*Antirrhinum*.—Presumption.
Minds somewhat raised by false presumptuous hope.—*Milton*.
- Star of Bethlehem.**—*Ornithogalum*.—Reconciliation.
Love quarrels oft in pleasing concord end.—*Milton*.
- St. John's wort.**—*Hypericum*.—Superstition.
Have I loved him next heaven,
Been out of fondness superstitious to him,
And am I thus rewarded?—*Shaks.*
- Swallow-wort.**—*Asclepias tuberosa*.—Cure for the heart-ache.
The miserable have no other medicine but only hope.—*Shaks.*
- Sweetwilliam.**—*Dianthus barbatus*.—Finesse.
And griefs, alas! that may not speak,
Barn poor relief by feigning.—*B. Chester*.
- Speedwell.**—*Veronica*.—Female fidelity.
Oh! woman's love's a holy light,
And when 'tis kindled ne'er can die.
- Swamp magnolia.**—*Magnolia glauca*.—Reward of merit.
Urgo your success, deserve a lasting name;
She'll crown a constant and a grateful flame?—*Roscommon*.
- Spiderwort.**—*Tradescantia*.—I esteem, but do not love you.
There's something tells me, (but it is not love)
I would not lose you.—*Shaks.*
- Syringa carolina.**—*Philadelphus inodorus*.—Disappointment.
Bright blown hopes dispersed in air.—*M. I. L.*
- Sunflower.**—*Helianthus*.—False riches.
Away with your love that is measured with gold:
Deemst thou that hearts can be bought and sold.—*L.*
- Tulip.**—*Tulipa*.—Ambition.
The heart is woman's world. It is there her ambition strives for empire.—*Sketch Book*.
- Tulip, red.**—A declaration of love.
Who could refrain that had a heart to love, and courage to make his love known?—*Shaks.*
- Thorn apple.**—*Datura stramonium*.—Deceitful charms.
Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shapes.—*Shaks.*
- Tuberose.**—*Polyanthus tuberosa*.—Le plus loin.—Le plus cher.
How wayward is this foolish love.—*Shaks.*
- Thyme.**—*Thymus*.—Activity.
I would chide hasty-footed time for parting us.—*Shaks.*
- Thistle, holy.**—*Centaurea benedicta*.—Misanthropy.
He ponders on the world—abhors the whole.—*Rogers*.
- Violet, blue.**—*Viola odorata*.—Love.
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love.—*Shaks.*
- Violet, white.**—Modesty.
Sweet as spring-time flowers.—*Shaks.*
- Venus' looking glass.**—*Campanula speculum*.—Flattery.
He does me double wrong who wounds with the flatteries of his tongue.
- Virgin's bower.**—*Cle natis*.—Filial affection.
The sight an image brought of his own filial love.—*Dryden*.
- Woodbine.**—*Lonicera*.—Fraternal affection.
I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity of love, make up my sum.—*Shaks.*
- Wallflower.**—*Cheranthus cheiri*.—Fidelity in misfortune.
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.—*Milton*.
- Weeping willow.**—*Salix Babylonica*.—Forsaken.
Prevent his falsehood, and forsake him first.—*Phillips*.
- Yarrow.**—*Achillea millefolium*.—To cure.
Hear what from love unpractised hearts endure;
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

In concluding the beautiful and expressive "language of flowers," we would remark, that it can be put into immediate practice, as there are as great a number now in blossom, and advancing to that state, as at any season of the year; such as the amaranth, coreopsis, bluebottle, china aster, convolvulus, cardinal flower, dahlia, hydrangea, larkspur, everlasting, honeysuckle monthly, mignonette, mint, marigold, nasturtium, primrose evening, periwinkle, poppy, phlox, passion flower, lychnis, snapdragon, sensitive plant, tuberose, thyme. With the waning year comes the chrysanthemum, which is almost the latest garden flower.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ASSOCIATIONS OF DISTINCT ANIMALS.—All associations between animals of opposite natures are exceedingly interesting; and those who train them for public exhibition know how attractive such displays are of the power of discipline over the strength of instinct. These extraordinary arrangements are sometimes the effect of accident, and sometimes of the greater force of one instinct over the lesser force of another. A rat-catcher having caught a brood of young rats alive, gave them to his cat, who had just had her kittens taken from her to be drowned. A few days afterwards he was surprised to find the rats in the place of the drowned kittens, being preserved by their natural enemy. The rat-catcher exhibited the cat and her nurslings to considerable advantage. A somewhat similar exhibition exists at present in London. There is a little menagerie, where such odd associations may be witnessed upon a more extensive scale, and more systematically conducted, than in any other collection of animals of which we have ever heard. Upon the Surrey side of Waterloo bridge, is daily seen a cage about five feet square, containing a variety of quadrupeds and birds. The keeper of this collection states that he has been employed seventeen years in the business of training creatures of opposite natures to live together in content and affection. And those years have not been unprofitably employed! It is not too much to believe, that many a person who has given his halfpenny to look upon this show, may have had his mind awakened to the extraordinary effects of habit and of gentle discipline, when he has thus seen the cat, the rat, the mouse, the hawk, the rabbit, the guinea-pig, the owl, the pigeon, the starling, and the sparrow, each enjoying, as far as can be enjoyed in confinement, its respective modes of life, in the company of each other, the weak without fear, and the strong without the desire to injure. It is impossible to imagine any prettier exhibition of kindness than is here shown. The rabbit and the pigeon playfully contending for a lock of hay to make up their nests; the sparrow sometimes perched on the head of the cat, and sometimes on that of the owl—each its natural enemy; and the mice playing about with perfect indifference to the presence of either cat, or hawk, or owl. The modes by which this man has effected this are, first, by keeping all the creatures well fed; and secondly, by accustoming one species to the society of another at a very early period of their lives. The ferocious instincts of those who prey on the weaker are never called into action; their nature is subdued to a systematic gentleness; the circumstances by which they are surrounded are favourable to the cultivation of their kindlier dispositions; all their desires and pleasures are bounded by their little cage; and though the old cat sometimes takes a stately walk on the parapet of the bridge, she duly returns to her companions, with whom she has so long been happy, without at all thinking that she was born to devour any of them.

This is an example, and a powerful one, of what may be accomplished by a proper education, which rightly estimates the force of habit, and confirms, by judicious management, that habit which is most desirable to be made a rule of conduct. The principle is the same, whether it be applied to children or to brutes.

COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF IRON AND STEEL.—The following statement of the comparative force of these two metals, is to be found in a work on the relative cohesion of iron, and the different kinds of steel by M. Mittis, as noticed in Kastner's Archives, viz.: a rod of good iron of Styria an inch thick, required a weight of four hundred quintals to break it; a rod of equal thickness of Styrian steel, not immersed, took a weight of seven hundred and forty-nine quintals and fifty-three pounds to break it, while a rod of the same dimensions of meteoric steel was not broken except by a weight of eleven hundred and thirty quintals.

A CURIOSITY.—An ingenious piece of workmanship was lately manufactured in Philadelphia. It is a pitcher or cream jug, which holds about half a pint, made of wooden staves hooped with silver and a glass bottom. The staves were taken from the tree under which William Penn made his treaty with the Indians. We expressed some surprise—says the editor of the Democratic Press—when we were told that the pitcher had been taken to pieces to decide a wager of twenty dollars, and that one thousand and six staves were counted in it! It was made by Mr. Joshua Peddle, and is the property of Mr. John Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

NINTH NUMBER OF THE PERIPATETIC.

A TRIAL.

For law 's the wisdom of all ages,
And managed by the ablest sages,
Who, though their business at the bar,
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which they engage with fiercer dragons,
Than e'er the Grecians did and Trojans,
They never manage the contest,
T' impair their public interest,
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession.—*Hudibras*.

If there should be any of my readers who can for a moment hesitate yielding their assent to the truth of the couplet with which the above extract concludes, I can only refer him to half an hour's experience, such as I have just enjoyed, to banish every thing like doubt from his mind. We have all been amused with the various points of view in which, more than any other profession, the law has been continually held up to the wonder—I wish I could say admiration—of the idle and the curious; and many of us, I am sure, have been often at a loss to find language expressive of our ideas of its tortuosities, its perplexities, its quibbles and its quirks. Poets, satirists, and playwrights have alternately taken it up, and whether from an inability to pursue the subject further, or their success in raising a laugh without going below the surface or not, I cannot tell, have never ventured further than the threshold, but have ever regarded it as sufficient to excite ridicule of itself, as a certain celebrated *buffo* never appears upon the stage, that his entrance is not followed by shouts of laughter, of which he appears to be the innocent and unconscious cause. When the law is referred to, it is as an inextricable labyrinth; and when one of its professors is introduced, the knavish shrug of the shoulder, the equivocal nod of the head, and, above all, the by no means obscure hints which he makes at a more intimate acquaintance with your purse, properties with which he is so invariably invested, soon let you into the secret that you have fallen into the company of one to whom the peculiar privilege seems to be reserved of going crooked that he may the more effectually succeed in keeping others straight. Who, for example, has ever heard a lawyer called by any other cognomen than that of "Wormwood," "Clippurse," "Pillage," or something equally indicative of these popular attributes; or who would for a moment recognise the noble science of which he is a member, if its virtues were not conveyed to his mind by the characteristic epithets of knavery and chicane, or by something like the celebrated George Alexander Stevens' pithy and indefinite definition of—*law*?

I had often heard—who has not?—of the — court. History has blazoned its fame in vivid colours to my imagination, and my only wonder now is that I should so long have repressed a curiosity which I must confess I have not unfrequently felt, to witness its proceedings, and admire, from my own experience, the widely spread and well known dignity which graces it, and for which it is so generally and so universally distinguished. Accident, rather than design, at length gave me this opportunity; and my anticipations were by no means disappointed. The captain, whose skill in discovering incidents worthy of notice, has more than once called forth from me a tribute of acknowledgment, and upon whose judgment, in matters of that kind, I have learned to place implicit reliance, in the course of one of our rambles together, suggested the expediency of paying a visit to this far-famed tribunal, to which, with great readiness, I assented.—We accordingly bent our steps thither.

When within a short distance of the spot a murmuring conglomeration of sounds struck upon our ears, not much unlike the echo of what Homer terms "the much sounding sea," or perhaps more resembling what must be perfectly familiar with the school recollections of most of my readers, the "nick of

time," when the tired pedant, who has exhausted himself in raving and scolding his unruly urchins, leaves the room for a moment to relax himself from the cares and labours of his situation. As we approached nearer, the sounds became more audible, but not more distinct. Here and there a broken exclamation could be heard—then a laugh which went around like electricity, wound up by a general riot of unmeaning noise, and then renewed and continued without interruption, until every thing like order seemed to be entirely lost sight of, and confusion reigned with undisputed sway. Matters at length reached a crisis when endurance ceased to be a virtue, and when even Stentor could hardly have expected an easy victory in his own great art of making himself heard. I had never witnessed the like before, and was not a little at a loss to imagine what was the matter.

"They must be fighting," said I, hazarding a conjecture which seemed to me the most probable that I could have made.

The captain made no reply.

"Let us go in," continued I, and here I stepped towards the door.

"Hush," said the captain, as he placed himself between me and the door, "not yet."

My companion appeared to manifest so little concern on the subject, and to be so perfectly at ease under circumstances which I must confess occasioned no little alarm to me, that I desisted, and preserving the utmost silence, waited the denouement of a scene which seemed to promise nothing so likely as a general skirmish.

"Keep silence!" at length exclaimed a voice betokening vexation bordering upon despair, and which seemed almost to crack in the effort to make itself heard! "Keep silence there."

"Silence!" thundered a shrill-toned treble, which was speedily echoed by a hollow and sepulchral bass from the furthest corner of the room, and a comparative calm, which reminded me of that which Virgil speaks of in his description of a storm when Neptune reproves the rebellious winds, succeeded. How long it lasted it is not material to mention; suffice it to say, that before it was renewed, at least to the same extent as before, my friend and I found ourselves seated on the outer benches, among a herd who appeared to have but very recently made their escape from—but I hate reflections. We were no longer at a loss to account for the riotous conduct which had preceded our entrance, and which, in being silenced for a moment, seemed to have gathered a new accession of strength, and now burst out with redoubled noise and fury.

A short, squab old gentleman, the fire of whose eyes was in vain attempted to be concealed by a pair of large steel-mounted spectacles, which sat upon the very tip of his nose, was standing in the middle of the floor, with a violin in one hand, and a bow, which seemed only to be waiting for something like order to commence operations, in the other.

I looked at the captain, and he at me, alternately; astonishment was pictured on his countenance, which probably reflected the same expression from mine. One peal of laughter followed another; judge, jury, counsel, and parties, joined in the sport; and merriment and hilarity appeared to be the order of the day. I felt anxious to know the cause of a scene so novel, and, after a thousand conjectures, all of them unsatisfactory, I succeeded in learning from a tolerably intelligent individual who sat immediately before me, that one of the parties had sued the other for his services in arranging a piece of music for the violin, and that the little gentleman who cut so ridiculous a figure, had been called as a witness by the defendant, to satisfy the jury, by *auricular* demonstration, that the harmony of the piece bordered closely upon a degree of discord, which was so strongly marked upon the visages of the contending amateurs, that you could, without

the least difficulty, have selected them from among a thousand.

After the tumult had somewhat subsided, a long-legged fellow, whose appearance was as indicative of barrenness of purse, as his manner was of paucity of intellect, got up and objected to the testimony. A discussion ensued, upon which I do not intend to dwell, and the evidence was rejected. A murmur of disapprobation ran through the crowd, and the violin-player resumed his seat with no small degree of mortification on his part, at the disappointment with which his vanity had met, and on the part of the audience, at this unexpected curtailment of their pleasure.

A tedious and dry investigation as to quantity, time, and melody followed, during which the audience behaved with singular decorum, which would probably have continued uninterrupted but for the declaration of a witness that so discordant was the composition, that an old lady who kept a school immediately over where the composer performed his task, lost the principal part of her scholars in consequence of the rehearsals of the piece. The evidence at length closed; two or three speeches were made, and the jury found a verdict in favour of the plaintiff, who walked out of court with no small degree of triumph, occasionally casting a look of undisguised contempt on the envious performer, whose attempt to hold his piece up to ridicule had so happily failed. B.

PRUDENCE.

*Est modus in rebus sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.—Hor.*
The world is ours and ours alone,
For we alone have world at will.—*Beggar's Song*.

PRUDENCE is a word much oftener used than understood. There is, in fact, no term in the vocabulary of our language so horribly abused. Prudence is the choice of those circumstances which lead to happiness. Felicity is the end of man, and no worldly possessions are to be valued but as they are conducive to this great aim. Admitting ours to be the true definition, (and any one will agree with us in the spirit, if not in the words of it,) there are many who set a false estimation upon things, contrary to their reason; and pursue with eagerness such courses as lead not to happiness. The splendour of wealth, and the consequential dignity of high station, are looked upon as the *suma bona* of life; and the world has led itself into the belief, that riches and renown go hand in hand with happiness.

Our intercourse with the world has furnished us with sufficient examples of what are called prudent men; and we have taken the pains to inspect the character and learn the history of some of those distinguished by the appellation.

The first of whom we shall speak, is Dubitorius. He was remarkable in his youth for his steadiness, and for a distaste for all those sports and pastimes which belong to boyhood. When that period of life arrived in which choice is to be made of a profession or pursuit for our after years, the golden opportunity was permitted to pass by while he was doubting for what vocation he was naturally intended. His prudence especially showed itself in his courtship. He was not one, according to his own account, to shut his eyes and run into difficulty; he must have time to consider whether the choice he was about to make was a good one. He was once on the point of bringing the affair to a close, when prudence whispered in his ear not to be too hasty; and while he was considering the matter, a dashing fellow became acquainted with his Dulcinea, "popped the question," and was made happy with her hand. Dubitorius had his prudence left him as his consolation, and was heard to boast of his wisdom in not uniting himself to a flirt. His after life was one unvaried scene; free from misfortunes, to be sure, but insipid on account of its monotony.

Avarus was a man of a different stamp, but not less

prudent. He married an heiress. The great estate which now came into his possession served to keep him employed, and his only care was to increase it by prudent management. He was free from the vexation of a spendthrift family, fortune having blessed him with orbity. His exit from mortal life will show his previous happiness: with his last breath he advised his wife to husband her possessions.

Prudentius was born, as astrologers would say, under the business star. His paternal inheritance was small, but from perseverance he hoped to acquire a sufficiency. When he entered upon business he must deny himself all innocent pleasures on account of his slender means; and as his desire for gain increased proportionably with his acquisitions, the time for enjoying his ease and quiet never arrived. When he commenced life, his aim was to provide for retirement from the busy world when old age should fasten on him; when that arrived, he still found he had not sufficient while another was richer than himself; and his *otium cum dignitate*, which gave a zest to his early labour, was entirely forgotten. Too cautious to hazard his little in extensive speculations, he acquired by persevering industry and closeness of living, great wealth; and having made a mere machine of himself all his life, he left it to be divided between two sons; who, as they had not gained it by their own toil, spent it in extravagance.

We have now shown in what sense the world use the word prudence. In the character of those who gain this apparently enviable epithet, we can find no superiority in that quality which directs to the attainment of happiness; on the contrary their only aim is to acquire that which, when possessed, unsophisticated reason teaches cannot of itself afford happiness. They seek, instead of happiness, what is only one of the means of giving it.

In our opinion he is a prudent man who makes the enjoyment of life his object of search; and values worldly possessions only according as they tend to this end. He will separate happiness from its means, and value them in proportion to their influence. In all his operations he will be cautious in choosing those which lead to some good end; and will not be directed by the mistaken opinion of the world.

Of all the examples with which society has furnished us, none come so near to the idea which we have formed of a prudent man as Hortensius. The motive with which he always acted was the enjoyment of the moment; but he never adopted any method of gratifying his immediate wishes which was likely eventually to be productive of bad consequences. He thought that man was born for happiness, and the precepts of philosophy furnished him with the means. With such impressions he entered upon life, and found that he had chosen that medium which all pretend to have attained. He looked upon wealth only as the means of doing good and affording independence. According to the dictates of holy writ, he allotted a portion of time to all things; and did not spend a life in the acquisition of one thing because the world around him were doing so. Corporal labour was undergone as conducive to health and as obtaining the means of support. Mental discipline was made use of as the means of raising himself in the scale of sentient beings. Amusements filled up a part of his time, to give zest to necessary drudgery. We have seen him in many of the different situations of life, and have never found his parallel. In prosperity he was not too much elated; and a change in circumstances never brought despair. He generally bore a smile upon his face, and his brow was never suffered for any length of time to be clouded with care. He was accounted void of sensibility by "stiff pieces of formality," because he did not fall into a melancholy fit on the death of a friend; but a better heart never tenanted a human body. If he did not mourn a long while at the death of a friend, it was because he made allowance for mortality, and

instead of outrageous grief for an irretrievable loss, he endeavoured to assist the living.

Some thought him not sufficiently devout; but his was the religion of the heart. He looked upon forms as a method of introducing holy thought; as a kind of monitor to the heedless. When he pretended to have little regard for religious formalities, it was among those who manifested by their conduct that their religion consisted merely in going through particular ceremony.

"Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it;"

as age approached, his soul seemed to be lifted above the earth; and his death was merely a union of the vital spark with the heavenly flame. S.

THE DRAMA.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

RONZI VESTRIS.

"When you do dance, I wish you
"A wave o' the sea, that you might overdo
"Nothing but that; move still—still so, and own
"No other function."—Shaks.

We were born upon a spot of earth where feet are used for prosaic rather than poetical purposes, and where they are looked upon merely as appendages which it would be singular and inconvenient to be without. Independent of the ordinary business of life, walking and running matches, leaping, or any other hardy and vigorous exercises, were the affairs in which their services were commonly required; though, to be sure, the people did at times assemble, and voluntarily undergo and perform a violent and eccentric motion, by them termed dancing; but, as regarded all the graceful uses to which feet, and the limbs to which they are more immediately attached, might be brought by scientific cultivation, not an idea was entertained, and not a glimmering of light had been diffused upon the subject. Dancing was there in a primitive state, or rather it was worse—like the Russians, hovering between barbarism and civilization, with all the bad properties of both, and little of the good of either. The freedom and untaught grace of nature were gone, without any of the beautiful combinations and surprising achievements of art being substituted in their place. To a spectator, it seemed as if the parties engaged (the men at least) were, without any perceivable reason, subjecting themselves to a rough and somewhat disagreeable exercise. By a violent exertion of the muscles, the body was forced bolt-upright into the air, from whence, as soon as the impetus had ceased, it returned as speedily as possible to the floor, which it no sooner touched, than another desperate effort again propelled it upwards, and so on, until nature was exhausted. We had indeed at times misgivings if this could really be dancing; an art that was said to consist of a series of the most skilful and picturesque movements; and as we read of the Asiatic girls, the Greeks, Herodias, Mercandotti, Deshays, and others eminent in that line, we marvelled exceedingly; but any expressed opinion on the subject was instantly put down by a reference to the high professional character of the two gentlemen who had the superintendence of the heels of the springing generation in that portion of the globe.

In the course of time we beheld many professional artists (English ones) at theatres and other public places, and always felt relieved when they got through their work; and the performances of the Winnebago Indians went well nigh to convince us that dancing, in all nations, whether savage or civilized, was a foolish abomination. The appearance, however, of Hutin, and the French *corps de ballet*, threw some light upon the subject. The dancers of a nation of dancers were brought to the American shores to expound the mysteries of the *Academie de la Musique*. The essence, the quintessence of dancing, was what was expected, and had Vestris never appeared, it might still have passed for such. Here, at least, was some approach

to a union of grace and agility; while the boldness and novelty of the spectacle threw the audience into a state of most undignified surprise. They did not know exactly what to make of it, but took it for granted that it must be superlatively fine, and consequently counterfeited an exuberance of admiration; but when, in the *pas seul* of "I've been roaming," Hutin came bounding like a stag from the top to the bottom of the stage in about three springs, the connoisseurs in the pit were really amazed; they looked into each other's faces for information, but not finding any, grinned a smile of approbation, and many were heard to give utterance to the oracular exclamation of "no mistake!" a term by which no small portion of the inhabitants of this city intimate their sense of excellence in any shape.

But Vestris, the exquisite Vestris, appeared, and all that had gone before seemed poor in the comparison. With a form cast in nature's happiest mould, and a face to match; with

"Motions graceful as a bird's in air;"

with a step as free as fancy, agile as an antelope, and elastic as a bow, who was to be compared with her? When contrasted with her, the movements of all the rest were sharp and angular. Their performance was a collection of brilliant points—hers one uninterrupted piece of perfection. We did not want to see her dance, only to behold her in motion. She could even do that hardest of all things—violate nature gracefully; for it must be owned that some of her attitudes are such as nature never dreamt of, though this is a fault perhaps inseparable from the French school. Of the faults of that school she has less than any of the rest, especially the practice of twirling rapidly round on one foot to please the vicious taste, and gain the good-for-nothing applause of those whose ignorant wonder is excited by this vulgar and marvellously ungraceful trick. In the slow parts of some of the dances her action is in reality the very "poetry of motion:" the swell and fall of the summer sea—the waving grace of the rich meadow when the breeze passes gently over it—the peculiar sweep of the branches of the willow, which, even at their largest growth, seem constructed of the most delicate fibres—or, indeed, any thing that is most beautiful in motion, is, at times, not more beautiful than Vestris. And as the music takes a quicker and bolder measure, with what nerve and confidence she spurns the boards and throws herself in air! When we think of it, we look at the pedestals by which our own trunk is supported, and "inly ruminate" what quantity of cultivation would be necessary to enable them to accomplish such feats!

There is another advantage in seeing Vestris, particularly to persons whose ideas, like our own, are involved in more than Egyptian darkness concerning *pirouettes*, *entrechats*, &c. and who might expose their ignorance and get into an awkward dilemma by asserting that Estelle was better than Ravenot, or Ravenot better than Estelle. When Vestris is before them they are safe. They can lean back at their ease—assume a knowing and intelligent look—nod complacently at the execution of any surprising manœuvre, and indulge in the most sweeping eulogiums without fear of committing themselves; for she is

"such a dancer,
"Where men have eyes and feelings she must answer."

And whoever has heard Signorina Garcia sing, seen Kean act, and Vestris dance, has heard and seen three things well worth hearing and seeing; and is moreover well qualified to talk on these subjects without submitting deferentially to any travelled personage's assertion, that "they are very well, though nothing to —, —, or —," that he has seen in Italy, France, or England. He has heard few superior to the former, and seen none to equal the two latter. C.

Beware of sweet wine vinegar, saith the Italian proverb. The mildest persons carry their anger farthest when once it is justly excited.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

MONSTERS NOT MENTIONED BY LINNEUS.

For a succession of ages naturalists have endeavoured to nunciate the opinion that wild beasts are to be found only among the brute creation; but the melancholy fact is at length ascertained, that many monsters, besides those which usually haunt dens and caves, go loose in society under false pretences, deluding that public upon which they prey, into a belief of their harmlessness. We propose stirring a few of them up with the long pole of our ingenuity; and on the old principle of *place aux dames*, we shall begin with

THE-CONSEQUENTIAL-WISE-MAN-MONSTER.

Self-conceit, pomposity, and the profound admiration of old women, have been an overmatch for the originally weak intellect of Mr. Owlstare. He now imagines himself a walking encyclopedia, and the final court of appeal in all cases where a literary, political, moral, or religious dispute arises. Ask him to meet with the most eminent men of the day, and he never for a moment supposes the compliment is paid to him, but to them. Tell him one of your best stories, and it will fail to produce any effect upon him; he merely hints that he has heard it better told before. Make one of your profoundest observations on philosophy or political economy, and he will only hem, and look half sage half contemptuous. Try him upon the fine arts, and he gives you to understand that unless you have been to the Vatican, you cannot sail upon the same tack with him. Venture into the arena of science, and you are silenced, by hearing him pronounce Sir Humphrey Davy a mere schoolboy. The use he makes of all the information he possesses, is to exalt himself; and when his ignorance by chance stares him in the face, he gets out of the dilemma by treating his adversary with sarcastic indifference. In general company, this manner is successful. He is not much liked, but he is immensely respected. Hospitable country gentlemen, middle-rate lawyers, wealthy merchants, with all their wives and all their daughters, hardly know how to treat him with sufficient deference. Every body begs the honour of drinking wine with Mr. Owlstare; every body is anxious to know what Mr. Owlstare thinks upon the subject; every body sends the nicest cut in the whole salmon, and the wing and breast of the chicken to Mr. Owlstare. He goes into the drawing room, and the lady of the house carries him his tea-cup with her own hands, whilst her eldest girl, "who was seventeen the fifth of last September," brings him the cake. He eats and drinks an unconscionable quantity, but every body is continually beseeching him to eat and drink more. He goes home about nine—a kind of disagreeable caricature of Samuel Johnson; and his absence occasions, unconsciously, so general a relief, that the young people, in the exuberance of their spirits, propose a quadrille, and the previous generation sit down to whist enlivening the pauses of the game by the most lively encomiums on Mr. Owlstare.

THE-TREACLE-TONGUED-MONSTER.

Is commonly a female. She is probably a would-be-young old maid, who has wormed herself into a sort of paltry independence, principally by having had several legacies left her, the wages of toad-eating. She visits a good number of families of respectability on what she considers an easy and intimate footing; that is to say, she can look in upon them very soon after breakfast, or about tea-time, and she is sure not to derange their domestic economy, for they will say—"Oh! it is only Miss Amelia Treacle-Tongue." Her conversation is very thickly studded with tender appellatives; such as "my dear," "my love," terms in which she continually addresses all her female acquaintances. She is always very particular in her inquiries on the subject of health, and is distressed—quite distressed—to hear of the slightest ailment. A headache "alarms" her—a cough "suggests the fear of consumption,"—a sore throat makes her pathetic, and reminds her of "the uncertainty of human existence." She calls to ask after the patient every day, often twice a day, until the most perfect convalescence takes place. She apparently has the most ardent attachment for all children. She takes every little urchin in her arms, kisses him, calls him "a darling cherub," and gazes on him delightedly, (at least when his mama or papa is present,) although the "darling cherub" be a spoiled, clumsy, red-headed, disagreeable varlet. With all the minutiae of little family histories Miss Amelia Treacle-Tongue is particularly well acquainted; she communicates a piece of scandal, in the softest and most confidential manner; she "hints a doubt,"

or "hesitates dislike," with a whispering gentleness quite irresistible. She is rather delicate, yet goes abroad in all weathers. At table—not in her own house, but that of a friend—she is continually pressing you to eat, and animating on the poorness of your appetite. She has no taste or ear for music; but is exceedingly useful in praising the efforts of all the young ladies of the house, and in affecting rapture till others think it necessary to affect it too. She is rather religious, and has a temper which nothing on earth would seem capable of ruffling; yet, in truth, if her real character were known, she is the most peevish, hypocritical, greedy, selfish, and tyrannical being in existence. She is a concentration of stings smeared over with an external coating of honey; and does more mischief in her officious, sneaking, underhand way, than a hundred bold downright murderers, who kill their man and are hanged for it.

THE-CLEVER-YOUNG-MAN-MONSTER.

The growth of this species of monster has been so rapid, that it almost calls for the interference of the legislature.—Like the rats of the old Egyptian city, they threaten to eat up every thing. One can hardly turn without meeting this monster. He is about two and twenty: has rather an expressive face, and an interminable volubility of tongue. He is not one of those who hides his light under a bushel.—Upon all subjects he is equally at home—that is to say, equally superficial. He knows all about the next Waverley novel; he writes in Blackwood's Magazine, or at least says that he writes in it, and can tell you who all the articles are by. On the corn laws, the drama, the catholic question, the opera, phrenology, and modern poetry, he is ever ready to pour forth a torrent of information, of somewhat ephemeral interest, it is true—but this is not his fault. He writes and speaks on every subject that comes in his way. His father is proud of him; his mother doats on him; his sisters admire him; his cousins die for him. He publishes a thin quarto volume of very magnificently printed poetry, and, like Robert Montgomery's, his own portrait faces the title-page, his neck bare, and shirt collar turned down à la Byron—his hair combed back over his brow, and his eye looking upwards to see what is to be seen in the sky. Sensible men pronounce him a coxcomb: but the uninitiated discover genius in every line, and milliners fall into a pining melancholy by the hundred. Then comes a shower of albums, and he writes in every one of them, and signs his name at full length by way of autograph.—All this, though it may make "the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve." The Clever-young-man-monster, unless roused by ridicule into common sense and a useful pursuit, sinks into premature oblivion, and lives to wonder at his own littleness.

THE-INSIPID-YOUNG-LADY-MONSTER.

This is a harmless, but very annoying monster. She is rather pretty, lisps slightly, and, as the Ettrick Shepherd says, has a great quantity of "waving curls abunc the bree." She very frequently sits beside you at a large and ceremonious dinner-party. You determine to be agreeable, and almost brilliant; but, to your infinite distress, you discover, before the soup is removed, that the fair automaton has, in her whole composition, only one idea and a half. She listens to you, but does not understand you; your most sparkling sayings she rewards with a look of gentle bewilderment—half reproachful, and half deprecatory—as if she fancied you were quizzing her. You at length labour to say things as full of inanity and silliness as possible, and she immediately regains her composure, and thinks you have begun to talk rationally. Her mama watches the progress of the conversation, and is quite delighted with the attention you are paying her daughter. When you return to the drawing-room a seat is reserved for you, as an especial favour, beside the Insipid-young-lady-monster. Your concealed yawns almost kill you; but, to make up for your real listlessness, you affect the most animated pleasure, and next day all your friends wish you joy, considering the marriage already fixed. The insipid young lady actually knits a purse for you, and sends it to you with a note, in which there are only three grammatical errors. For a month the very sight of a female gives you the vapours; and you never go to a ceremonious dinner party without fear and trembling.

THE-STRONG-MAN-MONSTER.

Mr. Sampson Hammerclub is six feet one in height, and proportionably broad. He is a member of all Highland and gymnastic clubs. Athletic exercises engross all his time and thoughts. He is continually walking backwards—forward—upon his hands and feet—upon his head;—

running, leaping, riding, shooting, boxing, fencing, quoiting, pulling, climbing up poles, raising weights, and fifty other similar operations. In whatever society he may be, he never sits on his seat half an hour at a time, without offering to exhibit his powers, by lifting a chair in his teeth, and flinging it over his head; or bending a poker across his arm; or jumping over the table without breaking the decanters, or, if heaven hath made you of small dimensions, letting you stand upon one of his hands, and lifting you upon the sideboard. He has bushy, black whiskers, a strong voice, and immeasurable chest, and moves among delicate females, like "a bull in a china shop." He thinks himself the handsomest man in Scotland; and, by all persons of five feet six, is looked upon as the ugliest fellow in existence.

MANY OTHER MONSTERS

Whom we can at present do little more than name.—

There is the *Universally-respected or Exemplary-monster*—one who wants the virtue to be great, or the passion to be egregiously wrong; the *Over-refined-monster*—who, instead of a gentleman, is a *petit maître*, and mistakes finical nicety for taste; the *Would-be-gentle-monster*—who is the most vulgar creature under the sun, because he does not know his vulgarity, and therefore boldly does things which make every body else blush for one who cannot blush for himself; the *Inevitable-monster*—who, in his idleness and prosy stupidity, is continually inflicting himself upon you, and whom you are sure to meet with at every turn, without knowing how or why; the *Married-man-monster*—who, from being one of the best companions in the world, suddenly becomes uxorious, rigidly moral, and a great descender on the comforts of domestic life; the *No-supper-eating-monster*—who sits down to that most social of all meals, and will touch nothing but a crust of bread and a glass of water, which he seasons with anecdotes of nightmare and apoplexy; the *Clever-woman-monster*—who is aged thirty, at least, and probably unmarried, and who makes her reputation the excuse for brow-beating all her female acquaintances, and saying impertinent things to the men; the *Happy-monster*—who is always in the most tremendous flow of good spirits, and who has no more notion of indulging you in any thing like a sentimental mood, than he would have of scattering roses over his plum-pudding before he eats it; and, lastly, the *Editorial-monster*—who treats his contributors worse than negro-slaves, but of whom we shall only venture to say, that he is "a very ancient and fishlike monster."

DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

It is as miscellaneous as a pedler's box. A Norman tower, with artillery stores on the ground floor and records in the upper stories. Stores for soldiers below and lawyers above. Bastions of stone without cannon, and bastions of brick with cannon. Mints for coining money, and prisons for coining groans. A large modern town-hall-looking building, not filled with feasting corporations, but muskets, swords, and pistols. All the kings of England, in a row, clothed in the armour which they actually wore, of which (says Dr. Meyrick) not one piece is older than the time of Henry the Seventh. A menagerie of wild beasts, and a cupboard for the crown jewels. Dashing modern houses, with fine sash windows and antiquated towers. A platform battery of cannon, with no command of space before it; in short, a most extraordinary jumble, being an arsenal, a mint, a state prison, a record office, a jewel office, a menagerie, an old castle, a modern fortress, a wharf, a warehouse, and a town, all stuffed, like the goods in a wagon, into a small artificial island.

CHINESE MANNERS.

The following interesting description of Chinese manners is copied from the Canton Register:

Pekin, the metropolis of China, is erected on a very fertile plain, not far south of the great wall, in the most salubrious part of China, abounding with corn, fruits, herbs, and roots, and all the necessaries and comforts of life, except that of tea, none of which grows in that province.—The streets are always crowded, though Chinese women never appear in them, except in covered seats or chairs.—The reason of this crowding is, that all provisions are brought thither by land carriage, no river or canal coming within three miles of the city, which occasion the streets to be filled with carts, camels, horses, and other beasts of burden, with their drivers, insomuch that it is difficult to pass through the gates in a morning or evening. The artificers also contribute to increase the crowd, as they work in the

houses of those who employ them, and are perpetually looking out for business. Barbers go about ringing bells to get customers. They carry with them a bench, basin, towel, pot and fire, and when any person calls to them, they run up to him, and placing their bench in a convenient place in the street, they shave the head, clean the ears, put the eyebrows in order, and brush the shoulders, all for the value of a little more than a halfpenny. They then ring their bell again, and are ready for another customer. The tailors who ply in the streets, go home to the houses of their customers, and do their work there. They do not use thimbles, but tie a rag upon their fingers; nor do they sit down to their work, but sew standing, except when they grow tired. The work is upon a table, and they stand close to it. The motley crowd, busied in their several occupations, cause a vast confusion; while jugglers, ballad-singers, and nostrum-mongers, are encircled by their respective mobs.

A NEW MELO-DRAMA.

We learn, from the London Times, that a new and extremely interesting melo-drama has lately been produced at the Surrey Theatre. It is called *Black-eyed Susan, or, All in the Downs*; but it has no other connexion with the subject of that popular ballad than that the names of its hero and heroine are William and Susan—the former a sailor, and the latter his bride. The story is very simple, and has but few incidents; but those are so admirably well worked up, that the interest is kept alive from the beginning to the end. In the early part of the piece, the interest chiefly turns upon the hardships and privations to which Susan is exposed during the long absence of her husband, who is on board a king's ship. After being reduced from a state of comfort and independence by the villany of some of her former friends and the desertion of others, she is at length informed of William's death, and while labouring under the agony of this intelligence, she is about to be forced away by a gang of smugglers, the captain of whom had determined to marry her. From this peril she is rescued by the sudden arrival of William, whose joy at this happy event is of short duration. The captain of William's ship sees and falls in love with her, and learning she is the wife of one of his own crew, orders her husband on board. In his absence he proceeds to press his suit, and is about to resort to violence, when William enters, and by a blow of his cutlass lays him at his feet. For this offence he is brought to a court-martial, and sentenced to death. The scene of the trial, and the subsequent one of parting from his comrades and from his Susan, are extremely well managed. It will of course be anticipated, that just as William is about to suffer, a pardon arrives. It is discovered that he had been discharged from the service before the attack on his officer, and the articles of war do not apply to him. He is saved, and Susan is at length made happy. The piece was received with unbounded applause.

LITTLE PICKLE IN FRANCE.

A "sweet little fellow," just turned of ten, has been amusing the town of Aix with his lively vagaries. His mama, a widow possessed of some little property, made a pet of him, as it was very natural she should do, from his infancy. Of late his demand for pocket-money began to bear too hard upon her purse, and she with some difficulty mustered up courage enough to say "no," at the risk of making him very ill. The poor boy sobbed and pouted, and then grew really angry; so he went to the cage, opened it, and wrung the neck of his mama's favourite canary. This, it might have been imagined, would have brought her to her senses; but from stern necessity, or some other cause, she for once remained obstinate. The astonished darling became still more irate; he broke all the windows, and chased his mother and sister out of the house; barricaded himself in, and then commenced the demolition of the furniture, which he carried on with the most praiseworthy assiduity and perseverance. His mama would now fain have purchased a peace, but it was too late; determined to teach her how to snub him another time, and having fully completed his job in the interior, the insulted Master——ran up stairs, clambered out upon the roof, tore off the tiles, and, seating himself astride upon a rafter, began to uncase the house, which he has expressed his intention of pulling down by degrees. When the post left the town the "dear child" had already made some progress, and was pelting the people assembled in the street with the bricks and mortar. It is much to be feared this interesting infant will meet with some accident before he has half completed his task.

LITERARY.

RICHELIEU, A TALE OF FRANCE.

We have not the remotest conception of the number of novels published in London and republished here in the course of any given twelve months; but we have a very definite idea of the proportion of good and bad that exists among them. What that proportion is we do not feel disposed just now to say; our readers cannot be very deeply interested in the matter, and if they are, let them make the calculation for themselves; that is, if they think proper. One thing, however, we are willing to tell them now; and that is, that Richelieu, published last week by the Messrs. Harper, is more worth reading than any novel that has been published within the last year, always excepting the *Disowned* and the *Waverleys*. We like Pelham very much, but we cannot but prefer this Tale of France, because it contains matter more valuable, though not more interesting or amusing, than the biography of Master Henry Pelham.—The story of Richelieu is of the time of Louis XIII. and that famous minister whose name it bears. The characters are exceedingly well drawn, the incidents are natural, striking, and well arranged, and the style is remarkably free from the errors and inelegancies which so frequently deface the novels of the day. But it is not for all this that we prefer Richelieu to Pelham. It is because in Richelieu there is valuable information to be gained. The history of that remarkable reign is illustrated; the character and actions of some of its most prominent personages are described with vigour and fidelity; and the situation of the country, both in its physical and moral peculiarities, is depicted with accuracy and discrimination. In short, the merits of Richelieu are similar to those of *Quentin Durward*; and, bold as the assertion is, we do not hesitate in assigning to it a place second only in dignity to that so unanimously accorded to the romance of Sir Walter Scott.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Agents, and subscribers residing at a distance, who have not yet settled for the present volume, are requested to do so immediately. Our readers will remember that the terms of this publication are payable in advance, and that we wish them complied with in every instance. The Mirror, at four dollars, is cheap enough in all conscience; the music alone—to say nothing of the matter, the typography, or the copperplate engravings—being worth, per annum, more than that amount. Our friends will pardon us for thus jogging their memory.

The next Engraving.—A highly-finished copperplate engraving will be issued during the present quarter of the Mirror. It will comprise six of the public buildings of this city—the Merchant's-exchange, the Masonic-hall, the Unitarian church, the Branch bank, the Jew's synagogue, and the Rotunda—handsomely arranged in one picture.

The Uneducated Wife.—We conclude, in the present number, this very interesting story, which has attracted general attention, and elicited unanimous praise. Coming, as it does, from the pen of a lady, whose talents are not inferior to those of any female writer this country has yet produced, it reflects all the beauties of a vigorous and fanciful mind, whose powers have been enlarged and cultivated by a finished education.

Desultory Selections.—Under this head will be found an article—extracted from the Edinburgh Journal—which has gone the rounds of nearly all the papers, and has been only excluded from the Mirror hitherto by the press of other matter. We refer to "Monsters not described by Linneus," a racy *morceau*, full of point and brilliancy, which every one will be happy to preserve.

Hoboken.—The proprietors of the ferry to this delightfully romantic vicinage have reduced their prices of transportation to one half its former amount. In adopting this measure they have acted wisely, and will reap a golden harvest from the increased throngs which will resort to their boats in search of pleasure or health. The reduction has long been desired. Few places present greater facilities for an afternoon's excursion, or a more desirable locality for beauty of prospect, or freshness and salubrity of air than Hoboken. Yet many families have been hitherto prevented, by a regard to economy, from availing themselves of its benefits. This difficulty is now removed, and we have already seen the effects. The boats can scarcely accommodate the hundreds,

who press for admission, and they are occupied till a late hour in returning to the city the crowds that succeed in passing over in the day. As lovers of public accommodation we sincerely rejoice at this, and hope that the proprietors will be fully rewarded for their liberality. We will, however, take the liberty of offering to them a suggestion which has been dictated by a desire to see the good name which this ferry has hitherto enjoyed, preserved under the late change. The increased number of passengers is necessarily productive of the inconveniences attending such a promiscuous assemblage gathered from every corner of the city. Noise and confusion must, of consequence, prevail to a certain extent. There is no means of avoiding them altogether, but they need not be encouraged. The bar need not be there to act as a most powerful incentive to their indulgence. Liquor should not be sold in such a crowd. We are informed that on Sunday afternoon last a young boy, scarce fourteen years of age, was seen while in a state of actual intoxication, to purchase still more liquor on board one of these boats, to the disgust of every decent person present. This is wrong, and may be destructive to the profits of the boat, deterring the decorous and the orderly from going on board.

City of Troy.—To those who entertain any doubts as to the astonishing rapidity with which the spirit of improvement makes its gigantic strides throughout this state, a visit to the growing, populous, and hospitable city of Troy, would prove an unanswerable argument. Few years have elapsed since the thick wilderness cast its impenetrable shadows over the very spot which is now the busy mart of commerce, the *depot* of agriculture, the seat of manufactures, and the thriving nursery of an intelligent, industrious, and enterprising population. Religion, the arts, science, and all the branches of human ingenuity, find here a grateful and impulsive cultivation, which promise, ere long, the most brilliant results. In a visit which we lately made to this delightful place, we could not fail being struck with the remarkable improvements it has lately undergone.

Death of Charles Gilfert.—The late manager of the Bowery, the indefatigable caterer to the theatrical world, the original and justly celebrated musician, has passed from amongst us. His ready wit and pointed satire, his various and amusing conversation, his enterprise and ingenuity in devising, and his tact in producing histrionic exhibitions of a startling, mysterious, terrific, and glowing character, have seldom been equalled; and his invention and taste in his favourite art, have not been surpassed by any competitor in the United States. The melancholy close of Mr. Gilfert's life was precipitated by a series of misfortunes which quite broke down a spirit that had never been disciplined in the school of philosophy or prudence, and that had ever been the too ready victim to the seduction of pleasure, and the impulses of passion. His life and death furnish an example which should not be forgotten.

Columbia College.—The annual commencement took place on Tuesday last. The exercises at St. John's chapel were of a character fully sustaining the reputation of the institution. The degree of doctor of laws was conferred on W. Irving.

Fortunate Escape.—The young woman who was wounded at Staten Island, a few days since, we are truly happy to state, has entirely recovered.

A beautiful inscription.—In Trinity churchyard, there is an inscription on a tomb, so singularly and affectingly beautiful, we cannot forbear to record it, and the emotions it awakened in the bosom of a stranger. "It is an oblong pile of masonry, surmounted by a slab stone, on which are deeply cut the following words:

MY MOTHER.

The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise.

There are no other letters or characters to be found on the slab or the pile. If there is one inscription in the thousand languages that are, or have been, of earth, fitted to retain its sublime meaning through every period of time up to the resurrection morning, it is this. The writer seemed aware that names would be forgotten, and titles fade from the memory of the world. He, therefore, engraved the name by which he first knew her who gave him birth, on the stone—and the dearest of all names, that of MOTHER, shall sound a thrill through the heart of every one who may ever lean over this monumental pile. If any shall wish to know further of her, who had a child to engrave her most enduring name upon a rock, he is sublimely referred to the sounding of the trumpet and the rising of the dead, when he may know all."

WE'RE A' NODDIN.

AS SUNG BY MRS. AUSTIN.—ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR. BY W. WOOD, JR.

MODERATO CON ESPRESSIONE.

And we're a' nod-din, nid nid noddin, and we're a' nod-din at our house at hame, When the Dame's a - wa' 'tis the

time to woo, And the lads like las-ses, and the las-ses lads too; Kate sits i' the neuk, wi' her lad-die sae true, And the

carle take ye a' for you're a' nod-din too; And we're a' nod-din, nid nid noddin, and we're a' nod-din at our house at hame.

And we're a' noddin, nid nid noddin,
And we're a' noddin, at our house at hame.

And how d'ye, kimmer? and how d'ye thrive?
And how many bairns ha' ye, kimmer?—I have five.

And are they a' at hame?—Oh na, na, na,
Twa o' them are gone wi' Willie far awa;

And we're a' noddin, nid nid noddin,
And we're a' noddin at our house at hame.

VARIETIES.

EUROPEAN CURIOSITY.—The following is from Dwight's Travels: Yankee curiosity is proverbial in England, as well as in our own country. In the extended sense of this word, it is applicable to us in a peculiar degree; but in one more restricted, it applies equally to Europeans. I have never held five minutes conversation with a Frenchman or Italian, at least with those of the middle class of society, without being questioned as to my country, my occupation, &c. In Germany these questions are put to you less frequently, but still so often, as to remind you, that inquisitiveness is not confined to our villages. The form of address is always the same. "You are an Englishman, I suppose?" "No." "A Scotchman, perhaps?" "No." "You must be an Irishman, then?" "I am not." "You are not a Frenchman?" "Certainly not." "Are you an Italian?" "No." "You must be an Englishman, then?" "I never was in England." "Are you a Spaniard or Portuguese?" "No." "You are neither Greek nor Turk?" "No." "Oh! I know now; you are a Russian." "I have never been in Russia." "Are you from the North of Europe?" "I am not." "You must be an Asiatic then?" "I have never seen Asia." "You cannot be an African?" "No." By this time they arrived at the *ultima thule* of their recollection, and looking round at their companions if there were any present, with an expression of wonder, and then at me, with a gaze of astonishment; they either declared that I am from the moon, or with great earnestness inquire from what part of the world I have come. Sometimes I tell them that I have come from the moon, which they seem half inclined to believe; or when I mention my country, they exhibit as much surprise as if a *lunarian* had really descended to the earth.

A FABLE.—A bear, the sole support of his master, was standing upon his hind feet, and practising a dance in which he was not quite perfect. Delighted with his own importance, he said to a monkey: "What do you think of my

dancing?" The monkey was a connoisseur, and answered: "You dance very ill." "That," replied the bear, "is all prejudice. What, can you deny that my air is graceful and all my steps perfect?" A mule, that heard this dialogue, cried out, "Bravo! bear; bravo! There never was, nor ever will be, a better dancer." No sooner was this eulogy uttered, than the bear's arrogance vanished; he felt the reproof, and modestly exclaimed: "When the monkey disapproved of my performance, I began to doubt whether he was not right; but, now that I am praised by a mule, I am compelled to believe that I dance very ill."

The moral.—Authors, critics, orators and poets, learn wisdom from this bear! When the wise withhold their approbation, it is bad enough; but when fools praise, it is ten times worse.

LIVING ON STEAM.—The great utility of steam as a mechanical agent is acknowledged; but few have thought it a prime article of food, as Parisian ingenuity is trying to make it. A restaurateur at Paris has offered to feed five hundred people for two sous a-head, by means of the vapour arising from his stews, soups, and pasties! He asserts, that he can by this means live without eating; and that such unsubstantial diet may support the poorer classes.

WORTH TRYING.—In an English miscellany we find the following: The danger of being suffocated by smoke to which persons are exposed who enter premises on fire, may be effectually obviated by tying a wet silk handkerchief single over the face. A gentleman, who lately tried the experiment, was enabled to remain in a room which was on fire, in the most dense smoke, and work a small engine until he succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

OPPOSITION.—A teamster engaged in sprinkling the streets of Rochester, being one day overtaken by a sudden shower, exclaimed, "It's just so always! A man can't do anything in Rochester without opposition."

UNDERBIDDING.—A Frenchman assured one of our friends that his countrymen never buy an article at the seller's first

price. "For instance," said he, "one of them came into my store the other day, and priced a pair of silver buckles. I asked seven dollars. 'Eleven! I give you nine.' Seven is the price, sir, not eleven. 'Seven! I give you five!'"

A NEW FASHION.—The last number of the *Petit Courier des Dames*, of Paris, contains prints of the fashions for June, which leave all large sleeves worn since the American revolution quite in the back-ground. It is the bishop's sleeve. The tight wristband and bracelet too, are dispensed with. The hem is slightly turned back by a loop and button above the wrist, and is broadly pendant below, exhibiting the arm in an under sleeve. The dress is a wrapper of plain muslin, surrounded by a broad hem embroidered. A similar hem ornaments the lower part of the sleeve. As to the waist, it is comparatively a small matter.

A LASTING IMPRESSION.—A minister more celebrated for gesticulation than eloquence, remarked, "To judge from appearances at our last meeting, I trust that I made an impression that will last long." "You did, sir," replied one of his hearers, "Upon the—*pulpit cushion*."

CONUNDRUMS.—Why are the steam-boat regulations like a bad wife?—Because the baggage is at the risk of the owner.

Why are opposition steam-boats like corsets?—Because they reduce the fare—*fair*.

When is a steam-boat musical?—When it is going to Sing-sing.

Why is a man who expects a kiss and is refused, like a shipwrecked fisherman?—Because he has lost his smack.

What sect may a man be said to belong to who wears thin clothes in winter?—The shakers.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

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NUMBER 6.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FIRE-FLY.

HAIL! little meteor of the gloom
That shrouds the sleeping vale,
Rejoiced to leave thy half-year tomb,
And mount upon the gale.

Beside the still sequestered stream
Thou trimm'st thy fitful light,
To cheer with evanescent beam,
The deep'ning shades of night.

Like thee, I love not garish day,
With all its wanton glee:
Its reckless din and proud display
Have but few charms for me.

But when its robe the twilight flings
O'er mead and forest height,
And bird to bird responsive sings
Sweetly their last "good night:"

Oh, then my wearied spirit pants,
Alone, unseen to flee,
Awhile from man's unhallowed haunts,
Star of the groves, to thee:

Then while the eye of memory sleeps
O'er life's unnumbered ills,
As night her noiseless sabbath keeps
Amid the lonely hills—

While every star in heaven appears
More holy than before—
The vanished light of youth's bright years,
Gleams o'er my soul once more.

Like hope, frail living form of light,
Thy lamp's not aye the same;
Awhile she cheers the wand'rer's sight,
Then hides the transient flame:

Yet, hope-like, when the gazer's eye
Looks through the gloom in vain,
One beam of beauty to decry,
Thou show'st thy torch again.

Thus is man's ever-varying heart,
By fitful passion made
The portraiture of all thou art—
Alternate light and shade!

REGRETS.

O that my lot had never been to roam,
Far from the scenes where nature nurtured me,
In the deep quiet of my cottage home,
All deftly shaded by the green wood tree,
From which the wild bird in his joyance free,
Trilled his full carol-note the livelong day,
Till I, enchanted by his minstrelsy,
Tuned my unpractised harp, and far away
In the deep glens retired, poured its first virgin lay.

Why did I wander forth? Alas! methought
The peopled world was like my own sweet vale,
Serene and sunny as that sylvan spot,
But richer far in glory's proud entail,
And beauty's charms that every heart assail;
And richer far in hope's high promises,
That youth may list on every passing gale,
Whispering of honours falsely deemed to bless
The votary of fame with years of happiness.

Why did I wander forth? Alas, to find
That wooing world a wild and troubled sea,
Heaving its living billows to the wind
Of every passion, dark and restlessly.
I came with light and bounding heart to be
Mocked by the traitress hope—I came to share
With want and wrong the cup of misery,
Embittered by the rich man's scorn—to bear
The scoff of vaunting rank, the pangs of deep despair.

I came to learn with what cold listlessness
Man can look down upon his fellow's woes,
Regardless of the heavings of distress,
Which threaten not to harm his own repose—
To see high friendships, like a frost-nipt rose,
Wither and die of many a nameless blight,
Which promised erst in beauty to disclose
The young heart's treasures, and love's quenchless light,
That lives but in her dreams who kens not man aright.

It may be that in my short pilgrimage,
I have seen nothing but the darker side

Of the stern passions which unceasing wage
Their war on human reason—that the tide
Of my own feelings has been swayed by pride
From truth's broad channel into error's maze—
That jaundice-visioned prejudice has eyed
The varying objects of her searching gaze,
Through the unsteady light of envy's gloomy haze.

I will believe it so—I will believe
That man is all he could be, for I ne'er
Harboured a hate against him, but would weave
Were mine the power within my humble sphere—
A garland of all goodly things to cheer
His path of desolation—I would dry
On his wan cheek the bitter scalding tear,
That sorrow wringeth from the sunken eye,
And point its hopeless glance up to the rainbowed sky.

But 'twere a thankless task! for who would bare,
Of all earth's suffering ones of each degree,
His bosom's hidden ills, that he might share
The solace of misfortune's sympathy?
Who trust his frail bark's guidance unto me,
And by my poor experience think to find
Life's haven-home beyond its stormy sea?
I may not blame his caution as unkind—
The blind of head and heart should never lead the blind.

Sweep on, then, tide of years! I will not weep
But smile to see my life-sands numbering fast;
For like a restless spectre-haunted sleep,
Seems the dim shadow of the vanished past;
While all the future, gloomily o'ercast,
Holds not a hope to me—then sweep again,
And when I reach life's silent bourne at last,
I will not count that I have lived in vain.
If my example teach to shun ambition's chain. ARION.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE INDIAN QUEEN AND HER DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.*

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

ON one of those delicious evenings so common in the West-India Islands, and so much easier to admire and enjoy than to describe, a beautiful Indian girl, apparently about sixteen, stood before an open window with her eyes fixed on the river Neyva, which flowed with many graceful windings to the bay. The queen, her mother, who had for some time been watching her with maternal tenderness, drew near, and putting her arm affectionately round her slender waist, said,

"Come, my daughter! gaze not so anxiously upon the moonlit waters; look up, with me, to the clear sky; and those bright stars that glitter, and then seem to hide their brightness, like fire-flies amid the dewy violets. How beautiful that white transparent cloud sails on over the moon's calm face. They tell us that among those brilliant things is found the christian's paradise. It is, indeed, a most lovely thought. It has often occurred to me, as I reclined on the green turf, and watched their shining between the glossy palm leaves, it would be glorious to be a bird, a *thinking bird*, and see those wonders! How soft the spicy gales come over us, so full of fragrance that you almost look for the crushed flowers. Come, my gentle child, we'll walk beside the river: perhaps its quiet flow and rippling music may take that look of care and thought from your young and always until now bright, happy face. What do you fear, my daughter? You cannot doubt the truth and constancy of Don Fernando?"

"Doubt him, my mother? no; I am sure he is all truth and goodness; but I—"

The lovely Indian stopped; she had not told her noble mother the cause she had to fear, and still she

hesitated; her young and innocent mind revolted at the thought of having been thus sought for by the king himself. She shrunk with horror from the love of Roldan, the proud licentious rebel who had brought nothing but tumult, misery, and discord over their once happy plains. She feared his arts—feared not for herself—for the devoted love of woman is still the same, whether among the desert's children or in the city's crowded haunts; whether on Afric's sands or Lapland's snows—she feared for her Guevara, and though she hesitated, she wished her mother to know the perils that she thought surrounded him.

Anacoana took her hand, and looking earnestly in her face, said,

"Why do you hesitate, my child? Speak out and tell me what you fear."

Higuanioto hid her blushing face upon her mother's shoulder, and told of Roldan's lawless love.

Anacoana threw her arms around her, while tears stood in her eyes, and her cheeks glowed with anger.

"Could he thus insult my lovely one?" said she, "the base, ungrateful Spaniard. I'll go to him, as soon as the sun gives light. But fear thee not; Guevara will soon be with thee; he is only stopping to gather you some wild flowers for a bridal wreath or perhaps he's seeking some bright pearls to make your coronal. Recline upon your hammac, dearest, for your cheek is pale, and I'll go forth to meet Fernando."

"I am not weary, mother, and will along with you; perhaps his light canoe is even now skimming across the Neyva."

They went together and watched each little speck until the moon informed them it was "the noon of night." Then, with aching eyes and a sad heart, the young Higuanioto consented to return. She threw herself upon her hammac, not to sleep, but weep, and think of her Guevara, who had been summoned away by the haughty chief before he had pressed his innocent and beauteous bride to his fond heart.

Don Fernando Guevara, the affianced husband of the beautiful princess Higuanioto, was a young and elegant hidalgo of noble family. His handsome person and insinuating manners won him many friends, but his want of principle and his dissolute life caused the most virtuous of them to look on him with coldness.

The noble Columbus, unwilling that the colonists should be injured by his example, had ordered his return to Spain, and it was while waiting the arrival of a caraval, that Don Fernando became enamoured of this lovely maiden; and love had so much purified his thoughts that he resolved to wed her. She thought him all that man should be—virtuous, brave, and noble. To her untutored mind, he was a being to idolise. Little did the innocent creature know, when she rested her beautiful head upon his bosom, what a volcano of bad passions burned beneath. Still all was not evil in Guevara's heart: he loved the maiden, and had resolved to abandon his lawless life, and live for love and Higuanioto.

The queen her mother, the beautiful Anacoana, favoured his suit: for much as she had suffered by the cruel Spaniards, her noble mind, forgiving insult and injury, looked on them now as friends. Deceit and meanness were strangers to her generous bosom. Columbus was a being of which even in her wildest fancies she had never dreamed. Her famed ayretos (a kind of ballad) often told of heroes; some more touching sung of love; but Columbus she could fall down and worship. To form a story that would tell

* The principal facts which form the plot of this narrative, are found in Irving's *Life of Columbus*.

his greatness, needed a more powerful mind than that of Anacoana.

The territory over which she reigned, with her beloved and powerful brother Behechio, was a perfect Eden; her subjects all adored her, and they had cause to love their generous queen. Nature had lavished her every charm of person, and her mind was beautiful as the casket that enshrined it.

The young and gentle Higuanioto was a darling child, for she had always been all that a mother could desire. Her fairy form was ever hovering round her, ready to anticipate her wishes. She loved to cull the sweetest flowers to deck her mother's noble brow, forgetful of her own. Thus they lived and loved until the destroyer came.

Two days had passed since Don Fernando left his young bride, while yet the priest was waiting, on a summons from the haughty Roldan, who had heard that Guevara loved the maiden; and his fierce bosom burning with rage, though he concealed it, he ordered the youth, (who pleaded with earnestness his honourable passion) to desist from all attempts to see or win the affections of the daughter of such a powerful queen as Anacoana.

"I love the maiden, chief," said Don Fernando, "and but for your hasty summons she would now have been mine."

Roldan looked on him with a frown so dark and deadly, that Guevara shrunk from him with dread.

"Marry her," said he, with a smile of scorn; "yes, you would marry her to-day, and to-morrow sail for Spain. Let me hear no more of this. You have been commanded by the admiral to leave the island, and shall not impose upon the hospitable Anacoana. Go to Cahay, and wait the arrival of the caraval; and if I hear that you attempt to see Higuanioto, or appear again in Xaragua, I will send you to the admiral."

The proud hidalgo's bosom swelled, but checking and concealing his passion, he bowed, and feigned submission. Perceiving that he was watched, he went to Cahay, intending, as soon as suspicion was asleep, to steal away to his sweet Indian maid, who, he well knew, was counting the tedious hours of his absence, for he had promised to be with her the next day at sunset.

Three days had passed, and yet he came not. Higuanioto had prevented her mother's visit to the chief.

"Go not," she said; "Guevara is in his power, and should he know how dearly he was loved by me, I fear he would take his life."

"I know," replied Anacoana, "that he is a licentious profligate, but still he would fear my anger, for I have a powerful friend in that great and godlike man Columbus. But I will wait, if you desire it."

The fourth day of his absence, Higuanioto, at its close, retired to her bower, where the wild flowering vines had mingled with the luscious grape, and winding their green tendrils round a cluster of beautiful trees, had formed a retreat fit for a queen. She threw herself upon the turf, and as the sun declined, and Guevara came not, the tears fell fast from her dark, melting eyes. She leaned her face on her small dimpled hands, as if she wished not to see its last red rays flash over the waters. Avhile she sat thus, when a rustling among the vines startled her, she raised her head, and in a moment was in Fernando's arms.

"My own, my beloved one," said he, pressing her to his bosom, "we part no more; here will I live or die."

The beautiful Indian was again all joy. To her it was happiness to look upon her lover, and it was not until the first glow of that most joyful meeting had settled into calm delight, that Higuanioto saw the pale and haggard looks of Don Fernando. She saw too, with surprise, that her fond mother had led them to a retired apartment; that the door was closed with care,

and that the windows, round which the clustering vine had been the only curtain, were now covered.—They spoke almost in whispers.

"What means this caution, mother?" said the trembling girl; "does any danger threaten us?"

"I, dearest," said Fernando, "am a fugitive. The base-born Roldan ordered me—yes, even me—a Spanish noble, to leave you and these plains for ever; threatened, in case of a refusal, to send me as a sower of sedition to the admiral. How my blood boiled; and, but for you, I would have struck him to the earth. I knew his power—knew he could call his myrmidons around him, and I concealed my feelings, determined to make a show of obedience until you were mine beyond his means to part us. Now," said he, as he drew Higuanioto to him, "let him do his worst. He thinks me safe among the dogs and hawks of Adrian, while I am happy in your smile, my gentle bride. Your noble mother has promised to conceal me; though mark me, Higuanioto, it is not fear—his dark eye flashed, and his brown cheek was flushed—"that makes me hide thus; it is that I may be with thee. Here, here alone is liberty. To live without thee is worse than bondage."

The lovely Indian maiden took his hand between both hers, and looking on him with a smile of such deep feeling tenderness that her young heart seemed floating in her eyes, she said,

"So you but stay with us, this room is world enough for me."

A few days, though in this concealment, passed so blissfully, they seemed but moments. At night they walked abroad, and talked of years of happiness, when the fierce robber Roldan would be far away with his licentious followers. But Roldan hearing that Guevara had fled from the province of Cahay, traced him to Xaragua, and finding he was with Higuanioto, his rage knew no bounds. Though unable to leave his house (for he was ill,) he sent to him with a peremptory order that he should quit the province immediately.

"Go, tell him," said the enraged Guevara, his proud Spanish blood crimsoning his face, "that I despise and scorn him, and that I will not obey his commands! How dare he, a base born usurper, whose head is at this moment forfeited, and who lives but by the clemency of him, whose noble soul, above the meanness of revenge, has given him time to redeem his foul, ungrateful conduct. Go tell him this from me. I go not with you."

But Roldan had resolved to be obeyed, and sent a body of armed men to take him by force. The queen entreated Guevara, for her daughter's sake, to bend to the proud chief.

"Go to him; tell him you will do all he wishes except abandon your wife. You know that your great admiral has given him power, thinking him worthy of it. He has abused the confidence reposed in him, and will, I doubt not, be very soon removed. I pray you, dear Fernando, listen to my counsels."

"I cannot, Anacoana, I cannot humble myself again to such a wretch. How has he behaved to the man that raised him from the very scum of the people, and loaded him with favours. No, no; to him I cannot sue. Were he away, I would haste to Columbus and tell my story; but he will ruin all."

Higuanioto knelt before him, her face bathed in tears, her hands clasped together, and, with a voice of melting tenderness, besought him not to break her heart:

"Oh, go to him, Guevara; tell him that we will hasten to some far distant shore, where none shall know that two such beings live and love. I will go with you to the dreariest cavern, or the wildest desert; so I but see you smile, and hear you speak, I shall be happy."

The proud Spaniard was softened but not subdued. He consented to go to Roldan, and, for her sake, to

promise him submission. Then kissing her smooth cheek, he left her, and, when before the rebel chief, promised so fair, that he, deceived by his apparent humbleness, consented to his stay for the present.

But Don Fernando was a haughty, proud, revengeful Spaniard; who felt himself debased in suing thus, and humbling himself to one whom he despised, and that he knew intended to remove him that he might take his place in the affections of the lovely Higuanioto, in whose heart all now was joy and gladness. Guevara was to remain; that was enough for her. The sparkling eye and bounding step told all around that her "content was absolute."

A few short weeks passed happily away, when she began to feel that a desire of vengeance, a burning hatred to his enemy, was now the hydra that swallowed up all other passions. His sleepless nights, his absent looks, his flushed and frowning brow, told her of feelings that were new to her ingenuous mind.—She entreated him to inform her what had moved him thus, (for he had not confided to her or Anacoana his plans) but he evaded it by promising to do so soon. She knew that he had meetings with Adrian Moxica, a vile, unprincipled deserter from the admiral, and others; but she knew not that all was ready to seize upon and kill the proud usurper Roldan. The night before the deed was to be done, Guevara, certain of success, seemed happy—and to the innocent creature who sat beside him, he looked as he used when he first won her love. She was singing to him one of her mother's ayretos, her soft voice giving new charms to what in itself was beautiful, when a band of armed men burst suddenly upon them, bound Guevara, and tore him away, even while the arms of Higuanioto were twined around him. They left her kneeling on the floor; her mother tried to soothe her; still she spoke not, moved not, but remained like a cold statue, her eyes cast down and tearless, her arms crossed on her bosom, as if the soul had gone with him she loved and left a breathing image. Anacoana threw herself beside her, and exclaimed,

"My child, look on your mother; all is not lost, Columbus will release him."

These words brought life into her looks; she gave one sigh of deep, deep agony, and sunk upon her mother's bosom.

THE REVIEW.

REVIEW OF THE CASKET.

We are indebted to the London Literary Gazette for the following string of "pearls at random strung." Instead of analysing the contents of the Casket, which we have but just opened, we cannot do better than choose a few specimens; endeavouring, like a fair lady at some favourite *fete*, to use our best taste in the selection. The two following, by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, are most touchingly simple and beautiful:

Lines to a young lady, on her marriage.

They tell me, gentle lady, that they deck thee for a bride,
That the wreath is woven for thy hair, the bridegroom by thy side;
And I think I hear thy father's sigh, thy mother's calmer tone,
As they give thee to another's arms—their beautiful—their own.

I never saw a bridal but my eyelids hath been wet,
And it always seemed to me, though a joyous crowd were met
To see the saddest sight of all, a gay and girlish thing
Lay aside her maiden gladness—for a name—and for a ring.

And other cares will claim thy thoughts, and other hearts thy love,
And gayer friends may be around, and bluer skies above;
Yet thou, when I behold thee next, mayst wear upon thy brow,
Perchance, a mother's look of care, for that which decks it now.

And when I think how often I have seen thee with thy mild
And lovely look, and step of air, and bearing like a child,
O how mournfully, how mournfully the thought comes o'er my brain,
When I think thou ne'er mayst be that free and girlish thing again.

I would that as my heart dictates, just such might be my lay,
And my voice should be a voice of mirth, a music like the May;
But it may not be!—within my breast all frozen are the springs,
The murmur dies upon my lip—the music on the strings.

But a voice is floating round me, and it tells me in my rest,
That sunshine shall illumine thy path, that joy shall be thy guest,
That thy life shall be a summer's day, whose evening shall go down,
Like the evening in the eastern clime, that never knows a frown.

When thy foot is at the altar, when the ring hath pressed thy hand,
When those thou lovest, and those that love thee, weeping round thee stand,

Oh! may the rhyme that friendship weaves, like a spirit of the air,
Be o'er thee at that moment—for a blessing and a prayer!

Stanzas addressed to ———.

You ask me, gentle maiden,
For a rhyme, as friendship's boon;
But my spirit is o'erladen,
My heart is out of tune;
I may not breathe a poet's vow,
My music is a name,—
And it seldom breaks its slumbers now
For beauty or for fame.

Yet there are some who still can break
The spell that round it clings,
And gleams of thought, that yet awake
Sweet murmurings from the strings;
But then, with something of its old
And long-forgotten art,
Oh! there mingle tones, that fall as cold
As midnight on the heart.

I hang it on a blighted tree,
In a dream-remembered land,
Where the waters ripple peacefully,
In their beauty to the strand,—
Beside my own lanthe's bower,
Where I had traced her name,—
But, from that most ill-omened hour,
It never was the same.

Yet, though its gayer notes be flown,
My spirit doth rejoice,
When I deem that visionary tone
The echo of her voice:
For like the voice of the evening breeze,
When the autumn leaf it stirs,
And a murmuring music's on the trees
Oh! just such a voice was hers.

Silent and sad her tomb is there,
And my early visions too,—
But her spirit is lingering in the air,
And her tears are in the dew,
And the light of her maidenly-mournful eyes,
On her bower hath never set,
For it dwells in the stars, it gleams from the skies,
On a lonely bosom yet.

Can any thing be more spirited than the following by T. Marshall?

The Hunted Stag.—A Sketch.

What sounds are on the mountain blast?
Like bullet from the arbalest,
Was it the hunted quarry past
Right up Ben-ledi's side?
So near, so rapidly he dashed,
Yon lichened bough has scarcely plashed
Into the torrent's tide.

Ay!—The good hound may bay beneath,
The hunter wind his horn;
He dared you through the flooded Teith,
As a warrior in his scorn!
Dash the red rowel in the steed,
Spur laggards while you may!
St. Hubert's shaft to a stripling's reed,
He dies no death to-day.

"Forward!"—Nay, waste not idle breath,
Gallants, ye win no greenwood wreath;
His antlers dance above the heath
Like chieftain's plumed helm;
Right onward for the western peak,
Where breaks the sky in one white streak.
See, Isabel, in bold relief,
To fancy's eye, Glenarnsey's chief,
Guarding his ancient realm.
So motionless, so noiseless there,
His foot on earth, his head in air,
Like sculptor's breathing stone!
Then, snorting from the rapid race,
Snuffs the free air a moment's space,
Glances grimly on the baffled chace,
And seeks the covert lone.

We regret we have not room for the "Dead Pirate," by the same author. The next little poem is very exquisite—"one haunting touch of melancholy thought." It is from the pen of Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer.

Complaint of the Violets.

By the silent foot of the shadowy hill
We slept in our green retreats,
And the April showers were wont to fill
Our hearts with sweets;

And though we lay in a lowly bower,
Yet all things loved us well,
And the waking bee left its fairest flower
With us to dwell.

But the warm May came in his pride to woo
The wealth of our virgin store,
And our hearts just felt his breath, and knew
Their sweets no more!

And the summer reigns on the quiet spot
Where we dwell—and its suns and showers
Bring balm to our sister's hearts, but not,
Oh not to ours!

We live—we bloom—but for ever o'er
Is the charm of the earth and sky:
To our life, ye heavens, that balm restore,
Or bid us die!

The "Lines to an Orphan," by Mrs. Hemans, are full of that sweetness yet sorrowfulness of affection in which she excels.

"Thou hast been reared too tenderly,
Beloved too well and long,
Watched by too many a gentle eye:
Now look on life—be strong!

Too quiet seemed thy joys for change,
Too holy and too deep;
Bright clouds, through summer skies that range
Seem oftentimes thus to sleep,—

To sleep, in silvery stillness bound,
As things that ne'er may melt;
Yet gaze again—no trace is found
To show thee where they dwell.

This world has no more love to give
Like that which thou hast known;
Yet the heart breaks not—we survive
Our treasures—and bear on.

But oh! too beautiful and blest
Thy home of youth hath been;
Where shall thy wing, poor bird! find rest,
Shut out from that sweet scene?

Kind voices from departed years
Must haunt thee many a day;
Looks that will smite the source of tears
Across the soul will play.

Friends—now the altered or the dead—
And music that is gone,
A gladness o'er thy dreams will shed,
And thou shalt wake alone.

Alone!—it is in that deep word
That all thy sorrow lies:
How is the heart to courage stirred
By smiles from kindred eyes.

And are these lost? and have I said,
To ought like thee—be strong?
So bid the willow lift its head,
And brave the tempests wrong!

Thou reed! o'er which the storm hath passed,
Thou, shaken with the wind,
On one, one friend, thy weakness cast,
There is but one to bind.

There are two clever, but too allegorical poems by Mr. Praed: we prefer his charades, flowing in the most musical verses, filled with poetical imagery, and original as the character he alone seems able to give them. How very gracefully turned is the compliment in this one page:

Come from my first, ay, come!
The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump and the thundering drum
Are calling thee to die!

Fight as thy father fought,
Fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught thy shroud is wrought;
So—forward! and farewell!

Toll ye, my second! toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul,
Beneath the silent night!

The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,—
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:
So—take him to his rest!

Call ye my whole, ay, call!
The lord of lute and lay;
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day.

Go, call him by his name;
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave!"

Need we add the solution in the name of Campbell? We must find space for two or three more.

Morning is beaming o'er brake and bower,
Hark! to the chimes from yonder tower;
Call ye my first from her chamber now,
With her snowy veil and her jewelled brow.
Lo! where my second, in gorgeous array,
Leads from his stable her beautiful bay,
Looking for her, as he curvets by,
With an arching neck and a glancing eye.
Spread is the banquet, and studied the song;
Ranged in meet order the menial throng;
Jerome is ready with his book and stole,
And the maidens fling flowers, but where is my whole?
Look to the hill—is he climbing its side?
Look to the stream—is he crossing its tide?
Out on the false one! he comes not yet—
Lady, forget him, yea, scorn and forget.

My first was dark o'er earth and air,
As dark as she could be!
The stars that gemmed her ebony hair
Were only two or three;
King Cole saw twice as many there
As you or I could see.

'Away, King Cole,' mine hostess said,
'Flaggon and flask are dry;
Your nag is neighing in the shed,
For he knows a storm is nigh.'
She set my second on his head,
And she set it all awry.

He stood upright upon his legs—
Long life to good King Cole!
With wine and cinnamon, ale and eggs,
He filled a silver bowl;
He drained the draught to the very dregs,
And he called this draught my whole.

He talked of daggers and of darts,
Of passions and of pains,
Of weeping eyes and wounded hearts,
Of kisses and of chains;
He said, though love was kin to grief,
He was not born to grieve;
He said, though many rued belief,
She safely might believe;
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

He said, my first—whose silent car
Was slowly wandering by,
Veiled in a vapour faint and far
Through the unfathomed sky,—
Was like the smile whose rosy light
Across her young lips passed,
Yet oh! it was not half so bright,
It changed not half so fast;
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

And then he set a cypress wreath
Upon his raven hair,
And drew his rapier from its sheath,
Which made the lady stare;
And said, his life-blood's purple flow
My second there should dim,
If she he loved and worshipped so
Would only weep for him;
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

In adding the solutions—*bridegroom—night-cap—moonshine*, we confess to only guessing, so that our readers may still exercise their ingenuity.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

POMPEY'S STATUE.—Lord Hertford, who is now living at Rome, has purchased the celebrated statue of Pompey, at the foot of which "great Cæsar fell!" for five thousand one hundred pounds sterling.

POLISH COINS.—Three silver Polish coins, of the reign of Sigismund the third, have been found in a garden on the banks of the Don. One of them, struck in 1617, bears the arms of the free town of Dantzic; the other two are of the dates of 1622 and 1623.

OPTICAL AMUSEMENTS.—The following experiment, suggested by Dr. Brewster, explains very agreeably the formation of halos: Put a few drops of saturated solution of alum on a piece of glass; it will rapidly crystallize in small octahedral plates, scarcely visible to the naked eye. When this is held between the eye and the sun, or a lamp, the eye being nearer the smooth surface of the glass, three beautiful halos of light will appear, at different distances from the luminous body. The interior halo, which is the whitest, is formed by the images refracted by two of the surfaces of the crystals, but little inclined to each other. The second halo, whose colours are finer, is formed by two faces more inclined; and the third, which is very large, and highly coloured, is formed by two faces still more inclined. The same effects may be obtained with other crystals, and each halo will be either double when the refraction is considerable, or modified by various colours when the refraction is weak. The effects may be varied in a curious manner, by crystallizing on the same piece of glass salts of a determinate colour. By this means halos white and coloured succeed each other.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

TENTH NUMBER OF THE PERIPATETIC.

PHILOSOPHY.

The spell is broke, the charm is flown!
Thus is it with life's fitful fever;
We madly smile when we should groan;
Delirium is our best deceiver.
Each lucid interval of thought
Recalls the woes of nature's charter,
And he that acts as wise men ought,
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.—Byron.

I HAVE well nigh resolved to turn philosopher. I am tired of the alloy of human judgment, when taken in connection with the standard which it usually adopts, and the conviction of the fallacy of which has alone induced me to take up this resolution, and will, I am persuaded, strengthen me in its observance. We live in a world of illusion, where every man is esteemed in the same ratio that he can deceive and beguile others, and of necessity himself, and where he is the cleverest fellow who can most successfully, and with the least share of suspicion, put us in good humour with our disappointments, to say nothing of our misfortunes. All, as if by common consent, yield their assent to the dominion of this principle, until, like the two Frenchmen who, accidentally meeting in a narrow street, from excessive politeness, bowed each other into the gutter, they are left to enjoy the reflection that what in the abstract would be considered their misfortune, is in truth a circumstance productive of gratification and of pride. Am I alone then, when I say that I wish henceforth to shake off this delusive principle, to acknowledge no standard but that of abstract truth, and to consider men and things with reference not to each other, but to themselves? Or can that resolution be considered unnatural or misanthropic, which would tear away the veil of deception which custom would oblige us to wear, and display to us, stripped of their disguises, the follies and vices of the world in which we live?

This sentiment is one, the abstract truth of which, though it may be acknowledged by all, is adopted in practice by comparatively few, and how often in pursuing it has the most towering genius quailed and fallen beneath the influence of popular error, and the keenest sensibility pined and wasted itself away in contrasting its lofty views of human nature with the littleness and faithlessness of individual man? The mean and ordinary spirit, whose desires are bounded by its wants, and whose highest gratifications, even when partaking of a character somewhat intellectual, rise but little above the sensual enjoyments of the brute creation, is contented to take the world as it seems; while the noble and ethereal mind, whose habits and education have alike contributed to raise it above prepossessions so vulgar and so unsubstantial, with an eagle eye penetrates the disguise, and, like the devoted followers of the "Veiled Prophet of Khorasan," loathes the object of its former admiration, sickens and expires. Like the scenic pageant which is exhibited upon the stage, when we view it with all the aids which it receives from the glittering show and tinsel with which it is surrounded, we wonder, admire, and applaud; but when a nearer view presents its deformity and disproportion in so strong a contrast to what it before appeared as to be unable to escape detection, our wonder, admiration, and applause are changed into disgust, ridicule, and contempt; and perhaps the feeling which at first would have been but that of indifference, becomes more nearly allied to what has been often, and as is generally supposed not unaptly, termed misanthropy. The medium through which we view surrounding circumstances becomes entirely changed, and as the jaundiced eye is said to attach its own peculiar colour to every object it meets, a form and attribute are imparted to every incident, which confirms our disgust, and while it gives us the satisfaction of conscious discernment, embitters it, by the thoughts that our pains are only rewarded by becoming its victims.

The history of men of genius abounds with illustrations of these remarks. Placed by that very endowment above the reach of common minds, they learn to despise them, and disdaining that prudence which conceals what the mind often thinks, glory in avowing their sentiments, and at the sacrifice of every comfort, wage a war with their species, the bitterness of which can hardly be said to end even with their lives. Descartes in vain sought a refuge in retirement, expatriated himself, and expired broken hearted in a land of strangers. Gesner fell a victim to melancholy, which not even the tenderness of the family circle could soothe. The sufferings of Tasso are familiar to every reader; and in our own age, the rise and the fall of the immortal Byron show us how true it is that a keen perception and an acute sensibility are blessings to the great mass of mankind, at the fearful expense of him who is so unfortunate as to be their possessor. His writings breathe a tone of deep feeling, of glowing sensibility, of soul-felt disgust at the hollow-heartedness of his species, which, while they find a responsive chord in every breast, nevertheless occasioned his persecution and his ruin, for no other reason than that he disclosed them; and his life presents one continued, uninterrupted scene of grief, vexation, and disappointment, proceeding from feelings too fine for the comprehension of the many, who for that reason condemned him as a misanthrope when living, and have anathematized his memory now that he is no more.

Perhaps a more glowing picture of feeling such as I have attempted to describe cannot be found than in his inscription on the tomb of a Newfoundland dog:

"Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is false, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye, who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
Lovers knew but one, and here he lies."

Such are the sentiments which breathe in every line his glowing fancy has sketched—such are the unpalatable truths which he did not fear to advance—such were the opinions in the observance of which he lived and died, and for which he was banished from his domestic hearth, from his home, from his country, from the world! B.

THE ESSAYIST.

PARTICULAR PEOPLE.

READER! didst thou ever live with a particular lady? one possessed, not simply with the spirit, but the demon of tidiness? who will give you a good two hours' lecture upon the sin of an untied shoe-string, and raise a hurricane about your ears on the enormity of a fractured glove!—who will be struck speechless at the sight of a pin instead of a string; or set a whole house in an uproar, on finding a book on the table instead of in the book-case! Those who have had the misfortune to meet with such a person, will know how to sympathize with me. Gentle reader! I have passed two whole months with a particular lady. I had often received very pressing invitations to visit an old schoolfellow, who is settled in a snug parsonage about fifty miles from town; but something or other was continually occurring to prevent me from availing myself of them. "Man never is, but always to be" cursed. Accordingly, on the seventeenth of May, 1829—I never shall forget it, if I live to the age of old Parr—having a few more weeks at my disposal, I set out for my uncle's residence. He received me with his wonted cordiality; but I fancied he looked a little more care-worn than a man of thirty might have been expected to look, married as he is to the woman of his choice, and in the possession of an easy fortune. Poor fellow! I did not know that his wife was a precisian—I do not employ the term in a religious sense.

The first hint I received of the fact was from Mr. S., who, removing my hat from the first peg in the hall to the fourth, observed, "my wife is a little particular in these matters; the first peg is for my hat, the second is for William's, the third for Tom's, and you can reserve the fourth, if you please, for your own; ladies, you know, do not like to have their arrangements interfered with." I promised to do my best to recollect the order of precedence with respect to the hats, and walked up stairs with an awful veneration for a lady who had contrived to impose so rigid a discipline on a man formerly the most disorderly of mortals, mentally resolving to obtain her favour by the most studious observance of her wishes. I might as well have determined to be emperor of China! Before the week was at an end I was a lost man.

I always reckon myself tolerably tidy; never leaving more than half my clothes on the floor of my dressing-room; nor more than a dozen books about any apartment I may happen to occupy for an hour. I do not lose more than a dozen handkerchiefs in a month, nor have more than a quarter of an hour's hunt for my hat or gloves whenever I am going out in a hurry. I found all this was but as dust in the balance. The first time I sat down to dinner I made a horrible blunder; for, in my haste to help my friend to some asparagus, I pulled the dish a little out of its place, thereby deranging the exact hexagonal order in which the said dishes were arranged—I discovered my mishap on hearing Mr. S. sharply rebuked for a similar offence; secondly, I sat half the evening with the cushion a full finger's breadth beyond the cane-work of my chair, and what is worse. I do not know that I should have been aware of my delinquency if the agony of the lady's feelings had not at length overpowered every other consideration, and at last burst forth with "excuse me, Mr. —, but do pray place your cushion straight; it annoys me beyond measure to see it otherwise." My third offence was displacing the snuffer-stand from its central position between the candlesticks; my fourth leaving a pamphlet I had been perusing on the piano-forte, its proper place being a table in the middle of the room, on which all books in present use were ordered to repose; my fifth—in short, I should never have done were I to enumerate every separate enormity of which I was guilty. My friend S's drawing-room had as good a right to exhibit a placard of "steel traps and spring guns," as any part I am acquainted with. In one place you were in danger of having your leg snap off, and in another your nose. There never was a house so atrociously neat; every chair and table knew its duty; the very chimney ornaments had been "trained up in the way they should go," and wo to the unlucky wight who should make them "depart from it." Even those "chartered liberties," the children and dogs, were taught to be as demure and hypocritical as the matronly tabby cat herself; who sat with her tail curled round her exactly as if she had been worked in an urn-rug, instead of being a living mouser. It was the utmost stretch of my friend's martial authority to get his favourite spaniel admitted to the honours of the parlour; and even this privilege is only granted in his master's presence. If Carlo happens to pop his unlucky brown nose into the room when S. is from home, he sets off directly with as much consciousness in his ears and tail as if he had been convicted of a larceny in the kitchen, and anticipated the application of the broomstick. As to the children, heaven help them! I believe they look forward to their evening visit to the drawing-room with much the same sort of feeling. Not that Mrs. S. is an unkind mother, or, I should rather say, not that she means to be so; but she has taken into her head that "preachee and flog-gee too," is the way to bring up children; and that as young people have sometimes short memories, it is necessary to put them verbally in mind of their duties.

"From night till morn, from morn till dewy eve."

So it is with her servants; if one of them leaves a broom or a duster out of its place a second, she hears of it for a month afterwards. I wonder how they endure it! I have sometimes thought that by long practice they do not heed it, as a friend of mine who lives in a bustling street in the city, tells me he does not hear the noise of the coaches and carts in the front of his house, nor of a confounded brazier, who hammers away in his rear from the rising to the setting of the sun. The worst of it is, that while Mrs. S. never allows a moment's peace to husband, children, or servants, she thinks herself a jewel of a wife; but such jewels are too costly for every-day wear; I am sure poor S. thinks so in his heart, and would be content to exchange half-a-dozen of his wife's tormenting good qualities, for the sake of being allowed a little common-place repose.

I never shall forget the delight I felt on entering my own house, after enduring her thralldom for two months. I absolutely revelled in disorder and gloried in my litter. I tossed my hat one way, my gloves another; pushed all the chairs into the middle of the room, and narrowly escaped kicking my faithful Christopher for offering to put it in order again. That cursed spirit of order! I am sure it is a spirit of evil omen to S. For my own part, I do so execrate the phrase, that if I were a member of the house of commons, and the order of the day were called for, I should make it a rule to walk out. Since my return home, I have positively prohibited the use of the word in my house, and nearly quarrelled with an honest poulterer, who has served me for the last ten years, because he has a rascally shopman, who will persist in snuffing at my door—I hear him now from my parlour window—"Any order this morning?" Confound the fellow! that is his knock. I will go out and offer him half-a-crown to change his phrase!

London Magazine.

THE DRAMA.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

SIMPSON.

A LATE London paper contains some curious and interesting notices respecting the ages of several of the principal performers in that metropolis. It appears that the graceful Kemble, the only Romeo on the stage, is now full fifty, "or by'r lady inclining to threescore;" and that the famous tragedian Young, is young no longer. Among the comic heroes, the hearty, jovial Fawcett—the mercurial, dashing Jones—the boisterous Harley, and the incomparable Liston are fast "declining into the vale of years," though these gentlemen seem to think with Othello, that "that's not much," and continue to play with all the fire and vigour of youth;—while that prodigy of prodigies, Braham—the darling of the grandmothers of the present race of mortals—the wonder of three generations, and the contemporary of Storace, Kelly, &c.—whose voice, like wine, appears to improve with age, seems to have taken a new lease of life, and to have given up the idea of quitting the stage at all. Now it has been generally supposed, and frequently asserted, that late hours—the hot atmosphere of a theatre—and the more than ordinary share of dissipation which is charitably imputed to actors, reduce the average length of their lives below those of their fellow beings. But this is not the case, as can be shown by the records of the stage from the time of Macklin downwards; and yet, in such weather as this, they must live, or rather exist, in a state of "continual dissolution and thaw." These remarks were partly brought into our mind the other night by being told, when admiring Mr. Simpson's spirited personation of *Young Rapid*, that he had played it just so for the last fifteen years! As wise a man as Shakspeare hath said, that "the appetite alters: a man loves the meat in his youth which he cannot endure in his age;" but actors would seem to be an ex-

ception to this rule. In the present instance, here was one, who, as we are informed, has seen forty or more years pass away, personating a noisy, rattling young fellow with all the vivacity and frolic carelessness of eighteen! And the gaiety did not seem forced or put on—the actor entered into the extravagant spirit of the character, and apparently enjoyed it full as much as the audience.

It appears to us, and it has doubtless struck others, that there is a palpable difference between the Mr. Simpson of the year 1829, and the Mr. Simpson of the year 1828. Last season,—whether owing to the thinness of the houses or some such inauspicious cause, we know not—the worthy manager was "as dry as the remainder of a biscuit"—made the most unfortunate selection of parts, and represented Doricourt and Doctor Faustus in an equally infelicitous manner. But the success of the Park this year seems to have infused into him new life and vigour, and he plays with all the buoyancy and freshness of five and twenty.—We are glad of this, for performers in the line of character in which Mr. Simpson most frequently appears, are, and always have been, scarce articles in the dramatic market on this side of the water. It is strange, that amid the profusion of talent in almost every department that has been imported into this country, not one eminent in what is called "genteel comedy," has found his way hither; and that branch of business has been in the hands of such persons as Mr. Stanley (formerly of the Park) who could not play it at all, or Mr. Barrett, (a capital actor in the *Sponge* and *Jeremy Diddler* line,) who plays it ashamed to be seen. Oh, we had almost forgotten Mr. Cauldwell, who with a person that never diverges from the perpendicular, and seems to consider motion a deviation from dignity—with action peculiarly stiff and constrained—and with a voice, whose sepulchral bass is eminently calculated to do justice to the ghost in *Hamlet*, undertakes to portray the elegant trifling and fluttering graces of genteel comedy! Of the four we like Mr. Simpson best, though he is far too abrupt and angular. This, however, though he appears in it for want of a better, is not his line, but in the *genus* which, in modern times, has been the place of the spirit and accomplice, he has succeeded of the earlier writers very much at present. He succeeds in such another *Young Rapid*, *Young*, &c. better than any other actor. He throws as much life and spirit into them as *Young*, with far less farcical extravagance. Besides, from causes independent of his acting, he is so great a favourite with the public, that no man, without he played these and similar parts a great deal better (which might be rather a difficult matter) would be half so agreeable in their eye.—Among others of this class in which Mr. Simpson excels, may be particularly mentioned—*Ferment*, in the *School of Reform*; *Lackland*, in *Fontainebleau*; *Alfred Highflyer*, in *Roland* for an *Oliver*; *Sir Charles Racket*; *Belmour*, in *Is he Jealous*; and *Frederick Bramble*, in the *Poor Gentleman*.

There are two more characters in which Mr. Simpson has been eminently successful, viz. as a man and a manager; and though, in articles like the present, we have, little business with him in the former capacity, a few words respecting his career in the latter may not be altogether foreign to the matter in hand. We do not wish to fall into the common error of praising managers for every rare and costly dramatic treat they set before the public, as if done solely to oblige and delight that public. It is no such thing. Managers are not quite so quixotically obliging. Their own interest is the principal end in view. Pleasing the public is "the means whereby they live," and they follow it as men do any other kind of business: though when this is done with taste and judgment, and in an honourable, liberal, and enlightened manner, especially when there are so many temptations to a contrary course, they are certainly not undeserving of

praise. That such has been the career of Mr. Simpson, will be allowed by all. Placed at the head of the first theatre in the Union, he has been the means of introducing every novelty worthy of note (with the exception of *Forrest* and *Vestris*) to the people of the United States; for it is from this city that the dramatic wants of the other parts of the country are supplied: and, without doubt, he is the prime cause of the present flourishing state of music, a taste for which delightful science has sprung up with mushroom rapidity since the introduction of the Italian troupe, *Horn*, *Feron*, *Austin*, *Knight*, &c. and to such a pitch is this at present carried, that New-York will probably be remembered in history as the "city of pianos," from the ascertained fact of every young lady in it having, with seven exceptions, that species of music at her fingers' ends; how many of them have "music in their souls" is a very different and somewhat impertinent question.—In a word, Mr. Simpson is, though with many faults, highly respectable as an actor, estimable as a man, and worthy of all praise as a manager. C.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

MYTHOLOGY.*

JUPITER.—Jupiter, at his birth, was forthwith transported to the Isle of Crete, and brought up in a cave on Mount Ida. The nymphs, to whose care he was confided, wove together a cradle of flowers in which he lay reposing, except when he was put to nurse. The personage chosen to give nutriment to this future master of the gods, was a very important one; being no less than *Amalthea*, as some of the most authentic writers assert. As Jupiter advanced in his growth, he became somewhat restive, especially when his teeth first began their approaches upon his tender gums. He would utter forth piercing cries, and throw about him most lustily. The *Corybautes*, who were priests in the service of *Cybele*, were hastily sent to drown the young chap's cries by the noise of cymbals and drums, as they were justly apprehensive of mischief which might ensue upon the discovery of his existence by his father and uncle, *Saturn* and *Titan*. The plan succeeded, and Jupiter grew

Among the many events of the reign of this monarch, and the many of his tendencies, there is one which deserves admiration and imitation. As soon as he attained the supreme power, he changed his old nurse *Amalthea* into a star, or rather, borrowing in anticipation the idea of Shakspeare's *Juliet*, he cut the goat into a thousand little stars, and thus made a constellation of her. One of her horns he retained and presented it to the nymphs who brought him up. It was the horn of plenty.

Jupiter had scarcely escaped his teens, when he became a hero. The first of his exploits was the war which, unsupported, he successfully waged against the *Titans*. We have seen, that he was deserted in the most critical moment of the struggle by the other gods. This did not dishearten him. He fought and conquered. *Enceladus*, notwithstanding his frightful visage, was compelled to succumb, and was forthwith overwhelmed under Mount *Ætna*. There he still lies, and oft as he turns his weary side, the whole island of Sicily feels the shock, and undergoes the convulsion of an earthquake. The flames which issue from the crater of *Ætna*, proceed from his breath.

His second exploit was the dethronement of *Saturn* on account of a conspiracy to take away his life. For this treachery and ingratitude to his preserver, he was sent to *Latium*, and Jupiter remained the sole master of *Olympus*. He now married his sister *Juno*, and they lived for a while on pretty fair terms. His deviations from the path her jealousy pointed out, soon caused many bickerings and quarrels.

Now commenced the silver age. Crime first reared its baneful head, and Jupiter was obliged to institute punishments. These were sometimes severely dealt out.

Lycaon, the king of *Arcadia*, a cruel and inhospitable prince, massacred all strangers who attempted to travel through his dominions. Jupiter hearing of this wanton cruelty, descended to *Arcadia*, caused himself to be every where worshipped, and found the people ready to pay him their submissive adoration. *Lycaon*, however, laughed at

*Altered from the French for the New-York Mirror.

offer the sacrifice with great solemnity. Moliere was roused, and invited to partake of their immortality; he did not oppose their project directly, but said, "My dear friends, I approve of your design, and am ready to enjoy so glorious a death; but by no means at this time, for posterity may be apt to intimate that it was not the effect of philosophy, but inebriety; let us rather assemble early in the morning, and then with that serenity becoming true philosophers, carry this noble design into execution." This proposal met with universal approbation; but with the morning came also the reason of these great men, who shuddered at the rashness which a few hours before appeared so glorious; and acknowledged that the only road to real fame was to exert their abilities in the service of literature, instead of rendering their names detestable by an unthinking and useless act of suicide.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SCHOOL OF FASHION.

This novel furnishes another illustration of the utter worthlessness of the literary notices in the English papers; that is, generally speaking. Sometimes, it is true, the editors of those papers publish their own opinions; and then, reliance may, with reasonable safety, be placed upon their recommendations; but in ninety-nine cases out of an hundred the preliminary puffs we see are written by the author or publisher of the book, or by some one acting under his or their instigation. The rate of insertion of these notices is as distinctly fixed as that of any other advertisements; and for an ascertained number of guineas, the writer of any book, however stupid, may see himself lauded in any London paper, in language just as commendatory as he thinks proper to bestow upon himself.

This fact explains the praise that has been lavished upon the "School of Fashion." We have been gravely told that in it the deepst arcana of fashionable life are laid open; that its author is a lady of high rank and eminent abilities; that its descriptions are graphic, its wit sparkling, and its incidents natural and striking. Instead of all this, we find its descriptions tame, commonplace, and vapid; its wit a non-entity; and its incidents stale, weary, and uninteresting. In addition to all this, the style is coarse: the thoughts and expressions are vulgar, and in some instances indelicate; in a word, the book itself is as worthless as any thing we have had the misfortune to waste our time upon within the last six months—the worst of a bad class. We will stake our critical reputation upon the fact that no countess, duchess, marchioness, or lady, honourable or untitled, ever had a hand in its concoction; the assertion is a libel upon the sex.

THE SILK WORM AND MULBERRY TREE.

The attention of agriculturists in this country is rapidly taking a direction towards the culture and manufacture of silk; and the advantages both to individuals and the nation, to be derived from its introduction, have been occasionally presented to the public. The treatise now under consideration however, is, we believe, the first attempt at a regular and methodical exhibition of those advantages, and the means by which they are most readily and permanently to be acquired. Dr. Pascalis, ever forward in the cause of science, has devoted his time and talents to the task of laying before his fellow-citizens the most extensive and accurate information he has been able to obtain upon the subject, together with such advice and instruction as his general knowledge and investigations have suggested. The result is a most interesting treatise, worthy the attention of every man of science, and particularly of every capitalist who is willing at once to make profitable investments and benefit his country. To such we most earnestly recommend this pamphlet; and to the general reader, as containing a number of interesting facts and speculations that will not be found elsewhere, at least in a collected form.

DEVEREUX.

The Messrs. Harper, on Saturday last, received this new novel (by Bulwer, the author of *Pelham* and the *Disowned*) from Liverpool, and will deliver their edition in the course of next week. We are informed by a friend who has glanced at *Devereux*, that it is fully equal in merit to *Pelham*, though of a class entirely different both from that and the *Disowned*. Great anxiety is manifested for the appearance of the work, and it will, without doubt, meet with a rapid and extensive sale.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Reforms in Turkey.—A Paris paper, received by the last packet, contains one of the most precious pieces of information that ever found its way into the columns of a newspaper; information interesting alike to the poet, the painter, the philosopher, and the philanthropist, and especially and particularly so to the ladies. It appears that that most wonderful man of the age, the Sultan Mahmoud, has ordained that the females in his dominions be henceforth emancipated from the gloomy confinement and barbarous restraints to which they have for centuries been subjected, and enjoy the freedom of volition and the discreet and proper use of their eyes and tongues, after the fashion of European countries. The wives of his ministers and great men are ordered to set the example of appearing in public; and even now the unveiled dames of Constantinople, with their antelope step and gazelle eyes, may be seen parading the public walks of that city, pranked out in the latest Parisian finery! What curious speculations will addle their innocent heads, and what *naïve* remarks will issue from their pretty mouths on entering upon this novel course of life! As they extend their walks in different directions, how many of them, reared in the seclusion and ignorance of the harem, will be filled with astonishment at the immense size of the world and the quantity of men it contains! Doubtless the more bigotted followers of the prophet, and all the anti-innovators and male old women in his highnesses dominions, will be very much scandalized at this procedure, and if they get an opportunity will "find it in their heart to bestow all their tediousness upon his worship" in the way of remonstrance; but the man that exterminated the lawless Janissaries, and, under every adverse circumstance baffles the autocrat of "all the Russias," and his myriads of yellow-haired Muscovites, is not likely to be turned from his purposes by the small talk of a parcel of antediluvians.

In whatever light we view this important revolution, it seems pregnant with incalculable benefits; and what a subject for gratulation are even its immediate consequences; for how many a flower that was literally

"born to blush unseen,
"And waste its sweetness"

on some arbitrary old pacha of three or more tails, will be transplanted from the narrow limits which has hitherto prevented its development into the free air and blessed sunshine of heaven! How many sparkling eyes, and blooming cheeks, and rosy lips, will emerge from the cemeteries in which they have hitherto been buried alive, to claim and receive the admiration of the sons of Islam!—The effect that it may have upon the male part of the creation is not to be estimated. The Turks are now noted for their manly frankness, love of truth, and great personal bravery; and when a familiar intercourse with the softer sex shall have tempered their dispositions and restrained within due bounds their interesting fits of ferocity, they will far surpass their immediate neighbours the brutal Russians and dull and sluggish Austrians.—The ladies may at first be a little awkward, but in time they will of course have their concerts and *soirées* and fancy balls, together with run-a-way matches, breaches of promise of marriage, and other little peccadillos customary in Christian countries. And should some antiquated grumbler—some Ottoman Eldon—dilate upon the superior advantages of the "good old times," when a jealous pated husband for any "trifle light as air" could sew his lady in a sack and put her in the water, will not his opinions be universally scouted, even though he has the authority of Byron to back him that by such summary proceedings

"Morals were better and the fish no worse!"

At all events, if this intelligence be correct, which we sincerely hope it is, it will have a wonderful effect upon the future destinies of that fair portion of the globe.

Silent Auctioneers.—What a contradiction in terms—or rather, what unmeaning words! An auctioneer who makes no noise! Where is such a thing to be found? Not in Wall-street, or Water-street, or Vesey-street, or Chatham-square? There this species of biped, endued with vocal organs which would not have dishonoured Stentor, and which would have drowned the confusion of Babel itself, makes his presence known no less by the depth, volume, and lofty pitch of his tones, than by the importance of his strut, and the magisterial self-possession of his air. In vain do the carts, rolling over the flint pavements with their ponderous wheels, keep up their incessant rumbling, or the boys shout their huzzas, or the barrowmen yell out "white

wine;" these cries, so dear to every cit who loves his native element of noise, are lost in the overpowering sounds which issue from the deep and vast caverns of the auctioneer's capacious jaws. He does not ascend his chair or table—the pulpit-like box has long since been out of fashion—to look around in vain, and cast unmeaning glances at the upturned countenances of his staring customers. The clock has struck—and now his lungs send forth their mighty blast. Dumb attention waits on every note—and no one goes away unacquainted, by auricular testimony, with the passing worth of every splendid, rare and costly article, which is held up for sale at an immense sacrifice. Is it an old table? Its age attests its durability, and it wants only a little varnish to vie with the newest article from Broad-street. Is it a watch? It is Rokell's best—the necessities of the owner compel him to offer it at a price an hundred fold below its true value, or the price it could command at regular sale?—Is it a book, perhaps two or three editions old? It is by far the best impression, and the binding alone is worth thrice the sum offered for it, letter-press and all. Strange! and yet they go on daily, nay hourly; and no one will ever suspect New-York to be the City of the Dead, while an auctioneer is left to raise his potent voice to the contrary.—They manage things differently in China—the empire over which true wisdom rules, that never knows of change in its councils, nor is susceptible of improvement in its already perfect arts and sciences. There they have auctioneers, but the emperor—a true descendant of Confucius, in a direct line by the mighty Ho-hang-Ho, careful of his own tympanum, and those of his peaceable subjects, and dreading any rude shock upon this delicately expanded nerve—has ordered his vendue masters to transact their business without any useless clatter. O sage monarch! would that thou couldst for one day govern this city of Gotham, that thou mightest put the awful padlock of thy authority upon the mouths of our numerous, busy body, babbling, ear-piercing, intolerable auctioneers! One day of pause would chain their tongues ever after. In China, at the time appointed for the sale, the vendue masters modestly announce that a certain article will be offered *five minutes* precisely. He pulls his "dial from his poke," and waits in silence the wishes of the anxious bystanders. These approach him in succession, whisper in his ear the amount of their respective bids, and, at the expiration of the time, the article is adjudged to the highest bidder, without any clamours or deafening cries disturbing the tranquillity or order of the scene. It may be objected to this mode, that purchasers have no opportunity of raising their offers gradually; but so expert are the brokers who are engaged, that they know from the significant changes in the countenance of the auctioneer the exact state of the sale and the progress of the bids. How preferable is not this decorous gentleman-like mode of effecting sales, to ours, Vandal and Gothlike?

Fulton-street Ferry.—We have the authority of several elaborate and eloquent writers for believing that changes not unfrequently take place in this sublunary world, and that many people have been known to alter their actions and opinions when it was their interest to do so. And a state of mutation is not peculiar to the present times; for Herman Muddburgh, a profound German philosopher who flourished in the fifteenth century, has left it upon record as his opinion that a state of change was not incompatible with the nature of man, or woman either.—In the goodly city of New-York so rapid and manifold are the alterations of all sorts, that they can scarcely be termed changes, but metamorphoses: yet amidst all this change two things appear unchangeable—the business habits of the corporation and the man of the Fulton-street ferry. Though steamboats are rising and fares falling on all sides of him, he still persists in his original exorbitant demand of *fourpence*! Though you can go to Norwalk for one shilling and to Newark for another—though the Albany captains will take you for the veriest trifle above nothing, rather not have the pleasure of your company—though Powles Hook and Hoboken have declined one half, still the obdurate man at the Fulton ferry refuses all transmission to the opposite shore without the propitiatory fourpence!—While travelling to all parts of the United States is reduced, why is such a heavy duty laid upon the wooded heights and wooden village of Brooklyn? What remedy is to be resorted to? In the impressive language of the "immortal bard" we again repeat the question,

"Say, why is this? wherefore? What should we do?"

We shall recur to this momentous subject hereafter.

French Company.—The French company, Orleans, commence a short season at the Park.

AH! NO, FIRST LOVE IS BUT A NAME.

AS SUNG WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE BY MISS CLARA FISHER, IN THE OPERA OF HOME, SWEET HOME.—COMPOSED BY BISHOP.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES.

[The copy politely furnished by the Managers of the Park Theatre.]

ALLEGRO. 8 va. **LOCO.**

Ah! no, first love is but a name, It bla-zes bright-ly, then ex-pires; With each new ob-ject 'tis the same, That fick-le, fick-le

PIA.

man de-sires. If for the vill-age maid he burns, He'll swear there's none on earth so pret-ty, And when he wins her, quick-ly turns, To

SLEN. **A TEMPO.**

some fair dam-sel of the ci-ty, To some fair damsel of the ci-ty. Ah, no, no, no, no, no, no, Firstlove is but a name, With

each new ob-ject 'tis the same, That fick-le man de-sires, That fick-le man de-sires.

MF. **CRES.** **F.** **FF.**

Ah! no, first love is gone and past,
 Ere fond affection's tale is told;
 The flame is far too bright to last,
 It dies like winter's sunbeam cold.
 Man's like the bee, he roves at will,
 From flow'r to flow'r inconstant ranges;
 But woman's heart is faithful still—
 She loves but once, and never changes,
 Ah, no, no, no, &c.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOLUME VII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1829.

NUMBER 7.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

WHAT gars ye look sae sair, lassie!
 What gars ye look sae sair?
 The tear-drops frae your violet een
 Are on your bosom bare.

Your hair a' gowden bright, lassie!
 Your hair a' gowden bright,
 Is wild as broken billows in
 The winter gloamin's flight.

Your shroud-like cheek is sad, lassie!
 Your shroud-like cheek is sad;
 And while sic signs o' wae be thine,
 Can this poor heart be glad?

Na, na! it maunna be, lassie!
 It canna, winna be;
 Let this low world be bright or dark
 I'll share it a' wi' thee.

Come dree the tears that fa', lassie!
 Dree up the tears that fa'!
 And think nae mair in sorrow's gate,
 For luv can calm it a'.

Then fauld your sunny hair, lassie!
 Fauld back your sunny hair;
 And be your cheek like morning's streak,
 And dinna weep nae mair, lassie!
 And dinna weep nae mair.

ALPHA.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE INDIAN QUEEN AND HER DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

THE confederates of Guevara were not all taken, and many of them joined Moxica to release him from prison. There were enough that loved rebellion, and they mustered immediately; but they had to cope with one whose active mind was ever on the alert. Columbus came upon them by surprise, and seized Moxica and several of his companions. The equivocating traitor was thrown from the battlements and killed, and many of the conspirators were hung. The unfortunate Guevara now seemed lost to his young bride, that dungeon must be his grave unless the admiral chose to send him to Spain for further trial.

Days, weeks, and months passed away. One evening while Columbus was sitting absorbed in thought, and visions of future glory were passing before his powerful mind, the door opened, and a young Indian girl was ushered in, bearing a present from the queen. Her lovely form was enveloped in a mantle, for the Indians had learnt enough to conceal their beauty from the licentious Spaniards. She stood trembling and bending over a small basket until Columbus motioned the attendant to withdraw, and, with a tone and air of gentle dignity, bade her approach. She came before him, looked once with awe and wonder in his face, then throwing herself prostrate, laid her forehead on his feet, and with a voice of deep and touching pathos, exclaimed,

"Mercy! mercy!"

Columbus desired her to rise and tell her story. She rose upon her knees, and clasping her hands together, leaned upon them while she said,

"Give me my husband, your prisoner, the unfortunate Guevara!"

Columbus started.

"Higuanioto," cried he, looking affectionately upon her, and requesting her again to rise.

"Here," said she, "let me kneel until my prayer is granted, I will take him far, very far from hence, and none shall know that he has life!"

"I cannot," replied Columbus with emotion, "release that mover of the rebellion. Many of his less guilty companions have already been condemned and executed. But I promise that he shall not be dealt by with all the rigor he has so justly merited. Go back to your mother and rest in peace, Guevara is at present safe."

Summoning the attendant, he gave orders that the Indian maid should be conducted in safety to her mother. After her departure he opened the basket which she had left, and found that it contained many hawks' bells of gold and rich strings of pearls. A few months after this event, Columbus was displaced and sent home in chains by the infamous Bobadilla, who, to show his contempt for the admiral, ordered all the prisoners to be released. Among these was the young Guevara, who was again at liberty to seek his lovely bride.

Who that has ever loved can not picture to himself the disinterested Indian girl listening with eagerness to hear his well known footsteps, adorned with more than usual care, smiling with anticipated joy and thankfulness? And where was Don Fernando? Gone? yes, gone back to Spain, without a thought of the poor Indian maid whom he had deceived and abandoned for ever!

When Higuanioto heard he had sailed, and left her without even an adieu, she gave no outward sign of grief; but Anacoana saw that her heart, with all its warm affections, was crushed and breaking. His name was never mentioned again by either mother or daughter.

Time moved on, another governor succeeded Bobadilla; each one was but another tyrant more cruel than the last. The Indians' first and only friend was gone; and Anacoana saw her subjects trampled under foot by the rude and lawless invader.

At this period in our story, Orlando, the new governor, sent word that he with his suit, would visit the province. Anacoana buried her injuries deep in her own bosom, and ordered a banquet to be prepared for her guests; and when she heard of their approach, she even went to her daughter, and giving her a branch of palm, begged her to go forth with her to meet them. The face of Higuanioto grew pale, and her quivering lip betrayed her inward anguish.

"I cannot meet them, mother, though to please you I will be present at the entertainment. If I go now, they will perceive how deeply I detest them. Does this wasted form and sunken cheek bear any sign of joy? To my eyes, dear mother, with the fresh wreaths bound round your head and arms, your neck quite covered with the lotus leaves, you look like a victim prepared for sacrifice. Oh! go not forth," said she, holding her mother. "Stay close by me, and say I was not well."

Anacoana kissed her trembling child.

"Fear nothing, dearest, I shall be with you soon; I go lest they should say I failed in any thing that they consider due respect. It is for my suffering people that I thus seek their favour; but for them, I would hasten far away where I could never hear again the hateful name of Spaniard. But stay you here, my child, I will not urge you more; perhaps the sports and games will for a while divert and please you."

Higuanioto shook her head, and turned away to hide the tear that was starting in her eye.

Anacoana went with all her household to receive her haughty guests. Her hospitable board was spread with every luxury she could obtain, and they were

feasted as queen's guests should be, but of that dreadful festival I shall say nothing that does not immediately concern the queen and Higuanioto.

On the third day of the feast, while they were engaged in their games, Higuanioto, weary and wretched, stole away without being missed even by her mother. But when the traitorous band, at the signal of their leader, begun their work of death, she looked for her beloved child in vain. The ungrateful and treacherous Spaniards surrounded the house of Anacoana with their armed troops, and binding the principal caciques to posts, forced them, by horrible tortures, to accuse their innocent queen of an intent to poison her guests. After massacring and burning houses, caciques, and all that did not fly, they bound the unfortunate and noble Anacoana, and conveyed her to a dungeon.

Humanity shudders at the treatment of this noble creature, who had from her first interview with Columbus been "the Spaniard's friend."

"This," said she, as she threw herself upon the prison floor, "this, this, is my reward."

Poor Anacoana; she had but one tie left to life; all her relations, friends, and her most powerful caciques, were murdered at the time she was made prisoner. Higuanioto still lived, for aught she knew, alone and friendless, hunted, perhaps, like some poor frightened utias.

"Could I but know," said the unhappy queen, "that my sweet child was safe and far away with her brave kinsman, the noble Guanano, I should die contented."

She covered her face with her hands, and the warm tears, a mother's tears, fell through her taper fingers.

The door was opened and then closed again. Anacoana raised her head; a female figure stood before her, as if unable either to speak or move; one moment she remained thus, then with a piercing shriek of agony, she staggered towards her, exclaiming,

"My mother! Oh, my mother!" and sunk upon her bosom.

"My child!" said Anacoana, pressing her to her heart; "why did you come to share this dungeon with me? Safer, far safer, is the mountain cavern, or the tangled forest, for thee thou lone one. Cling not to me with such a fearful grasp, my daughter; look up, look up."

But still she spoke not, stirred not. The trembling queen, supposing she had fainted, withdrew from her encircling arms, and laid her wasted form upon the ground, poured water on her pallid face, and tried to rouse her by a thousand endearing epithets. It was in vain. That tender heart, that seemed but to have been bound up by the soft soothings of a mother's love, was broken. Her gentle spirit had gone for ever.

Where is the pen that could hope to tell that mother's anguish through the long, dreadful night? The morning found her kneeling beside her murdered child. And when her jailer came to inform her she must prepare for trial, he started at the sight, and, looking sternly at the queen, said,

"Have you killed the girl who asked to die with you?"

She turned towards him a face of woe, that spoke plainer than words, how precious that poor victim was to her mournful bosom. Learning from the jailer, that she should be summoned by her judges in an hour, she besought him to leave her alone till then; and when they sent for her, she was indeed prepared. Driven by suffering and oppression almost to madness, her once soft female heart, so full of love and tenderness, had changed to one so dauntless and so stern

that she scarce looked like Anacoana. Her long raven locks were braided and bound round her head, and there they looked upon her lofty brow like a rich crown of curiously carved ebony. She heard them examine one of their witnesses with a look proud and indignant; but ere they had half heard the second, she waved her hand and said,

"Sink not that miserable wretch yet lower in perdition. Of me the pitiful reptile knows nothing, but that I am or *was* a queen. What would you have him prove? That Anacoana hates and scorns you, and all your accursed race?—you need not bring your racks and tortures, to hear that truth from me. *You wish* to prove that I designed to murder you and all your numerous guard,—oh that I could have done it!—that every luscious draught these hands with eager hospitality prepared, had *then* been thick with poison. And could I now but hear the whirlwind that would sweep you *all* into the foaming ocean, my heart would feel a joy that the insulted and degraded Anacoana will never know on earth."

She paused a moment, there was a kind of murmur in the assembly, she pressed her hands upon her bosom, and then continued,

"You offer me the gift of life if I'll confess my crimes. Poor miserable villains! there's nothing in *your gift* that I would accept but *death*. The last link that held my suffering soul, was last night broken. Go to that dreary dungeon and feast your brutal eyes upon my murdered child!"

One of the Spaniards bade her cease, or else confess her crimes. She looked on him with haughty scorn.

"Yes, you shall hear my crimes; they are indeed worse to my thoughts than death. My first and greatest crime was not revenging the murder of my husband, the noble Coanabo; my next, humbling myself by paying tribute to any of your race; my last was that I did not free my people from their cruel tyrants by poisoning their food. Now I have done, and never shall these lips utter another sound, till my freed spirit is welcomed to those blissful Islands where Coanabo and my lovely child are waiting to receive me, and where I never, never more shall hear the name, the dreadful name of Spaniards."

It is almost useless to add that after this bold defiance she was condemned. The next day she was executed.

Thus died Anacoana, and though ages have rolled away since she and all her race were gathered to their fathers, we may from this story learn a useful lesson. Learn that islands, yes, and worlds may be discovered, without benefiting a single individual, without adding one atom to the stock of human happiness, unless the discoverer and his followers go forth in the spirit of Him who said, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." For the name of christian is but a reproach to those, who in the support of theories, and the dissemination of doctrines, forget to practise the beautiful morality of *him* who spake as never man spake, and said,

"By their works ye shall know them."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

SINGULAR FRIENDSHIP.

We were lately visiting in a house where a very pleasing and singular portrait attracted our observation; it was that of a young lady represented with a partridge perched upon her shoulder, and a dog with his fore feet on her arm. We recognised it as a representation of the lady of the house, but were at a loss to account for the odd association of her companions. She observed our surprise, and at once gave the history of the bird and the spaniel. They were both, some years back, domesticated in her family. The dog was an old parlour favourite, who went by the name of Tom. The partridge was more recently introduced from France, and answered to the equally familiar name of Bill. It was rather a dangerous experiment to place them together, for Tom was a lively and spirited creature, very apt to torment

the cats, and to bark at any object which roused his instinct. But the experiment was tried: and Bill, being very tame, did not feel much alarm at his natural enemy. They were of course shy at first, but this shyness gradually wore off: the bird became less timid, and the dog less bold. The most perfect friendship was at length established between them. When the hour of dinner arrived, the partridge invariably flew on his mistress's shoulder, calling with that shrill note which is so well known to sportsmen; and the spaniel leapt about with equal ardour. One dish of bread and milk was placed on the floor, out of which the spaniel and the bird fed together, and after their social meal the dog would retire to a corner to sleep, while the partridge would nestle near him, and never stir till his favourite awoke. Whenever the dog accompanied his mistress out, the bird displayed the utmost disquietude till his return; and once, when the partridge was shut up by accident during the whole day, the dog searched about the house with a mournful cry, which indicated the strength of his affection. The friendship of Tom and Bill was at length finally terminated. The beautiful little dog was stolen; and the bird from that time refused all food, and died on the seventh day, a victim to his grief.

Cabinet of Useful Knowledge.

MINSTREL BALLAD.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here;
With hawk and horse, and hunting spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
Waken, lords and ladies gay.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray;
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay.

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay,
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman, who can balk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

AMERICAN PAINTERS.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.—Born, I hear, in South Carolina, educated partly in England, and partly in Italy; a man of high and fine talent, with a show of more natural fire than he has, and a mixture of pure pedantry which he has wit enough to conceal by hard work, in such a way that even the hard work is not visible to the eye of a common observer. He is regarded in England and America as one of the best painters alive. When his *Jacob's Vision* appeared in London, as much noise was made about it there, as if a new era of the art of painting was nigh. I have seen the picture—I have studied it—and I say that, instead of being what it has often been called, among the best productions of modern days, it is feeble and stiff, though very correct and beautiful. Jacob is nobody in the foreground, and the chief angel, with his wings outspread afar off, is, even what the steps are, a failure. But the two angels that keep together are very much after the quiet, graceful, social manner of Raphael, and the light on the leg of one, is beauty. Mr. Allston is now, and long has been, employed on a large work, *Belshazzar's Feast*, or the *Handwriting on the Wall*, a picture which has already been purchased for ten or twelve thousand dollars.

Allston wants regularity and decision of character, a want which I fear has injured him much already, and may eventually destroy him. You are to know that he loves his country with enthusiasm, and that if a single effort were enough, he would immolate himself to benefit her. If he were in Europe, his magnificent powers would make him the

boast of America; but they require to be drawn out by opposition, to be provoked and stimulated by rivalry and by encouragement. Here, though the love that he has for the art and for his country is very strong, they make but occasional appeals to his imagination; whereas the love of quiet and solitude solicits him continually. The latter has already seduced him from an honorable rank in London, to remove to the tranquillity of Cambridge, and is now about to bury him in the seclusion of a country village. I do most sincerely mourn over so great a loss; for, so far as my judgment is informed, I do consider Allston as one of the greatest living painters. I know of no other artist who combines so many great qualities. It is difficult to say where we should bestow the greatest praise after considering a picture of his—you are in doubt which is most excellent, the drawing, the character, the effect, the tone, or the colour.

There was a time when he betrayed some littleness in the management of his work—it was the remains of the bad manner acquired in the modern Roman school; but that has now given place to a bold, decided handling. I say this without hesitation, though it may appear odd to you, considering the time he has been about his great work. The fact is, that he has covered up five times as much as you see in that picture. It has been as good as finished several times, and several times he has painted out a large part of it, as I happened to know, in spite of all that could be said or done by the few that were permitted to see it. In a word, I do believe that Allston is a great painter, and that his *Handwriting on the Wall* will be worthy of any age, or of any man, should it ever be completed.

London Mag.

MR. KEATS, THE ENGLISH POET.

Mr. Keats was, in the truest sense of the word, a poet. There is, unfortunately for his fame, but a small portion of the public acquainted with his writings; yet they were full of high imagination and delicate fancy, and his images were beautiful, and more entirely his own, perhaps, than those of any author of his day whatever. He had a fine ear, a tender heart, and at times, great force and originality of expression; and notwithstanding all this, he was allowed to rise and pass away, almost without a notice. The laurel was awarded to other brows; the bolder aspirants were allowed to take their station on the slippery steps of the temple of fame, while he remained hidden among the crowd during life, and died at last, solitary and in sorrow, in a foreign land.

It is at all times difficult, if not impossible to argue others into a love of poets and poetry; it is altogether a matter of feeling, and it must be left to time (while it hallows his memory) to do justice to the reputation of Keates. There were some, however, who held his powers in high estimation; and it was well observed by the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, that there was no other author, whose writings would form so good a test by which to try the love which any one professed to bear towards poetry.

When Keats left England, he had a presentiment that he should not return to the land of his nativity. After his arrival in Italy, he revived for a period, but soon afterwards declined and sunk gradually into his grave. He was one of the three English poets who had been compelled by circumstances to adopt a foreign country as their home. Of these Byron was proud to hail him as one of the chosen sons of Apollo, and Shelley died with a volume of his poems pressed to his bosom. When shall we see the places of these filled by men worthy to be remembered as they are? Keats was the youngest of these brothers in soul, and the first to depart. His sad and beautiful wish was accomplished: It was that he might drink "of the warm south," and "leave the world unseen," and—he is addressing the nightingale,—

"And with thee fade away into the forest dim:
Fare far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou amongst the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs;
Where youth grows pale, and spectre thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow,
And leaden-eyed despair;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow."

A few weeks before he died, a gentleman who was sitting by his bed-side, spoke of an inscription to his memory; but he declined this altogether,—desiring that there should be no mention of his name or country; "or if any," said he, "let it be—*here lies the body of one, whose name was writ in water.*"

Boston Mercury.

BEDS.

The leaves of the beech tree gathered in the fall, or first of winter, and put into a tick, make an excellent, soft, refreshing and wholesome bed.

THE MOTHER'S MORNING KISS.

BY MRS. REMANS.

Come hither, my fair child, and let me kiss
Thy rosy lips, steep'd in their morning dew;
And on their brightness gazing, taste that bliss
A mother feels, when o'er her raptur'd view
Each beauty riper grows: the graceful hue
Of health sits blushing on thy tender cheek,
And in the azure of thine eye's soft blue
Floats forms of joy, such as I hope to seek
In all thy future days: a hope how frail and weak!

Ah, no!—the current of thy after years
Can never flow so pure as at its spring;
But in its silent progress downwards, tears
Will mingle too, and all their wormwood bring.
I trembling think affliction's deepest sting
May pierce thy soul, when she, around whose form
Thy little arms in playful fondness cling,
Can offer thee no more her bosom warm
To solace all thy woes, and shield thee from the storm!

That rose—queen of the blooming coronal
Of wild flowers waving in thy golden hair—
Behold how soon its robes of damask fall,
And cease to shed their perfume on the air,
Leaving the parent tendril lone and bare!
Alas! the ill which wait thee in life's scene
May in that flower their darken'd emblem bear,
When blighted hopes of joy, with pangs unseen,
Blanch thy young virgin cheek, and steal its ripen'd sheen!

My yearning heart in melancholy mood
Itself with fancied agony is rending;
Let me no longer o'er such phrenzies brood,
But watch thee, my sweet love, whilst lowly bending,
Thou lipest forth thy morning prayer,—and blending
With thy bright upward glance such radiance mild,
It seems as if in thee from heaven descending
(Fair Iris of my life!) an angel smiled,
And whisper'd peace and joy—Oh! thou art safe my child.

THE PRESENT SULTAN.

The sultan himself came last to the feast of the bairam. He even then gave promise of that high and resolute temper which has distinguished him ever since.—The eye was still, deep, overmastering; the nose, somewhat turned up, bore about it the indication of an intrepid and audacious spirit; his lips, scarcely visible through the profusion of his coal black beard, were swelling and imperious; his whole physiognomy calm, concentrated, and smoothed in appearance of every trace or stir of human passion, was cast in the finest mould, and of a perfectly soft, uniform olive, through which there was not even the symptom of circulation of blood. In comparing him to those who preceded, his supremacy in mind as well as dignity was striking. The eyes alone seemed to think. Every thing else was stern, and pale, and marbly as death. He held in his hand the fates of millions, and he felt it. He bore himself like a master of men, like a king of kings. His subjects, as he passed, veiled themselves before him, and placed their hands—an eastern adulation imported into Rome,—between their eyes and the excess of his majesty. His costume was magnificently simple. The black marten, or sable, and the diamond aigrette, were the only insignia of his power. Before him rode his treasurer scattering newly-coined paras in showers,—some of them came into our faces—on the heads of his people; and behind his secretary, receiving in his yellow portfolio the memorials of the unfortunate and the aggrieved. The escort which surrounded him was the favourite guard. Their fantastic helmets, another corrupt memorial of the lower empire, threw a strange, yet gorgeous glare over the scene. The whole was closed by detachments, nearly as numerous as those which had preceded him; and in this manner he entered his serai, amidst the veneration rather than the shouts—it is too indecorous and laborious for a Turk to shout—of his accompanying subjects. During the entire procession he appeared scarcely moved. It is quite out of etiquette for the brother of the sun and moon to give any evidence of mortality.

New Monthly Magazine.

STAND FROM UNDER.

We were on board a slave ship, bound to the coast of Africa. I had my misgivings about the business, and I believe others had them too. We had passed the straits of Gibraltar, and were lying off Barbary, one clear, bright evening, when it came my turn to take the helm. The ship was becalmed, and every thing around was as silent as the day after the deluge. The wide monotony of water, varied only by the glancings of the moon on the crest of the waves, made me think the old fables of Neptune were true, and that

Amphitrite and her naiads were sporting on the surface of the ocean, with diamonds in their hair. These fancies were followed by thoughts of my wife, my children, and my home; and all were oddly enough jumbled together in a delicious state of approaching slumber. Suddenly I heard, high above my head, a loud, deep, terrible voice call out "Stand from under!" I started to my feet—it was the customary signal when any thing was to be thrown from the shrouds, and mechanically I sung out the usual answer, "Let go!" but nothing came—I looked up in the shrouds; there was nothing there—I searched the deck, and found that I was alone—I tried to think it was a dream—but that sound, so deep, so dreadful, rung in my ears, like the bursting of a cannon.

In the morning, I told the crew what I had heard. They laughed at me, and were all day long full of their jokes about "Dreaming Tom." One fellow among them was most unmerciful in his raillery. He was a swarthy malignant looking Spaniard, who carried murder in his eye and curses on his tongue; a daring, lordly man, who boasted of crime as if it gave him pre-eminence among his fellows. He laughed longest and loudest at my story.—"A most uncivil ghost, Tom," said he; "when such chaps come to see me, I'll make 'em show themselves. I'll not be satisfied without seeing and feeling as well as hearing."

The sailors all joined with him; and I, ashamed of my alarm, was glad to be silent. The next night Dick Burton took the helm. Dick had nerves like an ox and sinews like a whale; it was little he feared on the earth, or beneath it. The clock struck one—Dick was leaning his head on the helm, as he said, thinking of me, or my story,—when that awful voice again called from the shrouds, "Stand from under!" Dick darted forward like an Indian arrow, which they say goes through and through a buffalo, and wings on its way as if it had not left death in the rear. It was an instant or more, before he found presence of mind to call out "Let go!" Again nothing was seen, nothing heard. Ten nights in succession, at one o'clock, the same unearthly sound rung through the air, making our stoutest sailors quail, as if a bullet-shot had gone through their brains. At last the crew grew pale when it was spoken of, and the worst of us never went to sleep without saying our prayers. For myself, I would have been chained to the oar all my life, to have got out of that vessel. But there we were in the vast solitude of ocean, and this invisible being was with us. No one put a bold face upon the matter, but Antonio, the Spaniard. He laughed at our fears and defied satan himself to terrify him. However, when it came his turn at the helm, he refused to go. Several times under the pretence of illness, he was excused from a duty which all on board dreaded. But at last the captain ordered Antonio to receive a round dozen of lashes every night until he should consent to perform his share of the unwelcome office. For awhile this was borne patiently, but at length he called out, "I may as well die one way as another—give me over to the ghost."

That night Antonio kept watch on deck. Few of the crew slept; for expectation and alarm had stretched our nerves upon the rack.—At one o'clock, the voice called, "Stand from under!" "Let go!" screamed the Spaniard. This was answered by a shriek of laughter, and such laughter! it seemed as if the fiends answered each other from pole to pole, and the bass was howled in hell! Then came a sudden crash upon the deck, as if our masts and spars had fallen. We all rushed to the spot, and there was a cold stiff gigantic corpse. The Spaniard said it was thrown from the shrouds; and when he looked on it, he ground his teeth like a madman. "I know him," cried he, "I stabbed him within an hour's sail of Cuba, and drank his blood for breakfast!"

We all stood aghast at the monster. In fearful whispers we asked what should be done with the body. Finally we agreed that the terrible sight must be removed from us, and hidden in the depths of the sea. Four of us attempted to raise it; but human strength was of no avail—we might as well have tugged at Atlas. There it lay, stiff, rigid, heavy, and as immovable as if it formed a part of the vessel. The Spaniard was furious: "Let me lift him," said he; "I lifted him once and can do it again. I'll teach him what it is to come and trouble me." He took the body round the waist, and attempted to move it. Slowly and heavily the corpse raised itself up; its rayless eyes opened; its rigid arms stretched out, and clasped its victim in a close death grapple—and rolling over the side of the ship, they tottered an instant over the waters—then with a loud plunge sank together. Again that laugh,—that wild, shrieking laugh,—was heard on the winds. The sailors bowed their heads, and put up their hands to shut out the appalling sound.*****

DEAN SWIFT.

His character seems to have been radically overbearing and tyrannical; for though, like other tyrants, he could stoop low enough where his interests required it, it was his delight to exact an implicit compliance with his humours and fancies, and to impose upon all around him the task of observing and accommodating themselves to his habits, without the slightest regard to their convenience or comfort. Wherever he came, the ordinary forms of society were to give way to his pleasure; and every thing, even to the domestic arrangements of a family, to be suspended for his caprice. If he was to be introduced to a person of rank, he insisted that the first advances and the first visit should be made to him. If he went to see a friend in the country he would order an old tree to be cut down, if it obstructed the view from his window—and was never at his ease unless he was allowed to give nicknames to the lady of the house, and make lampoons upon her acquaintance. On going for the first time into any family, he frequently prescribed before hand the hours for their meals, sleep, and exercise; and insisted rigorously upon the literal fulfilment of the capitulation. From his intimates he uniformly exacted the most implicit submission to all his whims and absurdities; and carried his prerogative so far, that he sometimes used to chase the Grattans, and other accommodating friends, through the apartments of the deanery, and up and down stairs, driving them like horses, with a large whip, till he thought he had enough of exercise. All his jests have the same character of insolence. When he first came to his curate's house, he announced himself as 'his master;' took possession of the fire-side, and ordered his wife to take charge of his wardrobe.

Blackwood.

AMERICAN RUSTIC HOSPITALITY.

Returning from one of our excursions, I was overtaken by the night, and found my path obstructed by a deep inlet from the river; which being choked with logs and brush, could not be crossed by swimming. Observing a house on the opposite side, I called for assistance. A half naked, ill looking fellow came down, and after dragging a canoe round from the river, with some trouble, ferried me over, and I followed him to his habitation, near to which our boat was moored for the night. His cabin was of the meanest kind, consisting of a single apartment, constructed of logs, which contained a family of seven or eight souls, and every thing seemed to designate him as a new and thrifty settler. After drinking a bowl of milk, which I really called for by way of excuse for paying him a little more for his trouble, I asked to know his charge for ferrying me over the water; to which he good humoredly replied, that he "Never took money for helping a traveller on his way." "Then let me pay you for your milk." "I never sell milk." "But," said I urging him, "I would rather pay you; I have money enough." "Well," said he, "I have milk enough, so we're even. I have as good a right to give you milk as you have to give me money."

Judge Hall.

COLUMBUS ON DISCOVERING AMERICA.

BY D. MOORE.

God of my sires! o'er ocean's brim
Yon beauteous land appears at last!
Raise, comrades! raise your holiest hymn,
For now our toils are past.
See o'er the bosom of the deep
She gaily lifts her summer charms,
As if at last she long'd to leap
From dark oblivion's arms.
What forms, what lovely scenes may lie
Secluded in thy flowery breast:
Pure is thy sea, and calm thy sky,
Thou garden of the west!
Around each solitary hill
A rich magnificence is hurl'd,
Thy youthful face seems wearying still
The first fresh fragrance of the world.
We come with hope, our beacon bright,
Like Noah, drifting o'er the wave,
To claim a world—the ocean's might
Has shrouded like the grave.
And, oh! the dwellers of the ark
Ne'er pined with fonder hearts to see
The birds of hope regain their bark,
Than I have long'd for thee.
Around me was the boundless flood,
O'er which no mortal ever pass'd;
Above me was a solitude,
As measureless and vast;
Yet in the air and on the sea,
The voice of the Eternal One
Breathed forth the song of hope to me,
And bade me journey on.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PERIPATETIC.—NO. XI.

THE MILITIA.

There was an ancient sage philosopher
That had read Alexander Ross over,
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting, and of love.
Just so romances are, for what else
Is in them all but love and battles?
O' the first of these we've no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' the latter.—*Hudibras.*

THE support of a standing army during peace, has often been considered as dangerous in a republic. In Athens, Sparta, Rome, and other ancient cities, the experiment has been illustrated in a manner satisfactory to all who have the good of their country really at heart. The objections against them are plain and numerous. Large bodies of men, united by similar habits, pursuits, intellects, and opinions, may easily be moved like some enormous engine, at the instigation of private individuals, and rendered subservient to any treacherous enterprise. They are, during peace, abstracted from the general occupations of the community, and living at an enormous expense upon the labour of others; mere idlers who, in the leisure which the routine of ostensible duty allows, imbibe irregular sentiments in opposition to the civil law, and disseminate them to the injury of more industrious and peaceable inhabitants. Connected together as they are by a community of prejudices and friendships, an offence to a part is liable to meet the resentment of the whole: thus the social body is distracted by party contests, and the stream of justice, which should for ever flow with a rapid and irresistible current, is interrupted, turned aside, and sometimes altogether obstructed.

The friends of standing armies, however, have many wise and weighty arguments to urge in their favour. They say that without them that chivalric spirit, which is the proud and beautiful characteristic of freemen, passes away and yields to the meaner passions of avarice, luxury, and the arts. A nation undefended is more exposed to the insults of foreign powers, and less able to resent them. Unprepared for war, they will tamely submit to oppression, until at length the manly and instinctive love of independence, and the resolution to shed their best blood in its cause, which in times of war inflame all minds, are utterly abandoned for a mean caution, a paltry economy, a peddling, remonstrating, treaty-forming spirit, that hopes, hesitates, and trembles, till the opportunity for redress has glided by, and the oppressors rivet their chains without a blow. To unite the advantages of both these systems, without incurring the evils of either, has been a desideratum in the formation of our own government. The wisdom and skill displayed by our sages and legislators are only equalled by the wonderful results of their labours in the maturity of the present militia system. This is at length the magic medium where strength and security, internal peace and foreign respect reside together. My fellow-citizens, who have frequent opportunity of admiring us on parade, will unite with me in these sincere and unqualified praises, and sympathize with the brave militia who, twice a year, endure unheard-of labours, and dare the various changes of our climate for the good of their country and posterity. The statute enacts that, at certain periods, all citizens above eighteen and under forty-five years of age, unless particularly exempted by law, shall hold themselves ready for parade a certain number of times during the year, accoutred with all the horrible instruments of torture known by the name of guns, swords, &c. for the purpose of keeping alive our national military spirit, and also of being themselves thoroughly drilled in the useful discipline of war. What can be a more inspiring and sublime spectacle than to see a company of these daring and hardy youths, equipped with the awful insignia of battle—some of them with flints and some without—

with muskets which seem already to have been used in the revolution, and thus boldly marching through the streets with their oblique to the right and their oblique to the left, skilfully avoiding little stones and mud-puddles, and keeping their course in defiance of pigs, dogs, negroes, and gutters, spattered with mud, scorched with the sun, or drenched with the sudden shower? All the different characters and every-day appearances of our fellow-citizens are lost in the general glory of a parade. The tailor has left his needle; the cobbler his awl; the meek poet, who yesterday stole languidly along by-streets and narrow alleys, now stands erect in brilliant apparel; the apothecary has forgotten his pestle to grasp the musket; the pale and sickly student shoulders his piece with an air of defiance; the barber, who in the morning took hold of your nose with most delicate and barber-like precision, now stalks by you with a fierce pair of whiskers and a dignified flourish of his sword, and roars out with laudable military ardour, "company, right face—forward march!" I myself—I hope I may mention it here without incurring the charge of vanity—have the honour of belonging to the militia. I will even so far overcome my modesty as to confess that I am a captain. I have read the statute; know all the words of command; can conduct a body of men through the crookedest street in town in spite of any intricate labyrinth of carts, bricks, cotton-bags, or barrels; and am therefore perfectly prepared, whenever my country demands my aid, to meet the most disciplined of our enemy's troops. Nothing has tended in a greater degree to inspire my mind with this military ardour than our periodical parades. The service we hereby render the republic, the labour we endure, the dangers we encounter, the skill, courage, and patriotism we exhibit, entitle us to a high rank among the heroes of modern times; and I am resolved, if ever I meet a gentle Desdemona lingering from her house affairs to listen to my conversation, she shall know all that I have gone through up to the very hour, be the consequences what they may. Who can conceive of any thing more satisfactory to the feelings than to be ordered out on parade on some bright beautiful summer morning! The dew has just dampened the ground and laid the dust for our accommodation. The command is given to "forward march," from one company to another. The music strikes up some animated tune, and on we go through crowds of the admiring populace, lost in astonishment at the elegance of our appearance and the wondrous feats which most probably we should achieve if there were to be a war. It is our pride to march through miscellaneous multitudes composed of men, women, children, dogs, pigs, horses, and carts. The little "tag-rag people," with lath guns and broomstick horses, generally form a line of march by our side, and in the rear chimney-sweepers, and similar gentlemen of different professions, inspired with enthusiasm much resembling our own—for human nature is alike every where—elevate their brushes into swords, wave their blankets for banners, and march on in all the "quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." The enlivening music of our band, and the astonishing valour displayed in the ranks against pigs, puddles, &c. excite universal attention, and windows and cellar-doors on every side are flung open as we pass, crammed full of human heads, among whom we old veterans in the service of war, can generally at a glance distinguish all the relations of a family. There are at the parlour windows pa, ma, and aunt, with little Bobby, Billy, sister Susan, &c. Then out of the second story are the slouchy chambermaid, and the pretty nurse with a half lady-like and half submissive air anxious to see the display of splendour below, yet absorbed in endeavours to hush young hopeful, who, awakened to a spirit of opposition by the thunder of our drums, greets us with certain responsive expressions of regard, not uncommon in personages of his description, and

at the cellar door stands the fat cook with Dinah and her woolly-headed "other self," grinning and shining and discovering marks of sincere delight not to be mistaken. I am a firm friend to the militia system. I contend that by it the advantages of standing armies are sustained without their attendant evils, and the ingenuity of the legislature in arranging the periods of parade so that each one shall occur at just the time when it may be supposed that the men had forgotten what they learned at the last, is another mark of their wisdom. I have often amused myself by imagining what astonishment would seize a foreign army, drilled in a hundred battles, and whose sole profession was that of arms, if they should by any miracle invade the city upon a general training day, when all our hardy troops were on parade. They would doubtless behold many evolutions which they never before suspected were a part of military tactics, and learn what it was to attack a people who depend upon a militia for safety. For my part, in my own company I am pretty certain that I could name three or four individuals who would not run away, at least, until they had flung their muskets right into the faces of the enemy. D.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

Paris, June 1, 1839.

MY DEAR M.—I think it by no means improbable that you are by this time involved in somewhat of a wonderment at my silence of a month. Is it not so? and have you been able to devise any solution of the mystery? Perhaps it may be that I was tired of my task and had determined to write no more; perhaps I was displeased at finding that you had printed my letters in that intolerable publication of yours; great Jupiter! that I, J. H., should ever live to see my most random thoughts immortalized in print! Possibly I have been sick; for ought you knew to the contrary, dead. Whatever the cause has been, shall I leave you to make your own election, or shall I explain at once? that is the question. Upon the whole, I believe the shortest way will be to tell you the truth of the matter. The fact is, then, I have been too deeply engaged in going the rounds, spying out the sights, and sipping the sweets of Paris. My hotel is near the Tuileries, and within full view of the Place Vendôme with its pillar; these of course attracted my first attention, that is, after the indispensable luxuries of a bath, a twelve hours' sleep, and a *déjeuner à la fourchette*; to say nothing of the equally indispensable attentions of the man-maker, *videlicet* tailor, (with his subdivisions of coat-maker, vest-maker, and constructor of pantaloons,) cordonnier, dentiste, and peruquier. You have never been in Europe, I believe; of course, therefore, you must be very curious to read my account of every thing that is to be seen here. I am aware of your wishes, and therefore shall from henceforth scrupulously abstain from describing any thing and every thing I see, hear, smell, touch, or taste; and that has been seen, heard, smelt, touched, or tasted by any other visitor of the magnificent city of Paris. For the love of heaven, what are books written for, if people will not read them? Do you admire my cramped chirography so particularly that you would rather pore over one of my illegible sheets, than a fair printed page of some goodly octavo. To gather information concerning the very same matters? If you wish to know something of the features of Paris, get any book of travels and read it; for my part I will not waste a line in telling you what you may better learn elsewhere. My time and the labour of my fingers are too valuable to be bestowed on such vile uses. If I find any thing new; any quiet little bit of drollery that has either escaped other travellers, or been thought unworthy a place in their ponderous itineraries, you shall have it; or if I have luck enough

to meet with any adventures, personal and peculiar, and fit to be related, they are at your service; but no churches, palaces, galleries, gardens, bridges, markets, or manufactories, shall you know any thing the more of by my assistance.

Talking of adventures, I met with one a day or two after my arrival which amused me, and may do the same for you; it is characteristic of the place. You are aware I suppose that there is such a person as the King of France, and that his majesty is rather religious; and you may perhaps have been informed that he does not go to a public church like other decent people, but has a private and most exquisite little chapel of his own, where he hears mass every morning. To this chapel strangers are admitted once in each week—on Sundays—by virtue of a ticket which *par la grace d'une piece de deux francs*, may be obtained from any of the royal household; the servants I mean. These tickets are naturally much sought for by all strangers who arrive, because in the first place they cost money—and in the second, it is something to go to chapel with a king. I had been lounging through the palais royal, cheapening *bijouterie* and meershaum pipes, and stopping every now and then to gaze and laugh at the caricatures in the print shops; after an hour or two past in this intellectual employment, I went up the steps at the end of the palace and sauntered along the Rue Vivienne, intending to take a stroll through the Boulevards, when I was overtaken by a very respectable looking personage, having the air and costume of a marchand de Marseilles, or some other remote commercial city; he seemed to be about forty-five or fifty years of age, and was gazing around him with that unquiet and uncertain look which designates the stranger. Captivated I suppose by my juvenile and foreign appearance, he accosted me, and very civilly desired to know of me the way to the Bourse, towards which we were both advancing; I answered his query, and as nothing is more natural than conversation to a Frenchman, we exchanged sundry civil speeches, the main purport of which on his part was, that he was entirely unacquainted with Paris, and that the person whom he was seeking at the Bourse, was to procure for him a ticket of admission to the royal chapel for the next day, being Sunday. I very naturally intimated a corresponding wish to obtain the means of *entreé*; and he, quite as naturally, had no doubt that his friend would be able to oblige me also, and to that end, proposed that I should accompany him to the café, where the gentleman was to be found. Although not altogether so very green as my companion imagined, I complied, and arriving in a few minutes at the door, we entered; an inquiry at the bar, induced my gentleman to ascend a spiral staircase which occupied the centre of the room, and I, with my eyes perfectly opened, and inwardly chuckling at the clumsiness of the *ruse*, followed him as meekly as a lamb. As I expected, the upper room contained a billiard-table, and a single individual, between whom and my guide no symptom of recognition or acquaintance passed. The person whom he came to see was absent, but would soon return, and to while away the time, the gentleman in possession proposed a game with me or my companion. I declined of course, being perfectly up to the contrivance; and my Marseillois to encourage me, took down a cue and began playing most vilely with his confederate, whose skill seemed to be no greater.

You remember how I used to play; but I beg pardon. You were always too moral to have any thing to do with billiards, but you may have heard that I beat five, years ago, Charles G——t, and my cousin T——e, and the A. P., and since that I have played on even terms with the king of Bath and colonel Marton, and sundry others of the best players of London. You may readily conceive therefore, that I had no great fear for the denouement of the little plot that was now in progress against my purse. As I expect-

ed, after their game was over, I was again invited and even urged to play one *parti*, and consented. My antagonist was the person whom we found in the room; he played very badly and I rather worse, but took care once in a while to make a seeming lucky stroke.

At length my antagonist proposed a bet upon a particular *coup*, which I declined, my Marseillois accepted, and won. The loser grew very angry, and went down stairs for some lemonade. My friend taking advantage of his absence, suggested the facility with which we might make some money out of him, and offered to go halves with me in betting upon my play; he was confident my antagonist had money, and being angry, would bet freely. I replied carelessly that I never played for money—which was the fact—but at length yielded to his solicitations, and consented to be his partner in a bet of a hundred francs. This arranged, my party returned to his game; the bet was offered and instantly taken up, and money planked. A change now took place in the style of playing. My gentleman put forth his strength,—I still holding back—and ran the game within ten of victory. My partner tried to look very blank, but old stager as he was, he could not hide the sparkle of his eye, as the probability of dividing my fifty francs with his worthy coadjutor, grew every moment more apparent. At last I thought it my turn to do something. My antagonist, confident as he was of victory, still played cautiously, and when he did not count, left the balls as safe as his really good knowledge of the game would enable him to do. The stroke he left for me was a most unpromising one; nevertheless, in the twinkling of an eye, his ball was in the pocket, at the next stroke I made a most unheard of *caremboule*, and then taking the hazard, ran the game out, without giving him another chance. I wish you could but have been there to see the utter dismay of my good friend the chapel-frequenter. I laughed then, and have laughed regularly every day since at the recollection of his mortification and amazement. The money I gave to the *Ecole des Sourds Muets*, and the adventure I have thus induced for your edification and especial warning. Its moral you will perceive is simple, or rather it conveys two. One is to innocent strangers like myself, to beware how they fall into conversation with respectable looking mercantile gentlemen who go to the king's chapel. The other to those said gentlemen, to be cautious lest in striking with a flail, they knock their own noddles—Adieu. Yours, J. H.

P. S.—I am thinking of a ramble into Germany—The king is very ill, and the ministry very unsteady.

THE DRAMA.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

MRS. KNIGHT.

THIS lady was, we believe, the first female of any eminence as a vocalist that arrived in this country. Most of us recollect her appearance three years ago, and the enthusiastic reception she met with; and though many rival queens of song have since arisen to divide the homage of the public, she yet continues unequalled in that class of songs in which she first made an impression—the good old unsophisticated melodies of England and Scotland. In these forte-piano days, this style of music does not appear to be in very good repute: it is too plain and simple—appeals too much to the common feelings of humanity—indeed, is altogether too natural to be in vogue in a highly refined, fashionable, and artificial state of society.—Something brilliant and showy—no matter how meretricious—is “more german to the matter,” because it astonishes, whereas the other merely delights the hearer. There is a good deal of vulgar affectation abroad, concerning what is termed scientific music—that is, music that addresses itself rather to the ear than the heart; and the greatest admiration for it is

generally expressed by those who know the least about it—pretenders to, or half proficient in, the science. The man of genius and real taste will listen to the complicated efforts of some justly celebrated composer, and be highly gratified therewith, and this same man will perchance listen with still deeper attention to one of those old imperishable melodies whose intrinsic beauty alone has kept them floating around the world, long, long after their authors' names have passed into oblivion, if, indeed they ever emerged from it. Such a melody may awaken in such a man

“Thoughts that lie too deep for tears.”

while your prating, pragmatism, pretending coxcomb, if he were capable of feeling it, *dares* not admire it without a saving clause, for fear of having his taste called in question. Heaven pity him! and yet he looks upon himself as a very superior fellow, and should any one who judges from his feelings presume to observe that, “Woes my heart that we should sunder,” is preferable to “Water parted from the sea,” he bestows a smile of contemptuous pity, as his only answer on the being who is evidently of so inferior an order to himself.

Rousseau has said that the musical world may be divided into three classes: those who are capable of feeling the intellectual part of music, who are generally men with something of a poetical temperament, and no very correct ear for harmony; those who have an ear for harmony, and a taste for harmonious arrangement, but whose feelings are not excited by expressive melody, and, who are, for the most part, men deficient in imagination; and, lastly, those who unite these two qualifications—a class, says Rousseau, rather rare. Mrs. Knight would probably be in favour with the first and last classes, and a singer like Horn with the second. To say that Mrs. Knight is a perfect ballad-singer, would be to say a very absurd thing,—there is only one woman of the present day, Miss Stephens, that is so; but to say that she is by far the best that has appeared in this country, is to say nothing more than the truth. Of course we mean as a ballad-singer, and without reference to any singer in a different line. There are many now-a-days who voluntarily enrol themselves as the champions of the merits of a particular vocalist, and thenceforward become instantly blind to the perfections of her rivals. Now we like our own gratification too well to turn partisan, and can find ample cause for admiration in either Madame Feron, Mrs. Austin, or Mrs. Knight. Indeed the respective excellencies of each are so different, that comparison would be both unpleasant and unprofitable. At present our business is with Mrs. Knight. Both power and sweetness are united in this lady's voice, but it is somewhat deficient in flexibility. The lower tones are good—the middle indifferent—the upper beautiful, and all are skilfully managed. There is also a great deal both of taste and common sense in Mrs. Knight's singing, that is, she adapts the proper tone to the proper words and marries sound to sense, instead of divorcing it by ridiculous and astounding flourishes, on “and,” “the,” “but,” or any other insignificant monosyllable; and she emphasises her words with considerable judgment and propriety, that is, taking into consideration the present awful state of things in that particular. We do not know that she feels—acutely feels—the beauty and pathos of some of the ballads she sings, though she has at least the tact to throw the semblance of feeling into them. The air of “Oh the moments were sad,” is amongst her happiest efforts in this class; but in pieces of a more arch and lively description, such as “Coming through the rye,” she is perfectly at home. Her manner of giving the “Dashing white serjeant,” has been very much admired, and very likely it deserves to be so, though, at the best, the song is but a noisy piece of business. Who could endure to hear it after listening to Mrs. Knight, when as *Adine* in the opera

of Faustus, she addresses her lost lover in the following lines, the beauty of which must be our excuse for quoting them:

Oh, Saul! oh, king!
Wake from thy fearful dream!
The chains that bind
The horror-haunted mind,
Drop from thee, as the stream
Of music gushes from the trembling string.
Softly, softly breathe my lyre,
Still every wild desire!
Let thy music fall as sweet
On the anxious, listening ear,
As the odours to the sense
When the summer's close is near.
More soft! more slow!
The measures flow!
Softer, slower yet!
Till the sweet sounds beget
A joy that melts like wo.

This is, perhaps, Mrs. Knight's greatest effort, not even excepting her splendid exertions in the scene in *Der Freischütz*, commencing, "How gentle were my slumbers." As an actress, it may be mentioned that Mrs. Knight is far superior to any other vocalist in this country. C.

LITERARY NOTICES.

GEBEL TEIR.*

We did intend to lay before our readers this week, a review of *Devereux*. But we have not received it in time to give that attention to its merits which they deserve, and therefore, we have looked over *Gebel Teir*, a political work, said to be from the pen of Mr. Everett. We find in it much that is worthy of praise, but nothing that for soundness of reasoning, and correctness of doctrine, is superior to the following extract:

"The next point, the entire separation of church and state, was equally or even more the product of necessity and not of wisdom, though the consequences are so beneficial, that they may in after times be attributed to inspiration. In all former ages and nations, the contrary had been practised so invariably, that it was considered indispensable. Idolaters, theocrats, pagans, christians, and mahometans, all linked church and state in the closest connexion. Men have ever believed that religion is the basis of morality and order, without which government cannot exist; and out of the United States there are few men who dare think that religion can exist unless entwined with political administration. The bramin, the rabbi, the mufti, the catholic and the protestant, all believe that their religion and the state would be both overthrown, if they were not closely combined. This habitual belief is so universal and so strong, that even now, the most liberal men in other countries who are the advocates of toleration, start at the idea of that absolute equality which is occasioned by the government obstructing itself from all further patronage of religion than what exists in this republic, namely, the guarantee of the laws for all personal and corporate rights.

"Now, sir, the same prejudices existed in the United States. It was not considered sufficient that the individuals who were to be in power should be men of morality, complying to the forms of the sect to which they might belong; but that they should personify an abstraction, and that as governors, they should be connected with religion. Some religion therefore must be the favoured, the dominant one—but what religion should this be? The catholic, quaker, episcopalian, presbyterian, independent, baptist, and others, were all ready, in honest conviction of its necessity, to take upon themselves the exclusive office of praying for and to the state—but which was to have the preference? The utter impossibility of deciding prevented all consideration of the question: it was therefore passed over in absolute silence. Individuals employed in the administration might, and do, belong to different sects; the government itself was considered an abstraction, and no part was assigned it. It neither appointed, consecrated, deposed, nor conferred; the crown and the mitre were for the first time wholly separated. The magistrates of every degree followed what creed and paid what stipend they pleased, and this was done in their individual, private capacity. There were many of the clergy and of the laity also who dreaded this untied state of things; they feared both government and religion must fall unless they leaned directly on each other. A catholic dignitary of great learning, in a late work against to-

leration, confounded by a policy so contrary to every thing he had heard and known, calls the government of the United States "an atheistical government." This extraordinary and unprecedented principle of excluding the government from all meddling with religious affairs has been adopted in all the state constitutions, though there were formerly some of these states which had a strong bias to one sect or another. The consequences have been equally favourable to the government and to religion, and especially to the latter. In no country is religion more venerated and more practised than in that, where it neither controls, nor is controlled by the government. So salutary, so obvious are its effects, that the time will come when not only all honest politicians, but all honest priests, will be in favour of the system of entire separation of ecclesiastical and political concerns; and it will only be in countries where they have a mutual interest in sustaining abuses, that the clergy will wish to be dependent on the throne. The example which this republic has given to the world on this subject, is one of the greatest improvements in the science of government. But, sir, I repeat it, this innovation was not owing to their wisdom and foresight, but deprecated by what they called both, and was unavoidable from their situation, and the rival sects into which they were divided.

"The third point, Mr. President, a liberal system of commerce, though rather more owing to deliberate judgment, was in a very considerable degree forced upon them. The vexations they had suffered under the attempt to establish the vicious, destructive policy of the colonial system, had disgusted them with all embarrassments upon trade. The difference also of the several colonies with respect to produce, and the occupation of the inhabitants, in some the agricultural, in others the commercial employments predominating, made every species of monopoly difficult, and tended to create the wise determination of leaving commerce and intercourse both for others and themselves unrestricted, and they took the wise precaution to make it an express article of the constitution that no duty should ever be laid on exports. The useful effects that have been experienced tended yet more to extend this system; they made advances to other nations to do away all discrimination between flags, and get rid of the whole complicated practice of granting and receiving partial favours, in which commerce was made subservient to national enmity, cramped in its movements, and turned out of its natural course. These false principles were adopted in less enlightened times, and when commerce was comparatively a minor interest, instead of being as it is now, the great instrument of enriching, connecting and improving the various nations of the world. The United States came into existence without being fettered by any of these antiquated laws, treaties and prejudices: they unfurled their flag to wave free as the wind; they felt the advantage of this freedom in leaving enterprise unshackled; they held out offers of reciprocity in establishing new principles of commerce; and their example has been followed by the most enlightened nations, and probably one of the best tests of political wisdom in every nation is the degree to which they proceed in freeing trade and intercourse within their own limits, as well as with other nations, from onerous restrictions."

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL'S TRAVELS.

This work, so long and anxiously expected, will soon make its appearance in this country. It is in the press of Carey, Lea and Carey, and will undoubtedly gratify the curiosity, if it does not altogether satisfy the vanity of our countrymen. We shall take the earliest opportunity of noticing its contents, and expressing our opinion respecting them.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

IGNIS FATUUS.

Those luminous appearances, says Mr. Mitchell, which are popularly called "will-o'-the-wisp" and "jack-a-lantern," have been alike the object of vulgar superstition and philosophical curiosity, and notwithstanding all attempts to apprehend and subject them to examination, they are not much more the subjects of knowledge now than they were centuries ago.

I was myself, formerly, familiar with these appearances; they were of frequent occurrence near my father's residence, owing, probably, to the proximity of extensive wet grounds, over which they are usually seen. The house stood upon a ridge, which sloped down on three sides to the beautiful meadows which form the margin of the Connecticut.

These mysterious luminaries used often to be seen by the fishermen, who plied their nets by night as well as by day. They commonly reported that they saw them a little above the surface of the meadow, dancing up and down, or gliding quietly in a horizontal line. Sometimes two, or even three, would be dancing or sailing away in concert, as if rejoicing in their mutual companionship.

A friend of mine, returning from abroad late in the evening had to cross a strip of marsh. As he approached the causeway, he noticed a light towards the opposite end, which he supposed to be a lantern in the hand of some person whom he was about to meet. It proved, however, to be a solitary flame, a few inches above the marsh, at the distance of a few feet from the edge of the causeway. He stopped some time to look at it; and was strongly tempted, notwithstanding the miriness of the place, to get nearer to it for the purpose of closer examination. It was evidently a vapour, (phosphuretted hydrogen,) issuing from the mud, and becoming ignited, or at least luminous, in contact with the air. It exhibited a flickering appearance, like that of a candle expiring in its socket; alternately burning with a large flame, and then sinking to a small taper; and occasionally, for a moment, becoming quite extinct. It constantly appeared over the same spot.

With the phenomena exhibited in this instance, I have been accustomed to compare those exhibited in other instances, whether observed by myself or others; and generally making due allowances for the illusion of the senses and the credulity of the imagination in the dark and misty night,—for it is on such nights that they usually appear,—I have found these phenomena sufficient for the explanation of all the fantastic tricks which are reported of these phantoms.

They are supposed to be endowed with locomotive power. They appear to recede from the spectator, or advance towards him. But this may be explained without locomotion—by their variation in respect to quantity of flame. As the light dwindles away, it will seem to move from you, and with a velocity proportioned to the rapidity of its diminution. Again as it grows larger, it will appear to approach you. If it expire, by several flickerings or flashes, it will seem to skip from you, and when it re-appears you will easily imagine that it has assumed a new position. This reasoning accounts for their apparent motion, either to or from the spectator; and I never could ascertain that they moved in any other direction, that is, in a line oblique or perpendicular to that in which they first appeared. In one instance, indeed, I thought this was the fact, and what struck me as more singular, the light appeared to move with great rapidity, directly against a very strong wind. But after looking some time, I reflected that I had not changed the direction of my eye at all, whereas if the apparent motion had been real, I ought to have turned half round. The deception was occasioned by the motion of the wind itself—as a stake standing in a rapid stream will appear to move against the current.

It is a common notion that the ignis fatuus cannot be approached, but will move off as rapidly as you advance. This characteristic is mentioned in the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*. It is doubtless a mistake. Persons attempting to approach them, have been deceived, perhaps as to their distance, and finding them farther off than they imagined, have proceeded a little way and given over, under the impression that pursuit was vain. An acquaintance of mine, a plain man, told me he actually stole up close to one and caught it in his hat, as he thought. "And what was it?" I asked. "It was nothing." On looking into his hat for the "shining jelly," it had wholly disappeared. His motions had dissipated the vapour, or perhaps his foot had closed the orifice from which it issued. To this instance another may be added. A young man and woman walking home from an evening visit, approached a light which they took for a lantern carried by some neighbour, but which on actually passing it, they found to be borne by no visible being; and taking themselves to flight, burst into the nearest house with such precipitation as to overturn the furniture, and impart no small share of their fright to the family.

The circumstance that these lights usually appear over marshy grounds, explains another popular notion respecting them; namely, that they possess the power of beguiling persons into swamps and fens. In a misty night they are easily mistaken for the light of a neighbouring house, and the deceived traveller, directing his course towards it, meets with fences, ditches, and other obstacles, and by perseverance, stops at length, quite bewildered, in the swamp itself.

* "Gebel Teir, or Mountain of Birds. Mountain in Egypt, on the East bank of the Nile; twenty-four miles north of Eseneh. It has its name from a conceit of the Arabs, that all the birds of the universe hold a council here annually."

By this time he perceives that the false lamp is nothing but a jack-a-lantern. An adventure of this kind I remember to have occurred in my own neighbourhood. A man left his neighbour's house late in the evening, and at daylight had not reached his own, a quarter of a mile distant: at which his family being concerned, a number of persons went out to search for him. We found him near a swamp, with soiled clothes and a thoughtful countenance, reclining by a fence. The account he gave was, that he had been led into the swamp by a jack-a-lantern. His story was no doubt true, and yet had little of the marvellous in it. The night being dark, and the man's senses a little disordered withal by a glass too much of his neighbour's cherry, on approaching his house, he saw a light, and not suspecting that it was not upon his mantel-piece, made towards it. A bush or bog might have led to the same place, if he had happened to take it for his chimney-top.

[In relation to the subject of the foregoing article, the following is the substance of a communication published in a Boston paper.]

Mr. Mitchell's philosophy of the nature and cause of the appearances is very reasonable, as far as it goes, but does not embrace one half of the sphere in which they move. It is known to those who are accustomed to sea voyages that these delusive wonders and wanderers, are much oftener met with at sea than on land, where the credulous and superstitious sailors, make them harbingers of good and evil, during their voyage. In the first place, according to Mr. M.'s philosophy, they cannot be locomotive; and secondly, are only to be met with in low marshy fens. Now, I will relate one simple fact, which can easily be substantiated.

In April, 1825, I was crossing the Gulf-stream, as passenger in the ship *China*, bound from China to Salem. It is well known, there is much cloudy, damp and unpleasant weather on this part of the ocean; and the darkness oftentimes becomes equal to that of a dungeon. On such nights these lights or complizants appear on different parts of the masts, rigging, &c.—three, four and five at a time. I had previously requested the sailors who kept the watch at night, if they saw any of these, to be sure and call me, for I was determined to have a more thorough acquaintance with them, if it were possible, and no sooner was there one discovered than I was notified. I went on deck, but alas it was quite out of my reach, being fixed to the truck of the main sky-sail mast. I stood and gazed at it a few seconds, when it disappeared, and no more were seen that night. The next night I was called again, came on deck, and three were to be seen; one on the main yard-arm, one on the main topsail yard-arm, and one on the main royal-mast cross trees. I carefully climbed up the rigging on the main yard, got within about three feet of it, and stopped to examine to see if I could discover any thing from which the light seemed to proceed, which appeared to be about one inch in diameter; it would expand and contract again at irregular periods, sometimes its size would be more than doubled; it appeared much brighter sometimes than others, which at its brightest was very pale. I watched it for some eight or ten minutes, but could make no discovery that was satisfactory to me. I approached a little nearer so that I could reach it, but the moment I lifted my hand to take hold of it, it disappeared; I then made for one of the others, but before I got on the main top, two others appeared upon the main topmast, within three feet of each other, and where I could reach them very handily; and after getting nearer to them than I did before, stopped to see if I could make any new discovery; but equally unsuccessful, though I had a much better view; I again very calmly attempted to take hold of one, but it disappeared before my hand was within a foot of it. I climbed up to the next, and thought I would make a sudden grasp at it, but when I put my hand where it was, it was not there, and in like manner I spent about three hours trying to catch or obtain a closer view of one, but was equally unsuccessful. I tried again the third night, and drove them from place to place all over the rigging, but all to no effect, and I gave up the chase.

Now, sir, if the Rev. Mr. Mitchell or Professor Silliman will allow these lights to be the same kind as those seen on land in swamps, meadows, &c., you must admit a complete refutation of Mr. Mitchell's philosophy, on the two points which I have considered.

A LAMP-WICK.

Take a leaf of mullein, let it get half dry, cut a piece off the side, four or five inches long, and half an inch wide, put it in your lamp, and it will burn as well as a cotton wick.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Hoboken.—We took occasion lately to speak of a reduction of price in this ferry, and of its judicious policy. That it was formerly too high, seems to be the universal opinion. Not only was it disproportioned to any other charge of a similar nature that we are acquainted with, but it had the undoubted effect to deter multitudes from visiting Hoboken. The wisdom of the plan adopted, is sufficiently shown in the increased number of passengers; for while the public are now liberally accommodated, the respectable proprietors are certain to realize a more bountiful reward than formerly.

There is in this spot, such a concentration of advantages and charms, being not less famed for its unrivalled beauty than for its healthfulness, the purest breezes from the ocean constantly fanning it through the hot season; having excellent water, with high, dry, and well cultivated grounds; its extensive natural and artificial groves, and ingeniously contrived and fascinating walks; its romantic bluffs and graceful slopes, with an elevation and position so commanding, and in some respects, so extraordinary and singular, that the mind, constantly delighted with its views, becomes wrapped in perfect admiration. From what we have seen of our own favoured country, abounding, as it does, in magnificent scenery, and from repeated conversations with intelligent foreigners, we think we hazard little in saying, that Hoboken may be pronounced one of the most desirable and interesting situations in the world.

It has been suggested to us by several respectable gentlemen, and we take the present opportunity to reiterate the opinion, that no other position in the vicinity of New-York possesses equal advantages, since none has equal attractions, for the establishment of a boarding-house on an extended scale: and let it not be forgotten, that it is a very eligible place for salt-water bathing. It would probably become the resort of genteel people from every state in the Union, and also from different parts of Europe. Many gentlemen doing business in the city, would make it their residence for the greater part of the year. Such a concern, wisely and discreetly managed, would not fail to produce large emoluments: and the owners of these grounds, who have hitherto been governed as well with a view to public accommodation and convenience, as to the promotion of their own interest, will not be wanting in duty either to themselves or their country.

Edward Lytton Bulwer.—In turning over our file of the New Monthly Magazine for 1828, the following lines, from the pen of its editor—Campbell, the poet—caught our eye. The notice which the gentleman to whom they are addressed has recently attracted, makes them particularly interesting at this time. In the present novel-writing age, perhaps no man has risen more rapidly or justly in public estimation than Mr. Bulwer, the author of *Pelham*, the *Disowned*, and *Devereux*; that is, of course, setting aside Sir Walter Scott, who has become the same standing exception amongst novelists that Shakespeare is amongst poets.

Lines to Edward Lytton Bulwer, on the birth of his child.

My heart is with you, Bulwer, and portrays
The blessings of your first paternal days;
To clasp the pledge of purest holiest faith,
To taste one's own and love-born infant's breath,
I know, nor would for world's forget the bliss,
I've felt that to a father's heart that kiss,
As o'er its little lips you smile and cling,
Has fragrance which Arabia could not bring.
Such are the joys, ill-mock'd in ribald song,
In thought, ev'n fresh'ning life our life-time long,
That give our souls on earth a heaven drawn bloom;
Without these we are weeds upon a tomb.
Joy be to thee, and her whose lot with thine,
Propitious stars saw truth and feeling twine!
Joy be to her, who in your rising name
Feels love's lower brightness by the beams of fame:
I lack'd a father's claim to her—but knew
Regard for her young years so pure and true,
That, when she at the altar stood your bride,
A sire could scarce have felt more sure like pride.

"Stand from under!"—Sailors have ever been proverbial for the credence which they give to all appalling and terrific tales connected with maritime life, and for the thrilling awe with which they are impressed by the most supernatural and heart-stirring superstitions. The Flying Dutchman, navigating the waves against the force of current and wind, and doomed to a voyage which shall never have an end; the beautiful romance of the mermaid; the coral palaces beneath the green sea; and a thousand others, might be cited as examples of this peculiar and fascinating impulse. How far the narrative under the above title, which will be found on another page of to-day's paper, can lay claim to a rank with these extraordinary superstitions, we are not prepared to say. It was related as an actual fact by a mariner who solemnly affirmed he knew it to be so! In copying it into our columns,

we gratify an avidity for the marvellous and the tragic, which a pen no less powerful than that of Sir Walter Scott has keenly fostered and encouraged. We hope that the reader, after its perusal, will be able to recover from the shock into which he will undoubtedly be thrown, and, like Macbeth at the vanishing of the apparition, cry out, "why so, being gone, I am a man again!"

Infidelity.—Many moralists amongst us are seriously alarmed at what they consider the rapid spread of scepticism and crime in this city, and are anxious that some energetic measures should be pursued by the united community in general, and the public authorities more especially, to check the growth of this great evil. Acknowledging all the bad tendencies of the attempts which have been unblushingly and boldly made within the last year, to undermine the groundwork of religion and morality, we cannot concur in the propriety of offering to these efforts any obstacle whatever. They are in themselves imbecile, and tend to their own speedy defeat. Brought into consequence by opposition, and an authorised system of proscription, they would forthwith be invested with an importance foreign to their nature, and, under the specious plea of persecution, attract support from the heedless and unsettled portion of the multitude. This has ever been the case in Europe, and will be so here, if the matter is put to the test. Whence did Carlie derive his consequence in London, but from the inconsiderate and over-jealous attempts made by government to crush him? Look, on the other hand, at the fate of those who declare themselves the apostles of infidelity in our land? If they possess talent, notoriety, and some share of popular eloquence, they attract a few crowds, whose curiosity is no sooner satisfied than the object which awakened it is forgotten. Like the *ignis fatuus* that gleams over the bog, it may lead the unwary into the mire, but the intelligent traveller stops only for a moment to witness its bickering glare, then goes on his way heedless of its destructive lures and fatal seduction.

The Southern Literary Gazette.—This interesting journal does justice to the feelings we entertain towards our brethren at the south. We have ever deprecated all attempts at exciting sectional jealousies in different parts of our country; and towards the slave-holding states in particular, we have been anxious to cherish the most friendly and kind sympathies. Not that we approve of the condition of slavery which still obtains among them; but we would commiserate the lot which dooms them to this reproach and oppression, not condemn them for supporting an evil in the infliction of which upon themselves they have neither had part nor influence. The law of the land recognises its existence, and it is not for individuals who are not implicated to fan embers, which, once lighted up into a flame, might spread their devastations far and wide. To remove the odium from among them, has long been a darling object with some of the most influential leaders in the southern states. And it is to the development of time, and the improvement of the human family generally, that we confide its wished for accomplishment. We must not lose the opportunity of returning our thanks to the editor of the Literary Gazette for the very kind and partial manner in which he notices our efforts to render this miscellany useful and entertaining.

The Mercury.—This is a truly witty and sparkling portfolio of literature, news, and ethics, from the "literary emporium." It attacks the hypocritical cant, the follies, and the affectation of the day, with a bold and daring satire, that cannot fail to strike home. Quackery never thrived before as it does in this enlightened age; not the quackery which announces its own character in huge advertisements, set off by the usual ornaments of pestle and mortar, Galen's bust, and hundred-headed hydras, but the quackery which assumes the gown of learning, or the stentorian voice of the forensic speaker to hide its ignorance, its vices, or its political depravity. This is a legitimate object of attack, and no weapon will be so successful as that of pointed ridicule, tempered by wisdom and humanity.—We sincerely wish success to the Mercury, and the ability and independence which distinguish its commencement are favourable pledges that our wishes will not be expressed in vain.

Lightning rods.—The awful storms with which we have been visited of late, should impress upon the mind of every landlord and tenant, the strong necessity enjoined upon them of providing their houses with electrical conductors to preserve the property and the lives entrusted to their care, under Providence, from danger and ruin. In repeated instances these valuable Google proved effectual.

OH TELL ME HOW FROM LOVE TO FLY.

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, BY WILLIAM WOOD, JR.

ALLEGRETTO.

Oh tell me how from love to fly, Its dan-gers how to shun, To guard the heart, to shield the eye, Or I must be un-done, Or I must be un-done, Or I must be un-done, To guard the heart, to shield the eye, Or I must be un-done.

For thy impression on my mind,
No time nor power can move;
And vain, alas, the task I find,
To look and not to love.
Could absence my sad heart uphold
I'd hence and mourn my lot,
But memory will not be controll'd
Thou ne'er canst be forgot.

VARIETIES.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.—We copy the following green-room tittle-tattle, from a late number of the *Ago*. It will give our readers some idea of the present state of theatricals across the water:—The giants of the drama, the patentees of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, are enjoying their annual vacation; and in their absence, the dwarfs of the minor establishments have put forth their claims to public notice. There is a charm in that word *little*, as connected with theatrical affairs, that is really magical. Almost all our great actors and dramatists are little people: we have little Vestris, little Foote, little Keeley, little Kean, little Munden, and a hundred other little favourites, both on the English, Italian, and French stages, from little Humby to little Jenny Vertpre, and lastly, little Pauline Leroux. We have no hesitation in confessing that our love of pleasure is almost exclusively confined to little things, and we are therefore always delighted when the season arrives for the opening of our favourite little theatre in the Haymarket, an event which took place a short time since, when the company made their first bow for the season. Murray, although a little manager, is proverbially known to be a great dramatic general; and upon this occasion, as commander-in-chief, displayed his usual good tact in the production of a right pleasant and merry little original trifle, from the pen of little Poole, entitled, "Lodgings for Single Gentlemen," which was not a little successful. It is a sprightly, clever, one act farce, full of excellent comic incident, and admirably calculated for the laughter-loving audiences of the little Haymarket theatre. Among the former favourites who have already re-appeared, we were happy to recognise Mrs. Hum-

by, Mrs. Glover, and Miss F. H. Kelley; to which we must add the names of three debutants of great promise, Mrs. M. Corri and Miss Melton, as operatic performers, and Mrs. Ashton, from the Bath theatre, as the representative of the interesting ladies. The house has been well attended, and, no doubt, will be so when Liston joins them, and other auxiliaries are brought into action, with the excellent acting of W. Farren, John Reeve, Mr. Vining, &c.; and the company is also strengthened in the vocal department by Mr. Western, who appeared on Wednesday, in "Belville," and made a very favourable impression.

That little divinity, Vestris, has marched into Dublin at the head of her "Invincibles." Little corporal Power, of the Irish brigade, is to join her immediately, with her little sister Josephine; and then if little manager Bunn does not make money, and behave himself very gallantly to our favourite, we shall open one of our masked batteries upon him, and annihilate him for ever.

Catalani has commenced an action against the Dublin manager for the recovery of one thousand one hundred pounds.—"We wish she may get it." Caradori's husband, Mr. Allan has been writing puffs in the Edinburgh papers, to impress the Southerners with a belief that Caradori is the only person in existence who can sing and play "Polly," in the "Beggars' Opera," to perfection—*nous verrons*.

M. Laurent's benefit at the Opera House took place on the second instant, when one of the attractions, in addition to Sontag, Malibran, and Pissaroni, was a little piece in French, called "Anglais et Française," which was played with great success.

Charles Wright has furnished a rich treat to the lovers of masquerades, in giving one at Drury Lane theatre, most

unquestionably the best we have seen this season. The splendid manner in which the theatre was decorated has seldom been equalled, and the numerous and various entertainments kept up a constant succession of amusement. The rotunda leading to the saloon had a most imposing appearance, and was only surpassed by the peculiar effect of the saloon itself with the superb supper we observed laid out in it. Of the characters we have seldom seen so many original ones.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—A person reading a quotation from the *London Literary Gazette*, respecting the consumption of oil, found the usual abbreviation, *London Lit. Gaz.* Upon asking the meaning of a neighbour, he replied, it means that *London is lit with gas*.

INFANTILE COURAGE AND GENEROSITY.—Two bulls of equal bravery, although by no means matched in size and strength, happening to meet near a laird's house, in the highlands of Scotland, began a fierce battle, the noise of which soon drew to one of the windows the lady of the mansion. To her infinite terror, she beheld her only son, a boy between five and six years of age, belabouring with a stiff cudgel the stouter of the belligerents. "Dugald! Dugald! what are you about?" exclaimed the affrighted mother. "Helping the little bull," was the gallant young hero's reply.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

BALLAD.

It was a morn of summer time,
And birds among the branches sung,
And from the distant ranks sublime
The gathering trumpet rung.
Roughly on Ada's ear it roll'd,
Her cheek grew pale—her blood ran cold,
When Conrad round his shoulders bold
His red-cross mantle flung.

She rose—she raved—the burning dew
Rush'd down her cheek like lava rain;
One kiss—one clasp—one wild adieu—
He's gone o'er mount and main.
She hurried to the rampart's height,
To see his gallant courser's flight,
And his proud helmet's plume of white—
But Ada look'd in vain.

And months and years had pass'd away,
And still her strong love stronger grew,
And all her thoughts by night and day
Was that last sad adieu.
"Adieu!" mid the green hills she'd cry,
And doom the sympathetic sky
Would to the answering hills reply,
"Adieu—adieu—adieu!"

She pray'd where altar tapers burn,
From morning's dawn to evening's close;
Nor pray'd in vain, he *did* return,
The victor of his foes.
Thus may we wield our country's blade,
Thus may we meet our faithful maid,
And war within love's peaceful shade
His weary limbs repose.

ALPHA.

ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

THE ELOPEMENT.

"Ye'll have fleet steeds who'll follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

"HAVE you heard the news?" exclaimed Harry Evelyn, as he burst into my room the other evening with his accustomed familiarity, while I was stretched at my ease over half a dozen chairs, reading the last new novel. "Julia Wilmot is married."

The word overcame me, the book fell from my hand, and extricating myself from my complicated lounging place, I sprung up as if I had received a sudden shot. A thousand recollections rushed at once upon my mind,—Julia was before me in all the playfulness of youth, and in all the artlessness I had so often looked upon with feelings and emotions which the appearance of my evil genius at one blow dispelled.

"Married!" exclaimed I, "impossible!"

"Not only possible, but true," replied my friend with an air of *non chalance* which but added fuel to the flame his announcement had kindled.

"When?—where?—to whom?"

"Last night—in this very town—to Charles Stanford."

"Last night! Why it was but yesterday morning I met her at a friend's, in all the gaiety and frivolity which distinguish her character. It was no longer ago than yesterday I enjoyed with her a delightful *tête-a-tête* of half an hour; that her eye so eloquently bright seemed to say, 'you are the happy man,' and that like a fool, believing what none but a fool would trust for a moment, the smile of a coquette, I considered myself in a fair way to become as happy and as gay as the heart and hand of Julia Wilmot could make me. But you surely jest."

"On the honour of a soldier—"

"Enough," said I, interrupting him. "But tell me how an event so unexpected, at least to me, came about, and so suddenly too?"

"I fear," said Evelyn, who could not fail to perceive that my inquiries were dictated by some feeling

stronger than mere curiosity, and who now assumed a seriousness of manner altogether different from that with which he entered, "I fear, my dear E., that the share I have had in this affair will induce hard thoughts as far as you are concerned. Believe me, when I mentioned the incident which has occasioned so much anxiety on your part, I had not the most distant idea that its communication would excite any other emotion than the ordinary exclamation 'indeed!' or 'is it possible?'" and never in my life was I more surprised than at the sudden start with which you bounded from your chair, and the tone of mingled fear and suspicion with which you echoed me when I told you she was married. You loved her then?"

"Loved her! Ah, the word is cold compared with the idea it should express. I worshipped, I adored her; I could have foregone the comforts of life for a month, to have received the dawning of her single smile; I could—but what *could* I, what *would* I not have done or suffered for the happiness of calling her mine? But now that it is over, I will be too much of a philosopher to give way to useless regrets, and too much of a man of honour to envy Stanford the bliss which with Julia must be his. But tell me the whole affair."

"You know that old Wilmot was strict to a fault. His daughter is the expectant of a handsome annuity depending on the death of a rich aunt, who, as report goes, in the conviction that she cannot long survive, has adopted Julia, and is even now by anticipation making her advances. The old man, whose affairs turned out unprosperously, and who depended in a great measure for subsistence, as well as for consolation in his old age, upon his only daughter, feeling for her all the affection doubtless of a parent, mingled, perhaps, with the fear that in case of her marriage he might be once more thrown upon his own resources, discouraged in her all idea of a change of situation for the present, and took the necessary precautions to prevent any overtures from abroad for the hand of Julia. She was as yet young, being not more than seventeen. Stanford had been an intimate, and almost an inmate of the family. He had grown up with Julia; he had been her companion in childhood and in youth, and, unsuspected by old Wilmot, had succeeded in engaging her affections. And it was not until within a week, when he communicated to her father directly Julia's consent, if he were not opposed to their union, that he entertained any alarm. Entreaties were used, but in vain; the old man, under pretext of the youth of his daughter, refused his consent, and forbid Charles his house. He obeyed, and between the renewed vigilance of old Wilmot, and the studied absence of Charles, all appearance of further importunity was at an end. They still however, contrived to correspond by letter through the medium of one who was wholly unsuspected, and who, with a degree of assurance almost without a parallel, carried on the whole intrigue almost before the old gentleman's eyes. That person was no other than my single self. Matters were arranged, and by a preconcerted plan, I prevailed on the young lady, who feigned reluctance, to take a walk. Charles was in waiting at a short distance; the happy couple met, and in less than an hour, Charles's title to the person and the fortune of Miss Wilmot, was paramount to that of her father. I can easily account for your surprise at the event, knowing as you must, that Charles had been forbidden the house, but as it is, let us forget and forgive, and drink a bumper to the health and happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Stanford."

Gentlereader, have you ever been in love? If you have not, shut up the paper, you have read far enough; if you have, imagine and sympathise with my situation. There is nothing like experience to test your philosophy. I had always believed with Byron,

"Kill a man's family, and he may brook it,
But keep your hands out of his waistcoat pocket."

I had no faith in the sincerity of human vows and protestations, and in short, I doubted every body; I doubted every thing; I doubted myself. I need not tell you how wofully I was mistaken in my estimate of human character, and how fully I am now convinced of my error. I still however determined to summon a little of my former philosophy to my aid. I reasoned for a moment on the uselessness of taking the matter to heart, now that it could not be avoided; and having taken a hearty supper of oysters with my military friend, we pledged in a bumper the health of my fair *inamorata*, and of my artful and successful rival.

We had just concluded our toast when the waiter entered my room and handed me a note, which I speedily opened, and which contained a card. It proved to be "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stanford at home on Wednesday the —th, from eleven till three."

"Ah, the happy fellow," said I, as I placed the card upon the mantel-piece, and gave vent to by no means an inaudible sigh. "Was it not enough for him to baffle my hopes and my dreams of bliss, but must he make me the witness of the happiness I have lost?"

"Nonsense," said Harry; "in the dumps again? Do you forget the lines of your old favourite song:

"If any pain or care remain
Why drown it in the bowl."

"Here," filling my glass to the brim, and swinging his own above his head with all the recklessness of a true *bonvivant*, "here's may perseverance never want good fortune, and may our failure to-day only have the effect of rendering us more determined to-morrow."

Evelyn, opening his mouth like the portals of some immense castle, took down the sentiment, and with it a glass of the sparkling wine, while a trifling sip indicated very plainly my disrelish, under existing circumstances, for both. He then rose to retire. I pressed him coldly but politely to remain, but he declined and left me as miserable a fellow as ever lived. The equanimity which my mind had received, vanished with the fatal card which I looked at and examined over and over again, and in which as often as I looked at it, I saw the consummation of my rival's victory, and of my own complete, and, I could not but think, disgraceful defeat.

Wednesday came. What was I to do—go or stay? I weighed the question in almost every possible point of view. I considered, and reconsidered. I determined and I faltered, until at length, with scarcely a consciousness of the fact, I found myself in full dress and with the exterior of gaiety and lightheartedness, knocking for admission at the door of my rival's "home." "Shall I go in?" thought I to myself. I don't know what I determined, or whether the door was opened, or whether I walked in or not. The first I recollect was, when the door of the parlour opened, hearing my chivalrous friend, Harry Evelyn, who on the present occasion could hardly find language to describe his exploit, welcome me into the room, and ushering me into the presence of the bride and groom, introduce me by name. Julia was the same; upon her cheek played the same smile which had so often beguiled me of myself; on her lips breathed the same melodious language which to me was music of the most exquisite order; and, in short, she was so much

the same Julia whom I had loved and adored, that in all probability, in the absence and enthusiasm of the moment, I would have forgotten the no less real than nominal distinction which now separated us, and fallen on my knees at her feet, but for a gentle tap on the shoulder from my military friend, who on the present occasion appeared to be self-constituted commander-in-chief, which interrupted my dream of poetry and summoned me to the punch-bowl, which sent forth its grateful fragrance on the table.

It is not probable that the impression which these incidents have produced upon my mind will ever wear away, nor do I indeed wish it, were it possible. There is a kind of melancholy gratification from the review of past scenes of disappointment and comparative misery, which is but ill recompensed by the even and undisturbed tenor of what is termed, how mistakingly, happiness. In looking back upon the recollections I have here traced, I enjoy that luxury in its fullest extent. I feel that wretchedness is not all wretchedness, and that in the darkest spots which at times obscure our path, there is a ray of hope which beacons us safely and triumphantly through the severest trials. In situations such as these, the consoling recklessness of oblivion, so beautifully described by Byron in his happiest moments of inspiration—

"And could oblivion set my soul
From all its troubled visions free,
I'd dash to earth the sweetest bow!
That drown'd a single thought of thee,"

rushes upon my mind, and I triumphantly inquire, if the world with all its vexations be but a scene of misery, where can we look for happiness?

This truth in the present instance I have endeavoured to put in practice. But a week has elapsed since my hopes appeared to be blasted, and my dreams of bliss blighted for ever; and it has found me once more bound in the silken chain which of late was so easily broken. With hopes no less bright but more sensibly alive to the fear of disappointment, I am once more on my knees—what the result may be—who can tell?

As far as Charles and Julia are concerned, their happiness is complete. As a philosopher, I would not breathe a murmur that could disturb it; and much as I love my own happiness, I would forego it all rather than have it marred by the idea that it was the source of a single painful reflection to them.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

SUMMER.

THE successive changes of the year are generally regarded by periodical essayists, as themes well calculated to interest their readers; indeed, in most literary journals which do not strictly confine themselves to what are called—sometimes by a sad misnomer—reviews, such subjects recur almost as regularly as the seasons. Nor is this at all surprising; let these descants be sung as often as they may, the theme can neither be trite, nor seem to be so, if he who has chosen it, aims only at the portraiture of his own feelings, and the simple expression of those thoughts, which the changes in the world without, and the world within him, naturally excite.

The spring is, of all others, the favourite theme of song; most writers of imagination or sentiment, have, in one form or another, endeavoured to paint its various beauty, and speak of the influence of peace and joy, which every heart then receives with glad welcome, if it ever opens to any emotions that do not belong to the lowest parts of our animal nature. There is indeed in this season of universal renovation, when all the beings that people earth and air, and all that is given them, for food or habitations, awaken at once into life and loveliness; when the fields put on their robes of beauty, and the gentle breezes are redolent of perfume and melody and vernal freshness, and all created existence seems to sing its song of thankfulness and hope,—there comes indeed, with this season of beauty and promise to most persons, a momentary sense of undoubting and shadowless peace, a clearness and tranquillity of spirit, and, if I may so speak, an opening into flower of joys and hopes we knew not of—that the heart may feel deeply, but language cannot adequately express. Still, I cannot but think—perhaps because it is now with us—

that summer is almost equally deserving of grateful notice. Spring is the season of promise, but the fulfilment comes with summer; and this point of difference between the seasons I certainly regard as altogether to the advantage of summer. I do not forget that the world thinks, or pretends to think, that anticipation always promises profusely, while the actual good is a sad niggard in redeeming her word; but, neither do I forget, that I have all the right, which my own experience can give, to believe there are more instances of exception to this rule, than of conformity with it; therefore I love enjoyment better than anticipation—summer better than spring. "The earliest offspring of the year" comes arrayed in a garb of rich blossoms, of beauty as various and brilliant as if the rainbow had crumbled and fallen, and sowed itself as seed in the earth; her tresses are wreathed with flowers of all hues and forms, her breath is a mingling of odorous sweets, and her pathway over the fields is marked by the upspringing of their loveliest ornaments. But summer has her flowers too, and with them she has her fruits; her airs move as gently and bring a freshness far more welcome; they sigh through her laden trees, and play with the fluttering petals of her full blown roses, and bear away a perfume that is yet more delightful, because with it there is a coolness that tempers the fervour of her sun.

But I love the summer—not for those charms only which she has in common with the spring; she has others which are wholly her own. It is not until the warmer months have come, and the fervours of the sun are fully disclosed, that we learn to appreciate fairly, and fully to enjoy the morning and evening coolness. A beautiful spring day contrasts its animating glow with the coldness of the night; winter seems to linger in the darkness, because the hours of sunshine are yet too few and feeble wholly to overcome his influence. But when summer is established, the breath of morning only invigorates and prepares for a day of not unpleasant languor; and the renovating coolness of evening brings with it positive delight. We have but few days of intense heat; but be it as hot as it will, I do not know many things more pleasant, than to lie upon the green sward, where the unmitigated ardours of the sun have not yet fallen, and listen to the cooling music of the rippling brook, and lazily watch the dancing leaves as they playfully toss the sunbeams from one to the other, and down to the still fresh grass. We have too, in summer, those showers, than which there is nothing more beautiful or sublime. Right well do I love to see the distant clouds roll their black volumes together, and hang their gold and purple skirts around the horizon in all wild and graceful forms, as if to decorate with fitting tapestry the arch of heaven. The heavy rain comes slowly until the fire bursts from its dwelling, and then falls in torrents, as if the imprisoned waters had escaped when the lightning flash rent asunder the dark mass;—and the angry voice of thunder calls from cloud to cloud, from hill to hill, from heaven to earth, as if to bid man be still, and gaze with silent reverence, while He who rides upon the whirlwind passes by.

We have, to be sure, some days of such fierce and exhausting heat, that all sense of enjoyment or of action, is lost in universal debility, if not in pain; these days are uncomfortable enough, I grant, and it sometimes happens that the shadows of night appear to take away only the light of day, and leave its burning heat. But such days come very seldom, and when they do they are much less disagreeable—at least to me—than those chilly, misty, blue-devil days of spring, which are perpetually recurring, to shake the leaves from the trees, and pinch to death every bud of promise, and turn one's face ten times more blue than the damp sky, and which is worst of all, almost make one despair of summer. In short, I think the spring may well be compared to a budding rose-bush;—beautiful, very beautiful indeed;—but we are perpetually looking to see this beauty expand into perfection, and we now and then find our fingers pricked unexpectedly with stinging thorns; while summer is rather an orange-tree in full bloom and bearing. The blossoms, which we could almost think woven of a snow-wreath, exhale delicious fragrance and cluster round more delicious fruit; and we gladly forgive the rich perfume, even if it happens to breathe upon us with a sickening intensity.

I have rather spoken with reference to that division of the seasons which we have taken by descent, but which is wholly inapplicable here. It became established in England, and there has some foundation in nature. There, winter does not fairly set in until December, and by March, the spring has begun to clothe the vegetable world with living green. The heats of the summer have fled by September, and mild autumn gives ample leisure for harvesting the fruits of fields or groves. Very different from all this is the course of our sea-

sons. The vegetable world is smitten with universal death, quite as early as November, and the frosts and storms of winter begin. April hardly dissolves her icy chains, and so long does "winter linger in the lap of spring," we need the fires and clothes, and all the appliances of January, quite into May. We have inherited the proverb, that "April showers bring May flowers," but our April showers are occasionally made of snow, and our May flowers are neither the sweetest nor the brightest. We have, indeed, but one month of pure spring; beautiful June. July, August and September, are clearly summer months, for they have all the attributes, good and bad, which were ever thought to belong to summer. We have, therefore, nothing left for autumn, but October; and though we may sometimes add a little of September or of November, we quite as often find our dog days united to the winter's snows by no better autumn than can be made out of a string of cold days and colder showers. Still, I like our climate; "with all thy faults I love thee still." Our seasons are apt to have a pretty decided character; our winter is, to be sure, rather long and severe, but it gives infinite zest to the comfort of a good fire shining upon the bright faces of our best friends. Of the spring and summer I have said enough; and as to autumn, who will deny that some of our October days yield in brilliant beauty to no days of any season in any climate. The English spring is longer than ours, but what little we have is as good as any of theirs. We have all heard of the Frenchman, who passed a year in England, and on his return said the year consisted of three hundred and sixty-four foul days, and one doubtful. This was rather too bad; for, if we may rely upon scientific journals, they have almost as many sunshiny days as their French neighbours, though the sunshine is not quite so bright. But what their summer occasionally is, and how they sometimes scold about it, I will tell your readers, by copying an amusing passage from a letter of Horace Walpole, which I happened to fall in with yesterday.

"I perceive the deluge fell upon you before it reached us. It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight and forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread to its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason; it is because we will afflict to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues by attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the deuce a bit have we of any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a north-east wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry, "This is a bad summer;" as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other. We ruin ourselves with inviting over foreign trees, and make our house clamber up hills to look at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew there was no being comfortable, unless you had a high hill before your nose, and a thick warm wood at your back. Taste is too freezing a commodity for us, and, you may depend upon it, will go out of fashion again."

MODERN FEMALE ATTIRE.

The practice of tight-lacing, so much in use amongst females and which is at the present time so much and so ably written against, is by no means a modern custom. If we take the trouble of examining ancient English or French portraits, we shall find the ladies generally propped up by busks in front, and the waist drawn into the smallest possible dimensions down to the hips. Below that, the dress used suddenly to expand itself to an enormous bulk, by the aid of hoops: the intention of which, no doubt, was that the waist might appear smaller by contrast with the expanse immediately below it. This particular mode of female dress, in all probability, has, at some time now long past, afforded a model to toy-men by which to form their penny wooden dolls, which shape, although the ladies have changed theirs many times, the dolls still retain.

Tight-lacing is not new, neither is it a new thing for sensible men, who have the good of their own species at heart, to deprecate it. Satirists have ridiculed it, and physiologists have declaimed against it in former years. The celebrated Dr. Buchan (celebrated, at least, for a work which has probably done as much harm as good in the world) has some very pertinent and useful remarks upon the unnatural confinement of the body, particularly as it regards young children; but, notwithstanding all that has been said and written upon the sub-

ject, dame Fashion has had her way: she has been consulted rather than health. She has declared, that confining this or that part of the body will do no harm, whilst it improves the figure; and the majority of the civilized world has been silly enough to believe her and act upon her precepts, to the injury of every succeeding generation. The subject seems now, however, to be taken up more generally than it has hitherto been. Medical men issue essays and pamphlets, wherein all the evils of any restriction upon the action of the muscles are pointed out scientifically. In their private practice they, no doubt, preach the same doctrines; and those amongst the public who have not immediate access to the publications, have ample extracts from the most valuable parts of their contents laid before them by the public press, which is always awake to whatever is for the interest and well-being of the public. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the present age, which is remarkable for improvement in almost every thing, will not neglect to make such alterations in female attire as will conduce mainly to the health of the "fairest of the creation," and, through them, to the health and strength of mankind.

To overcome an existing evil, the surest and most politic way of going to work is, first to discover whence that evil arises, and so strike at its root. It is in vain that the farmer cuts down the thistle which annoys him in his pasture—it will spring again and continue to annoy him still: but let him eradicate it, let him pluck it up by the root, and that weed will give him no more trouble. So it is in all cases. It may, therefore, not be amiss to go into an inquiry, why so many fine forms have been disfigured, and continue to be disfigured, by the adoption of a mode of dress which is evidently injurious to the health as well as to the form; and the reason once known, the remedy might be efficaciously applied.

It is probable, if small waists had never been admired and eulogized by the male sex, that females would never have thought of devising artificial modes of contracting themselves in that part. But there is an innate, a natural inclination in the fair sex to render themselves agreeable in the eyes of the men. To accomplish this they submit to many privations and to many tortures. Because the Chinese imagine a small foot to be the acme of beauty in a female, the ladies of China submit to have their feet pressed into moulds, by which their feet are contracted, and themselves rendered cripples; and all this they willingly endure, merely because a small foot is pleasing to the gentlemen! This Europeans acknowledge to be a ridiculous and injurious custom: we laugh at the women who submit to such disfigurement, and at the men who call it beauty. But whilst we laugh at foreigners, for the customs adopted by them, we forget that we have practices at home equally ridiculous; and that, if the Chinese pinch the feet, the admiration of slender waists which exists among European gentlemen, causes the ladies to pinch themselves in a part nearer to the seat of vitality, so as to confine those organs upon the freedom of whose action depend health and life, and to distort the spinal vertebra, upon the free action and proper conformation of which so much depend symmetry and elegance of form. Thus we see the mote which is in our brother's eye, whilst the beam which is in our own eye is invisible to us.

If it were not that men approved of these practices, women would not adopt them; for there would be no inducement.—The men therefore, and not the women, are the culpable party, although the women are the sufferers, and bear the blame.—It is that they may be pleasing in the eyes of the stronger sex that the ladies decorate themselves with various dresses and adornments. It was for this purpose that, about forty years ago, they used to wear a hat with a crown very like a sugar-loaf, only flattened at the apex; for the same purpose, last summer a hat prevailed with a brim as broad as a large umbrella; and, for this purpose, they now conceal the symmetry of the arms in sleeves resembling any thing but what is graceful or becoming. It is to be lamented that however amiable, however commendable in them the wish to please may be, they should be prevailed upon to torment their fair bodies with starvings and lacings, which, instead of having the desired effect of improving their appearance, are only productive of bad health.

"Remove the cause and the effect will cease," says the proverb. Then let gentlemen cease to admire female beauty in any other shape than as nature furnishes it; let them esteem the genuine bloom of health and the elegance of form which are the effect of wholesome exercise, unrestrained by any bindings or lacings, and set their face against the use of the busk and tight-laced stays. Then will these mischievous parts of female attire gradually disappear, and, in a few years, those

who have been brought up in the use of such aids will be surprised to discover how much more elegant those ladies are who have been suffered to grow up without any extraneous aid, than those who have been encased in stays, even though the stays were made by Mrs. Lloyd Gibbon herself. Court Mag.

REBECCA TO ROWENA.

"Lady, I've looked upon thy face;
And beauty, kindness, virtue, grace,
Have all combined to make thee fair.
O! may thy fortunes be as bright
As are those eyes, whose gentle light
Thy features now so softly wear.

Lady, I love thee, for thou art
The bride of him to whom my heart—
She paused and turned aside—a tear
Flowed from her eye—"O! I am weak,
Forgive me, but I cannot speak
Of him who is to thee so dear;

To whom I owe my honour, life,
Who fought so nobly at the strife,
The mortal strife of Templestowe,
For a poor Jewish maiden, whom
All other men left to her doom,
As if she were of man the foe.

My blessing on him—fare thee well;
Long in my heart thy form shall dwell
Enshrined; and when I think of thee,
Joyful shall be the tears I shed,
That heaven has poured upon thy head
Its richest gifts—Lady, thou'lt see

My face no more; I go away
To other lands—men shall not say,
That the poor Jewess lives a slave!
No, my despoiled, degraded race,
In this fair land can have no place.
Yet though the darkly rolling wave

Divide us, while we live on earth;
We meet again—my lowly birth,
The scorn which all have freely given
As if it were my birthright here
Are nought—my humble fervent prayer
The God of Israel shall hear—we meet in heaven.

PAINTERS' CHAMBER AT FLORENCE.

The apartment in the imperial gallery of Florence, which is filled with the portraits of painters done by themselves, is thus described by the author of a work entitled "*Lettre su Firenze*," lately published in England:

"I entered the painters' chamber! Here is placed a collection without any thing like it in the world, the value of which you will comprehend when you know that the many portraits it contains represent the artists themselves, and are done by their own hands. What a glorious spectacle! How the entire soul is drawn to and concentrated in the eye, when contemplating those faithful portraits! See there the godlike Raphael! None but himself worthy to draw his likeness! See immortal Titian with those eyes of fire, that forehead so bald, the beard, the expression all nobleness and daring! See there Albert Durer, the prince of Tuscan painters, with his long hair, his keen glance, and countenance so rigid and austere! Look, too, at the Swiss Holbein, whose harsh round face and monastic cowl give you the idea of an inquisitor! But whose venerable head is that? It is Leonardo da Vinci, a man wonderful for the various and many talents which he combined together. He was of a fine and dignified presence, of courteous manners, a good poet, an excellent prose-writer, a most esteemed gentleman, a gallant, a warrior, a lover of the fine arts and of the sciences. He studied architecture and sculpture, but made painting his chief employment. Endowed with a tender and most feeling character, he could introduce into his pictures an expression and grace before unknown, and, although their carnation tints have now fallen into brown or violets, he was then considered almost admirable as a colourist.

"See not far from this portrait that of the other founder of our school, his rival Michael Angelo. You trace in his features the fierceness of his character; a sort of hardness and immobility strikes one, and you may know that the fancy which animated that sunken face and hollow eyes, was neither made for laughter nor for smiles. Michael Angelo loved solitude, and used to say that painting was jealous, and permitted not her votaries to amuse themselves with others. A strange sentiment for him who was perfect in every art, and not arising either from modesty, as though he would have excused himself for his mediocrity in painting, by thus making it the necessary consequence of attending to other studies; for, if there was no one greater than himself in his own way, so

there were but few who were more conscious of their own excellence, and the anecdote of his picture of the Sacred Family is well known, to this effect: that, having been rated as too high, at a price of some score ducats, it was carried home by the painter in disdain, valued at double the sum, and not given up until the purchaser, being convinced of his error, consented to pay the new price to twice the former amount. See what a richness of fancy, and beauty of execution, in those five portraits of Annibal Caracci, each unlike the other, all from his own hand. Look at Domenichino, the pride of the Caracci school, preferred to Annibal himself by Algarotti, and to all, save Raphael, by Poussino. His dark physiognomy seems to tell the disgrace and persecutions which laid him immaturely in his tomb. Francesco Barbieri presents himself with that infirmity which suggested his name of Guercino. That head of Giorgione has something about it of the Jupiter Olympus. You would fancy the wrinkled, lean, and severe face of Jacopo Tintoret, to be that of a San Girolamo in the desert. Giacomo Coppi looks like Marcus Aurelius. Pellegrino Tibaldi resembles Cervantes.....What a multitude of countenances, all fine, be they young or old, pleasing or harsh, in frowns or in smiles! What varied lineaments, but all spirited and expressive! What changing impulses, but all delightful! What eyes, all life! What lips, all language!"

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AN ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT.—We learn, from the Philadelphia Chronicle, that a curious manuscript volume has recently been added to the treasures of the Loganian library of that city. "It may be pronounced, without hesitation," says the paper above quoted, "to be far superior to any thing else of the kind, ever brought into this country, and is not, in the estimation of competent judges, excelled but by very few specimens in Europe. It is written in Latin, and contains the Psalms complete, a Roman Catholic Litany, several Canticles, and the Athanasian creed. The capital letters are beautifully illuminated in alternate colours of extraordinary brilliancy; and illustrations in the same style, of several of the principal events in the life of the royal psalmist, are placed on the margin. Among these are the combat with Goliath, Saul throwing his javelin at David, the death of Absalom, &c. The drawings, it is true, where the human figure is the subject, are not precisely in accordance with our notions of grace and dignity; but in all other respects, nothing can be imagined more admirably executed. The text is excellently written, on vellum of the best quality, with ink such as it would now be impossible to procure. The history of this most rare volume is almost entirely unknown. It has no date; but one of its possessors, who has filled several pages at the end, which had been left blank, with the musical notation of several chants, written in a very inferior style, has dated these A. D. 1520. There is good reason for considering the principal manuscript to be at least a century and a half older than the addition. How or whence the volume came into this country, we have not learned. The coat of arms of a Bavarian family is pasted on the inside of one of the covers; which, by the way, are in striking contrast with the splendour of the pages they enclose."

SHIPS.—Ships of large dimensions have been constructed in all ages. Some of the war galleys of the ancients are represented as being hardly inferior in dimensions to first-rate line of battle ships of the present day. The largest masses of timber that ever navigated the ocean, were, however, those constructed by Mr. Wood, of Port Glasgow, in the isle of Orleans, in the gulph of St. Lawrence. The first of these, the Columbus, was three hundred feet long on the deck, fifty feet seven inches broad midships, and twenty-nine feet and a half deep in the hold. She was flat bottomed and wall sided, or had the sides near perpendicular, and the stern post with little or no inclination. The admeasured register of the Columbus was about three thousand six hundred and ninety tons; and her actual tonnage, not much less than five thousand. She had four masts, the largest of which, however, was hardly equal to that of a seventy-four. She went about four years ago, to England with a cargo of timber, and arrived safely in the Thames; but went to pieces on her voyage outwards, owing, as is generally believed, to the pilot's committing some error, or not being accustomed to conduct a mass so enormous through the hazards of the narrow seas. The fate of the Columbus, and that of the Baron of Renfrew, a vessel of equal, if not of larger dimensions, seems to have established the fact, that notwithstanding the greatest attention to strength in their construction, there is a limit in size beyond which, if vessels are attempted to be carried, they are neither profitable nor safe.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PERIPATETIC.—NO. XII.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

EVERY body has been to Niblo's. This beautiful retreat has sprung up among us like Aladdin's palace. You rove through its fragrant walks and beneath its brilliant arches as if treading the mazes of fairy land. Its lofty saloon—its leafy bowers—its delicious music, after a day spent in the dry labours of business, or wasted over the dullness of learned books, strike the mind like a fair dream; and the many lovely forms and faces which come by you in the glare of the lamps or the floods of moonlight streaming down through the trees, mouths shaming the flowers and eyes rivalling the stars, are, especially to the young and ardent, well calculated to complete the spell. Oh! if all who wander through those paths were as pure and happy as the scene is beautiful, what a world this would be! But as this boyish reflection passed through my mind, I could not restrain some sage speculations which the company awakened. The mass which this little piece of rural scenery attracts from the tide of human beings who pour along Broadway, is composed of materials as dissimilar as can easily be imagined. Either alone, in small parties, or by families, they are continually entering and taking their departure, and remind one of the shifting scenes of life, where we poor mortals are perpetually entering to gaze around for a few moments and then pass away! Perhaps few opportunities are presented where a stranger in a small compass, both of time and space, could see more general specimens of our worthy citizens. Other places of resort are generally attended by particular classes. At the theatre you meet one kind, at most public assemblies another, perhaps at balls and parties a third; but at Niblo's they all rally around a common point—the serious and the merry—the spendthrift and the miser—the old and young—the beautiful and the homely, in their turn may be seen pacing the fair garden to the music of the band, or cosily retired within the solitude of some moonlit bower, and entering into the merits of a glass of cream. In a short ramble of five minutes from the temple of liberty to our sedentary friend, Peter the Hermit, I encountered faces familiar to me only in the line of business; and which struck my fancy as ludicrously, when beheld amid the graceful and romantic charms of the evening, as if I had dropped into the theatre, and unexpectedly found Jacob Barker personating Brutus, or Noah, rigged up in the fashion of Romeo, and whispering at the casement of his soul's idol, "It is the east and Julia is the sun." There was old Mr. B. I should have as soon looked for an apple-dumpling growing upon a rose-bush. He is worth hundreds of thousands, and without family, yet the old gentleman holds on to a penny as a drowning sailor would to a plank. His avarice cuts off all the simple pleasures which age might enjoy, and prompts him to lock up the wealth by means of which he might without risk promote the happiness of others and of himself, till his greedy heirs lay him in an unhonoured grave, and devour his darling treasures. I was at a loss to know what prophet had touched his rocky soul, and brought forth even this small rivulet of extravagance, but I found afterwards that an acquaintance had paid for his ticket. As this delectable personage was waddling along—for some how or other, unlike misers in general, he is as fat in person as he is lean in spirit—he was almost run down by the family of Mr. W., who came bustling along with vast noise and importance, to the great admiration, if not danger, of the common multitude around. Mr. W. is also a wealthy inhabitant of our city, and is gifted with that half way liberality which exhausts invention in devising splendours for family aggrandizement, but freezes up the moment it flows out. He is a miser. Wife and daughters are loaded with diamonds, and picked out according to the newest magazine cuts from France, but the lofty dispenser of their magnificence will higggle with an orange-man for a penny, and go off in a huff if he cannot beat down his price. His gentility is of the same spurious and contracted kind. Rudeness to the defenceless, crouching servility to the rich, his venal politeness is as disagreeable as his unguarded manners are vulgar. He passes along, swelled up in his own conceit to an importance which deceives only the ignorant, and the influence of his wealth alone buys for him among the individuals whose society he seeks, merely the outward symptoms of respect. As I passed by I heard him loudly bawling for the waiter, who received a proper scolding for a momentary neglect of his worship's commands.

His harmonious voice had scarcely died away when Mr. D. tapped me on the shoulder familiarly with the end of his rattan. He is inspired with the ambition of a city buck. He would appear literary, although he scarcely ever opens an instructive book, and feigns an air of sensibility, about which he knows as much as a cow. If he has not gone out to Cato's in his gig, you may see him on a sunny day rambling listlessly down Broadway, with a great collar, tight kneed pantaloons covering all his feet, a high stock, a little rimmed hat set on the very top of his head, his elbows crooked, and in his hand a rattan, tied at the handle with an emblematic blue ribbon. He is not rich, but thinks application unnecessary. Smokes segars and drinks brandy and water at the city-hotel, slams the box-door in the theatre upon his entrance, and talks aloud during the most interesting scenes; wears a riband across his waistcoat, and looks at you from the lobby window through a quizzing glass. Among his other fashionable acquirements he has learned not to pay more of his debts than he can help. His tailor meets him in the street and he breaks out in a fit of familiarity.

"Ah, Jenkins, how are you? glad to see you. Eh! what's this? a bill, oh, yes; I remember. The fact is, I am not in funds just at this moment; if you had called yesterday; but I shall be down your way next week. You must make me another coat; we'll clear accounts for both together. Halloo, Tom, how d'ye do? I'll walk up with you. Good by, Jenkins."

He touched me with his cane. "Oh! how d'ye do! Comment vous portez vous? What, all alone? oh, fy! you must seek out some fair one to promenade with."

"But what if I am unacquainted?"

"Oh, don't apologize. I am here alone myself. Not precisely for the same reason, for I flatter myself," he touched his collar with his thumb and fore finger, cast his eyes down upon his slender foot, and beat his boot with his rattan—"but that's a secret. Women are all light—there is nothing solid—nothing scientific about them." Yet the rascal never ciphered farther than the rule-of-three in his life, and never read any thing of history except the American revolution. "Heighho! I am melancholy to-night. Business and study break down the spirit. Good night." And off he went, leaving me lost in admiration.

The next one whom I encountered was a poet. Gentlemen of this description generally conjure up associations of light dinners and antiquated garments. You think of their eye in "a fine frenzy rolling" as they sit "lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane," or as they wander forth gazing up at the moon, with their elbows peeping through their coat in a fanciful manner. But here is one who is well fed, genteel, and rich! He is rather handsome; perhaps has something of a dashing fashionable air about him; travels—notwithstanding an imagination that must often be on the wing—through the common routine of business; deals in dollars and cents with the best of them in Wall-street, and relishes his dinner, I'll warrant, with as much zest as the public do his verses. These are not the only circumstances in which he differs from the rest of his fraternity. Others are

for ever pouring forth their melodious notes; but he, like the nightingale, sings only in the intervals of repose. He is not at all afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi*, but, on the contrary, will scarcely give the world an opportunity of perusing his productions. When he publishes a book, which is always at his own expense, some two hundred and fifty copies are struck off for the use of his friends, and the critics stand by like hungry dogs at a dinner table, licking their mouths, scarcely getting a morsel to devour. Indeed it is difficult to tell where we should place him in the rank of American authors; although whatever we have seen from his pen leaves the genuine impress of poetic talent, it is hardly enough to afford a criterion by which his merit may be judged. He has, however, the singular power of swaying, in an extraordinary degree, both our ludicrous and pensive feelings, and the town has to thank him for many a hearty laugh at the expense of divers worthies in public business. He made up to a party of ladies with no very bashful air, and as I left the garden, he was busily engaged in reducing the size of a tumbler of cream, laughing and talking all the while, to which his poetic temperament seemed to interpose no remarkable obstacle. D

THE ESSAYIST.

BEAUTY.

— "And a girl who had
Long eye-lashes and very dangerous eyes,
Was leaning on my arm."

It is a perfect mystery. Every kind of beauty is extraordinary, although the world is full of it. The changing of colours on a shell—the rays disclosed by water in its fall, or in its silent lapse, or when motionless, and you look away down into its crystal depths—the play of the forked lightning upon a lowering cloud—the first tinge of morning, or the twinkling of a star in the middle of the night,—myriads of objects like these are for ever breaking upon us, if we have but the habit of understanding them. But beauty in woman is the most unaccountable and most irresistible. A painter without genius shall toil for hours and yet win it not to his canvass. I knew a very industrious young artist, whose pictures were the produce of much labour, yet they looked like cats and dogs dressed up in women's clothes. But another can seize the floating magic of his fancy, embody it in the sketch of a moment, and there it is, gazing upon you with a magic which awakens dreams as of a long past and more perfect existence. And yet how few can describe it? A poet shall tell you of his idol; but he cannot impart the secret and touching spell of a sweet face. You will hear of her luxuriant ringlets—her radiant and heavenly beaming eyes—her innocent and speaking brow—her roseate lips—her perfect features—but then sit down by a beautiful girl in a quiet room, where the moonlight is streaming through the windows upon the carpet, and, as you gaze upon her, compare your impressions, which have the force and palpable brightness of life in the imagination even when it is absent from the eye, with the cold, vague, and shifting image you obtain from books. There is no model for it, any more than for the wild flowers we meet in a ramble through the forest. The fresh crimson rose, bending beneath its trembling dew—the azure violet, half concealing its modest leaves by the road-side—the lilac, scenting all the air, and the fragrant lily with its white curling leaves spread out, as if in sleep upon the unmoving stream—all are different, but none superior; and thus all forms of woman's beauty may be fashioned beyond the reach of comparison. It would be rather difficult to classify, and yet there are casts of beauty as of flowers, and each one has its excelling creations. It is not alone in the features, but is so singularly interwoven with the mind, that in telling of the charms of a female, we cannot avoid entering into her character. Our eventual impressions of her beauty depends upon the idea we form of her mind and heart. Intelligence

and good humour lend a grace to the plainest countenance, while the most symmetrical features lose their power to charm when associated with ignorance and affectation.

Julia is a belle, and she dazzles you at first sight. She is tall, finely shaped, and of a brilliant complexion. Her teeth are white, and frequently displayed in a smile of bewitching archness, and her eyes,

"Full floating dark; oh, he who knows
His heart is weak, of heaven should pray
To guard him from such eyes as those."

Look upon her and you would deem her the happiest of human beings; and that she is not only light-hearted herself, but that she diffuses cheerfulness every where around her. Her appearance is so prepossessing, and her address so graceful, that the first act of the fancy, when she comes before you, is to array her mind in all the charms of her person, and thus to conceive her at once the loveliest and most amiable of women. I knew her when she had just left boarding-school, and then she was in truth a charming girl. She had not learned the mysteries of fashion; she was ignorant of the world, and careless of admiration; acted upon by the impulses of her own feelings, and full of sweet and natural grace. But now she has become a woman of fashion. I met her accidentally the other day in a large and brilliant circle of friends, after a separation of several years. I remember well when she left me; she wore a neat and very becoming dress; her hair was simply parted upon her forehead, and unornamented but with a few natural curls; her speech was the unfeigned utterance of her thoughts, and the most charming attribute of her beauty was her unconsciousness of its influence over others. It was with difficulty that I recognised the modest and amiable girl, in the dashing, easy, and elegant woman who now formed the centre of attraction. She was arrayed in the capricious and unnatural elegance of modern dress, rustling with a superfluity of silk, and glittering with a profusion of jewels. The simplicity of her head was lost in the exhibition of the barber's skill, and all those girlish and endearing ways, whose unpremeditated grace surpass the most cunning display of artificial accomplishment, had yielded to the cold mechanical action of practised negligence and affected emotion. Her looks, her words, her actions, are all regulated by established rules. She has degenerated into a creature of mere vanity and selfishness. She smiles to show her teeth; signs with feigned melancholy; enters into the merriment of the artless with forced mirth, and pities the unfortunate with the studied air of theatrical compassion. Her experience and art afford her many advantages over the young and unassuming, who, shrinking from a competition carried on with so much boldness, leave her mistress of the field. Her lovers therefore are very numerous, and she contrives to encourage them all. There are two or three fine fellows sighing in her train, who render themselves ridiculous if they do not appear degraded in order to swell her triumphs, as the conquerors of former days compelled their defeated enemies to follow their chariots in chains. I have seen them sitting around the room like so many victims dressed off for sacrifice, scowling and sighing, with folded arms, regarding the apparently careless merriment of their beauteous tyrant, and patting on the floor with their feet as if keeping time with the beating of their own hearts.

Caroline is a very different being. The sixteen years of her life have fled away sweetly and silently, uninterrupted with the misfortunes, and unshadowed with the vices of the world. If she has seen or felt any thing not in unison with the purity and happiness of her own soul, it has but dashed her spirit with moments of sadness, grateful in themselves, and profitable in their consequences. Her affections have never been degraded to the service of vanity, nor drilled into the motions of interest and pride; but they break forth in her heart like a fountain bursting from the

earth, and gushing upon its joyous journey at the impulse of nature.

"And then her eyes!
So pure, that from their ray
Dark vice would turn abashed away,
Yet filled with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fire
Of other worlds, with all the bliss
The fond weak tenderness of this,
A soul too more than half divine,
Where through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's softened glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing:
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere."

You cannot converse with such a being—you cannot watch the changes of her face—the clear and singular beauty of her large blue eyes—you cannot observe the modesty which gives a charm to all her words and actions, nor discern through her artless language her real thoughts and feelings, even as you gaze upon the sparkling channel of a stream through the transparent waters that flow above, without uttering a secret prayer that her pure spirit may pass unchanged through the perilous revolutions of life, and her trusting and ardent affections never be crushed by accident or withered by treachery. R.

THE DRAMA.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

RICHINGS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the manifold dramatic sins and improprieties of this great man and multifarious actor, he is by no means a disagreeable or unentertaining personage. Some of his efforts are highly amusing; and at all times he at least never fails in securing his own most decided approbation, as is quite evident from the everlasting smile of self-complacency which irradiates his very good-looking countenance; and, be it remarked, that in these captious, fault-finding, universal-diffusion-of-knowledge times, when every one who turns over an author or looks at an actor or picture, feels in duty bound to furnish forth his mite of carping criticism, in order to make manifest the preternatural acuteness it has pleased heaven to invest him with, a confirmed habit of self-approval is by no means an uncomfortable quality. It is really a pleasure to any man who delights in witnessing the happiness of his fellow-creatures, to see Mr. Richings make his entry on the stage in a character which requires that he should be arrayed in goodly apparel. How happy, how exuberantly happy he is! Joy sparkles in his eyes, and his physiognomy is radiant with smiles! Perhaps the individual in the play whom he undertakes to represent, is some poor unfortunate, afflicted with debt or other dire distress. But what of that? Is any person so unreasonable as to expect Mr. Richings will for that hang his nether lip and look dolorously at the audience? No—his face is an index of his mind—gladness reigns there, and the sorrows of the personage whose name and situation he assumes, are far too remote and abstracted to counterbalance the inspiring feelings produced by a well-fitting fashionable coat and an unimpeachable pair of inexpressibles. And who will say that this is copying nature abominably? Copying nature! why it is nature itself, as may be seen exemplified in a hundred instances, with a few slight modifications, any fine day on the shady side of Broadway.—Yet, for all this, the stage-manager at the Park will sometimes set this gentleman—this very Mr. Richings, to play tragedy. Misjudging Mr. Barry! Search for some lean bilious wretch, to speak blank verse and administer arsenic. Is this a man to "move the waters," or awake the tender feelings by dabbling in the pathetic and rehearsing his griefs and sorrows? His griefs and sorrows! why the audience would look in his well-conditioned frontispiece, and see at once that it was a palpable untruth—a barefaced attempt to impose upon their sympathies. Still, he is at times compelled to do this, which perturbs his spirit very much, and

causes him to grow furious, and then he does so "roar," that it would do any man's heart good to hear him;—and it does do the hearts of many good—and the ears of many good, who delight in, and are excited by, loud sounds; and they pronounce it "great," and clap their hands, as much as to say, "let him roar again, let him roar again."

As a vocalist Mr. Richings is rather distinguished by force than sweetness; and as a comedian, many of his efforts, like Cumberland's comedies, are not to be laughed at. There is a fine balance of mental and physical qualifications in him: if at times his sentences are badly put together, and his periods inelegantly turned, his shoulders might furnish hints to a statuary in both those respects; and though his conceptions be ever so faulty, a more faultless leg cannot be conceived. Indeed, in personal appearance, he is a model of a man. In the mental department he has sundry objectionable properties, the greatest of which is an over-abundance of facetiousness, which finds vent in the shape of manufactured pieces of pleasantry that are ever and anon thrown in the face of the audience; some of those extempore coruscations at times elicit a laugh from a few choice spirits, who are particularly quick at catching any thing that sounds like a joke, though the majority are generally at a loss to discover in what the jest consists; and this practice has the unfortunate tendency of occasionally leading to the belief that Mr. Richings, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, has, at times, "no more wit than a christian or an ordinary man." Like that immortal knight too, he looks as if he were "a great eater of beef," and perchance that "does harm to his wit."

Altogether, however, Mr. R. is a useful performer, and evidently strives to please. From a very miserable actor he has already become quite a respectable one, and in some parts, *Marcus*, in the *Green-eyed Monster*, for instance, has really evinced considerable comic talents: in characters, likewise, such as *Frank Hardy*, in *Paul Pry*, we do not know of any one who would be preferable. Besides, he has been a long time at the Park theatre, and all who have been there for any considerable period, even the worst (amongst whom we are far from classing Mr. R.) acquire from the good company that surrounds them and the audience before which they appear, a certain look and manner of conducting themselves, that gives them the appearance of gentlemen, at least comparatively speaking. When Mr. Richings transported himself to the regions of the *La Fayette*, he actually moved like a demi-god among the scum and refuse that latterly congregated there. It is to be hoped he will not again migrate from his present quarters. We should be sorry to miss his good-humoured, good-looking face, and his unique manner of doing some things. Besides, he is an improving actor, and may he long continue so. C.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER OF ADVICE

FROM A FATHER TO HIS ONLY DAUGHTER.

Written immediately after her marriage.*

MY DEAR CHILD—You have just entered into that state which is replete with happiness or misery. The issue depends upon that prudent, amiable, uniform conduct, which wisdom and virtue so strongly recommend, on the one hand,—or on that imprudence, which a want of reflection or passion may prompt, on the other. But as there is no wish nearer to my heart than that you may insure all that happiness which the union of virtuous persons is capable of bestowing, and as the best sometimes err for want of previous reflection upon that line of conduct which is invariably to

* This letter is said to be from the pen of a distinguished Virginia. If we are not mistaken, it originally appeared in the *Enquirer*, about three years ago. We copy it, at the earnest request of several ladies.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PERIPATETIC.—NO. XII.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

EVERY body has been to Niblo's. This beautiful retreat has sprung up among us like Aladdin's palace. You rove through its fragrant walks and beneath its brilliant arches as if treading the mazes of fairy land. Its lofty saloon—its leafy bowers—its delicious music, after a day spent in the dry labours of business, or wasted over the dullness of learned books, strike the mind like a fair dream; and the many lovely forms and faces which come by you in the glare of the lamps or the floods of moonlight streaming down through the trees, mouths shaming the flowers and eyes rivaling the stars, are, especially to the young and ardent, well calculated to complete the spell. Oh! if all who wander through those paths were as pure and happy as the scene is beautiful, what a world this would be! But as this boyish reflection passed through my mind, I could not restrain some sage speculations which the company awakened. The mass which this little piece of rural scenery attracts from the tide of human beings who pour along Broadway, is composed of materials as dissimilar as can easily be imagined. Either alone, in small parties, or by families, they are continually entering and taking their departure, and remind one of the shifting scenes of life, where we poor mortals are perpetually entering to gaze around for a few moments and then pass away! Perhaps few opportunities are presented where a stranger in a small compass, both of time and space, could see more general specimens of our worthy citizens. Other places of resort are generally attended by particular classes. At the theatre you meet one kind, at most public assemblies another, perhaps at balls and parties a third; but at Niblo's they all rally around a common point—the serious and the merry—the spendthrift and the miser—the old and young—the beautiful and the homely, in their turn may be seen pacing the fair garden to the music of the band, or cosily retired within the solitude of some moonlit bower, and entering into the merits of a glass of cream. In a short ramble of five minutes from the temple of liberty to our sedentary friend, Peter the Hermit, I encountered faces familiar to me only in the line of business; and which struck my fancy as ludicrously, when beheld amid the graceful and romantic charms of the evening, as if I had dropped into the theatre, and unexpectedly found Jacob Barker personating Brutus, or Noah, rigged up in the fashion of Romeo, and whispering at the casement of his soul's idol, "It is the east and Julia is the sun." There was old Mr. B. I should have as soon looked for an apple-dumpling growing upon a rose-bush. He is worth hundreds of thousands, and without family, yet the old gentleman holds on to a penny as a drowning sailor would to a plank. His avarice cuts off all the simple pleasures which age might enjoy, and prompts him to lock up the wealth by means of which he might without risk promote the happiness of others and of himself, till his greedy heirs lay him in an unhonoured grave, and devour his darling treasures. I was at a loss to know what prophet had touched his rocky soul, and brought forth even this small rivulet of extravagance, but I found afterwards that an acquaintance had paid for his ticket. As this delectable personage was waddling along—for some how or other, unlike misers in general, he is as fat in person as he is lean in spirit—he was almost run down by the family of Mr. W., who came bustling along with vast noise and importance, to the great admiration, if not danger, of the common multitude around. Mr. W. is also a wealthy inhabitant of our city, and is gifted with that half way liberality which exhausts invention in devising splendours for family aggrandizement, but freezes up the moment it flows out of the domestic circle. Wife and daughters are loaded with finery, and tricked out ac-

ording to the newest magazine cuts from France, but the lofty dispenser of their magnificence will higgie with an orange-man for a penny, and go off in a huff if he cannot beat down his price. His gentility is of the same spurious and contracted kind. Rudeness to the defenceless, crouching servility to the rich, his venal politeness is as disagreeable as his unguarded manners are vulgar. He passes along, swelled up in his own conceit to an importance which deceives only the ignorant, and the influence of his wealth alone buys for him among the individuals whose society he seeks, merely the outward symptoms of respect. As I passed by I heard him loudly bawling for the waiter, who received a proper scolding for a momentary neglect of his worship's commands.

His harmonious voice had scarcely died away when Mr. D. tapped me on the shoulder familiarly with the end of his rattan. He is inspired with the ambition of a city buck. He would appear literary, although he scarcely ever opens an instructive book, and feigns an air of sensibility, about which he knows as much as a cow. If he has not gone out to Cato's in his gig, you may see him on a sunny day rambling listlessly down Broadway, with a great collar, tight kneed pantaloons covering all his feet, a high stock, a little rimmed hat set on the very top of his head, his elbows crooked, and in his hand a rattan, tied at the handle with an emblematic blue ribbon. He is not rich, but thinks application unnecessary. Smokes segars and drinks brandy and water at the city-hotel, slams the box-door in the theatre upon his entrance, and talks aloud during the most interesting scenes; wears a riband across his waistcoat, and looks at you from the lobby window through a quizzing glass. Among his other fashionable acquirements he has learned not to pay more of his debts than he can help. His tailor meets him in the street and he breaks out in a fit of familiarity.

"Ah, Jenkins, how are you? glad to see you. Eh! what's this? a bill, oh, yes; I remember. The fact is, I am not in funds just at this moment; if you had called yesterday; but I shall be down your way next week. You must make me another coat; we'll clear accounts for both together. Halloo, Tom, how d'y'e do? I'll walk up with you. Good by, Jenkins."

He touched me with his cane. "Oh! how d'y'e do! *Comment vous portez vous?* What, all alone? oh, fy! you must seek out some fair one to promenade with."

"But what if I am unacquainted?"

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THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

RICHINGS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the manifold dramatic sins and improprieties of this great man and multifarious actor, he is by no means a disagreeable or unentertaining personage. Some of his efforts are highly amusing; and at all times he at least never fails in securing his own most decided approbation, as is quite evident from the everlasting smile of self-complacency which irradiates his very good-looking countenance; and, be it remarked, that in these captious, fault-finding, universal-diffusion-of-knowledge times, when every one who turns over an author or looks at an actor or picture, feels in duty bound to furnish forth his mite of carping criticism, in order to make manifest the preternatural acuteness it has pleased heaven to invest him with, a confirmed habit of self-approval is by no means an uncomfortable quality. It is really a pleasure to any man who delights in witnessing the happiness of his fellow-creatures, to see Mr. Richings make his entry on the stage in a character which requires that he should be arrayed in goodly apparel. How happy, how exuberantly happy he is! Joy sparkles in his eyes, and his physiognomy is radiant with smiles! Perhaps the individual in the play whom he undertakes to represent, is some poor unfortunate, afflicted with debt or other dire distress. But what of that? Is any person so unreasonable as to expect Mr. Richings will for that hang his nether lip and look dolorously at the audience? No—his face is an index of his mind—gladness reigns there, and the sorrows of the personage whose name and situation he assumes, are far too remote and abstracted to counterbalance the inspiring feelings produced by a well-fitting fashionable coat and an unimpeachable pair of inexpressibles. And who will say that this is copying nature abominably? Copying nature! why it is nature itself, as may be seen exemplified in a hundred instances, with a few slight modifications, any fine day on the shady side of Broadway.—Yet, for all this, the stage-manager at the Park will sometimes set this gentleman—this very Mr. Richings, to play tragedy. Misjudging Mr. Barry! Search for some lean bilious wretch, to speak blank verse and administer arsenic. Is this a man to "move the waters," or awake the tender feelings by dabbling in the pathetic and rehearsing his griefs and sorrows? His griefs and sorrows! why the audience would look in his well-conditioned frontispiece, and see at once that it was a palpable untruth—a barefaced attempt to impose upon their sympathies. Still, he is at times compelled to do this, which perturbs his spirit very much, and

causes him to grow furious, and then he does so "roar, that it would do any man's heart good to hear him;"—and it does do the hearts of many good—and the ears of many good, who delight in, and are excited by, loud sounds; and they pronounce it "great," and clap their hands, as much as to say, "let him roar again, let him roar again."

As a vocalist Mr. Richings is rather distinguished by force than sweetness; and as a comedian, many of his efforts, like Cumberland's comedies, are not to be laughed at. There is a fine balance of mental and physical qualifications in him: if at times his sentences are badly put together, and his periods inelegantly turned, his shoulders might furnish hints to a statuary in both those respects; and though his conceptions be ever so faulty, a more faultless leg cannot be conceived. Indeed, in personal appearance, he is a model of a man. In the mental department he has sundry objectionable properties, the greatest of which is an over-abundance of facetiousness, which finds vent in the shape of manufactured pieces of pleasantry that are ever and anon thrown in the face of the audience; some of those extempore coruscations at times elicit a laugh from a few choice spirits, who are particularly quick at catching any thing that sounds like a joke, though the majority are generally at a loss to discover in what the jest consists; and this practice has the unfortunate tendency of occasionally leading to the belief that Mr. Richings, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, has, at times, "no more wit than a christian or an ordinary man." Like that immortal knight too, he looks as if he were "a great eater of beef," and perchance that "does harm to his wit."

Altogether, however, Mr. R. is a useful performer, and evidently strives to please. From a very miserable actor he has already become quite a respectable one, and in some parts, *Marcus*, in the Green-eyed Monster, for instance, has really evinced considerable comic talents: in characters, likewise, such as *Frank Hardy*, in *Paul Pry*, we do not know of any one who would be preferable. Besides, he has been a long time at the Park theatre, and all who have been there for any considerable period, even the worst (amongst whom we are far from classing Mr. R.) acquire from the good company that surrounds them and the audience before which they appear, a certain look and manner of conducting themselves, that gives them the appearance of gentlemen, at least comparatively speaking. When Mr. Richings transported himself to the regions of the La Fayette, he actually moved like a demi-god among the scum and refuse that latterly congregated there. It is to be hoped he will not again migrate from his present quarters. We should be sorry to miss his good-humoured, good-looking face, and his unique manner of doing some things. Besides, he is an improving actor, and may he long continue so. C.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER OF ADVICE

FROM A FATHER TO HIS ONLY DAUGHTER.

Written immediately after her marriage.*

MY DEAR CHILD—You have just entered into that state which is replete with happiness or misery. The issue depends upon that prudent, amiable, uniform conduct, which wisdom and virtue so strongly recommend, on the one hand,—or on that imprudence, which a want of reflection or passion may prompt, on the other. But as there is no wish nearer to my heart than that you may insure all that happiness which the union of virtuous persons is capable of bestowing, and as the best sometimes err for want of previous reflection upon that line of conduct which is invariably to

* This letter is said to be from the pen of a distinguished gentleman of Virginia. If we are not mistaken, it originally appeared in the Richmond Enquirer, about three years ago. We copy it into the columns of the Mirror at the earnest request of several ladies.

be pursued, how can I render you a higher service than by presenting you with that advice which the warmest affection suggests? My experience, as well as my solicitude,—my fond hope of seeing you happy and beloved,—even self-interest—for your happiness must constitute the principal source of that of your parents,—all urge me to fulfil a duty at once pleasing, and I trust most useful.

You possess a good heart and a good understanding. You are allied to a man of honour, of talents, and of an open, generous disposition. You have therefore in your own power all the essential ingredients of domestic happiness; it cannot be marred, if you now reflect upon that system of conduct which you ought invariably to pursue,—if you now see clearly the path from which you will resolve never to deviate. Our conduct is often the result of whim or caprice, often such as will give us many a pang, unless we see beforehand what is always the most praiseworthy, and the most essential to happiness. I will call your attention to a few primary rules of conduct, from which a wife—one who has the sense and the goodness to endeavour to promote mutual happiness, and to render the matrimonial state a feast of the purest affection—will never depart.

The first maxim which you should impress most deeply upon your mind, is never to attempt to control your husband by opposition, by displeasure, or any other mark or anger. A man of sense, of prudence, of warm feelings, cannot and will not bear an opposition of any kind, which is attended with an angry look or expression. The current of his affections is suddenly stopped; his attachment is weakened; he begins to feel a mortification the most pungent; he is lessened even in his own eyes: and be assured, the wife who once excites those sentiments in the breast of her husband, will never regain the high ground which she might and ought to have retained. When he marries her, if he be a good man, he expects from her smiles, not frowns: he expects to find in her one who is not to control him—not to take from him the freedom of acting as his own judgment shall direct; but one who will place such confidence in him as to believe that his own prudence is his best guide. Little things, what in reality are merest trifles in themselves, often produce bickerings, and even quarrels. Never permit them to be a subject of dispute; yield them with pleasure—with a smile of affection. Be assured that one difference outweighs them all a thousand or ten thousand times. A difference in reality with your husband ought to be considered as the greatest calamity—as one that is to be most studiously guarded against; it is a demon which must never be permitted to enter a habitation where all should be peace, unimpaired confidence, and heartfelt affection. Besides, what can a woman gain by her opposition or her differences? Nothing. But she loses every thing; she loses her husband's respect for her virtues, she loses his love, and, with that, all prospect of future happiness. She creates her own misery, and then utters idle and silly complaints, but utters them in vain. The love of a husband can be retained only by the high opinion which he entertains of his wife's goodness of heart, of her amiable disposition, of the sweetness of her temper, of her prudence, and of her devotion to him. Let nothing upon any occasion ever lessen that opinion. On the contrary, it should augment every day; he should have much more reason to admire her for those excellent qualities which will cast a lustre over a virtuous woman when her personal attractions are no more.

Has your husband staid out later than you expected? When he returns, receive him as the partner of your heart. Has he disappointed you in something you expected, whether of ornament, of furniture, or of any other convenience? Never evince discontent; receive his apology with cheerfulness. Does he, when you are housekeeper, invite company without informing you

of it, or bring home with him a friend? Whatever may be your repast—however scanty it may be, however impossible it may be to add to it—receive them with a pleasing countenance, adorn your table with cheerfulness, give to your husband and to your company a hearty welcome; it will more than compensate for every other deficiency: it will evince love for your husband, good sense in yourself, and that politeness of manners which act as the most powerful charm; it will give to the plainest fare a zest superior to all that luxury can boast. Never be discontented on any occasion of this nature. If apologies, as silly people often think, are necessary, your husband will make them, or a sensible wife will with good humour banter her husband for giving his friends so indifferent a repast.

In the next place, as your husband's success in his profession will depend upon his popularity, and as the manners of a wife have no little influence in extending or lessening the respect and esteem of others for her husband, you should take care to be affable and polite to the poorest as well as to the richest. A reserved haughtiness is the sure indication of a weak mind, and an unfeeling heart.

With regard to your servants, teach them to respect and love you, while you expect from them a reasonable discharge of their several duties.—Never tease yourself and them by scolding: it has no other effect than to render them discontented and impertinent. Admonish them with a calm firmness; and if that mode will not produce the desired effect, let them be moderately punished.

Cultivate your mind by the perusal of those books which instruct while they amuse. Do not devote much of your time to novels: there are a few which may be useful in improving and in giving a higher tone to our moral sensibility; but in general, they tend to vitiate the taste, and to produce a disrelish for substantial intellectual food. Most plays are of the same cast; they are not friendly to that delicacy which is one of the ornaments of the female character. History, geography, poetry, moral essays, biography, travels, sermons, and other well-written religious productions, will not fail to enlarge your understanding, to render you a more agreeable companion, and to exalt your virtue. A woman devoid of rational ideas of religion, has no security for her virtue: it is sacrificed to her passions, whose voice, and not that of her God, is her only governing principle. Besides, in those hours of calamity to which families must be exposed, where will she find support, if it be not in her just reflections upon that all-ruling Providence which governs the universe, whether animate or inanimate?

Mutual politeness between the most intimate friends is essential to that harmony which should never be interrupted. How important, then, is it between man and wife! The more warm the attachment, the less will either party bear to be slighted, or treated with the smallest degree of rudeness or inattention. This politeness, then, if it be not itself a virtue, is at least the means of giving to real goodness a new lustre: it is the means of preventing discontents, and even quarrels; it is the oil of intercourse, it removes asperities, and gives to every thing a smooth, an even, and a pleasing movement.

I will only add, that matrimonial happiness does not depend upon wealth; no, it is not to be found in riches, but in minds properly tempered and united to our respective situations. Competency is necessary: all beyond that point is ideal. Do not suppose, however, that I would not advise and stimulate, if requisite, your husband to augment his property by all honest and commendable means. I would wish to see him actively engaged in such a pursuit, because engagement, a sedulous employment in obtaining some laudable end, is essential to happiness. In the attainment of a fortune by honourable means, and particularly by professional exertion, a man derives peculiar satisfac-

tion in self-applause, as well as from the increasing estimation in which he is held by those around him. Such men always indicate cheerfulness by a fine flow of spirits, and consequently afford the best proof of their happiness; while the indolent, or those who spend more than they make, are as universally gloomy, discontented, and peevish.

In the management of your domestic concerns, let prudence and wise economy always prevail. Let neatness, order, judgment, be seen in all your different departments. Unite liberality with a just frugality: always reserve something for the hand of charity, and never let your door be closed to the voice of suffering humanity. Your servants, in particular, will have the strongest claim upon your charity; let them be well fed, well clothed, nursed in sickness, and never unjustly treated.

I could as easily write a volume upon this interesting subject, as the short letter which you now receive; but I am persuaded it is of more importance to lead you "to reflect in time upon the essential means of securing matrimonial happiness," than to enter into a more minute detail. Without such reflections, you would expect an effect when the exciting cause was removed. In short, there are two or three ways of gaining wisdom. If we are to be taught by our own experience, the cost is too often immense; if by the experience of all those who have gone before us, the cost to us is nothing: we set out aright, and the path we have entered upon will every day become more pleasing. That you may enjoy mutual happiness, is the fervent prayer of your affectionate father.

LITERARY NOTICES.

TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA,

BY CAPTAIN BASIL HALL.

It appears to us next to an impossibility that an Englishman can form a favourable opinion of the United States, or at least write such a description thereof, as shall be very satisfactory to the inhabitants. Several causes concur in producing this difficulty. The most prominent undoubtedly is the ease with which comparisons can be made between this country and his own, and to which the similarity of language and general manners unavoidably invite him. When he lands on our shores, there is much, very much to remind him of his own home—so far all is good. There is also a very great deal to remind him he is in a strange land, and among a people who politically and openly profess to improve upon the forms and institutions to which he has been accustomed, from his youth upwards, to render the most devout homage, and to regard, as by prescriptive right, the most perfect on the face of the earth. Take an example: Captain Basil Hall goes to the supreme court of the state of New-York; he is quite struck, and very evidently in an agreeable manner, on hearing one of the lawyers quoting a recent English decision. Now for the reverse: "The chief justice and two judges were on the bench; but I must say, that the absence of the wigs and gowns took away much more from their dignity than I had previously supposed possible." Now we will venture to assert that had our enlightened traveller met with a similar scene in Loo-Choo, or in Switzerland, he would have admired it for its simplicity, and recommended it as a model of abstract justice, unshackled by external forms, and not needing the adventitious aid of pompous paraphernalia to render its decision either more correct or more profound. In the United States, however, the case is altogether different. Here the language in which the judges utter their opinions is English; the common law upon which they act is English; the precedents they quote are English; and having so much in common with all that is considered pre-eminent in the most powerful and intellectual nation in the world, shall the Americans dare to reject those external forms which are almost identified with this pre-eminence, as the marks and tokens of dignity, wisdom and authority? Nay, shall they pronounce them useless and idle appendages, mere trappings and pageantry to support an artificial and frequently unreal grandeur, gew-gaws to arrest attention and command the awe of an ignorant multitude, but ridiculous superfluities in the eyes of men of sober and unprejudiced intelligence! It cannot be borne, and here too!—We consider Captain Hall quite moderate in his indignation when he only expresses a doubt of the wisdom which has stripped away what has been so long deemed sacred.

Again: he ranges our interminable territories, and cannot deny his praise to the grandeur and the beauty of the natural scenery, the magnificence of the forests, the extent and majestic course of the rivers, the loveliness of the cultivated plains, and the enterprise, and industry, and moral elevation of the people. But no where does he discover the gothic and ivy-mantled abbey, or the turretted castle with its donjon-keeps, its portcullis, its courts and inaccessible drawbridge, or the ample park with its herds of game frolicking about in impregnable security over the smooth lawn, or the ancient and scathed oak, "hight top bald with dry antiquity," the evidences of sovereign power, of aristocratic splendour, and overgrown wealth. These he has admired from his youth upwards; these his poets have lauded, and his orators described in all the pomp of verse and the power of eloquence. And can he endure their absence among a people descended from his own, inheriting their literature, and making those very poets and orators their themes of praise and their models of instruction? Can the farm-house and its well filled granaries, can the unadorned church with its simple belfry, can the school-house secluded amid the woods,—all resounding with the voice of a free and happy and intelligent population, can they compensate him for the absence of scenes hallowed alike in the page of history and the fairy web of romance? No.

He turns away with disgust from the plainness, the common-place, the want of all romantic and delightful association, and as he wends him homewards he exclaims against the degeneracy of this common-sense, money-making, inquisitive, and levelling country. Let it not then be matter of surprise that Captain Hall, well informed and honest in intentions as he may be, expresses disappointment at the political and moral condition of our people. Stronger prejudices than could have been parted with except with life, must have been eradicated from a loyal and brave officer of his majesty's service, before he could discern superiority in our simple institutions to those so well beloved and faithfully cherished. The same language which he now holds to the United States, has been used formerly to Great Britain by the subjects of governments less free than her own. Her inferiority to the nations of the continent, her rudeness, and her devotedness to a self-destroying system, were long the themes of foreign declamation and evil foreboding. Yet it was by these very principles that she obtained her supremacy over the decriers of her institutions and the prophets of her downfall. And it is by these means too, still more simplified, and reduced to intelligible principles of philosophy and sound reason, that this country has achieved her independence, evinced her power to maintain her proud rank as a nation of the earth, and spread the benign influence of her humanized and ameliorating example far and wide throughout every portion of the civilized world.

Captain Hall first landed in this city, and the most interesting objects which attracted his attention were the Female High school, and the plate-house! The lady who superintends the former institution is rather ungallantly treated by the captain, who does not in this instance vindicate the chivalric character of the proud navy to which he belongs. The plate-house meets his full approbation, as he has a good dinner there for a very moderate sum. By the way, a good dinner will at any time put him in a good humour, and the contrary nettles him very fiercely. Thus, travelling one day in the woods of Champlain, he stops at a remote inn, evidently to himself seldom visited. Here his appetite had to feast on hung-beef, bread and butter, and a plate of eggs. This was bad enough to one accustomed to veal-cutlets and red-cabbage pickles in merry England. The worst was yet to come. On prying into the kitchen, the captain sees the driver of his carriage dining on a good honest joint of roast-lamb, large enough to have served all the party! This was too much. An explanation ensued, and the cause of the poor captain's deprivation was no more nor less than a reluctance on the part of the host to place before the English stranger and his lady a dish he and his family had dined off two hours before. The captain, instead of praising the civility which could dictate such a motive even in the backwoods of America, only vents his dinnerless spleen against his scrappy fare. In Loo-Choo, such conduct would have been pronounced refinement. Badinage aside, Captain Hall, with strong and deeply rooted prejudices, yet observes, with an acute and favourable eye, the growing institutions of our country so far as they are not identified with its form of government.

He writes well and with great ease, and, in the short period which he employed to acquaint himself with the localities and customs of this country, he displayed great powers of industry and attention. His book will repay perusal; and if it mortify at times, the national vanity of the American reader, it will never-

theless enhance, in the main, the favourable opinions which he may entertain with all becoming patriotism and justice, of the daily and growing development of the splendid resources of his native land. In short, our opinion of Captain Hall's book may be thus briefly summed up. It is far superior to the trash which has usually issued from the London press on this subject, and, if it be not as adulatory as the descriptions of certain enthusiastic admirers of our institutions, it is entirely free from the obnoxious and libellous slanders of Faux, Fearon, Ashe, and several other *veracious* travellers.

THE YANKEE.

The second monthly number of the new series of the Yankee has been received by the agent for this city, and on the whole, sustains the promise of future excellence afforded by the former. Among the articles which we have read and found worthy of praise are, first, an Essay on the Drama, consisting of strictures on dramatic writing, theatrical representation, and the laws of the drama generally; and particularly of remarks upon the present state of the American stage; second, a sketch of William Cobbett, by no means flattering; and third, observations on the forty-second Psalm. These three are sensible and well written articles. We cannot say as much for certain rhymes entitled the "Skeleton Hand," wherein the writer makes the clouds at one time to clap their wings like eagles, and at another to lie perched about in the tree tops like fowls going to roost; or for a long continuation of the unintelligible story in the first number; or for a short fragment entitled a "Sketch from Nature, Providence," which, to our thinking, seems to have been copied from any thing but nature, and moreover, appears to have no meaning—or if it has, it lies so deep that we cannot find it. The literary notices are brief but clever.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Newspaper poetry.—That the English prose writers for the public journals surpass those of our own country, there can be little doubt; but their fugitive pieces of poetry do not excel those that frequently originate on this side of the Atlantic. Our best poets do not treasure up the offsprings of their fancy for future publication in books, as many of them are men engaged in business, who have no intention of seeking literary fame; but they appear anonymously in the papers, which have thus been occasionally freighted with verses of superior merit. The following stanzas we copy from the Evening Post. There is about them a tenderness and melody approaching nearly, if not exceeding that of the "Recall," by Mrs. Hemans, to which they are an answer. Whoever their author may be, he is evidently one alive to the finest beauties of poetry. He has known the bliss of requited affection, and dwelt in the peace and joy of a pleasant home. They breathe of familiar images, and beloved voices—of the endearments of the wife, and the charm of innocent and happy children. It were well if all the weary wanderers over the earth, could be touched with the same pensive and amiable spirit, and abandon the wild chase of wealth and glory, for the sure and more valuable blessings of home.

THE RETURN.

I come—I come! There's a sound of joy,
Of music in the word:
Oh! that the rapid winds might bear
Me onward like a bird!
I'm weary with these wanderings,
My heart is sad and lone;
Oh, for the treasured sound of home,
To wake an answering tone!

The voices of my happy home!
The music of the heart!
How oft those gentle whisperings come—
Alas! how soon depart!
I hear them when the forest wind
Is breathing forth its song,
And in the murmurings of the wave
That bears the bark along.

Why should I waken memory
Of that far, blissful home?
'Twill bring a deeper gloom upon
The lonely path I roam.
Yet fancy loves to wander forth,
And hover round the hearth—
To catch those gleaming looks of love
That light the scenes of mirth.

I come—I come! Why should I rove
A dreary wild like this,
When a voice beloved recalls me back
To share life's all of bliss?

I come—I come! like the weary bird
At eve to his sheltered nest;
Like the pilgrim from afar I come
To a blessed shrine of rest.

Hindoo widows.—Humanity shudders at the recital of the fact, that hundreds and thousands of wretched females have been immolated on the blazing shrine of a relentless and fierce superstition, in the vast empire of the Hindoos. We had fondly believed that the powerful influence of the British government had been successfully exerted to avert the cruel and barbarous rite. But it appears otherwise. From accounts recently published, the dreadful truth is ascertained that, in eleven years, up to 1826, seven thousand two hundred and sixteen widows have been burned alive with their deceased husbands! Some of these were only eight or nine years of age! Can it be that

"Woman, oh woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue,"

can be thus doomed, by the stern decrees of man, to an untimely and terrific end? Can superstition thus blind the eye, and render callous the heart; point the dart, and light the faggot, and place the loveliest, the most helpless, and the most interesting object in nature, at the mercy of the devouring flames? How deaf must that ear be which listens not to the piercing cry of agony that bursts forth at the searing touch of the inevitable, the sure destroying fire! Surely the doom of that nation is sealed! and the destroyer must come, and overturn the high places, and make desolate the palaces, and throw prostrate the mighty and the rulers. Happy will that day be. Let the English conquer them with their insinuating policy, and extend effectually that dominion on which the sun never sets; but let them do away with this heart-appalling superstition!

Artificial Eyes.—As we were sitting, a few mornings since, in our editorial arm-chair, attempting to conjure up an article for these columns, in steps the bustling, merry, facetious Dr. Scudder, accompanied by a friend, who at once supplied us with a subject. His eyes attracted our special notice; his "left eye in particular," as Billy Lackaday has it—large, lustrous, full of seeming life and intelligence. And yet, will you believe it, gentle reader? it was no eye at all!—that is, it was not one of nature's, but of Dr. Scudder's making! Strange fellow that Dr. Scudder. There it was, with its lids winking and blinking at us, and its pupil contracting and dilating! Verily, Dr. Scudder, you are the greatest man of the age. Never talk of General Diebitch, after a hundred fruitless attempts, whipping a poor Turkish pacha with three tails; or of Mr. O'Connell, kicking up a dust, first because he could not obtain catholic emancipation, and now because he has obtained it; or of Surgeon-General Samuel L. Mitchell, tasting Knapp's purest spring-water, laced with *aqua vitæ*, dressed up to the chin in his stiff regimentals resting high on his chest, with the huge expanse in full relief below—what have these lions of the day done to compare with the achievements of the illustrious Dr. Scudder? To be serious. It is well worthy the attention and curiosity of the public, to examine the ingenious mechanism of the doctor's artificial organs of vision. Never shall those of his *bright-eyed* friend depart from our memory; and should it ever fall to our hapless lot—which heaven forbid—to lose one or both of those precious orbs with which dame nature has supplied us, we shall repair, without delay, to the doctor's infirmary, and accept of his inimitable substitutes—for we repeat it—never can we forget the expression of "that left eye in particular!"

Le Papillon.—A new French paper, to be devoted to the ladies, and amateurs of that beautiful language, and its elegant literature, is to be published in this city every Monday.—The subscription price is one dollar per quarter. Its object is praiseworthy, and if the paper is conducted with ability and spirit, will meet with encouragement.

Carriers of Papers.—An important decision was lately given in the Philadelphia courts, in relation to the responsibility of those who undertake to circulate newspapers for the proprietors. An action was brought against James Brown, for damages in not discharging his duty with fidelity as a carrier of the Mechanic's Free Press, by which neglect a subscriber was induced to withdraw his support from the paper, and others threatened to follow his example. The defendant, being a poor man, the plaintiffs claimed two dollars only as damages. Their object was simply to obtain judgment, and establish a precedent. Having made out their case to the satisfaction of the magistrate, judgment was accordingly given in their favour. In the course of the trial, it was stated by the judge, and as we think very correctly, that even the plea of sickness could not avail the defendant, as in case of that misfortune, it was his bounden duty to apprise his employers of the fact, that his place might be forthwith supplied, and their interest not injured.

Three Doctors.—Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman, are reported, saith an eminent author, to be excellent physicians, and if kept at a constant pension, their fees are not very costly.

HERE WE MEET TOO SOON TO PART.

AS SUNG BY SIGNORINA GARCIA.—ARRANGED FOR THE MIRROR, BY W. WOOD, JR.

MODERATO.

Here we meet too soon to part, Here to leave will raise a smart; Here I'll press thee to my heart, Where none have place a - bove thee.

Here I vow to love thee well, Could but words un - seal the spell;

PIA.

Had but lan - guage strength to tell, I'd say how much I love thee! Here we meet too soon to part;

Here to leave would raise a smart; Here I'll press thee to my heart, Where none have place a - bove thee.

Here the rose that decks thy door,
Here the thorn that spreads thy bower,

Here the willow on the moor,
The birds at rest above thee;

Had they light of life to see,
Sense of soul like thee and me,

Soon might each a witness be
How dotingly I love thee!

VARIETIES.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—The following is from the Stirling Advertiser: The other day while Mr. Farquharson, at Bankend, and his daughter, a young woman about sixteen years of age, were standing at a short distance from a beehive, they were suddenly surrounded by thousands of the little insects—the hive having just thrown off a swarm. Instead, however, of flying to a bush or tree for shelter, as was expected, they alighted on the young woman's head. Fortunately, she had courage and presence of mind equal to the occasion; for, instead of running away, or attempting to remove or annoy them, she remained quietly where she was till the whole swarm alighted upon her. Some idea may be formed of the firmness and resolution evinced under such trying circumstances, when it is stated, that she had neither cap nor bonnet on, and that the swarm was so large that it completely covered her face, breast, and shoulders—so that she could neither see nor speak. In this situation she remained till her father brought a hive, when the bees moved into it in the usual way, without her receiving so much injury as a single sting!

PHYSICAL CAUSE OF REDDING.—When we rub our hands

or eyes, these organs, however pale before, assume a blushing redness, which being examined through a glass, or by a good unaided eye, is found to be produced by numberless small blood-vessels, not previously visible. *Blushing*, proceeding from mental emotion, arises from a similar change in the blood-vessels. These effects take place when the circulation is active. When, on the contrary it is languid, rubbing does not easily redder either the hands or the eye, and emotion less readily gives rise to the blush.

PARASOLS.—The celebrated Locke, when in France, in the year 1675, speaks, in the journal which he then kept, and which has been lately brought to light, of "parasols as a pretty sort of cover for women riding in the sun, made of straw, something like the tin covers for dishes."

"My good friend," said a gentleman to an Irish peasant standing idle in the road, "you seem to be doing nothing." The man negligently began striking the stones. "Oh! that won't do. Do you call that hard work?" "Sure," answered he to this expostulation, "sure, isn't it time now, and not labour, we are bound to give the master!"

Madame Malibran and Mademoiselle Sontag, have each been presented with an elegant piece of plate by the Philharmonic

society of London, as a tribute to their eminent talents, and as a compliment for their gratuitous performances at the society's last concert on the eighth of June.

A curious specimen of cutlery has lately been exhibited in England. It is a musical knife with two hundred and eight blades.

By an old charter or custom of the city of Glasgow, the body of a person dying by his own hands becomes the property of the nearest surgeon.

The pope of Rome has lately decided upon granting permission to the catholic priests to marry, with the provision that those who do so shall not be allowed to receive confessions.

The heart of the late queen of Spain has been sent to Dresden, her native city; her body was buried at Madrid.

A punster said that a young lady, desirous of being married, was a *belle* that wanted *ringing*.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

A WOOD SCENE.

Bright shines the glorious sun,
Tenderly blue the sky above my head;
My woodland path is won,
And the fresh forest bowers are round me spread.

How beautiful that stream,
Which spreads its glossy mirror at my feet;
Where pictured in its gleam,
The green fern fringes and the mossbells meet.

The narrow channel too,
Here softly gurgles, bending the long grass
And spangling with its dew
The gold-thread wove along the verdurous mass.

How dark the verdant gloom,
Where the small vistas open in the wood;
How rich the summer bloom
That spreads around—a leafy solitude.

Within that thicket deep,
Where rears the birch its silver column high,
Bird, wind, and insect keep
A festival of low, sweet melody.

On the leaf-resting spray,
The squirrel swiftly darts, or pauses nigh,
Then, starting on its way,
Leaps in the bush, with its shrill, chirping cry.

Perches the wren between
The branches of the oak, her strain to sing,
Or break the silent scene
With the low startled flutter of her wing.

From yonder maple leaf,
Like a bright gold spot speeds the butterfly,
And in its circles brief,
Floats on the purple orchis blooming by.

Here in this cool retreat,
Visions of fancy on the spirit beam—
How false, yet oh, how sweet!
Dark the reality, yet bright the dream.

STANZAS.

Oh, many a flower of beauty blushes
Where Eek in freshening coolness gushes,
Lovely and bright and pure they look,
When evening steals o'er bower and brook,
But when are they as pure as she
Who treads their dwelling bowers wi' me?

Her foot would shame the bounding roe,
Her neck wad dim the mountain snow,
And ne'er sae beautiful and bright
As hers, will be those eyes o' light
That burn along yon starry ceiling,
Till they possess her love and feeling.

There's nae sic lassie in the isle,
Sae saft her sigh, sae fond her smile,
And sweeter is her ilka word
Than music o' the moonlight bird.
I gaed to meet her by the thorn
That opes its blossom-ee to morn.
She said—Oh joy is me to tell,
That she would bless me wi' hersel;
And happy, happy sure am I,
Wi' sic a lass to live and die.

ALPHA.

ORIGINAL TALES.

DESTINY.

A TRAVELLER'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

MUCH has been said and written to controvert the idea that the destinies of men are at least in some degree affected and controlled by mysterious or supernatural powers, whose presence and even existence, the faculties of human beings are inadequate to discover, except by the consequences of their agency. The belief has been assailed by every weapon of argument; reason has sought to demonstrate its fallacy by proving the impossibility of the doctrine; religion has exerted her divine authority; wit has levelled

against it the keenest and most polished shafts of ridicule—but in vain. In all ages, and in every country, the impression or superstition, if indeed it be a superstition, has prevailed; and it has been even said, perhaps not untruly, that if the bosoms of its loudest and most violent assailants could be probed to the bottom, they too would be found subject to the very weakness which they are so forward to deride. For myself, I neither assert nor deny that the belief is vain and groundless. I have never in my own person been the subject of any incomprehensible fatality: but my life has been spent in wandering through many lands, and instances have been related to me in almost every country which I have visited, so remarkable that, to say the least, they render scepticism difficult, and so well authenticated that one even less credulous than myself could scarcely doubt of their reality.—The story which I am about to relate is one of the most striking of these instances; it will be thought marvellous, but so far as the facts which I myself shall narrate are concerned, I can vouch for their actual occurrence.

It is now some thirty years since I was riding leisurely along a narrow path or bridle road which wound its devious way through the forest of Vallambrosa, and by pursuing which I materially abbreviated the distance between the eastern boundary of Portugal, which I had just left, and the village of Salvatierra, whither I was journeying. It was near evening, and, alarmed by the coming tempest, whose approach my wandering habits, and long and close observance of the elemental tokens had taught me to discover, I was urging my almost jaded steed, old Hannibal, to his utmost celerity. The storm threatened to outstrip us; the wind, which had blown freshly all the day, subsided to an ominous and fearful stillness; the heat became oppressive; thick black clouds obscured the firmament, and the groaning trees, although to human observation unmoved by any breath of air, gave forth those murmuring and indescribable sounds which in the warm south are invariably found to precede the wildest commotions of the elements.—The hurricane came at last in its fury; the leaves were torn from the trees, and whirled by thousands aloft into the sky; an impenetrable darkness covered the earth; the gusts came on with such terrific violence, that it was with extreme difficulty I could keep the saddle, and the rain descended in such force and quantity, that in a few minutes I was drenched to the skin. But these were the least fearful accompaniments of the storm. The violence of the blast hurled to the ground the tall and ancient cork-trees by which we were surrounded, with a rapidity of succession that exposed me, at every moment, to the most imminent peril, and with a power and swiftness that would have rendered escape impossible by any precaution or exertion of my own. My only trust was in the good-fortune, or rather let me say, the protection of Providence that had hitherto attended my wanderings, and my courage was sustained by a sort of involuntary confidence, that after having escaped death from a simoom in the great desert, from an avalanche in Switzerland, and from an irruption of wild horses in the vast pampas of Brazil; after having survived an earthquake in Peru, and an attack of the plague in Smyrna; after undergoing the horrors of a rainy season on the Gold coast and of a winter in Siberia, I should not now ignobly perish by the fall of a cork-tree on the confines of Portugal. Yet was I not free from apprehension, and I will readily confess, that notwithstanding my confidence in the fortunate star

that hitherto had overruled my destiny, I should have rejoiced to find myself at that period, in some place of greater safety. I did escape unhurt however, and soon had the consolation of seeing the storm subside, and finally disappear, with a rapidity equal to that with which it had arisen. My poor Hannibal, who had given during the continuance of the tempest, the most unequivocal tokens of his dissatisfaction, began to recover his good humour, and shaking the dripping moisture from his ears, pushed forward gallantly.—The bright sun came forth again with even more than former splendour, and my spirits rose in proportion.

The path which I was pursuing, bore frequent testimony to the violence of the hurricane, for it was in many places impeded by the prostrate trunks and shattered branches of the huge cork trees, and it was with difficulty that Hannibal could find or force his way amidst the obstacles which they presented. As we were slowly and painfully toiling our way through a level glade, on which the storm appeared to have poured down its choicest fury, I heard or fancied that I heard a moaning cry, as of one in distress. Hannibal too seemed to be aware of it, for he pricked up his ears and stopped suddenly. I looked around, and listened with the utmost attention, but could discover nothing that might account for the sound which we had heard, and it was not repeated. Concluding that my senses had deceived me, I was about to continue my progress, but was opposed by Hannibal, who insisted upon branching off towards a little elevation on our right, where the accumulated trunks and branches gave token of an especial visitation of the storm. The event justified his determination and did honour to his sagacity, for at the distance of about thirty paces from the path which we had quitted, I saw lying crushed beneath the weight of a mighty pine, the inanimate form of a Spanish cavalier, whom, from the richness of his habits, I imagined to be a man of rank. A glance was sufficient to inform me of his condition; the pine had fallen upon him with all its weight of years and branches, and to all appearance had closed his account with this world for ever. It was not impossible, however, that he might still be living, and I sprung therefore from my horse, and hastened to render to him what assistance was in my power. At first there seemed to be no hope of my succeeding in extricating him from his position. The superincumbent giant of the forest pressed upon him with a weight that would have defied the strength of twenty men, and after many fruitless efforts I was about to give up the undertaking in despair, and reluctantly prepared to ride onward in search of help. Old Hannibal, however, once more opposed his will to mine, and by his actions gave manifest indications of his resolution not to leave the spot until the stranger was relieved. I alternately abused him for his obstinacy, and tried to coax him into obedience, but in vain; I had, therefore no alternative but to apply myself once more to the task of humanity, and if my own desires had needed stimulus, they would have found it in the impatient manifestations of my sagacious charger.

I do not remember, nor in fact could I ever clearly understand the exact process by which I finally succeeded in withdrawing the body of the sufferer from beneath the thick branches of the pine-tree: something there was of long and arduous labour with the dagger knife, which, thanks to my wanderings in Paraguay, I had accustomed myself never to be without; but it is clearly borne upon my mind that it was by the assistance of old Hannibal that the task was even-

tually accomplished. The shades of evening had settled upon the earth before my efforts were crowned with this success; and finding signs of returning animation in the bruised and insensible unknown, I laid him across the saddle and pushed forward in hopes of finding some woodman's hut or shepherd's cottage, in which I might leave him while I galloped forward in search of medical assistance to the hamlet of Avarada, which I knew to be but a few leagues distant. My designs, however, were frustrated by a circumstance to which I had not adverted, but which of all others was the most likely to occur to a horseman in my situation. The night was dark, and I had lost my way. The prospect of passing the time till morning in the forest with but a horse, and as I thought, a dying man for my companions, was not the most exhilarating; and happily the necessity of encountering it was obviated by an event which I had not in the least expected; the awaking, namely, of my patient from his long and deathlike swoon. The contents of my flask supplied him with strength and consciousness enough to direct our course towards his residence, to which another hour's riding brought us, worn and fatigued, but thankful.

I have never been a man of business, and have therefore but seldom had occasion to travel with rapidity; all my journeys have been but types of the great voyage of my life, sauntering and devious; whenever a new prospect or an interesting adventure has prompted me to turn aside, I have given way to the inclination, and having no definite object before me, have but seldom found it inconvenient to linger on my route, whensoever inducement was offered for a sojourn. I was easily prevailed upon therefore on the morrow, to accept the invitation of my wounded host to remain with him for a few days, and even had the compliance been attended with any sacrifice, I should not have hesitated, for the report of the medical attendant was unfavourable, and I was so much interested by the appearance of the patient, that my feelings would not suffer me to leave him until my hopes of his recovery were either confirmed or disappointed. His name I learned to be Don Pedro de Onega, and many intimations were afforded me by the demeanour and casual observations of the members of his household, that led me to suppose his character and history to be remarkable. My suspicions on this subject, however, were soon to be reduced to certainty; for but few days had elapsed before it became evident that the injuries which he had sustained in the forest would prove fatal; and the physicians gave me to understand that the wishes of their patient were any thing but averse to that consummation.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

CAUSE OF LEANNESS.

"WHAT is the cause of my leanness?" said a thin gentleman, who would have given half his fortune for half of my fat; "what is the cause of my leanness?"—"Demandez à ce Dieu!" "Pho! demand a fiddle-stick's end! I want you to tell me, sir, you, sir; what is the cause of my leanness?" "Well,—soyez tranquille—be quiet a minute: there is a pre-disposition in your constitution to make you lean, and a disposition in your constitution to keep you so." This explanation, about as satisfactory as Dr. Thomas Diaphoreus' explanation of the properties of opium—"quia est in ea," &c. &c., did not soothe the irritability of my lean inquirer, who became, if possible, more shrunken and wizened as his heat increased. Seeing the nature and temper of my antagonist, I went to book with him in another way. "Why, sir, as to the causes of leanness, there may be many that an ingenious theorist might suggest; I speak to you, sir, as to a sensible man." The storm and heat began to subside; an oily word is like an emollient. "I speak to you, sir, as a sensible man, and I am aware that it is not sufficient to talk to you in general terms of constitutional peculiarities, digestive organs, and alimentary functions; you must have positive specific cause; and, if possible, an explanation of that cause, as plain as the specifica-

tion of a patent." "Just so; that is what I want; you speak like a sensible man, (the retort courteous.) Every effect, sir, must have a cause; and I want to know whether the cause may be in the stomach, or any particular part of my inside, and if so, whether by particularly directing our attention to that part, wherever it may be, we can in any way alter its nature?"

The expectations of patients are sometimes very exorbitant, generally in proportion to their ignorance; sensible people give very little trouble. Hence it is not difficult to satisfy these exorbitant demands; for a foolish answer will always balance a foolish question. I do not recollect ever to have met the equal of this inquirer, except in a very pompous person, who kept a large circulating library, who doubtless thought "keeping a library, he himself was learned," and who, whenever my answer satisfied his great mind, always expressed his approbation by a condescending nod, with—"Ay! now, sir, you give us a physical reason!"

But "revenons à nos moutons:" finding my patient's mind was bent on localities, I suggested the intestinum cæcum for his consideration—the newly-discovered organ of fat! He had never heard of it; this was what he expected of me; (another retort courteous, for which I owed him one.) "This was news! What was it? how was it?" "Why, sir, some are of opinion that the cæcum contains a certain ferment,—some that it is destined to secrete an important fluid,—others take it for a second ventricle, wherein the prepared aliments may be stored up, and so long retained, till a thicker and more nutritive juice may be drawn from them;—and how it is a depot of fat you will find in the 'Philosophical Transactions.'"

He heard this very attentively, and having passed mutual compliments, and being on very good terms with each other, he favoured me with his unreserved opinion. "I see very clearly, sir, the application of this discovery to my case: this is an age of discoveries! the quantity of fat diffused over the body must be in proportion to the quantity in the depot: I must have a small cæcum! Now the question is, can we enlarge it? Perhaps I have no cæcum!" We quite agreed upon the impossibility of supplying this defect; but as "there is more in heaven and earth than we dream of in our philosophy," my philosopher did not like to relinquish all speculation upon the subject. I considered the case beyond surgery. I am not sure that I might have been allowed to look at the caput coli; though I have known an operation done on almost as frivolous grounds. But when I told him that, according to the account of the celebrated Hoffman, dogs became rapidly fat when their spleen was removed, and that Mr. Hunter once removed it from a wounded man, who did very well, there seemed to arise a lurking longing, as much as to say, "I wish Mr. Hunter had my spleen."

There is an asperity in the acute angles of some persons, that gives a most forbidding appearance, every feature is sharp, and every variety of movement quick. Shakespeare makes Caesar desire that he may have fat people about his person. It would be hard, on this authority, to condemn all persons who have the misfortune to be born with small cæcums and large spleens, and are meagre from causes they cannot control, "as fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils." Yet it is clear that Caesar liked a curvilinear *embonpoint* appearance in his body-guard, and thought there was most safety with a corpulent corps of household troops.

The lean are not less exposed to ridicule than the corpulent. A reverend doctor of divinity, of very ghostly appearance, was one day accosted by a vulgar fellow, who, after eyeing him from head to foot, at last said, "Well, doctor, I hope you have taken care of your soul?" "Why, my friend," said the amiable shadow, "why should you be so anxious that I should take care of my soul?" "Because," replied the other, "I can tell you that your body is not worth caring for."

Jonas Hanway, who was remarkably thin, was met by a man much inebriated, who approached him in so irregular a direction, that it might have been concluded that he had business on both sides the way. Hanway stopped when he came up to him, to give him his choice; but the man stood as still as his intoxication would permit him, without attempting to pass on either side. After viewing each other a moment, "My friend," said Hanway, "you seem as if you had rather drunk too much;" to which the man replied, with considerable naiveté, "and you, my friend, seem as if you had ate too little."

I have stated, that good humour and the power of looking on the favourable side of things are among the concomitant causes of corpulence; and so they have been considered from the days of Solomon. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones."—*Proverbs*. Now the optics of some lean people are in so unlucky a perspective, as to throw a shade over every picture that is presented

to them: to them the whole face of nature is gloomy and ugly. It would be a blessed thing for such persons, if Dollond could alter their vision by the aid of spectacles. To fatten a man by impressions on the optic nerve would be a new feat in the philosophy of physic and surgery.

"Laugh and grow fat," is an old adage; and Sterne tells us, that every time a man laughs, he adds something to his life. An eccentric philosopher, of the last century, used to say, that he liked not only to laugh himself but to see laughter, and to hear laughter. "Laughter, sir, laughter is good for the health; it is a provocative to the appetite, and a friend to digestion. Dr. Sydenham, sir, said the arrival of a merry-andrew in a town was more beneficial to the health of the inhabitants than twenty asses loaded with medicine." Mr. Pott used to say that he never saw the "Tailor riding to Brentford," without feeling better for the week afterwards.

THE WATER PINK.

It is difficult in some cases to draw the line between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The sensitive plant possesses qualities which entitle it to rank in both; but the most curious combination of vegetable and animal properties is met with in the water pink and the animal grass which grow in Port Mahon, in the island of Minorca. They are thus described by Mr. Jones, in his Sketches of Naval Life, recently published at New-Haven.

"As I sauntered along the shore of the harbour, my attention was drawn to a beautiful flower at the bottom, where the water was nearly a fathom in depth. It grew on a stalk about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and about ten inches in length; was in shape like an inverted cone, about five inches in diameter; and was variegated with brilliant colours, red, yellow, and purple. It was a beautiful thing, and I wanted it; so I determined to knock it off, hoping some chance might bring it to the shore; I threw, and saw I struck it; when the water was cleared up, the stalk was there, but I could not discover the flower. After a vain search, I went on further and came to another near the shore; I thought I was sure of this, and got a stick to draw it to me, when, as soon as I had touched it—quash—the whole disappeared. It was all animal, flower and all. I have since procured several, and have preserved them. The stalk is formed by concentric coats of gristly matter, which is transparent when the outer one is removed. It is attached to the rocks below. This forms a tube, in which is an animal, about seven inches long, with two rows of feet in its whole length; at its upper end is the head, and rising from the latter, the flower I have spoken of. This is formed by a vast number of very elegant fibres, each with an exceedingly fine and variegated fringe, placed like that of a feather: they do not form a single cup, but several; and their roots are so ranged as to produce a spiral channel, reaching to the animal's mouth. They have a strong sensitive power, and as soon as touched are dragged by the animal into the stalk. After a few minutes it ascends again, and the flower spreads out as before; doubtless they are intended for taking food. A touch will spoil them, so delicately are they formed; I cut off the flower, and passed a paper under it, in water; then by laying it on a board, and pouring water on it, spread it out as I wished it. They are of a cereline species, and are called water pinks, by the natives. I can take you, too, to parts of the harbour where the bottom is covered with tufts of grass, some green, some dark coloured; same in plain tufts, and others with a star in the middle; this grass too is all animal, and, if you touch it, will disappear in the ground. There is a large quantity of it just north of the hospital island."

EASY WRITING AND LIGHT READING,

OR THE GENERAL MODE OF MANUFACTURING NOVELS.*

A lady is supposed to be sitting in a melancholy mood, when she is startled by a knock at the door.—"The waiting-maid ushered in a person wrapped in a long dark blue traveling cloak, wearing a corresponding cap with a gold band and tassel, black bushy hair with whiskers and mustachios of the same colour, and treading heavily in a pair of brass-shod Wellington boots. Mrs. Stanhope stood in breathless suspense; the person who had entered continued silent for some minutes, and at last burst into a hearty laugh, saying, 'Is it possible you don't know me?'—'Good heaven,' said Mrs. Stanhope, 'why have you come at such an hour, and in such a dress?'—'It is not late—only nine o'clock—and as for my dress, excepting the whiskers and mustachios, it is what I often travel in. But what is the matter? Are you really offended?'—'I am more than offended, Georgina; I am shocked, both because, knowing my dislike to all trick, any practised upon me is an insult, and be-

* From the novel of Florence, or the Aspirant.

cause I know not in what this coarse unfeminine joke may have involved me. Good heaven! at a moment when I feared being seen with an elderly clergyman, you come to my house disguised like a hussar! O! Georgina, was this like a sister? My very servants — "I shall soon settle that," said the undaunted Georgina; and ringing, desired the servant to assist her in unrobing; and applying her fingers to her face, restored it to its wonted smoothness, and then, with perfect composure, told the servant, that in case of robbers she always disguised herself when travelling through a lonely country, such as that which she had passed within the last two hours.

"The girl looked astonished at the change which had taken place, but far more so, when, unbuckling the leather strap, and pulling off her cap and wig, she displayed a head of glossy, luxuriant, dark brown or nearly black ringlets. — "Strange!" said the servant; "are you really a lady? I took you for a gentleman soldier."

"This remark increased the melancholy of Mrs. Stanhope, who did not even attempt to rally her spirits, or to give a welcome to her sister. — "This is a cold reception, sister," said Georgina. "Is it possible that a mere jest can give you such serious offence?" — "It is not the jest, Georgina; it is the levity it springs from, and the serious mischief of which it may be productive, that shock me. But the deed is done, and I must bear the results whatever they are; and in the mean time I shall endeavour to think no more of it. Florence, get tea or coffee for your aunt, and then look after her apartment." — "Don't stir; I have been at the inn for two hours, and drank tea; I hate to spoil the pleasure of an arrival by sending the mistress or young ladies of the house to look after viands." — "Two hours? I thought you said to my servant that you had travelled for the last two hours." — "Lord, sister, are you still so literal? Who, to look at you, would expect such old-fashioned notions? I said so just to do away my whiskers and mustachios to your servant; but I put them on for a mere frolic."

"Mrs. Stanhope rose in disgust, and was about to leave the room, when her sister threw her arms round her neck, assuring her that, notwithstanding her follies, she had a true and a kind heart. "Come, my dear Susan," said she, "let us be friends; I have come a great many miles to see you, and with all my giddiness, I can perceive, and I do so with deep regret, that you are annoyed by some new trouble, or else your old ones stirred up again. Don't let this joke shake your confidence in my regard, whatever else I may lose." — "This is beyond a joke, Georgina; but we shall say no more of it. Tell me when you left London." — "A week ago." — "A week to travel two hundred miles!" — "Yes, I am never so happy as on a journey, and I prolong the pleasure of it as much as possible." — "I need not ask if you came in a public vehicle, unless your taste is much changed." — "Not in the least: I still like the changes and chances of a mail-coach; if the company be vulgar or not amusing, it is easy to stop at the first stage; and — no disparagement to your hospitality — I am never so entirely happy as at an inn; for there every body strives to serve you, and nobody finds fault." — "Where is your luggage?" — "At the hotel; it comes in the morning. I hate the bustle of trunks and handboxes, when one should be embracing and indulging in all the — I don't know what you sentimentalists would call it."

"Mrs. Stanhope could not help smiling at the oddness of a person so well understanding all the practical part of what she could not have defined in words; and endeavoured to forget her peccadillos in the recollection of her real worth. She then laughed at the load of rings which adorned her sister's somewhat large but very handsome fingers. "O, yes," said she "they are horrid things to wear; but they give consequence, and their designs, and mottoes, and settings, afford conversation sometimes; besides, I like to create surprise, by hinting that I got this from a general, and that from an admiral, and another from a duchess. I have a brooch and drops to match that little myrtle in mosaic which the duchess of D — gave me." — "The duchess of D —?" said Mrs. Stanhope; "I remember your buying it the last time I was in London." — "To be sure it is the same; I am merely letting you hear a little puff, just to give one an air of importance."

"Mrs. Stanhope took up the candle, and left the room without uttering a single word; Florence, who had been examining the rings, threw them from her in disgust; and Georgina indulged herself in a flood of tears, probably more angry than repentant."

Those who like not reading are deprived of the greatest of pleasures.

It is the mark of a bad cause when men of the same party speak ill of each other.

TITIAN THE PAINTER.

Some artists who have acquired fame did not at a very early age evince a talent for a design; but Titian, when he was a mere child, showed a propensity of that kind, and delineated the Virgin Mary with the juices of flowers, which were probably the only colours within his reach. About the age of ten years, his father sent him to Venice, where he became the pictorial pupil of Giovanni Bellino. He soon, however, abandoned the formal manner of this artist, and adopted that of Giorgione so successfully, that to several portraits their respective claims could not be ascertained. At the age of eighteen he was an inmate of Giorgione's habitation, and was then employed to paint in fresco the façade of the exchange of the German merchants, the opposite front towards the canal being allotted to the pencil of Giorgione. Titian chose for his subject female figures and boys, and over the door represented Judith with the head of Holofernes, very admirably coloured; but this work, unfortunately, was the cause of a breach between these artists; for the Venetians were so pleased with the performance of Titian, that they inadvertently extolled it to Giorgione, supposing it to be by his hand; the consequence was, that he dismissed the youth from his house, and their friendship ceased.

Titian was now considered as a very promising artist, and every new piece tended to increase his fame. His company was courted by persons of the highest rank and of the most refined taste. The Duke of Ferrara, in particular, highly appreciated his merits, and frequently invited him to accompany him in his barge when going from Venice to Ferrara. It was during his residence in the latter city that he became acquainted with Ariosto, with whom he frequently conferred on the subject of his compositions; and from such conferences it may be supposed that the poet and the painter derived mutual advantage.

Being engaged to paint a fine picture of the Virgin's ascension to heaven, (in the lower part of which was an assemblage of the apostles) for the chapel of a convent at Venice, he was frequently interrupted in his work by the friars, particularly by one Germano, who freely criticised the large dimensions of the apostles. Titian in vain endeavoured to set him right, by explaining to him that figures necessarily ought to be in proportion to the distance from which they were to be viewed, and that he would find, when the picture was in its place, they would appear of their proper size. The monks, however, were at length convinced of their ignorance; for the emperor's ambassador, happening to see the picture, offered to purchase it for his master at a high price: this opened their eyes, and drew from them the confession that they were better acquainted with their breviaries than with works of art.

In the year 1547, at the invitation of Charles V., Titian joined the court at Inspruck and Augsburg, with a train of distinguished young persons. The emperor, then advanced in years, sat to him for the third time; the costume he chose to be painted in was brown armour enriched with gold. — During the time of sitting, Titian happening to drop one of his pencils, the emperor took it up; and, when the artist expressed how unworthy he was of such an honour, Charles replied, "that Titian was worthy of being waited on by Cæsar." While he attended this court, he was employed on the portraits of various illustrious personages of the house of Austria, and was often required to introduce himself into the composition. Ridolfi states the money which he received for each portrait of the emperor to have been one thousand crowns; but, as a farther recompence, Charles knighted him, buckled on the golden sword with his own hands, and conferred on him the title of count Palatine, with letters of nobility to himself and his descendants, accompanied with important immunities.

In speaking of his picture of the Magdalen, painted for Philip II., Sir Abraham Hume says, "Titian took the idea from an antique statue in his own possession, but availed himself of nature in the person of a young girl in his neighbourhood, who being fatigued by long standing, the tears ran down her face, and Titian attained the desired expression. — So intent was he on what he was about, that it is said he neglected taking his ordinary repast. In point of colouring and lovely expression, he never surpassed this picture, which, from the pains and labour he bestowed on it, must have been a favourite subject."

"It appears to be generally understood, says the same amateur, that Titian had, in the different periods of his life, three distinct manners of painting; the first hard and dry, resembling that of his master Bellino; the second, acquired from studying the works of Giorgione, was more bold, round, rich in colour, and exquisitely wrought up; the third was the

result of his matured taste and judgment, and may properly be termed his own, in which he introduced more cool tints into the shadows and flesh, approaching nearer to nature, than the universal glow of Giorgione."

Various attempts have been made to discover the secret of Titian's fine colouring, or the mechanical process which he used for that purpose; but it has not yet been ascertained. After a fruitless investigation of this point, Sir Abraham Hume says, "his grand secret of all, appears to have consisted in the unremitting exercise of application, patience, and perseverance, joined to an enthusiastic attachment to his art; his custom was to employ considerable time in finishing his pictures, working on them repeatedly, till he brought them to perfection; and his maxim was, that whatever was done in a hurry, could not be well done."

The tasteful baronet compares him with Sir Joshua Reynolds. — "Titian's manners, like those of the most eminent painter this country ever produced, were courteous, gentle, and unassuming; and, like him also, his friendship was solicited and his character esteemed by the most accomplished persons of his time. Being in the habit of living in the best society, he acquired the ease and carriage of an accomplished gentleman, never presuming on his superior talents, but disposed to encourage the exertions of other artists; one of whom showing him a picture he had just finished, Titian observed, 'that he was so pleased with it, that it appeared as if he had done it with his own hand.' There were other points of similarity to be observed between the prince of the Venetian school and Sir Joshua Reynolds, for the latter produced several grand compositions, as well as fascinating fancy pieces; and, to both, all the rank, talents, and beauty of the time were anxious to sit."

Vasari, who knew Titian in his advanced years, says, that he appeared to have enjoyed uninterrupted health during his very long life, together with an abundant share of every earthly felicity. His art gave him character, and his character contributed to dignify his art.

Although he lived to the age of ninety-nine years, he did not die of old age, but of the plague, which sent him to his grave in 1576. The public and pompous funeral intended for him was prevented by the continuance of the pestilential contagion: but such obsequies were not necessary for his fame. His name lives in the memory of every lover of the fine arts.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA. — A writer in Silliman's Journal of Science and Arts, supposes the blue appearance of the heavens to arise from our looking through an illuminated medium at the dark vacuity beyond our atmosphere.

It is admitted that were there no atmosphere, the appearance, except in the direction of the sun, would be quite black; and "since the atmosphere is transparent, this blackness (if I may use the expression) must be seen through it, only somewhat modified by the rays of light reflected by the atmosphere to the eye, from the direction to which we are looking."

The phenomenon of hail falling during warm weather, occurs only when there is an accumulation of electricity in the atmosphere. The same writer accounts for it in the following manner:

"Two highly charged clouds in opposite electric states, coming within the electric influence of each other, displace the air from between them so as to form a passage for the electric fluid, while the moisture remains. This sudden displacement of the air produces such a degree of cold, as not only to freeze the vapour, forming the nucleus of the hail, but to reduce the temperature of that frozen vapour far below the freezing point. When, therefore, the warm air comes in contact with the frozen vapour, the moisture is precipitated upon it and freezes. In this way the hail is increased as it falls, to a very great size."

SILK. — Mr. A. Purviance, of Camden, S. C. has been successful in the culture of silk during the last season. He says that he is perfectly satisfied that the United States, particularly the Carolinas, are in every respect suited to the culture of silk, and that it might soon become an immense source of wealth, as both the old and infirm and the children may be profitably employed in it.

AGED TREE. — The celebrated chestnut tree, the property of Lord Dacre, at Tamworth, Gloucestershire, is the oldest, if not the largest tree in England, having this year attained the age of one thousand and twenty-nine years, and being fifty-two feet round; and yet such vigour remains in it, that it bore nuts two years ago from which young trees are now being raised.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PERIPATETIC.—NO. XIII.

SCHOOLMASTERS.

It is a singular fact, that the most important of all employments has been, by common consent, at least in a great majority of instances, surrendered into the hands of men without regard to their literary or moral qualifications. No art is more difficult than that of educating children: none requires more preparation or mental advantages. The requisites of a good teacher are seldom found united. He should be naturally cheerful and affectionate; yet with the very difficult power of applying both his cheerfulness and his affections in a proper manner. He should be not only intelligent and quick, but eloquent and agreeable; for knowledge itself, however extensive and profound it may be, is nothing to a teacher if unaccompanied by a facility in expressing his ideas in an easy, simple, and attractive discourse. He should not himself have been educated alone by books, but he should rather be one who combines wide and various information upon scientific and literary matters, with an experience of the world, and an understanding of human nature. He must possess acuteness in discriminating between all classes of character and shades of feelings. Without passion he should know how to be severe, and without weakness to be merciful. He must be able to perceive, among the varied dispositions under his care, that one is stupid, lazy, or vicious, and another bright, generous, and lovely; yet his feelings must be balanced so as to avoid partiality, lest he discourage the dull, and spoil the intelligent. He should be neat in his person, and gentlemanly in his manners; for his scholars will learn more by his example in matters of a trifling nature, than by any ingenious conversation, and in addition, which perhaps is more important than all the others, and without which they will be useless, he must be endowed by nature with an innate deep philanthropy, a glowing ardour, to add to the sum of human happiness, a warmth of heart, that shall not be chilled by labour or destroyed by avarice, leading him to an interest in the beings around him, that shall be visible in those trifles of life, which may not be numbered and put on paper; but by which he will gradually endear himself to all who can reason and feel.

How different is this from the reality. School-teaching has been generally undertaken, not in accordance with the tastes, the habits, or the choice of the individual, but from necessity. Men who have never studied the beautiful philosophy of the human mind, and, who perchance hate children and books, resort to the business of instruction as a temporary expedient to make money. They have not undergone any previous preparation. They have no permanent interest at stake, and perhaps, care not at all whether or not they whom they thus carelessly undertake to instruct, realize any advantage from their efforts. Their attention is occupied with some distant enterprise, to which they mean to return as soon as their circumstances will permit. Sometimes they are fine fellows, and sometimes fools; and it seems that parents have hitherto exercised but little discretion in determining the capacity of the person to whom they send their children. For this there is no excuse. Any one may be a schoolmaster, and any one will be sure of obtaining some patronage. An account in one of the papers, gives an estimate that there are thirty thousand of the fraternity in the United States. Upon an average, they have probably thirty scholars a piece. There will be then, nine hundred thousand children committed to their charge. It would be deeply interesting to parents, and to all who regard with hope the rising generation, to behold by some magical power all these collected together in the pursuance of their daily routine. What tyranny, passion, bigotry, and ignorance

lurk about those little domains where gentleness, affection, and wisdom should preside! It has been said that no man can bear the consciousness of power without overstepping the limits of moderation. Without acceding to this assertion in its fullest extent, it is certain the continual habit of commanding would lead many into error, and the teacher of a school is most calculated to feel its influence. He rules over a crowd of helpless little beings, who have neither experience nor reason to guide their conduct. Many vexatious trifles must occur to tax his patience. Confinement and disappointment unite in exciting his temper; and though he who has crossed the Alps with Buonaparte, or gone with Mungo Park into the deserts of Africa, may smile at the sufferings of a schoolmaster, yet perhaps the one has as much need of uncommon perseverance, patience, and character as the other. Yet how few men possess these. And how few there are competent to conduct the delicate and philosophic operation of checking the wanderings of the heart, and opening the powers of the understanding. I received a visit the other day from a quack schoolmaster, for the purpose of obtaining my name to a long list of subscribers, among whom, as I glanced them slightly over, I observed those of some of our most respectable inhabitants. My friend was very sanguine of success, as his patronage was so great; and as his views of education professed to be something extraordinary, and altogether out of the common track, he favoured me with his system. One of the first steps of a pedagogue, when about to establish a school, is to proclaim a new system. Some "royal road" up the difficult steep of science is continually appearing before us, whereby the arts and sciences may be taught in a given number of lessons; the dull are to be miraculously inspired, and the brilliant ripened into precocious maturity. The pupil, without any effort, is to be initiated into the profoundest mysteries of learning. A few lessons perfect him in French—he learns dancing from the perusal of a little book—with the assistance of a set of beads he masters arithmetic in a few weeks—and passes an examination in history and geography by means of a painted puzzle. The gentleman in question was a writing-master. He had adopted his profession after having abandoned several others. He was originally a native of Gibraltar, where he learned to speak Spanish and English with fluency. Some nameless revolution drove him to the western world, where, after innumerable peregrinations, he rested in New-York. His *debut* before our public was made in the capacity of a grocer; but, at the end of a year, his landlord seized his goods for rent, and kicked him out of the house for reasons best known to himself. He next appeared in one of our neighbouring cities, as "Richard the third;" but a tolerably numerous audience having hissed him with a singular unanimity of opinion, he threw up his claim to dramatic excellence and cast around his eyes for a more auspicious occupation. Some knowing one now hinted that he had better establish a school, and our hero hastened to assume his vocation. He therefore issued a prospectus, modestly proposing to excel any thing that ever had been or could be done in the way of teaching, and will, very likely, before a year has elapsed, be the proprietor of a celebrated academy, and by parading the prodigious effects of "his system" before the long tried credulity of our "bank note world," will ruin the few deserving candidates for public support, whose modesty has relied with too much confidence upon actual merit.

"My system," said my friend, placing himself before me in an attitude of dignified importance, "my system has been the result of forty years' preparatory study. It is my intention to open a large establishment in New-York; but until I can complete my arrangements, I shall confine my endeavours to the single branch of chirography, or writing. The plan I shall pursue is this: when a pupil is placed under my charge for the

purposes of tuition in chirography, I shall first observe his peculiar constitution and habits of mind and body. Penmanship is much more intimately connected with the mind than is generally believed, and each scholar demands a very different course of instruction, adapted to his peculiar circumstances. This is the art which I do not desire to make public. I have, with infinite study, selected a certain class of words, the joining of whose letters affords a facility in acquiring the art which does not exist in the indiscriminate copies which common teachers set their boys; and my pens are of a very particular make, according as I am expected to impart a plain round hand, a commercial hand, a hand for private letters, a legal hand, or a hand for ordinary purposes. My system of making pens I shall communicate to my pupils, at the termination of my course, *gratis*, and the whole is to be completed in ten lessons at about half the price paid to any other master in the world."

I shall make no remarks upon the gentleman's system, but that the present system of reducing all things to system, has been pursued long enough to enable the public to discover that no solid advantages can be obtained in the way of education except by the old-fashioned means of perseverance and laborious study.

THE ESSAYIST.

CONFESSIONS OF A DISLIKED MAN.

I WAS one among several brothers. I differed from them all in every respect, and was scarce considered one of them, though we were all educated alike and grew up together. Neither my father nor mother ever showed any thing in their treatment of me decidedly cruel, but still I thought I could perceive something, particularly in my mother, which was not as it should be. My father died while I was quite young, and it was after his death that I felt myself alone in the world. I well remember the feelings with which I saw him lowered into the tomb. He, at least, had sometimes protected me from the unkindness of others, and I felt like one who is parting with what seems doubly dear, because what is left is odious and hateful.

It was but a few months after this sad event, that the indifference and even cruelty of all about me broke out with more than its usual violence. I felt it worse because I knew it to be wholly without reason. I was of a free, open, and even bold nature. My mother and brothers, though they were not the very opposite to this, were very unlike it. Here was one reason why we were not fitted for each other. They found their amusement and happiness in what I could unhappily see none, but yet, if I loved my horse as well as they loved their books, it seemed to me reasonable that I should be left unmolested to my own enjoyment. They were all religious, or at least professed to be so; I could have been, had I not had constantly before my eyes the hollowness of their profession in their unkind treatment of myself. I felt, sincerely felt, those appeals to my heart, which every young and generous mind must feel when it contemplates the noble features of religion. I felt, but disregarded them. I knew that I could not be happy, either here or hereafter, without that sanctification of the affections, and that amendment of life, which true religion demands; though I acknowledged the goodness of the principle itself, its poor effect upon my own family was a constant drawback to my embracing it. It was these differences in our dispositions and habits, which were the unknown cause of the treatment I received. Oh! when I look back through the long lapse of years which have passed onward since I was young, how distinctly do I remember the coldness, the bitter coldness I met with whenever I entered the family circle! I knew, I felt that I had nothing in common with its members; I felt that I was a stranger amongst them, that they spoke unkindly of me while absent, and I

could well interpret their significant glances while I was present. Yes, unnatural as it may seem, that circle which was meant for, and which should be, the glad promoter of kind feeling, was to me the destroyer of every generous and social impulse.

When they who should be friends, have those foolish and trifling misunderstandings existing between them, which have always been so common, though they may never come to any positive rupture, yet they are constantly exposed to it, and need but one breath to increase the before uncertain and flickering light into the broad and wide spreading flame of hatred and contempt.

I was in my eighteenth year, when, for some trifle which is unworthy of remembrance, I broke all those natural ties which bound me to my nearest relatives. I was not sorry for many, many years afterwards that I did so. The rancour and ill-feeling which had been long gathering, required time to be swept away. I remember, in the flush of my rage, how sweet was the thought that I would now do my best to choke all the best feelings of which my nature was susceptible. If before I had borne neglect, I would now return it with vengeance. If I had cherished a submissive and yielding spirit, I would now strive to become tyrannical and cruel. The last time I ever spoke either to my mother or brothers, was at the time of my quarrel. I insulted them all in every way I could; I gave way to the most violent fit of passion, and then left the house for ever—that house, with which I had none of the usual associations which belong to the home of our childhood and youth—in connection with which I had no pleasing recollections of happy days, or of the interchange of those mutual kindnesses which are the highest blessings of life.

I went immediately to one of my early acquaintances, who, though he was not a friend, for I never had one, yet was familiar with all my private history. I told him what I had done, and before he had time to remonstrate, I took the most solemn oath that rage ever suggested, that I would never undo it; and when afterwards calm reflection would have forced itself upon me, when perhaps I might have returned to the bosom of my family while the wound was yet unhealed, and perhaps owing to my previous ill-treatment, have been blessed with all that kindness could bestow, I swore again, that, if there were no other reason why I should shut my ear to every thing, my oath alone should be sufficient.

I was in my eighteenth summer, in the full tide of health and strength, and had never felt a restraint upon the wild spirits of youth. I was soon to come into the possession of a fortune, the income of which was alone sufficient to bear every expense I could contract. I was not dissipated in the common hackneyed sense of the word, neither did I try to raise a false interest for my unhappy situation, by my mad career. What is commonly meant by dissipation, was my being. The midnight revel was my temperate meal. The low debauch seemed like my natural amusement. Every nerve was strung to its utmost. I was all excitement, and what would have shattered a thousand constitutions, was the healthy craving of my unnatural appetite. Thus passed the few first years of my alienation from my kindred.

But there is a limit for every thing under the sun. There is a point to which our feelings can stretch, and must then return upon themselves. I at last grew sick of the hollowness of worldly pleasure, and was disgusted with the loathsomeness of its votaries. Among them all I never discovered any of that refinement, that elevation of sentiment or dignity in their intercourse with their fellows, which I had always held sacred. I could no longer bear to associate with men for whom I had no respect, and in whose society I was constantly reminded of the worthlessness of my condition. I had always a taste for books; to cultivate this, I immured myself, not in the beauti-

ful retreats of woods and fields, where they who are sick of life are wont to retire, but in the very heart of a populous city. From what cause, I know not, but so it was, I hated not only my own family, but the world. I hated men, and in the true spirit of misanthropy I lived where I could see their sufferings and misery. It would have been little consolation to me to know that yonder clouded atmosphere, which I might have beheld from some distant elevation, was hanging over the usual scenes of crime and guilt, which are ever to be found in the marts of man—No! I watched them all, I constantly kept my eyes on them, as the beast of prey on his victim. There was no pity mingled with my hate.

Here too my restless spirit at length grew tired. As I read and became more conversant with my own mind, some few sparks of my once generous nature again revived. The long dried-up spring again sent forth a few trickling drops. I longed for something on which to fix what little affection I now discovered myself possessed of. I could not receive the balm which memory gives when it goes back to early years—and yet I felt I must find something to which I might cling. I felt that the mind of man could never for any length of time stand by itself. It is at best a weak and fragile plant, that can lend its little strength to the support of something from which it receives assistance in return.

In one of my early summers, I formed an acquaintance with a beautiful girl, while on a visit in the country. I became more intimate with her than I ever did with any human being; she was an orphan, and was then undergoing many of those hardships and cruelties incident to that unhappy state. I made her acquainted, young as I then was, with my own ill-fated lot, and she, in return, unlocked her own heart to me. She unfolded all her misery and her gloomy anticipations. I was then but sixteen, and she was still younger than myself; but we were just at that period of life when one of the deepest feelings of the human breast is strongest; for if sympathy be stronger at one time of life than another, it certainly is in youth, when we are less locked up in self, before we have been dragged through a world, which, instead of making our sensibility to the sufferings of others more acute, turns it all inward upon our own. It was this sacred feeling which linked us together then, and which had continued to connect us through all the misery of which we were both large partakers. To this lovely creature I resolved to return, and in a few months I did so. It was some time since I had seen her; I found that time and misfortune had worked their usual changes. She was, however, still beautiful—beautiful to me at least—for I did not want to look upon the blooming cheek, to feast my eyes on beauty which was the mere result of youth and health, and which with these would fade. I found what I expected to find; I loved what I had resolved to love; a kind of melancholy loveliness which was more congenial to my own nature. On her beautifully formed features was displayed that sadness and sorrow which to my eye made up for all that the bloom of womanhood could bestow. I soon succeeded in rekindling that affection for me which had never entirely died away. She was still in trouble and distress, and while her heart was throbbing with the emotion which the recital of her own affliction had excited, I told her of the waste in my own barren bosom. I told her again of my former misfortunes, of my future hopes. I laid bare the altar of my own heart, and showed her that no flame could be kindled there, but that which burned for her. She loved me with all the intensity of woman's love. She yielded to my entreaties, and fled with me from her unnatural and cruel protectors. I completed her imperfect education, and she was all to me that I could desire. Even now, while I am trembling under the effects of infirmity and age, recollection teems with the many happy

hours I have spent with the only being that ever loved me. This old breast throbs and these dried veins swell as I imagine her in my embrace, as I think of the sweet kiss I have imprinted upon her lips. She tried to awaken within me the feelings of a man. She strove to make me embrace the religion of which she was herself a lovely ornament. She urged me to return to my family, but she only bound me more closely to herself. I disregarded her entreaties, and became more zealous in my devotion to her. Never, never in this or another world can I forget the bliss I then enjoyed. It was communion of mind with mind, of heart with heart.

I remember in the full tide of all my happiness a circumstance which came like a check upon my soul: it well nigh made me what I should have always been, a feeling, natural man. I was one day riding with her in one of the streets of the city, a few miles from which we resided. We were passing the proud mansion of my unnatural mother. There was a collection of carriages and persons about the entrance, and as I rode towards them, I saw what could leave no doubt of the occasion—a hearse. It was my mother's funeral! The first feeling that arose, would have prompted me to avoid it; but my old hate drove me onward, and as I rode by the door, the coffin was brought down the steps. I looked towards it. There was a glass lid, and I distinctly saw the features. Oh! the agony of that moment! I was well nigh mastered. I could have gone and wept upon it. In spite of all that had passed, I knew I could make all right with my brothers, but the next moment somewhat restored me to myself, and I drove furiously onward. For some days I was sensibly affected by what I had seen. In addition to this, my wife took advantage of the favourable opportunity, and used all those powers of persuasion which woman so well knows how to exercise; but my old feeling of bitterness and contempt for my relations returned, and that affection which she would have divided with them, was the more concentrated upon her.

A few years rolled away and my wife died. The only cord which bound me to the world about me was snapt. I mourned over her corpse as if it had been that of the only human being in the world, and when at last it was placed in the new-made grave in the garden where I had walked with her and lost myself in her love, even then I went and knelt over it. For many, many years afterward I passed the nights of summer there—fondly imagining while I was near her ashes, that I was not far from that heart I had idolized—from that lovely being who had been my world.—The only pleasure I now had to enjoy was in the recollection of her; this at least could not be taken from me, and with this I trusted I could bear the years that still remained.

One by one, my brothers went to their long home, and as I had been a stranger to that grief which one feels when lamenting for the mother that bore him, so was I to all brotherly affection. I heard of their deaths, but this was all; I neither mourned for the departed, nor sympathised with those who were left, I was alike insensible to the dead and the living.

It is now many years since I could claim kindred with any one. I am far beyond the ordinary life of man, and it is now that I feel my misery. I see through the whole of my long career no single monument to comfort and support me. I fly to religion; I ask for that grace which in my youth was my fondest hope, but the heart that has been callous to all its natural emotions, can with difficulty bring down its pride before the Deity itself. How can I expect to replant what I rooted out and destroyed seventy years ago? I find not even the seeds of kindly affection. How then can I expect my breast to be warmed with devotion? If there be any unnatural thing more awful than another to the contemplation, it is an old man on the very verge of the grave, who has lived entirely in vain—to whom the noble ends of his being

have been an empty sound—around whom the shades of evening are closing, and yet no star visible! But when—as in my miserable case—when through life he has been haunted by something which told him he was not pursuing his best end—when in old age—extreme old age, he feels this phantom still behind him, and has travelled far enough in the mazes of wisdom to know that he who would be happy hereafter must set his affections on things above—when such a being begins to penetrate the veil which conceals this life from the future, how full and overflowing must his cup of bitterness be!

Amer. Monthly Mag.

THE DRAMA.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

MISS KELLY.

THIS popular actress—for popular she undoubtedly is, though why she became so passes our comprehension—has attained considerable celebrity in a class of characters that have hitherto been very inefficiently represented on this side of the Atlantic, namely, the fashionable ladies of genteel comedy. That Miss Kelly's admirers may be in the right and we in the wrong, is very possible, but we do not think so; and there is more plain dealing than presumption in saying this, because every one, whatever deference or humility he may profess, will secretly prefer his individual opinion to that of the rest of the world. Miss Kelly may play a dashing, dissipated woman or a vixen to admiration, but she does not play a lady. Do females in high life perambulate their drawing-rooms in the fashion that Miss Kelly does the stage? or when they cannot have exactly their own way, do they traverse their apartments with the Bobadil strides with which she tramples over the shrinking boards? We always thought, that whatever might be said of the morals of fashionable females, their manners were more polished and fascinating than those of any other of heaven's creatures. Is it so with those of this lady? Her warmest admirers will probably hesitate to answer in the affirmative?—That Miss K. frequently conceives correctly and executes forcibly, no one will deny; and there is a heedless gaiety and unceasing flow of animal spirits about her representations that carry her triumphantly over many faults and difficulties. But, in general, her portraits are exaggerated and overdone; instead of a delicately finished picture, you see a broad caricature—the colours are laid on with a trowel instead of a pencil—and a perpetual striving after effect is the predominating trait in all.

Of Miss Kelly's *Beatrice*, though it be heresy to say so, we do not think highly. The spirit which pervades it belongs more to the character of the shrewish Catharine than the lively Beatrice; and the gross violation of the text and meaning of the author—and that author Shakespeare—at the conclusion of the scene where she desires Benedict to "kill Claudio"—gives him her hand to kiss—giggles, and bids him kiss it again—runs to the side wing and gallops back, telling him to "kiss it again," and to be sure and "kill Claudio—dead"—all which proceedings and language Shakespeare never dreamt of, is an awful and sacrilegious piece of business; and the thunders of applause which it generally brings down, indicate that the house contains a great number of very discriminating people.

But whatever diversity of opinion may exist concerning this lady's acting, we should think there could be none about what, out of courtesy we suppose, must be called her singing. She doubtless receives great applause at the conclusion, and with some reason, for we dare say all are thankful that it is well over; but unfortunately some of the citizens, transported beyond the bounds of sober discretion at their emancipation, are so uproariously grateful that it is mistaken for an

encore;—the lady re-enters—curtsies gracefully, and poor Mr. De Luce, as in duty bound, gives the ominous tap which preludes another infliction upon the horror-stricken, bewildered, rash, but well-meaning audience. Then may be heard a rush—an opening of box doors—and gentlemen are seen precipitating themselves with heedless violence into the lobbies to speak with a friend, buy oranges, absorb spirituous liquids, or any thing else, for the space of ten minutes. There is a pithy proverb which intimates that "a burnt child dreads the fire," and the audience will in time doubtless become more wary.—Miss Kelly is very fond of the *Mermaid Song*; if she would take the trouble of listening once to Mrs. Austin's delightful manner of giving it, we should think it would have the beneficial effect of stopping any further operations on that piece of music.

We have spoken plainly of this lady for a couple of reasons: first, because she is as popular as ever, and therefore need not shrink from having her merits canvassed; had she been declining in the public estimation we should have been the last to have said any thing about her, but she still claims to rank as a *star*, and one of the first magnitude too, and therefore of course lays herself the more open to remark; she enjoys all the privileges and immunities of that station, probably receiving a more liberal remuneration for half a dozen evenings than is awarded to actresses of what we consider decidedly superior abilities, such as Mrs. Hilson and Mrs. Wheatley, for months of unremitting exertion, and with the substantial advantages she ought at least to take the slight disadvantages of such a station. In the second place, Miss Kelly, from appearances, is a woman of spirit, and one not likely to be popped off by a paragraph like John Keats the poet, in coroner's language, who "came by his death in consequence of a criticism." C.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

NIAGARA.

"The thoughts are strange, which crowd into my brain,
While I look upwards to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his hollow hand,
And hung his bow upon thy awful front,
And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
The sound of many waters; and thy flood
Had bidden chronicle the ages back,
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
Who hear this awful questioning? O what
Are all the stirring notes that ever rang
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babbling, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? A light wave,
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might."

NOTWITHSTANDING the number of people, who constantly visit Niagara from all parts of the country, yet there are, with whom it is matter of some doubt, whether a man may go beneath the falls and live. Many, when they look upon this scene, are overcome with terror and cannot approach it. Others, of firmer nerves, venture into the ancillary droppings of this queen of waters, and, confounded by the noise, wind, and spray, and still more by their own imagination, scramble into daylight, fully persuaded they could not have lived there a moment longer.

But effectually to achieve this performance, it is only necessary that we have confidence. The scene itself is dreadful enough, and its natural terrors, if armed with the persuasion that our design cannot be accomplished, will inevitably defeat it.

It is a general impression, that, to go under the falls, we must walk upon the level, where they spend their fury, and within arm's length of the torrent; but it is not so; our path lies upon the top of a bank at least thirty feet above the level of the abyss, and as far in a horizontal line from the course of the falls, and close under the immense rock which supports them. This bank overhangs us, as one side of an irregular arch, of which the corresponding side is formed by the sheet

of water; and thus, instead of groping our way at the foot of a narrow passage, we stand mounted in a stupendous cavern.

One fine morning in the beginning of August, soon after sunrise, I set out with a friend and a guide to visit this sublime scene. The first thing to be done, after descending the tower of steps, is to strip ourselves of all clothing, except a single covering of linen, and a silk handkerchief tied tight over the ears. This costume, with the addition of a pair of pumps, is the court-dress of the palace of Niagara.

We passed about fifty rods under the Table Rock, beneath whose brow and crumbling sides we could not stop to shudder, our minds were at once so excited and oppressed, as we approached that eternal gateway, which nature has built of the motionless rock and the rushing torrent, as a fitting entrance to her most awful magnificence. We turned a jutting corner of the rock, and the chasm yawned upon us. The noise of the cataract was most deafening; its headlong grandeur rolled from the very skies; we were drenched by the overflowings of the stream; our breath was checked by the violence of the wind, which for a moment scattered away the clouds of spray, when a full view of the torrent, raining down its diamonds in infinite profusion, opened upon us. Nothing could equal the flashing brilliancy of the spectacle. The weight of the falling waters made the very rock beneath us tremble, and from the cavern that received them issued a roar, as if the confined spirits of all who had ever been drowned, joined in an united scream for help! Here we stood,—in the very jaws of Niagara,—deafened by an uproar, whose tremendous din seemed to fall upon the ear in tangible and ceaseless strokes, and surrounded by an unimaginable and oppressive grandeur. My mind recoiled from the immensity of the tumbling tide; and thought of time and of eternity, and felt that nothing but its own immortality could rise against the force of such an element.

The guide now stopped to take breath. He told us, by hallooing in our ears at the top of his voice, "that we must turn our heads away from the spray when it blew against us, draw the hand downwards over the face if we felt giddy, and not rely too much on the loose pieces of rock." With these instructions he began to conduct us, one by one, beneath the sheet. A few steps further, and the light of the sun no longer shone upon us. There was a grave-like twilight, which enabled us to see our way, when the irregular blasts of wind drove the water from us; but most of the time it was blown upon us from the sheet with such fury, that every drop seemed a sting, and in such quantities that the weight was almost insupportable. My situation was distracting; it grew darker at every step, and in addition to the general tremor with which every thing in the neighbourhood of Niagara is shuddering, I could feel the shreds and splinters of the rock yield as I seized them for support, and my feet were continually slipping upon the slimy stones. I was obliged, more than once, to have recourse to the prescription of the guide to cure my giddiness, and though I would have given the world to retrace my steps, I felt myself following his darkened figure, vanishing before me, as the maniac, faithful to the phantoms of his illusion, pursues it to his doom. All my faculties of terror seemed strained to their extreme, and my mind lost all sensation, except the sole idea of an universal, prodigious, and unbroken motion.

Although the noise exceeded by far the extravagance of my anticipation, I was in some degree prepared for this. I expected too, the loss of breath from the compression of the air, though not the suffocation of the spray; but the wind, the violence of the wind exceeding, as I thought, in swiftness and power the most desolating hurricane—how came the wind there? There, too, in such violence and variety as if it were the cave of Æolus in rebellion. One would think that the river above, fearful of the precipice to which it

was rushing, in the folly of its desperation, had seized with giant arms upon the upper air, and in its half-way course abandoned it in agony.

We now came opposite a part of the sheet which was thinner, and of course lighter. The guide stopped, and pointed upwards; I looked—and beheld the sun, "shorn of his beams" indeed, and so quenched with the multitudinous waves, that his faint rays shed but a pale and silvery hue upon the cragged and ever humid walls of the cavern.

Nothing can be looked at steadily beneath Niagara. The hand must constantly guard the eyes against the showers which are forced from the main body of the fall, and the head must be constantly averted from a steady position, to escape the sudden and vehement blasts of wind. One is constantly exposed to the sudden rising of the spray, which bursts up like smoke from a furnace, till it fills the whole cavern, and then, condensed with the rapidity of steam, is precipitated in rain; in addition to which, there is no support but flakes of the rock, which are constantly dropping off; and nothing to stand upon but a bank of loose stones covered with innumerable eels.

Still there are moments when the eye, at one glance, can catch a glimpse of this magnificent saloon. On one side the enormous ribs of the precipice arch themselves with Gothic grandeur more than one hundred feet above our heads, with a rottenness more threatening than the waters under which they groan. From their summit is projected, with incalculable intensity, a silver flood, in which the sun seems to dance like a fire-fly. Beneath, is a chasm of death; an anvil, upon which the hammers of the cataract beat with unsparring and remorseless might; an abyss of wrath, where the heaviest damnation might find new torment, and howl unheard.

We had now penetrated to the inmost recess. A pillar of the precipice juts directly out into the sheet, and beyond it no human foot can step, but to immediate destruction. The distance from the edge of the falls, to the rock which arrests our progress, is said to be forty-five feet, but I do not think this has ever been accurately ascertained. The arch under which we passed, is evidently undergoing a rapid decay at the bottom, while the top, unwasted, juts out like the leaf of a table. Consequently a fall must happen, and, judging from its appearance, may be expected every day; and this is probably the only real danger in going beneath the sheet. We passed to our temporary home, through the valley which skirts the upper stream, among gilded clouds and rainbows, and wild flowers, and felt that we had experienced a consummation of curiosity; that we had looked upon that, than which earth could offer nothing to the eye or heart of man more awful or more magnificent.

LITERARY NOTICES.

DEVEREUX.

THIS book has made a great sensation among the critics and the reading public, and with reason, for it has merits of sufficient eminence to demand extensive notice, and those merits are so peculiar, that it is not surprising to find men widely differing in opinion respecting them. It seems to us, however, that more extravagance has been uttered on both sides of the question than the occasion could require. Some writers have exalted the author to an equality with, and even to a superiority over every other novelist; others deny him any claims to admiration. With the former he is a miracle; with the latter, but little better than a humbug. The truth (as is generally the case) appears to us to lie between these two extremes, but not exactly in the middle. We confess that we can more easily forgive the enthusiasm of those who are carried away captive by Mr. Bulwer's fervent imagination and splendid style, than the not less extravagant willingness to censure of the opposite party, who can see in him nothing, or at best, but very little that is worthy of commendation. It cannot be denied, that the man who has written the *Disowned* and *Devereux*, possesses many of the most brilliant qualifications of

a successful novelist. His conception of character is exquisite; his descriptive powers are almost unequalled; he has wit, pathos, energy and discrimination in an eminent degree; and he is, moreover, a ripe scholar. But yet he is not perfect; his style although brilliant is in many respects faulty, and is sometimes spoiled by affectation. In humour he is deficient; and not less so in the power of conceiving and delineating quiet and unobtrusive nature. His characters are all remarkable. Every day men and women have no charm for him. His diction too is often laboured, although (to his honour be it said) he has the talent of concealing this labour with consummate skill. But in one particular he is not surpassed by any writer of the present or of any other day; we mean the faculty of imparting deep and uncontrollable interest to his stories. His novels are to the critic what the celebrated speech of Sheridan, on the impeachment of Warren Hastings, was declared to be by Pitt; so captivating that no just opinion can be formed of them until the excitement they produce in the reader's mind is allowed to pass away. It is recorded, that when Sheridan had ended, (on the occasion to which we have alluded) the minister arose and moved an adjournment, declaring that no man could be in a proper state of mind to determine justly and dispassionately, who had listened to the speech which they had just been hearing. So with Mr. Bulwer; the critic must not judge of him until time has been given for the emotions his narrative has created, to subside; while those emotions are yet present, all capacity to judge is gone. We have not heard or seen any opinion of the relative merits of this new novel, as compared with its predecessors. To us it seems no way inferior to the *Disowned*, and better than the first. It has more power than *Pelham*; the narrative is to the full as captivating, and an additional interest has been created by the introduction of many of the most remarkable personages of the Augustan age of England. Pope, Bolingbroke and Swift, Steele, Addison and Voltaire, Grammont and Maintenon, and many others are brought before us as in life, partakers in the incident and dialogue.

TALES OF HUMOUR AND ROMANCE.

THIS volume is merely a specimen of German literature; its contents being a selection of short stories from some of the most popular novelists of that country, namely, Hoffman, Schiller, Jean Paul Richter, Langbein, La Fontaine, and Körner. The first and longest tale is entitled "Madame de Scuderi," but is better known in Europe by the names of "Oliver Brunsen" and "The Goldsmith," under which latter title it has been dramatized and represented with great success. The translator is a Mr. Holcraft. Much credit is due to him for the judgment he has displayed in culling from the almost inexhaustible stores contained in the yearly *taschenbucher*, or pocket-books, a class of publications for which the Germans have long been celebrated, although but little is known about them either in this country or in England. They are, in fact, the originals of our *Talismans*, *Souvenirs*, and *Tokens*; and are composed of original stories, poems, and essays, from the pens of the most distinguished German authors. From the multitude of pieces yearly produced in these publications, Mr. Holcraft has selected nine stories, which we have read with pleasure, and cordially recommend to others as well calculated to accomplish what the translator professes to have had in view; namely, to give a notion of the style of the novel writers of Germany—a matter wherein it must be confessed we are shamefully ignorant.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

FOR AUGUST.

IT is pleasant to find a new periodical flourishing, particularly when it is so agreeable a work as the *American Monthly*. When this experiment was first instituted we had our doubts and fears of its result; we remembered the calamities that assailed our own career in the days of our juvenility; subscribers falling off, compositors unhandy, contributors troublesome, and payment not forthcoming; these, and a hundred other tribulations, were present to our memory, (thank fortune or the public, they have mostly ceased to exist for us for some time past) and we sighed for Willis, our whilome correspondent, now exalted to the cares and dignity of editor. But Willis seems to fight his way along without calling upon our sympathies. His magazine appears with all the regularity of a ten-year-old establishment; his contributors stick to him; and his own editorial articles are written too much in the spirit of gaiety and good humour to have emanated from the pen of an embarrassed poor creature of a bothered *ED. MAG.* But let us look at the contents of this fifth number: "Poetry of Religion;" Poetry—sober enough in all conscience—pretty

though, this last; "A mystery of the sea"—wild and incomprehensible, but told with a very excellent affectation of truth; "Retrospection," poetry again; "Winter scene in New-England"—cleverly written, but too much in the boasting vein of John Bull. Our climate is good enough, but heaven knows, it is not the most glorious in the world, and there is no earthly use in saying so. Poetry again. "A slap at the reviewers"—neither just nor witty. Poetry again—"Chatterton." Poetry again, and—Mr. Willis, Mr. Willis, how have you dared to publish this most straight-forward plain English article on Mr. Clay? We were startled by it as by the explosion of a petard. Then comes more poetry, and then the "Confession of a Disliked Man," which we have copied. More poetry; and then the "Editor's table"—one of the best things in the book.

A NEW FRENCH PRIMER.

Mr. Bernard Tronchin, professor of languages in this city has compiled for the use of schools a "New Pronouncing French Primer, or Scholar's Guide to the accurate pronunciation and orthography of the French Language; containing its Elements according to the best usage." Short and pleasing essays on reading, calculated chiefly to lead young beginners with ease from the knowledge of single letters to the reading of the longest and most difficult polysyllables, and a vocabulary of easy and familiar words, arranged under distinct heads, and a selection of phrases on subjects of the most frequent occurrence, are prefixed. The work is published by E. Bliss.

THE LITTLE GRAMMARIAN.

Mr. Gilley has published a neat little volume under this title, compiled by the Rev. W. Fletcher, of St. John's college, Cambridge. It is intended to be an easy guide to the parts of speech, and contains familiar illustrations of the leading rules of syntax, in a series of instructive and amusing tales. It is embellished with several handsome engravings.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Inns of Court.—There may, perhaps, be some among our citizens, who, never extending their perambulations beyond the street in which they reside, and those which lead them at early dawn to market, will stare with astonishment if they are told that New-York, like its prototype London, has its "Inns of Court," as well as its "Tattersalls," its "Vauxhalls," and its "Old Drury." Should they find it in their nature to play inquisitors for once, and desire information about the locality of those inns, we will gratify them forthwith. But we must first premise, lest our querists happen to be members of the Temperance Society, that in these inns are not dispensed the intoxicating draughts which are so offensive to their sense of propriety; but the solid and weighty arguments, the ingenious devices, the tortuous and circumlocutory expositions of the law. And here it is delightful to encounter its "delay," of which Hamlet complains in such piteous and wo-begone strains. No narrow alley or dark lane, impenetrable to the sun's rays, such as poor Dandie Dinmont was compelled to thread in search of an advocate—no noisome or offensive objects here disturb the pure unsullied tenor of his way who seeks for redress of grievances; all is "beauty to the eye and music to the ear." A smooth-paved avenue, fringed with flowers, leads to the neat and airy office of notary, counsellor, or attorney. "Thick as the leaves in Vallambrosa's shade," may they be found, old and young, rich and poor, with brief and without brief. An active and restless and irritable race they are, full of spirits, and the life of all social converse. Their very occupation is letters, and in letters should they shine. Yet it is a remark often made, that few lawyers ever wield the pen except on professional business. This is to be lamented. Acquainted as they are, or should be, with history, politics, and elegant literature, who so competent or well calculated to adorn these departments with original productions? Walter Scott belongs to the profession, and his example—not to be imitated very closely it is true—should serve as an incentive to his brethren. But to return to the "Inns of Court," and those who have yet to learn where they are situated.—They occupy a large lot in the rear of old Christ Church in Ann-street, and front on an avenue in Beekman. The distance from the city-hall may be estimated by the time which it has employed us to indite, and the reader to skim over these remarks.

Manhattan Water.—The Commercial of Monday evening contains some sensible observations on this subject. They will be read with interest by all those who are under the necessity of swallowing the abominable compound which the Manhattan company palms off upon the public for water.

THE MILK MAID.

A NEW SONG, AS SUNG BY MADAME FERON, AT NIBLO'S GARDEN.—ARRANGED BY WILLIAM TAYLOR.

ALLEGRETTO

Pret - ty mai - dens here am I, With my cheer - ful morn - ing cry, Ne - ver was I
known to fail, With my bright and rat - tling pail, Come then pret - ty maids be - low, Quick - ly come, for
I must go, Quick - ly come, for I must go, "Milk be - low," "Milk be - low."

Should you on a Sunday meet,
Little Fanny in the street,
Drest in silks and ribbons gay,
Not a word of milk, I pray,
For my sweetheart does not know
That I call out "milk below."

He's a smart and clever lad,
As pretty maiden ever had,
But so proud that I'm afraid
He would scorn his poor milk maid,
If at present he should know,
That I call out "milk below."

Yes, he's richer far than I,
He's in station much more high,
For a shoemaker is he,
And of London city free;
Oh! I fear his love would go,
If at present he should know,
That I call out "milk below."

VARIETIES.

HOW TO SAVE SHOES.—In these days of reform and retrenchment, it is not uncommon or strange that people should bethink themselves of lessening expenses in a domestic way, and discuss the modes as ardently as our congressmen. Not long since, these were the topics of discussion by some half dozen rubicund visaged politicians, assembled at a country bar-room. Each one told his story of *saving* spun out to an inordinate length, and many were the wonderments of the assembly, that they met with such good success in their experiments. At length it came to the turn of a quizzical, funny old genius, who had hitherto remained silent, to tell his tale. "Two years since," said he, "I bought me a new pair of *ouchide* shoes; put them on, gave them a thorough *greasing*, placed them away, and let them remain six months. I then put them on again, and have not purchased a pair of shoes since, and they are now nearly as good as new." "Wondrous!" said one of the group; "how did you make them last so long?" "Why I wore *boots*."

CHEERS FOR THE LADIES.—At a recent period of popular commotion in Ireland, three ladies, members of the Roman catholic religion, happening to be in a remote and solitary part of the country, sent their servant to ascertain whether there was a chapel in the neighbourhood, that they might attend on the following Sunday. He discovered a hovel devoted to religious purposes buried in a lonely place amongst wild rocks and trees; but it was so wretchedly provided in the way of ac-

commodation, that it neither contained pews nor seats; the ladies, however, were not deterred, and on Sunday morning they proceeded to the miserable hut, consoling themselves with the reflection that it was the only one in that part of the country. The appearance of three fashionable women entering the squalid and swampy retreat, excited what the French call a *sensation*. The peasantry were astounded, and the sacristan rubbed his eyes: the old priest put on his green glasses, then intending to be very neat and fine in his address, turned round to the group of poor people that clustered near him, and exclaimed, "Boys, boys, three *cheers* (meaning *chairs*) for the ladies!" The boys were at that time more accustomed to *cheers* than *chairs*, so they took the words literally, and waving their hats and sticks, gave three shouts that nearly frightened the ladies out of their wits.

ELECTIONEERING MAGNANIMITY.—In the excellent drama of Charles the Twelfth, Adam Brock, declines receiving from the king a sum of money he had some years before advanced for the public necessities, and the singular mode he adopts of cancelling the debt is worthy of notice, as recalling a circumstance in which Sheridan was concerned, and from which, no doubt, the scene was drawn. Sheridan's electioneering expenses at Stafford, were generally defrayed by the kindness of a few of his constituents. A certain wealthy shoemaker was Sheridan's principal friend in this way, and used to keep open house for the electors. On one occasion, just after being returned, Sheridan warmly thanked his ze-

alous supporter, and after declaring that he could not permit him to expend so much money without some return, insisted on presenting him with a check for a considerable amount on his banker, apologising at the same time that it was so inadequate to his outlay. The worthy elector bluntly declined the offer, assuring him that he was sufficiently repaid by their mutual success. Sheridan, however, would not be denied, and the elector at last reluctantly accepted the check, adding a request that Sheridan would take a glass of ale with him before he departed. Sheridan promptly assented; the ale, which was of prime quality, was produced, and the shoemaker, who was a luxurious man in his own way, called for a pipe. The pipe was brought. "Well, Mr. Sheridan, how do you like the ale?" "It is excellent—excellent." "Well, you see, I like a pipe with my ale; so if the smoke does not trouble you, I will light my pipe." "By all means," replied Sheridan. "I think the odour delicious." The hospitable host deliberately folded up the check, and applying it to the taper, lighted his pipe with it before Sheridan could interfere. Sheridan in telling this story, used to add—"I believe the old fellow thought my check was no better than smoke."

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Published every Saturday, at 163 William-street, between Beekman and Ann streets.—Terms four dollars per annum, payable in advance.—No subscription received for a less period than one year. Each volume contains four hundred and sixteen royal quarto pages, five copperplate engravings, including the title-page, and twenty-five popular melodies arranged with accompaniments for the piano-forte.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

Yes, go to thy home—but it is not the hearth
Where social ones meet in their innocent mirth,
Where the heart's full affection unfettered is shown,
And each eye meets an answering smile to its own.

Yes, go to thy home—'tis the only one left
To a heart which has long been of happiness reft!
Where the suffering spirit at length finds a cure—
'Tis the only one now where thy welcome is sure.

'Tis the grave! its dark confines have closed o'er thee now,
Oh, peace to the heart that is slumbering below!
The bosom so long and so cruelly wrung,
E'en wounded the deepest where closest it clung!

The heart which was doomed to be answered by none,
Alone in its joy, in its sorrow alone,
Lies hushed in the grave!—its wild throbbings are o'er,
And coldness and insult can reach it no more.

The shaft of unkindness flies harmlessly now,
For rigid as stone is that once aching brow;
The cheek, so oft burning with feelings repress,
Is cold as the snow on some far mountain's breast.

The eye dimmed by tears, and the lip paled by sighs,
No more meet the glance of un pitying eyes:
Around thee how few were the tear-drops that flowed,
When thy spirit was leaving its earthly abode!
And thy heart's loved and cherished ones come not to weep
O'er the spot where thy ashes in loneliness sleep.

But flowers round thy grave as in mockery bloom,
And the stars from on high coldly glance on thy tomb!
Unloved in thy life, unlamented in death,
Now rest thee in safety the green turf beneath!

Oh! lonely and desolate! what was the doom
Which robbed e'en thy life's early morning in gloom?
A dark spell hung o'er thee! each effort was vain,
The love of the hearts beating round thee to gain;

The springs of affection were frozen to thee,
And vain were their efforts thy spirit to free
From the spell which though viewless about thee still clung
To blast every hope in thy path-way that sprung!

Thy warm heart grew chilled, its affections became
But sources of poison to prey on thy frame;
The love which thy spirit poured forth upon those
Who prized it not, checked in its warm current, froze;

And its energies crushed by unkindness, thy mind,
To despair's sullen torpor each feeling resigned.
But rest to thy spirit! thy sufferings are o'er,
Thou hast done with the world, it can wound thee no more.

In thy mansion of quietness sound is thy sleep,
Though affection comes not o'er thy relics to weep
And the chill wind of night alone pauses to sigh
As it passes thy grave in its loneliness by:

Earth was no place for thee—thou couldst not contend
'Gainst its ill—yet at last it to thee is a friend!—
It denied thee the love which to others it gave,
But its next precious boon it has granted—a grave!

THYRA.

ORIGINAL TALES.

DESTINY.

A TRAVELLER'S STORY.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

It was on the morning of the fifth day after his misfortune that Don Pedro summoned me to his bedside, and addressed me in these wild and incoherent words:

"Señor, I am about to die; to render up a life which, but for your humanity, would have been sooner terminated, and which it has been for many miserable years my most anxious desire to resign. In me, señor, you behold the victim of an unhappy destiny, accelerated and accomplished by his own guilt. I know not why it is that I find myself so strongly impelled to reveal to you the crimes for which I have been and am so terribly punished; and which, with all their attendants of remorse and agony, I have hitherto kept prisoned in the deepest recesses of my own breast. There

was a time, when, if I had even suspected that another was in possession of the fearful events in which I have been a partaker and a sufferer, his death or mine should have been the consequence of his knowledge; but the passions that have proved my destruction are tamed by the near approach of death, and now it seems as though the fatality, of which I and mine have been the victims, were still upon me, and urging me to make to you the disclosure. Be it so—I obey; prepare then, to wonder and condemn, while I relate to you my history.

"My mother died when I was but three years old, leaving me and an infant brother to the care of hirelings. My father was, like me, wealthy and noble; like me too, he was unhappy; this I knew, even in childhood, by his care-worn brow and gloomy eyes. We feared him, and he loved not us; or if he did, his countenance and conduct gave no intimation of his feelings. Then I had no conception of the cause that made him look upon us sometimes with a terrible expression; that cause was but too real, and it has existed for me—but I must strive to overcome my feelings, and remember that to you these allusions cannot but be unintelligible—I remember the dark sayings that sometimes would escape from those around us; and the intimations that a fate was upon our race, from which there was no escape, and whose consequences were death and misery; I never learned, until my father's death drew near, the mysterious nature of that doom which in a former age had been pronounced against our house, and of which, like my ancestors, I was to be the victim. His last moments were employed in revealing to me our terrible destiny. Alas! that for the crime of one long since called to his account, that crime should be perpetuated upon his descendants. The blood of Luis de Onega, shed by his brother's hand, entailed upon the offspring of the murderer a repetition of his guilt: the decree went forth, that in every generation, an Onega must die by the hand of a brother, until the race should be extinct; till neither executioner or victim should remain. I am the last of my race, and in me has the denunciation been fulfilled. But let me not wander from my purpose. My father died crushed in soul by the weight of a brother's death, when we were yet boys, and left upon us his solemn injunction to avoid each other for ever; to place between us oceans that might serve as a barrier against our doom—vain hope! fatal precaution, that did but serve to bring about the fearful consummation it was intended to prevent—my brother was removed by our guardian to South America, and I, poor fool, imagining that fate itself was overcome, forgot the destiny for which I was reserved, and dared to hope for happiness. I loved; I married the woman of my heart's devotion; I became the father of two lovely children—boys! both boys! Fool! fool! that could not see in this the warning—while I gazed upon their loveliness, while my heart yearned to pour out upon them the full gushings of my passionate love, that no warning voice should have whispered to me that these too must undergo the doom that overhung our race—that I might have strangled them, and died before the evil hour came. But no; I thought not of our fate, and my boys grew up to youth, beautiful and beloved beyond the cold imagining of worldly souls—that so the horror of my fate might be the greater. Their mother died. But still there was something left to me to love; my boys were with me still, and I was yet happy. Oh, that I too had died!

"It chanced that I was once journeying from Madrid to my home, when accident compelled me to re-

main for a few days at a village near which one of my estates was situated. In the house opposite my inn I one day saw a young and lovely lady sitting at a window, and as I looked at her she smiled upon me. I was still young and a Spaniard; the idea flashed across my mind that I would make her a second mother to my boys. I sought her acquaintance and her love. They told me she was a widow; I found her beautiful in form and mind, but she was a fiend. She did not deceive me, but she was then a wife! Oh, false and fatal wretch! of what miseries wert thou not the cause! She listened to my suit; a private marriage was solemnized to fill the measure of my wretched lot. A few short months of passion and riotous delight were but too soon succeeded by the darkness of despair: in an evil hour I discovered the net of guilt in which I was unconsciously ensnared. My bride was another's wife; her husband had been for nearly two years absent, but I found that his return was near at hand. Horror-stricken, maddened with the discovery, yet I could not resolve to tear myself from her whose wretched fraud had so blighted my hopes of happiness, but could not diminish the passionate love for her which filled my heart—I could not lose her, guilty as she was, nor tear from my bosom the viper that had stung it to the core. We resolved to seek in some remote seclusion protection from an injured husband's rage. The scheme once formed, its execution was promptly undertaken—let me govern the madness which threatens to possess me when I recall the events of that black and dreadful night, at least until my task is finished, or death relieves me from the pangs of my remorse. We fled together—would that we had perished first! The second league of our hurried journey was scarcely accomplished, when we were overtaken by a horseman who pursued us with the headlong haste of fury and revenge; a shriek from my companion, as he dashed up to the side of our carriage, told me that her husband was before us; in an instant our horses were stopped, the avenger leaped from his steed, and I, with my sword drawn, sprung to the ground and confronted him. The contest was brief but desperate, and its issue fatal. My opponent fell, pierced with a mortal wound, and as he fell his features were distinctly visible; I recognised them—listen, señor; the victim was my brother!

"Let me draw a veil over the remaining horrors of that fearful deed; the temptress, the partaker of my crime and my remorse survived but for a year, embittered by disease and mental agony, and died in giving birth to a daughter: the offspring of our guilt was placed by me in the charge of one who had formerly been a faithful attendant of my first lamented wife, and grew up in the inheritance of all her mother's beauty, and all her miserable father's love. I must be brief, for the moment so long sighed for, that shall give rest to my wounded spirit, is at hand. Years rolled away; my boys had become men, and if aught could have afforded joy to one so lost, so deeply cursed as I, it would have been the fondness of their affection for each other, and for me, which not even the gloom and darkness of my altered nature could subdue. And I—oh, señor, could I but impress upon you the depth and strength of my paternal love for them—miserable and heart-broken as I was, the victim of a cruel and irrevocable destiny, consummated by my own most fearful guilt, there were still gleams of peace and joy remaining to bless my broken heart. And they, my boys, the dear offspring of my adored Constantia, were the ministering angels that poured

the balm, and healed the wound—oh fate, that bade me live to drain *this* cup of misery—to undergo *this* torture. Time presses—my breath grows short and weak—fool, madman that I was, in an evil hour, when years had blunted the memory of my crime and my despair, I brought *her*—my daughter, now just blooming into the perfection of maiden beauty, to my paternal mansion—gave her as a companion to her brothers, but kept locked in the deepest recesses of my own breast the secret of her birth and her relationship to them. Alas! my hope was but to smooth the remnant of my allotted years by the presence of all who were dear to my wounded heart, and no sign was given to warn me of the consequences. I have said that she—my child, my youngest, was most beautiful—they loved her; both, both madly loved—some pitying angel guarded her innocent and guileless heart, and the affection that she felt for them was but the fondness of a sister; not so the fire that was lighted in their bosoms. They were Spaniards, and their love was as fierce as hate itself. I was blind, besotted, not to have perceived its growth; but so it was. Before my eyes were opened, the end was come. In hearts like theirs a mutual passion could but engender mutual jealousy, rivalry, and hate. The hand of death is on me; a moment longer to relate the end. They loved—they raised their impious hands against each other's life, and both, both fell. Thus was the destiny of our race accomplished."

The failing strength of him whose joyless hours I had prolonged, was scarcely adequate to the fulfilment of the task which he had undertaken. As he approached the conclusion of his fearful narrative his breath grew short, and the energy of his mind maintained a desperate struggle with the pangs of approaching dissolution. As he uttered the last words, his eyes closed, and, exhausted with fatigue and pain and mental anguish, he fell into a swoon which seemed like death; but, by the assistance of his medical attendant, whom I summoned, he revived, for a few hours only; but he never spoke again. I saw him die—the last of the Onegas.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

LONDON STREETS.

THOUGH the following remarks were written for London, they are almost equally applicable to New-York, and for that reason we copy them into the columns of the Mirror.

Whoever wishes to see the streets of London in their most singular aspect, should mount his horse and ride through them between three and four o'clock on a summer's morning. What a contrast do they present, compared with their appearance at the noon-day hour! their solitude is almost appalling. Now and then, a party of half a dozen persons may perchance be met returning home from the preceding night's revel. It seems a city devastated by some dreadful calamity. The very watchmen are silent, and mostly asleep, in their boxes. The streets can commonly be associated with nothing less resembling them in character, than their aspect at such an hour. Clear of smoke, and endless in extent, with a pure atmosphere and sunshine over them, they seem operated upon by enchantment; the inhabitants appear dead, or exiled from their dwellings. It is as if there were a death in every house, and the closed shutters were tokens of mourning and funeral. But the unbroken, inexorable dead silence is, after all, most startling, when we find it where daily and hourly, for years, we have been stunned by noise and deafened by uproar. Yet in a few hours and all will again present the same busy, noisy, smoky, obscure appearance; man and art will arise and extinguish nature, and every thing will assume its accustomed character.

The appearance of the streets at night is scarcely less novel and striking, than it is embarrassing to all but the initiated inhabitant. By lamplight, every part of the town assumes nearly the same appearance; so that if a person, ever so well versed in the knowledge of the different quarters of the metropolis, were set down blindfolded in any of the streets, not a great thoroughfare, he would not discover where he was, without inquiry, until he had walked a considerable distance, and found some spot with which he was familiar, and which might serve him for a reckoning point.

There is a great art in walking the streets of London: the countryman is a long while before he gets into the practice, and his awkwardness in this respect is one of the marks by which he is very readily distinguished, even if he have doffed his country-cut coat and hat, and imagines that he is altogether one of the "right sort." How quickly will a pick-pocket fix him in his eye, and keep close to his heels in a crowd for a whole street together. The habit of gazing at the shop-windows, and at every trifling novelty in the great thoroughfares, and the want of that utter indifference to every thing but the object towards which he is journeying, distinguishes the indigenous individual from the stranger in the street. The genuine Londoner is an absent man in the most crowded parts of the city. He proceeds on his way coolly, casting up his bills in his mind, arranging to-morrow's business, or projecting new schemes of profit, as unmoved and abstracted, as if he were walking alone across a desert. He never jostles those he meets either right or left, but proceeds along, clear of porters and draymen, gliding with the current of vitality that flows on his own way at the general rate, nor breaking in upon the counter-marchers who face him in a continued stream; he could peruse a book or a newspaper uninterruptedly during his progress from Charing Cross to the India House, in the midst of thousands, undisturbed and undisturbed—his habitual ease in such circumstances being the distinguishing trait of his character. The sojourner of the provinces, on the other hand, when visiting the metropolis, is sadly puzzled to steer clear of the multitudes he meets. There is a story of one of them on record, who mounted the step of a door at noonday, to wait, as he said, "until the people coming out of church had gone by." It is pleasant to see him launched forth in the metropolis for the first time, raw from Cumberland or Westmoreland. Now he gets into the current of people passing the opposite way to himself, and finds himself pushed off the pavement into the middle of the street—now he staggers among those who have their right hand to the wall, and not keeping the pace with the rest of the passengers, and is pushed forward, or jostled; or, stopping at a window to see some common-place thing, obstructs the passengers, is pushed through the glass, or loses his pocket-handkerchief. Disasters are for ever occurring. He is bewildered by the noise and confusion around him, and is happy to return and take his rest at his inn. It is scarcely credible to a Londoner, but there are well authenticated instances of temporary madness in persons bred up in the privacy and solitude of remote country villages, from being left alone and getting bewildered in the streets of the metropolis.

The great secret of walking the streets in comfort, is an adherence to the rules established by custom, namely, to take the inside of the pavement when the right hand is to the wall, and the outside when the right hand is towards the street, to catch the pace of the going or returning current, as the case may be, and never to attempt giving others the law, but to proceed with what Johnson calls "the tide of human existence."

CONJUGAL EXCELLENCE.

The memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, is a very delightful volume—delightful for its simplicity and domestic interest. Lady Fanshawe is no "woman of great talents," who has a character to keep up on paper—who makes the most of what she hears, sees, thinks, says, and does—who observes every celebrated person with a full intention of putting them in a book; no such thing: she is writing a family record, and such it is; her husband is her hero—the Fanshawes, with their alliances, her world—and the kings, queens, dukes, and magnates, are only mentioned as showing them such and such attentions, making them such and such presents, &c.: it is just a long letter from a very affectionate, single-minded, feminine creature, placed in most painful circumstances, and supported through them, not so much by strong sense or extraordinary judgment, as by the most devoted love to her husband. But let our heroine speak for herself.

"Now it is necessary to say something of my mother's education of me, which was with all the advantages that time afforded, both for working of all sorts of fine works with my needle, and learning French, singing, lute, the virginals and dancing; and notwithstanding I learned as well as most did, yet was I wild to that degree, that the hours of my beloved recreation took up too much of my time, for I loved riding, in the first place, running, and all active pastimes; in short, I was that which we graver people call a hoyting girl; but, to be just to myself, I never did mischief to myself or people, nor one immodest word or action in my life, though skipping and activity was my delight; but upon my mother's death, I then, began to reflect, and, as an offering to her memory, I flung away those little childishnesses that had formerly possessed me,

and, by my father's command, took upon me the charge of his house and family, which I so ordered, by my excellent mother's example, as found acceptance in his sight. I was very well beloved by all our relations and my mother's friends, whom I paid a great respect to; and I ever was ambitious to keep the best company, which I have done, I thank heaven, all the days of my life.

"My father commanded my sister and myself to come to him to Oxford, where the court then was; but we, that had till that hour lived in great plenty and great order, found ourselves like fishes out of the water, and the scene so changed, that we knew not at all how to act any part but obedience; for, from as good a house as any gentleman of England had, we came to a baker's house in an obscure street; and from rooms well furnished, to lie in a very bad bed in a garret; to one dish of meat, and that not the best ordered; no money, for we were as poor as Job; no more clothes than a man or two brought in their cloak bags."

Soon after this she marries; and a little occurrence, which takes place about a year after, is so prettily told that we must extract it.

"My husband had provided very good lodgings for us, and as soon as he could come home from the council, where he was at his arrival, he, with all expressions of joy, received me in his arms, and gave me a hundred pieces of gold, saying, 'I know thou that keepest my heart so well, will keep my fortune, which from this time I will ever put into thy hands as heaven shall bless me with increase.' And now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess; for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doated on me, upon which confidence I will tell you what happened. My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for, and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman, in discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, as my Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, and divers others, and yet none was at first more capable than I; that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris, from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs; saying, if I would ask my husband privately, he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I, that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth what news, began to think there was more in inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it, being a fashionable thing, would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I was. After my husband returned home from council, after welcoming him, as his custom ever was, he went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more; I followed him; he turned hastily, and said, 'what wouldst thou have, my life?' I told him, I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly replied, 'my love, I will immediately come to thee; pray thee go, for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed I asked again, and said, I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew; but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed, I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly and went to court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me as was usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said, 'thou dost not care to see me troubled.' To which he, taking me in his arms answered, 'my dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that; and when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee: for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs; and pray thee with this answer rest satisfied.' So great was his reason and goodness, that upon consideration it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day to the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business, but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family."

They put to sea. "When we had just passed the straits, we saw coming towards us, with full sails, a Turkish galley well manned, and we believed we should be all carried away

slaves; for this man had so laden his ship with goods for Spain, that his guns were useless, though the ship carried sixty guns: he called for brandy, and after he had well drunken and all his men, which were near two hundred, he called for arms, and cleared the deck as well as he could, resolved to fight rather than lose his ship, which was worth thirty thousand pounds. This was sad for us passengers; but my husband bid us be sure to keep in the cabin, and not appear. The women, which would make the Turks think that we were a man-of-war; but if they saw women, they would take us for merchants, and board us. He went upon the deck, and took a gun and bandoliers, and sword, and, with the rest of the ship's company, stood upon deck expecting the arrival of a Turkish man-of-war. This beast, the captain, had locked me up in the cabin; I knocked and called long to no purpose, until at length the cabin-boy came and opened the door; I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his blue thrum cap he wore, and his tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown; and putting them on, and flinging away my night clothes, I crept up softly and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear as, I confess, from discretion; but it was the effect of that passion which I could never master. By this time the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each other's forces, that the Turks' man-of-war tacked about, and we continued our course. But when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying, 'Good heaven, that love can make this change! and though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage.'

In the time of the rebellion, Sir Richard is imprisoned.

"During the time of his imprisonment, I failed not constantly to go, when the clock struck four in the morning, with a dark lantern in my hand, all alone and on foot, from my lodging in Chancery-lane, at my cousin Young's, to Whitehall, in at the entry that went out at King-street into the bowling-green. There I would go under his window and softly call him: he, after the first time excepted, never failed to put out his head at the first call: thus we talked together; and sometimes I was so wet with the rain, that it went in at my neck and out at my heels."

He is, however, released, and at the restoration sent ambassador to Spain: of the magnificence of that court we can say nothing; but recommend the latter pages as both amusing in themselves, and as a pleasant contrast to this charming volume.

AUTOGRAPHS.

The well-known remark, that we do not peruse a book with pleasure unless we know something of the author's countenance and manners, is now extended to his hand-writing—there is indeed a sort of rage for the inspection and accumulation of autographs, and those who have a high opinion of their own acuteness pretend that they can form a just opinion of a person's character from such an examination. This is an idle boast, although it is founded on a more firm basis than the silly quackery of phrenology. The proper mode of ascertaining the skill of discovery, or what ought rather to be called the felicity of conjecture, on these occasions, would be the production of the hand-writing of one whom the inspector had never seen or heard of, not of the autographs of well-known personages. In the latter case, the judgment is generally decided by what was previously known; and this seems to be the case in the following observations.—"We have before us (says a critic) a few lines by Raphael, which are as peculiar and as beautiful, in point of penmanship, as could be expected from him. It is round, bold, clear, and graceful; and a feeling of the beautiful seems to have been present to him in the formation of every letter."

"A long letter from queen Elizabeth to Henry IV. of France, is as slighty and complex in penmanship, as she was in mind. It displays considerable energy and great eagerness of character, but much also of uncertainty, confusion, inconsistency, and ostentation."

"In an epistle from queen Christina of Sweden, the lines are crooked and irregular, and full of the marks of haste; the letters large, dashing, angular, imperfect, and ill-connected. The writing must strike every one as indicative of pretension, vanity, carelessness, and passion, and very meagre in feeling."

"A few lines by Calvin are as bold, energetic, and decided as possible. Many of the letters are ill-conceived, but they are executed (like Servetus) with the utmost determination and vigour. It seems as if he had thought of nothing but going directly on to the end of his design, and stamping his

name on it when completed; and the effect, though abundantly strong, is rough and hurried. There is no ornament whatever."

"In the hand-writing of Robespierre, we see little attention to details, and yet no openness or grandeur in the forms. Yet the execution is freer and better than the conception. There is no elegance any where, nothing like a flourish except at his own name. It would seem that he had no pleasure in beauty or ornament, not connected directly with his own importance. Nothing can be conceived more opposite to boldness and exuberance of mind; and though the letter is very short, and not a public one, it contains several corrections of words, which indicate a certain study of effect. One fancies the writing to be full of cunning and meanness."

In one of the letters of Madame de Stael, "the writing is hasty and irregular; and its imperfections seems as if it proceeded from eagerness and carelessness, rather than from inability to exhibit her mind, or the want of any to exhibit. There is throughout the penmanship a singular mixture of weakness and strength; and he must be a novice in *billets-doux* who does not perceive, at a glance, the warmth, boldness, and decision of her mind."

Looking at a long letter of Voltaire, the critic exclaims, "how regular, how clear, how careful, with how few marks of individuality of character! Here is scarcely a trace of imagination or of feeling; no hurrying earnestness, scarcely a single letter completely and roundly formed, and a sort of contemptuous dash or pig-tail at the end of many of his words, full of scorn and impertinence."

In a letter penned by Dr. Franklin in his seventy-fifth year, the "writing is of a mercantile character, and as flowing, clerk-like, and complete as possible. All is regular and formal; and there are in his dashes, flourishes, and spaces, abundant tokens of that personal vanity wherein Franklin was by no means deficient."

"A note written by Marmontel when he was about sixty-eight, shows great attention to detail, and extreme clearness. There is a good deal of feebleness in the elemental forms of the penmanship; but the aspect of the whole is agreeable, even, and gentlemanly."

In a letter from the author of Waverley, the writing is said to be "chiefly remarkable for its manly and unpretending character; it bears, in every letter, the impress of a strong and well-developed character." We have only seen the signature of this distinguished man, and that, we think, did not denote any thing of the kind.

UNPUBLISHED SONG OF LORD BYRON.

The following exquisite lines are from an interesting volume, lately published in London, entitled "Fugitive Pieces, and Reminiscences of Lord Byron." They are not to be found in any edition of the noble bard's works.

I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name—
There is grief in the sound—there were guilt in the fame;
But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart
The deep thought that dwells in that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,
Were those hours—can their joy or their bitterness cease?
We repent, we abjure, we will break from our chain—
We must part, we must fly, to unite it again.

Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt;
Forgive me, adored one—forsake if thou wilt:
But the heart which I bear shall expire undebased,
And man shall not break it, whatever thou mayst.

And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,
My soul in its bitterest blackness shall be;
And our days seem as swift, and our moments more sweet,
With thee by my side, than the world at our feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,
Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove;
And the heartless may wonder at all we resign,
Thy lip shall reply not to them, but to mine.

CURIOUS EXTRACTS FROM CURIOUS AUTHORS

FOR CURIOUS READERS.

Holingshead, who was contemporary with queen Elizabeth, informs us, "there were very few chimneys (in England in his time) even in the capital towns; the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out at the roof, or door, or window. The houses were wattled, and plastered over with clay, and all the furniture and utensils were of wood. The people slept on straw pallets, with a log of wood for a pillow."

Cambrensis, Bishop of St. David's, says, "it was the common vice of the English, from their first settlement in Britain, to expose their children and relations to sale;" and it also appears, "that the wife of Earl Godwin, who was sister to Canute,

the Danish king of England, made great gain by the trade she made of buying up English youths and maids to sell to Denmark."

Lord Bacon, in his Apophthegms, says, "Ethelwold, bishop of Winchester, in a famine, sold all the rich vessels and ornaments of the church to relieve the poor with bread; and said, 'there was no reason that the dead temples of God should be sumptuously furnished, and the living temples suffer penury.'" Ingulphus tells us, "For want of parchment to draw the deeds upon, great estates were frequently conveyed from one family to another, only by the ceremony of a turf and a stone, delivered before witness, and without any written agreement."

Andrews, in his History of Great Britain, says, "In France, A. D. 1147, the great vassals emulated and even surpassed the sovereign in pomp and cost of living." As an instance of the wild liberality of the age, we are informed, that Henry the "munificent" count of Champagne, being applied to by a poor gentleman for a portion to enable him to marry his two daughters, his steward remonstrated to him, "that he had given away every thing;" "thou liest," said Henry, "I have thee left." So he delivered over the steward to the petitioner, who put him into confinement until he gave him five hundred livres, a handsome sum in those days.

Bede tells us, "Archbishop Theodore, when (in the seventh century) he gave lectures on medicine at Canterbury, remonstrated against bleeding on the fourth day of the moon, since at that period (he said) the light of the planet and the tides of the ocean were on the increase." Yet Theodore was, for his era, deeply learned.

William of Malmshury says, "Very highly finished works in gold and silver, were the produce even of our darkest ages. The monks were the best artists. A jewel, now in the museum at Oxford, undoubtedly made by command of, and worn by Alfred the great, is an existing witness of the height to which the art was carried. Curious reliquaries, finely wrought and set with precious stones, were usually styled throughout Europe, Opera Anglica."

Howell tells us, "In the education of their children, Anglo-Saxons only sought to render them dauntless and apt for the two most important occupations of their future lives—war and the chase. It was an usual trial of a child's courage, to place him on the sloping roof of a building, and if, without screaming or terror, he held fast, he was styled a *stout-herce*, or a brave boy."

Fitz-Stephens says, "Thomas à Becket lived in such splendour, that besides having silver bits to his horses, he had such numerous guests at his banquets, that he was obliged to have rooms covered with clean hay or straw, in winter, and green boughs or rushes in summer, every day, lest his guests, not finding seats at his tables, should soil their gay clothes by sitting on the floor." He would pay five pounds (equal to nearly fifty pounds of our money) for a single dish of eels. Once, riding through London with Henry, the king seeing a wretched shivering beggar, "It would be a good deed (said he) to give that poor wretch a coat." "True," said Becket, and you, sir, may let him have yours." "He shall have yours," said Henry, and after a heavy scuffle, in which they had nearly dismounted each other, Becket proved the weakest, and his coat was allotted to the astonished mendicant.

"When William the Conqueror was crowned at Westminster, the people (says Andrews) within the Abbey shouted, on the crown being placed on his head; the Normans without thought the noise a signal of revolt, and began to set fire to houses, and massacre the populace, nor were they satisfied that all was well until considerable mischief had been done."

"Dr. Henry, (says Sullivan,) who has made a very full collection of the facts mentioned by ancient authors concerning the provincial government of Britain, supposes its annual revenue amounted to no less than two millions sterling; a sum nearly as great as that which was derived from Egypt, in the time of the father of Cleopatra. But this calculation is built upon the authority of Lipsius. Nor are there perhaps any accounts transmitted by historians, from which the point can be accurately determined. The Britons excelled in agriculture. They exported great quantities of corn, for supplying the armies in other parts of the empire. They had linen and woollen manufactures; as their mines of lead and tin were inexhaustible. And further we know, that Britain, in consequence of her supposed resources, was sometimes reduced to such distress, by the demands of government, as to be obliged to borrow money at an exorbitant interest. In this trade, the best citizens of Rome were not ashamed to engage; and, though prohibited by law, Seneca, whose philosophy, it seems, was not incompatible with the love of money, lent the Britons at one time above three hundred and twenty thousand pounds."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PERIPATETIC.—NO. XIV.

MY TRAVELS.

Three miles he went, nor further could retreat,
His travels ended at his country seat.—*Dryden.*

THIS is emphatically the age of travelling, and there is no season when this locomotive mania seems so entirely to have taken possession of our sober burghers, as the present. Go where you will, you will recognize an old acquaintance. The lawyer has thrown up his register and cost book for the more inviting pleasures of rural sport; the doctor has given his patients a holiday; and even the learned and zealous divine has closed his doors for a season, that he may revive his exhausted energies, and return blessed with an invigorated constitution. The dull routine of business has become so mixed with the bustle of coaches, trunks, stages, and steamboats, that our good old Dutch ancestors, if they were once more to start into life, might well wonder whether it was not all a dream, and might be pardoned a gentle denunciation against the manners and customs of their degenerate posterity. Every thing, in short, diverges from its regular point: editors have for a time (short though it be) ceased to blacken and vilify one another for the entertainment of their readers; politics have come to a stand; news are no where to be found, and sheriffs and constables, throwing themselves back in despair, find not even a shadow to relieve them from the dull and monotonous return of *non est inventus*. Last week I went to my shoemaker to fit myself with a pair of pumps, and found that he had gone to the springs; my tailor is now on his western tour, and my barber has started for Long-branch or Schooley's mountain. I do not mean to sneer at this prevailing custom of annual migration—by no means—but that the unfortunate few who are compelled to stay at home may have no reason to complain, I would suggest to our worthy citizens, the propriety of adjourning *en masse*, courts, churches, offices, shops, and all, regularly on the first of June in every year, to some convenient spot, not more than a thousand miles distant, to enjoy the salubrious air of the country, and escape from the "heat and bustle of the city." How much would such a measure tend to the convenience of all, and how completely would it break down the invidious barriers which the art and ingenuity of man have placed to the free locomotion of a large and respectable portion of our population. The expediency of such a measure never struck me so forcibly as the other morning on my way to the steamboat. On the pier stood my friend P. with arms a-kimbo, and eye steadfastly fixed on the beauty and fashion which crowded the upper deck.

"Good morning," said I, approaching him with all the lightheartedness of a bird just let loose from a cage.

He returned my salutation coldly.

"Going out of town, I suppose?" continued I, in the same careless tone.

"No."

"Just returned then perhaps?"

"No," still replied my friend in a tone somewhat dejected, and indicating a temper of mind but little disposed to participate in the levity of manner which I had evinced.

"Well, then," continued I, "step on board with me; the boat will not be off yet these ten minutes."

"Not for the world," said he with emphasis, "that plank is the utmost point to which I am at liberty to go;" and shaking me by the hand, he pleaded business as his apology, bade me affectionately "good by," and departed.

It was not long before the reason of his sedentary virtue glanced across my mind, and probably most of my readers who recollect the ominous and laconic direction, "gaol liberties," which at one time decorated

the corners of some of our streets, will be at as little loss as I was in discovering its source. The ringing of the bell summoned me from reflections of a graver character, and, in a moment, I found myself on board the boat amidst a crowd of men, women, and children, all bent, like myself, upon one common object, pleasure. Every part of the vessel was crowded—the sun poured down with a degree of intensity but little abated by the thin awning which was spread above us, and between the steam atmosphere, smoke, vapor, and crowd, I almost sunk exhausted upon the deck. Yet I felt that it was pleasure, and I am sure that there was not one of our number who would have exchanged his situation for the most delightful abour that Arcadia could produce. If the body was confined and oppressed, the mind was elastic, free, and buoyant, and seemed to luxuriate in the idea that it derived so genuine a gratification from a scene at first sight so annoying and repulsive. Children screaming, nurses flying, waiters bawling, joined to the steady and regular jarring of the machinery, produced a kind of discordant harmony, which, under any other circumstances, would have almost driven me distracted, but which now inspired me with a disposition to join in the noisy revel, and add my mite to the scene of universal and delightful confusion.

In the midst of this general clamor, the tinkling of a small bell, to which the elegant proclamation, "them gentlemen that isn't paid their passages will please to step to the captain's office and settle," formed by no means an inappropriate accompaniment, reminded me that my breakfast depended on my punctuality in obeying this friendly summons, and, hastening to the appointed place, I found myself squeezed among a crowd whose anxiety seemed rather to say "give," than "take." I had hardly finished this ceremony, when the ringing of another bell, and the almost instantaneous rush of the crowd, in the midst of which I was involuntarily borne along to the cabin-door, informed me that breakfast was on the table. The same impulse which urged me to the door, hurried me almost headlong into the cabin, where I found, by the self-complacency with which the hungry crowd were devouring their morning meal, that every seat was filled before the bell rung, which latter form was gone through merely to prevent complaint. A man may learn to brook many disappointments, but, when eating is in the case, philosophy is appealed to in vain. How well did the ancient fabulist understand human nature, when, as the greatest punishment he could devise, he placed before Tantalus a pool of clear water, and above his head a bough richly laden with the most delicious fruits, and denied him the power to taste the proffered dainties; and how entirely did I feel myself in the situation of that unfortunate victim, as I marched back to the deck to wait the ringing of the second bell. Its welcome tones at length met my ear, and shaking off that overweening modesty by which I had lost my chance at the first table, I pressed forward, and, with no inconsiderable share of difficulty, obtained a seat. After my meal was over, I again resumed my station on deck; the same clamour still continued uninterrupted, and somewhat increased by the continual landing and receiving of passengers as we touched at the various landings along the river. Dinner at length came, and with it the same train of events as had characterized our proceedings at breakfast. The same general clamour ensued, until at length we found ourselves at the dock in the good old city of Albany. Here I staid for the night, resolving to continue my travels early the next morning. The further pursuit of my journey however, I shall reserve to my next number.

Man was never intended to be idle. Inactivity frustrates the very designs of his creation; whereas an active life is the best guardian of virtue, and the greatest preservative of health.

THE DRAMA.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

CLARA FISHER.

WHEN nature quits the even tenor of her way to form a prodigy, and manufactures clay out of the ordinary routine of business to which long habit has accustomed her, she generally does herself no credit, but instead of a beauty spot, drops a blot upon the fair face of the creation—a wart—an excrescence. Her commonest freaks in this way are—giants and dwarfs—learned pigs—calves with two heads, which those with only one throng to see—or calculating youths, like famous Master Bidder, who go through the arithmetic without flogging, and know by intuition that two and two make four. But of all her prodigies, the precocious theatrical prodigy is the most to be dreaded and avoided. It is in general a pert little creature, which has been taught to repeat certain words like a parrot, and drilled to imitate certain actions like a monkey, and is then stuck upon the stage for "children of a larger growth" to gape and wonder at, and applaud for no better reason than because it is six years old and two feet odd inches high, as if all man and womankind had not been at one period of their lives just as old and as high. To sit and witness the abortive attempts of such animalcules, when there are full grown men and women in the world, is about as sensible as to eat green fruit when one can get ripe. We always eschewed these small evils; and though having numerous opportunities, could never be prevailed upon, some few years back, to go and see the then little Miss Clara Fisher represent Gloster, "that bloody and devouring boar;" Hamlet, Shylock, or any other appropriate character; and on hearing that she was on her way to this country, we thought Mr. Simpson had done a very foolish thing, and made many wise predictions to the effect that she would be found altogether worthless and good for nothing.—Perhaps no one ever entered a theatre more full of prejudice than we did against the young and blooming girl, just bursting into womanhood, who at that moment came forward upon the stage, and dropped one of the most graceful curtsies that ever woman made, to the admiring audience. We expected to see something small, impertinent, and disagreeable; but instead, here was a sight of all others most grateful to the eye—a beautiful female exerting herself to please, and a load of unkindly feelings were at once swept away. The first three acts of the piece (*The Will*) exhibited some agreeable acting, though nothing extraordinary; but when, in the fourth, she gave "*The Bonnets of Blue*," with all the fire and enthusiasm of a devoted follower of "Charlie the chief o' the clan," an instantaneous and total renunciation of all preconceived opinions took place; and before she had finished her personation of the four Mowbrays, we were thoroughly convinced that Clara Fisher was one of the most natural, charming, clever, sensible, sprightly actresses that ever bewitched an audience, and to that opinion we ever have since firmly adhered.

In form and feature Clara Fisher is neither dignified nor beautiful, but she is irresistibly fascinating, and that is better than all the dignity and beauty in the world. Her form is finely proportioned—smoothly and gracefully rounded, with more of the Hebe than the sylph about it, and when in motion most flexible and waving. Her face, as was said of Mrs. Jordan's, "is all expression without being all beauty." There is no word that will exactly characterize it: "pretty," is unmeaning, and it does not strictly come up to the idea conveyed by the word "handsome." It is at all times, however, a very charming face, even when in a state of calm repose; but when the passion of the scene stirs the mind within, and that mind is reflected in the countenance—when the eloquent eye (it is an eloquent eye) is lighted up by feeling, and the smooth

cheeks clustered with smiles and dimples, then that face is indeed lovely.—In appropriate gesture and action she is most "express and admirable." This is, in fact, one of her most prominent characteristics; and if we were asked in what single particular Clara Fisher was superior to any other actress, we should answer, in the perfect grace and freedom of her motions. In this respect she is a little English Vestris; and if any one doubts it, let them pay particular attention to the singularly appropriate beauty of her action in singing the spirited Scotch ballad before alluded to: the toss of her head which accompanies the utterance of the word "hurrah," is precisely the one thing that Mr. Matthews cannot imitate.

She is one of nature's actresses. Perhaps no one ever so completely possessed the faculty of mobility, or entered with more keen enjoyment into the spirit of the part represented. Her whole soul appears to be in every thing she does, and we believe it is not only so in seeming, but in reality. "It cannot be that that uncontrollable spirit of glee and happiness—that archness and vivacity—that bright smile and joyous laugh, are only counterfeited—mere acting. No—they must be felt; it is uncomfortable to think otherwise. From the infinite variety of characters in which she appears, it would exceed all reasonable bounds to enter into an analysis of them. The days of her *Richard* and *Shylock* are, it is to be hoped, over for ever, though there were many sensible things in both these parts—correct conceptions and original and spirited readings, which older heads might adopt with advantage; but it was vexing to see a young, beautiful girl in such a part as *Shylock*, and the better she played it, the more provoking it was. In comedy there is a glorious and boundless prospect before her, and it is there she appears most perfectly at home. To the high-flown fashionable dames of genteel comedy she cannot as yet do justice, though the time may come when she will do so. One thing is against her. In the lady of high life there is much that is artificial. Now Miss Fisher is *too natural* for such characters; her spirits are too wild and untamable to be "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in," by the ordinances of a highly polished state of society. Her fine ladies are consequently full of brilliant points—excellent in detached scenes and sentences, but not in keeping as a whole. In parts where nature has fair play, such as *Peggy* in the *Country Girl*, or *Phæbe* in *Paul Pry*, "none but herself can be her parallel." How different from these, yet how delightful in itself, was her *Viola* in *Twelfth Night*. We were never before so conscious of the extreme sweetness of her "small, delicate voice," as when giving utterance to the exquisite poetry which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of "brown Viola." It was in truth "most musical, most melancholy."

The reputation of Clara Fisher has, in a great measure, been built upon her representation of the more eccentric parts of the drama, such as the *Mowbrays*, *Little Pickle*, &c. and of their kind they are perfect specimens of dramatic excellence. Some may think these are at the best but trifling affairs; we do not. A delineation true to nature is a rare thing, and well worth looking after in whatever shape it is to be found. Miss Fisher has rather a *penchant* for male attire, which is not to be wondered at, for it becomes her well: all other women whom we have seen wear the inexpressibles in public, cannot forget their sex, but betray throughout a smirking consciousness that they are feminine, and are of course for the most part awkward and embarrassed; she appears to forget her dress and all minor considerations in the character she is representing.

Before coming to a conclusion, a few words about her singing. Perhaps no one with such limited powers of voice, ever equalled this wonderful creature in the effect which she gives to a song. She not only sings it, but acts it in the most arch and spirited or tender

and impressive manner. Her face is a mirror where every sentiment of humour or feeling expressed in the verse is reflected. What a delightful piece of pleasantry is her "Fall not in love;" and how tame and vapid any of her little simple ballads sound when sung afterwards by vocalists of superior pretensions. But there is no end to her varied qualifications, and there seems to be scarcely any limit to her powers. We all know what she is, but we know not what she may be. C.

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

THE SILESIAN GIRL.*

DURING the seven years' war, the exertions of the Prussians in that critical period to support the falling fortunes of their indefatigable monarch, were truly worthy of luminous characters in the records of history; but they were far outdone by the public sacrifices which were voluntarily made by individuals to repel the encroachments of the armies of France in the year 1813. Each family contributed in different ways to the expenses of the war, and, even the poorest herds gave in their mite for the general good, though it deprived their families of many a little luxury which they had before been used to.

In one of the romantic valleys of Silesia, lived a young girl of surprising beauty, the pride and delight of her parents, whose only occupation was to attend to their flocks, and bear the scant produce of their little farm to a neighbouring market town. Ella, like the wild flower, had grown and bloomed in obscurity, adorned and beautified by the unerring hand of nature. She had known but little of the world until the trumpet of war sounded over the country, and echoed discordantly amidst the darkest recesses of solitude; and when, in consequence of her inquiries, her father was obliged to tell her of the distracted state of her native land, the indignant blush and the high heaving of her bosom proclaimed how much she felt for her enterprising sovereign and the brave people that were arrayed to defend his dominion.

"Heaven grant us victory!" exclaimed she, in the patriotic enthusiasm of her soul, "I would, father, that nature had made women strong enough to fight."

The old man only smiled a reply, and, kissing her rosy cheeks, bade her keep out of the sight of the soldiers.

This caution was scarcely needed. Ella knew where to find one on whom she could gaze, and be gazed upon for hours; and who, though not dressed out in the trappings of the military, was more to her than all the world beside. She was soon on the mountain-slope watching her herds, and listening to the mellow notes as they flowed from the pipe of Adolph, a fine featured young man, who sat at her feet, gazing tenderly upon her smiling face.

"That hair of yours, Ella," said he, laying down the instrument—"I would give the world for one little lock;" and he ran his fingers through the glossy tresses as they hung luxuriantly around her finely moulded shoulders.

"The world is not yours to give, Mr. Adolph," said she archly; "but do you only love me for my curls, which you are always praising?"

"I love you for yourself, dear Ella; but these rich ringlets, which might grace a queen, I almost idolize them, and yet you refuse to bestow upon me one little tress."

"Have I not reason? Were I to give you a lock, I might never see you again; for then you would have your *idol* by you, and I should be forsaken. No, Adolph, first prove yourself worthy of the gift, and then you shall not only have a tress, but my hand too, if you desire it."

"Tell me how to become worthy of so inestimable

a gift," exclaimed the enraptured youth; "and I will follow the path you shall point out."

"There it is," answered the maiden, pointing towards Breslau, and looking her lover fixedly in the face.

"And what am I to do in Breslau?"

"Join the brave men who are struggling for our liberties, and tenfold shall be the love of Ella."

A slight blush overspread the face of young Adolph, and kissing the hand of the fair shepherdess, he turned away, and was soon lost among the deep recesses of the valley.

There was more courtliness in the last salutation of Adolph than generally falls to the lot of the untutored and robust mountaineers of Silesia; and Ella thought, as he wended down the narrow defile, that there was more dignity in his mien, than she had ever before observed. She scarcely dared ask herself who he was; for he had been but a short while among the shepherds, and no one knew aught of his birth or profession: but every one loved him for his generosity and nobleness of spirit.

"My hair," said Ella to herself, as the youth vanished from her sight; I will dress it for his sake. They say it is rich and beautiful; ah! how freely would I destroy each ample tress, and scatter it upon the winds, did he not love to smooth it with his fingers."

Months rolled away, and Ella watched her herds alone and in sadness, for nothing was heard of Adolph, and the demon of war continued to spread his desolation over the land. It was proposed to raise a sum by contribution among the inhabitants of the mountains, which should be placed into the general fund, and appropriated to the use of the intrepid defenders of the king. When the father of Ella was called upon for his proportion, he had nothing to give, and the noble-hearted girl then, for the first time, felt the want of wealth.

"Father, let us sell our flocks," said she; "we will be amply repaid in the freedom we shall enjoy, and, when peace comes again, I'm sure I can work for you."

"No, my daughter," answered the old man, "our country requires no such sacrifice; we must not deprive ourselves of the means of livelihood."

Ella reflected for a long while, and formed a thousand plans for raising a sum of money worthy of being given in aid of the patriotic cause; but all her schemes were impracticable, and she even wept in solitude for her inability to serve her country.

"Would that these locks were wires of gold," exclaimed she, running her fingers through the clustering tresses as they dallied with the wind; "I might then give them for the general good. Can they not be sold? I will go to Breslau and offer them; they may bring but a trifle, yet they are all I have to bestow. But Adolph—when he returns and beholds me deprived of my greatest beauty, what will he say? Alas! he will turn from me; he will love me no more. Well, be it so, I will sacrifice even his love in the cause of liberty!"

She accordingly proceeded to Breslau, and offered her hair for sale to the first friseur in the city. The loveliness of the young girl, and the novelty of her offer, caused the person to inquire why she robbed herself of such beautiful tresses? On receiving her answer, he was astonished at the extraordinary and disinterested feeling of patriotism displayed by one so young and interesting.

"I will take the locks, my pretty girl," said he, admiring the softness of their texture, "and turn them into bracelets. Every body will buy when they know of whose hair they were made."

The delighted girl received the proffered sum, and flew to add it to the general fund. The friseur had predicted right; the story got wind, and the ladies and gentlemen of the city flocked to his store to purchase the

* It is scarcely necessary to say that this story is found on an historical fact.

bracelets marked with the name of *ELLA*. Among others, a young officer of high rank, hearing the story, endeavoured to obtain one of the articles. The vendor had but one left, and, as he had already raised a very considerable sum from their sale, he intended to keep that for himself. The officer examined the colour and texture of the hair, and when his eyes fell upon the name of *ELLA*, a smile of pride and gratitude curled his lip, and he uttered, "It must be her!" He emptied his purse upon the counter, and told the man to take it all for the bracelet, who being dazzled by the sight of so much gold, readily consented, and the officer left the shop, with the treasure pressed to his lips.

.....

"Ella," said Adolph, as he sat by the side of the mountain maid, "where are the luxuriant locks that formerly hung around your neck? I went, and I fought at your bidding, and I now come to claim my reward."

"Adolph," answered she, "I became jealous of my hair; your heart was entangled among its thick curls; the more I combed them, the more they webbed around the heart; and so I cut them off. Do you not love me without my locks?"

"Love you, Ella? Could I do less than worship you since you have so nobly marred your beauty for the benefit of your country? Look at this bracelet—the hair is yours—the name is yours."

Thus caught, the generous girl thought it useless to deny the facts here recorded. She confessed all, and shortly afterwards was the wife of the stranger Adolph, and countess of Rutland. *Minerva and Emerald.*

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

FASHION.

THIS is a subject which I scarcely dare discuss. Not that the opposition of my own sex threatens any serious consequences, for their frowns are easily borne; but how shall I meet the many fair faces, "severe in youthful beauty," which may express indignation against me, for meddling with what does in no way concern me. My consolation however is that I am shrouded in obscurity, which must shield me from any personal attack. The rules by which fashion regulates the apparel of her votaries, extend in this city over a vast number of persons, and they are as imperative, although by no means as immutable, as the laws of the Medes. Indeed I am acquainted with many of both sexes who hold the amphictyonic council, the institutes of Justinian, the present governments of Europe, the laws of the United States, and even the acts of our own legislature, in supreme contempt, yet bend with pious reverence to every decree of fashion, and study her variable code, and expound her nice distinctions with a labour and skill worthy of Solon or Lycurgus. It is almost incredible how many gentlemen have distinguished themselves in the science of dress. Mr. Go-softly, of Go-softly hall, has devoted all his talents to it. He is a perfect master of all its mysteries. His method of tying his cravat, and arranging safety chains across his breast, is the admiration of his acquaintances; and it is even said, that he is to be a contributor to a valuable journal about to be established here, for the express purpose of instructing the higher classes in the divine art of setting off their delectable persons to the most decided advantage. Nothing, by-the-way, will contribute more to the advancement of human happiness than a periodical properly conducted, and devoted to this important and deeply interesting purpose, and we shall cordially recommend it to the patronage of all the choice spirits of the town. Mr. Go-softly, of Go-softly hall, is only one among a society who sway the fashions of the town, and decide in secret conclave upon the relative merits of broad and narrow rims, white and black hats, long

and short skirts, brass buttons and glass buttons, rolling collars and standing collars, square toes and sharp toes, the long narrow tight-kneed pantaloons, that draggles along the ground, or the short, voluminous trowsers that, but a few years ago, were wont to wrap the irresistible gentleman in a multiplicity of folds to the vast admiration of the ladies, and the great pleasure of the tailor. He came very near, however, being black-balled, in consequence of having attended a brilliant party at General M's, in a black stock, and was only saved from everlasting disgrace, by appearing the next evening at Colonel K's with a set of superior yellow glass buttons, just introduced from Paris, and a splendid and highly starched white cravat, with a deep blue fringe, tied in a knot that might have called for the sword of Macedonia's madman, surmounted by a shirt collar of blue check, the value of which consisted in being very expensive, and yet bearing an exact resemblance to the aprons worn by kitchen maids when employed in washing dishes. This reinstated him in the good opinion of the town. A flattering communication appeared in the papers. Check shirt collars became all the rage, and threatened the ruin of all the shop-keepers, who, depending with fatal confidence upon the prevailing fashion, had laid in a stock of ready-made linen. My intention, however, was not to devote this essay to these useful members of society, but rather to venture a few remarks upon the modes of dress adopted by the other sex. Upon this subject there exists a most laudable zeal. It pervades all classes of the community. In olden times it was the ambition of women to distinguish themselves by some act whereby the happiness of their families or the glory of their country might be promoted. The Spartan mother was seen equipping her son for battle. When Brutus communicated to Portia the conspiracy which the illustrious Romans had formed against Cæsar, she preserved the secret inviolate, and wished them success, and Coriolanus would have destroyed the ungrateful city from which he had been banished, if Volturna and Virgilia had not softened his stern resentment by their entreaties and tears. But now "in these piping times of peace," our fair countrywomen have no way to eminence but through their ingenious inventions of dress. The brilliant fancies of the sex here break out into a thousand extravagancies. It seems as if some belle whose taste sways the town, had been visited by the goddess of fashion, with gorgeous visions of curious hats, and unparalleled dresses, and, upon awakening, had embodied her dreams for the benefit of the world, and thus created the exhibition which on a fine day makes Broadway like a garden of all the various flowers under the sun.

I am not a fashionable man, and it is very probable that my opinion in regard to the taste and beauty of a lady's dress would be of little value, yet I cannot but believe, that this unnatural and expensive style of personal decoration is ridiculous, except in the eyes of the shallow or the vulgar. If a lady be beautiful, she should not allow the attention of the beholder to be diverted from her charms by any artificial ornament. The greatest paintings of antiquity are marked for their perfect simplicity. A common painter might clothe the figure of his fancy in gorgeous drapery, and surround it with sparkling jewels, but the Madonna of Raphael is made to depend solely upon the divine expression of her countenance, from which there is nothing to attract the gazer's eye. Although I am a warm admirer of the New-York ladies, and freely confess that I have never found them excelled in any other city, yet there are but few who understand the art of arraying themselves with taste, in opposition to the unmeaning and awkward fashions which often spring from coquettes or milliners.

I am acquainted with a charming girl, whose natural loveliness is all-sufficient to attract the admiration of every individual. In the country, where I first knew

her, the unstudied ease of her manners, her irrepressible and girlish cheerfulness, the artlessness with which she spoke and acted, surrounded her with a kind of enchantment to whose influence every one seemed to yield. I remember well one bright dewy morning in summer, we made a little pedestrian party along a path that wound in among the hills and woods. We pursued our way in fine spirits through the romantic scenery of the Hudson, and as we ascended a hill which overlooked the stream that slept with unruffled serenity among the highlands, we paused to survey the scene—they to observe the hills, the fields, the glassy river, the luxuriant valley—and I to gaze on her.

The fresh morning air and the exercise of walking, combined to give her face a glow, and her eyes a lustre. Her straw bonnet, tied carelessly round her snowy neck, did not conceal the ringlets of her hair. Her fresh lips and pearly teeth, would have shamed the costliest gems; and thus attired in a plain and modest dress, she moved like a being of perfect beauty, and struck me with a feeling of admiration which any attempt at splendour would have weakened, if not destroyed. The same charming girl has now launched forth into the gaieties of the city. You would scarcely know her. The little straw bonnet is flung aside, and with it all the simplicity, both of dress and manners. A large pink hat, of a most curious shape, made up of oblique figures, and flaring with several enormous bows, gives her an air entirely different. The glossy curls too, are all twisted into the intricacies of city refinement; and she is buried in a pair of sleeves of such awful proportion, that I durst scarcely speak to her in the street.

If the present fashions are so unfavourable to the influence of genuine beauty, their effect upon forms and faces of less alluring description, are not only injurious, but ludicrous. It is a kind of tacit acknowledgment of ugliness, and a resolution that if personal charms are not sufficient to attract notice, it must be elicited by means of style. Nothing is more laughable than the attempts of a homely woman to gain the distinction from art, which nature has denied. It is a secret which all do not seem to understand, that the mere fact of an ordinary countenance, when we are not forced into a continual comparison by the energy with which it is obtruded upon the public gaze, is easily forgotten, or perhaps never observed, and it is so soon endeared to us by any mark of kindness or intellect, that by the mere force of these attributes a homely woman may obtain the sincerest affections of one whom she means to please; but if she resort to any perceptible art whereby she may push her person into a competition with those more favoured by nature, she may be sure that however she succeed in exciting observation, it will only be to her own disadvantage, and that all her wealth, and the skill of all the dress-makers in the universe, can never impart grace equal to neatness, modesty, and simplicity in dress. *R.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

VEGETATION AND LIGHT.—It was remarked by a southern gentleman last year, that during six days in April, when clouds and rain obscured the hemisphere, the leaves of all the forests greatly expanded, but were all of a palid hue. Within six hours after the clouds and rain were removed, and a bright sun with a serene sky succeeded, the colour of each leaf was changed to a beautiful green. It is well known that plants, growing in a dark cellar, present a white appearance, and lose their natural green colour, if long kept from the light. Such effects have, however, seldom been observed to arise from the intervention of clouds. The same gentleman states, that, while he was taking a geological survey of an estate, the leaves of the forest had expanded to almost the common size in cloudy weather. The sun scarcely shone upon them for twenty days, and the dense forests were almost white. The sun subsequently began to shine in full brightness, and the colour of the forest changed so fast, that he could almost perceive its progress; by the middle of the afternoon, the forests

presented their usual summer dress of living green. The necessity of light to vegetation was perhaps never more beautifully or strikingly exemplified.

THE VOCALISM OF BRITISH BIRDS.—The singing of most birds seems entirely a spontaneous effusion, produced by no exertion, or occasioning no lassitude in muscle, or relaxation of the parts of action. In certain seasons and weather, the nightingale sings all day, and most part of the night; and we never observe that the powers of song are weaker, or that the notes become harsh and untuneable, after all these hours of practice. The thrush, in a mild moist April, will commence his tune early in the morning, and pipe unceasingly through the day; yet, when he retires to rest, there is no obvious languor or weakness in his musical powers. Birds of one species sing in general very like each other, with different degrees of execution. Some counties may produce finer songsters, but without great variation in the notes. In the thrush, however, it is remarkable that there seem to be no regular notes, each individual piping a voluntary of his own. Their voices may always be distinguished amid the choristers of the copse; yet some one performer will more particularly engage attention by a peculiar modulation or tune; and, should several stations of these birds be visited in the same morning, few or none probably will be found to preserve the same round of notes, whatever is uttered seeming the effusion of the moment. Harsh, strained, and tense, as the notes of this bird are, yet they are pleasing from their variety. The voice of the blackbird is infinitely more mellow, but has much less variety, compass, or execution; and he too commences his carols with the morning light, persevering from hour to hour without effort, or any sensible faltering of voice. The cuckoo wears us throughout some long May morning with the unceasing monotony of its song; and, though there are others as vociferous, it is perhaps the only bird that seems to suffer from the use of the organs of voice. By the middle or end of June, it loses its utterance, becomes hoarse, and ceases from any farther essay.

GERMAN METHOD OF PROCURING FLOWERS IN WINTER.—The following method of expediting vegetation at will is practised in Germany: a branch, proportioned to the size of the object required, is sawn off the tree, the flowers of which are to be produced, and is plunged into a spring, if one can be found, where it is left for an hour or two, to give time for each ice as may adhere to the bark to melt, and to soften the buds; it is then carried into a chamber heated by a stove, and placed in a wooden vessel, containing water; quick-lime is to be added to the water, and left for twelve hours. The branch is then to be removed into another vessel, containing fresh water, with a small quantity of vitriol, to prevent its becoming putrid. In a few hours the flowers will begin to appear, and afterwards the leaves. If more quick-lime be used, the flowers will appear quicker; if, on the contrary, none be used, the branch will vegetate more slowly, and the leaves will precede the flower.

CULTURE OF AQUATIC PLANTS IN CHINA.—The Chinese take advantage of their lakes, pools, and rivulets, by cultivating different aquatic plants in them, many of which are considered as food. The government has planted these vegetables in the lakes, marshes, and uncultivated watery grounds belonging to the state, and the emperor has introduced them into all the canals of his gardens. These and other aquatic vegetables may generally be introduced into this country, for they are not so sensible of changes in climate, as those which grow in the earth.

ROMAN PAVEMENTS.—The Roman pavements which were discovered at Pitney, near Somerton, and partially examined last autumn, are now fully explored. The principal apartment in the villa, is thirty feet in length and twenty feet in breadth; the floor is fine Mosaic, whereon are represented many figures in various attitudes, and in different dresses, some of which are of youthful appearance, and, from the wings on their shoulders, seem to have been designed to represent genii. In a small room adjoining this is a figure of Hercules killing the hydra. Other rooms, with the tesserae worked into geometrical figures are also discovered. These specimens of Mosaic are considered by experienced antiquaries to be the most curious and interesting hitherto found in England.

WINDING OF SILK.—The winding of silk by the new process is making great progress in Spain, according to accounts from that country. At Valencia no less than five new mills have been established, in all of which steam is employed for heating the apparatus.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Theatrical Portraits.—The sketch of Miss Clara Fisher, in the present number of the *Mirror*, concludes these lively and agreeable papers. They have excited considerable sensation among our readers, who must regret their sudden termination. The writer is a young gentleman, whom these spirited essays alone are sufficient to stamp as a man of talent. He has seen much of the world, and profited by what he has seen. As a dramatic censor, he has very few equals. He has drawn the portraits of all the performers with whose style of acting he is familiar, and promises a continuation at some future period, when he shall have become acquainted with others. Although he has delineated with graphic skill, a large number of our actors, there are yet several of sterling merit, whom we hope he will hereafter notice. Forest has just returned from a southern tour, and will, we understand, shortly appear at the Park theatre. He is a subject well worthy the study of either the poet, the sculptor, or the painter. Booth, Kilner, Jefferson, Barrett, Mrs. Duff, Miss Rock, and many others, should not be forgotten. Although we do not subscribe to all the opinions expressed by our correspondent, they are generally correct, and discover fine taste and acute observation. If some of his remarks have been rather severe, they have arisen from his candour, and not, as is too frequently the case with those who write for the public press, from personal pique. If those who pretend to criticise our plays and players would adopt the same tone of manly independence, the fashion of puffing the good and bad without discrimination would be exploded, and each member of the stage would hold in the public estimation the rank to which his industry and talents entitle him.

Horticultural Society.—On Tuesday the anniversary of this society was celebrated at Niblo's spacious garden. There was a very numerous and brilliant assembly of beauty and fashion to witness the arrangements, and listen to the oration delivered by John W. Francis, M.D. We regret not being in time for the discourse, but understand the orator gave a clear and comprehensive view of the past and present state of horticulture, and of the inexhaustible capabilities of our country for its extension. By the very sensible postponement of this anniversary till the second week of September, there was a more rich and plentiful exhibition of fruits than on any previous festival. Many of the peaches were extremely large and fine, but there was not so great a variety as we have before observed: there was a more profuse display of grapes: many of the kinds were beautiful, and several bunches of the chasselas even splendid: some native seedling grapes from West Point were remarkable for their size: we noticed a plate of beautiful orlean plums from Albany, and a few of the magnum bonum raised in this city; there were also plenty of delicious pears, apples, and some very fine quinces; but indeed there was an endless profusion, and it would seem as if Flora had emptied her lap on the occasion. Most of the fruits and flowers were sent by members and others friendly to the institution, and where there was such general excellence, it would be unnecessary to particularize. In the course of the evening several capital toasts and sentiments were given: that by the orator of the day was well received—"The fair sex, always partial to good husbandmen."

Lithography.—A writer in the *Foreign Review*, speaking of the introduction of the lithographic art into England, and the extent to which it has been used there, says: the art of printing from stone was invented at Munich, between the years 1795 and 1798, by Alois Senefeldt, the son of an actor in that city. Wishing to get some copies of a dramatic piece ready by Leipzig fair, and unable to bear the delay and the expense of printing, he endeavoured to etch his composition on some blocks of Kellheim stone. This laid the foundation of the art, which, like most other discoveries, was greatly indebted to accidental circumstances for its subsequent improvements. About the year 1802, Senefeldt joined Mr. P. H. Andre, in London, but their endeavours to introduce the art into England failed. Two Germans practised it afterwards in London, and the secret was purchased of one of them by the late Colonel Brown, then quartermaster general. The art would even then have failed, had not the man whom the Germans had engaged to prepare the stones and presses, been accidentally discovered. This person, whose name is Redman, had acquired a knowledge, or rather had picked up a smattering of the general process, and with his aid the experiments at the horse guards became tolerably successful. The first map, a sketch of Bantry Bay, was produced in the beginning of the year 1808; but previously to the appointment of sir Wolloughby Gordon, as quartermaster general, in 1811, the art was only used as an auxiliary to the military depot. At the present time,

the quartermaster general's department executes lithographic printing for the treasury. Plans and maps to a very large number have also been drawn and printed occasionally for both houses of parliament, with several laborious surveys relating to the new lines of roads through England, for the general post office. In the year 1826, the number of copies of circulars, maps, and plans, printed under Mr. Pawley's superintendence, amounted to nearly one hundred and seventy thousand; and those have been executed by one draftsman, four printers, and a labourer, all at a very low weekly pay.

The Ants.—The following is copied from a London periodical. Ancient historians and modern travellers of the most approved veracity, give extraordinary accounts of the industry, application, perseverance, and foresight of the ants. All who have eyes to see, have been struck with the bustling regularity with which they move. Yesterday we saw a regular attack, a long continued combat, and the final triumph of these little animals over a very large house spider. The spider was as heavy as five hundred of the ants.

They were the small red ants. They were first discovered near the door of a small back parlour of a neighbour, who sent for us to witness the fierce resistance of the spider, with the untiring indefatigability of the ants in their attacks. His limbs and his head were covered by them, and he was pushed and dragged along by the multitude of his enemies. Occasionally he would scatter so many of them as to be able to retreat an inch or two. On these disastrous occasions, we saw several ants, almost with the velocity, and certainly the intelligence of videttes, scamper off to a hole in the corner of a brick hearth, distant from the scene of operation nearly five yards. These scouts were invariably accompanied back, and followed by reinforcements of ants, who, as soon as they got on the battle ground, vigorously set to work on the spider, to push and to drag him along in a direction to the hole in the hearth, whence they had issued.

If we might, with tolerable certainty, infer the condition, from the actions and movements of the spider, we would conclude he was blinded before the contest was half over. It was impossible to see the very large body of the spider, surrounded and every where encompassed about with busy, active little enemies, without recollecting the miserable state of poor Gulliver made fast to the earth, walked on, and overcome by the Lilliputians. More than twenty times did we think the spider would break away; but, on all these occasions, his enemies seemed to redouble in vigilance, force, and numbers. They would head him and load his head and limbs, so that he seemed, for a little while, wholly at their mercy. Twice there were hills over which it was necessary to hoist and push the spider, and here and there, when precipitated in a hole in a broken brick, he made a most obstinate and pertinacious resistance; but all would not do.—The activity, numbers, and continued reinforcements of the ants triumphed. They dragged him over every elevation, and raised him out of every hole, until, after an unintermitted struggle of two hours, we saw the ants precipitate him into the hole in the corner of the hearth. Truly did the wise man say, "the ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meats in the summer."

Tecumseh.—In conversation with a gentleman the other day, say the editors of the *Journal of Commerce*, about the peculiar traits of Indian character, he related an anecdote of the celebrated Tecumseh, which singularly evinces the sagacity and shrewdness of this warrior, and the manner by which he first acquired that unlimited influence which he possessed over his tribe. It is well known that formerly, the Indians regarded an eclipse, either of the sun or moon, as a terribly portentous omen; and whenever one occurred, a council was usually held to ascertain the causes of the wrath of the Great Spirit. At the disastrous defeat of St. Clair, while they were in the eager chase of the unfortunate fugitives, they were thrown into such consternation by an eclipse of the moon, that the pursuit was stopped, and a consultation held; and so long was the debate, that an opportunity was afforded the shattered remnant of the army to reach a place of security. While some traders were visiting their settlements on the Wabash, in the spring of 1806, Tecumseh learned from them that a total eclipse of the sun would take place on the sixteenth of June. Knowing the superstition of his people, he dexterously resolved to make use of this information for his own advantage; and accordingly represented to them, that the Great Spirit had constituted him his agent upon earth, and that if they did not implicitly comply with his directions, the sun would on a certain day hide his head, and withdraw the light of his countenance from them. To their amazement, this prediction was fulfilled; and ever after, they submitted to his dictation with a confidence that was never shaken, until his career was terminated.

COME, LOVE, TO ME.

AS SUNG BY MRS. KNIGHT, AT THE PARK THEATRE, IN THE DRAMA OF FAUSTUS.

ANDANTINO EXPRESSIVO.

Oh sweet-ly, Oh sweet-ly the noon-day end-ing, Eve-ning now

send-ing shades o'er the sea. 'Neath my win-dow I would

hear thee; Sing-ing near me, "Come, love, to me."

2d verse. 3d verse. *Slentando Espress.*

Oh fleet-ly more, "Come, love, to Deep-er I come to - - -"

Oh fleetly, more fleetly the night star weeping,
All are now sleeping o'er wave and lea;

From the mountain, sure I heard thee
Singing near me, come, love, to me

Oh darker, and darker, the night is growing
Deeper, throwing shade soon to flee;

Now I see thee, now I hear thee
Singing near me, I come to thee.

VARIETIES.

CONTRADICTION OF THE PROVERBS.—"The more the merrier." Not so; one hand is enough in a purse.—"He that runs fastest gets most ground." Not so; for then footmen would get more than their masters.—"He runs far who never turns." Not so; he may break his neck in a short course.—"No man can call again yesterday." Yes; he may call till his heart ache, though it never come.—"He that goes softly goes safely." Not among thieves.—"Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting." Yes; lack of meat.—"Nothing is hard to a willing mind." Yes; to get money.—"None so blind as they that will not see." Yes; they that cannot see.—"Nothing but what is good for something." Not so; nothing is not good for any thing.—"Every thing hath an end." Not so; a ring hath none, for it is round.—"Money is a great comfort." Not when it brings a thief to the gallows.—"The world is a long journey." Not so; the sun goes over it every day.—"It is a great way to the bottom of the sea." Not so; it is but a stone's cast.—"A friend is best found in adversity." Not so; for then there's none to be found.—"The pride of the rich makes the labour of the poor." Not so; the labours of the poor make the pride of the rich.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—The whole number of the published works of this famous and prolific author, amount to one hundred and ninety volumes; of poetry, translations, history, biography, and prose fictions. The rapid succession in which

his works of the last mentioned class have followed each other, is indeed astonishing. To these may be added innumerable contributions to the Edinburgh Quarterly and Foreign Quarterly Reviews; the Annual Register, Blackwood's Magazine, the Edinburgh Weekly Journal, and to a periodical work called the "Sales Room," published by the late Mr John Ballantyne, of Edinburgh. The beautiful and interesting tales, furnished for the English annuals, might also be annexed.

GRAVITY.—A young Frenchman, complaining of the gravity of Americans, said, "they go to a ball, and dance as if they did it by order of the legislature."

EGG PLANT.—This rich and delicious fruit cannot well be raised in the northern states without bringing forward the plants, by sowing the seed the last of March, or the first of April, in a slight hot bed. The last of May or first of June, set out the plants two feet apart, in a rich, warm, sandy ground, and treat them like cabbages. The fruit should be gathered for cooking before it is fully ripe, cut in thin slices, and fried as eggs.

FRIENDS TO UNION.

Among the men what dire divisions rise!
For "union," one, and one, "no union," cries!
Shame on the sex, that such dispute began;
Ladies are all for union—to a man.

A tortoise, which was kept in a garden, disappeared about twelve months ago. During the interval which has elapsed search has been made for it in vain. A few days since it made its re-appearance on the gravel-walk, in a very lively state.

A fop in company, wanting his servant, cried out, "Where is that blockhead of mine?" "Upon your shoulders," replied a lady.

What word of one syllable becomes a word of two syllables, by taking two letters from it?—Plague.

A curious apparatus has been constructed in Scotland, to give information of the swarming of bees. When they assemble, their weight rings a bell, and raises a flag upon a pole to any height required, and at the same time indicates the weight of the swarm.

The Beggar's Opera was performed at Covent Garden under the title of the Beggar's Opera Reversed. The reversal consisted in this, the male characters were enacted by females, and the female by males. Such a proceeding is as ridiculous as indecent.

Two years ago a poplar tree was cut at both ends in order to support a mason's shade in London. It is now sprouting out in various places, and leaves are forming.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Published every Saturday, at 163 William-street, between Beekman and Ann streets.—Terms four dollars per annum, payable in advance.—No subscription received for a less period than one year. Each volume contains four hundred and sixteen royal quarto pages, five copperplate engravings, including the title-page, and twenty-five popular melodies arranged with accompaniments for the piano-forte.

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AND 'LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DEATH-BED OF MARY.

It was a sunny day—the sportive winds
Had folded their light wings and left the waves
To rock themselves to rest; while far off slept
The clouds in their blue cradle of the sky.
Through all her streets the city forth had poured
Her beauty and her pomp, and there came up,
Like sound of many waters heard at night,
The mingled din of busy multitudes
Coursing their marbled way in fond pursuit
Of pleasure, fortune, fame; still sweeping on,
Unmindful each of each, and still deceived.
But in one hapless mansion all was still—
No footfall there was heard—no voice—no note
Of waking hope, nor gush of glee; for there
Death in his might had entered, and above
The couch where beauty's faded form reclined,
He sternly leant upon his error's spear.
Gird on thy sabrest armour, awful king!
And wear thy grimmest look, and at the breast
Of godlike genius point thy reckless shaft,
And at the breast of manhood and of age,
And thou art not so terrible as when
Thou foldest beauty in thine icy arm.
Around that couch in bitterness of heart
A few were gathered; save, perchance, unseen,
Heaven's ministers of mercy hovered near
To watch the rest of dying innocence,
And waft the spirit to its native home.
The father bowed his manly brow and wept;
The mother too—and he that trod youth's path
Of flowers with her who withered near, did weep
Drops like the first-fall'n of the summer storm;
While restless agony of thought intense,
Too stern for human utterance or ear,
Yet poured in the deep hush of prayer, and heard
By Him that sleeps not—smothered every sigh.
All eyes were on the maiden, as she lay
The fairest wreck of life's all foundering bark,
While near and nearer still was heard the sound
Of breakers, and that dark sea's sullen roar
From whose dim waste “no voyager returns.”
One sigh arose—one groan, and all was still,
Save the low echo of each throbbing breast:
The eye—the lip—the heart had found their rest,
And over all fell the deep sleep, which knows
No waking, till that happier morn arise
To cheer death's captives with immortal day.
Farewell, sweet one!—we cannot mourn like those
That have not hope; for thou, we trust, hast found
In yon pure skies a better friend and home
Than earth could e'er bestow. Yet tears for thee
Have flowed, and still shall flow; for well each heart
Knows its own weakness and thy passing worth,
Ay, and the depth of sorrow's swelling fount.
Then fare thee well—thou wilt not be forgot,
For thy remembrance, like the sun's last beams,
Shall linger round our hearts, though thou art gone
To glad some far-off and expectant world,
With the rich glory of thy spirit's light.

ARION.

A SUMMER LANDSCAPE.

The sky with silvery drapery of clouds
Is spotted, and a harmony of hues
Of blue and white are there; a genial warmth
Burns in the sun glance; from that lovely vale
The smoke-wreath curls; a rustic chimney peeps
From the low foliage; in that furrowing field
The ploughman guides his team and whistles blithe;
Around the brink of that blue fairy lake,
A laughing group of children hover, watching
That frail bark speeding with its mimic sail
Across the dimpling mirror; now it moors
Within that knot of water plants; from out
The tree where dances the light wind, a wren
Is warbling to its mate within the bush:
The cattle lazily repose beneath
The willow's shade, or stoop to drink the rill
That freshens the green herbs. A summer scene,
Common, yet lovely, which each roving eye
Can view, and wrapt admire.

THE FAN.—FROM THE ITALIAN.

When in the lion Phœbus burns,
My use and merit each discerns;
But when the smiling season flies,
All coldly turn from me their eyes;
Torn and neglected then I lie.
Ah, ladies! whom resemble I?

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

High on an eminence I stand,
And cast around my eager eye
Upon the rich and smiling land,
The water, and the deep blue sky.
How fair the scene that lies beneath!
The woods, whose rainbow-coloured leaves,
Are trembling to the zephyr's breath,
Which scarce the river's bosom heaves.
Oh! for a master's hand to sketch
The glowing scene that's spread around;
Far as the gazing eye can stretch,
To the horizon's utmost bound!
The lofty mountains, towering o'er
The cottages, that at their feet,
Lie stretched along the sandy shore,
Where the dark silent waters meet.
No ripple rocks the river blue,
No prow disturbs its quiet rest,
Save one broad sail of snowy hue,
Gliding upon its tranquil breast.
How bright the foliage round me seen,
Which deck the mountain's rugged side;
Red, yellow, and the verdant green,
All smile alike in transient pride.
How gay their gaudy colours show,
And yet deceitfully they smile,
Like dire consumption's hectic glow
That lights the hollow cheek awhile:
And as to friendship's aching eye
Fades the bright glow upon the cheek,
So doth this brilliant foliage die,
And leave the mountain bare and bleak! THYRA.

MORAL TALES.

THE BEWILDERED TRAVELLER.

ABOUT half past five o'clock, on the evening of the sixth of February last, I took my place in the stage, (as the matter cannot be immediately brought before a jury, my lawyer has advised me to avoid using names,) dressed in a thick great coat, as the weather seemed doubtful, and I had been suffering with a low fever for some days before. I had a hundred dollar note and some loose cash in my pocket, and an excellent gold repeater, with rather showy seals, in my fob. But what I was chiefly anxious about was a travelling case containing drafts to the amount of five thousand dollars, with which I had been entrusted by the house of P. S. & Co.

When I first entered the stage, I observed that there was a stout man, wrapped in a rough horseman's cloak, sitting in one corner of it; who proved to be the only passenger besides myself. Nothing particular occurred until we had started, unless it be worth while to mention that in getting in, the stranger would not move his foot, though much in my way. He might have been asleep—but it looked rude. So far, however, there was nothing which would have raised suspicion in the most apprehensive mind, and I am far from considering myself as belonging to that class. On this night in particular, I perfectly remember the firm tone of my nerves, and the careless indifference with which I started a common-place subject, that I might discover whether my *compagnon de voyage* was as polished in his conversation as in his manners; for the affair of the foot had nettled me. The topic which happened to be the uppermost in my thoughts was the recent elopement of Perryman, the clerk in the English navy pay-office. Having commented on the great number of defaulters which we have seen of late, I remarked to my unknown friend in the cloak, the singular confidence which mercantile men place in people who are unknown to them.

“And yet,” answered he drily, “you ride in a stage

with people you do not know, and trust yourself to a driver you are not acquainted with.”

The answer made me fairly start; but as I never form my opinions of people hastily, I turned the conversation, and endeavoured to examine the complexion of my muffled friend's mind a little further.

“It is very cold, sir,” said I.

“You will find it an infernal deal colder on ——— heights,” was the answer.

A chill ran through me at the idea, and I regarded the bluff stranger with an eye of suspicion, as I considered the ominous nature of his replies—“You venture in a stage, sir, with people you do not know!”—

“You will be an infernal deal colder, sir, on ——— heights!”—They might be casual observations, but the first sounded very like “Sir, I have you in a room six feet by four,” and the latter I thought no bad hint at murder. But having as much courage as my neighbours, I cannot say that I felt any sensation beyond a slight distrust. My wish, however, for conversation was at an end, and sinking back in the corner of the stage, I amused myself with taking a more minute survey of my companion as the passing light of the street lamps flashed full upon his face, and showed his enormous shadow upon the opposite side of the coach. His black eyebrows seemed to stand from his brow in masses; his eyes, deeply sunk under their dark cover, shot back the glare of the lamps, and the upper part of his face—for the lower was wholly hidden in his cloak—appeared in the lurid glare as red as mahogany, and as rough as a ploughed field. My time for observation was not long. The stage, little incumbered by baggage, dashed, rattled, and bumped over the rough pavement, and in a few minutes was gliding as smoothly along the road as if it had been lined with velvet. The suddenness of such a transition has always an agreeable effect upon my feelings, and, at present, it served to banish the little excitement which had been produced by the forbidding aspect in the cloak. That aspect with all its terrors was now lost in shade, and as there was no probability that any further light would be thrown either upon the face or the possessor of it, for some hours, I carefully settled my thoughts towards a more attracting subject, and began first to call to mind all the *bon-mots* and ludicrous jokes which had been started at the meeting of the society to which I belong; and at the reminiscence of each, encouraged as far as possible, a disposition to laugh. When this subject was exhausted, which was rather sooner than I expected, I plunged myself into a deep calculation of the expenses incident to a mill that I had some idea of erecting. I had got clear through the carpenter's bill, when I was a little disturbed by a man on a white horse, riding alongside the stage. He said nothing, and went away immediately; and I, as promptly resuming my calculation, was a long way in the price of damming and banking, when the man on the horse came alongside again. This time I observed that he too wore a cloak; and I then took to the dam again. I completed it; had cut a canal nearly half a mile long—when man and horse came boldly to the window. Hitherto my friend in the cloak had seemed asleep; but at this third apparition, he roused himself, gave a nod of recognition, and said,

“How do you do, Tom?”

“Is that you?” was the reply which this observation elicited.

And the man in the cloak having assented that it was he, the stranger disappeared.

Here was fresh matter for conjecture. If the intentions of the horseman were good, why had he not

with people you do not know, and trust yourself to a driver you are not acquainted with.”

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“How do you do, Tom?”

“Is that you?” was the reply which this observation elicited.

And the man in the cloak having assented that it was he, the stranger disappeared.

Here was fresh matter for conjecture. If the intentions of the horseman were good, why had he not

with people you do not know, and trust yourself to a driver you are not acquainted with.”

The answer made me fairly start; but as I never form my opinions of people hastily, I turned the conversation, and endeavoured to examine the complexion of my muffled friend's mind a little further.

“It is very cold, sir,” said I.

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inquired at once for his friend? Why should he have given himself the trouble of overtaking us three times? Why should he make assurance doubly sure, by asking, "is that indeed you?" or, as I interpreted it, "are you ready at your post?" The oddness of these circumstances gave rise to some unpleasant ideas in my mind; but, with Macbeth, I was soon "wearied of conjecture;" and added, with manly resolution, "if there is any mystery in these things, it will be solved at ——— heights." And with this conclusion I discarded all further speculation upon my journey, and set myself resolutely to thinking again; but the process was by no means an easy one. It was uphill work. My memory seemed out of joint. I attributed it to the stage, which about this period began to jolt exceedingly. By the time I was ready to "jump at a conclusion," I had forgotten the premises, and when they were recovered, the conclusion was again to be sought. I remember being exceedingly astonished at the sum which I calculated the shaft of my mill wheel would cost, and had seriously considered the possibility of constructing a wheel without any shaft at all, when I recollected that my calculation supposed the length of the shaft to be eleven hundred and sixty yards—a number previously deduced for the length of my canal, but a jolt of the coach had mixed my calculations.

A good hour was passed in this perplexed arithmetic before I fairly abandoned it and took to whistling; which I concluded would be easier than mathematics, and better adapted to the road. It had, too, the merit which induced Bottom to become musical when in danger and alone. It served to show that I was not afraid, and to make the most of this merit, I chose none but warlike and manly songs, such as "Bruce's address," "Jackson's march," or the "Hunters of Kentucky," and found my courage increase by their influence. My own fears were quickly mastered, and passing from one extreme to the other, I felt inclined to be merry at the peril in which I stood, and should have given my sullen companion a sly hint at his probable fate, had not every song that occurred to my mind, descriptive of a rogue coming to the gallows, said a little too much about his desperate courage before he got thither.

Whilst I was deliberating upon this matter, the driver blew his horn with a startling suddenness, and in a few minutes we stopped to change horses. The light glared again upon my companion's face, which was not improved by the addition of a red night-cap. He seemed to return my glance with a fierce scowl, whereas before, he had averted his eyes when I looked at him. These bad omens within doors made me look abroad for comfort, which I had some hopes of discovering in the driver, whom I trusted to find a jolly fat man, with mirth in his face, and a sprig of evergreen or a monthly rose in his bosom. My hopes were not realized. The fellow cursed his horses, cut one of them over the ear with as much ill-temper as ever a lash expressed, beat his feet upon the foot-board with vehement impatience—it was snowing—and lumbering down, appeared before me a stumpy, thick set man, with a round, pock-marked face, small gray eyes, no eye-brows and a turned-up nose. In my opinion, villain is never written more plainly than in those faces which have no features. I sunk into unpleasant meditations, when I was again aroused by the arrival of the gray horse and his rider. I stared instinctively at his features, but they were completely hidden. A dreadnought great coat buttoned to the neck, a slouched hat white with snow, and a silk handkerchief about the throat, bade defiance to my scrutiny.

"Tom," said he in the coach, "You'll push on."

The other's voice was harsh with cold.

"Ay, when I have warmed my blood."

How horrid that word sounds at times!

"Hallo!" to those in the house—"a glass of iced water and a tooth-pick."

The fellow's common-place joke jarred on my irritated feelings. In a few minutes an unshod and tattered negro girl brought him a rummer of smoking whiskey and water, which he swallowed at a draught.

"Tom," was again repeated, "you'll get all ready?"

"Ay, curse me if I don't," was the answer; and off went Tom at a gallop.

This was too much; the house was poor and mean, but it was better than my next night's lodgings promised to be, should I continue my journey, and I resolved to stay there. I pushed open the door, jumped out, and was in the passage of the miserable inn in a moment.

In a little back room I saw the driver talking to a man who appeared to be the tavern-keeper. He was a thin, miserable figure, with his small-clothes unbuttoned at the knees, and a greasy cap on his head. His starved face was blotched by drink, and his eyes seemed starting out of their sockets. He was without a cravat, and at the time when I saw him, his head was thrown back, and he was pointing to his throat with his long skinny finger.

"No, it won't do, Jem," I heard the driver say; "I've found a c'racter useful, and what will they say when the stage don't come in?"

"As you like, Joe; but p'rhaps you may wish you had on ——— heights."

The driver turned to go out, and stared as he met me in the passage. I made some shuffling excuse about wanting to warm myself at the fire, and rapidly revolving in my mind the circumstances in which I stood, determined to be murdered on ——— heights rather than in that house. The maudlin, leering figure that would have stood over me to see my throat cut with as much indifference as he would that of a pig, had himself expressed some doubt of an escape in the latter case, and drowning men catch at straws; so I hurried back to my hearse—it looked darker than any coach I ever saw—with desperate resolution, and heard the door close upon me much as a malefactor of old must have heard the jar of a gate which shut him in the den of a tiger. One paw of the human tiger with whom I was enclosed, was now visible—it was a coarse brown mass, as big as a loaf, with lumpy knuckles, and short stunted nails. A fist that would have written its owner's name upon a wall with a hundred weight hanging from each finger. But the very strength of my suspicions had given me courage.

"Blood and thunder!" said I to myself, "size is not courage; was it not yesterday that I saw a three weeks' old opossum whip a bear? and can I not fasten upon this man, as that animal clung to the bear's nose?"

I drew back into the corner for a spring, and fumbled in my pocket for a penknife.

The stage dragged heavily through the snow, and before an hour was elapsed I had fallen into a disturbed slumber. Strange dreams came upon me. I thought I was a mouse watched by a rattlesnake. I received new sense. I knew what fascination was. Even now the glaring eye of the serpent terrifies me. I wished to run into its jaws that it might look at me no longer. A change came to my dream. I was myself again—the snake was a black snake curled round my throat and tightening its horrid folds until I gasped for breath; its fiery eyes were staring me in the face,—they enlarged every moment—dark eyebrows grew over them—choked and trembling with horror I awoke. The aspect of the snake settled rapidly into the stern visage of the villain in the cloak. The moon had risen, and shone full upon him. His gigantic hand was round my throat, and grappled it like a collar of iron. I had no power of utterance, hardly of action, but with a desperate effort I drove my penknife at his heart. Twice, thrice! I repeated the blow! I felt the villain loosen his hold; he fumbled in his cloak. A dirk flashed across the window, and in another moment—I knew no further, there was a noise—a crash

as if the world was going to wreck—a piercing pain. Was this death? I did not know. I was senseless. In one moment, my fears, my agonies, my struggles, and my hopes, were over! I felt no more than the log which the axe hews for the fire. Neither do I know how long this lasted, but imperceptibly, that dreadful feeling of returning life which Byron has so forcibly described in Mazeppa, grew upon me. I drew a long, low, quivering breath—the blood rushed in gushes to my heart. I felt cold, sick, and heavy, my eyes slowly opened, and when the objects before me ceased to reel, I found myself stretched in the snow.

I had been dragged apparently from the coach which was upset beside me. A group of men at a little distance, among whom I plainly distinguished the man with the eye-brows, his friend Tom, and the round-faced, pock-marked driver, were busy examining my travelling case. The five thousand was plainly their busy prey, and my life was doubtless to be taken as the security, but before I could reflect upon this horrible transaction, Tom said something which I did not hear, and the group approached me; they tumbled me over as if I had been a sack, and having placed me before a fellow on a horse, we started off at a smart trot which lasted above five minutes, when we stopped at a mean low cottage, for I ventured to open one eye to examine it. A light was brought to the door, and I shut my eyes again as close as if they were already sealed for ever. In a moment I was taken down from the horse, and carried into the house, where they appeared to place me on a sort of bench, leave me there, and go out of the room, the man of the house observing that I should never move again, and Tom answering, in his harsh quick manner, "till we take him to his grave, my friend."

Recovered to life only to be told that the grave was yawning for me, and what a grave! I had seen enough to guess that I should be huddled into some dark corner, my limbs probably broken, whilst the breath of life was yet in my body to make it large enough.

"Why in heaven," I thought, "did you not finish your bloody work at once, and stab as butchers who know how to kill. Must I be dragged again into life only to be again deprived of it?" I sickened at the idea, and fainted.

On recovering my senses I saw that the room in which I lay was a wash-house, attached to the cottage; in one corner stood a large caldron, that a woman was filling with water, and in another, a heap of dirty clothes. The woman had apparently finished her preparations for the night, and passed to go out.

"Wretch!" thought I, "can you thus calmly pursue your avocations with the mangled body of your associates' victim before you?"

I closed my eyes as she passed me, but I heard her stop and say with a tone of deep compassion, "Poor creature!" Oh how sweetly did those two words sound to my ear! They awakened at once a thousand hopes of life, when all hopes seemed extinguished. I was on the point of throwing myself at her feet, and entreating her assistance to rescue me from a bloody grave; but the deep voice of the man with the eye-brows struck upon my ear like that of the angel of death.

"Tom, is all ready?"

"Yes."

"Have you cut his head off?"

"No, Bill has gone for the knife."

"Come then, let's carry him out."

Heavens! there was no time to be lost! I opened my eyes, the woman was gone; there was no one in the room with me, but I could see the dark shadows of the men on the wall of that adjoining, and through that room, or through a window over my head, was the only way of leaving the house.

What was to be done? to alarm them by opening the window, and then to crawl through that high and

narrow aperture? It was certain death. A thought occurred to me. I sprang up, undid the hasp of the window, lifted the lid of the caldron without noise, flung a log at the window that sent it flying open with a clatter which must have been heard all over the house, and jumping into the caldron, had the lid upon my head in a moment.

The scheme succeeded. Half a dozen rushed into the room with oaths and exclamations. They cursed me for having so much strength left; and all but Tom rushed out of the house to follow my supposed flight in the garden. I could hear this cool, shrewd villain, calculating the probability of the feat I seemed to have performed; and my heart beat thick as I heard him admit that "it were possible." At this moment the woman returned—her exclamations were boundless. She was certain I was dead! it must have been my ghost that fetched my body away! She was glad I was gone, dead or alive. She did not like such murderous doings, and would have helped me herself, if she could have done it. I thanked her from the bottom of my soul. But Tom was in no hurry to depart.

"It is just day," he said, "the snow is on the ground, and not a bush upon the heights—that he will be taken and sawed out, is a done thing."

The kind hearted woman trusted that I should be delivered out of their hands, and at the same time I heard her rummaging among the wood below the caldron where I lay. Poor creature! she little knew what she was about; but fear has quick ears, and I soon began to comprehend by the murmur below me, that she had lighted the fire. Confined as I was, in a large copper vessel, directly over the furnace, the reverberation was prodigious, and magnified by the increased acuteness of my senses. The flame seemed perfectly to roar and bellow below me. Still the effect was not unpleasant. I had the greatest hopes that Tom would go in a few minutes, and a mass of cold water which had nearly chilled me to death, could not in that time become warmer than an ordinary warm bath. But as my evil genius would have it, (I almost cursed the whole sex,—notwithstanding this villain's infamous character, and the proof he had given of deserving it,) the woman was in love with him! and there she held him to whimper and complain about some handkerchief he had given another girl, whilst I was boiling with apprehension and the heat of the water. The first sensation of pain was in my left foot. I had lost the shoe of this foot, in being conveyed to the house, and the hot copper was intolerable; I crossed the left leg over the right, and for a minute or two, all was well.

"Tom," said the girl, "you are a villain!"

I agreed with her, but my back touched the caldron, and the heat began to get unbearable, I could hear no more of her complaints. I had enough to attend to at home. I shrunk up into half my natural dimensions, and stood on the right toe, with my fingers over the edge—the lid removed a little.

"What the devil noise was that?" said Tom.

"Only the steam lifting the cover. You will hear any thing but what I say," replied the girl, and added, "will nothing warm you?"

"O heavens," thought I, "I wish he was in the kettle."

But now my feelings became past bearing. The steam stifled me, the burning copper pierced me to the soul. The hot bubbles were rising even within my clothes—one moment more and Tom's knife would be a mercy!—Yes, one minute and no longer could I submit to this agony. But that one minute seemed an hour. The fire roared as if afraid I should escape from it. The boiling steam eddied round my head, and penetrated my ears, my mouth, my nose, causing me inconceivable agony. The eye-lids I found are extremely sensible, and the very humours of my eyes seemed boiling beneath them.

"Good night," I could have heard no other word!

"Good night." But one moment more—"he's gone!" No! it is the creaking of the door! or was it this awful simmering? At last! at last! the water ceased to burn me. My feelings were too much excited to feel it. When, as I lifted the lid. I heard the door open—and "O! Sukey, I forgot,"—I heard no more. I sank back into my now boiling kettle, and the horrid villain who had perceived the lifting of the lid, jumped instantly upon the top of it, and struck his heels with pleasure against the furnace as he comprehended my fate.

Further, my kind readers, I can scarcely inform you. I recollect something of being dragged out of the kettle, but my first distinct preceptions found me in the bed, where I now am, bandaged from head to foot, and with a surgeon feeling my pulse. He is very particular with respect to persons speaking to me, and says, I have yet some fever, though I shall probably do well.

P. S. twelve o'clock.—I have opened my letter to say that in conversing with my attendants just now, they would willingly persuade me that I received a blow in the head when the stage was upset, and have been in the brain fever ever since. The scuffle in the stage, they say I must have dreamed; and even that leering rascal at the inn, they assert, was merely asking the driver to take another glass of liquor. You see they are evidently afraid to acknowledge the horrid facts that occurred, for fear of alarming me.

Four o'clock in the morning.—As my money and watch are safe, I think I must have dreamed of the scuffle, not of the boiling, I am certain, though fifteen days have elapsed since that strange disaster.

Virginia Museum.

LITERARY.

THE TOKEN FOR 1830.

"TAKE time by the forelock," is a very excellent and commendable proverb, but like many other excellent and commendable things, it is liable to much abuse; for example, this is the middle of September, and we have already received a Christmas present, in the shape of a choice specimen of that beautiful and costly division of the book tribe, denominated "the annuals." If the competition amongst these pleasant little "hot-pressed darlings" continues, it is probable there will be no bull in the Irish gentleman's expression, of "two annuals in one year." We all know that Christmas is the season of good cheer—of mirth and music—blazing hearths and merry faces—when men begin to live and turkeys cease to do so—when little boys enjoy the sweetest pleasure of what poets term "happy childhood," that is, gormandizing to their heart's content—when lasses expect presents, and swains evince their tact and delicacy, by gratifying those expectations in the most appropriate way; indeed for unremembered ages, amid all the change and mutability of human affairs—the getting up and putting down of princes and potentates, powers and principalities; the rise and fall of stocks, statesmen, generals, and plenipotentiaries—this season has been invariably set apart for joy and hilarity—for a mutual interchange of good offices—for giving and receiving—and the policy and propriety of putting a book, expressly intended for this season, into the hands of the public before the dog-days are well over, is not exactly apparent. It does not accord with the natural fitness of things; and when the proper time for their presentation arrives, instead of the lady receiving her Token or Talisman with the gloss of novelty fresh upon its silken leaves; it has become little better than an old song, and the contents of its delicate pages have been transferred into half the vile white-and-brown newspapers in the country, and jumbled up with politics, law-suits, quack-advertisements, and other ill-flavoured and anti-sentimental concoctions. But what avails it to say these things? This is the age of competition, and one half of mankind are assiduously employed in pulling the bread out of the mouths of the other half, frequently without securing a crumb for their own, and it is about as much use talking reasonably to them on such subjects, as to make a set speech, touching the virtues of moderation and forbearance, to two hungry dogs over an un-picked bone.

Mr. Goodrich, of Boston, has fallen in with the prevailing custom, and his "Token" has been sent into this breathing world "before its time," though we cannot continue the quotation and say that it is either "half made up," or "lame and unfashionably." We have been politely favoured with an

early, that is, a very early copy, and will do our best to give somewhat of a tolerably impartial account of it. We say tolerably impartial, because the public are so unused to an altogether unbiassed opinion on a subject, that it might seem strange to them, and moreover be deemed presumptuous in us to commence such a startling innovation. As, however, from dear-bought experience, they have got into the habit of making a deduction of ninety-nine per cent. from what is said in favour of any thing, it would be unfair not to keep up a small balance of praise in favour of the present handsome volume.

In classing the American annuals of last year, we would put the Token first as regards the texture of the paper, neatness of binding, and general appearance; and place it between the Talisman of this city, and the Atlantic Souvenir of Philadelphia in point of literary merit. As compared with itself of last year, there is no falling off in the former particulars, and a visible improvement is apparent in the latter. Many of the articles are not only good in themselves, but such as will add to the already well-earned literary reputation of their authors; for instance, the "Country Cousin," a beautiful tale, told with all the unaffected and graceful ease of the authoress of "Hope Leslie;" the "Withered Man," by William L. Stone; and the "Utilitarian," by John Neal; though utility is rather a *mal-a-propos* subject for the beautiful and expensive little volume which contains it. The poetry, though not impregnated with any great quantity of the fire of genius, evinces considerable talent; it is very pretty and agreeable, and reads as smoothly as it looks. Some of the best of it is from the pen of the editor himself, and Mrs. Sigourney, Willis, Mellen, and other popular poets have also furnished contributions. One thing is against it; a good part of it has been "made to measure," that is, written to suit the plates, instead of the plates being engraved to illustrate the subjects.

There is one story, which, being altogether out of the common, we have copied, entitled the "Height of Impudence." This is an unique affair, and evidently written by one that knows something; such a man as people intend to describe when they wink their eye and say, "he's no fool;" thereby meaning to distinguish the person so indicated from the mass of his fellow-mortals. The writer of this article ought to indite a duodecimo on phraseology, illustrated with examples, for he certainly has the knack of forming the most ludicrous and out-of-the-way combination of words imaginable. But this is by no means his principal qualification; he has an uncommonly fine eye for the ridiculous; for instance, the democratic, revolutionary, worthy Jedidiah Cobb, in his borrowed boots, "waiving all considerations of rank" towards his bootless, shoeless, stockingless, and consequently bare-legged, henroost-robbing comrade.

The embellishments are thirteen in number, and many of them are executed in a manner highly creditable to the artists. The Doomed Bride, painted by H. Inman and engraved by G. W. Hatch, forms the frontispiece. The bride is a glorious looking woman. The ample and elegant proportions of her figure—her swanlike neck, and beautifully intelligent countenance, form altogether a very desirable object. Though leanness in a woman is ever to be abhorred, the arms, we think, are rather too substantial. The Banks of the Juniata is a sweet and tranquil scene, engraved by G. B. Ellis, from a painting by the justly admired Doughty; and a fine contrast to it is a bold and striking picture entitled Chocorua's Curse, from the vigorous pencil of Cole, also engraved by Hatch: the scene is laid amid the wilds and fastnesses of the New-Hampshire hills. The best plate, however, in the volume, is, we think, the Lost Children, engraved by J. Cheney, from a painting of Scheffer. The portraits of J. G. C. Brainard and Grandfather's Hobby, have somewhat of a gray and misty appearance, though this may perhaps be the fault of the printing of these two plates in the copy now before us. Altogether the Token is well worthy the patronage of the public.

THE YANKEE.

The September number of this Magazine is excellent, and deserves far more praise than we have leisure this week to bestow upon it. We cannot, however, refrain from calling the attention of the reader to the rich intellectual banquet which Mr. Neal has served up for the present month.

THE NEW FOREST.

The Messrs. Harper have this novel in press, and will publish it in the course of a few days. The following is from the Court Journal: "To say that the New Forest is by the author of Brambletye House and Zillah, implies that it is lively, graphic, and forcible; and such must be the general impression after a perusal."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PERIPATETIC.—NO. XV.

DIGNITY.

"Mark! 'e'en a dog's obeyed in office."

No one can mingle at all with the world without perceiving the wonderful impudence which characterises many individuals. The charm of a kind and friendly manner is inexpressible. When experienced in an inferior, it lulls you into a forgetfulness of the distinction between you; for, where you behold it acknowledged by another, you are willing to conceal it yourself; and if one of high talents and reputation addresses you with familiarity, regard for his rank is blended with gratitude for his gentleness, and respect is elevated into affection. They who are really great and noble, are usually the most affable in their deportment. A consciousness that their claims to excellence will not be denied or forgotten, renders it unnecessary to push them into notice by arrogance. However solicitous to be admired, they appeal tacitly to their works, characters, or actions, and instead of managing to obtain admiration, they are anxious only to impart pleasure. How willingly we yield to such an one our praise and esteem. What instruction and delight we realize from his society. Envy melts away before his smile, and criticism, disarmed and idle, refuses to attack him. Even vice may so clothe herself in the garb of complaisance, as to disguise her hideous features, or, when they are at length revealed, to cause us to turn with reluctance from their seductive influence. By the aid of this easily acquired and simple demeanour, men have won their way through the heated contests and opposing difficulties of life, from the lowest obscurity up to wealth, fame, and power. It is a treasure free to all. An ornament to honesty, a cover for ignorance, to beauty an enchantment, for ugliness a disguise; and yet it seems to me that the ugliest, the lowest, the poorest, and the most contemptible, are the very ones apt to neglect its acquisition, and to render themselves infinitely more vile and despicable by impertinence and pride. In a city there is always a gang of raggamuffin upstarts, who have emerged, by some accidental turn of fortune, from their natural depths of obscurity into the temporary light and power of public occupation. It is amusing to mark the actions and insolence of these gentry, who have frequently furnished me lessons more instructive than books. In nine cases out of ten you may fathom the depth of a man's understanding by the extent of his hauteur, when his station affords him an opportunity to display the natural vanity and meanness of his disposition with impunity. And invariably, as you advance up the scale of rank, you find politeness and modesty in proportion to the real loftiness of merit and place. I have seen a fireman abandoning himself to this kind of detestable insanity when the occasion offered no kind of excuse. Such a fellow will clap his great leathern cap upon his head, strap his frock around his sturdy form, seize a huge trumpet with perfect fury, and even when the conflagration is extinguished and he is returning home, dogs, hogs, little children, men, and often women, in the quiet pursuance of their way, experience the effect of his brief importance, and are either spattered with mud or perhaps jostled off the walk with an oath. This is by no means applicable to the body of brave and hardy men who compose the firemen of the city, but only directed to those few impetuous and conceited spirits, whom they and I equally despise.

If, however, you wish to behold the effects of this ambitious disposition, go into the court rooms of the city hall, and, with the exception of one or two sensible and clever fellows, you shall behold among the constables a great display of dignity. I have seen a huge red-nosed instrument of justice, by the authority of his pole, take hold of a gentleman, whose curiosity

as a stranger had brought him to the hall, and turn him out with force and arms in a most unceremonious manner; and in the lower part of the hall, this domineering and impertinent spirit is not confined to the officers, but springs up too frequently where should exist every art to allay the feelings and enlighten the understanding, not to inflame the passions, and increase the confusion and warmth of litigation. There is a class of men who imagine they accomplish their duty when they perform some generous actions, or are known to be tolerably honest. Satisfied with this, they deem it unnecessary to take any farther trouble about themselves; and, in some instances, go so far as to adopt a crabbed, malicious, and impudent manner towards all with whom, by the circumstances of business, they are brought in contact. To their friends they are kind enough, and perhaps do not beat their wives, nor tyrannize over their children. This is less inexcusable when the individual is in a private station, but where his dealings are necessarily with the public, most of whom are not related to him by any ties of kindred, or habits of friendship, when he is kept by a superior power where the people must apply to him for the transaction of their affairs, it is highly probable that if the dignity of his office cannot elevate him above the impropriety of giving offence, it will not protect him from the danger of receiving insult. A gentleman may forget the rudeness in a bailiff which he would remember in a judge. The one would excite contempt. The other would provoke resentment.

Among this kind of people there is an idea that they must conduct themselves with dignity; that they must repel familiarity by an air of haughtiness; and thus keep the spectators continually in mind of the situation which they hold, and the respect that is to be paid them. Now this same dignity is one of the most ridiculous things in the world. There are but few occasions which call for it, and then it should never be the result of any consciousness of importance; but should rather be the natural and irrepressible effect of one's own feelings. At any crisis of danger, he who is self-possessed and fearless, who thinks with clearness, and acts without hesitation, will display the dignity of intellect and courage. When Julius Cæsar was stabbed by the conspirators, his action was marked by the impress of genuine nobleness and grandeur; and at the sight of his friend Brutus in the act of running his sword through the heart that loved him, his exclamation—"and you too, Brutus?"—so calm, so contemplative in the horror and surprise of the moment, so mingling deep affection with gentle rebuke, is an instance of dignity worthy indeed of admiration. But the little dignity of office, the exercise of low and insignificant importance, the insult which accident suffers a man to inflict upon a superior placed for a moment without defence, is the mockery of an unreflecting mind and a bad heart. D.

THE TRAVELLER.

REMINISCENCES OF CHINA.

MR. MORRIS.—I have a number of scraps concerning China, which might not be totally uninteresting to your readers. They were collected from actual observation, or intercourse with the inhabitants, during three years residence in Canton, Singapore, and Malacca. If you will accept them, they are entirely at your disposal. The following respecting punishments in the celestial empire, will show what a merciful being the "son of heaven" is, who orders them all. People in this part of the globe, know very little about their fellow-beings in the east.

PUNISHMENTS IN CHINA.

The most dreadful punishments are inflicted upon criminals in the "celestial empire," and crimes are there committed more frequently, perhaps, than in any other country in the world.

For the murder of a parent, or near relative, or for rebellion, the prisoner is made to undergo a punishment called ling-che, which is performed by cutting him to pieces by degrees, commencing at the hands or feet. In case he has any friend who will bribe the executioner, the torture may soon be stopped, and his sufferings cease by piercing him to the heart. At times this may be done for a small amount. Another punishment for the same offence is as follows: the culprit is fastened with his back to a large cross stuck in the ground, with his hands and feet tied so that he cannot move an inch in any direction; an incision is then made across the forehead, and the skin is pulled down over the eyes and face; then the hands, feet, legs, arms, and head, are severally cut off from the trunk, which is finally stabbed to the heart. Beheading is a punishment for murder. The prisoner is made to kneel in some public place, on a scaffold facing the throne of the "son of heaven," and, as if returning thanks for the punishment about to be received, he bows to the ground; and, while raising his head, it is struck off by one blow with the sword; it is then put in a cage, sent to the place where the crime was committed, and hung at the end of a pole, which is raised in the air. The men employed in this service are very expert and strong, and go to their work with as much composure as butchers. Prisoners are often after being confined in jail a long time, let loose and branded on the forehead with a hot iron, so that they will be known wherever they go. For stealing, the thief is dragged through the streets by a party of soldiers, who alternately lash him with a thong of plaited rattan on the bare back, and beat a large gong to give the people notice of what is to take place. In some cases the knees and ankles are compressed in an iron machine made for the purpose. There is no punishment more common or unmercifully executed than that of whipping. Smuggling saltpetre into the country from which powder may be manufactured, is punished by decapitation. Leaving the country to go to another is death by law. Strangling is another common punishment, and was inflicted upon an American sailor some years ago for accidentally killing a Chinese boat-woman. The criminal was tied to a post stuck in the ground, with his hands and feet fastened; a stout cord was then put round his neck, and passed through a hole in the post; a stick of about one and a half inches in diameter was put through the end; and the executioner, standing behind, wrenched it round. No cap or covering of any kind was placed over the face during the execution.

The following crimes are very leniently punished: a grandfather or grandmother who kill a grandchild, a father or mother who wilfully murder their own son or daughter, and a master or mistress who put to death a domestic slave, are only punished with sixty or seventy blows; and should they wish to lay the murder falsely on some other person, the punishment is but eighty blows, and three years transportation. Torture is allowed by law in China, and defined to what extent it shall be carried; but magistrates often exceed their authority, and sometimes even kill the prisoner.

At all executions the military and officers of the district are obliged to attend; but in some places they are so common, that, unless five or six are to be executed, the mandarine, instead of going himself, sends a deputy.

Punishments in China are not always enforced according to the nature of the crime committed; but are often according to the whim of the presiding magistrate, for, as there is no jury, he decides in all cases, except in capital crimes, as he pleases. H.

It matters not whether our good humour be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his happiness by what the world may think of it.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

From the Token, for 1830.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

BY JAMES ISAACS.

MR. A. FLINT was a clerk in one of the public institutions in the city of New-York. He received a modest salary for his services, which enabled him to support in comfort, and with unambitious propriety, a wife and a very small family. It is not at present necessary to be more explicit as to his circumstances. He was a good man; that is to say, good enough, according to the moral barometer of his times and his topical latitude and longitude. But he was a man of timid disposition; and, though not troubled himself with thick coming fancies, was apt to be troubled by those of other people, whether they were traditional or inspired. Mr. Flint had no great taste for encountering belligerent flesh and blood in the day time; and of ghosts in the night time he had a mortal abhorrence.

Now he was returning once, on a winter afternoon, after his daily labours, to his dwelling in one of the streets in the upper part of the town, which cross the Bowery lane, reflecting, probably, on the small concerns comprehended in the small routine of his own operations and associations. I have no right to thrust a candle into his encephalic machinery, or to mention any other of his cogitations than the following. He reflected that his wife had gone to drink tea with her neighbour, Mistress Dobbs, and had taken the three small children and infant with her, and that he had promised to call for them; and, as he felt already very much fatigued indeed, he sorrowed that the balance of his daily labour was not yet stricken.

But, as may be inferred, he was an obedient husband, and easily pacified with a good reason, or no reason at all, when he got it from his wife. He grinned and bore the minor trials of this life with creditable and enviable resignation. One other domestic anticipation, at the point of time from which I start, made him uneasy. He was apprehensive that his solitary domestic, with her usual Gallo-like contempt of orders, had availed herself of the absence of her mistress and her Cupids, to go a-visiting likewise; thus leaving the house empty of all live stock, save the cat and her customers.

The day had been cloudy; and when our friend arrived at his own door, it was, as they say, pretty much dark. He knocked; but no one appeared, nor did he hear any stirring within. The house was of humble pretensions, having but one entrance in front. The door of this, with considerate precaution, was always fastened on the inside; but, as dead silence succeeded to the reverberations of a second knock, our friend thought he might as well, by way of experiment, try the handle before he went to the neighbouring grocery store, where the key was usually left on such emergencies. Much to his surprise, this piece of chironomy operated as an open sesame; or, in plainer English, the door opened, and he stood in his own entry. Internally bestowing a malison on the untrustworthy wench, who had left the house thus desolate and liable to invasion, and, with a slight flutter of trepidation, Mr. Flint made his way through the dark but familiar passage, hoping to find in his little back parlour, sparks enough among the ashes to light a candle with.

Hastily entering, and unconsciously closing the door behind him, he was thrown into an unequivocal paroxysm of terror. A far better fire than had ever gladdened it under Mrs. Flint's administration, was blazing on the hearth. Two spermaceti candles on the mantelpiece, long kept for ornament and not for use, were dispensing their radiance beautifully. There was light, and too much of it; for, right in front of the fire, with his back to Flint, sat the strangest figure

his eyes ever beheld. It was sitting on a pillow, which must have appertained to the family bed, and have been brought from a room above; and the *coup d'œil* our friend took, before the ague of his fear came upon him, revealed to him the astounding fact, that this phantom was using for a spit-box the curiously painted China jar, which his wife's aunt had left her in her will, and which had been immemorially, that is to say, for seven years, the pride of Mrs. Flint's mantelpiece. That mantelpiece was now singularly adorned with two very muddy old overshoes, one hanging on each side from a branch of a brass ornament; while an old greasy hat, with a brim whose circumference was as large as that of a corn basket, depended between them from the nail that supported the picture of Flint's grandfather. Other desecration seemed to have taken place; but the visible objects in his back parlour were presented to our friend, just as those on the road are to a traveller, in a dark night, by a flash of lightning. The presence of the representation of a man before the fire, palsied his physical energies, and he was completely terrified. His immediate impulse was to make his exit, more rapidly than he had made his entrance, and to call for help from his neighbours. But, either from the disordered state of his nerves, or from some other cause which is unknown, the knob of the lock was not so successfully tractable as its brother at the street door had been, and our friend's dalliance with it was ineffectual;

"For his trembling hand
Refused to aid his heavy heart's demand."

But, heavens and earth! what were his feelings, when the Eidolon before the fire slowly turned round, and fixed him with its calm, cold, fascinating gaze! He did not swoon; but, as the clammy moisture gushed from his forehead, stood, upheld by the energy of his own terror, which was so strong, that if his organs of speech could have executed a monosyllable, his paralysed will was not able to dictate it. I hold it to be indecorous to go further into the anatomy of the passion of fear.

"Amaziah," said the image, "sit down. I have something to say to thee."

Cold and stern and hollow were the tones in which these words were uttered. But whether it was that Flint had picked up enough of demonology to know that ghosts never speak first, or that his courage began to ooze back into his finger nails again, in small quantities, he made his way, as one does who is about to faint, to a seat in the corner most remote from his visitant, and there sat, neither alive nor dead, with moveless limbs, rayless eyes, and monumental expression, waiting, like the sailor who was blown out of the juggler's show-room, to see "what would be done next."

"Thou art cold, Amaziah," said the apparition. "Approach the fire."

Its eyes glared with steady and glassy fulness on the master of the house, who, beneath their scrutiny, could no more execute the poetry or prose of motion, than philosophers can explain its final cause.

"I tell thee, approach the fire! I must speak with thee," again said the voice.

Intense passion of any kind cannot keep its bent long. Whether Flint had too little wits to be scared out of them, or familiarity reconciled him even to this horrible presence, his system began to be agitated by an attempt to exercise its muscular functions. There was something so imperative in the tone of the speaker's command, that it resuscitated our friend's will, from amidst the prostration of all his other faculties. So, to use the language of a great statesman, he began to try to develop his ineffectual energies; and, though it was utterly out of his power to perform in that branch of gymnastics which Touchstone called "tasting his legs," he contrived to wriggle along on his chair, towards the fireplace about as fast, and as straight, and as gracefully, as a turtle moves on a smooth floor, or an eyestone in vinegar. As if to accommodate him, with a movement

so instantaneous and silent that Flint did not see how it was effected, the appearance transferred itself and its chair to the other side of the fireplace; and when the involuntary host had, in a manner infinitely more dilatory, but equally unintelligible to himself, made what mathematicians call an approximation, on his side, he sat right opposite to the phantom. And, though he had not then the power of examining its contour and costume, I may as well describe them now as at any other time.

It bore the semblance of an old man; and, though not in any of the commonplace characteristics of venerable old age, yet in an indescribable peculiarity of the features, and in there being a want of any expression in the round blue eye, indicative of associations with the circumstances of the breathing and active world, an impression was communicated to the beholder, of extreme and unnatural longevity. It was dressed in a butternut-coloured suit, of antique fashion and coarse fabric, a red waistcoat, and thick mixed-coloured hose, and had accommodated its feet with a new pair of yellow slippers, belonging to Flint himself, its brogues having been hung up to illustrate the mantelpiece, as I have before stated. Around its neck something of different colours was curiously twisted like a cable, and knotted under the left ear. Certain singular spots in this cravat looked like eyes, and had a fearful effect. It had a red worsted night-cap on its head with a black tassel on the top. No hair was visible beneath it; but a long queue, fastened with an eel skin, stuck out in front over the right shoulder. The forehead was ample, marked with many deep lines, but not corrugated; and beneath it coldly gleamed the large, speculative, but unimpassioned orbs before mentioned. It was chewing the Indian weed, and liberally bestowed the juice in every direction, with great energy and great impartiality, on the carpet, hearth, chimneypiece, &c.

Flint had scarcely effected his transit to the chimney corner, when the Mystery again addressed him.

"Amaziah," it said, "I am dry. Get me some brandy and water, and help thyself. Thou art either cold or sick."

There was a carnality about this invitation to partake of creature comforts, which certainly qualified the spiritual tremor of our friend in some degree. Perhaps he began to entertain a glimmering suspicion that the shadowy old man was a live one, and a very impudent one too. If so, the equilibrium of his nerves was by no means restored in consequence of the doubt; for the personification of impudence, which had thus occupied his parlour, and taken possession of his appurtenances, would not scruple, being alone with him in the house, to blow out his brains in case of resistance. Between the fear, therefore of the invisible world, as present or as to come, while he became more able to stir, it was only to be less unable to disobey the vision. Let him not be brought into utter contempt for such lack of manhood. Plutarch tells a story of a renowned man, who saw a tall old woman at the end of a passage, sweeping the floor, and was half frightened to death. Now if this had been only, as perhaps it was, actually a tall old woman, and she had come up to the illustrious man, brandishing her besom, and threatening to belabor him, unless he marched off, he would have minded her orders, as Flint did those of the audacious spectre.

With some difficulty, therefore, he arose, and took from his pocket the key of a cupboard, which was about one pace distant from him. This manœuvre he contrived to effect the more readily, as he was enabled to turn his back on the overbearing Anonymous. But to adapt this little guardian of his small store of drinkables to its corresponding wards, was a much more troublesome operation. The courtier who pretended to essay to thrust the sword into the scabbard, held by the virgin queen, had a task comparatively easy.

Meantime the self-constituted *bien-venu* stretched out his legs leisurely, putting one foot against the chimneypiece, and the other on the family bible.

which reposed on a little table, much respected as the depository of all Mrs. Flint's working apparatus and knick-knacks. At the same time he contrived to shift another small table, which was at long arm's length from him, in front of the fire; so that when Flint had succeeded in extracting his decanter from its sanctum, and, with averted face, was holding it with a hand as willing as King John's, when he signed Magna Charta, and as steady as that of Dr. Faustus, when he signed his compact with the enemy, certain it was, that the table was between the stranger and himself; and he had only to dump the bottle down upon it, a feat which he accomplished without breaking either.

"There is water on the sideboard, Amaziah, and tumblers for two," said the old Dictator, in the same dry, imperative tone.

Flint brought his pitcher, and then his tumblers. As he happened to catch a glimpse of his volunteer customer's countenance, he reeled backwards; and, by a curious accidental process, caught hold of his own chair, and, bringing it forwards, collapsed into it; and there he sat by the table, with the inexplicable "lord of his house and hospitality," who seemed more horrible to him than Wordsworth's "meagre Want;" though I am not aware that he had ever read the sonnet.

The representation of an old gentleman immediately helped himself to what is called by the cockneys a "pretty stuff noggin;" in other words, he filled up more than one third of the half pint tumbler with the fluid on which the "sweet naiad of the Phlegethonic rill" presides. He did this with an unsounding motion, and a silent laugh, like that of Hawk-eye, in the "Last of the Mohicans." He then watered the fiery liquid from the pitcher, with an idea of that simple element, which Pindar says "is best," till the contents of the glass rose a few lines higher than they did before the apologetic dilution.

"Now, my son," said he, "drink that down, right away. It will do thee good. I cannot stay long; and I wish to discharge thee as quickly as possible."

So saying, the Abomination took out its quid, and, giving it an emphatic toss, plastered it over a rose, in a picture drawn by Mrs. Flint when she was at school, and which now ornamented the wall opposite to the old man. Our friend did as he was commanded, and quaffed off the strong waters. He had never before, in the whole course of his life, in which he counted seven lustres and a large fraction of another, swallowed at a single gulp, a fourth part of the dose of high wines qualified with *coccus indicus* and other enormities, which was now administered to him. I do not believe that a chemical analysis of his potations, during any week of his previous existence, would have given so tremendous a result as that which he was now fain to pour down his throat, mainly because he was terrified into so doing, and partly, perhaps, from a faint hope of plucking up a little of what is called Dutch courage. But henceforth I shall be dramatic only, leaving the philosophy of motives and actions to my readers' own good sense, if they happen to have any. It is a rare possession.

The guest tossed off his own glass, made a wry face, and exclaiming, "Shocking stuff, Amaziah," took the decanter and pitcher entirely into his own keeping.

"Now, sir," he continued, "listen to what I have to say to you. Put your feet on that thing, and be attentive, because my business is a serious one."

So saying, the Phenomenon "put forth," with the promptness required of the property-man in the infancy of the English stage, a stool covered with embroidered silk, for which Mrs. Flint had a particular veneration, because the lambkin disfigured in the worsted, which had been cruelly darned into the fabric of the cover, had been wrought by her grandmother. They call one of the yarns which they use to make fanciful decorations of this description, crewel; and I do not wonder at it. Our poor friend was obliged to desecrate the stool, and

to clap his soiled boots on the lambkin, which none of his babes had ever dared to touch with their cherubic fingers, without incurring a reprimand which left visible marks on their tender cuticles. Ah! if his wife had been at home! But she, alas! unconscious matron! was drinking tea with Mrs. Dobbs, not dreaming of the predicament of her husband, who sat shaking in the company of this impudent wizzard,

"While all his household gods were shivered round him."

"Look me in the face, Amaziah," said the Tasker.

"I—I," stammered Flint, "want to know—"

"Listen to me, young man, if you please. You are at the expense of the firewood, and light, and this brandy, such as it is. I will not put you to the additional expense of conversation. Hold your tongue. I was a friend of your grandf'ther," slurring the penult. "Do you want to see him?"

Flint looked at the old hat.

"Not that miserable daub," said the uncivil personage, rising in apparent choler, and removing his hat. "Do you call *that* your grandf'ther? Pshaw! I will show you how he looked." So saying, he took some cinders from the hearth, and delineated with them a monstrous pair of black whiskers on the pale cheeks of Flint's ancestor. Then making a mark in each eye, which made each squint in a different direction, he observed, in a tone of indignation, "There now, that *does* look something like old Peter Flint. But," replacing the hat, "that is not what I mean. Shall I bring your grandf'ther up, sir; shall we have him up?" stamping violently on the floor.

"N—o—o," said Amaziah.

"Well, I don't know that there is any use in bothering him about it. It would be a serious job; and I know he would rather keep quiet. Keep yourself quiet, sir." Here he finished his second tumbler, and helped himself to another.

"I come here to talk to you, young Flint, about an old business between your grandf'ther and myself. Keep your feet on that old stool, and listen to me. Your grandf'ther and I were fellow soldiers in the revolutionary war. I have a great regard for you on his account. I waived the inferiority of his rank, and entertained for him the greatest friendship, though he was a great fool in many respects, and too much addicted to lying."

Amaziah hickupped and sneezed.

"It is not mannerly to make that kind of noise, sir," said the guest, very solemnly. "I must, though it is a serious job, bring your grandf'ther up, to make you listen with decorum and attention." He plucked out the tongs which he had thrust into the fire, and rising, made a circle with its red hot extremities, round a sheepish looking lion in the rug, which Mrs. Flint had purchased but a few days before, as a great second-hand bargain. At the same time he lighted a whole bunch of matches at once, in the candle, and whirled them in fiery spirals and other curves over our friend's head, muttering words in a strange tongue. The smell of burnt wool and of brimstone, and the awful attitude of the necromancer, well nigh made Flint swoon away entirely. He could only articulate, "No, no, no," in a manner so whining, piteous, and imploring,

"—was ne'er prophetic so und so full of wo."

"Once more, then, I forbear," said the Magician.

"But beware henceforth. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit." There was a strange noise from the cellar. He threw the matches in the fire, whirled the tongs three times round the ceiling, delineating upon it something like the zodiac of Denderah; then opening the legs of the tongs wide, and laying them across the table, he resumed his seat, while Flint, with his eyes shut, and with a chill of horror, waited for the awful revelation. Considering all the accompanying circumstances concurring to intimidate him, it is my opinion that his acquiescence can be more naturally accounted for, than that of the "wedding

guest," whom the "ancient mariner" jockeyed out of his frolic, merely by "holding him with his glittering eye," and telling him a long cock-and-a-bull story.

"Hear me, then, Amaziah," said the ancient warrior, "and be not so loquacious. I am an old man; and my time is short. During the revolutionary war, I and your grandf'ther were friends. He was a private, and I was an adjutant in the corps of musicians, when the army lay at Valley Forge. Silence, sir! Sit up, and look more like a soldier and a gentleman, for the credit of your grandf'ther. I had a great regard for him. I must now proceed to the matter of business between your grandf'ther and myself, in relation to which I have called upon you; and which I have hitherto kept secret from mortal ears, out of regard to the memory of the dead, the repose of Christian souls, and motives of personal delicacy. Circumstances now render it not only proper, but necessary that I should make to you the following communication. Ahem! When the army lay at Valley Forge, at about nineteen minutes past six o'clock, one stormy night, when the wind was blowing from every quarter, General Washington sent for me to his quarters, and we had an interesting conversation together. What passed is of course secret; but the result was, that I agreed to go out of the lines, on a most important confidential mission, taking with me one such trustworthy person as I should think proper to select, to assist me in this service. I selected your grandf'ther. Though I was an adjutant, and he was only a private, yet as we were fellow-soldiers in the great war of independence, I waived all questions of rank; and though he often acted like a fool, was sadly given to lying, and would steal when he had an opportunity, yet I had a personal regard for him, as he was in the habit of paying strict obedience to my orders and advice. On that same stormy night, the wind blowing as I have already told you, from every quarter, I and your revered grandf'ther set out on our secret mission, a hint as to the object of which one Cooper pretends to give in a crazy novel. But I assure you that it is all a humbug, and the secret shall die with me. The commander-in-chief said to me in our confidential interview;—"Cobb"—my name is Jedidiah Cobb—"Cobb," said he, "I repose unlimited confidence in your intelligence, valour, and discretion." And well he might. He also lent me a pair of his own jack-boots; for I and your revered grandf'ther were both barefooted at that time, Amaziah. In those times which tried men's *soles*, we had no such luxuries as you and I are now indulged with. We had no comfortable stout shoes to march in during the day time; nor could we at night hang them up, like those, to dry gradually, without being scorched, and put on such easy slippers as these. But to continue my relation. We left the camp at midnight, when all was silent, having the pass-word. I went in the direction I proposed taking, and your revered grandf'ther trotted barefoot behind me, at a respectful distance. We might have proceeded about half a mile, when our path led past a farm yard. I heard a cackling from one of the outhouses, and, turning my head, saw your grandf'ther crawling on all fours towards it. I immediately went back, seized him by the collar, and dragged him onwards a hundred yards or more, until we were out of the reach of observation, when I threatened to blow his brains out with a pistol which I had with me, if he attempted any of his old tricks. I told him that it was disgracing the service, and discredited to my character and that of the commander-in-chief, for our confidential agent to be robbing every henroost along the road. We then proceeded, your grandf'ther following at the same respectful distance, until we entered a pass between two high, rough, and perpendicular hills. Proceeding with great caution, I was suddenly struck with a very fearful appearance, which stood on one side of the road, at about twenty yards in advance of me. It was very tall, and white, and seemed waving to and fro a floating mantle, which covered it entirely, with solemn

and threatening gestures. I ordered your grandf'ther to come up, and demanded his opinion as to what the apparition was. Not that I wanted it, or had not made up my own mind; but I deemed it judicious, in order to justify me in my own proceedings. The old fool first guessed that it was moonlight, though the night was as dark as pitch; then that it was a waterfall; and then that it was smoke. While he was making these wise conjectures, the thing vanished. I marched boldly forward, bidding him follow. When we had passed the spot, and emerged into more level ground, I told him that we had seen a spook. In his ignorance, he pretended to laugh at me. I felt a strong inclination to chastise him for his presumption; but recollecting my duty to the country, and considering that it is best to deal with a fool according to his folly, I offered to bet him fifty dollars, continental money, that we had seen a ghost, and that I would convince him of it. He took me up; and I ordered him to follow me, holding no further conversation with him. I executed my mission, and received the private thanks of the general, in terms too flattering to repeat.

"It was but a few days after, that your grandf'ther, in climbing over an oven, to get into a window, with a view of stealing a piece of bacon, fell down and fractured his skull. I felt sorry for his loss. I had a regard for him, notwithstanding all his failings. Now, Amaziah, I come to the point of my business with you. I have seen that spectre since. I saw it on another perilous occasion, and conversed with it. When and where, I must not tell you; but I have its own word that it was a ghost, and that it would have spoken to me on the former occasion, had not your grandf'ther been present. My time is short, and I must settle up my accounts before I go. I calculate that the continental money which your grandf'ther lost by our wager, was worth about a dollar in hard money; which, with compound interest from that time, amounts now to nine dollars three and sixpence. This you must pay me. If you doubt the truth and honour of an old soldier, sir, I will give you proof on the spot, which will blast your senses with conviction. I will call up that terrible ghost, though the house should tumble about our ears. Shall I do it?"

"No," said Flint, "but—"

"You have the money in your pocket, sir; you were paid off to-day. My time is short."

Here he bent over towards Flint, and glared upon him, as the poor man, with trembling hands, drew forth his pocket-book and fumbled with its contents. A ten dollar bill fell on the table. Immediately a monstrous bony, brown, and freckled hand, with nails long, hooked, and black, was spread over it; and in the next instant the guest had thrust it in his pocket. He drew out a crumpled piece of paper, and some jingling pieces of metal, which he laid down.

"There," said he, "is your receipt, and there is your change. I am glad to see that you are a man of honour, and pleased to find that you are so intelligent a young man. I must go now, but I will call again soon, and spend the day with you. Give my best respects to your wife."

So saying, he finished the contents of the decanter, kicked off Flint's slippers, and taking his brogues down, put them on, and tied them very leisurely. He then took down his hat, and said; "You may light me to the door, Amaziah."

The poor host, who felt terribly vexed, though still overawed, obeyed. The door now yielded to his attempts, and he had just got into the entry, followed by the old soldier, when the front door also opened, and Mrs. Flint entered with her three interesting babes, and the servant carrying the infant. The guest immediately advanced.

"My dear Mrs. Flint," he exclaimed, taking her in his arms and kissing her before she had time even to scream, "I was afraid I should not have seen you at all. And these are your sweet, pretty children. I must

come soon and spend the day with you. I was in hopes to have found you at home."

"Who is this person, Mr. Flint?" said the lady.

"My name is Cobb, madam, Jedidiah Cobb. Your husband will tell you about it; but I must tear myself away from your embraces at present, because my time is short."

So saying, he departed. It would be impertinent to dwell on the domestic scene which ensued. Flint made a complaint in the police office the next morning, and the case was reported in a morning newspaper, as one of bloody murder, accompanied with strong symptoms of abduction.

UNPUBLISHED SONG OF LORD BYRON.

They say that hope is happiness;
But genuine love must prize the past,
And mem'ry wakes the thoughts that bless—
They rose the first, they set the last;

And all that mem'ry loves the most
Was once our only hope to be
And all that hope adored and lost
Hath melted into memory.

Alas! it is delusion all:
The future cheats us from afar,
Nor can we be what we recall,
Nor dare we think on what we are.

THE CAMELEON.

This singular little animal is thus noticed by Mr. Madden, in the account of his travels in Turkey: "I had a camelion which lived for three months, another two months, and several which I gave away after keeping them ten days or a fortnight. Of all the irascible little animals in the world, there are none so choleric as the camelion. I trained two large ones to fight, and could at any time, by knocking them against one another, insure a combat, during which their change of colour was most conspicuous: this is only affected by paroxysms of rage, when the dark gall of the animal is transmitted into the blood, and is visible enough under its pelucid skin. The gall, as it enters and leaves the circulation, affords the three various shades of green which are observable in its colour—the story of the camelion assuming whatever colour is near it, is like that of its living upon air, a fable. It is extremely voracious. I had one so tame that I could place it on a stick opposite to a window, and in the course of ten minutes I have seen it devour half a dozen flies; its mode of catching them is very singular; the tongue is a thin cartilaginous dart, anchor shaped; this it thrusts forth with great velocity, and never fails to catch its prey. The mechanism of the eyes of the camelion is extremely curious; it has the power of projecting the eye a considerable distance from the socket, and can make it revolve in all directions."

From the *Atlantic Souvenir* for 1830.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

The birds, when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away,
Where laughing isles in sunshine lie,
And summer breezes play:
And thus the friends that flutter near
While fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if a cloud appear,
And fly before the storm.

But when from winter's howling plains
Each other warbler's past,
The little snow-bird still remains,
And chirrup midst the blast.
Love, like that bird, when friendship's throng
With fortune's sun depart,
Still lingers with its cheerful song,
And nestles on the heart.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

THE theatrical mania has worked its own cure, or rather, worked its own ruin, and instead of half-a-dozen irregular establishments, there is now one regular theatre receiving the remunerating patronage of the public; and this is enough for ten years to come, unless times change and the circulating medium becomes more plentiful than it has been for some months past. We know that opposition is a grand incentive to exertion with managers, and that the absence of it is apt to generate an easy, self-satisfied, jog-trot way of doing business, but

as no tendency towards this state of things is as yet observable at the Park, it is charitable to suppose there will not be any, and it is time enough to speak about it when there is. Mr. and Mrs. Sloman have both been "moving the waters," though by a totally different series of operations; and Mr. Cauldwell and Miss Kelly are playing together in the best comedies, while Forrest and Clara Fisher are engaged, and will shortly appear. This does not look like slumbering. Besides several sterling comedies of the older dramatists, a new opera, and the interesting drama of Black-eyed Susan, which created such a sensation in London, are in rehearsal. The standing company too, is stronger than it has been at any former period. Our old favourite Mrs. Hackett has returned; and then there is the agreeable Mrs. Wallack, and three fresh additions in the persons of a sensible man of the name of Blakely, a Mr. Chapman, and a Mr. Mercer, who is not only an addition, but a very desirable acquisition. He does the Irish line of business, thus relieving Mr. Woodhull of a small fraction of his multitudinous labours.

There is one thing we are glad to perceive, which is, that the ladies this season generally enter the dress circle with their heads arranged in a manner pleasant to look upon, and a hat is seldom to be seen unless on the head of a recent importation from New Jersey, or the interior of this state; so that the male part of the creation have now not only a chance of contemplating the beautiful ringlets of the ladies, but of seeing the play into the bargain. C.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Melongena, or Egg Plant.—This excellent vegetable is of comparatively recent introduction into our market; and although exceedingly rich and delicious when rightly prepared for the table, its value is but imperfectly known. Very little skill is required in cooking it; and with many people it is deemed a delicacy of the finest kind. It is not, perhaps, surpassed in richness by any other vegetable; and, in the estimation of some, it is almost a substitute for meat. If we are correctly informed, it is quite easy of cultivation—and this we infer from the quantity now brought to market, many of which are very large, whilst the price is really moderate. From not understanding the method of preparing it for use, numbers of persons who would find a most palatable article, are strangers to its excellence; and most of those who have made trial of it when well cooked, have become very fond of it.

The mode of preparing it is first to cut it into slices of about a quarter of an inch thick, and then to soak them in salt and water. After remaining in this situation a couple of hours, which will have the effect of extracting a portion of bitter water; it is fried in butter, taking care to brown it thoroughly, and it is ready for the table. Let those who are unacquainted with its properties make trial of it, and we venture to say they will find themselves well rewarded for their trouble.

The Horn of Chase.—To the exclusion of our usual variety, we have made room on our last page, for this popular song. It was first sung at Covent Garden by Mr. Phillips, who introduced it with wonderful effect in the operatic-drama of Der Freyschutz, and advertised it in the bills as the production of Baron Von Carlos Gilbert! The imposition was successful, and the "Horn of Chase" was applauded, admired, and pronounced a great effort of genius. It continued for some time to be a decided favourite in London, and the musical world began to be very curious respecting the great baron above mentioned—nobody had heard of him before—yet every body was astonished at his extraordinary talents—when Mr. Coleman, hearing of the imposition which had been practised upon the credulity of John Bull, published the facts in the Evening Post—and lo! the mysterious German composer—the great unknown—was discovered to be simply Charles Gilfert, late manager of the Bowery theatre!

Theatrical Portraits.—Applications have been made from all quarters for a continuation of these sprightly papers. However gratifying the compliment so universally paid, may be to our correspondent, the reader will at once perceive, for the reason stated in our last impression, that to pursue the subject any further at present would be extremely unfair.

Six Public Buildings.—The next number of the Mirror will be embellished with a beautiful copperplate engraving, representing, in one picture, the Rotunda, Merchants' Exchange, Unitarian Church, Jews' Synagogue, Branch Bank and Masonic Hall, of this city.

Diseases of the Lungs.—Hadlock's Vegetable Powder is said to be an excellent medicine for those afflicted with this terrible disorder.

THE HORN OF CHASE.

COMPOSED BY THE LATE CHARLES GILFERT, AND SUNG WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE BY MR. PHILIPS, AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

ANDANTE.

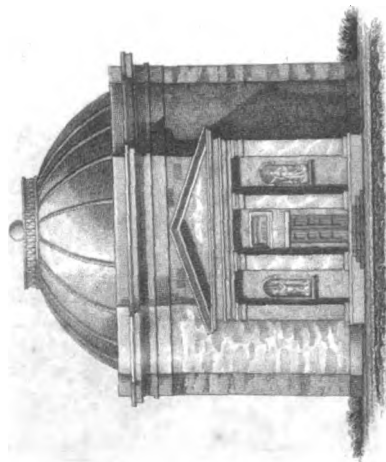
To join the chase at break of day, The hunt-er fear-less leaves his dwelling; O'er hill, through vale, he speeds his way, His cheer-ing
horn on e-cho swelling. At-ten-tive mark the ea-ger hounds, With list'ning ears, and watch-ful eyes, The thick-et
beat, now swift-ly bounds the stag, and from the co-vert flies, Thro' brakes he shuns the hun-ter's sight, But o'er the
plain or up-land bounding; The ri-fle ball ar-rests his flight, The horn of chase his knell re-sounding, re-sound-ing, The horn - - of
chase his knell re-sound-ing, re-sound-ing, The horn of chase, The horn of chase his knell re-sound-ing.

At close of day, the sport now o'er;
T'wards home the hunter's steps are bending;
The bugle sounds to chase no more,
But notes of glad return is sending.

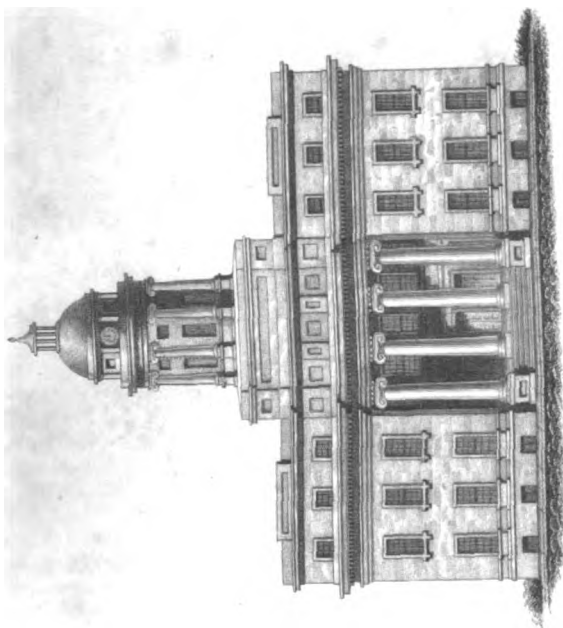
His anxious fair one hails the sound,
Her heart no longer throbs alarms;
He gains the door with one swift bound,
And clasps her in his longing arms.

The festive board displays its store,
Good cheer with social joys abounding;
A welcome call to friends once more,
The horn of chase is gaily sounding.

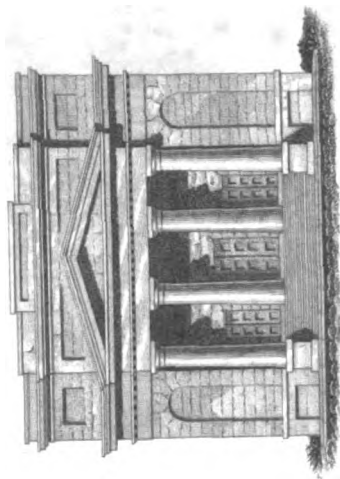
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ROTUNDA - CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



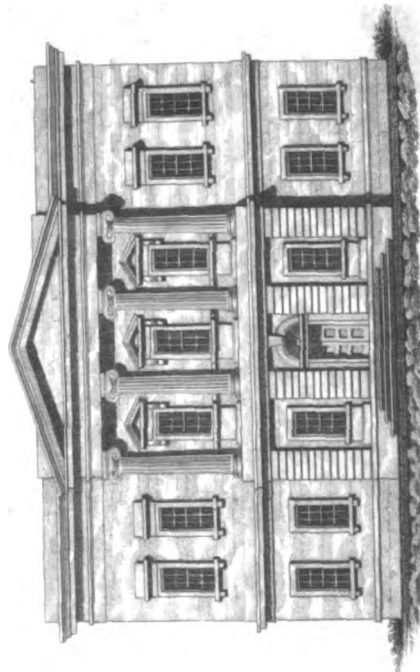
MERCANTILE EXCHANGE WALL STREET



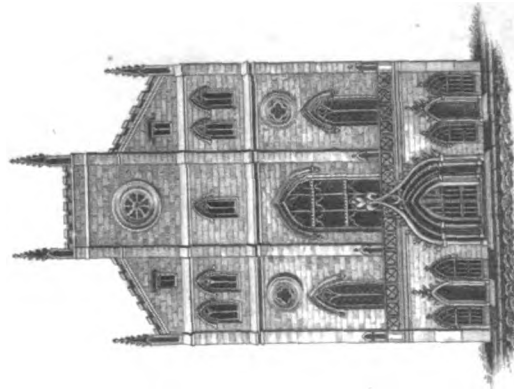
CONSULATE - REPUBLIC OF FRANCE



NEW YORK CITY HALL



NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE



CATHEDRAL - HOLY TRINITY

PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

Compiled by J. C. Smith.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOLUME VII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1839.

NUMBER 12.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MY SISTER

ON RECEIVING FROM HER THE RECALL, BY MRS. HEMANS.

"O ye beloved, come home."

And art thou sorrowful, beloved, that I am far away,
From health, and bower, and summer grove where we were wont to stray?
While youth rung out its joyous notes of music and of glee,
And our linked hearts were pangless as an angel's heart may be.

Yet will I come, but ere that hour the hand of time may trace
The line of care upon my brow, the furrow on my face;
But changeless as that changeless star that shines for ever on,
Shall be my heart, nor shalt thou miss one young affection gone.

Then weep not, love, that for awhile we twain are thrown apart,
But keep thy tears to nourish still my memory in thy heart;
For, sister, I will yet return, though now I cannot come,
To light the smile of gladness up, in that expectant home:

For in the silence of the night, the passion of my soul,
When none was near, save one, to list words that knew no control,
I've vowed that ere my foot should turn to where life's race began,
The spurners of the humble boy should court the honoured man.

Then, sister, do not stay too soon the wanderer's high career,
And send not forth thy fading voice so sad upon his ear,
Lost in the weakness of its love his pride of heart be bowed,
And he forget mid thoughts of home the vow that he has vowed.

But pray for him, as thou wouldst pray for one to battle flown,
With thy warm kiss upon his cheek, thy heart beside his own;
For what is life but one wild lapse of warfare and of fears?
And who is he gone forth?—alas, the mate of thy young years!

And he may fall—perchance before the victory is won
Death's cloud of clouds shall gather o'er his newly risen sun:
But hold—for who would wish to rend fate's awful wards away—
The past has had its tears, beloved, the future may repay.

If so, he shall not come like one proud from the battle field,
With blood upon his laureled brow and on his broken shield,
While by his chariot wheel ascends the captive's hollow groan,
And far off mid the tombless slain comes up the widow's moan.

But when again thy wandering one at home's glad gate appears,
The myrtle wreath shall be his crown, its gems affections tears;
And richer shall his trophies be, his triumph nobler far,
For conquered hearts, not conquered clay, shall grace his bloodless car.

And, dearest, thou perchance shalt hear upon the track he's been,
Swirl up like music to thine ear, a brother's praises then,
And joy, that though his lowly lot was like an eagle's tamed,
Passion could strengthen him to gain a name that shall be named.

Bear with me then awhile, and let no fear thy spirit move,
But bright as ever be thine eye, and free thy lips of love;
And oh, should she who cradled us upon her anxious breast,
Weep o'er my stay, sweet one be near to soothe her heart to rest!

Say that the wanderer shall return to his far hearth again,
Bowed by the storm of years perhaps, soiled by the dust of men;
Yet tell her, that though every grace of mind and mien be flown,
Ye shall not find the slightest trace of young affection gone! ARION.

THE SILENT CONFESSION.

To a lady who asked the author if he could interpret the blush he saw?

O yes, 'twas a fervour of feeling,
That gush'd like a stream from the heart,
And flow through the pulses, revealing
What language could never impart.
It gave to that frame an emotion
Which sweetly the feeling confest,
A zephyr might breathe on the ocean,
And wake such a swell on its breast.

The glow of thy visage express'd it,
'Twas borne to my heart in a sigh:
An eloquent silence confess'd it,
It spoke in the glance of thine eye.
In short, 'twas the soul of my treasure,
Aroused in alarm from its sleep,
That flew to those windows of azure,
And lifted their curtains to peep.

REIDEN.

TO A CHILD.

WRITTEN FOR A MOTHER.

How beautiful, thou lovely child,
The smile on those sweet lips of thine!—
Thy sunny eyes so bright yet mild,
Joy's laughing sprite has made his shrine:
Come, let me thy sweet form caress,
For though thou'rt not my own, I feel
While gazing on thy loveliness,
A mother's feelings o'er me steal.

Come, sweet one! for thou hast the smile,
The look of my own angel boy:—
Thou'lt call his image up the while
To thrill me with a mournful joy:
Thou hast the same soft velvet cheek,
Tinged with the roseleaf's lightest tint,
The look, so innocent and meek,
The chin touched with the dimple's print.

Like his thy amber curls cling round
A brow of fair unsmiled snow:
Like his, thy half-formed accent's sound
Is sweet as music's softest flow.
Thou hast the same sweet mouth, whose lips
Vie with the coral's richest red;
The eyes of azure which retrace
The bright blue sky above our head.

And more than this—his playfulness,
His touching graces are thine own,—
And as the lip I fondly press
Thou seem'st my own beloved one.
But he is sleeping in his grave!
And I shall never see him more;
Nor clasp him to my bosom, save
When I have left life's desert shore.

Yes, he my fair and fragile flower,
My bud of beauty, perished soon,
He faded in life's morning hour
While hope looked forward to its noon.
When grown at length to manhood's prime,
My loved and cherished one should be
My guide down the dark stream of time,
My comfort in adversity!

My perished boy! such days as these,
'Twas not permitted me to see,
Yet, in my heart's worst agonies,
I nursed no selfish thought for thee.
I would not wish to call thee back
To this dark world of sin and woe,
Far better to pursue thy track
To that bright home I long to know.

And thou, fair child! who doth recall
Him in his living loveliness—
(Not as when laid beneath the pall
So angel-like, but motionless!—)
Be thou like him in all save this,
And oh, for thee, thou cherub mild!
Be realised those dreams of bliss
Which I indulged for my lost child!

THYRA.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A NEAR RELATIVE

On her departure for England.

Afar, afar, o'er the dark blue tide,
To a distant home thou art borne, fair bride;
We miss thy voice mid the tones of mirth
That waken around our cheerful hearth;
There's a void in our social circle now,
We have lost the smile of thy sunny brow,
Thou art gone from us, and we vainly sigh
For the pleasant light of thy loving eye.

Thou art gone from us—on the mighty sea
Where the billows are rolling all tameless and free,
Thou art gazing now with unquailing eye,
And unblenching cheek—for thy lover is nigh:
E'en the quickened pulses of fear are stilled,
When with deep devotion the soul is filled;
And this has moved thee, fair bride, to part
From the matchless love of a mother's heart.

A father with quivering lips may press
On thy snowy forehead his fond caress;
A brother in sadness may say farewell
To the gentle being long loved so well:
And a sister's eye may be dimmed in tears
To lose the friend of her earlier years;
Yet time will the course of their sadness stem;
But a mother's feelings, oh, search not them.

Thou art gone from us—and though love will keep
His vigils o'er thee, we yet must weep.
We know that a blissful lot is thine:
Yet bereft of thy presence our hearts must pine.
Farewell, beloved one, when far away
Through England's green valleys thy footsteps stray,
Oh! think of the friends who are praying for thee,
In thy native home o'er the dark blue sea.

IANTHE.

STANZAS.

"Around the lyre will cling, the thoughts of other years."

Oh ask me not to waken
My silent harp again;
Its chords, so long forsaken,
Must soundless still remain:
A breath may break the slumbers
That on the harp-strings lie,
And sadly breathe the numbers
Whose cadence is a sigh!

For me the lyre no longer
A spell of gladness twines,
The spirit's gloom is stronger
As the star of life declines;
Sad memories are swelling,
As the mind is backward cast;
And thought is darkly dwelling
On the present and the past!

Full many a thought unspoken,
And many a whispered tone—
The friendships formed and broken,
The ties for ever flown:
The blissful hours o'ershadowed—
The days of sorrowing care—
The hopes too quickly faded—
The blightings of despair!

These are the fancies clinging
Around the haunt of song:
A spell of sorrow tinging,
I dare not now prolong,
Then ask me not to waken,
My silent harp again;
Those chords should be forsaken,
That only wake to pain!

"Music is love's own language. It will tell
What the sealed lip refuses to reveal."

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

THE PLATE.

In presenting to the subscribers of the New-York Mirror, from time to time, a correct delineation of some conspicuous public edifice, we are actuated solely by a desire to render the work entirely worthy the extensive patronage it has uniformly received. In the selection of particular subjects, however, we have been governed more by circumstances, and the advice of eminent artists, than by any prepossessions or partialities of our own.

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MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

This truly noble and extensive building is situated in Wall-street, below William-street, and extends southward one hundred and fifty feet to Exchange-street. It presents a front on William-street, of one hundred and fifteen feet, and three stories in height, exclusive of the basement, which is considerably elevated. Its southwest front, in Exchange-street, is one hundred and fourteen feet long, and also three stories high, including the basement story, which is only one step above the pavement. The Wall-street front is the principal one, and is built entirely of white marble, from the quarries of Westchester. The first and second stories comprise but one order, which is the ionic, from the temple of Minerva Polias, at Priene, in Ionia. A recessed portico of about forty feet wide, in an elliptical form, has been introduced in front to great advantage, both as it regards convenience and appearance. A screen of four stupendous columns and two *antæ*, extends across the front of the portico, nearly in a line with the front of the building. These columns are thirty feet high, and three feet four inches in diameter above the base. The shaft of each column is composed of a single block of marble. The columns support an entablature of about six feet in height, upon which rests the attic, or third story; making a height of about sixty feet from the ground. Beneath, on each side of the portico, is a passage through the basement story to the post-office and Exchange-street.

The principal entrance to the exchange-room, is by a flight of nine or ten broad marble steps, finished with a pedestal at each end. On ascending to the portico, three doors open to the vestibule in front, while one on either hand open into insurance offices, &c. &c. The vestibule is of the ionic order, after the most chaste and finished style, from the little ionic temple of Illyssus—being the most ancient structure known of that order. The exchange-room is eighty-five feet in length, fifty-five feet wide, and forty-five feet high. Adjacent to this apartment, are the publication offices of three morning papers, viz. the Daily Advertiser, the Courier and Enquirer, and the Morning Herald; to the latter establishment is attached a very extensive reading-room, in which can be found most of the political and commercial journals of the United States. In the second story is a saloon for sales at auction of merchandize by the package; also a room for the board of brokers and the chamber of commerce. On the whole, without entering into a minute description, we pronounce this building an honour and ornament to the city, and one that was long wanted for the convenience of our merchants. It was commenced on the first day of April, 1825, and completed in July 1827. The plan was wholly that of M. E. Thompson, esq. the architect of the edifice.

SECOND UNITARIAN CHURCH.

This elegant structure, which fronts on Mercer-street, at the corner of Prince-street, was erected in 1826, and consecrated on the seventh of December of that year, by the Rev. Dr. Channing, of Boston. It is constructed of brick, and covered with a beautiful white cement, in imitation of marble. Its dimensions are sixty-three feet by eighty. The style of architecture is doric, the designs of the front entablature being furnished by the celebrated monument of Thrasylus, at Athens, drawn by J. G. Pearson, esq. of this city. The interior, which is finished in the modern style, without side galleries, contains one hundred and thirty-two pews on the principal floor, and twenty-four in the music gallery. It is committed to the pastoral charge of the Rev. William Parsons Lunt, who was ordained on the nineteenth of June, 1828.

JEWS' SYNAGOGUE.

This building, originally erected for a Christian congregation, was purchased by a number of German and Polish Jews, of this city, and handsomely fitted up as a place of public worship, in the summer of 1826. It exhibits a front, in Elm-street, of about fifty feet, and is sixty-two feet in depth. The entablature of the portico is supported by four fluted columns, with caps and bases, and the whole surmounted by a neat gothic turret without a spire. The interior is handsomely finished with a convenient gallery, supported by a row of pillars, and guarded by a railing of carved mahogany. In the centre of the building, enclosed by a railing of fretwork, is a reading-desk of mahogany, facing the east. The consecrated recess which contains the divine law—"the ark and the testimony"—is in the extreme east, of circular form, constructed of curled maple and mahogany, with a dome supported by ionic columns, with caps and bases; the whole closely veiled by a rich curtain of *brocade*, elegantly embroidered with Hebrew inscriptions. During evening service, it is brilliantly lighted by *gas* lamps, &c.

UNITED STATES BRANCH BANK.

The corner stone of this chaste edifice was laid in the spring of 1822; but owing to the epidemic scourge with which the city was visited, and by which its lower section was totally depopulated in the autumn of that memorable year, its progress was so much retarded, that it was not completed until the spring of 1824. It was first opened for the transaction of business on the fourteenth of April in that year.

The building is of white marble, from the quarries of Westchester, and was designed and erected by Mr. Martin E. Thompson. It shows a front of sixty feet, in Wall-street, and is about seventy feet deep, occupying a lot that cost nearly as much as the edifice itself, viz. forty thousand dollars. The building is constructed in the most substantial manner, and is fire-proof throughout. Besides the banking-room, (which is thirty feet in height, and surrounded with a gallery) there are apartments for the accommodation of directors, stockholders, &c., with others occupied as a loan-office, the payment of United States pensioners, &c. The gallery, vestibule, and portico, add much to the beauty of the structure.

MASONIC HALL.

This structure is erected on the east side of Broadway, nearly opposite the Hospital. Its style of architecture is purely gothic, without the least mixture of any other order; copied from the most approved classical models, with original appendages, by our celebrated artist, Hugh Reinagle, esq.

The corner stone of this building was laid on St. John's day, June 24, 1825, by Grand Master Elish W. King, in presence of a large assemblage of the fraternity, and a numerous concourse of citizens.

The building has a front of fifty feet on Broadway, and extends back, towards Elm-street, one hundred and twenty-five feet, including the stair-way, retiring-rooms, offices, &c. in the rear.

The cellar story, below the level of the street, is divided into several departments, including refectories, offices, and kitchens; extending from front to rear, ninety-five feet, and nearly ten feet in height, with vaults, &c. in front, on the street.

The basement story, (or ground floor above the street) is nearly fourteen feet in height, and includes the great entrance hall, extending through the centre of the building, ten feet in width, and highly enriched with arches, pendants, open frieth in the spandrels, and a beautiful frieze of raised gothic ornaments. At the farther end of the hall, the stairs start to the several apartments above. On each side are two ranges of apartments, comprising stores, bar-rooms, &c.

The whole of the second story is thrown into one grand saloon, ninety feet in length, forty-seven feet in breadth, and twenty-five feet in height! The ceiling of this splendid apartment is divided into basket or fan arches, with pendants of open-work columns, supporting the arches projecting from the walls, between which are the windows, with raised labels, enriched with crotches, terminating with flowers at the points, and supported at the ends with carved corbels.

A music gallery extends across the lower end of the room, supported by a trussed girder, leaving the floor free of obstructions for public assemblies. The front of the gallery is enriched with gothic tracery, pierced through, and the floor is supported by elastic springs for dancing; the whole forming a most elegant and convenient ball-room.

Above the grand saloon in the third story, are four lodgerooms for master masons, while the attic is divided into two apartments, which are elegantly furnished for royal arch chapters. These last are richly decorated with clusters of columns, arches, and open pannels, with splendid draperies. From the lofty windows, the prospect is most extensive and beautiful. The whole city, with its unrivalled bay, adorned with verdant islands, and white-sailed vessels, with our two majestic rivers, and the adjacent country, all lie before you, like a panoramic painting. This last remark, however, will apply with equal force to the Merchant's Exchange, and many other public edifices of this city.

The front of the Masonic Hall, which is of granite stone, is seventy feet from the street to the battlements in the centre. The pinnacles rise more than ten feet above the roof. The centre door, at the grand entrance, is of massy oak, with carved pannels, &c. very forcibly reminding one of the descriptions to be met with in many romances, of ancient abbeys, castles, and other edifices of the gothic ages.

The centre window, in the second story, is a splendid specimen of this order of architecture. It is twenty-two feet in height, and ten feet in width, finished with proper lead lights, diamond form. A range of stone battlements terminates the front at the roof, while larger ones surmount the flank walls. The dormant windows have open-work, battlements, &c.

ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

BEAUTY AND GENIUS.

"You have often endeavoured to convince me that beauty was not a desirable gift," said Mary Carleton to her friend, as they sat descending upon the various groups that were assembled in the splendid drawing-room. "You have even insisted," continued she, "that it was always a source of misery to its possessor; but how can you look upon that beautiful creature who has just entered, and still retain your singular opinion?"

"You mean Mrs. Delavan," replied Julia. "She is indeed beautiful."

"I would give the intellect of an angel in exchange for such exquisite beauty," said Mary; "nay," added she, observing her friend's reproving look, "I could not be content to be a mere idiot; but if I might possess such a form as hers, together with her portion of mind, (small enough to be sure, but still sufficient for the gay circles of fashionable life,) I am sure I should be perfectly happy."

"Mary, you know not what you are wishing," said Julia: "Do you then believe Mrs. Delavan to be perfectly happy?"

"How can she be otherwise?" was the reply. "Young, rich, beautiful, united to a man whose talents and virtues rank him among the first in the country, she certainly is blest beyond her sex."

"When you have lived as long in the world as I have," returned Julia, "and have seen the brightest tints of fancy fade into the sober gray of dull reality, you will learn to distrust the happiness which seems so bright in the sunshine of the world."

"Why really, Julia, one would think you were a very ancient dame," said Mary laughing.

"I am ten years your senior, Mary, and between the ages of seventeen and twenty-seven a woman generally receives some severe lessons in the knowledge of the world. One of her hardest tasks is that of learning to wear the mask of gaiety; but when she has acquired the art, she knows how to detect the disguise when worn by another."

"Do you mean to say that Mrs. Delavan wears such a mask?" asked Mary. "Look," continued she, "here comes a woman of surpassing talent, and yet who would think of comparing the situation of the lonely though admired Eulalia St. Clair, with the gay and worshipped Adelaide Delavan?"

"How prone you are to judge from appearances, my dear Mary," said Julia; "you no doubt believe that Mrs. Delavan is the happiest, and Eulalia the most miserable of mortals."

"I certainly believe," replied Mary, "that Mrs. Delavan, possessed of such blessings as have been lavishly bestowed upon her, cannot fail of being happy. Miss St. Clair is certainly gifted with extraordinary powers of mind, but she is a lonely and isolated being, and my own heart tells me that such a lot must be one of sorrow."

"You are right, Mary, a woman cannot be happy without some objects of affection; but, believe me, Eulalia never felt keener pangs than have sometimes been concealed beneath the statue-like serenity of Adelaide's countenance."

At that moment, while the attention of the friends was fixed upon the group before them, Eulalia passed by, leaning on the arm of a fine looking man in military costume. As she approached Mrs. Delavan the ordinary civilities were exchanged between them; but Eulalia's crimsoned cheek and flashing eye proved that the supercilious bow which she received in return for her salutation, was not unmarked. Mr. Delavan, who had been listlessly reclining on a sofa, now started up with a strong expression of pleasure in his countenance, nodded familiarly to her companion, and drawing Eulalia's disengaged hand through his arm, immediately commenced a very animated conversation. A burning flush mounted to Mrs. Delavan's very temples, and then as rapidly receding, left on her cheek the hue of death; for a moment she looked after them with a compressed lip and dilated eye, till recalled to herself by the wondering exclamations of her companions, she took the arm of one of them and left the room.

"Come to me to-morrow," said Julia in reply to Mary's earnest inquiries, "and I will unravel this mystery." *****

"Your curiosity is strongly excited, I perceive," said Julia as Mary entered her apartment the next morning at a very early hour.

"It certainly is," replied Mary; "I have been thinking almost all night of our conversation last evening."

Julia smiled, and seating herself by Mary's side, commenced her story:

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOLUME VII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1829.

NUMBER 12.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MY SISTER

ON RECEIVING FROM HER THE RECALL, BY MRS. HEMANS.

"O ye beloved, come home."

AND art thou sorrowful, beloved, that I am far away,
From hearth, and bower, and summer grove where we were wont to stray?
While youth rung out its joyous notes of music and of glee,
And our linked hearts were pangless as an angel's heart may be.

Yet will I come, but ere that hour the hand of time may trace
The line of care upon my brow, the furrow on my face;
But changeless as that changeless star that shines for ever on,
Shall be my heart, nor shalt thou miss one young affection gone.

Then weep not, love, that for a while we twain are thrown apart,
But keep thy tears to nourish still my memory in thy heart;
For, sister, I will yet return, though now I cannot come,
To light the smile of gladness up, in that expectant home:

For in the silence of the night, the passion of my soul,
When none was near, save one, to list words that knew no control,
I've vowed that ere my foot should turn to where life's race began,
The spurners of the humble boy should court the honoured man.

Then, sister, do not stay too soon the wanderer's high career,
And send not forth thy chiding voice so sad upon his ear,
Lest in the weakness of its love his pride of heart be bowed,
And he forget mid thoughts of home the vow that he has vowed.

But pray for him, as thou wouldst pray for one to battle flown,
With thy warm kiss upon his cheek, thy heart beside his own;
For what is life but one wild lapse of warfare and of fears?
And who is he gone forth?—alas, the mate of thy young years!

And he may fall—perchance before the victory is won
Death's cloud of clouds shall gather o'er his newly-risen sun:
But hold—for who would wish to rend fate's awful wards away—
The past has had its tears, beloved, the future may repay.

If so, he shall not come like one proud from the battle field,
With blood upon his laurelled brow and on his broken shield,
While by his chariot wheel ascends the captive's hollow groan,
And far off midst the tombless slain comes up the widow's moan.

But when again thy wandering one at home's glad gate appears,
The myrtle wreath shall be his crown, its gems affections tears;
And richer shall his trophies be, his triumph nobler far,
For conquered hearts, not conquered clay, shall grace his bloodless car.

And, dearest, thou perchance shalt hear upon the track he's been,
Swell up like music to thine ear, a brother's praises then,
And joy, that though his lowly lot was like an eagle's tamed,
Passion could strengthen him to gain a name that shall be named.

Bear with me then awhile, and let no fear thy spirit move,
But bright as ever be thine eye, and free thy lips of love;
And oh, should she who cradled us upon her anxious breast,
Weep o'er my stay, sweet one be near to soothe her heart to rest!

Say that the wanderer shall return to his far hearth again,
Bowed by the storm of years perhaps, soiled by the dust of men;
Yet tell her, that though every grace of mind and mien be flown,
Ye shall not find the slightest trace of young affection gone! ARION.

THE SILENT CONFESSION.

To a lady who asked the author if he could interpret the blush he saw?

O yes, 'twas a fervour of feeling,
That gush'd like a stream from the heart,
And flew through the pulses, revealing
What language could never impart.
It gave to that frame an emotion
Which sweetly the feeling confest,
A zephyr might breathe on the ocean,
And wake such a swell on its breast.

The glow of thy visage express'd it,
'Twas borne to my heart in a sigh;
An eloquent silence confess'd it,
It spoke in the glance of thine eye.
In short, 'twas the soul of my treasure,
Aroused in alarm from its sleep,
That flew to those windows of azure,
And lifted their curtains to peep.

REYDEN.

TO A CHILD.

WRITTEN FOR A MOTHER.

How beautiful, thou lovely child,
The smile on those sweet lips of thine!—
Thy sunny eyes so bright yet mild,
Joy's laughing sprite has made his shrine:
Come, let me thy sweet form caress,
For though thou'rt not my own, I feel
While gazing on thy loveliness,
A mother's feelings o'er me steal.
Come, sweet one! for thou hast the smile,
The look of my own angel boy:—
Thou'lt call his image up the while
To thrill me with a mournful joy:
Thou hast the same soft velvet cheek,
Tinged with the roseleaf's lightest tint,
The look, so innocent and meek,
The chin touched with the dimple's print.

Like his thy amber curls cling round
A brow of fair unsullied snow:
Like his, thy half-formed accent's sound
Is sweet as music's softest flow.
Thou hast the same sweet mouth, whose lips
Vie with the coral's richest red;
The eyes of azure which eclipse
The bright blue sky above our head.

And more than this—his playfulness,
His touching graces are thine own,—
And as the lip fondly press
Thou seem'st my own beloved one.
But he is sleeping in his grave!
And I shall never see him more;
Nor clasp him to my bosom, save
When I have left life's desert shore.

Yes, he my fair and fragile flower,
My bud of beauty, perished soon,
He faded in life's morning hour
While hope looked forward to its noon,
When grown at length to manhood's prime,
My loved and cherished one should be
My guide down the dark stream of time,
My comfort in adversity!

My perished boy! such days as these,
'Twas not permitted me to see,
Yet, in my heart's worst agonies,
I nursed no selfish thought for thee.
I would not wish to call thee back
To this dark world of sin and woe,
Far better to pursue thy track
To that bright home I long to know.

And thou, fair child! who doth recall
Him in his living loveliness—
(Not as when laid beneath the pall
So angel-like, but motionless!—)
Be thou like him in all save this,
And oh, for thee, thou cherub mild!
Be realised those dreams of bliss
Which I indulged for my lost child!

THYRZA.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A NEAR RELATIVE

On her departure for England.

Afar, afar, o'er the dark blue tide,
To a distant home thou art borne, fair bride;
We miss thy voice mid the tones of mirth
That waken around our cheerful hearth;
There's a void in our social circle now,
We have lost the smile of thy sunny brow,
Thou art gone from us, and we vainly sigh
For the pleasant light of thy loving eye.

Thou art gone from us—on the mighty sea
Where the billows are rolling all tameless and free,
Thou art gazing now with unquailing eye,
And unblenching cheek—for thy lover is nigh:
E'en the quickened pulses of fear are stilled,
When with deep devotion the soul is filled;
And this has nerved thee, fair bride, to part
From the matchless love of a mother's heart.

A father with quivering lips may press
On thy snowy forehead his fond caress;
A brother in sadness may say farewell
To the gentle being long loved so well;
And a sister's eye may be dimmed in tears
To lose the friend of her earlier years;
Yet time will the course of their sadness stem;
But a mother's feelings, oh, search not them.

Thou art gone from us—and though love will keep
His vigils o'er thee, we yet must weep.
We know that a blissful lot is thine;
Yet bereft of thy presence our hearts must pine.
Farewell, beloved one, when far away
Through England's green valleys thy footsteps stray,
Oh! think of the friends who are praying for thee,
In thy native home o'er the dark blue sea.

LANTHE.

STANZAS.

"Around the lyre will cling, the thoughts of other years."

Oh ask me not to waken
My silent harp again;
Its chords, so long forsaken,
Must soundless still remain:
A breath may break the slumbers
That on the harp-strings lie,
And sadly breathe the numbers
Whose cadence is a sigh!

For me the lyre no longer
A spell of gladness twines,
The spirit's gloom is stronger
As the star of life declines;
Sad memories are swelling,
As the mind is backward cast;
And thought is darkly dwelling
On the present and the past!

Full many a thought unspoken,
And many a whispered tone—
The friendships formed and broken,
The ties for ever flown:
The blissful hours o'ershadowed—
The days of sorrowing care—
The hopes too quickly faded—
The blightings of despair!

These are the fancies clinging
Around the haunt of song;
A spell of sorrow flinging,
I dare not now prolong.
Then ask me not to waken,
My silent harp again;
Those chords should be forsaken,
That only wake to pain!

"Music is love's own language. It will tell
What the sealed lip refuses to reveal."

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

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THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER I.

—Take physic, pomp!

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou mayst cast the superfluous to them,
And the world have enough. SHAKS.

It was a warm summer evening. I sat in my room alone, and closing the ponderous volume through whose abstruse pages I had been toiling, I leaned back in my chair, resolved to end the labours of the day. The streets were no longer filled with the bustle of business; the thundering of the carts had ceased; clients no more broke in upon my solitude, with their repeated histories of fraud and discord, and I could hear only the shuffling footsteps of a few who had been probably won out by the beauty of the night, for the full moon had just risen. There is a melancholy in such an hour, which comes down upon the feelings like a shadow. The occupations of the day fasten the mind to the present, and leave no leisure for sentimental reflections; but when all nature changes, and the mighty sun goes down slowly, and "the bright track of his fiery car" fades like the passing away of a hope or an affection—when darkness, and solitude, and silence, take the place of the light and noise of multitudes, and we are left free to wander and to think, busy memory and imagination begin to ply their mysterious task, crowding the mind with painful regrets and fond associations. What do the wealthy and the prosperous think at these hours? They have a thousand refuges from sadness, but the poor depend only on themselves.

"If I were but wealthy now," I thought, "how many of the shadows of my life would melt instantly away. Poets and moralists may say what they please, to be rich is an advantage almost beyond calculation, and he whose lot is cast in poverty, is a slave. Philosophy or pride may inspire him with temporary contentment; but they cannot supply him with the joy his spirit pants after; they cannot shield him from the pangs from which the most enlightened and virtuous must recoil. I am chained here daily with fetters which poverty rivets upon my limbs. Money would purchase freedom. The spring and summer have gone by, yet I have been an exile from their charms. The forest leaves have been stirring, and the silver streams, dashing down the valley and through the wood; mountains have wreathed their blue tops with clouds, and plains spread out their verdant bosoms to the sun—all of these are grateful to me, yet the fairy work of nature has gone on at a distance, and, for me, all their enchantments have been wasted."

There was a gleam of soft light through the apartment as these simple thoughts chased each other through my mind, like light and mingling clouds above the bosom of the sky, and the Little Genius, long a stranger, stood before me.

He who has loved a friend, and depended upon his wisdom and goodness for happiness and support, who has heard that he had gone down amid the abysses of the dashing sea, who had mourned his loss in long hours of gloomy grief, and who, unexpectedly, beholds him flushed with health and beauty by his side, can imagine the sensations with which this bright being broke upon the darkness of my thoughts. His face wore the same kind expression, upon which I had so often gazed with delight, and as with an arch smile, he shook his finger at me gracefully, I was forcibly reminded of his innumerable lessons of wisdom, and the wonderful things which his magic mirror had revealed.

"So, master student," and the well remembered tones of his voice went to my heart with an inexpressible feeling of gratitude and joy, "still struggling through the misty atmosphere of this poor world. Since last we met, my way has been among other spheres. I have passed the silent moon, and peeped in upon the inhabitants of her pale disk. I have floated beneath the belt of Saturn, accompanied Herschel in his long and circling journey, and with the "arrowy flight" of thine own thought, shot by the comet, and trod unhurt amid the dazzling regions of the sun. We spirits, like you, have our tasks, and mine at length is accomplished. So as I floated in the brilliant atmosphere of Venus, amid scenes which I may not reveal to one of your planet, your image crossed my mind. I pictured to myself what would be your astonishment if I could translate you thither, which being against the laws of nature, I resolved to devote a few moments to visiting you here. Curiosity too prompted the journey. I wondered if you were yet among the living. Time, in human affairs, delights to work strange transformations, to lift the despairing to the summit of glory, to dash the triumphant to the depths of woe. I might have found you a victorious general, trampling over the prostrate armies of Europe, or a king, seated upon the throne of the United States! I have seen more extraordinary

changes; or I thought I might alight upon your grave, whose deep mysteries you have panted so eagerly toathom; but here you are, the same prosing solitary student; still wasting your time with fruitless speculations; still blending together the good and evil of fancy."

"Dear spirit," I answered, "heaven gave me fancy; must it be idle?"

"Not idle, thou foolish student; but it must be sent off upon a proper course, and guided with a careful hand. Dost thou remember, in olden times, that Phaëton, the proud son of Phœbus, begged his father to let him drive the horses of the sun? but that he had no sooner undertaken the aerial journey, than the fiery steeds departed from their usual track? Heaven and earth would have been involved in one universal conflagration, had not Jupiter struck the rash adventurer with a thunder-bolt, and hurled him headlong from his seat."

"But what are Phœbus or Phaëton to me?" inquired I.

"As Phaëton was," said the Genius, "so is thine imagination. Let it but take the reins of thy mind, and its eccentric flight shall be far from the common journey of life, irregular, unguided, and verging to ruin."

"I know," said I abashed, "that imagination is dangerous, how it usurps the place of reason, how it gives its own colour to surrounding objects, and changes things to whatever form it pleases; but surely, surely, there is a difference between the warm and idle dreams of fancy, and those opinions which have resulted from long thought and painful experience?"

"Ignorance," said the Genius, "ever loves to disguise her shape, and assume the features of knowledge and justice."

"But," I asked, "is not poverty an evil?"

"Both wealth and poverty become so by circumstances. Wealth often corrupts the heart; poverty expands it. The one produces satiety, not contentment; the other excites activity, not despair."

"But," said I, "the world teaches me that poverty is full of the direst pangs. He who suffers its privations cannot be contented. He sees splendours, but he cannot enjoy them. Wit, science, mirth, inhabit the mansions of the great; and even those which men term the charms of nature, and deem free to all, come not to him. He is the slave of perplexing duties which tie him down to his daily labours, and if, perchance, accident affords him a leisure time, his mind is absorbed with his own cares; he fears to rest, lest some new misfortune overtake him; repose seems idleness, and he trembles at the thoughts of pleasure. Perhaps he is formed for joy; but his aspirations die away in the sad depths of his heart. He has a bosom gushing with affections, but their crystal springs are soiled with base cares, and necessary degradations. If he be honest, he writhes amid the tortures of debt; if proud, how can he brook the mortifications and haughty compassion which spring up in his way? You say that wealth corrupts the heart; but what is there in poverty to improve it? Does it not incultate an economy that degenerates into meanness? Does not generosity wither under its fiendish influence? Does it not poison hope and peace; and show the naked features of human nature in their most repulsive aspect? He enters the arena of life, glowing with bright thoughts and pure feelings; but they are soon bent earthward, and soiled in the dust. The soft veil which youth had flung over the face of life is rent; the rainbow colours fade away; his affections are blasted; his confidence is betrayed. He learns to check the impulses of nature, to smother the gushes of noble feeling, to freeze up the warm currents of his heart; to pause, to suspect, to deceive, and to despair, until misery becomes his accustomed companion; and, sick of life, he greets the grave as a refuge from the anguish of a relentless world."

"You have drawn," said the Genius, "many evils which indeed have existence in reality; but they are the general attributes of human nature, and not peculiar to poverty. Poverty when combined with a taste for useless fashion and luxury, with idleness and weakness of mind, may certainly be brooded over till wretchedness is the consequence; but you should not believe either happiness or misery to be the necessary effects of wealth or poverty, till you perceive all the rich contented, and all the poor in despair. Happiness consists in the adaptation of our circumstances to our habits and opinions. It is the business of reason to form both according to the sphere in which we are. When Cincinnatus was chosen dictator, he left his ploughed land with regret, conquered the Volsci and Æqui, returned to Rome in triumph, and retired back to his fields. Buonaparte, after embroiling Europe in contests, and staining Asia and Africa with blood, surrendered his dominion with a despair that embittered his life. The causes of grief are as various as the complaints are numerous. Look in the mirror, you will observe the illusion and evanescence of all that you so anxiously desire."

As he spoke I turned towards the glass, and a superb palace rose up before me. It stood upon the brow of a hill overlooking a lordly river, upon whose glassy surface a few sloops glided, and a steamboat ploughed its way, breaking the silence of the silver stream with the heavy plash of its wheel, and dashing the foaming and eddying wave from the vessel's side. A lofty piazza, supported by several white columns, decorated the front of the mansion, and in a circular road that swept around the door, I saw a carriage and a fine pair of horses, which pawed the ground, arching their necks, and exhibiting signs of impatience at their restraint. A lady and an elderly gentleman presently issued from the house. In a few moments they were seated. The obsequious footman closed the door, and took his station behind. The coachman sprang to his box: the whip cracked, the horses dashed forward, and they pursued their way through the most agreeable country I ever saw.

"There," said I, "is happiness. These are the objects of my envy. It is in the independence of a similar situation that I would enjoy my life."

"Why, thou short-sighted mortal," cried my companion, "if thou hadst selected a tenant of a dungeon, there would have been as much cause for envy! Those two beings are wretched beyond description. The old man is one who has gained wealth by dint of close bargaining, and overreaching his neighbours, and who has grown miserable exactly in proportion as he has become rich. Avarice and ambition are his ruling passions. He has forced all his feelings and friendships into submission to these. His object is to attain a certain high office under government. Night and day are wasted in devising plans by which his design may be promoted, and in toiling wearily in their execution. Success has crowned his struggles for wealth. His income is sufficient to support a hundred families, besides supplying him with all his fancy can desire. But instead of being generous and happy, his better qualities are smothered amid luxurious enjoyments and refined desires. Nothing will satisfy him but promotion. The beautiful girl at his side, whose pale cheek is touched with care, is his daughter. He is about to sacrifice her to his enterprises. They are now riding to the mansion of a powerful neighbour, to whom the maiden is to be united in wedlock, although her affections are given to another. She dare not complain. Her life will be spent in a continual round of splendours; but what are these to the heart whose hopes and affections have been disappointed. Misery will bring her to an early grave. The hard-hearted father will too late perceive his error, and the accomplishment of his wish will complete the ruin of his peace."

"But," said I, "all the wealthy are not ambitious. They do not all sacrifice happiness for fame. There are men who, neither poor nor rich, possess a sufficiency to supply the wants of life. Careless of the world and untroubled with thought, they neither weary themselves in pursuit of vainglory, nor risk their peace in the study of abstruse and gloomy science. Their business is enough to occupy their minds, but not to overload them, and, regardless of the revolutions of the world, their lives receive lustre from warm and gentle affections, which if not brilliant and dazzling like the rising glories of human triumph, is yet soft and grateful like the moonlight, when it falls upon the luxuriant valleys and tremulous streams of summer."

The scene in the mirror passed away, and in its place stood a neat dwelling which combined the picturesque beauties of the cottage, with the comforts and careful arrangements of refined life. There were vines creeping up about the windows, and jars of flowers stood upon the piazza. Behind the house was a rich garden, and an orchard in the back ground appeared with its rosy fruit trees, and cattle reposing in its pleasant shadows. A graceful and handsome female was rambling on the gravel walk, hanging affectionately upon her husband's arm; and two children, remarkable for their beauty, the happiness, intelligence, and amiable affection, which all their looks, words, and actions discovered, played about their parents, plucking flowers from the way side, chasing the golden winged butterfly, or the dangerous bee, and finding wonders in every surrounding object. The mother regarded their lively sports with visible joy, and ever and anon clasped them in her arms, to feast upon the sweet kisses of their rosy lips; and I knew that the father was offering up thanks to heaven for the blessings which had been bestowed upon him, and that the moisture which glistened in his eyes, as he surveyed the beautiful and graceful groups, which were every moment forming around him, was but the overflowing of a pure and high heart, full of noble feelings, and swelling with gratitude and love.

"Here," I exclaimed, "is the object of my search; here I would dwell, away from the frauds and cruelty of business men, free from the wrangling of courts, and the smoke and

dust of the crowded town, depending solely for my happiness upon the tranquil bliss of domestic life."

But the pleasant picture faded. I forgot for a moment it belonged to earth. The neat house, with its wreathing vines and spreading flowers was gone; and, in their place, in a little church yard, the father and mother with many friends, were assembled around a new grave, in which they were lowering a coffin, whose dimensions taught me that its tenant had been cut off in early youth. One of the children stood by his parents. Their faces were darkened with deep grief, and I knew that the other, the beautiful and beloved boy, whose sweet laughter yet rung in their ears, whose kisses were yet warm upon their lips, had been taken away from them for ever, and they were now consigning him to the cold earth, with the impressive ceremonies of the burial service. His sweet body rested upon the bottom of the grave, the clay fell upon the coffin, the gushing tears of the bereaved mother, told the anguish of her bosom, and the father groaned in the deep bitterness of a spirit which feels that fate is wrenching from its clinging embrace, some powerful and deeply-rooted affection.

"Neither wealth nor power," said the Genius, as the melancholy scene passed away, "can rescue the human race from the misery of fate. It is man's doom to suffer. Upon the construction of his own mind his peace will depend more than on the artificial distinctions of society. As for happiness, think not of it. It is the dream of youth, whose rainbow hues grow dim as you approach to examine them. You may learn to endure griefs, not to avoid them, but banish your idle hopes of bliss. It may perchance cross the soul with a momentary rapture, but as surely as the blue and bending heaven is shaded with clouds, and wrapped in night, or as tempests lash the deep into fury—as surely as the tinges of the sunset fade, as the round moon wanes back again to the pale crescent, or the swelling tides which hold with her mysterious communion, subside from their gushing fullness; so surely will every earthly hope be crossed, will all affections be in some way disappointed, will the gloomy prospects of the young imagination change this aspect, and cause the soul to recoil from the gloomy reality of human nature."

"Is there then," said I, "no happiness on earth?"

"There is," replied the Genius, "much of happiness, but nothing permanent. These scenes have not been shown in order to discourage your exertions, but to moderate your hopes. Your fancy is wild and untutored. You have built hopes upon false foundations. My object is to temper your wishes, to curb the flight of soaring imagination, and to steel the bosom against the vicissitudes of fortune. Before this can be accomplished, you must understand your situation. The evils of life must have passed in gloomy array before you; you must become accustomed to regard them with stern resolution, that in the hour of anguish you may not yield to despair, and that danger may not throw you off your guard. I would not make you a misanthrope, but a philosopher. I would rescue you from the silvery mists of boyish error, and teach you to gaze calmly upon the prospect, not as it might be, but as it is. Therefore have you beheld beauty in tears, wealth struggling against the pains of inward misfortunes, and the fond mother weeping over her child's grave. These contemplations at once elevate and enlighten the understanding. They check the confidence and expectation of youth. You acknowledge the necessity of a reliance upon a superior Power, and in learning to pity his creatures, you unconsciously study to relieve them; while the impression of these pictures remain, the boisterous tide of passion that often rages in your bosom subsides. Pride lowers her banner, and envy's lashes cease—a peaceful melancholy, equally removed from rash triumph and impious despair, fills the mind, and favours the growth of dispassionate opinions and lofty feelings. These are the lessons which guide the soul to truth—sought in vain in the career of climbing ambition, or the temporary excitement of deceitful pleasure. You look abroad upon the world in search of happiness, to acknowledge at last, that it is only to be found in the shaded and pensive tranquillity of a kind and honest heart."

His form faded into a dim and vague outline, whose ethereal substance passed gradually from my view, and instead of his soft voice, I heard only the occasional steps of the passengers beneath my window, and the distant cry of the watchman. F.

A good book is the best of friends. You may be agreeably entertained by it when you have not a living friend in whom you may confide. It teaches you wisdom, and will not reveal your secrets.

If a man would keep both integrity and independence free from temptation, let him keep out of debt. Dr. Franklin says, "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright."

NEW-YORK LEGENDS.

THE MAN OF THE FLY-MARKET FERRY.

AN indefinite number of years ago I boarded in the Bowery. Our accommodations were, in those days, looked upon as something superior to the common; it being an established rule of the house for not more than six gentlemen to sleep in one room, which to me, who was a stranger to the customs of New-York, appeared in the hot summer nights, a sufficiency. The boarders were principally young men, most of them clerks in drygood stores, and the conversation generally turned upon the quantity of sales they had severally effected in the course of the day, the particulars of which they narrated with an appearance of intense interest, bordering on enthusiasm. I was always of a speculative rather than a practical turn of mind, and I confess those counter and counting-house reminiscences did not powerfully affect me, though I listened to them in a devoted decorous manner. One individual alone attracted my attention. He was a middle-aged man, about the middle height, and neither very corpulent nor otherwise, and at first sight there appeared nothing about him to distinguish him from the ordinary run of mortals. He was, however, a singular individual, and had some strange peculiarities. Melancholy had "marked him for her own;"—he was evidently a man of many sorrows, and a deep and settled grief seemed to pervade his every action. His appetite was uncommonly good, and he ate more and talked less than any man I ever came across. In pecuniary matters he was most liberal; indeed, so little did he think of dollars and cents, that he even neglected to carry any about with him, so that when he walked abroad with his friends, and was called upon to contribute his share towards defraying the expenses of reckonings or other contingencies, he was obliged to have recourse to some one of the company for a trilling loan, for which friendly liberty he used to apologize in the usual way on those occasions, namely, "that he had left his money in his other coat pocket." Like Sir Isaac Newton, the Rev. George Harvet, and other distinguished individuals, his memory was very slippery, so that many of those paltry obligations remain unliquidated unto the present day.

He was an inoffensive being; and yet, for some unascertained cause, the landlady "looked loweringly" upon him.—As I entered the house rather abruptly one evening, I perceived the middle-aged gentleman and the lady of the mansion in deep and earnest conversation. The tones of her voice were sharp and decided—her action was energetic in the extreme—her face had lost much of the mild expression and winning softness which characterize her sex, and I distinctly heard her pronounce the impressive words—"I have been put off long enough, and I'll be put off no longer!" The middle-aged gentleman sighed profoundly; he was evidently much affected, and without speaking a word, he took up a candle and retired to his bed. Heaven only knows what were his reflections!

Next morning, notwithstanding the severe mental struggle of the preceding evening, not a trace of passion was visible on his countenance. He was calm, though by no means collected, for instead of taking his place next the landlady, as was his wont, he obliquely seated himself opposite a dish of pickled salmon, a fish for which he had always manifested a decided predilection. His mind was in a high state of abstraction—the world around was to him as nothing—and he helped himself four times from the savoury fish alluded to, without in the least noticing the inflamed and ominous looks of the hostess. He continued to eat, as it appeared to me, mechanically, long after the other boarders had arisen from the table, until looking around he perceived he was seated alone with the lady, who was apparently preparing to open a conversation, when, with more agility than I had previously seen him manifest, he started from his chair—seized by mistake a new hat instead of his old one from the pile in the passage, and rushed out of the house. He came not to dinner, and at tea he was not visible!

"Next morn we miss'd him at his 'customed seat,"

"Along the side, nor at the foot was he:"

"Another came—"

but not so did the middle-aged gentleman, and from that time forward he was seen amongst us no more.

At the expiration of twenty-four hours, the landlady overcame her natural feelings of delicacy, and proceeded to break open his clothes chest, in order to elicit some compensation for sundry pecuniary obligations which she alleged he had omitted to discharge. I was present at the operation: the lock was forced—the lid was anxiously raised—but alas! an extensive vacuum presented itself. No integuments were there, ex-

cepting a few "shreds and patches" at the bottom of the chest in the shape of ancient shirts and fractions of neck and pocket handkerchiefs. This was all the repository of the middle-aged gentleman contained, setting aside a few sheets of paper which the landlady threw away as rubbish, and which I instinctively secured. On one of them was written the following "Legend," which illustrates in a high degree the morbid sensibility of the amiable writer. Connected as it is with local circumstances calculated to render it peculiarly interesting to the feelings of every New-Yorker, and breathing as it does a tone of the purest morality, I feel it my bounden duty to give it without alteration or addition to the public.—The catastrophe is singularly impressive and strikingly applicable to the present high-pressure times. Though I cannot say that I myself recollect the events here recorded, there is strong reason to believe they are not apocryphal, and doubtless live in the memories of many worthy inhabitants of this city. The following is the

MANUSCRIPT.

I am a miserable individual; my brightest hopes have been blighted and my finest feelings exceedingly lacerated. All my life an unfortunate constitutional temperament has disinclined me from following any useful or profitable employment, and as I inherited nothing from the author of my lamented existence excepting a good constitution and somewhat of an Epicurean taste, I have consequently been subjected to the mercenary importunities of mankind in every city, town, and village, where I have resided for any length of time. Even when totally destitute of money, and without the most distant prospect of ever possessing any, they have ruthlessly pressed their claims upon me, until disgusted with their heartless importunities, I have frequently, without vouchsafing a parting word, quitted their domiciles, and wandered no one knew whither. In the course of my shifting, strolling life, I have, as might be expected, met with many strange incidents and scarcely to be credited adventures, but amongst them all I know of none that more powerfully affected me than one which occurred in this very city of New-York, early in the nineteenth century.

It was on a Sunday morning, in the beginning of May, that I opened the door of a house that had become hateful to me, and sallied out into the streets. Unconscious of what direction I was taking, chance conducted me into Maiden-lane, and I sauntered down until my further progress was impeded by the East River. It was one of those delicious May mornings when spring, as if mad with joy at effecting her escape from the dominion of winter, had infused an exuberance of life and animation into all creation. The waves were glancing and dancing in the sunshine across the beautiful bay of New-York, and the fresh breeze came sweeping over the waters and mingled its pure current with the odour of "decayed fish and vegetables" in the precincts of Fly-market. The denizens of the city were thronging across to Long Island to

"Gulp their weekly air,"

and many aspiring young men were seated aloft in their buggies, sulkies, and other vehicles with names of equal euphony, awaiting the arrival of the boat. A friend of mine, who happened to be going that way, entreated me to accompany him, and as he satisfied all pecuniary demands, I entered the gate, and took my station alongside of the toll-gatherer, with whose appearance and manners I was very much struck in passing, particularly his slow and solemn way of receiving the money tendered him, and, notwithstanding the agitation and impatience of the passengers, his deliberate manner of returning the change. He was a man apparently about forty-five; his person was round, fat, oily, and somewhat loose and swampy; the original hue of his face was gone, and it was now a combination of many colours, in which red and purple predominated; its prominent protuberance was truly Bardolphian—large, bulbous, and succulent; on it

"Brandy had done its worst!"

"Nor gin nor rum nor any spirituous liquor,

"Could touch it further."

The bell had rung for the last time, and the gate was slowly closing, when a long black column, which on nearer approach assumed a little the appearance of a human being, was seen making its way, with all possible expedition, down Maiden-lane, in order to catch the boat, but whether it would succeed or not was a very dubious point. One thing was against it; the wind was blowing freshly up the street, and though the body, from its thin, hatchet-like appearance, was well adapted for cutting through an opposing current of air, yet the pressure upon the whole surface was evidently too much, for at every squall the long attenuated legs kept plunging in the wind but without making any progress. It was

like a boat pulled against a strong tide, which the rowers prevent from receding, but with all their exertions are unable to advance an inch. Fortunately, however, just as the small bell had rung to put on the steam, the breeze slackened, and the attenuation was enabled to reach the gates of the ferry. It proved to be an interesting and somewhat dyspeptic-looking young man, or rather the "sketch and outline of a man," for he was evidently as yet only a design. Like an onion run to seed, his altitude was uncommon, but his circumference a mere joke; and what added to the length and diminished the breadth was, that he had encased himself in a long-waisted black coat, which it was his pleasure to button tightly around him, and bestowed his nether extremities in a pair of fashionable pantaloons, familiarly denominated "tights," of the same sombre hue. I must take upon myself to say that this latter act was extremely injudicious, because the young man's legs were not particularly straight—they came in contact at the knees, but instead of descending perpendicularly, branched off so as to form the figure which geometers call an isosceles triangle, and which is commonly defined by the term "knock-kneed." His face was pale, thin, and uncomfortable looking, and he altogether had the appearance of having been dieted on vegetables and water during the winter months. He was such a being as Falstaff meant when he talked about a "forked rash," or like what pretty Perdita had in her mind's eye when she exclaims—

"Out alas!
"You'd be so lean, the blasts of January
"Would blow you through and through."

How this "eel in a consumption," had contrived to weather the blasts of January, and attain the month of May, is one of those inscrutable mysteries of nature, which the more weak blinded man attempts to solve, the further he goes astray, until reason is swallowed in conjecture, and "nothing is but what is not." I can only vouch for the fact, that the month was May, and he was still a sentient being.

When the particularly thin young man had presented himself at the gate of the ferry (which was done in less time than it has taken me to describe him,) the contrast between him and the firey-faced ferryman was most marked and striking. The latter looked at him as if he thought he was shortly bound for another world, and I myself was partly of the same opinion; be that as it might, he still evinced a laudable interest in the pecuniary concerns of this, for notwithstanding the larboard chain of the boat had been unloosed, and they were preparing to do the same with the starboard, the thin personage presented the man of the Fly-market ferry with a five dollar bill of the Catawaba bank in Alabama, by which procedure he calculated not only to secure his passage gratis, but have the bill discounted at a cheaper rate than it would cost in the regular way of business. But alas! how short-sighted are the schemes of mortals, as will be made apparent hereafter. The man of the Fly-market ferry was seemingly prepared for all contingencies of this kind, for drawing from his side-pocket a large, greasy-looking roll of bills, he slowly and deliberately proceeded to select the most suspicious and unbrokerable banks. Just as he had accomplished this to his satisfaction, and given back four dollars, and ninety-six cents, the starboard chain was unloosed, and the boat proceeded on her way. The young man first saw that the change was all right, and then rushed precipitately forward, and I verily believe would have succeeded in reaching the boat, had it not been decreed otherwise: just as he had got half-way down the gangway his foot slipped, and he fell prostrate; his bones rattled violently in his skin, and the hand which contained the change came in forcible contact with the ground—its powers of tension relaxed—and its valuable contents were precipitated into the water!

I have lived long—I have wandered over a great part of the habitable globe, and I have seen human misery and suffering in every variety of shape and degree, but such another picture of unqualified wretchedness as the thin young man presented when he found his cash was "buried in the briny tide," and that he had lost the boat, I have not seen. (Owing to the absorbing interest of this melancholy affair, I myself had lost my passage, but not being in any particular hurry, this was a small consideration.) The stranger collected his limbs together and arose slowly from the ground, and in doing so a ray of sunshine glimmered through the gloom of his unparalleled situation, for he perceived a solitary sixpence, that had escaped the fate of its companions, lying glittering on the edge of the dock; he stooped to pick it up, but before his agitated hand could grasp this fraction of the metallic currency, a young, dirty, ragged, embryo-states-prison varlet, that was lounging about, pounced upon it, and transferred it to his own pocket. The young man naturally enough demanded the

restitution of his property, but this sprout of original sin, in the most solemn manner, and with every appearance of truth, sturdily denied all knowledge of the transaction. "This was the unkindest cut of all," and the young man gave way under it. Stunned by the heavy and quick-succeeding blows of fate, he staggered he knew not whither, and most unfortunately, through the gates of the ferry, which instantly closed upon him. This immediately recalled him to a sense of his situation, and he attempted to return by way of the doorway, but such a proceeding encountered the decided opposition of the man of the ferry. The stranger was eloquent, and he poured forth a fervid torrent of words—he implored the ferryman by every tie divine and human—by all that links society together—by the confidence of man in man, to take his word, that he had already paid his passage, and let him pass; this the man of the ferry undoubtedly remembered, but he was not legally bound to do so, and moreover, he also remembered the Catawaba bank bill, and peremptorily refused all admittance without the preliminary fourpence. The stranger finding words of no avail grew frantic, and attempted to force a passage *à la armis*, but the man of the ferry pushed him back, at the same time unfeelingly exclaiming "No you don't!" His cup of bitterness was now full to the brim and one drop over, but tears at length came to the relief of the sufferer, and he wept! The ferryman

"beheld the dewdrops start,
"They did not touch his iron heart,"

and the unfortunate finding all was of no use, dashed the tear from his eye, turned his back on the scene of his misery, and bent his way up Maiden-lane. One consolation was left him amid all his wretchedness—the wind was now in his favour, and he proceeded without difficulty. On coming to the corner of Pearl-street he turned along, and the interesting, dyspeptic, thin young man was lost to my sight, perchance for ever.

My tale draws fast to its tragical conclusion. I went over in the next boat, remained in Brooklyn that night, and returned the following morning. On arriving at the dock, I perceived that many people were congregated together, and also, that another individual gathered in the fourpences. On inquiry I learnt that during the short interval of my absence, the man of the ferry—the author of so much misery, had been summoned to another world. The manner of his death was simply thus. After the boat had stopped running on the preceding evening, he wended his way, as was his wont, to a neighbouring tavern, where he proceeded to "pour huge draughts of aqua-vitæ down," in a way that would have petrified any unsophisticated man to behold. In this course he persevered for some time, and then to crown the whole, undertook, for a trifling wager, to swallow a pint of fourth-proof brandy at a draught. It was rather too much for him, but he had a thirst for distinction in that line; he attempted the feat and succeeded, though he immediately sunk upon the floor in a state of insensibility. The next morning when he awoke he felt very dry and feverish, and a pitcher of cold water happening unlookingly to stand near, he proceeded to deluge his inward man with its contents. The result was such as might naturally have been expected under such circumstances. His inside being heated like a furnace, no sooner had the cold water come in contact with it, than an immense quantity of steam was instantly generated, and there being no safety-valve, the unfortunate man, like an overcharged boiler, instantly exploded; and the animated mass, which but a few short hours before I had left full of fire and spirits, was shattered into a thousand pieces, and scattered over the floor of the porter-house. Fortunately no lives, excepting his own, were lost by the explosion. A coroner's inquest was held on the body, which brought in a verdict that "the deceased came by his death in consequence of his ignorance of the power of steam."

The moral to be deduced from this event is obvious. Let no one who has a predilection for ardent spirits—and there are but too many who have such predilections—drink copiously or incautiously of cold water, lest the result be similar, and they too share the fate of the MAN OF THE FLY-MARKET FERRY.

The new moon and the full are days observed by all the Chinese, as times of worship to the gods. People in dwelling houses, shops, temples, and government offices, on those days, burn gold and silver papers, light candles, offer incense, let off crackers, and present cups of tea, before the domestic and other idols. Some perform these rites without adding personal adoration, whilst others choose to worship and pray. Government officers usually quit their business before twilight, and repair to some adjacent temple to burn incense, and display other folly.

LITERARY.

THE TALISMAN FOR 1830.

We congratulate the public that Mr. Francis Herbert, the notorious traveller, and justly celebrated poet, painter, antiquary, and metaphysician—the bosom friend of the lamented Belzoni, and intimate acquaintance of Baron Von Humboldt and the Abbe du Pradt, has again appeared before them in the tangible form of a third volume of the *Talisman*. We say tangible form, because, by some strange fatality, Mr. H.'s very existence, except in a printed shape, has again become matter of doubt with the world. Notwithstanding his explicit declaration of last year, the spirit of scepticism is once more abroad; and though his pages afford irrefragable testimony of the existence of a master-spirit, it is roundly asserted that he is not present in the body. Mysterious shakings of the head and knowing winks—significant whispers and mutterings pregnant with more than meets the ear, are passing round the literary coteries of this city, and a volume is actually in the press to prove that Francis Herbert, esquire and gentleman, is not only without "a local habitation," but is, moreover, neither "palpable to feeling or to sight;" and though its design is abominable, as tending to wound the feelings and mar the reputation of a respectable individual, the execution, we understand, is eminently lively and ingenious. There is something passing strange in all this. One would think it would be no difficult matter for a gentleman who is familiar with all the artists, and people of notoriety in the city, to establish his identity; but here lies the mystery. When any of these painters or engravers with whom he professes to have had dealings, are questioned concerning him, they readily answer, "Oh, they all know Mr. Herbert," but when required to be more explicit, there is a sad discrepancy in their statements. First, he is a gentleman of an agreeable rotundity of person, a pleasing eye, and a merry and hilarious physiognomy: then a change comes over this figure; it is decreased in latitude and elongated several inches; the face assumes a younger and graver expression, and a pair of spectacles covers the eyes: anon, it is a man of slim and graceful proportions, with a mild and courteous expression of countenance; and when not present to the eye, these three appear to the memory as blended into one individual, and this individual is Mr. Herbert. Like a kaleidoscope, the combinations are different, but the materials remain the same. What is still more remarkable, it has been ascertained that these three figures have, at the same period of time, been performing separate and distinct functions in different parts of the city. If these things had occurred in the middle-ages, they would have been quite in character, but that they should take place in these mathematical days, amid the bustle of commerce and the study of the exact sciences, is indeed surprising. Such reports "big with impending fate," could not be long kept from the ears of the real Mr. Herbert, and, we are sorry to hear, they have had a visible effect upon his health. Though a philosopher, and by no means superstitious, he is still a mortal—one too who has been in Germany, crossed the Hartz mountains, and moreover seen the Death Fetch performed at the American Opera House in Chatham-street, and these duplicates of himself running about the town, perhaps getting into debt or committing some unlawful act that might be laid at his door, alarmed him exceedingly. As he is a man that abhors mystification in every shape, he resolved, once for all, to set this matter at rest for ever, and determined straightway on publishing another volume of the *Talisman*; that there might this time be no mistake concerning him, he prevailed on Mr. Inman to introduce his portrait, with that of his friend, the Little Turtle, in a landscape which that clever artist was busy with. Owing to some difficulty in taking the likeness, and the inability of the artist (who is equal to most things) to catch the peculiar expression of Mr. Herbert's countenance, this has not been accomplished, and the mystery remains yet unsolved. It is much to be lamented, as also the non-appearance of the Little Turtle, a name that will long be dear to the bosom of every American.

But to have done with personalities—or rather impersonalities—and to come to the positive and comparative merits of the book itself. Positively, then, it is a good book, and comparatively an excellent one. The annuals have done a great deal for the advancement of the arts—they have developed much talent, and called into existence some exquisite engravings—have improved paper and letter-press beyond all calculation; but we do not think they have done much for the cause of literature. After all, with a few exceptions, their ingredients are something like the Frenchman's punch—sugar and water—sweet and innocent. We turn over their delicate leaves,

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Expedition to the South Seas.—Since congress, in the plenitude of its deliberative wisdom, did not confirm the project of an exploration of the seas in the neighbourhood of the south pole, private individuals, stimulated by an honourable and munificent enterprise, have undertaken to accomplish the task, and, we are happy to say, with every prospect of success. Several active and enlightened merchants have volunteered to assist the indefatigable originator of the scheme, S. N. Reynolds, esq. in his laudable efforts to extend our nautical knowledge. This gentleman has accordingly been engaged at New Bedford, with Captain Palmer, a most successful south sea navigator, in preparing for the intended expedition, one of the finest vessels ever built in the United States. A part of her crew has been shipped already. Two other vessels are also engaged and nearly in readiness at this port, and other arrangements have been entered into by which the objects of the voyage may be most effectually and speedily attained. On the importance and expediency to the country at large of this expedition, we have repeatedly descanted in the pages of the Mirror. We have pointed out the immense accessions to science and commerce, which will accrue from its spirited conduct, and the no less extensive honour to which all embarked in it will be so fully and amply entitled. We had hoped that the national government would have illustrated its history by patronising this plan of discovery, and we have to regret their refusal as a national loss. On Mr. Reynolds, and the daring spirits who will accompany him on his perilous but praise-worthy exploit, we cordially invoke favouring gales, continued health, and the most unbounded success.

Mr. Samuel Patch.—This distinguished individual, renowned for his vaulting ambition, which overleaps not itself, but water-falls, cascades, rocks, and, we would have said, avalanches, but we have none here in this melting unglacier-like country, is about to exhibit himself once more to the American public, and, on a stage fitting his high and unexampled achievements. The boards of a theatre are too contracted for the grasp of his mighty genius; the precipices at Hoboken and Passaic, were mere child's play;—the falls of Niagara—stupendous and roaring, appalling even Captain Basil Hall in his travels through the United States, they alone are a fit scene in which to behold the never before surpassed feats of Mister Samuel Patch! On the sixth of October next—should the world last so long, and the sun not fade away—he is, amidst the roaring of the cataract and the dashing of the spray, to leap from Goat Island, a height not yet ascertained by our most exact surveyors. At the same time a fissure in the rocks, at the very edge of the falls, is to be charged with powder, and the explosion will disengage, as is supposed, ten million tons weight! Timely notice has been given that from every part of the country, from Michilimackinack and Shawangunk, from Pawtucket and Nantucket, from Cow-neck and Hog-neck, from Georgia to Maine, and Alabama to Texas, all children of growth, from the age of twenty-five and upwards, may go and witness the grand show! It will exceed every thing that has gone before it, and future writers are expected to say of the sixth of October, what Tom Thumb says of his birth-day,

"This is a day we never saw before."

Mr. Forrest.—Our native tragedian has arrived at Philadelphia, and been received at the Arch-street theatre by overflowing audiences, and with the most rapturous burst of kindly recognition and continued applause. He will in a few days make his debut on the boards of the Park, and we shall then have an opportunity of hailing him once more with our accustomed and impartial welcome.

Arch-street Theatre.—We are happy to learn that this theatre, under the management of Mr. H. J. Phillips, is likely to prosper. The business habits and experience of this gentleman, as well as his mild deportment, entitle him to the best wishes of the friends of the drama.

New England Galaxy and Boston Mercury.—Since their union, the united papers have concentrated all the talent and wit they were separately possessed of before. The joint sheet certainly does credit to the talent and taste of the editors, and forms a valuable support of the well earned fame which the elder Buckingham acquired as sole conductor for so many years, of the Galaxy. We wish it success.

The Little Genius.—At the earnest solicitation of many readers and correspondents, we have requested a continuation of these inimitable papers. The first number of a new series will be found in our columns of to-day.

Seventh volume.—A few copies of the numbers of the present volume of the Mirror can be obtained if applied for.

and the eye dwells with complacency on the well-printed page—the contents flow tranquilly into the mind, and ebb tranquilly out of the memory; we lay down one and take up another, and another, and another, and in the end, have no very distinct recollection which we have been reading last; they are all of one class, and the slight shades of difference cannot be distinguished apart. Now the Talisman, whatever be its faults, has a character of its own, and stands out in bold relief from the rest of the pretty and increasing family of the annuals. There is more body in it—more originality than the rest of them. It is, like a hardy urchin scampering over fields, hedges, and ditches, sometimes a little rough and unceremonious, but full of healthy life and vigour; while its brethren are so many pretty, well-behaved children—some of them rather sickly—dressed up in their prettiest to set before the company in the parlour, but afraid to move a limb or speak a word for fear of doing any thing wrong. Now we like the Talisman for its freedom of speech and action—its Devil's Pulpit, and scenes at Washington. It is the Blackwood of the annuals.

Were it not stated by Mr. Herbert in the most unequivocal manner, that he is the sole author of these racy volumes, we should surmise from their pages, that the operations of three distinct minds were visible in their composition: one of them of a quick and vigorous cast, stored with much rare, useful, and miscellaneous learning,—rich in classical and historical reminiscences, and an accurate knowledge of life and manners; lively, yet having withal a turn for mild and moderate morality—one who knows at the same time how to be "merry and wise;" most happy in sudden picturesque changes and apposite quotations; an easy, natural flow of language, and sound, practical good sense. Another of a more mild, melancholy, and imaginative temperament; one who "looks on nature with a poet's eye," and is sensibly, nay, sensitively alive to all her varied beauties; who seems to love the fields and flowers and running brooks for their own and not for fashion's sake; full of delicate perceptions and beautiful imaginings, and of that placid and benevolent frame that can extract "sermons from stones, and good from every thing." The third seems more calculated for the haunts of men, and the meridian of noise, smoke, and newspapers, yet perhaps better adapted to walk with an observant eye through the din and turmoil, than mix in them himself; a humorist, who can get "a jest out of a nutshell;" a scholar, who has more hard words and less pedantry in his compositions, than any writer extant; and a keen observer of absurdity in every variety of shape and degree; one who displays a laudable inveteracy against pertness and pretension, arrogance, affectation, and flippancy, and possesses both the will and the power to render them contemptible; whose humour is broad, but never vulgar, and one reason of which is, that the writer is never afraid of being so. If these are not three distinct persons, and all those qualities are indeed combined in Mr. Francis Herbert, it is to be hoped he will settle down quietly and enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*, and not expose his valuable life by making such numerous and incautious peregrinations.

The present volume commences with a piece bearing the appropriate title of "The Beginning," in which the writer, in euphonious sentences, informs the reader that he does not or cannot possibly know any thing of his subject. Then follow some fine lines addressed to the "Evening Wind"—

"God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!"

The "Indian Spring" derives its principal value from the easy and unaffected manner in which it is told. A white man strays into a newly cleared settlement, lies down under a tree, falls asleep, and a poetical, though by no means pleasant vision, is present to his mind, concerning the "Romans of the western world." When he awakes he finds he has been sleeping in the sun, and probably lost his dinner.

"Telemachus Moritis" is a noble picture of what a Greek ought to be, rather than what he is. The sentiments contained in this piece are such as could only have been conceived by a humane and generous mind; and they are clothed in language polished and appropriate, and at times bold, nervous, and enthusiastic. For example—"The men of Greece, it is true, are not the men Greece once had. Still they are men. They have wrongs, and they feel them. They have rights, and they may be made to know them. They have duties, and they must be taught to discharge them. The Greeks, singly, are slaves, and have become fit to be such. But the public opinion of Greece must be awakened, or rather, it must be created anew. Oh, mighty in its mysterious power over the multitude, is that voice, which issuing warm from the heart, speaks to men and speaks truly, sincerely, fervently, of their duty and their

honour, of justice and virtue! Oh, if it do indeed come from the heart, it cannot fail to reach the hearts of others. Bring within its trumpet sound a thousand slaves, each one abased, degraded, spiritless, treacherous, cowardly, and they all will begin instinctively to feel and to communicate to each other that generous sympathy which binds man to man; the nobler affections of their common nature will kindle up spontaneously within them, and those principles of manly sentiment, which, though they sleep in many are dead in none, will quicken into life and vigour. They will learn that they are men, and they will cease to be slaves."

"Ghosts on the Stage," is a discussion which took place between the late president Jefferson and Mr. Herbert, whether those beings ought to be visible pieces of spirituality, or purely imaginative, in which Jefferson inclines to the former, and Mr. H. to the latter opinion. If all the spectators were poets, an imaginary appearance might suffice, but as they are principally matter-of-fact people, we think a tangible ghost will be more to the taste of nine-tenths of an audience. As a celebrated actor observed, however, the ghost ought invariably to walk slow and wear felt shoes.

"The Whirlwind" is a graphic description of the desolation caused by such a visitation on a lovely scene in the highlands west of Connecticut river.

"The Peregrinations of Petrus Mudd" is an amusing account of a very worthy gentleman of New-York, who travelled much and saw little, and who, in fact, cared very little how much he saw. His desires are purely locomotive, and he neither expects profit nor pleasure from his irruptions into foreign countries, in which he is not disappointed; on arriving, at last, in his native city, he commences the study of geography forthwith, to ascertain where he has been travelling.

"Scenes at Washington, No. II." is the next and one of the best articles in the volume. It is an exhibition of half-a dozen or more new characters by the same pen that last year chronicled the doings of Miss Violet Lily and Colonel Phocion Milton Mansfield; though highly amusing, we cannot say that we enjoyed it to the full as much as the preceding; perchance this arises from having only read it once over, and that hastily. With last year's we have become quite familiar, it being something that, like Peregrine Pickle and Roderick Random, will bear a re-perusal every two or three months. The stately Mr. Moreton, though not drawn in such broad and striking colours as some of this writer's personages, is a natural and well-finished character, and the anointing of his "bowl of intellect" by the Rev. Dr. Firkins is most amusing. The sermon of the latter is a fitting companion to Colonel Mansfield's speech on the paving of Tennessee avenue.

We have not as yet had the pleasure of reading Mr. Herbert's lucubrations on "Time and Space," and therefore have no arguments at hand to refute the statement just made to us, that there is neither time nor space for an extension of this article. We are sorry for it, for there are many well-written, pleasant, and spirited pieces at the end of the volume; among which are "Association," the "German's Story," the "Marriage Blunder," and "Gelyna," a particularly well-told tale of an Albany maiden, and of her lover who fell with Howe in the fatal attack upon Ticonderoga. "Early Spanish Poetry," and "Phanette des Gantelnes," we have had no time to read. "Reminiscences of New-York, No. II." concludes the volume; they are highly curious and interesting, though not so varied and numerous as No. I.

The plates, which are twelve in number, we have seen under every disadvantage—poor proofs, and before they were completed. The frontispiece, engraved by Hatch from a painting by Inman, is a finished execution of a graceful design. There is a noble picture of a dying Greek, painted by Weir and engraved by Durand; and a bold and striking view near Ticonderoga from the pencil of Cole, engraved by Kearney, both of which we think will bear comparison with any executed in this country. The unfinished state of the other plates precludes the possibility of saying any thing about them. The typographical appearance of the Talisman is improved, the type being smaller and neater, and the paper whiter and of a finer texture than last year. Altogether it is creditable to New-York, and the closer it is examined the more it will be admired and sought after. C.

A certain well-known gentleman of the long robe, remarkable for his colossal height, and still more so for the emptiness of his upper story, has been christened by the profession "the long vacation."—*Globe.*

AN ORIGINAL SONG.

THE WORDS BY A GENTLEMEN OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—THE MUSIC BY JACOB ECKHARA, JUN.

ARFETTUOSO.

She ne'er complain'd, nor told her wo, Tho' break - ing was her heart; Ah! her's was grief, that "pass - ing show," De-

fy'd, The heal - ing art. A - las! that hearts like her's should break, Whilst tearless was her eye; That she e - ter - nal rest should take, Who

ne'er was heard to sigh, That she e - ter - nal rest should take, Who ne'er was heard to sigh.

She never wept, nor ever sigh'd—
None were allowed to know,
That though she broken-hearted died,
From whence arose her woe,
Alas! she never told her grief,
She utter'd no complaint!
But seeking in the grave relief,
Died as she liv'd—a saint.

ESPRESS

VARIETIES.

THE LATE MR. GILFERT.—A few days previous to the death of this eccentric genius, in a convivial party he challenged Mr. Woodworth for an impromptu, of four lines, pledging himself to compose an air to it, in as short a time as Mr. W. occupied in furnishing the poetry. The challenge was accepted, and Mr. Barrett appointed as judge. "Baron Von Carlos" immediately drew five strait lines on a sheet of foolscap, while Mr. W. tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, wrote with a pencil as follows:

He who would reach the shrine of fame,
Must climb a lofty hill for't,
Ere he can hope to win a name
As bright as that of Gilfert.

These four lines were set to an original air, said by good judges to be very pretty, in two minutes and a half, the composer beating the poet by just thirty seconds.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—Some five and thirty years ago, when this country was almost entirely new, and our inhabitants were few and far between, an enterprising blacksmith came into the town of Bloomfield, and being unable for the want of time and utensils to erect a shop, put up his anvil and set his fire and bellows going out doors. Not long afterwards, one of his distant neighbours hearing that there was a blacksmith in town, started off to go and employ him, but not finding the way, inquired of a man whom he met on the road, "How far it was to Mr. B.'s blacksmith shop?" "You are in the shop now," replied the wag, "but it is three miles and a half to his anvil."

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE III.—He was very partial to Eaton college. He used often to write to the head master to obtain a half-holiday for the boys, and invariably recommended to the noblemen about court to send their sons there. His majesty used

to relate the following characteristic anecdote: "Some years past I saw two of the urchins shooting in my preserve; both shirked in a ditch; I caught them, and took away their guns. Did'n't know me; took me for a keeper, and offered me half a crown to let them off, and said they would tell the king, who, they were sure, would not mind their killing a hare. Frightened them out of their wits when I said who I was, and that I should complain to the doctor (the master;) instead of which I sent a few pheasants and a hare, upon their promising not to poach again; and they kept their word. Both peers—both peers now, and two of the strictest game preservers in England," continued the king, laughing; "a proof of the saying that an old poacher makes the best game-keeper, eh?"

A CONVENIENT CAT.—A short time ago a poor Irishman applied at the churchwardens' office in Manchester for relief, and, upon some doubt being expressed as to whether he was a proper object for parochial charity, he enforced his suit with much earnestness: "Och, your honour," said he, "shure I'd be starved to death long since, but for my cat!" "But for what?" asked his astonished interrogator. "My cat," rejoined the Irishman. "Your cat, how so?" "Shure, your honour, I sold her eleven times over for sixpence a time, and she was always at home again before I'd got there meself."

BOASTING.—An Irish barrister had this failing in an eminent degree; and of believing he could do every thing better than any other person. This propensity exhibited itself ludicrously enough on one occasion, when a violent influenza prevailed in Dublin. A friend who happened to meet him, mentioned a particular acquaintance, and observed that he had had the influenza very bad. "Bad!" exclaimed the other, "I don't know how bad he had it, but I am sure I have had it quite as bad as he, or any one else." "Not quite, I think," replied his friend, "for poor Mr. Gillicuddy is dead." "Well," re-

joined our tenacious optimist, "and what of that? I could have died too, if I had liked it."

SALE OF RARE PORTRAITS.—The Basilogia, the celebrated book of portraits by Pass, &c., which about twenty years ago was sold at an auction, near Canterbury, for half a crown, has just been re-sold in London, for three hundred pounds. One copy has been purchased at Birmingham, for fifty pounds, which was broken up and sold in lots for five hundred pounds. A few days since another copy was sold at Bromley, for fifty-five shillings; it was called "A Book of Kings," and a royal prize it has proved to the booksellers into whose hands it has fallen. It is remarkable that these three copies differ in the number of the prints; the last mentioned contains a rare portrait of "Mull'd Sak," which, since Grainger, has been considered unique.

CELIBACY.—A Maine paper urges as a strong reason why judge Smith should not be elected governor of that state, that he is a bachelor!

CONUNDRUM.—Why are dandies like a looking glass?—Because they represent every thing of a woman but the qualities of her mind.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—A modern writer observes that "he who speaks lightly of female society, is either a numskull or a knave!"—the former not having sense enough to discover its benefits, and the latter hating the restraints it lays on his vices.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Published every Saturday, at 163 William-street, between Beekman and Ann streets.—Terms four dollars per annum, payable in advance.—No subscription received for a less period than one year. Each volume contains four hundred and sixteen royal quarto pages, five copperplate engravings, including the title-page, and twenty-five popular melodies arranged with accompaniments for the piano-forte.

J. SEYMOUR, PRINTER, JOHN STREET, NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOLUME VII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1829.

NUMBER 13.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DRAMATIC SCENE.

LINDA, BERTRAM, AND ERNEST.

LINDA.

AGAIN fair spring has twined her fragrant wreaths,
And joy looks out from every herb and tree.
How gaily now each chirping bird repeats
His warbling answer to the streamlet's voice!
All, all the earth awakes to life and joy!
But still, in vain, I bid my heart be gay.
One sad'ning thought is ever there.—Where'er
I turn my tearful eye, still memory brings
Some image of the past, to banish peace.
The past!—Oh why, alas! may we not bid
Remembrance die?—How many weary hours
Would then be spent in joy, which now are sad
With tracing o'er the faithless hopes, the woes
Of days gone by.—Alas! I must forget
That e'er young Ernest lived; and from my heart
Cast forth the slightest look, or word of his
That has been treasured there.—Far distant lands
Now claim the wanderer's steps; and rushing waves
The distance mark between his home and mine.
But hark! what fearful sounds! my father's voice!
Ah! he appears, and feebly claims the aid
Of a poor soldier's arm; whose bandaged face,
And halting gait proclaim war's cruel work.

Enter Bertram and soldier.

BERTRAM.

My gentle Linda, thy fair cheek is pale!

LINDA.

Oh, dearest father, sure some danger's near,
Or why those startling cries?

BERTRAM.

Not near, my love;
'Tis past; and with it should those signs of fear
Flee from my darling's cheek.—Dear Linda, twine
Thine arm thus round my neck, and 'neath this bower
I'll sit, and tell thee of my late escape.
A furious bull was rushing wildly on,
When I was heedless bending o'er my spade.
Already were his horns tossed near my head,
When from the thicket yonder soldier sprang
And lightly bore me off.—My coat, thrown by
To ease my toil, the vengeful monster tore,
And then passed on.

LINDA.

'Twas bravely, nobly done!
Where hides this stranger from our grateful gaze?
My dearest father, I will lead him forth, and here
Together shall our hearts their load of thanks
Breathe out. (Approaches him, then pauses suddenly.)
But, heavens! what well-known form is this!
My long-loved Ernest!—Can it, can it be?

ERNEST.

Oh, Linda, turn not thus away.—I know,
Alas! these frightful scars, this soiled attire,
Are not for thy sweet gaze to dwell upon,
Which ne'er has met ought sterner than the bright
And flowery banks of thine own sunny vale.
Forgive me, Linda, but long years of toil,
Of heartfelt suffering, for thy sake I've borne—
Yes, love, for thee!—I dared not claim thy hand
Ere fortune blessed my slender store.—Alas!
My toils were vain.—Still, still far distant seems
The promised gain; and all thy Ernest asks,
Is but one hour with thee.—One word to cheer
His few sad days.

LINDA.

One hour!—Oh no!—Indeed
Thou shalt not leave me now.—Oh I have mourned
Thee with a widow's love—outwatched the moon
To count the days, since thou didst leave our vale.
Yes, I can tell thee now, how oft my heart
Has beat to sickness, at the thought of thee,
And withered as its last sad hope decayed!
And shall I now, when sorrow marks thee thus,
Her own sad child, turn from thy fainting form
And bid thee seek, from stranger's hands, relief?
Dear Ernest, no!—I'll fondly watch thy pale
And suffering brow, nor shrink, in childish dread,
From that loved cheek, tho' crossed with ghastliest wounds.

BERTRAM.

My noble Linda, thou wert e'er thy father's joy,
And now his pride!—But, Ernest, what say'st thou?

ERNEST.

Thus, thus
I'll speak my thanks! (throws off his cloak and displays a
colonel's uniform.) My gen'rous love,
Forgive this little art, to prove thy faith.
I did not dare to think thy heart the same
As when I left thee, in the dawn of youth;
And these disfig'ring wounds were feign'd, to judge
If still thy Ernest's self could wake thy love.
Sweet Linda, I'll kiss off thy tears, and while
Thy radiant face is beaming thus, recount
The joys and sorrows of my varied lot.

JESSIE.

THE LOVER AND THE ECHO.

LOVER.

Why am I doom'd the pangs to prove
Of absence, from my Anna far?
What bars me from those lips of love
Whose colour rivals cinnabar?

ECHO.

A rival's sin, a bar.

LOVER.

Is she still faithful to the vow
She made at parting, breathed in sighs?
Loves she with equal fervour now?
Would I her heart could analyze!

ECHO.

Anna lies.

LOVER.

I'd breathe my thoughts in amorous lay,
But, ah! I know not what to write;
For how can words those charms portray
Which might inflame an anchoress?

ECHO.

In flame and anger write.

LOVER.

I've praised her oft in tuneful feet,
Iambic, dactyl, and the rest;
But she, with smile and accent sweet,
Approved the lively anapest.

ECHO.

You proved the lively Ann a pest.

LOVER.

O will she soon be join'd to me,
Whom she has fix'd affection's eye on,
And I, like an engrafted tree,
Nourish the young and tender scion?

ECHO.

Young and tender, sigh on.

LOVER.

O did she watch the rising moon,
Like me, with love and hope elated,
While listening to the cricket's tune,
Last Sunday evening animated?

ECHO.

Last Sunday evening Anna mated.

LOVER.

I've bought a ring with sparkling gem.
Emblem of love that ne'er can alter,
To grace her slender finger, when
Her vows are plighted by the altar.

ECHO.

Her vows are plighted—buy the halter! REUBEN.

POPULAR MORAL TALES.

INDIAN REVENGE.

SOME twenty-five or thirty years ago, circumstances made me, for a few days, an inmate of a family situated in the heart of the Green Mountains. It was the family of a hardy young farmer, who, with a wife, young, active, and ambitious as himself, had but a few years before, made his pitch on a lot of wild land, and was now, by the steady efforts of his industry, rapidly transforming the patch of brown wilderness which he had selected as his home, into a cultivated field. It was near the night of a beautiful summer's day, and the sun was slowly sinking behind the woody hills which deeply environing the log-house and the little

opening around it, stood clothed in all the green majesty of nature, sending forth on the pure atmosphere, cooled and moistened by the evaporating spray of a thousand falling mills, their sweet and balmy breath. impregnated with all the mingled fragrance of the blooming wilderness. The farmer had returned from his labour in the field, and was silently pacing the room with an air of dejection and pensiveness. He gave no reason however for this change in his deportment, and remained silent till he was kindly interrogated by his wife; when he paused awhile and observed,

"I know not how it is, Rebecca, but I have felt this day a sensation of uncommon uneasiness, rather of mind than of body I believe—the same unaccountable feeling which I have always experienced when some hidden danger was lurking about me."

"I think it all must be but your own fancyings," replied she, with some apparent concern. "My husband," she continued, turning to me with the air of one who seems to consider some explanation called for by the circumstances, "my husband is a little subject, at times, to dark and moody turns, and often starts at imaginary dangers, while real ones appear to be the least of his concern."

While she was speaking the husband had approached the side of the house and was intently looking through a large crevice between the logs, from which the moss, a substance in common use to stop the crevices of log buildings, had been partly removed. In a moment he started back with a look of dismay, seized his rifle from the wooden hooks by which it was suspended from a beam above him, and instantly cocked it.

"Rebecca," said he, in a hurried tone, "come here!"

She tremblingly obeyed, and looking through the crevice in the direction indicated by his quivering finger, she instantly recoiled from the view, and exchanged a meaning and alarmed glance with her husband, who was now in the attitude of raising the muzzle of the piece to the crevice. Seizing it with both hands, "You cannot be so thoughtless," said she, "as to fire upon them—O fly, fly out of the other window and you can reach the woods unseen." The husband paused a moment, and giving a quick glance in every direction around him, replied, "You are right"—while she, as if reading at a look his wishes, reached him his powder horn and ball pouch, and was hurrying him to the window. As he passed me he said, "Stay here and protect my family till I return, and all but life shall reward you." He then threw himself out of the window, and bowing almost to the ground and sometimes creeping, he pursued his way hastily through the weeds and bushes that bordered a small rivulet, till he reached the woods and disappeared.

"There," said she, drawing her suspended breath, "thank heaven, he is safe."

Amazed at what I had witnessed, I hastily asked for an explanation. Convulsively seizing my arm she conducted me to the crevice.

"Look beneath yon clump of trees!" said she.

I did so, and to my surprise I beheld three Indians apparently holding a consultation and watching the house. They were armed with rifles, tomahawks, cords, and such other implements as their warriors are known to carry when on expeditions for massacre or capture.

"There, sir, is the cause of our fears. We have before been alarmed in this manner, but my husband, then, as he has now, providentially escaped them. Had he been seen here, it would probably have been their endeavour to have taken him to-night and carried him off to their tribe, to murder him after their own

fashion; or, had they failed in this, they would have ambushed and shot him; but now they have not seen him, they will watch for a day or two, and depart as noiseless as they came."

I expressed some doubts of their hostile intentions, and suggested the improbability that they would here dare to seek the life of an individual, since the country had become so far settled, that on the least alarm, a force could soon be rallied sufficient to exterminate their whole tribe.

"My husband," said she, "was formerly a hunter on the lakes, and he there innocently was the cause of an accident which terminated fatally to an Indian, and which, it seems, they think he can only atone for with his life. Though they pass peaceably through the country, and as yet have committed no violence, still my husband too well knows their deadly purpose. How they have discovered his present residence, is still unknown to him. But I choose he should tell you his own story. Stay with us over to-morrow; they will depart and he will return."

I consented. The Indians after reconnoitering the house from different positions, disappeared for the night. They repeated the same several times the next day, when towards evening they disappeared, and were soon heard of several miles off, making their way northward. The farmer returned the next day, when he related the following adventure of his earlier days:

"Several years ago I made an excursion to lake Memphremagog for the purpose of spending a fall in hunting and catching furs around the shores of that lake, which is now associated with recollections which I fear will always be fatal to my happiness. I had been there several weeks, when, one day being out in quest of a deer which my dog had started, I heard the report of a rifle at some distance, and pursuing my way in the direction of the sound, I soon came across an Indian who lay wounded and bleeding on the ground. From appearances as well as his signs, I learned that being in the range of the game and his companions, he had been wounded by the ball from one of their rifles, and that they, unconscious of what they had done, had pursued the chase and left him in this condition, fainting from the loss of blood. I starched his wound in the best way I could, revived and conveyed him to my tent. The wound was not dangerous, and in a few days, during which I paid all the attention in my power, he was enabled to depart to his tribe, who were encamped round the other end of the lake. After this he frequently visited my tent, bringing me game, and taking various ways to express his gratitude. Spending considerable time with me, and often joining me in hunting excursions, I soon became much attached to him, and repaid his kindness with many little presents of various kinds of trinkets which I had brought with me. This probably awakened the jealousy of his companions, as I afterwards noticed an uncommon coolness and reserve in their manner towards me when I met them. While matters continued thus, one night as I lay in my tent I was awakened by a furious barking of my dog. The terrified animal, by his unnatural cries, and the manner in which he ventured forth and frequently retreated back into the door of my tent, told me that no common animal was near me. I arose, renewed the priming of my gun, and looked out in the direction where the attention of the dog was confined. At length my sight was caught by two hideously glaring eye-balls, that were burning out from the boughs of a thick pine that stood but eight or ten rods from my tent. I at once knew it to be an enormous catamount; and judging from the motions of the animal that he was about to leap towards me, I resolved to hazard a shot, although sensible of the uncertainty of my aim in the dark. I accordingly levelled my piece, and carefully directing my aim between the two bright orbs that were glowing down upon me with the intense heat of a furnace, I fired, and the animal with a tremendous leap and

scream that echoed for miles among the mountains of the lake, fell to the ground about half-way from the tree where I stood. My dog still refused to approach the spot, and knowing the animal to be dangerous even with the last gasp of life, I hastily re-loaded for another fire. At this moment I heard a rustling among the bushes, and discerning some dark object to move in the direction of the animal, and supposing he was preparing for another leap, I fired. Something fell to the ground, and my blood curdled as I heard the sounds of the human voice in the hollow groan that accompanied the fall! I hastened to the spot: the lifeless body of the catamount lay stretched upon the ground—and a little further I beheld a human being writhing in the agonies of death. I applied a torch light to his face, and to my unutterable grief, discovered him to be my Indian friend. Having been belated on an excursion, he was probably approaching my tent for the night at the time I was reconnoitering the catamount, and having seen him fall, he was cautiously approaching the animal when arrested by the fatal shot which it was my luckless destiny to give him. Though unable to speak, a fierce and vengeful expression was beaming in his eyes as he beheld me. In a moment, however, as if satisfied of the innocence of my motives on witnessing the agony of my feelings, his countenance assumed a mild and benignant expression. He stretched out his hand to receive mine, and with this last convulsive effort of appeased and friendly feelings, he immediately expired. I soon began to feel sensible of the peculiar difficulties and dangers of my situation. If I should call in the Indians, I doubted greatly whether I should be able to prevent them from suspecting me of intentionally killing their companion; and such suspicions I feared would be fostered by some of the tribe in their present feelings towards me. And as suspicion, in the creed of the Indian, is but little better than conviction, and fearful of the fiery tortures which must follow in case of such a conclusion in their minds, I concluded, perhaps unwisely, to dispose of the body secretly. With this determination I took the rifle and several steel traps which the deceased had with him, and lashing them to the body, conveyed it to my canoe and rowed towards the deepest part of the lake. I shall never forget the painful and gloomy feelings that attended the performance of this sad and fearful office. Though conscious of my innocence, and of being dictated only by prudence in thus disposing of him to whom I could have wished an honourable interment, still a kind of guilty feeling, and self-condemnation weighed deeply on my mind. Even the murmuring winds that were sighing mournfully through the tall pines that stood towering along the shores of the lake, seemed to upbraid me; and the low wailings of the waves, dashing sullenly on the distant beach, seemed to fall on my ear in the sounds of reproach for the deed I was committing; dark presentiments of approaching danger oppressed and sunk gloomily on my spirits.

"On arriving in the deep waters of the lake, I lifted the body over the side of the canoe into the water, and it immediately sunk by the weight of iron by which it was encumbered, and disappeared from my sight. I then turned and rowed hastily back to the shores. As I was about to step out of my canoe, I heard the splash of an oar at a distance down the lake. This circumstance, though I could discern nothing, much alarmed me, as I supposed the Indians were abroad on the lake, and had probably observed my movement—in which case I feared that a discovery was inevitable; for though they must be perfectly ignorant of my business at the time, yet on missing their companion, they would be sure to revolve this circumstance in their minds, in every bearing, and perhaps by some ingenious conclusion, connect it with his fate; for there are no people under heaven that can vie with the natives of our forests in the scrutinizing closeness of their observations, the minuteness

and accuracy of comparing circumstances, and the faculty of drawing conclusions from presumptive evidence. I returned to my tent and lay down, but not to sleep. Alone in the dark wilderness, fifty miles from the dwelling of a single civilized being, and deprived of my only friend by the very blow which had brought me into the situation where he was most needed—the gloomy stillness of the hour, and the dark forebodings of the future, all rushed on my mind, and conspired to fill my bosom with feelings of grief, anxiety, and utter loneliness.

"The next morning I went out and was absent nearly all day. As I was returning, when I came in sight of my tent, I saw two Indians intently examining the spot where the deceased had fallen. They then took the trail I had made in carrying the body to the lake, carefully noting each leaf on the way till they reached the canoe, and, after looking at it minutely awhile, they raised a kind of wild and wailing whoop, and departed towards their encampment. Judging from their appearance that they had formed conclusions unfavourable to me, I packed up my most valuable furs and other articles, and building a fire at the door of my tent, I took a bear skin and laid down in a thicket at a distance, from which I could see directly into the tent. During the evening several Indians appeared gliding around the tent, and finally entered it. Finding my moveables gone, they immediately raised the war whoop and scattered in every direction. One came near me, pursuing his way down the lake. I remained awhile, rose, and taking my pack, directed my course to the south end of the lake, from whence I intended to steer to the nearest white settlement. I reached the place before day unmolested, and sought a concealment in an old tree top on the ground, where I lay till nearly dark the next day. I then arose and was making my way homeward, when two Indians rose from a thicket and rushed upon me. I ran for the shore of the lake which I had not yet left. I reached it as the Indians were within two rods of me. It was a precipice of rocks hanging perpendicularly fifty feet above the waters. I must be taken or leap from the rock. I paused an instant, plunged headlong and was quickly buried in the deep waters beneath. When I arose I saw my faithful dog, who had followed the desperate fortunes of his master, floating apparently lifeless on the surface, having so flatly struck the water in his fall, that the shock had deprived him of breath, and the power of motion. With as little of my head above water as possible, I swam under the shelving rocks so as to get out of the view of the Indians. Several balls were in quick succession sent into the body of the unconscious dog, it being now so dark that the Indians could not distinguish it from me. Supposing they had done their bloody work, they ran up the lake, where they could get down to the water to swim in after what they mistook to be my body. While doing this, I had swam in an opposite direction, till I unseen effected a landing. I took my course with rapid strides towards the settlements, and had proceeded some distance before I heard the whoop, which told the disappointment of the Indians. I however travelled all night unmolested, and the next day by noon was safely lodged in the house of an old acquaintance."

After the narrator had concluded his story, I partook of some refreshment, and soon took my leave of the family. Several years after I was journeying through the town and passed by the same dwelling. It was desolate and tenantless, and the weeds and bushes had grown up where I before had seen fields of waving grain. On inquiry I learned that the former occupant, having been again haunted by the Indians, and perhaps still more by his own imagination, had removed into the western country, without informing even his nearest neighbours of his intended residence.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VIRGIL.

I yawn when you read!—Am I wrong then?—Oh no! That I listen, what proof more complete can I show?

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE TWO GLADIATORS.

It was a holiday in Rome; the last of a series given by the emperor Claudius in honour of his easy victories in Britain. The vast amphitheatre was crowded at an early hour by an immense multitude from the various classes of human beings contained in the great city. All ranks and sexes—the high-born and the beautiful—patrician, equestrian, and plebeian, congregated there. Wild-looking strangers, ambassadors from Germany, Parthia, and Armenia, were assembled to witness the proud display of imperial magnificence. Claudius himself, affecting an air of unaccustomed dignity, and accompanied by the abandoned Messalina, favoured the entertainment with his presence. Expectation sat on every brow; the choicest and most popular of Roman games was to be exhibited. Extraordinary exertions had been made to give the exhibition an interest, surpassing every thing of the kind that had preceded it. Foreigners, or as it was the fashion to call them, barbarians of tried courage and activity, and even persons of noble families, were the actors selected for the occasion. The very excitement created in the assembly, by the preparations for the sport, pronounced its character; and no one who had witnessed such a display could doubt, on looking around, that he was now to behold a fight of gladiators.

Among those who were to try their fortune in the game of life and death, were two Britons, from whose approved skill and desperate courage, the lovers of the show anticipated much amusement. They had been chiefs of petty states in their own country, refused to coalesce against the common enemy, were defeated successively by Aulus Plautus, and sent prisoners to Rome. Their exploits in the amphitheatre had already attracted the notice and approbation of the emperor, and he condescended to inform them, that if they acquitted themselves according to expectation on this occasion, they should not only be liberated, but dismissed with honours and rewards. To men hopelessly exiled from home and kindred, such a prospect afforded sufficient temptation to exertion the most perilous, and they swore by the gods of their father-land, that they would never submit to live another day if they failed to realize it. Neither chief knew of the captivity of his countryman and foe, and the hope of yet prosecuting their schemes of vengeance mingled in the dreams of the warriors as they contemplated their return to their native shores.

The combat began. It was not on this day the humour of the audience to spare the unsuccessful, and the arena was speedily soaked with blood. Arrangements had been privately made that the gladiators, victorious in their respective divisions should be matched against each other, and that the conquerors in this trial should be again divided and opposed, until at last the struggle for pre-eminence terminated in a single combat. Man after man bit the dust to the infinite delight of the spectators. No blow was parried in this encounter—recklessness of life answered the general craving for slaughter, and in a short space there remained of all the stately human creatures, every motion of whom might have afforded a lesson to the sculptor, only two capable of continuing the combat. One of these was of the class called *Secutores*, who were armed with a helmet, a shield, and a sword or leaden bullet; the other was of *Retiarii*, who, without defensive armour, carry a net for entangling the adversary by casting it over his head, and a three pointed lance for despatching him. In consequence of the singular intrepidity displayed by these men, Claudius commanded the amphitheatre to be cleared of the wounded, and water to be supplied that they might act unimpeded, and free themselves of blood and dust, ere they terminated singly the festivities of the day.—Leaning against pillars on opposite sides of the arena, with their heads averted from the multitude and each other, they submitted to the ablution offered by the attendants, and moved at the signal with steps slow, but firm, to the centre of the amphitheatre. As the Retiarius prepared to cast his net, the eye of his antagonist fastened full upon him. An exclamation in a tongue unknown to Romans, burst from both.—The exiled chiefs of Britain knew, for the first time, that they had suffered the same captivity, and survived the same strife: and now the death of one or both was to seal that recognition.

They looked on the multitude, and again exchanged glances; those island warriors who, enemies from their youth, were brought by destiny to wash away the remembrance of mutual wrongs, for the sport of their haughty captors. Amidst the swell of Italian voices, the echo of their own hung upon their memories, and the burning hate of years expired in the thoughts of Britain, of their wives, and their children—the place they once held among their people, and their present degradation.

Their features interpreted their feeling—neither spoke a word nor moved a limb. They wept!—the gladiators—the barbarous and hostile gladiators, wept!

Their apathy exasperated Claudius, who was resolved that, without a combat, they should not reap the honours and rewards he promised if they pleased him in the games. He gave command that they should be slain, if they persisted in declining the encounter. The whole amphitheatre was in confusion, as the imperial mandate passed from lip to lip. A band of Thracian slaves rushed to its execution, but they were too late. The two gladiators had fallen by their own hands!

MARY, MY ROMANCE IS OVER.

Mary, my romance is over,—
I'm no lunatic nor lover,
I'm a sober household man;
Pay my tradesmen—when I can;
Order dinner, scold my cook,
Keep a long, lean, weekly book;
Tell acquaintance, when they come,
"Mrs. Dash is not at home;"
Date events—with perfect phlegm—
"Just before I married,—hem!"
This is true, and you must know it,
Yet you think I am a poet!
Poets breathe no air but sighs,
See no lights but ladies' eyes;
Hear no music but the whisper
Of some pretty pouting lipser;
Feel no warmth but when they press
Timid hand in mute caress;
Taste no sweets but when they sip
From the honey of the lip:—
All that through their sense doth pass,
Passeth through a magic glass:
All doth suffer a love change
"Into something rich and strange!"
Roses are their lady's cheek;
Pearls her teeth, when she does speak;
Violets, her eyes of blue,
And her tears, their drops of dew:—
Stars, of woman's passion tell,
Stainless and unquenchable,
All around, below, above,
Is an element of love:—
They behold, in earth and skies,
One Eve-haunted paradise!
What should I in such a train?
I can never love again;
I the death of love have seen,
At love's funeral have been.
In his childish gambolling,
He was peeping through a ring,—
Put his head through,—and the toy
Choked the little heedless boy.
Slowly to the church we bore him,
Solemn service was read o'er him,
'Twas a quaint and antic sight;
Maiden mourners, mourned in white;
And the bells, with merry toll,
Pealed a requiem to his soul.
One whole month for love I wept,
One whole month his mourning kept:
Fast the precious moments hurried,—
Love, alas! was dead and buried;
So I dried my tears, and then—
Ventured to the world again.
Now the magic spell is done,
I can fly, or I can run;
Walk, and eat, and drink, and sleep;
Seldom sigh, and never weep;
Do whate'er I have to do;
Find my senses tell me true;
Taste and smell, and hear and see,
All things as they ought to be.
Cheeks are cheeks, and hair is hair:
Dark is dark, and fair is fair;
Weeds are weeds, and posies, posies;
Thorns are thorns, and roses, roses.
Pretty ladies may be silly
Though their skin be like the lily;
Pretty voices better mute,
Though as sweet as any lute.
Now I look for sense and reason,
All things else are out of season.
I am growing old—I show it;
How, then, can I be a poet?

MAN AND ANIMAL AFFECTION.

An affecting anecdote was a short time since related in the English papers. A young man took a dog into a boat, rowed to the centre of the Seine, and threw the animal over, with intent to drown him. The poor dog often tried to climb up the side of the boat, but his master as often pushed him back, till overbalancing himself, he fell overboard. As soon as the faithful dog saw his master in the stream, he left the boat and held him above water, till help arrived from the shore, and his life was saved!

LITERARY NOTICES.

PEACE CAMPAIGNS OF A CORNET.

THE author of this work has, no doubt, intended to produce an amusing book, but he has not succeeded. Yet his failure is not so glaring as to call for much severity of criticism. It is probable enough that the events he has described may have actually occurred, and been enjoyed with infinite relish by the spectators and partakers; but it is one thing to look on and laugh while the very scene is passing, with all its accompaniments of smiling faces, dancing eyes, and joyous voices, and another to read a description of the same event in a quiet room alone, with the blood flowing calmly through the veins. In short, types and pages are much less exciting than actual living, frolic, fun, and laughter. The scene of this novel (so we suppose it must be called) lies in Ireland—at least so far as we have read. The hero is a certain Pierce Butler, a cornet, and a very good young man, and the incidents consist chiefly of the marchings and countermarchings of the troop, to which he belongs, and the jokes, quizzes, drinkings and conversations of the officers belonging to that troop. The writer has, we suspect, a hankering taste for vulgarity; at all events his habits and ideas are but trifling. An invalid might amuse his hours of tedium with these peace campaigns; but what inducement a man in health could find to read them, even although he had nothing else to do but walk Broadway, we confess is beyond our power to imagine.

ATLANTIC SOUVENIR FOR 1830.

With the literary merits of this elegant volume we are as yet but partially acquainted, having only had an opportunity of glancing at a few of the articles; but, judging from the names of contributors enumerated in the index, we should surmise that they are of a high order. The first article, "Cacoethes Scribendi," is a pleasant story from the pen of the author of Redwood; and, among other pieces, that entitled "The Lament of the Empress Josephine," by Mrs. Emma C. Embury, and the "Appeal," by Prosper M. Whetmore, show that the poetical department has not been neglected. We also observe, that the pens of Mrs. Sigourney, Percival, Mellen, Richard Penn Smith, W. L. Stone, Paulding, Willis, and others, have been employed in adding value to the present volume.

In general appearance there is a more decided improvement in the Atlantic Souvenir, than in any other annual we have seen; the paper is smooth, and of a rich colour, the typography neat, the subject of the plates judiciously chosen, the execution worthy of the subjects, and the binding unites at once both elegance and strength—beauty and durability. It likewise ought not to be forgotten, that the publishers of the Atlantic Souvenir were the first who attempted the hazardous and expensive experiment of introducing this species of literature to the American public.

THE NEW FOREST.

We have read this new novel, and cannot conscientiously subscribe to the opinion expressed in several of the London papers, namely, "that it fully sustains the reputation of its author." The plot is good, although by no means extremely original; and this is as much as can be said in favour of the New Forest. Some of the characters are well conceived, but not very well drawn; and some are like nothing in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. We allude particularly to the American lady, Mrs. Tenby, who is sketched with a bold, but most unfaithful pencil. The fact is, Mr. Horace Smith has no idea of American character, except what he has gathered from the caricatures of Matthews, which, although they may serve for the stage, cannot be adopted as models by the novelist. Mrs. Tenby is, no doubt, looked upon by the author as one of his best creations; but we can assure him that he might travel through America, either north or south, without finding her parallel. Another fault of the work is that it is heavy; whenever the author has hit upon a good expression, or a happy touch of character, he dwells upon it with a fondness that may be pardonable in him, but is by no means gratifying to the reader. But the greatest failure in the book we take to be the hero himself, Mr. Henry Melcomb—he is by far too perfect, strictly moral, amiable, accomplished, courageous, honourable, perpendicular, and grammatical—in short a second Sir Charles Grandison; very exemplary, but exceedingly tiresome.

BLAIR'S LECTURES.

Messrs. G. & C. & H. Carvill have published a very superior stereotype edition of Blair's Lectures.

THE TRAVELLER.

ENGLISH SCENERY AND VILLAGES.

LEAMINGTON—WARWICK CASTLE—KENILWORTH.

How difficult is it to get even a tolerable idea of any thing by description. Read as much as we may, see as many pictures or portraits, and hear as many full and particular accounts as we may, of any body or of any thing, how surprised we are sure to be, when we come to have an opportunity of seeing and hearing, of travelling and judging for ourselves. My notion of England, before I had an opportunity of looking upon it with my own eyes, and I had gathered what I knew from every accessible authority, was that all England was a garden—a broad, undulating, flowery landscape, veined with bright rivers, set thick with baronial trees, and coloured with the deepest green; for so said our faithful and happy fellow-countryman, the author of the Sketch Book. The first thing that struck him, though he landed at Liverpool, and in the month of January, did he not? was the beautiful deep green of the whole country. Now, I landed at Liverpool too, and in the same month, and though I had been a good while at sea, and your sea voyage is a wonderful beautifier of landscape and women, I saw nothing but barrenness and sterility, rugged heath, old houses, and scattered trees, with a few windmills and hedge-rows that were hardly to be distinguished from each other. And so I may say of the English villages. Instead of finding them what I expected—hiding places for the contented, overflowing with healthy and happy children, overshadowed with huge trees—with low-walled, thatched-roof cottages, and fillagree windows glittering through a net work of wild flowers and thick leaves, all as fresh, as lively, and as clean smelling as the newly mown hay, or the beautiful untruths of Miss Mitford, with all sorts of by-paths and green lanes interwoven like warp and woof through them, I found them to be, generally speaking, very old and very ugly; most of them top-heavy and ragged, the youngest a century or two old, as if the art of constructing houses had been lost, or as if the present people had no more business with the cottages they occupy than their cuckoos have with the nests in which they are found. They are huddled and squeezed together in the strangest way, too, as if they had literally been paying tithes in kind, age after age, now in a bit of earth, now in a bit of house; they are generally thatched, I confess, though not exactly according to our ideas of thatching, as they are gathered from ballads, story books, and picture books, a mass of rich looking shadow and coloured light, flowing in broad currents down a sloping roof; but with a black, weather-worn, mouldy straw, here and there spotted with gray moss, instead of sunshine, or the yellow wall-flower. Nor could I ever see any of the healthy and happy clean looking cottage babes I had prepared to see, nor much of the clambering jasmine, the wild roses, or the ten thousand things, which, though they are sometimes found about an English cottage, are no more characteristic of an English cottage, than a locust or poplar, a spruce or an elm, is characteristic of the farm houses in North America. Cottages I did see—there's no denying the fact—cottages even more beautiful than I ever saw described or painted; little straw-roofed baby houses, flowered all over, and cooled in the summer time by the shadow of tree branches, for ever playing in the wind and sunshine. But these were few.

I found here and there, also, the most beautiful green lanes in the world, with hedge-rows on both sides higher than I could reach, and completely overshadowed for a quarter of a mile at a stretch on one side, with fine old trees; yet allowing you glimpses here and there, as you loitered along, of the very pictures you would have most wished to look at—just as if the green embrasures had been cut through the

flowering wall by one of those old fashioned landscape painters, who filled their pictures with live trees and real water, fresh air, new turf and sparkling sunshine, bordering the whole with a border of sky and earth. I speak of the landscape gardeners of another age, not of those who convert forests and hills into patch-work, where

"Grove nods at grove—each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other."

A practice much more to be censured, by the way, than that of William the Conqueror, who, it is said—look at Hallam's Constitutional History for the refutation of that and other like tales—laid waste a multitude of gardens and villages to make a forest for his own especial amusement in hunting; as if he would not have been tired of the chase, or gathered to his fathers long and long before it should be sufficiently overgrown with trees for the wild animal to find a covert there.

But to return—why is it that we are not able to get a tolerably safe idea even of the aspect of a country from the description of those who are able both to see and to describe, and who mean to describe faithfully? Simply because they will not describe what they see, *when they see it*, or, in other language, *as they see it*. They do not record their impressions while they are new. Their pictures are not drawn from the subject, but from memory; not from life, but from imagination. They are not so much portraits, therefore, as bits of composition. If the veriest dolt would sit down and tell on paper, just as he would if he were sitting on a bench at a tavern door, with a penknife and a bit of shingle, or a mug of beer in his hand, exactly how he had felt, and what he had thought, on seeing, for the first time, either a strange country or a strange sight, a building or a beast, we should be delighted—for we should then have what we never do have now from our artists—the simple truth. We should not be seeing at second hand, then, with the organs and feelings of another, but we should be seeing for ourselves, as we are when we look at a portrait from life; which, though it were made in a hurry by a bungler, would always give a truer idea of the original than ever so laboured a sketch from memory or imagination, by the same author. Try it with a child, if that child is a sincere lover of truth, and see if you do not obtain a better idea of any thing he describes, than you ever do from the laboured-up story of any body that is given to what is called description.

But let us give a sketch after the manner I allude to, for I have only to copy it from a scrap of paper now lying before me, covered with blots from life.

The newest and cleanest looking village I saw in England, and that which looked most like our thriving American villages, though the architecture was certainly much more elegant than ours, without being a bit more according to rule, was Leamington, a watering place, not far from Kenilworth Castle. And yet, I shall not say, nor do I say, that as an English village I liked Leamington, for I did not. But I speak of it as almost the only one I saw which appeared to have increased at all within the memory of man. The others appear to have stood just where they now are, and looked just as they now look, for hundreds and hundreds of years, without the removal of a single hedge-row or land-mark, the altering of a single roof, or the building of a single chimney. Throughout the country the style is of Harry the Eighth's time at the latest, with dormitories projecting over the pathway, and sometimes nearly touching their opposite neighbours; the streets so narrow, that, as Theodore Hook says, you never could tell on which side you were walking, and the frames of red oak visible through the plastering, even where they are not purposely left bare at the first; like the skeleton of houses that have been petrified, or converted into architectural mummies, by the wind and breath, or at least by the evaporation of centuries.

Leamington is a watering place, which, fifteen years ago, could not be found on the map. It is now a pretty village. The chief attraction probably is Warwick Castle, and the ruins of Kenilworth; for the waters and baths, judging by what I saw, are only an excuse for card-playing, dancing, sauntering, and lounging by the month.

A word of Warwick Castle here, which being the first castle I had ever seen, except afar off, or in decay, is now before me as distinct and massive, with all its huge proportions pictured upon the blue sky, as if it were something approachable on horseback. It is, beyond question, one of the two or three finest castles of the whole country; a strong hold worthy of that Guy, whose porridge pot and flesh fork they still show—the one about the size of a potash kettle, and the other of a barn fork—to say nothing of the jaw-bone of the terrible dun cow still exhibited over the principal gateway of Coventry, in size and shape like the broad-side of a whale's, or a mammoth's jaw. It is, indeed, a fortress—a baronial strong hold worthy of more than has ever been said of it, and capable even now of withstanding the assault of a beleaguering host. The best of the ancient parts are still in high preservation, though it was built in 1394, and the outline of turrets, walls, embrasures and keeps, when spread upon the western sky, is altogether one of the most picturesque and magnificent shows of warlike and feudal strength now to be found in that or any other country. Having heard much of the picture gallery here, and of the Vandykes more especially, I lost no time in presenting myself at the gate, and praying leave to look at the interior. Such a request in our country from a stranger would be thought very odd, though even here they are beginning to follow the fashion at the south, when they are out of the tavern path, or in that which leads to the door of an eminent man, who may be visited, spunged and catechised with impunity by strangers, under pretence of paying their respects to him; or when they stumble upon the possessor of two or three tolerable pictures, with a score of bad ones, if he has a bed to spare.

But in England they know nothing of this. Every stranger is expected to call—not to see the owner of the house, but the house itself, or the toll-keeper. It is a tax paid by the passers-by, partly to the rank of the powerful of the earth, who love to be stared at, if not to be stared at, and partly to the superannuated house-keeper, who, in most noble houses, contrives to obtain a considerable revenue by the show.

On this occasion, after we had sent up our names, my friend giving his from Coventry, and I mine from North America, the venerable house-keeper, instead of committing us to the charge of her niece, a young well behaved girl, but recently inducted into office, did me the honour—yes, the honour, for so I was given to understand before I had got away—the honour to attend us in person; her house-keepership having a decided partiality for all North America, and being rather curious to see how a native would bear the first sight of so awful a show as the interior of a castle which had been the habitation of princes for nearly five hundred years. But she had seen several North Americans before, and was pleased to pay our country a good many compliments, and talk a good deal about what, barring her ideas of geography, I had no reason to be dissatisfied with, or discomfited by. The good old lady was in fact the finest live specimen I had ever met with, of what we sometimes see tried upon the stage, a mixture of stateliness and condescension; so much so, indeed, that when we came to part with her, I was greatly embarrassed on account of the fee. I knew not how to behave—whether to lift my hat to her and bid her good morning, as I should in my country to a woman of her bearing or condition of life, after she had been so civil, or to slip a piece of gold into some by-corner, where somebody else would be sure to find it after I had gone away.

But my friend, who was an Englishman, and at home with the usages of his country, cut the matter short by saying to me—don't give her more than five shillings; that's enough to pay for four. Give her, said I, looking up in his face with astonishment. But he did not understand me; not a sign of surprise or perplexity did he show: it was all a matter of business with him—and with her, and so I resolved to consider it. Making a bow, therefore, I slipped a crown piece into her hand, as it involuntarily approached mine, while her eyes were looking another way; she dropped a half curtesy in reply, and the crown piece into her glove—I dare say without knowing she had it, like the man who was caught running off with a grindstone at a fire. Thus the matter ended, very much to my relief.

But the pictures themselves were worth going three thousand miles to see. I had never seen a Vandyke before, and there were the best Vandykes in the world, except, perhaps, two or three at Blenheim, the Marlborough house, near Oxford. Here, too, I saw the first pictures I had ever seen by Rubens, by Raphael, or by Titian, though I had seen copies by the score of each, that sold in our country for originals, at a price varying from that of a fireboard to a fourth-of-July transparency. One of the most admirable things there, was either a Charles I. or II.—or may be the Prince of Orange, on horseback. So delighted was I with the bearing and beauty of the animal, a magnificent white charger, that I immediately wrote home to Sully, whose admirable horse in the Passage of the Delaware was before me like a vision the instant I saw Vandyke's, to tell him how delighted I was with both.

I have already mentioned another part of the show, Guy's porridge pot and flesh fork, both of which are gravely shown, though the former is a huge boiler, and the latter made to match his tilting pole and sword. Yet Guy of Warwick was really a giant: seven feet high or so, and this at a period when stature, bravery and strength were of themselves enough to make any body a ruler of men by law. The painted windows of Warwick Castle, too, were the first I had seen of real worth, and they did not appear to me very ancient, though patches of the lost scarlet were to be found in them; and the prospect was one of the finest I ever saw. Kenilworth lay like the ruins of a walled village a little way off, all overgrown with the beauty and greenness of summer, which lay heaped up here and there among the wreck of battlement and tower, in masses larger than a common church, though it was now the twenty-first of January—it exceeded all that I had ever imagined of the effect of ruins, and high cultured decay, and strength, huddled up together in the same picture. While we were at Kenilworth, surrounded by a vast amphitheatre of dislocated wall, broken arches, and overthrown ramparts, upon which the turf lay in acres, and the ivy by cart loads, a slow shower came up, like the approach of a thunder cloud in hot weather, and completed the illusion. You would have thought, as you heard the rattling, and saw the flashing of the large drops among the green leaves, with the sunshine playing in spots on the turf below, that you were out in the very midst of a July afternoon.

On the place
There fell a shade, as on an awe-struck face."

And yet it was January, and the last of January. No wonder England has been thought to resemble a garden by those of our countrymen who have gone thither in the fall of the year, and arrived in the middle of our winter. At Oxford, on the thirtieth of January, 1824, I heard uncaged birds singing all about me, as I wandered among the trees.

JOHN NEAL.

PREVENTIVE AGAINST MOTHS.—It is said, that the calamus, or sweet flag root, being cut into thin slices and scattered among woollens of any kind, will effectually repel the assault of this destructive insect.

THE ESSAYIST.

FROM THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE TALISMAN.

ASSOCIATION.

"We change our clime, but not our nature, when we run beyond the sea." Neither time, nor place, nor circumstance, can affect the identity of the individual man. I am not about to weary the patience of any too indulgent reader, by expatiating on this old but sage proposition. All that is true is trite; yet truth is often received by sophisticated mankind, with the startling effect of an entirely new revelation. Axioms which reason and experience constrain us to assent to, do not prevent us from entertaining and fostering pleasant delusions. Hope and Imagination triumph over Truth. Under a different sky—with different associates—among other forms of things—the venerable relics of by-gone ages—or the fresh and newly-crested honours of a rising nation—

'Among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea,'

we dream that we should act a wiser and better part. Circumstances may favour the self-deception in some instances. Disappointment must of course attend upon most of them. But Truth tells us that it is a deception in all. Man is not the creature of circumstances; he is the creature of Omnipotence.

We are not changed by any difference in the persons and objects around us. Yet how do they seem changed to us! The reasons why they do so are obvious, and are oftener felt, than well expressed in prose. Poetry is indebted to them for half of its stock in trade.

In plain and gently-ambling prose, however, steering clear of the whirlpools and quicksands of metaphysics, every one can understand how what we have seen, heard, felt, and undergone, in an intervenient space of time, affects the picture presented to our mind's eye by external objects at different periods. The most familiar illustration of the effects of comparison, is, that what had at one time seemed grand in size, or beautiful in proportion, will subsequently strike us, and generally with a melancholy sensation, as diminutive or misshapen.

Theodore Hook, as pleasant a writer in his way as any English author I know of, seems to think, from the manner in which he dwells upon it, and the frequency of the observation in his "Sayings and Doings," that he has made a profound discovery in relation to this subject—to wit: that when we leave, for the first time, scenes of humble pretensions, we are not so much struck with the altitude or vastness of other objects, as we are, on returning, with the littleness and mean proportions of what we had once been accustomed to regard not only with complacency but respect. The rules of optics and of perspective furnish an easy solution of the first part of this supposed phenomenon; while the simplest consideration of the nature of association as readily explains the latter. When Captain Lemuel Gulliver returned from Brobdingnag, he ducked very naturally on entering his own door, though he had grown no taller than he had been when he entered it with "front sublime," and all the upright dignity of man. Why the respectable animal which we call a goose, does, or is supposed to, in the common conundrum, stoop in entering a barn by the door-way, is satisfactorily accounted for by the children's answer to the quibble; at least to my apprehension. If there be a deeper solution of the mystery, I suppose it can only be obtained by devising some direct means of intercommunication with the geese themselves. If this can be done, the opportunity should be embraced, of unravelling several other knotty points in metaphysics.

Places which we visit after protracted intervals of time, can hardly ever wear, to our perceptions, precisely the same aspect, though they should in the mean time undergo no obvious change. Yet there may be exceptions to this general truth. The present associated images may fortuitously be so identical with those of a former hour, that the intervening years, with all their joys and sorrows, shall have their effects and influence momentarily suspended, and that we shall go back in the chronology of memory.

There is a well known anecdote, illustrative of this phenomenon. A gentleman was about to sail for the East Indies, who had a propensity for telling long stories. He stood on the quay, with his most intimate friend, telling him one of his most prolix legends, when he was summoned to get into the small boat which was to convey him on board. Many years elapsed, during which he married and buried two wives, and made and lost a fortune, when he returned and landed on the same quay, where he met the same friend. "As I was saying"—he continued, taking him by the arm; and finished

his narrative, resuming it at the precise point where he had been interrupted. There is nothing extravagantly improbable in this incident; and from all I heard about it in Germany, there is no reason to doubt that it actually occurred.

When an alteration has been made in any place, which it is our chance or desire to revisit, or when it has received some addition, no matter how small in comparison with the whole, the whole will seem changed to us, but it will depend on other associations, whether we most regard the novel object, and wonder whence it came, or the former scene, and wonder why it is altered.

In the course of my somewhat rambling life, I have myself often experienced the various effects which circumstances produce, in changing the appearance of natural and artificial objects. But I remember no more violent and disagreeable sensations arising from this cause, than those which I felt on paying a second visit to what is called the Pine Orchard, an elevated platform on the Catskill Mountains, of late most terribly becockneyfied in newspaper prose.

I ascended to it many years ago, accompanied by two experienced admirers of nature. We carried with us only our pilgrim staves and scrips. Our path was a rugged and often a toilsome one; but, as it led us onward amidst deep woods and a fine landscape bounded by a barren and wild prospect, in the valley through which the Katerskill creek runs, winding its course onward until it unites with the Kattskill—or turned abruptly round some bold rampart, whose rocky foundation jutted forth in defiance, supporting a respectable hill, which would, in a level country, be dignified with the name of a mountain—or as it carried us over gurgling water-courses, through shady glens, and into dark ravines—or left us to clamber and actually to crawl up precipitous ascents—still, "the rough road seemed not long." Ever-shifting scenery and converse as varied beguiled us, so that we felt not fatigue, and should scarcely have been conscious of the difference between our sluggish progress, and that of "Hyperion's march on high," had it not been for the increasing heat. And ever and anon we paused to contemplate some striking picture before us; or arrested our footsteps, and stopped on a level landing place to gaze on the region we had left behind, when a new opening presented such a combination of the imagery we had before beheld in detail, as the mind could not have grouped, or the imitative power of painter or poet expressed.

We were sensible that we were constantly ascending; but the mountain did not rise before the sight, nor was the point to be gained at all visible. And, afterwards, I could not help assimilating our journey to that of life, when the unseen and unknown heaven has been steadfastly kept in mind as the bourne of its pilgrimage: and after toil encountered, mazes threaded, and difficulties overcome, it is crowned with the beatific vision.

At length we reached a delightfully cool grotto, which, with its smooth projecting stone roof, sheltered us from the sun, while we reclined on as primitive seats of the same material beneath. The moisture which exuded from the rock all around, filled this retreat with freshness. A natural basin in the living stone was filled with pure cold water, by its secret fountains, which welled out also in other directions, forming little rivulets that played and murmured softly around our feet. Here we refreshed ourselves for a short time, and blessed the Nymph of the place, to whom antiquity would have given a name, had her haunt in classic days been approached by the footsteps of the then civilized man.

My companions did not inform me how near we were to the Mecca of our pilgrimage; nor had they given me any other notion of the view, from the spot we had almost reached, than that it was a very extensive one. When, therefore, after climbing a moderate ascent on the left, I stood upon the naked flat rock, two or three acres in extent, called the Pine Orchard, by a catachresis, (a few dwarf evergreens of two feet high, or less, and of an unhealthy look, which sprouted from the crevices of the platform, being the only specimens of vegetation,) and when I advanced to its brink, overlooking five or six States, the vastness of the scene that broke upon me all at once was overwhelming, and, at first, not understood.

I beheld—"Creation!" as Natty Bumpo said, "dropping the end of his line into the water, and sweeping his hand around him in a circle." On the verge of this stupendous precipice, whose sheer descent is in some places nearly a thousand feet, in an attenuated atmosphere, above the common clouds and vapours, with all heaven over head, and half the earth, as it would seem at first, spread beneath the feet, there was nothing artificial, nothing that man had done, to relieve or break the suspension of the faculties which occurred instantaneously when the prospect burst upon the eye. We stood on this narrow table-land, isolated from the world; of

which we gazed on a portion seen in miniature so far below; while beside, and behind us, the everlasting mountains lifted their heads, still towering higher into the clear and boundless firmament.

The presence of God was realized in the breathless pause of the moment. Nor did the sensation accompanying this consciousness soon pass away. On changing my position, to which I had been fixed and rooted for the time, on moving to other points of observation, and on ascending to higher acclivities, still the same unlimited extension lay before the sight, and the image of eternity dwelt upon the mind.

And when we arose the next morning, (for we bivouacked after a fashion beneath the rocks and under the trees,) the mist that covered the level scene below, just before the dawn, unbounded by any outline, but mingling with the all-casing air that enwraps the planet we live upon, presented to the feelings a more immediate though cloudy type of that which is without beginning or end, or any confines, than the ocean itself has ever suggested to me. I have been on much more elevated spots, and have powerfully felt the natural influences of the locality, and the picture before me. But the sense of mighty solitude, of somewhat oppressive, and always sublimating abstraction from the peddling concerns of mankind, never overcame me more forcibly than on this occasion. I heard a deep voice, though all was silent, and saw a vast phantom stretching and spreading away for ever; and the shadow which this pageant cast over the brain, was constantly that of "Eternity, Eternity and Power."

There has been no description attempted, fit to be compared for an instant with that given by the hunter in the *Pioneers*, either of this place or of the neighbouring Fall. It was my fortune to read the passages to which I refer, before I thought of expressing in written language my own recollections of the effects produced on myself by both of them. My ingenious countryman has anticipated me altogether, (as he has anticipated every body else,) by making his favourite hero the organ of his own reminiscences.

As we stood on the floor of rocks, down which the streamlet, which was soon to take so terrible a leap, came sportively winding and dancing onward, with as much glee as if it was always holiday upon earth, and as we looked down the profound depths, where its waters, after having been resolved and shattered into spray, resumed their course—and gazed laboriously up the side of another gigantic mountain, rising fairly to the sight, in all its distinct grandeur, from its very base to its dome-shaped summit, clothed from bottom to top with its drapery of solemn woods, mounting girdle upon girdle, until the eye ached that tried to count for even a small portion of its unmeasured conoid, the number of their cinctures—here, there, and everywhere, we saw nothing which interfered with the religion of the place. Nature remained, stilled and throned in her own holy solitudes. We trod, involuntarily, with cautious steps; and spoke in regulated tones, as if feeling that we were in her cathedral; that the voices of her waters, and the whisperings of her wilderness were devotional litanies and thanksgivings.

I do not think that Natty Bumppo himself would have been much more scandalized and afflicted, had he known that the march of the "settlements," would extend up to these wild regions, where, by himself alone, he had chased the bear, the wolf, and the panther, and where, safe from man's intrusion, he had gazed from his eyrie, in his contemplative moods, upon the "carrying on" of this world—than I was, when I learned that some people had been building a monstrous tavern on the table rock—knocking up a grog-shop on the top of the semi-amphitheatre into which the streamlet makes its leap, and damming up its waters—for miserable lucre—in order to charge the spectators a shilling a-head for opening the sluice.

Oh! ye Oreads, Dryads, Hamadryads, and Napeids! Thou, sweet and solitary nymph of the now desecrated grot! And ye tiny naiads of the rivulet and the dashing cataract! Whither have ye fled? And had ye no avenger? Do the storm and the hurricane roar harmless for ever beneath your immemorial haunts? Do the great thunder, and the all-consuming lightning, which was wont to visit the lofty places of the earth—the tall pines and the presumptuous towers, and the monuments of ancient kings—riot idly beneath the regions ye have loved? Will not winter, when the trees, each of which belonging to one of you, freeze and shiver on the ice-incrusted scalps of those Titan-hills which you once made your homes—when he binds up your springs, arrests your torrents, and piles up his snow in your valleys, nooks, and pathways—will he not in some indignant and tyrannic mood lock up your invaders in monumental cold, to perish without succour or sympathy? I thought in my folly that those two barren acres

and that sanctity of nature were inappropriate, and that they belonged to mankind. It was an idle thought. Could the jewels of Aetna or Vesuvius be subjected to human power. Enceladus would be made to roar by contract, and the natural fire-works be exhibited for a consideration!

Such might or would have been the expression of my indignation, when I heard of the profanations to which I have adverted. An actual inspection of the improvements, as it may well be conceived, did not mitigate my exasperation. Human converse, and human comforts, reconciled me however for the time being, and prosaically, to the change; though poetically it was and must be impossible to do so. The place has been made vulgar; the nymphs have fled; it has been trodden by the feet of cockneys, unnumbered and innumerable; lackadaisical lovers have made soft matches in its rarefied air, where their small wits were weakened by expansion; and the qualities of the virtuous and drink which may be bought upon it, have been painfully purified in the public prints. It is desecrated. And though the elements should carry away every vestige of these improvements, it can never more, unless dreadful oblivion shall shroud the past, be gazed on from afar as a point in the outline of the blue figure above the horizon, which the heavens seem to vindicate as their own, or be visited with reverent footsteps—as it was gazed upon, and as it was approached, in the days that have departed.

Yet, with agreeable company, one may get along there well enough, I have no doubt. When I was there the second time, which was a few years ago, I went up the Hudson in a crowded steam-boat. I am fond, when in the mood, of mingling with the accidentally assorted contents of these conveyances. We are not obliged to be brought into such close compact with disagreeable individuals, as we are in other contrivances for the transportation of people, by land and water. And we often make temporary acquaintances, from whom we part with a feeling of pleasant melancholy. On this occasion I was pestered with an Englishman, who had come out to see about selling some cotton stuffs for his employers, and having two weeks on hand, before the return of the packet, was making notes for his travels. As we passed the Highlands, he observed that they were nice hills. He inquired whether the other end of the Hudson emptied into Hudson's Bay; and being told yes, made a memorandum to that effect.

Even those who find the Pine Orchard an elysium, have to go through purgatory to get to it, in the usual warm season. The musty adage says that we must all eat a peck of dirt in the course of our lives, and the whole of this penalty will be exacted in riding, on a hot and dusty day, from the Catskill landing to the hotel on the mountain. When the crowded vehicle, in which we were dragged up the ascent, drove round in front of the inn, the company were in a sorrowful looking plight; and as we regarded each another's condition, the ridiculous contended manfully with the sublime, for the mastery. There, to be sure, was the vast view at our feet; but there too was the big hotel, all shining new, with well dressed multitudes promenading its piazzas, and inspecting the travel-soiled and fatigued new importations, with complacent curiosity. And then the trouble with baggage and servants, and procuring one's self quarters and needful comforts—though there is no host more civil and agreeable to be found in the land, than the lord of this wooden castle in the air—these things must effectually interfere with the feeling of awe, if not with that of simple wonder, which the instantaneous bursting of the vision below upon the sight, is calculated to produce. The ladies severally said, oh! ah! or dear-me! and hurried to get dressed, before they "looked at the prospect."

The prospect indeed is altogether another sort of an affair—seen everlastingly through every one of the hundred windows in part of this mansion, which there is no passing without beholding it, in a picture-like form set in a common-place frame—from what it was when looked upon from the naked rock, under the canopy of heaven, and in the solitude of nature. I wished heartily that it was out of the way.

I was sitting in one of the parlours, in the evening, where a small circle were amusing themselves with such resources as they had for the purpose. Two interesting young ladies from Virginia, whom I shall call Penserosa and Allegra, were seated together on a sofa. The latter was playfully tracing on the wall the outline of the profile in shadow thrown upon it by the bust of Penserosa. It so happened that the full features of this damsel were at the same time reflected in a looking glass which hung in the direction to which her head was turned. On that reflection she might well have gazed with the conscious pride of beauty; but whether she did or not, I am unable to say. The sweet and somewhat pensive lineaments of her countenance were thus presented in triple

variety; the fair originals being three-fourths seen, while the mirror showed the whole, and the mere contour was exhibited on the wall. There was also a third copy of them in process; for I observed that an Italian artist, who had been roving among the mountains taking sketches, was busy with his tablets, and ever and anon casting an earnest glance at the sisters.

I was mentioning to an intelligent German the disappointment I had experienced in the change which the view had undergone, to my eyes; and we fell into a rambling disquisition on the subject of association. Penserosa opened a volume of Wordsworth's poems, which was lying by her, and asked if any thing better had ever been written on this theme, than the glorious ode of this great bard, which she began to read aloud.

There was a melancholy pathos in her voice as she read the first stanzas, concluding with

"Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more!"—

which almost led me to suspect that some secret of the heart, might, without resorting to the deep philosophy of the poet, afford a sufficient reason for her feeling

"That there had passed away a glory from the earth."

Allegra said that for her part she loved variety, and should soon get tired of the world, if it always looked alike. With the beautiful development of the poet's theory, beginning with—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting." &c.

The German was enraptured. The expressions of his admiration were enthusiastic, to an unusual extent at least, I was somewhat surprised by it. He understood the English language remarkably well, though he spoke it with a broken accent. We fell into a speculative disquisition about the nature of the pre-existence of the soul, as a matter of course; though, as a matter equally of course, none of us had any thing to suggest which was not suggested three thousand years ago, as we know from the records; and three thousand years before that, as we have the best reasons in the world for believing, it was as great a mystery.

"The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

The German adverted to a mental phenomenon, which he seemed to think connected with this subject. He said he had been several times suddenly perplexed by a strange sensation that what was passing at the identical moment had happened before. I admitted that I had experienced the same hallucination myself, as did also Penserosa. Allegra said she had never felt exactly alike, twice in the course of her life. I referred for the reason of the seeming mystery, to the strong accidental similarity or identity of associations; as in the case of the gentleman who went to India, which I have before mentioned. But this natural solution did not seem altogether satisfactory to my new acquaintance. He dwelt so much on one instance which he said had occurred to himself, in which he was in a kind of trance, that I besought him to give me the particulars. He said he had written them down, on account of their curiosity, and that I was welcome to the manuscript.

I thought his narrative might prove amusing to some of my readers. I believe I have translated it faithfully. There is some flightiness about it, as might be expected from the nature of the occurrence. A slight sketch of the sisters, which I begged at the time from the Italian, pleased my friend Morse so much, that I am enabled to illustrate my work with a finished picture from his classical pencil.

THE GERMAN'S STORY.

I was sitting one evening, just before twilight, with my back against the wall, in a recess of my withdrawing room, in which there was a large window. I leaned my arm on a table, and was meditating, with no continuous train of thought, but certainly, without the least somnolency; as I am not subject to it in the afternoon, and had taken strong coffee after a light dinner. A strange sensation came over me, identifying the present moment with one which had been. "Just so I have felt—all this I have acted and suffered before." Thus I thought, or rather, of this I was conscious. It was not that I accurately recognised any particular combination of existing images or sensations, as the doubles of those I had perceived at a previous point of time: but the strange consciousness was entire and irresistible, and was accompanied with a peculiar

physical effect, not unlike the incipient terror of those who are affected by the dread of supernatural appearances. As my dog looked up sleepily in my face, this singular hallucination grew more vivid. A lady, who was in the room, made some remark as she quitted it. I heard only as it seemed to me, a passing strain of music in the cadence of her sweet tones; and, as I looked upward, I felt that I knew all that was to follow.

But Beatrice stood before me, with her full yet floating and angelic form, her bright and laughing eyes, and her luxuriant hair, with its clusters carelessly yet classically confined in beautiful subordination; and she smiled as she was wont, when not to believe the language of her expression, would have been disbelief in the existence of angelic intelligences. So I looked at her. I could not love her more than I had done, or did, for love of her then occupied my soul, and was like the Hebrew tense, supposed to shadow forth the divine origin of that language—past, present, and to come. The modifications of time had nothing to do with my feelings, to which love, undivided, was the measure of duration as well as of space, matter, and sentence. Beatrice stood before me. "So," said she, "you are in a brown study again?"

"Our ideas will wander, dear Beatrice, at certain times, when we are not asleep, and cannot safely swear that we are awake. But now I am wide awake; and now I think of but one object."

"That is because you cannot help it. It is before you, and compels you to talk to it."

"Sit down by me, and do not be so mischievous. Why, you are almost in bridal apparel?"

"I am practising for the day after to-morrow. Do you think you will be ashamed of me?"

We sat together in a recess, a window which admitted a prospect of the beautiful twilight scene; and the softened glory yet lingering in the west, mellowed but not yet all spiritual, as it irradiated her form and features, showed me the most delightful vision which prophet had ever seen, or poet pretended to behold. And it was no phantasm; for this exquisite image breathed and lived and panted responsively to the quick and full pulsations of my own heart; and as I looked down into her eyes, where the light of the soul illuminated each mysterious sun of expression, which shed its effulgence over the sweetly moulded world of her features, I seemed gazing into wells of unfathomable thought, and holiness and love. He who could have believed that truth did not lie at the bottom, would never have been healed at the pool of Bethesda. But what was I to believe? I only felt, strong as the consciousness of my own existence, that *we loved*. I saw my own miniature in each of those wondrous orbs; and did they not open into her heart?

"Beatrice!"—I murmured.

"Hierome!"—she whispered.

"Why is not to-morrow the day after to-morrow?"

"Because, my friend, the almanack-makers will not have it so. The day after to-morrow will come soon enough." (And she sighed.)

"But not too soon, Beatrice?"

"Oh no!—it is past seven o'clock, is it not?" (What a strange question!)

"I should think so; for the sun set some minutes ago."

"Well, Hierome, when the everlasting sun measures the days and nights, and the heart measures time by its own calendar, I wonder why they make almanacks and watches. It seems to me as absurd as astrology. Did you ever believe in astrology?"

"Believe?—I believe nothing at this moment, but that I am, and you are;—and that I love you as my better existence. But, last night, I was gazing on the stars, and I will censure no one hereafter for having faith in their ordained connexion with the destinies of men—provided the proselyte is not honestly in love, and an accepted lover. If he cannot then defy augury, he ought to be discharged by his mistress."

"I incline to the same opinion," said Beatrice. "If he is frightened by looking at the quiet stars, a melon rind with a candle in it would be certain death to him."

"But you *shall* hear about my astronomical observations, nevertheless, dear Beatrice. I looked forth on the eternal, silent, and mysterious heavens. Star after star, as it hung in the intensely blue abyss, arrested my glance, and then it wandered to another and yet another. More millions of those extinguished lamps were raying out their influences, than there have been individuals to be governed by them, among living men and the generations that have been on this planet, since the morning stars sang together. I looked upon the milky way; and explored, with untaught eyes, that star-studded pavement for the footsteps of Omnipotence. All was vague and undefined in the mirror that gave to my soul its images; or else my soul

drank in only the lessons of eternity and infinite power, which the meanest peasant can read in that book of God. But presently my attention was fixed upon two pellucid and sparkling orbs, distinctly shining near each other. Their spheres were as uniformly brilliant as the focal radiant eye of the diamond; save that their lustre seemed more liquid, and that they appeared to oscillate in the ocean of immensity beyond our atmosphere, sprinkling or shooting forth portions of their own pure glory; and as they vibrated, they still seemed seeking to approach each other—"

"Did you hold your fingers between your eyes?" said Beatrice, "because—"

"Pshaw!" said I, rather angrily—"I know it is all folly; but I did *not* hold my finger between my eyes. And to what do you think I likened those two beautiful stars?"

"Perhaps to Aretine's two eyes."

"No!" said I still more vexed. "If I had wished to see any body's two eyes in those stars, you might account for it. But I *will* tell you all my vision. I likened them unto ourselves; and in the very sanctuary of my heart I offered up to them my orisons, and adopted them as the controllers of our destiny. The filmy drapery which had floated round them, was withdrawn. In a certain space in heaven they were alone; and therein they shone and radiated, and sometimes seemed almost to kiss each other. Whether it was a mere delusion of the sight or the imagination, or that some wandering meteor mocked me—it did seem that I saw a sphere of morbid aspect drop rapidly between those two goodly stars; and I was startled through the very marrow of my frame, with the rapidity of an electric shock, and with a cold sensation, which I felt through every pore. You need not laugh, Beatrice. The yellow star fell. Some one then spoke to me, about I know not what; but when I looked again, a silvery curtain had been drawn over that portion of the firmament; and through it I only saw, as I thought, the heaven-rejected and sickly hues of that strange, interloping light. Now this made me melancholy, until I fell asleep; and then in my dreams I saw this unholy orb moving about, like an ignis fatuus in a church-yard. At last I thought I was in our own cathedral, and that you were with me; and that the priest stood in the chancel with an open book; and that then this accursed and persecuting globe came, and hung right over the altar, whirling round and round its dull, tainted, and abominable fires, till I grew sick—"

"I don't wonder at it."

"But, Beatrice, I must tell you almost every thing. Have compassion on my dreams; though they are made, like those of other men, of incondite stuff—the leavings of reason."

"Strange stuff they are," said Beatrice, "and not worth remembering. You may look into the fire, or into the water, or among the stars, until you can see what you please. And if you look upon the water or stars very long, you may see what does *not* please you. This was your case. I had much rather look at an honest wood-fire, or a grate full of good coals. There you may form Saracens, knights, and whatever you like, and invest them with all the glorious poetry of obscurity; and then, like Circe, metamorphose them into what you will; and you do not feel dizzy or light-headed afterwards. But where do you think Frederick can be?"

Frederick was my friend, O Nemesis! and the cousin of my best beloved. I do not know why a convulsive shudder should have passed through my frame, when this simple question was addressed to me by Beatrice. He had dined with us, and was to return with her that evening to her father's house, a couple of leagues distant.

"I dare say he is merry enough, with the merrier party in the saloon."

"Do you know," said Beatrice, "I have thought it would be more delightful to give my father our intended present, now, than after—after—"

"After he has given you away, dear Beatrice. Do as you please about it."

"Oh! I will not thank you now," said she. And she kissed my cheek. To be sure, I would have given her every thing, save the fee simple of my soul, if she had then asked for it. I held a bond for a very large amount, which had been given by her father to mine, as security for which nearly all the property of the debtor was pledged. A release, drawn up with all due formalities, had been prepared and executed; and we had agreed to present it to her father on the day of our wedding. It was in an escritoire on the table beside me, and I drew it out and gave it to her. She placed the parchment in her bosom; and, pressing her hand upon it, said, "It is all yours, nevertheless."

"Ce qui est à toi est à moi."

"Ce qui est à moi est à nous. But there comes Frederick, at last," said Beatrice, gently withdrawing from me.

Another chill passed over me; and now it struck me more emphatically than before, that it was strange how the name of her best friend should have the effect of one of those charmed words, which being uttered will cause paralysis, fever, and other sudden diseases, in certain men, or the animals which are their property. I looked casually forward, in vacancy of thought, and my glance fell on a large mirror of singular perfection, which, in the waning light, seemed to reflect objects with more distinctness than that in which the original images were directly presented to the eye. The picture of Frederick passed over it, and its polished surface became immediately overclouded with a rusty incrustation, through which, smoking with pestilential lustre, I thought I saw the dingy yellow star of my vision. Ashamed of such weakness, I half expressed my vexation in spoken words.

"I am getting to be a mere old woman. Frederick, I hope you have committed no deadly sin! They say that a true mirror is spoiled when it has reflected the image of a contaminated person; and just now I thought that the large looking-glass was clouded when you passed it. And so it is still, if I see well."

"You do; and the glass looks as if the servants had been keeping holiday," said Frederick, who stood looking earnestly at me. It afterwards occurred to me that his colour changed, and that a tremor passed over him.

"He is getting so superstitious," said Beatrice, that I am almost afraid of him. I almost believe that he keeps company with ghosts, and that some of his friends may come to see me without knocking."

"MARRIAGE will lay them," said Frederick.

"I hope so!" said Beatrice.

"I know it will," said I. But, while I said it, I felt as if two separate processes of thought were going on in my brain, with inadequate machinery, and I wondered how I *did* know that I knew it!

"The coach is waiting," said Frederick: "it is later than I had supposed, and I shall take the liberty of doing now what I shall never have the right to do again; of parting you two."

"I must go, then," said Beatrice, gliding her hand into mine, while a quick look of singular intelligence passed between her and her cousin.

"No! by the Power that made and redeemed me!" I exclaimed, starting forward furiously—"not this time! All this has been once before; and, oh! there was a horrible sequel of shameless fraud and perjury and infamy—and of idiocy, credulity, and forgiveness! But not again! Every syllable of all this I have heard before. Every sensation I have felt before. Every image, even to the twirling of that wretch's half-gnawed glove, I have seen before! But whether the eternal river of time has rolled backward, or I have slept and dreamed through a long interval of pain and joy, or nature is to stand still while this drama is played over again, for my indemnity and your confusion—now, miserable swindlers, you shall not go! Traitors, I spit upon you! Liar and coward, take this token of my friendship!"

And I aimed a blow at the vanishing shadow, as my own wife, my dear Aretine, entered with a candle, which she had left the room to seek. She could not have been absent two minutes, and I had not stirred from my position.

"It is a thousand times better as it is," I exclaimed. "But if I were a Mahometan, I could easily believe in the story of the Prophet's pitcher; and as it is, I have entire faith in the tale of a tub, in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

As a polite host, after having wound up the complicated machinery of miscellaneous conversation, and set the wheels in motion among his guests, is ever willing to resign to them his own share of colloquial exercise; so we, who are, or ought to be, equally courteous, cheerfully resign to abler pens that portion of our sheet generally occupied by our own speculations, *velept* editorial. In other words, the unusual length of several preceding articles has compelled us to omit most of the matter prepared for this department of the paper. We have, however, sufficient room to observe, that the great beauty of the article from the *Talisman* for 1830, will be a sufficient apology for its insertion, and will amply repay perusal. If that volume contained no other piece of merit, this alone would give it an elevated rank among those highly popular and fashionable periodicals.

The next engraving will represent a view of the Bowling-green, part of Broadway, and a portion of the Battery. In the distance will be seen a section of our beautiful bay, adorned with emerald isles, and speckled with numerous vessels.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

AS RECENTLY SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM, AT DRURY LANE THEATRE, WITH THE MOST UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE.

ANDANTE E STACATO.

Not a drum was heard nor a fun'-ral note, As his corse to the ramparts we

hur-ried Not a sol-dier dis-charg'd his fare-well shot O'er the grave where our he-ro we bu-ried, We bu-ried him

TEMPO.

dark ly at dead of night, The turf with our bay'-nets turn-ing, By the strug-gling moonbeam's mis-ty light, And our

lan-tern's dim-ly burn-ing, By the strug-gling moon-beam's mis-ty light, And our lan-tern's dim-ly burn-ing.

2d verse.

Few and short steadfast-ly gaz'd on the face of the dead, Nor in sheet, But half our hea-vy heard by a distant and left him alone in his

Few and short were the pray'rs we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we st. adfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead!
And we bitterly thought of the morrow!

No useless coffin confin'd his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him!

But half our heavy task was done,
When the clock told the hour for retiring;
And we heard by a distant and random gun
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carv'd not a line, we rais'd not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory!

3d verse.

VARIETIES.

SUICIDES.—A French doctor, Falret, has recently received a prize from the Paris Academy of Sciences for a statistical table of suicides, &c. in the French capital. The doctor, in the course of his work, states that among men the greatest number of suicides is between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five; and among women, between twenty-five and thirty-five;

but there are twice as many suicides among young girls under fifteen years of age. He calculates that the influence of disappointed love and of jealousy, is in the proportion of two-and-a-half among women to one in men; that reverses in fortune produce as three in men to one in women; and that the influence of baffled ambition is as five to one. Actual misery, however, is stated to have an equal effect on both sexes.

To know how to set a just value on things is a great talent.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Published every Saturday, at 163 William-street, between Beekman and Ann streets.—Terms four dollars per annum, payable in advance.—No subscription received for a less period than one year. Each volume contains four hundred and sixteen royal quarto pages, five copperplate engravings, including the title-page, and twenty-five popular melodies arranged with accompaniments for the piano-forte.

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AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

My love is young and fair,
And beautiful as poet's magic pen
Has ever pictured to the eye of men,
In colours rich and rare.

From Flora would you seek
The fairest tints by softest breezes fanned?
Spring's virgin snow-drop fades upon her hand,
The rose leaf on her cheek.

The auburn of her brow,
That falls in spirals round her shaded breast,
Seems a young iris in its glory drest,
Reclined on hills of snow.

The glances of her eye
Are like the ripples of a star-lit stream,
That frequent send a bright and joyous gleam,
Swift through the twilight sky.

Her voice has more the power
To soothe the heart and steal away its care,
Than harp's Eolian sighing to the air,
At night's still pensive hour.

Like that famed star above,
Whilst millions through the empyrean fly,
Remains unmoved to every watchful eye,
Such is my charmer's love!

ARION.

FORGETFULNESS.

We parted—friendship's dream had cast
Deep interest o'er the brief farewell,
And left upon the shadowy past,
Full many a thought on which to dwell.
Such thoughts as come in early youth,
And live in fellowship with hope;
Robed in the brilliant hues of truth,
Unfitted with the world to cope.

We parted—he went o'er the sea,
And deeper solitude was mine;
Yet there remained in memory,
For feeling, still a sacred shrine.
And thought and hope were offered up
Till their ethereal essence fled,
And disappointment, from the cup,
Its dark libations poured, instead.

We parted—'twas an idle dream
That thus we e'er should meet again;
For who that knew man's heart, would deem
That it could long unchanged remain.
He sought a foreign clime, and learned
Another language, which expressed
To strangers the rich thoughts that burned
With unquenched power within his breast.

And soon he better loved to speak
In those new accents than his own;
His native tongue seemed cold and weak,
To breathe the awakened passions' tone.
He wandered far, and lingered long,
And drank so deep of Lethe's stream,
That each new feeling grew more strong,
And all the past was like a dream.

We met—a few glad words were spoken,
A few kind glances were exchanged;
But friendship's first romance was broken,
For his had been from me estranged.
I felt it all—we met no more—
My heart was true, but it was proud;
Life's early confidence was o'er,
And hope had set beneath a cloud.

We met no more—for neither sought
To reunite the severed chain
Of social intercourse; for nought
Could join its parted links again.
Too much of the wide world had been
Between us for too long a time;
And he had looked on many a scene,
The beautiful and the sublime.

And he had themes on which to dwell,
And memories that were not mine,
Which formed a separating spell,
And drew a mystic boundary line.
His thoughts were wanderers—and the things
Which brought back friendship's joys to me,
To him were but the spirit's wings
Which bore him o'er the distant sea.

For he had seen the evening star
Glancing its rays o'er ocean's waves,
And marked the moonbeams from afar,
Lighting the Grecian heroes' graves.
And he had gazed on trees and flowers
Beneath Italia's sunny skies,
And listened, in fair ladies' bowers,
To genius' words and beauty's sighs.

His steps had echoed through the halls
Of grandeur, long left desolate;
And he had climbed the crumbling walls,
Or oped perforce the hingeless gate;
And mused o'er many an ancient pile,
In ruin still magnificent,
Whose histories could the hours beguile
With dreams, before to fancy lent.

Such recollections come to him,
With moon, and stars, and summer flowers;
To me they bring the shadows dim
Of earlier and of happier hours.
I would those shadows darker fell—
For life, with its best powers to bless,
Has but few memories loved as well,
Or welcome as forgetfulness.

ESTELLE.

DEATH'S TOKENS.

Death on the warrior's brow
Hath set his seal; the features late so full
Of energy and life are cold and dull,
And mute and moveless now;
And the strong arm lies powerless by the side,
And closed for ever is the glance of pride!

Yet though his latest breath
Gasp'd out in fierceness, though thou still canst trace
The latest passion's impress on the face,
Start not—too plainly death
Speaks in that rigid form and stony air
That thou shouldst dream that aught of life is there.

Death on the maiden's cheek
Has left his trace—gone is its vivid bloom!
Yet the pale lips a smile doth still illumine
So brightly, hope would speak
Of life still lingering there, did not the trace
Of death too sadly mark that pallid face.

Death's gentlest touch is laid
Upon the infant's form; the calm pale brow
Still wears its quiet beauty, brightly glow
The sunny curls that shade
Its snow; and the fond mother dreams repose
Alone doth still that lip, those eyelids close:

But where is fled the play
Of those bright looks? the sweet imperfect tone,
And the eye's loving glance, where are they gone?
Sadly she turns away
With the deep inbreathed whisper of despair,
"It is too true, and death, stern death is there!"

Even in his softest guise
Tokens too sad and fearful death doth wear;
And the dark change o'er features once so fair,
Appals our shrinking eyes;
And hope's last dream is over, and despair
Whispers the startling truth, "yes! death is there!"

'Tis but the withered heart
Which still preserves life's semblance, whose decay
Wastes one by one its energies away,
And hope and joy depart,
And feelings fresh beneath the blight of fate
Have died and left it coldly desolate!

Yet even amidst the wreck
Of feelings crushed, midst hopes and joys decayed,
And all which wraps it hopelessly in shade,
Strange power it hath to check
All outward signs of gloom, and bid the eye
And lip speak less of grief than gaiety!

What is this pride of heart
Which teaches us, though oft a painful task,
The pangs of suffering and despair to mask?

Whence do we learn the art
To wear joy's semblance, when grief most holds sway,
Why, when the heart is wrung, should we be gay?

Oh! many a breaking heart
Hath throbb'd unknown amongst us, till the frame
Returned unto the dust from whence it came,
And then the veil of art
Was lifted, and we knew too well that death
Had claimed nought of his victim then—save breath!

THYRA.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FIFTH VOLUME OF THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR.

CACOTHES SCRIBENDI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HOPE LESLIE.

Glory and gain the industrious tribe provoke.—POPE.

THE little secluded and quiet village of H. lies at no great distance from our "literary emporium." It was never remarked or remarkable for any thing, save one mournful pre-eminence, to those who sojourned within its borders—it was duller even than common villages. The young men of the better class all emigrated. The most daring spirits adventured on the sea. Some went to Boston, some to the south, and some to the west; and left a community of women who lived like nuns, with the advantage of more liberty and fresh air, but without the consolation and excitement of a religious vow. Literally, there was not a single young gentleman in the village—nothing in manly shape to which these desperate circumstances could give the form and quality and use of a beau. Some dashing city blades, who once strayed from the turnpike to this sequestered spot, averred that the girls stared at them as if, like Miranda, they would have exclaimed,

"What's't? A spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit."

A peculiar fatality hung over this devoted place. If death seized on either head of a family, he was sure to take the husband; every woman in H. was a widow or maiden; and it is a sad fact, that when the holiest office of the church was celebrated, they were compelled to borrow deacons from an adjacent village. But, incredible as it may be, there was no great diminution of happiness in consequence of the absence of the nobler sex. Mothers were occupied with their children and housewifery, and the young ladies read their books with as much interest as if they had lovers to discuss them with, and worked their frills and capes as diligently, and wore them as complacently as if they were to be seen by many eyes. Never were there pleasanter gatherings or parties (for that was the word even in their nomenclature) than those of the young girls of H. There was no mincing—no affectation—no hope of passing for what they were not—no envy of the pretty and fortunate—no insolent triumph over the plain and demure and neglected,—but all was good will and good humour. They were a pretty circle of girls—a garland of bright fresh flowers. Never were there more sparkling glances—never sweeter smiles—nor more of them. Their present was all health and cheerfulness; and their future, not the gloomy perspective of dreary singleness, for somewhere in the passage of life they were sure to be mated. Most of the young men who had abandoned their native soil, as soon as they found themselves getting along, loyally returned to lay their fortunes at the feet of the companions of their childhood.

The girls made occasional visits to Boston, and occasional journeys to various parts of the country, for they were all enterprising and independent, and had the characteristic New England avidity for seizing a "privilege;" and in these various ways, to borrow a phrase of their good grandames, "a door was opened for them," and in due time they fulfilled the destiny of women.

We spoke strictly, and à la lettre, when we said that in the village of H. there was not a single beau. But on the outskirts of the town, at a pleasant farm, embracing hill and valley, upland and meadow land;

in a neat house, looking to the south, with true economy of sunshine and comfort, and overlooking the prettiest winding stream that ever sent up its sparkling beauty to the eye, and flanked on the north by a rich maple grove, beautiful in spring and summer, and glorious in autumn, and the kindest defence in winter: on this farm and in this house dwelt a youth, to fame unknown, but known and loved by every inhabitant of H.; old and young, grave and gay, lively and severe. Ralph Hepburn was one of nature's favourites. He had a figure that would have adorned courts and cities; and a face that adorned human nature, for it was full of good humour, kindheartedness, spirit, and intelligence; and driving the plough or wielding the scythe, his cheek flushed with manly and profitable exercise, he looked as if he had been moulded in a poet's fancy—as farmers look in georgics and pastorals. His gifts were by no means all external. He wrote verses in every album in the village, and very pretty album verses they were, and numerous too—for the number of albums was equivalent to the whole female population. He was admirable at pencil sketches, and once with a little paint, the refuse of a house painting, he achieved an admirable portrait of his grandmother and her cat. There was, to be sure, a striking likeness between the two figures, but he was limited to the same colours for both; and besides, it was not out of nature, for the old lady and her cat had purred together in the chimney corner, till their physiognomies bore an obvious resemblance to each other. Ralph had a talent for music too. His voice was the sweetest of all the Sunday choir; and one would have fancied, from the bright eyes that were turned on him from the long line and double lines of treble and counter singers, that Ralph Hepburn was a note book, or that the girls listened with their eyes as well as their ears. Ralph did not restrict himself to psalmody. He had an ear so exquisitely susceptible to the "touches of sweet harmony," that he discovered, by the stroke of his axe, the musical capacities of certain species of wood, and he made himself a violin of chesnut, and drew strains from it, that if they could not create a soul under the ribs of death, could make the prettiest feet and the lightest hearts dance; an achievement far more to Ralph's taste, than the aforesaid miracle. In short, it seemed as if nature, in her love of compensation, had showered on Ralph all the gifts that were usually diffused through a community of beaux. Yet Ralph was no prodigy; none of his talents were in excess, but all in moderate degree. No genius was ever so good humoured, so useful, so practical; and though, in his small and modest way, a Crichton, he was not, like most universal geniuses, good for nothing for any particular office in life. His farm was not a pattern farm—a prize farm for an agricultural society, but in wonderful order considering—his miscellaneous pursuits. He was the delight of his grandfather for his sagacity in hunting bees; the old man's favourite; in truth, his only pursuit. He was so skilled in woodcraft that the report of his gun was as certain a signal of death as the tolling of a church bell. The fish always caught at his bait. He manufactured half his farming utensils, improved upon old inventions, and struck out some new ones; tamed partridges—the most untamable of all the feathered tribe—domesticated squirrels; rivalled Scheherazade herself in telling stories, strange and long—the latter quality being essential at a country fireside; and, in short, Ralph made a perpetual holiday of a life of labour.

Every girl in the village street knew when Ralph's wagon or sleigh traversed it; indeed, there was scarcely a house to which the horses did not, as if by instinct, turn up while their master greeted its fair tenants. This state of affairs had continued for two winters and two summers since Ralph came to his majority, and, by the death of his father, to the sole proprietorship of the "Hepburn farm,"—the name his patrimonial acres had obtained from the singular circumstance (in

our moving country) of their having remained in the same family for four generations. Never was the matrimonial destiny of a young lord, or heir just come to his estate, more thoroughly canvassed than young Hepburn's by mothers, aunts, daughters, and nieces. But Ralph, perhaps from sheer good heartedness, seemed reluctant to give to one the heart that diffused rays of sunshine through the whole village.

With all decent people he eschewed the doctrines of a certain erratic female lecturer on the odious monopoly of marriage; yet Ralph, like a tender-hearted judge, hesitated to place on a single brow the crown matrimonial which so many deserved, and which though Ralph was far enough from a coxcomb, he could not but see so many coveted.

Whether our hero perceived that his mind was becoming elated or distracted with this general favour, or that he observed a dawning of rivalry among the fair competitors, or whatever was the cause, the fact was, that he by degrees circumscribed his visits, and finally concentrated them in the family of his aunt Courland.

Mrs. Courland was a widow, and Ralph was the kindest of nephews to her, and the kindest of cousins to her children. To their mother he seemed their guardian angel. That the five lawless, darling little urchins did not drown themselves when they were swimming, nor shoot themselves when they were shooting, was, in her eyes, Ralph's merit; and then "he was so attentive to Alice, her only daughter—a brother could not be kinder." But who would not be kind to Alice? she was a sweet girl of seventeen, not beautiful, not handsome perhaps—but pretty enough—with soft hazel eyes, a profusion of light brown hair, always in the neatest trim, and a mouth that could not but be lovely and loveable, for all kind and tender affections were playing about it. Though Alice was the only daughter of a doting mother, the only sister of five loving boys, the only niece of three single, fond aunts, and, last and greatest, the only cousin of our only beau, Ralph Hepburn, no girl of seventeen was ever more disinterested, unassuming, unostentatious, and unspoiled. Ralph and Alice had always lived on terms of cousinly affection—an affection of a neutral tint, that they never thought of being shaded into the deep dye of a more tender passion. Ralph rendered her all cousinly offices. If he had twenty damsels to escort, not an uncommon case, he never forgot Alice. When he returned from any little excursion, he always brought some graceful offering to Alice.

He had lately paid a visit to Boston. It was at the season of the periodical inundation of annuals. He brought two of the prettiest to Alice. Ah! little did she think they were to prove Pandora's box to her. Poor simple girl! she sat down to read them, as if an annual were meant to be read, and she was honestly interested and charmed. Her mother observed her delight.

"What have you there, Alice?" she asked.

"Oh the prettiest story, mamma!—two such tried faithful lovers, and married at last! It ends beautifully: I hate love stories that don't end in marriage."

"And so do I, Alice," exclaimed Ralph, who entered at the moment, and for the first time Alice felt her cheeks tingle at his approach. He had brought a basket containing a choice plant he had obtained for her, and she laid down the annual and went with him to the garden to see it set by his own hand.

Mrs. Courland seized upon the annual with avidity. She had imbibed a literary taste in Boston, where the best and happiest years of her life were passed. She had some literary ambition too. She read the North American Review from beginning to end, and she fancied no conversation could be sensible or improving that was not about books. But she had been effectually prevented, by the necessities of a narrow income, and by the unceasing wants of five teasing boys, from

indulging her literary inclinations; for Mrs. Courland, like all New England women, had been taught to consider domestic duties as the first temporal duties of her sex. She had recently seen some of the native productions with which the press is daily teeming, and which certainly have a tendency to dispel our early illusions about the craft of authorship. She had even felt some obscure intimations, within her secret soul, that she might herself become an author. The annual was destined to fix her fate. She opened it—the publisher had written the names of the authors of the anonymous pieces against their productions. Among them she found some of the familiar friends of her childhood and youth.

If, by a sudden gift of second sight, she had seen them enthroned as kings and queens, she would not have been more astonished. She turned to their pieces, and read them, as perchance no one else ever did, from beginning to end—faithfully. Not a sentence—a sentence! not a word was skipped. She paused to consider commas, colons, and dashes. All the art and magic of authorship were made level to her comprehension, and when she closed the book, she felt a call to become an author, and before she retired to bed she obeyed the call, as if it had been, in truth, a divinity stirring within her. In the morning she presented an article to her public, consisting of her own family and a few select friends. All applauded, and every voice, save one, was unanimous for publication—that one was Alice. She was a modest, prudent girl; she feared failure, and feared notoriety still more. Her mother laughed at her childish scruples. The piece was sent off, and in due time graced the pages of an annual. Mrs. Courland's fate was now decided. She had, to use her own phrase, started in the career of letters, and she was no Atalanta to be seduced from her straight onward way. She was a social, sympathetic, good hearted creature too, and she could not bear to go forth in the golden field to reap alone.

She was besides, a prudent woman, as most of her countrywomen are, and the little pecuniary equivalent for this delightful exercise of talents was not overlooked. Mrs. Courland, as we have somewhere said, had three single sisters—worthy women they were—but nobody ever dreamed of their taking to authorship. She however held them all in sisterly estimation. Their talents were magnified as the talents of persons who live in a circumscribed sphere are apt to be, particularly if seen through the dilating medium of affection.

Miss Anne, the oldest, was fond of flowers, a successful cultivator, and a diligent student of the science of botany. All this taste and knowledge, Mrs. Courland thought, might be turned to excellent account; and she persuaded Miss Anne to write a little book entitled "Familiar Dialogues on Botany." The second sister, Miss Ruth, had a turn for education (bachelor's wives and maid's children are always well taught,) and Miss Ruth undertook a popular treatise on that subject. Miss Sally, the youngest, was the saint of the family, and she doubted about the propriety of a literary occupation, till her scruples were overcome by the fortunate suggestion that her coup d'essai should be a Saturday night book entitled "Solemn Hours,"—and solemn hours they were to their unhappy readers. Mrs. Courland next besieged her old mother.

"You know, mamma," she said, "you have such a precious fund of anecdotes of the revolution and the French war, and you talk just like the 'Annals of the Parish,' and I am certain you can write a book fully as good."

"My child, you are distracted! I write a dreadful poor hand, and I never learned to spell—no girls did in my time."

"Spell! that is not of the least consequence—the printers correct the spelling."

But the honest old lady would not be tempted on the

crusade, and her daughter consoled herself with the reflection that if she would not write, she was an admirable subject to be written about, and her diligent fingers worked off three distinct stories in which the old lady figured.

Mrs. Courland's ambition, of course, embraced within its widening circle her favourite nephew Ralph. She had always thought him a genius, and genius in her estimation was the philosopher's stone. In his youth she had laboured to persuade his father to send him to Cambridge, but the old man uniformly replied, that Ralph "was a smart lad on the farm, and steady, and by that he knew he was no genius." As Ralph's character was developed, and talent after talent broke forth, his aunt renewed her lamentations over his ignoble destiny. That Ralph was useful, good, and happy—the most difficult and rare results achieved in life—was nothing, so long as he was but a farmer in H. Once she did half persuade him to turn painter, but his good sense and filial duty triumphed over her eloquence, and suppressed the hankerings after distinction that are innate in every human breast, from the little ragged chimneysweep that hopes to be a boss, to the political aspirant whose bright goal is the presidential chair.

Now Mrs. Courland fancied Ralph might climb the steep of fame without quitting his farm; occasional authorship was compatible with his vocation. But alas! she could not persuade Ralph to pluck the laurels that she saw ready grown to his hand. She was not offended, for she was the best natured woman in the world; but she heartily pitied him, and seldom mentioned his name without repeating that stanza of Gray's, inspired for the consolation of hopeless obscurity:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene," &c.

Poor Alice's sorrows we have reserved to the last, for they were heaviest. "Alice," her mother said, "was gifted; she was well educated, well informed; she was every thing necessary to be an author." But Alice resisted; and, though the gentlest, most complying of all good daughters, she would have resisted to the death—she would as soon have stood in a pillory as appeared in print. Her mother, Mrs. Courland, was not an obstinate woman, and gave up in despair. But still our poor heroine was destined to be the victim of this *cacothetes scribendi*; for Mrs. Courland divided the world into two classes, or rather parts—authors and subjects for authors; the one active, the other passive. At first blush one would have thought the village of H. rather a barren field for such a reaper as Mrs. Courland, but her zeal and indefatigableness worked wonders. She converted the stern scholastic divine of H. into as much of a La Roche, as she could describe; a tall wrinkled bony old woman, who reminded her of Meg Merrilies, sat for a witch; the school master for an Ichabod Crane; a poor half witted boy was made to utter as much pathos and sentiment and wit, as she could put into his lips; and a crazy vagrant was a god-send to her. Then every "wide spreading elm," "blasted pine," or "gnarled oak," flourished on her pages. The village church and school house stood there according to their actual dimensions. One old *pilgrim* house was as prolific as haunted tower or ruined abbey. It was surveyed outside, ransacked inside, and again made habitable for the reembodyed spirits of its founders.

The most kind hearted of women, Mrs. Courland's interests came to be so at variance with the prosperity of the little community of H., that a sudden calamity, a death, a funeral, were fortunate events to her. To do her justice, she felt them in a twofold capacity. She wept as a woman, and exulted as an author. The days of the calamities of authors have passed by. We have all wept over Otway, and shivered at the thought of Tasso. But times are changed. The lean sheaf is devouring the full one. A new class of sufferers has arisen, and there is nothing more touch-

ing in all the memoirs Mr. D'Israeli has collected, than the trials of poor Alice, tragi-comic though they were. Mrs. Courland's new passion ran most naturally in the worn channel of maternal affection. Her boys were too purely boys for her art—but Alice, her sweet Alice, was pre-eminently lovely in the new light in which she now placed every object. Not an incident of her life but was inscribed on her mother's memory, and thence transferred to her pages, by way of precept, or example, or pathetic, or ludicrous circumstance. She regretted now, for the first time, that Alice had no lover whom she might introduce among her dramatic personæ. Once her thoughts did glance on Ralph, but she had not quite merged the woman in the author; she knew instinctively that Alice would be particularly offended at being thus paired with Ralph. But Alice's *public life* was not limited to her mother's productions. She was the darling niece of her three aunts. She had studied botany with the eldest, and Miss Anne had recorded in her private diary all her favourite's clever remarks during their progress in the science. This diary was now a mine of gold to her, and faithfully worked up for a circulating medium. But, most trying of all to poor Alice, was the attitude in which she appeared in her aunt Sally's "solemn hours." Every aspiration of piety to which her young lips had given utterance was there *printed*. She felt as if she were condemned to say her prayers in the market place. Every act of kindness, every deed of charity, she had ever performed, were produced to the public. Alice would have been consoled if she had known how small that public was; but, as it was, she felt like a modest country girl when she first enters an apartment hung on every side with mirrors, when shrinking from observation, she sees in every direction her image multiplied and often distorted; for, notwithstanding Alice's dutiful respect for her good aunts, and her consciousness of their affectionate intentions, she could not but perceive that they were unskilled painters. She grew afraid to speak or to act, and from being the most artless, frank, and, at home, social little creature in the world, she became as silent and as stiff as a statue. And, in the circle of her young associates, her natural gaiety was constantly checked by their winks and smiles, and broader allusions to her multiplied portraits; for they had instantly recognised them through the thin veil of feigned names of persons and places. They called her a blue stocking too; for they had the vulgar notion that every body must be tinged that lived under the same roof with an author. Our poor victim was afraid to speak of a book—worse than that, she was afraid to touch one, and the last Waverley novel actually lay in the house a month before she opened it. She avoided wearing even a blue ribbon, as fearfully as a forsaken damsel shuns the colour of green.

It was during the height of this literary fever in the Courland family, that Ralph Hepburn, as has been mentioned, concentrated all his visiting there. He was of a compassionate disposition, and he knew Alice was, unless relieved by him, in solitary possession of their once social parlour, while her mother and aunts were driving their quills in their several apartments.

Oh! what a changed place was that parlour! Not the tower of Babel, after the builders had forsaken it, exhibited a sadder reverse; not a Lancaster school, when the boys have left it, a more striking contrast. Mrs. Courland and her sisters were all "talking women," and too generous to encroach on one another's rights and happiness. They had acquired the power to hear and speak simultaneously. Their parlour was the general gathering place, a sort of village exchange, where all the innocent gossips, old and young, met together. "There are tongues in trees," and surely there seemed to be tongues in the very walls of that vocal parlour. Every thing there had a social aspect. There was something agreeable and conversable in the

litter of netting and knitting work, of sewing implements, and all the signs and shows of happy female occupation.

Now, all was as orderly as a town drawing room in company hours. Not a sound was heard there save Ralph's and Alice's voices, mingling in soft and suppressed murmurs, as if afraid of breaking the chain of their aunt's ideas, or, perchance, of too rudely jarring a tenderer chain. One evening, after tea, Mrs. Courland remained with her daughter, instead of retiring, as usual to her writing desk.

"Alice, my dear," said the good mother, "I have noticed for a few days past that you look out of spirits. You will listen to nothing I say on that subject; but if you would try it, my dear, if you would only try it, you would find there is nothing so tranquillizing as the occupation of writing."

"I shall never try it, mamma."

"You are afraid of being called a blue stocking. Ah! Ralph, how are you?"—Ralph entered at this moment.—"Ralph, tell me honestly, do you not think it a weakness in Alice to be so afraid of blue stockings?"

"It would be a pity, aunt, to put blue stockings on such pretty feet as Alice's."

Alice blushed and smiled, and her mother said,

"Nonsense, Ralph; you should bear in mind the celebrated saying of the Edinburgh wit, 'no matter how blue the stockings are, if the petticoats are long enough to hide them.'"

"Hide Alice's feet! Oh aunt, worse and worse!"

"Better hide her feet, Ralph, than her talents—that is a sin for which both she and you will have to answer. Oh! you and Alice need not exchange such significant glances! You are doing yourselves and the public injustice, and you have no idea how easy writing is."

"Easy writing, but hard reading, aunt."

"That's false modesty, Ralph. If I had but your opportunities to collect materials."—Mrs. Courland did not know that in literature, as in some species of manufacture, the most exquisite productions are wrought from the smallest quantity of raw materials.—"There's your journey to New-York, Ralph," she continued, "you might have made three capital articles out of that. The revolutionary officer would have worked up for the 'Legendary'; the mysterious lady for the 'Token'; and the man in black for the 'Remember Me';—all founded on fact, all romantic and pathetic."

"But mamma," said Alice, expressing in words what Ralph's arch smile expressed almost as plainly, "you know the officer drank too much; and the mysterious lady turned out to be a runaway milliner; and the man in black—oh! what a theme for a pathetic story!—the man in black was a widower, on his way to Newhaven, where he was to select his third wife from three recommended candidates."

"Pshaw! Alice: do you suppose it is necessary to tell things precisely as they are?"

"Alice is wrong, aunt, and you are right; and if she will open her writing desk for me, I will sit down this moment, and write a story—a true story—true from beginning to end; and if it moves you, my dear aunt, if it meets your approbation, my destiny is decided."

Mrs. Courland was delighted; she had slain the giant, and she saw fame and fortune smiling on her favourite. She arranged the desk for him herself; she prepared a folio sheet of paper, folded the ominous margins; and was so absorbed in her bright visions, that she did not hear a little by-talk between Ralph and Alice, nor see the tell-tale flush on their cheeks, nor notice the perturbation with which Alice walked first to one window and then to another, and finally settled herself to that best of all sedatives—hemming a ruffle. Ralph chewed off the end of his quill, mended his pen twice, though his aunt assured him "printers did not mind the penmanship," and had achieved a

single line when Mrs. Courland's vigilant eye was averted by the entrance of her servant girl, who put a packet into her hands. She looked at the direction, cut the string, broke the seals, and took out a periodical fresh from the publisher. She opened at the first article—a strangely mingled current of maternal pride and literary triumph rushed through her heart and brightened her face. She whispered to the servant a summons to call her sisters to the parlour, and an intimation, sufficiently intelligible to them, of her joyful reason for interrupting them.

Our readers will sympathize with her, and with Alice too, when we disclose to them the secret of her joy. The article in question was a clever composition written by our devoted Alice when she was at school. One of her fond aunts had preserved it; and aunts and mothers had combined in the pious fraud of giving it to the public unknown to Alice. They were perfectly aware of her determination never to be an author. But they fancied it was the mere timidity of an unfledged bird; and that when, by their innocent artifice, she found that her pinions could soar in a literary atmosphere, she would realize the sweet fluttering sensations they had experienced at their first flight. The good souls all hurried to the parlour, eager to witness the coup de théâtre. Miss Sally's pen stood emblamatically erect in her turban; Miss Ruth, in her haste, had overset her inkstand, and the drops were trickling down her white dressing, or, as she now called it, writing gown; and Miss Anne had a wild flower in her hand, as she hoped, of an undescribed species, which, in her joyful agitation, she most unluckily picked to pieces. All bit their lips to keep impatient congratulation from bursting forth. Ralph was so intent on his writing, and Alice on her hemming, that neither noticed the irruption; and Mrs. Courland was obliged twice to speak to her daughter before she could draw her attention.

"Alice, look here—Alice, my dear."

"What is it, mamma! something new of yours?"

"No; guess again, Alice."

"Of one of my aunts, of course?"

"Neither, dear, neither. Come and look for yourself, and see if you can then tell whose it is."

Alice dutifully laid aside her work, approached and took the book. The moment her eye glanced on the fatal page, all her apathy vanished—deep crimson overspread her cheeks, brow, and neck. She burst into tears of irrepressible vexation, and threw the book into the blazing fire.

The gentle Alice! Never had she been guilty of such an ebullition of temper. Her poor dismayed aunts retreated; her mother looked at her in mute astonishment; and Ralph, struck with her emotion, started from the desk, and would have asked an explanation, but Alice exclaimed,

"Don't say any thing about it, mamma—I cannot bear it now."

Mrs. Courland knew instinctively that Ralph would sympathize entirely with Alice, and quite willing to avoid an éclaircissement, she said,

"Some other time, Ralph, I'll tell you the whole. Show me now what you have written. How have you begun?"

Ralph handed her the paper with a novice's trembling hand.

"Oh! how very little! and so scratched and interlined! but never mind—c'est le premier pas qui coûte."

While making these general observations, the good mother was getting out and fixing her spectacles, and Alice and Ralph had retreated behind her. Alice rested her head on his shoulder, and Ralph's lips were not far from her ear. Whether he was soothing her ruffled spirits, or what he was doing, is not recorded. Mrs. Courland read and re-read the sentence. She dropped a tear on it. She forgot her literary aspirations for

Ralph and Alice—forgot she was herself an author—forgot every thing but the mother; and rising, embraced them both as her dear children, and expressed, in her raised and moistened eye, consent to their union, which Ralph had dutifully and prettily asked in that short and true story of his love for his sweet cousin Alice.

In due time the village of H. was animated with the celebration of Alice's nuptials: and when her mother and aunts saw her the happy mistress of the Hepburn farm, and the happiest of wives, they relinquished, without a sigh, the hope of ever seeing her an AUTHOR.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER II.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is a society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

THE morning beams were glancing across the calm clear heavens as I arose from a refreshing slumber. Sleep fled from my eyelids before the influence of the scented breeze, and I sallied forth through the streets, soon to be crowded with busy thousands. I was soothed by the quiet of the surrounding scenery, and realized a kind of luxury from the silent and lonely walk, not found where the tumult of business interrupts the tranquillity of thought, or forms of beauty awaken admiration, and lead the stirring soul from the contemplation of itself. All human sounds were stilled. The very dogs had bayed themselves to sleep. The insects which give their music to the night, had hushed their melancholy voices, and nothing occurred to interrupt the profound silence but the step of some houseless wretch, who stalked along, lean, ragged, and wrapped in his own discontented reflections, or the distant crowing of the "trumpeter of morn," who strained "his lofty and high sounding throat," solicitous to awaken the god of day. In a little while I had emerged from the narrow walls of the city, among the green fields and gently swelling hills, and a winding road conducted me to the banks of the East river. New beauties rose upon my view. The stream was unbroken but by a few ripples that flowed up to the sandy shore with the pleasing murmur of moving water; and the damp earth, the long wet grass, the leaves and flowers bending with glittering dew, breathed about me a fragrance as sweet as ever floated on the winds of Arabia. What a different flight the spirit soars in the early morning, when newly ushered from the fairy land of sleep, from that which it takes when released, despondent, worn down, disappointed and exhausted, from the weary and ever-thwarted wishes of the day. I paused and looked up into the sky. The milky way, "a river of white in the welkin blue," whose sands are worlds, was just sinking behind the west, the stars which on the previous evening had flashed so brilliantly in the east, were now also hastening to hide their diminished lustre behind the opposite horizon, and the pale moon was fading like a ghost at the approach of morning. Streakings of rosy light were gradually dashed across the heavens, like the return of hope to a melancholy bosom, and all nature discovered those soft and lovely changes, as if she praised the Creator in her own eloquent language, which contrast so strikingly with the harsh and grating discord of men.

We see nothing about us more singularly beautiful than the sky. It unites every thing that can please the eye and the imagination. Its chasing lights and shadows, the depth of its blue overhanging arch, and its clouds,

"For ever rolled into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy!"

There are times when one might almost deem it animated, and that it gazes down upon the busy earth with a feeling. The greeting gladness of its morning look—the scowling of the brooding tempest—the mad flashes of lightning—its softness when the clouds break away from its azure face and the light streams down like a relenting smile, or the rich radiance of the sunset, still, deep, warm, lingering and melancholy as the farewell from a beloved friend: and when its tender colouring melts into the gathering shadows of evening, when all the blended and glowing tinges vanish as we gaze, and the darkness of the dewy night creeps gradually over the fairy scene and steals all its lustre, who does not read in the change the frequent history of his own heart—when some cherished hope is blighted—when some youthful dream fades away—when some dear being is committed to the cheerless earth, or when the confidence and joy of youth have been betrayed by treachery, or darkened by sorrow, or chilled by age?

But nothing ever more effectually disentangles me from narrow feelings than the early morning; and as its dim and increasing light—its silence, faintly and gradually interrupted—its world of fleeting but indescribable charms, resemble the peace and rejoicing of boyhood, so they bring back to the heart many of its fond wishes—its instinctive reliance—its confiding affections, and the vistas of dear associations which have long been concealed under the comparatively valueless events of later years.

It seems to me, whenever my mind is warmed with any uncommon feeling, whenever I yield myself to the influence of fancy, or indulge in moral thoughts, the Little Genius is at hand to encourage hope, to check presumption, to rend the veil from falsehood, and to assert the loveliness of truth and nature. There was a burst of white foam in the silent stream, and the ripples broke from it in beautiful circles, that widened away to the shore. A vapour, like that which clings in a summer morning about the bosom of a mountain, curled up from the water: as it opened slowly, I discerned the Genius reclining upon its graceful wreaths, which floated with him gently to the land, and remained still hovering around as if inspired with a portion of his own mind.

"I am glad," said he, "to find you forth in this reviving morning air. Not only health and fragrance float upon the breezes, but pure thoughts and tranquil hopes. You catch the spirit of contentment from the still prospect, and for a time the heaving and swelling tide of human passion rests. Have you not yielded to the example of all things around? Has not the holy quiet of the scene entered into your own heart?"

"Truth is ever on thy lips, dear spirit," I answered, "and thy voice wakens pleasant feelings. My bosom is as tranquil as yonder broad stream. Oh, wherefore might it not be thus for ever? Why must I go forth into turmoil and confusion, when such emotions wait on solitude and nature?"

"You seek conclusions too rapidly," he answered. "Neither solitude nor nature will ensure peace, for neither are uniformly peaceful. This sleeping river must soon be agitated with foamy waves, and yonder glowing heaven bears the material of future tempest. It is the law of your being, as of theirs, to go through the revolutions of destiny, which men call the vicissitudes of fortune, and, in hours like these, you should arm the spirit with reason."

"But reason," said I, "is of no avail to arrest the storm's career. It cannot calm the billows which you say must disturb the river. It will not give the green of spring to the woods of autumn, nor keep the flowers and fruit from the freezing cold. Yet the same destiny acts upon them and me."

"But these," said he, "are inanimate objects. They have nothing within by which they can avoid the effects of the elements. The leaf withers without a

struggle or a sigh; but in the ruin of a human heart how many different principles are called into action? What subtle essence opposes the progress of grief? What inward and superior power shrinks from the approach of pain? The mysterious spirit which distinguishes man from inert matter, gives him a superintendence over surrounding things and himself. He has that within by which he may struggle against the current. His aspiring spirit issues from its feeble prison. It pervades and influences the universe. It spreads out through infinite space. It communes with nature from her shadowy shrine, unfolds her secrets, and appreciates her creations. But come; you are now in a proper mood to observe the brighter features of life, for dark as it sometimes has appeared to you, it is crowded with blessings. You have dwelt much of late upon subjects calculated to depress the spirits. A reasonable acquaintance with sorrow is profitable. It represses narrow pride, and teaches thought, prudence, modesty, and compassion. It is fitting, therefore, that all men should comprehend its existence, and sometimes suffer its pangs. But the common incidents of the world will bring it before you with sufficient force. There is no use of going abroad in search of it. There is a danger that seriousness will degenerate into wilful and morbid melancholy. I have come to you now in order to guard you against this. It is a disease of the mind almost incurable, and he who familiarizes himself only with the evil parts of human affairs, at length renders all his observations subservient to his own misery. His years are wasted in perpetual despondency. Life is borne, not enjoyed. His eyes are sealed to beauty. His frozen heart no more melts at the touch of love. Every opportunity for enjoyment appears but a deceitful road, spread out only to allure him to disappointment; and, if ever he forget himself in a temporary pleasure, some rude accident thrills him with renewed recollections, and hurries him back again to his accustomed gloom. This is only to be avoided by taking broad views of life, by studying the relations of remote events, and by an investigation sufficiently general to teach you that if evil springs from good, so, in return, good is the consequence of evil. The same Providence which allows wo, has provided alleviations, and varied it with unavoidable joys. As the eye dilates or contracts itself, according to the light in which it is placed, so the mind and the heart are naturally accommodated to the sphere assigned them. The mirror will illustrate my meaning."

I beheld one unjustly accused of a dreadful crime. The most enlightened tribunal of justice will sometimes err. Proof upon proof accumulated against him, the sentence of a court condemned him to perpetual and laborious imprisonment, and thus stamped him with disgrace and misery. The gay and thoughtless world carelessly beheld him conducted to his dungeon. The compassionate pitied, the severe upbraided, and the cruel insulted him. The gloomy gates shut him out from the world for ever; and, at length, exhausted with a weary toil, as the shades of night descended upon the earth, he was plunged in a solitary cell, where the dim light that struggled through his grated window scarcely enabled him to behold the narrow and cheerless apartment which justice deemed sufficient for guilt.

"Surely," said I, "he must be a wretch. He will, doubtless, put an end to his degraded existence. Nature herself can offer him no consolation to keep his noble heart from breaking."

His own reflections, indeed, appeared to be of the same kind; for, when he found himself alone, he sat down, with folded arms and haggard cheek, upon the rude couch, and his eye glared wildly. Grasping a knife which he had concealed in his garment, he was about to plunge it into his heart, when the strains of soft music upon the distant water arrested his purpose. The wild notes came sweetly up upon the wind, and

touched his soul with soft emotions. Large tears dimmed his eyes, and relieved the anguish which had weighed upon him. Something whispered hope, and lighted up in his bosom a joy unfelt before; dim expectations rose in his mind of future freedom; the sympathy of the world—the rejoicing of his child—the green fields and dashing brooks of his distant home—these he might see again. The moon appeared above his window as these thoughts came upon him, and her light gradually tinged the rugged walls with silver. He sunk back upon his pallet, and sleep that unbars the captive's prison, that wins back the lost one to bereaved affection, that inspires the weary with strength, and the wretched with hope, fell upon him softly, and made him happy.

As the moonbeams shone upon his fine countenance, I could perceive the tears still swelling beneath the long dark lashes of his eyes; but they were those of joy, for around his mouth a placid smile told that his heart was revelling in peaceful bliss denied to many surrounded with splendour, and which bounteous nature can shed upon her children in their darkest hours.

"It is but one of many pictures," said the Genius, "which I may hereafter show of the inward, and to the unthinking, invisible blessings which are silently and for ever falling upon your race; but see, Phœbus has lifted his dazzling disk into the upper heavens, and the vapours which have all night slept in the valley, are again unfolding their silvery wings for heaven; the over-spreading blushes of the morning have changed into the bold glare of light; the birds sing in the forest, the cattle are lowing from the plains, and the hum of the city, rising like the murmuring of the distant ocean, announces that the multitudes have already commenced a new day. Go forth, master student; peace and prudence be with you. May you be equally shielded from extremes of joy and sorrow; watch the surrounding world, but, most of all, watch yourself; let your thoughts and actions be such, that if you were flung into the solitary cell, the smile of content might there cheer your slumbers, and your dreams be undisturbed by the memory of a dishonest action."

As he finished speaking, his words grew more distant, and melted into the low rippling of the water, and on the spot but now occupied by his form, I saw only the long untrodden grass, and a few wild flowers glittering with dew. F.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY was born at Penzance, Cornwall, England, on the seventeenth day of December, 1779, of a very respectable and ancient family. He was educated in the elements of learning at Truro and Penzance, and, at the latter place, resided with a surgeon by the name of Tompkins, an intelligent and good man, and a friend of his family. Early talent distinguished the progress of Humphrey Davy, and at nine years of age he is said to have composed verses; no great intimation of the peculiar distinction which awaited his riper years. The Annual Anthology contains some favourable specimens of his success in the metrical line, and his friends augured favourably of his future success.

When fifteen years of age, Humphrey Davy was apprenticed to Mr. Borlase, a descendant from the celebrated antiquary of the same name. This gentleman was a surgeon, and a man of extensive and sound information. Under him he studied the rudiments of the medical profession, but particularly attached himself to natural history. The country in which he resided was rich in specimens of mineralogy, and these the student carefully collected. He extended his views, at the same time, to studying the composition, decomposition, and recomposition of the different substances which abound in this kingdom of na-

ture; he examined the several systems of natural philosophy, and actually began to make theories of his own. When he was eighteen, such had been the success of his plan of study, that he had attained a competent knowledge of chemistry, botany, anatomy, and physiology, mathematics, metaphysics, and natural philosophy. It was about this period that the discoveries of Black, Cavendish, Lavoisier, Priestley, and others were shedding a flood of light upon chemical knowledge, and stimulating scientific enterprise to enter upon the illimitable field of investigation. To this science Mr. Davy directed his attention, and with its successful cultivation, he identified his pursuits and ambition. A successful experiment developed his latent powers, and made him a conspicuous member of the scientific world. He had ascertained that the sea weed purifies the air contained in water, as vegetables on land do that of the atmosphere. This fact he communicated to Dr. Beddoes, the learned physician, who was endeavouring by means of dephlogistigating, or purifying air, to obtain a remedy for that terrific malady, consumption. This gentleman proposed to Mr. Davy a plan by which his chemical labours might be turned to useful account. The plan was adopted, and Mr. Davy became an inmate of the Pneumatic Institution, Downy-square, near the Hot Wells.

At this place he discovered the respirability of nitrous oxide air, which circumstance at once attracted to him general attention. He was shortly afterwards elected professor of chemistry in the Royal Institution.

In 1802 Professor Davy commenced a course of lectures before the board of agriculture, exhibiting the connexion of this science with chemistry. These lectures he continued for three years.

In 1803 he was elected a member of the Royal Society, a distinction which sufficiently evinces the high estimation in which he was held by men of science.

He next directed his attention to the influence of galvanism, and in 1807 delivered the Bakerian lecture, the subject of which was, "some new phenomena of chemical changes produced by electricity, particularly the decomposition of the fixed alkalies, and the exhibition of new substances which constitute their bases, and on the general nature of alkaline bodies." In this lecture he promulgated his magnificent discovery of the metallic bases of potash and soda, substances which had hitherto been deemed simple, but which he demonstrated to be compounded of the mixture of oxygen with a metal. He did not stop here, but decomposed other substances, and thus enriched the boundaries of science, and extended the dominion of art. To an acid hitherto called the oxymuriatic, he gave the name of chlorine, having shown it not to be a compound, which it had been believed to be by all preceding chemists.

In 1815 a committee was appointed to investigate the cause of the fire-damp in mines, through the explosion of which so many lives are frequently lost. To seek for a preventive against these dangerous effects, was the great object. This Sir Humphrey Davy happily and honourably accomplished by his invention of the *safety lamp*. For this great result of his ardour and genius, the coal owners of Tyne and Wear voted him a service of plate worth two thousand pounds sterling.

In 1818-9 he visited Italy, where he successfully analysed the colours used by the ancients in their manuscripts.

On the death of Sir Joseph Banks, Sir Humphrey was elected president by the Royal Society by a majority of two hundred votes. He had been previously complimented by the French Royal Academy with their highest honours, and that during the continuance of the fierce wars which so long disturbed the harmony of all Europe. This conduct on the part of the French Academy reflected equal credit on

selves, and on the object of their merited exaltation. Sir Humphrey died last year in May, of apoplexy, to the great loss of science, and the regret of a vast circle of literary and philosophical friends in every part of the world.

In manners Sir Humphrey was affable and courteous, gay and lively, and but little distinguished from other men. M.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

THE entertainments presented at the theatre lately are deserving of much praise collectively, though there is but little scope to particularize, no novelty worthy of note having been brought forward. The plays that have been played, and the players that have played them, are such as the public have long been familiar with. Clara Fisher lately commenced, and we are sorry to say, has almost completed a short engagement. It is a marvel to us that the manager does not perceive that it is his manifest interest to let the New-York public enjoy more frequent opportunities of witnessing the performances of this fascinating creature. She never appears without attracting a full, we may say, a crowded house, and it is pleasant to behold the relish with which the audience enjoy her fiftieth personation of a favourite character. We have never seen here, or indeed any where else, such a universal and enduring favourite as this young girl. Kean and Macready have been obliged to agitate the passions of a "select few," and Horn and Pearman, Mrs. Austin and Madame Feron, have uplifted their tuneful voices for the gratification of some three dozen ladies and gentlemen, but Clara Fisher never appears but the public appear also. It is to be regretted that one night of her delectable exertions was thrown away by the production of a somewhat foolish piece of business, in three acts, entitled "My Old Woman," in which she had to waste her time and talents in a most grievous manner. The play-bills stated that it was a "musical piece," but we should never have found that out from the affair itself, though undoubtedly there was a considerable noise to the tune of "away with melancholy," at the end of the third act, and another noise at the conclusion of the second, to no tune at all. We do not go so far as to wish "My Old Woman" may be what the pope wished the cardinals when he was in a passion, yet it is to be hoped she will die quietly, and be "decently interred."

We must not forget to record a most interesting and edifying exhibition that took place the other week, when a little girl, known to fame by the appellation of the "intrepid Miss Peters," walked up a rope from the stage to the gallery, and down a rope from the gallery to the stage. Two thousand people displayed a very laudable curiosity to see whether or not she would break her neck, and when they found she did not, they clapped their hands, and testified much joy. What added to the moral interest of the spectacle was, the father stood on the stage and watched his daughter's tottering progress! This is too bad. In the name of Shakspeare and common sense, let us have one theatre free from rope-dancers, monkeys, dogs, horses, conjurors, and indeed all that class of exhibitions that comes under the head of "wonderful," "surprising," and "not to be equalled in the world." C.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

RESPECT TO AGE.

"Dost thou not see, O Gaul," says Morni, in one of the poems of Ossian, "how the steps of my age are honoured? Morni moves forth, and the young meet him with reverence, and turn their eyes with silent joy on his course."

The obligation to reverence old age, is a necessary emanation from that duty which we owe to our parents. The youth who pays due honour to his own father, will never treat despitely the gray hairs of those who pass by his father's door, or enter within his threshold.

The Jewish lawgiver has made this duty the subject of a particular precept: "See that thou rise up before the hoary man, and honour the face of the old man." "I am young," says the son of Barachel, "and ye are very old; wherefore I was afraid, and durst not show you mine opinion. I find days should speak, and multitude of years teach wisdom."

Among the Chinese, neither birth, nor riches, nor honours, nor dignities, can make a man forget that reverence which is due to gray hairs; and we are told that the sovereign himself never fails to respect old age, even in persons of the lowest condition.

Many of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the name of the Swiss doctor, Michael Schuppach, of Lengnan, in the Emmenthal, who was highly celebrated, and much in vogue, in the last century. He is mentioned by Archdeacon Cox, in his travels in Switzerland, who himself consulted him. There was a time when people of distinction and fortune came to him, particularly from France and Germany, and even from more distant countries; and innumerable are the cures which he performed upon patients given up by the regular physicians. There were once assembled in Michael Schuppach's laboratory, a great many distinguished persons from all parts of the world, partly to consult him, and partly out of curiosity; and among them, many French ladies and gentlemen, and a Russian prince, with his daughter, whose singular beauty attracted general attention. A young French marquis attempted, for the amusement of the ladies, to display his wit on the miraculous doctor; but the latter, though not much acquainted with the French language, answered so pertinently, that the marquis had not the laugh on his side. During this conversation there entered a peasant, meanly dressed, with a snow-white beard, a neighbour of Schuppach's. Schuppach directly turned away from his great company, to his old neighbour, and hearing that his wife was ill, set about preparing the necessary medicine for her, without paying much attention to his more exalted guests, whose business he did not think so pressing. The marquis was now deprived of one subject of his wit, and therefore chose for his butt the old man, who was waiting while his neighbour Michael was preparing something for his old Mary. After many silly jokes on his long white beard, he offered a wager of twelve louis d'ors, that none of the ladies would kiss the old dirty-looking fellow. The Russian princess hearing these words, made a sign to her attendant, who brought her a plate. The princess put twelve louis d'ors on it, and had it carried to the marquis, who of course could not decline adding twelve others. Then the fair Russian went up to the old peasant with the long beard, and said, "Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the fashion of my country." Saying this, she embraced him, and gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate, with these words: "Take this as a remembrance of me, and a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honour old age."

SUPERSTITIONS OF ITALY.

The dread of storm-raisers is universally prevalent amongst the country people, and especially in the mountainous districts of Italy. A Danish botanist, journeying alone upon a mule through the mountains of Abruzzi, was involved in several perilous adventures by this superstitious terror of the peasantry. They had for some time seen him collecting plants amongst the unfrequented cliffs and ravines, and watched his proceedings with suspicious curiosity. A few days later their district was ravaged by a succession of storms, their suspicions grew into certainty, and, assembling in considerable numbers, they attacked the unconscious botanist with a volley of stones, and cursed him as a storm-raising enchanter. He made vehement protestations of his innocence, but the enraged peasants took forcible possession of his collection, which they minutely examined. Finding only some harmless leaves and blossoms, and no roots, their fury abated, and, although it was suggested by some that he had probably used the roots in his incantations, the unfortunate herbalist was at length dismissed with fierce menaces, that if he dared to take a single root from the ground, it would cost him his life. In the mountains near Rome, the peasants regard with suspicion a singular costume, a stern cast of countenance, or any striking personal formation, in the strangers who arrive there. All travellers, thus peculiarly marked, are supposed to be enchanters and treasure-seekers, and the young Germans, in their black dresses, untrimmed beards, and long hair, are especial objects of suspicion.

The oriental fairies, who followed the fortunes of Charlemagne and his paladins, established themselves in various parts of Italy, where they still hold a distinguished place in the traditional superstitions of the people. These local fairies, who are more potent than witches, and generally of a benevolent character, are not unworthy of record. One of the most celebrated is the fata, or fairy Morgana, whose realm is the strait between Reggio and Messina. Here her glittering palaces sometimes rise above the waters, and dazzle the eyes of mortals with a transient glimpse of those splendours which are so magnificently described in the Orlando Amoroso of Boiardo. This fairy is said to fall in love with young sailors and fishermen, whom she lures into the deep by this display of her power and grandeur. The causes of this optical illusion are now well understood, but the adjacent inhabitants will not be reasoned out of this highly poetical tradition; and in the

popular ballads composed in memory of young men drowned in the Straits of Messina, the surviving relatives are said to console themselves with the belief that the departed are reposing in the arms of the fairy Morgana.

In Tuscany, the mothers and nurses terrify naughty children by telling them that the ugly fairy Befana is coming, and the carnival of Florence is opened on the night before the festival of the three kings, by the procession of the fata Befana, who is paraded through the city by torch-light, accompanied by the pealing of drums and trumpets, and the acclamations of the people. The fairy is personified by a colossal puppet, representing a sorceress in flowing garments, and the figure is so contrived as to appear taller or shorter at the pleasure of the bearer, whose person is concealed by the long draperies. This monstrous fairy frightens the children by looking into the upper windows of the houses; and after thus passing through the principal streets of Florence, the huge puppet is thrown from a bridge into the Arno, amidst the shouts and imprecations of the multitude. The Tuscan nurses also call by the name of Befana, or Befania, the good and wicked fairies, who on the night after the festival, come down the chimney to reward or punish the children; and the little folks carefully hang their clothes, with empty pockets, round the hearth, that the good fairy may fill them with confectionary, and other presents, according to their previous good behaviour. The term Befana is also applied to a very ugly woman, and a frightful phantom is called Befanaccia. Manni, in his historical notice of the Befana, affirms that this festival is a relic of the ancient mysteries, and that it especially alludes to the arrival of the magi. In fact, the black faces of the rag-dolls, which are hung in the windows of Florence, on the day of the epiphany, resemble the magi, as portrayed in pictures of ancient date. The gifts which the children expect to receive are supposed to be in commemoration of the presents brought by the magi to the holy family. This popular belief is of high antiquity, and in the house of the Epiphany, otherwise called the Befani, at Florence, a head of one of the royal magi is preserved in the repository.

IT IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS.

This monitory sentence, it is true, is extremely brief and unequivocal in its construction, and may sound rather harsh "to ears polite." Although there certainly are more refined modes of conveying this truth to those who are in the habit of meddling in the concerns of their neighbours, still few can be found more expressive.

It is a good wholesome hint, and salutes one with the honest bluntness of a sober quaker, without any of the superfluous garniture of politeness; and if it were oftener regarded in certain cases, the state of society would be much improved. For instance—suppose your income enables you to support a handsome domestic establishment. Your neighbour does the same, his house and equipage are as fine as yours, and he gives as good dinners. "But how can he afford it?" you exclaim, "I know that his salary cannot half cover his expenses! how is he going to pay his debts?" *It is none of your business*—look well to the adjustment of your own affairs, and allow him the same privilege.

Suppose you are an author, or an editor; and another chooses to adventure in the same path with yourself. You know of course your own motives for scribbling, and feel a strong desire to know his; you estimate his works—not according to their merits, but the circumstances which called them forth. "Does he write for amusement, for money, or only for fame?" *It is none of your business*. If you have obtained the object, or accomplished the purpose for which you "launched forth," let that suffice. The field of literature is wide enough to afford room for labourers of all classes, from a *parterre* to a *potato-patch*. Encroach not on *forbidden ground*, and have a care in nourishing your own plants, lest your fate should be like that of the boy, who imagined he was nursing a young *myrtle*, when lo! in process of time it was discovered to be nothing but a *pigweed*.

Suppose you are a painter, and happen to possess some talent, which you conceive can be cultivated only by crossing the Atlantic, for the high privilege of copying a bust, or a picture, in the royal academy. Perhaps you have been dubbed a member of the cognoscenti, or was once consulted by a silly lord as to the value of a picture at an auction sale. If this has been the case, when you return home, you must be a great man, and paint very fine portraits, and expect of course to engross the whole trade. You meet with an aspiring young genius, who, ignorant of the technicals of the schools, and untrammelled by the rules of art, sees, with the enthusiasm of a poet, the page of nature expanded before him, and dares

to copy what he beholds, in preference to the ancient *rubbish* of antiquity, which seldom has little other recommendation than a splendid frame and the name of a celebrated master. You overpower the young artist with a flood of criticisms upon his performances from your vast hoard of science. Yet after all, there is a truth in his works, a spirit in his sketches, of which yours are deficient. "Why do folks employ him?" you exclaim, "he knows nothing about *style*, and *colouring*, and *contour*! he could not tell a Sappho from a milk-maid, or a picture by Raphael from one by Greenwood, unless they were labelled!" It is none of your business—by his own works he shall stand or fall. In proportion as nature has been liberal to him, he has less occasion for the assistance of art; and self-cultivated talents are an honour to their possessor. The public voice is generally impartial with respect to professional merit, and few persons obtain favour or patronage without desert. It would be well to establish your own pretensions to excellence, before you deny the claims of others. Reader—perhaps you will ask what could induce us to scribble the above illustrations of so uncourteous a phrase, we will not be so impolite as to reply, it is none of your business, but assure you unless you will oftener condescend to favour us with the effusions of your own pen, you must put up with the trifling of ours.

Bower of Taste.

APHORISMS FROM DEVEREUX.

It is the excess, and not the nature, of our passions, that is perishable. Like the trees which grew by the tomb of Protesilaus, the passions flourish till they reach a certain height; but, no sooner is that height attained, than they wither away.

The littlest feeling of all is a delight in contemplating the littleness of other people. Nothing is more contemptible than habitual contempt.

Reason is a lamp that sheddeth afar a glorious and general light, but leaveth all that is around it in darkness and gloom.

We are always clever with those who imagine we think as they do.

Whenever you cause a laugh, and are praised for your humour, you may be sure you have said something egregiously silly, or, at best, superlatively ill-natured!

'Tis a pleasure to the littleness of human nature to see great things abused by mimicry; kings moved by bobkins, and the pomps of the earth personated by Punch.

Emotion, whether of ridicule, anger, or sorrow, is the grandest of levellers. The man who would be always superior, should be always apathetic.

The heart is the most credulous of all fanatics, and its ruling passion the most enduring of all superstitions.

The deadliest foe to love is, not change, nor misfortune, nor jealousy, nor wrath, nor any thing that flows from passion, or emanates from fortune: the deadliest foe to love is custom.

No man defends another without loving him the better for it. We never judge of our nearest kindred with that certainty with which *la science du monde* enables us to judge of others.

Nothing can constitute good-breeding that has not good-nature for its foundation.

What a prodigy would wisdom be, if it were but blessed with a memory as keen and constant as interest.

FINE ARTS.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

We went the other day to see Mr. Reinagle's copy of Martin's celebrated picture. It was a clear sunny afternoon, and we expected, of course, to find the gallery crowded with visitors—connoisseurs and would-be connoisseurs, patrons of the fine arts, friends of the artist, idle ladies and gentlemen, and all those motley groups which, in large cities, generally crowd a picture gallery when any new exhibition takes place; but, lo! there was not a single individual present, and during the hour we remained, only two persons made their appearance. Reverential awe, or at least profound respect, seems to be a natural feeling on entering a gallery of paintings, a hall of statues, or an old library where the labours of many mighty minds—of men separated, as it were, from the chaff of the world—are gathered together. No feeling of inferiority, however, seemed to be impressed on the two self-satisfied gentlemen above alluded to, on entering the academy of arts. They strutted briskly up to the picture, canvassed its beauties and defects with amazing volubility and rapidity, and, at the expiration of about five minutes, made a precipitate retreat; after which, we suppose, they would say they had seen the picture, and favour their acquaintances with their opinion concerning the same! We understand that on the same evening a multitude

of people were congregated together to see the uncommonly fat children exhibited at Peale's museum, thus satisfactorily proving, whatever calumnies may be circulated to the contrary, that the unsophisticated citizens of New-York still prefer the "wonderful works of nature" to the labours of art.

It is easy enough, in writing about pictures, as about many other things, to mix an ounce of quackery with a grain of knowledge—to gabble about light and shade, and depth and colouring—to discourse fluently and ignorantly of the old masters and the new schools—of Titian, Raphael, Salvator Rosa, or Sir Joshua Reynolds; but not having any wish to pass for "a smart fellow" with those who know nothing of the matter, or like honest Dogberry to "write myself an ass," for the amusement of those who do, we would premise that we are an admirer rather than a judge of painting, and pen this paragraph more for the purpose of attracting, in some degree, public attention to the subject, than to attempt to edify any one by the expression of an opinion that might possibly be right, but probably wrong. The subject of the picture, *Belshazzar's Feast*, is of that kind which Martin appears to take especial pleasure in selecting, namely, where the power of Omnipotence is brought into striking contrast with the nothingness of his creatures; and "the Deluge," his (Mr. Martin's) last work, is a still more forcible exemplification of this turn of mind; his figures, therefore, not being the prominent objects, are consequently small, and the expression or passion meant to be conveyed, is to be gathered rather from their actions and attitudes than their features. In the present piece, the thousands that at his last feast thronged the halls of the Babylonian monarch, are transferred to the canvass. From the attitude of Daniel in the centre, we should surmise that the time chosen is when he has expounded the mysterious characters on the wall, and is delivering the dread prediction,

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away;
He, in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay.
The wroth, his robe of state,
His canopy the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!"

but the attitude of the monarch would seem to be at variance with this: he is recolling in horror from the fearful characters traced by the shadowy hand, without paying the least attention to Daniel, whose opinion he is just supposed to have asked, a departure from nature and a breach of politeness, neither warranted by scripture nor Chesterfield; though perhaps we have judged wrong, and it may be that Daniel had not delivered his interpretation; but then he would not have occupied such a prominent situation until after he had been called upon to do so. Glorious masses of buildings, domes, and towers, altars and idols, and lofty columns, are clustered together with oriental magnificence and profusion, and man seems nothing even in comparison with the works of his own hands. We trust that the public curiosity will be aroused to this subject by our various journalists, and that the time, talent, and expense which Mr. Reinagle has lavished upon this work, may not go altogether unrewarded. C.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

City Dispensary.—The mean building, or rather *shantey*, in which this useful institution has hitherto dispensed its beneficent and healing charities, has long excited the animadversions of strangers, and mortified the vanity of its friends. Animated by a laudable zeal to extend their means of usefulness, and afford suitable accommodations to the officers employed in discharging the immediate duties of the establishment, the trustees have long strained every nerve to procure a larger and more commodious edifice. For this object the funds of the dispensary were totally inadequate, and they therefore had recourse to the bounty of the legislature, from which, after some difficulty, they obtained the grant of a lot situated on the corner of White and Centre streets, forming part of the arsenal grounds. By the further assistance of individual donations, and voluntary contributions from their own body, they have finally been enabled to erect a plain but neat edifice, three stories in height, the lower or basement one being of free-stone, the upper of brick. It fronts on White-street, and contains a numerous suite of apartments, which will be used as receiving rooms, physicians' and apothecaries' offices, and, we believe and hope, that one large room will be appropriated to public purposes, such as lectures, meetings of societies, &c. No institution among the many which attest the active benevolence of our citizens, presents stronger claims to the support and direct approbation of the public than the city dispensary. The good it diffuses is positive, and unalloyed, as other charities necessarily are, by any admixture of evil.

It offers to the poor, suffering under the inflictions of disease, all the aid which medical science in its present improved state can afford, and administers also the remedies, however expensive, which fulfil the indications of the art. It saves an immense amount annually to the coffers of the city, and thus diminishes the taxation of the inhabitants generally, by withholding so many objects from the public eleemosynary establishments that are already so costly. It is likewise an efficient practical school of medicine, and fits numbers of physicians to discharge their duties in after life with usefulness to the public, and honour to themselves. Shall it not then be upheld by the public voice, and be regarded with complacency and pride? Twelve thousand names annually fill the catalogue of those who receive aid and relief. And shall this single circumstance not suffice to claim for this charity, the effectual protection and patronage of our richer inhabitants? Its funds are low; the subscriptions (trifling and not exceeding five dollars) have been comparatively few. This reflects no honour on the city, and should receive attention. Let us hope that a new era—one of prosperity commensurate with the extent and importance of its great objects—is about to smile on this unpretending but effective establishment, and to bring it forward in the public estimation, to the degree of elevation to which it is so justly entitled.

Deferred articles.—On our last page we have inserted a number of articles, the publication of which has been delayed for some time for the want of room. Lest all the occasional interest they may possess should altogether expire, we have omitted the music, and substituted them.

Miss Sedgwick.—Among the selections in this number, will be found another emanation from the glowing and fertile fancy of this popular and instructive writer. It will not detract from the claims she has on every occasion advanced to the praise of her numerous and delighted readers.

Sir Humphrey Davy.—The death of this distinguished philosopher and chemist is well known to our readers. It left a sensible void among the successful votaries of science and the generous patrons of literature. An original biography of him, compiled from the latest English magazines, is published in to-day's paper, and will repay perusal. It affords another striking instance of what can be accomplished by industrious talent and untiring zeal.

Fair at Lynchburgh, Virginia.—We have received an interesting description, from an intelligent correspondent, of a fair lately held on the twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, and twenty-sixth days of September, the object of which was to advance the completion of St. Paul's church, a new edifice, erecting in that place. It was the first exhibition ever made there, and to its novelty were added all the attractions which the engrossing and praiseworthy object in view, the richness and splendour of display, and the throng of beauty mingling with active manhood anxious to promote the wishes of the fair, could give it. Every article which fancy could suggest, or art and taste invent, was offered and sold at fair prices. The variety of ornamental work executed by the hands of the ladies, could not be surpassed for richness and splendour. The receipts were nearly two thousand dollars, and will probably give a nett proceed of more than twelve hundred. This fact speaks volumes in honour of the public spirit, the virtuous zeal, and the effective industry of the population of Lynchburgh.

Communication.—Mr. MORRIS—I was much surprised to find in the number of your very interesting and unrivalled miscellany, which was accompanied by a splendid engraving, and diversified with much and various original matter, so many typographical errors. In a sheet so neatly printed as the *Mirror* generally is, and which has no superior, nor perhaps an equal, in all the attraction of its external beauty, such errors are to be regretted and avoided. Authors are by no circumstance more mortified than by having their words misspelled, if not their very ideas altered and twisted by a printer's devil. Will you favour the public by attending to this point. You will not lose by it. Yours, respectfully, A READER.

ANSWER.—We regret exceedingly that our correspondent should have had just cause for his complaint, and hope it will be removed hereafter. The typographical errors and omissions which crept into the number referred to, arose from the fact of many of the communications having been received at a very late hour. We have made a forcible appeal to the sensibilities of the devil, and we have reason to believe that he will behave better for the future. We tender our thanks to "A READER" for his friendly expression, and his kind suggestion. We should have perhaps suppressed the laudatory epithets he bestows on our humble quarto, but we feared to "alter and twist the meaning of the author."

SERENADE.

To thee—when morn is shining,
My early homage tends;
To thee, when day's declining,
My evening song ascends.
When grief is sternly swelling,
And hope's no longer free,
I fly my humble dwelling
To thee—to thee!

Come forth—thy step is lightest,
And watchful eyes may see;
Come forth—thy smile is brightest,
And I am proud of thee—
Come forth—rich lips are parting,
And thought appears in glee,
And sunny eyes are darting
To thee—to thee.

To thee—upon the waters,
I wake the serenade;
Thou sweetest of earth's daughters,
My gentle southern maid.
Come forth—when thou appearest,
Our path is bright and free;—
I bring a true heart, dearest,
To thee—to thee!

LITERARY.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THIS department of letters never thrived as it does now. To it are devoted some of the ablest pens wielded in the scientific and literary world, and by it a very large proportion of the community in all civilized countries are instructed in every branch of useful or elegant knowledge. In the United States, no less than in Great Britain, France, and Germany, this species of writing supersedes almost every other, and has become the readiest, as it is the most general vehicle, of inventions and discoveries, of all that is ingenious in speculation, profound in philosophy, striking in politics, or fanciful and popular in belles lettres. Assured of a determinate and extensive class of readers, an author is no longer called upon to encounter the risk of individual publication, but mixes with the throng of competitors, ever on the wing to cater for the information or amusement of the public. Under the ægis of his incognito he makes his first attempt with boldness and confidence, and if success attend his effort, his name will not be slow to appear upon the shield, starting gradually and imperceptibly like the flower of the aloe in the charmed garden of Cyprus. If he fail to make a *hit*, he goes on masked, but untired, and falls into the herd of "hackmon" and "balaamites," a numerous and not useless tribe, since, without their aid, our monthlies and trimestrials might in vain hope to swell into their usual volume. It were curious to investigate the influence of this species of literature on the present generation. But our limits will not admit of the attempt.

AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

This learned and ponderous work might be likened to an intelligent, well-instructed, but prudish dame, attired in yellow, though a tinge of blue occasionally gleams in her starched garments, who deals out her says and saws with antiquated precision and rigid decorum, but frowns indignantly at the least approach of levity, however humorous or piquant. She is staid and majestic in all her movements, loves to ramble among long and dark winding galleries hung with cobwebs, or beneath an alley of yews planted in the reign of the First Charles. She is no cavalier in principle, although she affects it in her port and actions, but she repeats from Milton and Locke her dogmas in politics and morals. She looks down with contempt on competition, and tosses her head high in the air at the bare mention of any criticism upon herself; yet she is occasionally seen to take a pretty ample pinch of Scotch snuff, and to sneeze incontinently if she overhears any remark calculated to nettle her in her tender points of pedigree and mental superiority.

To leave the simile and come to the simple matter, the last number is a very fair specimen of the general ability and industrious research with which this periodical is got up. The first article is a notice of the memoirs of General John Miller, and is neither striking nor profound. It is a bare and dull detail of insulated facts, unrelieved by any reflections remarkable for their individual point or general application. We must differ from the opinion of the Providence editor, that this meagre communication came from the pen of the Aristarch himself. The second article is entitled Memorials of Shakspeare, and borrows from the magic name both inte-

rest and life. It is well worth perusal, as it gives an interesting and critical history of the numerous editions of the Avon bard, and enters with much feeling, or, (as the artists will have it,) *con amore*, into his peculiar beauties and characteristics. We can never tire of this theme. A review of Southey's Colloquies is the third article, and we need not read the first paragraph through to be satisfied that here is the great magician himself, *ipse homo*, honest Robert Walsh. It is a singular contrast in matter and manner to an article on the same subject in the last London Quarterly. It treats Dr. Southey in a pettish, and not very friendly tone, and yet expresses some home truths in very neat, though somewhat pedantic style. Our critic would, no doubt, be mortified, if he learnt that he has been compared to this very Robert Southey whom he so graphically describes; but we forget, he never reads criticisms on the Quarterly, so let it pass. Of Geology, which constitutes the fourth article, we shall say nothing; and the very term *codification*, barbarous and uncouth in sound, or as Walsh would more classically have it, *cacophonous*, is caviare for the fifth. Next we have "Spain," and, excepting the first sentence, which is clumsily enough constructed, it is an instructive and well written analysis of a very interesting work. The seventh article, on Education, we shall recur to in a future number. It deserves special attention.

Lyman's Diplomacy of the United States, Dwight's Germany, Sketches of Naval Life, and American Poetry, are the subjects of the remaining articles.

MEDICAL AND PHYSICAL JOURNAL.

EDITED BY DR. PRIXOTTO.

The Albany Argus devotes a leading article to the notice of this valuable journal, speaks of it in the most decided terms of approbation, and calls upon the profession throughout the state to support it against the insidious attacks made in a neighbouring city to undermine its prosperity. We have reason to believe that this work, the only scientific periodical published in the state of New-York, and consisting of the contributions of some of the most eminent men in the country, has already attained a high popularity, and enlarged, as it lately has been, will successfully compete with any other published in the country. Among the papers in the last number is Magill's dissertation on typhus fever, which obtained the prize from the State Medical Society.

THE VISION OF CORTES.

BY J. SIMMS.

There is scarcely a flower on Parnassus which has not been discovered, and whose nature has not been fully developed and explained by the poetical Linneuses of the world, from Homer down, through a thousand years, to the bard of that green island, whose harp is so absolutely covered with flowers, that every sound of it, like the breeze of the Indian valleys, may be said to overpower us with sweetness. We can, therefore, look for little that is original. All that is left for the modern aspirant is to cultivate the ground, and propagate the species, or, at most, by the introduction of some silken thread of thought, add to their beauty by diversifying their colour; and the talent displayed by Mr. Simms is certainly of some acquisition in ornamenting the garden of the muses. His style is always clear, frequently beautiful, and sometimes possesses an energy worthy of the best writers, and we cordially wish him the success which native talent should always command. As long as we continue to give a preferring patronage to foreign publications—to every thing coming stamped with the venal eulogium of a foreign press, so long shall we look in vain for a national literature. The "Vision of Cortes" is a work of much promise; shall we neglect it because it is not one of faultless perfection? The fruit is on the tree—shall we suffer it to be blasted because it will not assume a sudden ripeness? Let us rather cancel the charge of neglect, which, with some justice, has been preferred against us, and the mental talent of our country will be enabled successfully to compete with that of others.

We would, however, advise Mr. Simms never to risk his character by publishing the "disjecta membra" of his poems. They can never, when cut up into pieces, produce that interest which they otherwise would. The works of the best writers, on an *undivided* subject, would suffer by turning them into such patchwork. Let a work be published whole, or not at all. In the present instance, Mr. Simms reminds us of some extensive cotton manufacturer who cuts a pattern off every piece, and samples it round the country for observation and opinion. Though this does very well for printed calicoes, it will never do for printed poetry.

CURIOSITY.

As Americans we are proud of Mr. Sprague's poem. It is a production of singular and striking beauty, and with as few blemishes as any thing of the kind that has ever fallen under our observation. We read it with mingled feelings of admiration and astonishment; but we confess our gratification was somewhat dampened by the knowledge of its being an *occasional piece*! Had the title-page been simply, "Curiosity, by Charles Sprague," we could most cheerfully have pardoned the omission of "The Phi Beta Kappa," &c. But this is foreign from the purpose of the present brief notice, which is merely intended to recommend all "who are native here," and who have a soul for poesy, to purchase and read "Curiosity." It can be had of E. Bliss, Broadway.

VARIETIES.

The following pleasing anecdote of Gainsborough the painter, is given in "Cunningham's Lives of British Painters." One of his acquaintances in Bath, was Wiltshire, the public carrier, a kind and worthy man, who loved Gainsborough, and admired his works. In one of his landscapes he wished to introduce a horse, and, as the carrier had a very handsome one, he requested the loan of it for a day or two, and named his purpose: his generous neighbour bridled and saddled it, and sent it as a present. The painter was not a man to be outdone in acts of generosity; he painted the wagon and horses of his friend, put his whole family and himself into it, and sent it well framed to Wiltshire, with his kind respects. It is considered a very capital performance. From 1761, when Gainsborough began to exhibit his paintings at the academy, till his removal from Bath in 1774, Wiltshire was annually employed to carry his pictures to and from London; he took great care of them, constantly refused to accept money, saying, "No—no—I admire painting too much," and plunged his hands in his pocket to secure them against the temptation of the offered payment. Perceiving, however, that this was not acceptable to the proud artist, the honest carrier hit upon a scheme which pleased both. "When you think," said he, "that I have carried to the value of a little painting, I beg you will let me have one, sir, and I shall be more than paid." In this coin the painter paid Wiltshire, and overpaid him. His son is still in possession of several of these pictures, and appreciates their value; many of Gainsborough's productions were not so worthily disposed of.

By late foreign advices it appears highly probable, that before Christmas we shall hear that the whole Russian army have breakfasted, dined, and supped upon Turkey. The political epicures of Europe may not, perhaps, approve of such a festival, and it is possible that some of them may insist on "picking a bone" with Russia. At all events we hope that Greece will be preserved.

As the visitors, comprising many ladies, were viewing the tables of the Massachusetts Horticultural society, a gentleman present spoke to the mayor, saying, this is all very well; but to us it is "*forbidden fruit*." "Yes," replied the mayor, "and did you ever know the ladies behave themselves better when placed in a situation of a similar kind?"

It is now customary at dinner parties in Paris, where ladies are present, to hand round, just before sitting down to table, a pincushion, that the fair guests may pin up their sleeves, which would otherwise entirely preclude the operations of the table.

Mrs. Moore is very beautiful, and her husband is justly proud of her. "Lady Byron," said he, laughing, "was too much of a *blue* for his lordship. If Lady B. had been like my Beasy, Lord Byron would have been as good a husband as I am."

As the sun in all his splendour was peeping over the eastern hills, a newly married man exclaimed, "The glory of the world is rising!" His wife, who happened to be getting up at that moment, taking the compliment to herself, simpered out, "What would you say, dear, if I had my silk gown on?"

Zeno, the philosopher, believed in an inevitable destiny. His servant availed himself of this doctrine, one day, while being beaten for a theft, by exclaiming, "Was I not destined to rob?" "Yes," replied Zeno, "and to be corrected also."

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

MY MOTHER'S LAST KISS.

La memoire est le songe d'un homme éveillé.

It was an autumn evening-tide, and on each swelling hill
The rainbow colouring of leaves, a gorgeous pall, was still;
The sun went down in mellow smiles, and o'er the quiet scene
There stole a charm more magical than spring's untrodden green.
And as before my father's door, the locust shed its leaf,
I drank my mother's parting kiss in my first hour of grief.
As the hidden winds went murmuring by with low and mournful wail
A tear was in her thoughtful eye—her matron cheek was pale.
How strangely comes that picture up from sorrows that are flown,
O'er manhood's restless images, a talisman—a tone!

In fancy's spell I linger yet about that sacred spot,
And the crosses of my pilgrimage are in that hour forgot;
The change and change which since have been are fading to my view,
And looking back, I heed not now, how time's swift pinions flew.
I heed it not, as in my thought that parting scene is given,
It was the first all sunless cloud that o'er my path was driven;
And deeply planted in my breast the springs of feeling rise
While recollection's tokens bring the heart-drops to mine eyes.

How throng'd into that bitter hour the memories of the past!
Of golden moments wasted, and of dreams that could not last—
Of the treasures of my boyhood's hour—the phantoms of its spring—
The fresh, unsullied feelings, which only youth can bring:
Which colour, with their yearning hopes, all vanities of earth,
That from the newness of the soul have their ephemeral birth;
Each haunt of wild enjoyment which their passing hours impart
As being's hastening wave is lit with day-beams for the heart.

And as the sun descended low, and twilight's reign began,
How o'er departed raptures, my busy memories ran!
The blue lake wore a smile of love, and dimly on its shore
The many coloured woodlands bent its pointless waters o'er.
And blending in the distance with the deep mysterious sky,
The mountain's hazy summit rose—the loved of childhood's eye;
Oh, nature's smile was beautiful—but all was grief to him
Whose heart gave up its fountain, to make his young eye dim.

How many hopes have come and gone, with vain and transient power
Since o'er my buoyant spirit swept the shadows of that hour!
On a false world my ardent dreams like ventures have been cast;—
I have sown the wind, and now I reap the whirlwind and the blast;
I reap the tares of cold deceit, where friendship's kindly eye
Once pour'd into my heart a glow, like summer's pictured sky;
And nature cannot sanctify the race for pleasure's goal,
As when my mother's priceless love woke rapture in my soul.

Yet I only ask the memories which hallow every scene,
That stirred my bounding bowen when existence all was green:
I ask the boon of feeling still, that tenderness of heart
Which can to all the paths of life a ray of peace impart.
When the golden bowl is breaking, and the hopes are unrestored
Which once unto the shore of youth such verdure could afford,
Then we lose the sickness of regret, and hoping midst our fears,
Girt with a strength to bear our lot we mark the coming years. EVERARD.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FIFTH VOLUME OF THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR.

THE GHOST.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, OF THIS CITY.

SOME time in the year 1800 or 1801, I am not certain which, a man of the name of William Morgan—I don't mean the person whose 'abduction' has made so much noise in the world—enlisted on board the United States frigate —, for a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean. He was an awful looking person, six feet four inches high, a long pale visage deeply furrowed with wrinkles; sunken eyes far up in his forehead; black exuberant hair standing on an end as if he were always frightened at something; sharp chin of a length proportioned to his height; teeth white but very irregular; and the colour of his eyes what the writers of supernatural affairs call very singular and mysterious. Besides this, his voice was hollow and sepulchral; on his right arm were certain mysterious devices surmounted by the letters E. M.; and his tobacco box was of iron. His every day dress was a canvass hat with a black ribbon band, a blue jacket, white trousers, and leather shoes. On Sundays he wore a white beaver, which among sailors bespoke something extraordinary, and on rainy days a pea-jacket too short by half a yard. It is worthy of remark, that Morgan entered on Friday; that the frigate was launched on Friday; that the master-carpenter who built her was born on Friday; and that the squadron went to sea on Friday. All these singular coincidences, combined with his mysterious appearance, caused the sailors to look upon Morgan with no little degree of wonder.

During the voyage to Gibraltar, Morgan's conduct served to increase the impression his appearance had made upon the crew. He sometimes went without eating for several days together, at least no one ever saw him eat; and, if he ever slept at all, it was without shutting his eyes, or lying down, for his messmates, one and all, swore that, wake what time of the night they would, Morgan was seen sitting upright in his hammock, with his eyes glaring wide open. When his turn came to take his watch upon deck, his conduct was equally strange. He would stand stock still in one place, gazing at the stars, or the ocean, apparently unconscious of his situation, and when roused by his companions, fall flat on the deck in a swoon. When he revived, he would fall to preaching the most strange and incomprehensible rhapsodies that ever were heard. In their idle hours upon the fore-castle, Morgan would tell such stories about himself, and his strange escapes by sea and land, as caused the sailors' hair to stand on end, and made the jolly fellows look upon him as a person gifted with the privilege of living for ever. He often indeed hinted that he had as many lives as a cat, and more than once offered to let himself be hanged for the gratification of his messmates. On more than one occasion he was found lying on his back in his hammock, apparently without life, his eyes fixed and glowing, his limbs stiff and rigid, his lower jaw sunk down, and his pulse motionless, at least so his messmates swore when they went to call the doctor; though when the latter came he always found Morgan as well as ever he was in his life, and apparently unconscious of all that had happened.

As they proceeded on the voyage, which proved for the most part a succession of calms, the sailors having little else to do, either imagined or invented new wonders about Morgan. At one time a little Welsh fore-topman swore, that as he was going to sit down to dinner his canteen was snatched from under him by an invisible hand, and he fell plump upon the deck. A second had his allowance of grog 'abducted' in a mysterious manner, although he was ready to make oath he never had his eyes off it for a moment. A third had his tobacco-box rifled, though it had never been out of his pocket. A fourth had a crooked sixpence, with a hole by which it was supended from his neck by a ribbon, taken away without his ever being the wiser for it.

These things at length reached the ears of Captain R. who, the next time Morgan got into one of his trances, had him confined for four and twenty hours; and otherwise punished him in various ways on the recurrence of any of these wonderful reports. All this produced no effect whatever, either on Morgan or the crew, which at length had its wonder stretched to the utmost bounds, by a singular adventure of our hero.

One day, the squadron being about half way across the Atlantic, and the frigate several leagues ahead, with a fine breeze, there was an alarm of the magazine being on fire. Morgan was just coming on deck, with a spoon in his hand, for some purpose or other, when hearing the cry of 'magazine on fire,' he made one spring overboard. The fire was extinguished by the daring gallantry of an officer, now living, and standing in the first rank of our naval heroes. In the confusion and alarm, it was impossible to make any effort to save Morgan; and it was considered a matter of course that he had perished in the ocean. Two days after, one of the other vessels of the squadron came alongside the frigate, and sent a boat on board with Billy Morgan. Twelve hours after his leap overboard, he had been found swimming away gallantly,

with the spoon in his hand. When asked why he did not let it go, he replied that he kept it to help himself to salt water when he was dry. This adventure fixed in the minds of the sailors an obstinate opinion that Morgan was either a dead man come to life again, or one that was not very easy to be killed.

After this, Morgan continued his mysterious pranks, the sailors talked and wondered, and Captain R. punished him, until the squadron were within two or three days sail of Gibraltar, admitting the wind continued fair as it then was. Morgan had been punished pretty severely that morning for star-gazing and falling into a swoon on his watch the night before, and had solemnly assured his messmates that he intended to jump overboard and drown himself the first opportunity. He made his will, dressed himself in his best, and settled all his affairs. He also replenished his tobacco-box, put his allowance of biscuit in his pocket, and filled a small canteen with water, which he strung about his neck, saying, that perhaps he might take it into his head to live a day or two in the water before he finally went to the bottom.

Between twelve and one, the vessel being becalmed, the night clear star-light, the sentinels pacing their rounds, Morgan was distinctly seen to come up through the hatchway, walk forward, climb the bulwark, and let himself drop into the sea. A midshipman and two seamen testified to the facts; and Morgan being missing the next morning, there was no doubt of his having committed suicide by drowning himself. This affair occasioned much talk, and various were the opinions of the ship's crew on the subject. Some swore it was one Davy Jones who had been playing his pranks—others that it was no man, but a ghost or a devil that had got amongst them—and others were in daily expectation of seeing him come on board again, as much alive as ever he was.

In the mean time, the squadron proceeded but slowly, being detained several days by calms and head winds, most of which were in some way or other laid to Billy Morgan by the gallant tars, who fear nothing but Fridays, and men without heads. His fate gradually, however, ceased to be a subject of discussion, and the wonder was quickly passing away, when one night about a week after his jumping overboard, the figure of Morgan, all pale and ghastly, his clothes hanging wet about him—with eyes more sunken, hair more upright, and face more thin and cadaverous than ever, was seen by one of his messmates, who happened to be lying awake, to emerge slowly from the fore part of the ship, approach one of the tables, where there was a can of water, from which he took a hearty draught, and disappeared in the direction whence it came. The sailor told the story next morning, but as yet very few believed him.

The next night the same figure appeared, and was seen by a different person from him by whom it was first observed. It came from the same quarter again, helped itself to a drink, and disappeared in the same direction it had done before. The story of Morgan's ghost, in the course of a day or two, came to the ears of Captain R. who caused a search to be made in that part of the vessel whence the ghost had come, under the impression that the jumping overboard of Morgan had been a deception, and that he was now secreted on board the ship.—The search ended, however, without any discovery. The calms and head winds still continued, and not one sailor on board but ascribed it to Billy Morgan's influence. The ghost made its appearance the following night after the search, when it was seen, by another of Morgan's messmates, to

empty his tobacco-box, seize some of the fragments of supper which had been accidentally left on the table with which it again vanished in the manner before described. The sailor swore that when the ghost made free with his tobacco-box he attempted to lay hold of him, but felt nothing in his hand but something exactly like cold water.

Captain R. was excessively provoked at these stories, and caused another and still more thorough search to be made, but without any discovery. He then directed a young midshipman to keep watch between decks. That night the ghost again made its appearance, and the courageous young officer sallied out upon it—but the figure darted away with inconceivable velocity, and disappeared. The midshipman, as directed, immediately informed Captain R. who instituted an immediate search, but with as little success as before. By this time there was not a sailor on board that was not afraid of his own shadow, and even the officers began to be infected with a superstitious dread. At length the squadron arrived at Gibraltar, and came to in the bay of Algeiras, where the ships remained some days waiting the arrival of those they came to relieve. About the usual hour that night, the ghost of Billy Morgan again appeared to one of his messmates, offered him its hand, and saying, "Good by, Tom," disappeared as usual.

It was a fortnight or more before the relief squadron sailed up the Mediterranean, during which time the crews of the ships were permitted to take their time to go on shore. On one of these occasions, a messmate of Billy Morgan, named Tom Brown, was passing through a tolerable dark lane, in the suburbs of Algeiras, when he heard a well known voice call out, "Tom, Tom, Tom, you lubber, don't you know your old messmate?" Tom knew the voice, and looking round, recognised his old messmate, Morgan's ghost; but he had no inclination to renew the acquaintance, he took to his heels, and without looking behind to see if the ghost followed, ran to the boat, where his companions were waiting, and told the story as soon as he could find breath for the purpose. This reached the ear of Captain R. who, being almost sure of the existence of Morgan, applied to the governor of the town, who caused search to be made every where without effect. No one had ever seen such a person. That very night the ghost made its appearance on board the frigate, and passed its cold wet hand over the face of Tom Brown, to whom Morgan had left his watch and chest of clothes. The poor fellow bawled out lustily; but before any pursuit could be made, the ghost disappeared in the forward part of the ship, as usual. After this, Billy again appeared two or three times alternately to some one of his old messmates; sometimes in the town, at others on board the frigate, but always in the dead of the night. He seemed desirous of saying something particular, but could never succeed to get any of the sailors to listen quietly to the communication. The last time he made his appearance at Algeiras, on board the frigate, he was heard by one of the sailors to utter in a low hollow whisper, "You shall see me at Malta," after which he vanished as before.

Captain R. was excessively perplexed at these strange and unaccountable visitations, and instituted every possible inquiry into the circumstances, in the hope of finding some clue to explain the mystery. He again caused the ship to be examined, with a view to the discovery either of the place where Morgan secreted himself, or the means by which he escaped from the vessel. He questioned every man on board, and threatened the severest punishment, should he ever discover that they deceived him in their story, or were accomplices in the escape of Morgan. He even removed every thing in the forward part of the ship, and rendered it impossible for any human being to be there without being detected. The whole resulted in leaving the affair involved in complete mystery, and

the squadron proceeded up the Mediterranean, to cruise along the African coast, and rendezvous at Malta.

It was some weeks before the frigate came to the latter place, and in the mean time, as nothing had been seen of the ghost, it was concluded that the shade of Billy Morgan was appeased, or rather, the whole affair had been gradually forgotten. Two nights after her arrival, a party of sailors, being ashore at La Vallette, accidentally entered a small tavern in a remote part of the suburbs, where they commenced a frolic, after the manner of these amphibious bipeds. Among them was the heir of Billy Morgan, who about three or four in the morning went to bed, not quite as clear headed as he might have been. He could not tell how long he had been asleep, when he was awakened by a voice whispering in his ear, "Tom, Tom, wake up!" On opening his eyes, he beheld, by the pale light of the morning, the ghastly figure of Billy Morgan leaning over his bed and glaring at him with eyes like saucers. Tom cried, "murder! ghost! Billy Morgan!" as loud as he could bawl, until he roused the landlord, who came to know what was the matter. Tom related the whole affair, and inquired if he had seen any thing of the figure he had described. Mine host utterly denied having seen or ever heard of such a figure as Billy Morgan, and so did all his family. The report was again alive on board the frigate that Billy Morgan's ghost had taken the field once more. "Heaven and earth!" cried captain R., "is Billy Morgan's ghost come again? Shall I never get rid of this infernal spectre, or whatever else it may be?"

Captain R. immediately ordered his barge, waited on the governor, explained the situation of his crew, and begged his assistance in apprehending the ghost of Billy Morgan, or Billy himself, as the case might be. That night the governor caused the strictest search to be made in every hole and corner of the little town of La Vallette; but in vain. No one had seen that remarkable being, corporeal or spiritual; and the landlord of the house where the spectre appeared, together with all his family, utterly denied any knowledge of such a person or thing. It is little to be wondered at, that the search proved ineffectual, for that very night Billy took a fancy to appear on board the frigate, where he again accosted his old friend Tom, to whom he bequeathed all his goods and chattels. But Tom had no mind for a confidential communication with the ghost, and roared out so lustily, as usual, that it glided away and disappeared as before, without being intercepted in the confusion which followed.

Captain R. was in despair; never was man so persecuted by a ghost in this world before. The ship's crew were in a state of terror and dismay, insomuch that had an Algerine come across them, they might peradventure have surrendered at discretion. They signed a round robin, drawn up by one of Billy Morgan's old messmates, representing to Captain R. the propriety of running the ship ashore, and abandoning her entirely to the ghost, which now appeared almost every night, sometimes between decks, at others, on the end of the bowsprit, and at others cutting capers on the yards and top-gallant mast. The story spread into the town of La Vallette, and nothing was talked of but the ghost of Billy Morgan, which now began to appear occasionally to the sentinels of the fort, one of whom had the courage to fire at it, by which he alarmed the whole island, and made matters ten times worse than before.

From Malta the squadron, after making a cruise of a few weeks, proceeded to Syracuse, with the intention of remaining some time. They were obliged to perform a long quarantine; the ships were strictly examined by the health officers, and fumigated with brimstone, to the great satisfaction of the crew of the frigate, who were in hopes that this would drive away Billy Morgan's ghost. These hopes were strengthened by their seeing no more of that troublesome visitor

during the whole time that quarantine continued. The very next night after the expiration of the quarantine, Billy again visited his old messmate and heir, Tom Brown, lank, lean, and dripping wet as usual, and after giving him a rousing shake, whispered, "Hush, Tom, I want to speak to you about my watch and chest of clothes." But Tom had no inclination to converse with his old friend, and cried out "murder" with all his might; when the ghost vanished as before, muttering, as Tom swore, "You cowardly scoundrel."

The re-appearance of the ghost occasioned greater consternation than ever among the crew of the good ship, and it required all the influence of severe punishments to keep them from deserting on every occasion. Poor Tom Brown, to whom the devoirs of the spectre seemed most especially directed, left off swearing and chewing tobacco, and dwindled to a perfect shadow. He became very serious, and spent almost all his leisure time in reading chapters in the bible, or singing psalms. Captain R. now ordered a constant watch all night between decks, in hopes of detecting the intruder; but all in vain, although there was hardly a night passed without Tom waking and crying out that the ghost had just paid him a visit. It was however, thought very singular, and to afford additional proof of its being a ghost, that on all these occasions, except two, it was invisible to every body but Tom Brown.

In addition to the vexation arising from this persevering and diabolical persecution of Billy's ghost, various other strange and unaccountable things happened almost every day on board the frigate. Tobacco boxes were emptied in the most mysterious manner and in the dead of the night; sailors would sometimes be missing a whole day, and return again without being able to give any account of themselves; and not a few of them were overtaken with liquor, without their ever being the wiser for it, for they swore they had not drunk a drop beyond their allowance. Sometimes on going ashore on leave for a limited time, the sailors would be decoyed, as they solemnly assured the captain, by some unaccountable influence into strange out of the way places, where they could not find their road back, and where they were found by their officers in a state of mysterious stupefaction, though not one had tasted a drop of liquor. On these occasions they always saw the ghost of Billy Morgan, either flying through the air, or dancing on the tops of the steeples, with a fiery tale like a comet. Wonder grew upon wonder every day, until the wonder transcended the bounds of human credulity.

At length, Tom Brown, the night after receiving a visit from Billy Morgan's ghost, disappeared and was never heard of afterwards. As the chest of clothes, inherited from his deceased messmate, was found entirely empty, it might have been surmised that Tom had deserted, had not a sailor, who was on the watch, solemnly declared that he saw the ghost of Billy Morgan jump overboard with him in a flame of fire, and that they hissed like a red hot plough-share in the water. After this bold feat, the spectre appeared no more. The squadron remained sometime at Syracuse, and various adventures befell the officers and crews, which those remaining alive tell of to this day. How Macdonough, then a madcap midshipman, "licked" the high constable of the town; how Burroughs quizzed the governor; what rows they kicked up at masquerades; what a dust they raised among the antiquities; and what wonders they whispered in the ears of Dionysius. From thence, they again sailed on a cruise, and after teaching the bey of Tripoli a new way of paying tribute, and laying the foundation of that structure of imperishable glory which shall one day reach the highest heaven, returned home, after an absence of between two and three years. The crew of the frigate were paid off and discharged, and it is on record, as a wonder, that their three years' pay lasted some of them nearly three days. But though

we believe in the ghost of Billy Morgan, we can scarcely credit this incredible wonder. Certain it is, that not a man of them ever doubted for a moment the reality of the spectre, or would have hesitated to make oath to have seen it more than once. Even Captain R. spoke of it on his return, as one of those strange, inscrutable things, which baffle the efforts of human ingenuity, and seem to justify the most extraordinary relations of past and present times. His understanding revolted at the absurdity of a great part of the wonders ascribed to Billy Morgan's ghost; but some of the facts were so well attested, that a painful doubt would often pass over his mind, and dispose it to the reception of superstitious impressions.

He remained in this state of mixed scepticism and credulity, when, some years after his return from the Mediterranean, being on a journey to the westward, he had occasion to halt at a log house, on the borders of Tennessee, for refreshment. A man came forth to receive him, whom he at once recognised as his old acquaintance, Billy Morgan. "Heavens!" thought Captain R., "here's Monsieur Tonson come again!" Billy, who had also found out who his guest was, when too late to retreat, looked rather sheepish, and invited him in with little of the frank hospitality characteristic of a genuine backwoodsman. Captain R. followed him into the house, where he found a comely good-natured dame, and two or three yellow haired boys and girls, all in a flutter at the stranger. The house had an air of comfort, and the mistress, by her stirring activity, accompanied with smiling looks withal, seemed pleased at the rare incident of a stranger entering their door.

Billy Morgan was at first rather shy and awkward. But finding Captain R. treating him with good humoured frankness, he, in the course of the evening, when the children were gone to bed, and the wife busy in milking the cows, took occasion to accost his old commander.

"Captain, I hope you don't mean to shoot me for a deserter?"

"By no means," said the captain, smiling, "there would be no use in shooting a ghost, or a man with as many lives as a cat."

Billy Morgan smiled rather a melancholy smile. "Ah! captain, you have not forgot the ghost, I see. But it is a long time to remember an old score, and I hope you'll forgive me."

"On one condition I will," replied Captain R., "that you will tell me honestly how you managed to make all my sailors believe that they saw you, night after night, on board the ship as well as on shore."

"They did see me," replied Billy, in his usual sepulchral voice.

The captain began to be in some doubt whether he was talking to Billy Morgan or his ghost.

"You don't pretend to say you were really on board my vessel all the time?"

"No, not all the time—only at such times as the sailors saw me—except previous to our arrival at Gibraltar."

"Then their seeing you jump overboard was all a deception?"

"By no means, sir, I did jump overboard, but then I climbed back again directly after."

"The deuce you did—explain."

"I will, sir, as well as I am able. I was many years among the Sandwich islanders, where the vessel in which I was a cabin boy was wrecked, a long time ago—and I can pass whole hours, I believe days, in the water, without being fatigued except for want of sleep. I have also got some of their habits, such as a great dislike to hard work, and a liking for going where I will, and doing just what I please. The discipline of a man of war did not suit me at all, and I grew tired after a few days. To pass the time, and to make fun for myself with the sailors, I told them stories of my adventures, and pretended that I could live in the water,

and had as many lives as a cat. Besides this, as you know, I played them many other pranks, partly for amusement, and partly from a kind of pride I felt in making them believe I was half a wizzard. The punishment you gave me, though I own I deserved it, put me out of all patience, and I made up my mind to desert the very first opportunity. I had an old shipmate with me whom I could trust, and we planned the whole thing together. I knew if I deserted at Gibraltar, or any of the ports of the Mediterranean, I should almost certainly be caught and shot as an example; and for this reason it was settled that I should jump overboard, return again, and hide myself in a coil of cable which was stowed away between decks, close to the bows, where it was dark even in the day time. My messmate procured a piece of old canvass with which I might cover myself if necessary. To make my jumping overboard have a greater effect on the crew, and to provide against accidents until the ship arrived at Gibraltar, I took care to fill my tobacco-box with tobacco, my pocket with biscuit, and to sling a canteen of water round my neck, as I told them perhaps I might take it into my head not to go to the bottom for two or three days. I got Tom Brown to make my will, intending to leave my watch and chest to my messmate, who was to return them to me at Gibraltar, the first chance he could get. But Tom played us a trick, and put his own name in place of my friend's. Neither he nor I were any great scholars, and the trick was not found out till afterwards, when my friend was afraid of discovery if he made any rout about the matter."

"Who was your friend?" asked Captain R.

"He is still alive and in the service. I had rather not mention his name."

"Very well," replied Captain R. "go on."

"That night I jumped overboard."

"How did you get back into the ship?" asked the captain hastily.

"Why, sir, the forward port-hole, on the starboard side, was left open, with a bit of rope fastened to the gun, and hanging down so that I could catch it."

The captain struck his forehead with the palm of his hand, and said to himself,

"What a set of blockheads we were!"

"Not so great as might be expected," said honest Billy Morgan, intending to compliment the captain: but it sounded directly the contrary.

THE DRAMA.

FROM THE NEWS OF LITERATURE AND FASHION.

AN AMATEUR PLAY.

THE English inhabitants of Boulogne (and some of the French) were made merry a few evenings since, by the representation of the tragedy of Othello, by a party of gentlemen amateurs. It is quite impossible, "without the aid of imitative voice," to do justice to the tones of the male performers, which were sometimes an octave too high, and at other times their "most sweet voices" sunk into a whisper—to say nothing of the professional Desdemona, (or, as Emilia always pronounced it, *Desdemonia*), and the fair Emilia herself—who were

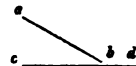
"Straining flat discords and unpleasant sharps"

all the evening, to the irreverent merriment of the audience. We have often seen the sorrows of the gentle Desdemona draw tears—but the only tears we witnessed on Saturday were tears of laughter, drawn from the tiers of the boxes.

In the very first scene our laughter was awakened by the amateur, Brabantio, who had only one gesture—and that was one which it will be difficult to give our readers a clear idea of. He first described a large circle in the air with his doubled fist, and then, drawing back his hand, thrust it fiercely through the said circle, making at the same time, a vigorous stamp with his foot. If we had taken our ideas of Brabantio from this gentleman, we should have supposed him to have been a young and active man of thirty, with a loud and sonorous voice. We beg to inform the amateur Brabantio, that Shakespeare's Brabantio is an old man, of at least twice the age given him by his representative—and that he has a daughter called Desdemona, a lady pretty near the age this amateur makes her father to be! But this fact would never have been guessed by

the spectators of Saturday—for, as Brabantio was made out to be but thirty, Desdemona was represented by old madame Da Costa as being at least fifty.

The Iago was a Mr. Irwin. This part was the best performed, and consequently the most intolerable of them all. It was a dull imitation of the way in which Mr. Wallack murders the same part at Drury-lane. The only thing amusing about this character was the attitude into which Iago constantly threw himself—thus;



As *a b* is to *c d*, so was Iago to the stage. It was really a curious exhibition. The Othello, too, occasionally imitated him, and made a parallel line to his worthy ancient.

Cassio was performed by a Mr. Finugan, a gentleman from the Emerald Isle. As Michael Cassio is said to have been "a Florentine," it was with no small surprise that we heard him speak with a rich Irish brogue. Iago is certainly a monster, but this has no connection with Munster. The drunken scene had this peculiarity about it—that Cassio looked very sober when he should have been drunk, and rather drunk when he should have been sober. His recovery from drunkenness was so sudden, as to look like one of prince Hohenlohe's miracles.

Roderigo has always been represented on the stage (we know not why, for Shakespeare does not authorise any such treatment of him) as a fool or idiot. This part of his character was done great justice to by his representative, whose name we forget.

But the greatest personage of the evening was *comme de raison* the Othello. We question whether the definite article was ever more properly used. The amateur who perpetrated Othello was, we understood, called Ox, or Hoax, or Okes, or some such name. As the personator of Cassio made him out to be an Irishman, we were not so much surprised, as we otherwise should have been, to find Othello a cockney. The Othello of Boulogne labours under the deficiency of being unable to pronounce the letters *m* and *n*—he finds it also quite impossible to pronounce the *h* at the beginning of a word—but to make up for this, he takes care to place it wherever it should not be. But a specimen of this gentleman's pronunciation will afford the best idea of the improvements on Othello made by this Boulogne amateur:

"Boot potett, grave, ad reverredd aidors,
By very dooble ad happrov'd good bastards,
That I ave ta'd away this old bad's daughter,
It is boost true.
The wery end ad frott of by huffedding,
Ath this extett, do bore," &c. &c.

We say nothing about the elegant and polite words and phrases introduced by this gentleman and his brother amateurs in the tragedy—though, as a specimen of them, we might quote such flowers of speech as, "uncapable," "Let's have no nonsense," &c., or the improvements on the melody of Shakespeare's verse, by pronouncing *mandragora* and *medicinal*, *mandragora* and *medicinal*: but we must really try to give our readers some notion of the style in which one of the finest scenes in Othello was treated. Desdemona, as we have stated, is an old lady of fifty:

"Oth. Lend be thy nankycheef.
"Desd. Ere, my lud.
"Oth. That vich I gave you. Fetch't—let be see't.
"Desd. Vy, so I can, thir, but I will not now.
"Oth. Fetch be that ankycheef: by bide biagives.
"Desd. Come, come.
"Oth. The ankycheef—
"Desd. I pray talk me of Cassio.
"Oth. The ankycheef—
"Desd. A man that hath shar'd dangers with you—
"Oth. The ankycheef—" &c. &c.

[*De capo.*]

When we add to all this, the blunders that may always be expected in amateur performances—the fact, that all the characters who were to be killed regularly took care to fall before the instrument of death was within a foot of their bodies—that Othello called out to "silence that frightful bell,"* before the bell had begun to ring, &c. &c., our readers will have some notion of an exhibition which combined extreme dullness with extreme absurdity.

BULL AND NO BULL.—"I was going," said an Irishman, "over Westminster bridge the other day, and I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' said I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well,' said he, 'I thank you, Donnelly.' 'Donnelly!' said I, 'that is not my name.' 'Faith, no more is mine Hewins,' said he. So we looked at each other again, and sure it turned out to be neither of us—and sure where's the bull in that now?"

There is nothing in human passion like a good brotherly passion.

* We believe this had no reference to a red-haired and truly "frightful belle," who sat in a front box, and talked very loud.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER III.

It has been said, that however unhappy a man esteems himself, he will not consent to give up his own character and feelings for those of any other. If this were true it would prove nothing, since the most miserable around him would, on the same principle, refuse a similar proposition from him. There are moments of excitement incidental to the lives of all who, with strong feelings, embark in the speculative adventures of human life, when they would probably consent to be any thing rather than themselves, or even not to be at all. But few, upon mature deliberation, would yield their own individuality, to identify themselves in all respects with another being. They might cheerfully change situations. They would assume the cares for the advantages of wealth. They would possess the person, or the peculiar talents of some one whom they have seen and admired, but these must always be modified by their own separate way of thinking. We have all some features of character which we would be unwilling to surrender. Some hopes, recollections, or plans; some favourite passion or opinion dear to vanity or affection, or cherished from the blended influence of both, to which we cling through every variety of fortune.

I was sitting the other evening alone in my little room. The chill wind of autumn whistled around the windows. The rich and sparkling sky, now shrouded with dark masses of clouds, sent not a solitary ray upon the earth, and a few large heavy drops of rain struck against the glass, awakening those pleasant feelings, with which he who is comfortably sheltered in his home, hears the wild sounds of the tempest at night. There was no lamp in the apartment; but the fire had filled the grate with pieces of red coal, which flung forth a soft and mellow light, casting indistinct and magnified shadows upon the floor and walls.

There is a pleasure in such a moment. The shadowy light, the half seen familiar objects, the silence and solitude, cause us to linger, and indulge in dreamy reveries. "The very time," said I to myself, "for the Little Genius," and, as if conjured up by the operation of my inaudible thought, a chord of music, like that of a sweet band in the night upon the distant water, fell on my ear so softly, that at first it seemed only my own imagination. By faint and almost imperceptible degrees, it approached; a white cloud became visible by the sparkles which it emitted, and the Genius stood before me.

"Among your idle speculations upon human affairs," he said, "some few arrive at truth. When you deem all things created for man's unhappiness, that there is nothing abroad in the world worthy of his affection or his notice, or that there is no refuge from anguish but in the grave, you err; but when you wonder at the thoughtlessness with which he overlooks many real blessings, when you perceive that many of his accusations against fate should be more justly directed against himself, and that most of his complaints either originate in his own wilful ignorance, or are wholly without foundation, there is more reason in your conclusion."

"Poor man!" exclaimed I; "he is destined ever to be in the wrong. Whirled about by the fortune of his little planet, he is abused by all the moralists of his own race, and is the mockery of superior spirits. Created with evil propensities, he is censured for being evil. With headlong passions you wonder that he is not ever tranquil. Flung into a world where every thing is deceitful, you would compel him to discern the true road, hidden in mists, and to turn away from the false ones although surrounded with allurements. He is to suffer the keenest stings of fate without a murmur. The delights of boyhood melt away like the morning

dew; misfortune overtakes him; disease falls upon him, and he verges to the brink of the awful grave; still marked in all his actions for scorn, the perpetual theme of satire and condemnation. Yet behold the frail tenure upon which life is held; how frequently the victim of every passing event; how many human beings have been swept away by flood; how many have gone down in the sea; what numbers have perished in fire; and what countless crowds have fallen by battle, famine, and plague? Yet you call upon him to be ever cheerful and contented. He is to amuse himself with wise sayings, and receive experience too late to be of use as a substitute for all that he hoped.

"There is abroad a too general spirit of condemnation. Writers imagine they display a knowledge of human nature by holding up exaggerated representations of its unhappiness and depravity. I do not mean that guilt should roam through society with impunity, nor that a sickly sensibility should rescue criminals from the grasp of justice, but there should be a sympathy with the wretch who has fallen into the snares of vice. It is more than probable that powerful feelings, or weakness of mind, or the spell of some temptation, has been his misfortune, and he who, triumphant in the purity of his character, and the prosperity of his circumstances, frowningly mutters as he passes the malefactor, "I am holier than thou," should look for the causes of the distinction between them; not in his own inward reason, not in the virtue of his intrinsic habits, not in the superiority or abundance of his own natural passions or affections, but in the influences of his education, the blessings of parents and friends, the absence of tempting allurements, or those accidental events which have brought him in contact with them when his reason was strong and his passions unexcited. If it is a man's doom to be guilty, it is also his doom to be punished. The arm of the law, or the scorn of the world, or the stings of conscience pursue him, and it is just that the great mass of human beings should brand him with shame and stand aloof from his society; but still, he who ponders upon the causes of his downfall, cannot shut his heart wholly against pity. There will come across him an imagination of what he might have been."

"But," interrupted my companion, "these are unprofitable conjectures, for they extend beyond the regions of human investigation. Why pain has been introduced into life, has been the theme of debate among moralists from time immemorial, and they who speak wisely upon other subjects, utter absurdities upon this. No one can explain what he does not comprehend, and nature has in no way discovered an intention of enlightening you upon this subject. As vice is productive of the worst of evils, it is justly opposed by the fear of punishment, and he who would efface the distinction between it and virtue—who would bestow upon it the sympathies due only to suffering innocence, encourages in the same proportion the progress of sin, and checks the ardour of virtue. Yet this is a world in which vice must ever exist. It springs out of your very virtues, as shadows are caused by light. They who deem it possible so to refine your nature, as to make the great mass of mankind reasonable, intelligent, and virtuous, look for that which can never be. Education can do much to soften the asperities of manners, and civilization banishes many of the cruel and bloody ceremonies of barbarous superstition; but as the rude crimes of savage nations disappear, others are substituted in their stead, of a more invisible but equally dangerous description. The quiet wearing away of unbending passions, the gradual moulding of character in conformity to the dictates of interest, the languid effeminacy of society, where all are virtuous, however they may shine in the pages of the poet, are inconsistent with the practical happiness of life. There is a certain medium wherein the national interests are properly balanced, when the opposition of iniquity elicits the energy of honest feeling, and where the evil

consequences of one give value and sweetness to the other. Look into the mirror, you will perceive a virtuous people. They have been educated until all their passions are conquered. This is your own country, as it would have been had all the world been wise."

It was a broad scene. The rapid rivers of North America were pouring their waters into the sea, and the wide lakes were gleaming in the sun. Crowds of our countrymen wandered idly about, like flocks of sheep tired of pasture. They did not appear to have any thing to do, except to sleep beneath the shade, or dance upon the green.

"But where," said I, "are the cities?"

"Oh," answered my companion, "there are no cities. They are contented to live in yonder rude huts; besides, if they were not, they could not have found men willing to labour. Where all are temperate and virtuous, all have enough. The rich share their possessions with the poor, without asking a return. It would be vile to take advantage of the caprices of fate, which denied one that which has been bestowed upon another."

"But I can scarcely recognise the United States," said I, "in yonder uncultivated country. The tangled forests cover the land; the rivers do not roll their waters through smiling villages. Where are the canals—the roads—where the busy hum of labour—the bustle of varied and animated occupation?"

"These," said the Genius, "are all unnecessary. They are incidental to a society of avaricious and ambitious beings."

"But, surely," said I, "if they are all virtuous, they need not abandon taste. There are no artists, poets, or orators. I behold no distinction among the people. They herd together without order, and apparently without affection. A continual smile brightens every face, and the ties of domestic love are lost in a general complacency."

"Why should they love one more than another?" inquired the Genius—"Or what necessity is there for any unusual connexion between parents and children, when there is no danger but the latter will every where meet respect and maintenance?"

At this moment a face struck my view. It was that of Washington. He passed unnoticed among his fellow men, and spent his time principally in digging potatoes and turnips. Jefferson was yawning upon a neighbouring bank, and Hancock sat upon the branch of a tree, twirling his thumbs, with a most indolent expression of face.

In a moment the scene was changed, and the good old order of things returned. Cities rose, forests melted away, temples and palaces peered up above the foliage of well cultivated gardens, and roads and canals were crowded with bustling passengers, Hancock sprang from his lazy couch, and with words of fire roused up the spirits of men; Jefferson unrolled his immortal declaration of independence amid the shouts of millions, and Washington unsheathed his bright blade, his face radiant with awakened hope and feeling, and was about addressing the multitudes who turned their flashing eyes upon him, when the whole picture passed away. The Genius also had disappeared, and I was still sitting alone by the soft light of the fire, with the rain beating against the window. F.

REASONS FOR DISCONTINUING A PERIODICAL.—The publisher of a Scottish periodical, which recently went the way of all things, gives, in his expiring number, two reasons, which he terms "cogent" ones, and they certainly are so, for the demise of his journal. The first is, "that all his contributors left him;" and the second is, "that all his subscribers, in obedience to the scriptural injunction, went and did likewise."

Be not surprised when you see men of virtue in misfortune and disgrace, nor when you see dignities in the hands of those who do not deserve them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE

TO THE EDITORS OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

Pers of Constantinople, June 12th, 1829.

I have been exceedingly well received here, and have seen and visited the principal English houses, where reign frankness and hospitality, and where is banished a great deal of that absurd, heartless etiquette, so fashionable in the land of freedom. The English are few here: they are wise, and they abolish those forms which clog, and indeed prevent, social intercourse. I am domiciliated with Mr. C. from whom I have experienced the greatest kindness. I have dined at the English Palace, with Mr. Turner, the Charge-d'affaires, who has an exceedingly pretty wife, and a fine garden—two very comfortable things. I dine again there to-day, with a party of English travellers. Now then for Constantinople. Lady Mary Montague says it looks like a toy-shop, with the toys ranged one above the other in pretty order; and so it does, at first, to English brick and mortar optics, but the eye becomes accustomed to the style of building, and then it certainly is incomparably beautiful.

I went yesterday to see the grand signor go to mosque by water, which is a sight most elegant; his boat is perhaps as splendid, and at the same time, as light and tasteful a thing as could be made; the jewels in it are dazzling; he himself is a good-looking man, about forty; his countenance is free from the ferocity generally expressed by Turkish countenances, and which I have observed to remain even in sleep: the few that are free from this seem to have been touched and humanized by sorrow. The smiles, and unquenched, and unquenchable gaiety, are monopolized by the Greeks, though I daily see insults offered to them which makes my blood boil. It is even galling to the pride of an Englishman to walk through streets where he is looked upon as something inferior to men, whom he, in his turn, (and perhaps as wisely,) looks down upon as brutes. On this side of the river, where alone Greeks and Franks are allowed to reside, I may return a curse bestowed upon me by a Turkish porter, but I must pocket a blow; in Constantinople I must not return a curse, unless I desire to sign my own immediate death-warrant; yet, by a little proud civility, I have always acquired a Turkish bowing acquaintance.

I have fallen into, already, that useful and intelligent habit of drawing into one side of my mouth the heated fumes of tobacco, and amusing myself by watching them curling out of the other; the fact is, I found it more troublesome to be always refusing a pipe than to learn this estimable art. I also drink, with my pipe, at the *cafes*, coffee without cream or sugar; but, indeed, smoking is divested of all that is disagreeable; the tobacco is like the perfume of a flower, and then it is neither accompanied by the horror of a spittoon, or the deep potatoes attendant on it in England, nothing but coffee being drunk with it, and that not always; and there is something pleasant enough in sitting in a bower of vines, and with a long amber-headed pipe, enveloping oneself in the smoke "*that so gracefully curls*—"

Mr. C. has married a Mainote Greek; she is beautiful as an angel—but a dark one. I am not surprised at Englishmen marrying women of this country—an English beauty looks insipid here. Heaven forefend that I should pay disrespect to English beauty; and, indeed, I do not mean it: no Englishman, I believe, would marry a Greek, were she alone among his countrywomen in England; but I feel assured, if I wanted a wife here, I would have a native, notwithstanding they wear no stays, have a waist between the shoulders, sit with their feet upon a sofa which goes all round the room: this last custom is general, and, to my laziness, is most luxurious. I need not fear

being told here, as I used to be when a boy: "Sit up, do; how can you be so idle? Whom else do you see sprawling in that way?"

When you approach Constantinople within three or four miles, you may smell the fumes of tobacco wafted from the city, which looks for all the world like London smoke; but then a hay-field is not sweeter. Another excuse for my smoking is, that I am told it is a preventive to plague. I am just arrived when it generally breaks out, and I believe it is ascertained that it already exists in a slight degree, but the Franks are not at all alarmed, nor am I. We only wait for a wind to take us on to Odessa, so I can say nothing of my departure.

I have seen a view which is considered by many as the finest in the world; it is from a hill called Boogerialo, opposite to Constantinople, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. From this hill you see Constantinople, the Bosphorus winding through gardens embroidered with palaces, the whole of the sea of Marmora, Mount Olympus, and the plains of Asia; it is indeed most sublime. Previous to visiting this hill I inspected a *chiushk* (or summer-house) of the grand signor, which is situate on the Bosphorus, and is one of those superb, luxurious haunts, where his sublimity smokes his pipe, admires the scenery, and his own proper unearthliness; the back of it looks on to a reservoir of water, into which are several *jets d'eau*, and beyond and about this is a garden, crammed full of the most beautiful flowers, loading the air with perfume.

I proceeded from the hill (on horseback, by-the-by, with confounded Turkish stirrups, poking the knees up till they almost prop the chin) to that famous burying-ground mentioned in Anastasius—a world of cypress-trees and tomb-stones. From thence I went to a place called Fenel Batchki, where is a reservoir of fresh water on a neck of land stretching into the sea; into the reservoir plays a fountain, and in the water are several golden fish; there are some of the finest trees to shade it, and beneath them sit the Turks smoking and drinking coffee, of which amusement I partook, and found so much favour in the eyes of an old Turkish gentleman, that he offered me some tobacco for my pipe from his own private bag; this compliment I accepted with profound reverence, whereupon he smiled upon me, just as we smile upon a favourite dog, if it appear pleased with a bone which we may have condescended to give: I after this mounted my horse and went home.

I have been to the Islands. Lord Byron describes them somewhere as an earthly paradise, and I am half of his opinion. The Turks are not permitted to go there, so that the Greeks give full scope to their ever-living gaiety; they dance and sing under the trees, till it makes one wish almost to be a slave, a debased, degraded slave, like them. There is a guard of three Turkish soldiers in each of these Islands—the other Turks are not permitted to visit them, on account of the quarrels they got into with the Greeks, who, being in greater numbers, sometimes licked the faithful. This prohibition was better, at any rate, than slaying the population of the *Isles en masse*—which, however, one would have thought to be the summary proceeding to be first adopted by the Turks.

I have to-day been round the walls of Constantinople—the old Roman walls: it is a scene of departed glory on every side. On the left are the walls, crumbling amidst tall trees; on the right, the whole way round, are Turkish tombs for miles, canopied by cypresses; and, under the footsteps of the traveller, before and behind, are the skeletons—don't be alarmed—not of human beings, but of dogs and horses, with their fellow dogs, feeding on the least bit of flesh which may remain; but then, these dogs do not kill their fellow dogs, they only turn to account what else would be wasted. I saw the remains of what is said to be Constantine's palace, or *Constantine's seraglio*,

as my guide called it. I should rather take it to be barracks for Constantine's soldiers.

The "happy valley" is a few miles from Constantinople, and is a beautiful level plain, with a shady river running through it, and surrounded by barren hills: the effect of this, as it bursts upon you in approaching the brow of the hills, is enchanting. It is called, "the sweet waters." I stopped there some time, and smoked my pipe, and took coffee under the shade of the trees, and watched the shepherds washing their flocks in these same sweet waters. I am perfect in that intellectual art of smoking, and can swallow the fumes, and curl them forth in the true Turkish fashion.

I was at the house of an English merchant, the other evening, who married a Greek lady; and, while the gentlemen were lying on the sofa smoking, the servant enters with preserves, and water, and coffee; up rises the lady of the house, and carries round to the gentlemen the preserves, of which we, the gentlemen aforesaid, condescend to taste; then comes her sister with a glass of water; then another lady with coffee—the gentlemen, all this while, smoking most contentedly without any of those impertinent "allow me, madam, I cannot see you rise," &c. so common in England. This you will call barbarous—but, perhaps it is as it should be.

Our time is spent in planning and executing excursions to see the country; to fish in the Bosphorus; to go down to exchange at Constantinople, in a fine eight-oared boat; and in the evening, in chatting over our grog and *tchibouks*. Ah, but, say you, what are *tchibouks*? *Tchibouks* are pipes, then. Alas! you would sigh over my depravity, could you but see me the moment that breakfast is done; ay, even at eight o'clock in the morning, on the instant Captain Gotham utters the words, "*Tchibouk, tchibouk*," respond, like a hardened sinner, as I am, "Ay, *tchibouk, tchibouk*!" and at once, companions in wickedness, we seize the fuming instrument, and breathe the sin around. One evening, while in the Bosphorus, about nine, a Turk, with a Greek servant, came on board our vessel. We invited them below, and gave them pipes, and offered them wine. Now the Turk, loving wine, and not daring to drink openly, got the Greek to taste it first; and the Greek, understanding him well enough, calls it *rum*. The Turk's conscience was eased; the prophet did not specify *rum* in his injunction, so the Turk drank like a christian. We met this Turk afterwards in the village off which we were lying, and he would have us go with him to a coffee-house, where he treated us with coffee and pipes, and water-melons. Here we met an old Turk, who had been abroad, i. e. as far as Gibraltar. He asked us very coolly if Bonaparte were yet alive, and if England was as big as Constantinople, and if Malta belonged to England, and if England had two hundred ships? &c. Yet this man was certainly better informed than most Turks; he spoke Italian, in which language he asked us these sage questions. I was told that some Turks were at a ball, given by one of the ambassadors, and seeing the ladies dancing, much to their amusement, one of them turned to a Frank, and asked him how much they paid the women for dancing. On another occasion, I paid a visit to a Turkish house, which was by invitation: this is an honour to which Franks are seldom admitted. We were lying near a very beautiful country-house of a grandee, and he came one evening, with five or six others, to invite us to go and see him when we liked. Accordingly, we went one evening, and after going through a pretty garden, came to the door of the chiosk, or summer-house, where we pulled off our shoes, and marched in. It was a large room, about forty feet square, with windows, and a low sofa the whole way round. A few feet from the entrance was a marble fountain. The ceiling was blue, with a trellis work of carved oak over it. On the sofas were three Turkish gentlemen

seated round a large wooden bowl of boiled rice, all eating out of this same bowl with wooden spoons. They invited us to partake; this we declined: they then ordered pipes and coffee for us. The Turks, after eating out of the wood, washed themselves in silver basins, which were handed to them by servants. The master of the house then invited me to sit next to him; and, after a little time, presented to me the pipe which himself was smoking; he certainly just wiped it with his pelisse. This honour I could not refuse, it being the greatest ever offered, even to each other. Captain G. soon left us, and I remained the whole morning with them, teaching them English, and they teaching me Turkish; they were curious to understand the economy of my dress, and were particularly struck with my gloves. I never saw so splendid a collection of pipes—some amber, as thick as the wrist at the mouth-piece, some jewelled, some enamelled. In the course of the morning, I think I smoked eight different ones, and took two dolls' cups of coffee; but, such coffee! a Turk would think you intemperate if you drank more than this quantity. I left them at last, after receiving a pressing invitation to go again; but I was not able, as we sailed soon after. The cleanliness of the Turks is admirable; it appears their greatest virtue. The commonest Turkish tradesman is always delicately nice, more so than most English gentlemen. The ignorance of the Turks is astonishing, and they are proud of it. I think it was the Ibrahim Pacha, who is now in the Morea, the son of the pacha of Egypt, who, I am told on good authority, could speak Italian, but would only do so when his officers were not present, in order that they might not know that he was so degraded as to know any language but Turkish.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

CROWDING.

In one of my excursions on the frontiers of Missouri, I came to a small log cabin, with some five or six acres under improvement surrounding the house. The usual salutations were soon ended, and I found the occupant of this retired spot to be a man of the name of Rood, a justice of the peace in Gasconade county: a section of country well designated by the old woman's graphic of her son's residence of "a few miles beyond the westward." The old man led my horse to the stable and returned to dinner: as he set a stool up to a large stump which occupied the place of a table, he said with that hospitable bluntness so peculiar to the inhabitants of the western wilds, "Perhaps, stranger, you'll sit up and skin a 'tater?" A good appetite wants no compliments; and in this case I think I used as few as a Yankee schoolmaster would, in eating a luncheon with his scholars. After partaking of his bounty, I asked him how he liked the country, how long he had been there? &c. He answered, "I like the country well, but I am going to leave here."—"You'll go to some place more convenient for schooling?" said I. "No," he rejoined, "no, I'm too much crowded—too much hampered up—I've no outlet—the range is all eat out—I'm too much crowded." "How," I responded, "crowded! who crowds you?" "Why, here's Burns—right down upon me—right down in my very teeth—stuck right here! and then on the other side, I'm hampered up—they're crowding in, they're jamming me out—the neighbours are too thick—I'll not stay here another season!" "Well, Mr. Rood, how near are your neighbours?" I asked. "Why, here's that drottend Burns, stuck down here within fifteen miles; and then on the other side they're not much farther. I'll never live where a neighbour can come to my house and go home the same day!" Poor man! thought I, as I left his dwelling to resume my journey, you would not call this "crowding" if your family formed one of the layers where six or eight live one above another!

But on reflection, I find there are others "crowded!" and "hampered up" as well as Mr. Rood.

Alexander was so "crowded," that after conquering the world, he wept for another to conquer.

Napoleon was so "crowded" in France, that Moscow appeared the only breathing place; and when he came in possession he found not as much elbow room as Mr. Rood had.

In our own country we are all "crowded." A trip of five

hundred miles to Pittsburgh, one thousand one hundred and ninety to the mouth of the Ohio, and one thousand one hundred to New-Orleans, is not "outlet" enough—it is a mere morning visit. The mouth of Columbia or Gulf of California are the only country places for a family. Buffalo Republican.

TIME IS A TRAITOR.

Time is a traitor, full of wiles,
Suspect his gift, mistrust his smiles.
In early youth none seems so kind,
With brightest thoughts he cheers the mind,
Brings health, and strength, and beauty's grace,
To build the form, and deck the face.
Each rosy hour his gifts improve,
And all is hope, and joy, and love.
Wait but a little space, and lo!
This seeming friend becomes a foe;
For hope and joy, brings gloom and pain,
Each boon he gave he takes again.
The locks which dark and clust'ring lay,
His malice thins, and turns to gray.
No more the blushing roses glow
The face where once they loved to glow.
The hand of time, which paints the hue
On beauty's cheek, destroys it too.
As the stern spoiler onward steals,
E'en manly strength his rancour feels,
And one by one our blessings fall,
Like faded leaves at winter's call.
If thus with bland and trait'rous art
Time gladdens but to wound the heart;
To-day a friend, a foe to-morrow,
A fleeting joy, but lasting sorrow;
Be ours to guard against his wiles,
Distrust him most, when most he smiles,
And gain those friends whose love shall last
When earth is left, and time is past.

TOM SHERIDAN.

Tom Sheridan (who, to kindness of heart and sweetness of disposition, added social talents, which, if not of the high and commanding order of his father's, were infinitely more agreeable to those who knew him) used to tell a story for and against himself, which we shall take leave to relate.

He was staying at poor Lord Craven's, at Benham, (or rather Hampstead,) and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorn, with only "his dog and his gun," on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper; the sport was bad—the birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in search of game, until unconsciously he entered the domain of some neighbouring squire.

A very short time after, he perceived advancing towards him, at the top of his speed, a jolly comfortable-looking gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appeared, for conflict. Tom took up a position, and waited the approach of the enemy.

"Hallo! you sir," said the squire, when within half ear-shot, "what are you doing here, sir, eh?"

"I'm shooting, sir," said Tom.

"Do you know where you are, sir?" said the squire.

"I am here, sir," said Tom.

"Here, sir," said the squire, growing angry, "and do you know where here is, sir?—These, sir, are my manors; what d'ye think of that, sir, eh?"

"Why, sir, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say they seem over agreeable."

"I don't want any jokes, sir," said the squire,—"I hate jokes. Who are you, sir—what are you?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and I am not aware that I am trespassing."

"Sheridan!" said the squire, cooling a little, "oh, from Lord Craven's, eh?—Well, sir, I could not know that—I—"

"No," said Tom, "but you need not have been in a passion."

"Not in a passion! Mr. Sheridan," said the squire, "you don't know, sir, what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them; it's all very well for you to talk, but, if you were in my place, I should like to know what you would say upon such an occasion."

"Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in your place, under all the circumstances, I should say—I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me, and, as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshment?"

The squire was hit hard by this nonchalance, and, (as the newspapers say,) "it is needless to add," acted upon Sheridan's suggestion—

"So far," said poor Tom, "the story tells for me—now you shall hear the sequel!"

After having regaled himself at the squire's house, and

having said five hundred more good things than he swallowed; having delighted his host, and more than half won the hearts of his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on his return homewards.

In the course of his walk he passed through a farm-yard; in the front of the farm-house was a green, in the centre of which was a pond—in the pond were ducks innumerable swimming and diving; on its verdant banks a motley group of gallant cocks and pert partlets, picking and feeding—the farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn, which stood near two cottages on the side of the green.

Tom hated to go back with an empty bag; and having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else from doing it for him, and he thought that to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond, and its vicinity, would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly up he goes to the farmer, and accosts him very civilly—

"My good friend," says Tom, "I'll make you an offer!"

"Of what, sur?" says the farmer.

"Why," replies Tom, "I have been out all day fagging after birds, and haven't had a shot—now, both my barrels are loaded—I should like to take home something; what shall I give you to let me have a shot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here, and to have whatever I kill?"

"What sort of shot are you?" said the farmer.

"Fairish!" said Tom, "fairish!"

"And to have all you kill?" said the farmer—"eh?"

"Exactly so," said Tom.

"Half-a-guinea," said the farmer.

"That's too much," said Tom—"I tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a seven-shilling piece, which happens to be all the money I have in my pocket."

"Well," said the man, "hand it over."

The payment was made—Tom, true to his bargain, took his post by the barn-door, and let fly with one barrel and then with the other, and such quacking, and splashing, and screaming, and fluttering, had never been seen in that place before.

Away ran Tom, and, delighted at his success, picked up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nobly distended.

"Those were right good shots, sir," said the farmer—

"Yes," said Tom—"eight ducks and fowls are more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more I suspect than seven shillings—eh?"

"Why, yes," said the man scratching his head—"I think they be, but what do I care for that—they are none of them mine!"

"Here," said Tom, "I was once in my life beaten, and made off as fast as I could, for fear the right owner of my game might make his appearance—not but that I could have given the fellow that took me in, seven times as much as I did, for his cunning and coolness."

HOW TO STOP A RUNAWAY HORSE.

A few days ago, two boatmen having resolved to become competitors for the cup at the ensuing regatta, took their boat over to the new-ferry, on the Cheshire shore, to fit her up for the occasion. When the tide fell, the boat which they intended to haul up to be painted was left high and dry on the beach, and having procured a small cart they packed into it the masts, sails and other appurtenances, including a cable and anchor, and were proceeding with them to the ferry-house, when the horse, a powerful animal, took fright, and furiously dashed along the shore. Finding all their endeavours to arrest his progress in vain, and apprehending, as one of them said, that they should "upset" or "founder," a parley was held as to how they should act. "Shiver my timbers," said Jack, "let go the anchor!" No sooner said than done. A turn was taken round the trams or 'bits' of the cart, and at the words "Let go!" down went the anchor over the stern, and the cable was paid out. In a moment the cable came to its tension, the anchor was plowed into the gravel, and holding firmly, the furious animal was brought to a stand-still, surprised at finding a "stopper" put so suddenly to his "course." "There now!" said Jack, "that's what I call bringing the ship up all standing!" We would recommend some of the young gentlemen who sport their tits in the neighbouring lanes, or along the north shore, and who are but indifferent horsemen, to take a hint from the cool contrivance of these tars in a gale, and carry a small anchor and cable behind their saddles, in case of accidents.

Liverpool Albion.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The following account of the capital of the Ottoman empire, and its adjacent country, is taken from Malte Brun's geography. As it may be relied on for its correctness, it will to many of our readers, at this time, be a very interesting article.

"Constantinople, the celebrated town of Constantine, the ancient Byzantium, and called by the Turks, Stamboul, city of Europe, and capital of the Turkish empire, is situated on the west side of the Bosphorus, or straits of Constantinople, between the Black sea and the sea of Marmora. Long. 28 56 E. Lat. 41 N.

"The view round the town has been much admired; its elevated position, the great number of trees, houses, and minarets, the majestic entrance of the Bosphorus, the spacious harbour surrounded by the suburbs of Galata, Pera, and St. Dimitri, the large city of Scutari in front, the verdant hills behind it, the Propontis and its picturesque islands, Mount Olympus on the back ground, its snowy summits and the fruitful fields of Asia and Europe on every side, present a succession of the finest landscapes. The stranger observes not without emotion, the natural beauties in the neighbourhood, and admires the excellent position of a city that may be so quickly supplied with provisions, and so easily defended in the event of a siege; from its safe and commodious harbour, it seems destined by nature to reign over two seas and two continents, but the first impression is soon effaced by examining the interior. Constantinople is ill built; the streets are narrow and no part of them is well paved; its irregular and pitiful houses are like Turkish barracks or clay and wooden cottages; conflagrations are of ordinary occurrence, and the plague breaks out every year. The moral feelings of the stranger are outraged, the haughty and solemn air of the mussulman is contrasted with the humble, timid and lowly mien of the Jew; a foreigner, before he is aware of the difference in the dress, may discover from a man's appearance whether he is a mussulman or a raja. The Fanar, which forms a part of the town, is inhabited by the wretched descendants of the Byzantine families; these degraded men crouch under the mussulman's sword, assume the titles of princes and cheapen the temporary sovereignties of Wallachia and Moldavia; faithful representatives of the Low Empire, submissive to every power, to amass wealth is the sole business of their lives, by honest or dishonest means is to them equally indifferent.

"The seraglio or the principal palace has been considered a great ornament to the town; it must be confessed that the view from the side near the Bosphorus is romantic, but the building is a confused mass of prisons, barracks and gardens; it forms a separate city, the seat of Asiatic debauchery and African slavery; honour, generosity, compassion, the best feelings of our nature are banished from its walls.

"One venerable monument of antiquity, the church dedicated to divine wisdom by the emperor Justinian in the sixth century, now vulgarly called saint Sophia, has fortunately been spared: but it is certain that it must have been demolished had it not been converted into a mosque; its effect is imposing, although the style of architecture is much inferior to that which distinguishes the classical epoch. The ancient Hippodrome is now a public walk; the Cyclobion, or the modern castle of the seven towers, is but a weak citadel in which the ambassadors of the powers at war with the porte are confined. The most remarkable mosques are those of the sultan Achmet and the sultana Valide, and another called the Solimani; such are the principal edifices; they are seen to the greatest advantage when the whole town is illumined; they might add perhaps to the beauty of a landscape, but when examined singly, they appear without majesty and without grace. We are apt from their frail and clumsy appearance, to connect them with the works of men in the pastoral state.

"The population of Constantinople is variously estimated from three hundred thousand to five hundred thousand. About one half are Turks, and the remaining Greeks, Christians, Armenians, Franks and Jews.

"Pera and Galata, two large suburbs, are situated beyond the harbour of Constantinople, which is about six thousand yards in length, and from three hundred to five hundred in breadth. Pera is built on a height; it is the residence of the foreign ambassadors and the Europeans who are not permitted to remain at Constantinople; the great warehouses and granaries are situated at Galata, which is near the port and custom-house; it is surrounded with ditches and walls flanked with bastions. The inhabitants of these suburbs consist chiefly of foreigners from all nations; their number is so great that Pera and Galata have been compared to the tower of Babel; the languages spoken are the Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, Arabian, Persian, Russian, Wallachian, German, French,

Italian and Hungarian. The degenerate Greeks surpass all the strangers in espionage and political intrigue.

"A great many villages almost concealed by lofty trees are scattered along the shores of the Bosphorus; it is there that bechick-tach or the summer palace of the sultan is situated. Belgrade appears at a distance behind it, and is inhabited one season of the year, by the most wealthy christian families in Pera and Galata; it is sheltered from excessive heat; the air is pure and salubrious, an extensive plantation of fruit trees, verdant meadows and limpid streams adorn the immediate vicinity; the town is not exposed to the plague, or the frequent fires that happen in the capital; if the country were under a better government, almost every part of it might be as delightful as the neighbourhood of Belgrade. The suburb of Agoubies beyond two portions of Constantinople allotted to the Greeks and Jews, and at no great distance from the fresh water walk, one of the finest near the city; the harbour there is comparatively narrow, and the gulf is not unlike a large river.

"Adrianople, (called by the Turks Adranah,) on the Marizra, in European Turkey, one hundred and thirty miles north-west of Constantinople, is the second city of the empire, rise above groves of cypress and gardens of roses; the Hebrus increased by many tributary streams descends from the central ridge, turns southwards and flows past the town, of which the population is not less than one hundred thousand souls."

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

You told me once my smile had power
To chase your cares away,
To shed o'er misery's darkest hour
The cheering gleam of day;
That I was all—your life—your light—
That, absent from my view,
You droop'd, as flowers at fall of night,
And I believed it true.

You told me once my accents fell
Like music on your ear,
That you were bound, as by a spell,
If I were only near;
That every purpose of your heart
From me its being drew,
From me it never could depart,
And I believed it true.

You told me once, what memory loves
With fond regret to trace,
While o'er past scenes it widely roves,
Which time will ne'er efface;
But nought repining thoughts avail,
And vainly now I rue,
That you e'er told a flattering tale,
And I believed it true.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Mr. Gilfert.—"An address to the public" has appeared in one of the Charleston prints, in relation to the paragraph in which we announced the death of the late unfortunate manager of the Bowery theatre. In this "address" we are denounced in no very sparing terms, and accused of having attempted to lacerate the agonised feelings of his afflicted family! For a refutation of this gratuitous charge we need only refer to the article itself. We spoke of the deceased as we felt—we indulged in the very common expressions of regret entertained for his premature end, paid our unaffected tribute to his worth and talents, but unfortunately we added as an honest and impartial editor, our free opinion of the probable causes which led to his untimely fate. Such remarks would not have been extended to an every day character—such Mr. Gilfert was not. His example and his influence were great and extensive, and his life the subject of general notoriety. Our privilege to speak in unbiassed, although delicate terms of public men, we shall never yield, nor ever fail to discharge the duty we owe to the public of advancing the cause of general morals and virtue. We are not in the habit of noticing the attacks of anonymous scribblers, nor should we have done so in the present instance, but that we suspect the source from which it is derived, to be entitled to our generous sympathy.

Our poetical correspondents.—The numerous and gifted contributors to the *mélange* which composes the metrical attractions of the New-York Mirror, will be gratified to learn that their productions are not only copied with eagerness, and (let us say it by the way) often without the slightest acknowledgment, into our own papers, far and wide, but frequently find a pre-eminent place among the selections of English periodicals and newspapers. This fact, so honourable to the character of the writers, and soothing to our own vanity, will

not fail to stimulate their poetic ambition, and preserve alive their zeal in the arduous but not unpleasant career upon which they have entered with so much success.

Mr. Whale.—We are pleased to learn that Mr. Whale is again about opening a dancing school in this city. With his private character and skill in his profession we are personally acquainted, and do not, therefore, hesitate to recommend him to public notice. The tasty and fashionable balls which, a few years ago he prepared, cannot have been forgotten, and we anticipate a repetition during the ensuing winter of his exhibitions which our young and fashionable readers will not neglect. As a professor of dancing he has held the first rank, which his perseverance and gentlemanly manners will enable him to maintain.

To the Editor of the New-York Mirror.

Miseries of a shopkeeper.—That life is fraught with evils; and that no situation is elevated beyond the reach of misfortune, or humble enough to escape it, is one of those truths which need not the penetration of genius, or the abstract reasoning of philosophy, to confirm. But it is no less evident, that to every species of misery is attached its own consolation; and even he who has none other, can retire within himself, look down upon the world with all the superiority of woe, and enjoy the satisfaction of being pitied and revered by his less afflicted compeers. What then will you think of the condition of a man who is doomed to suffer all the horrors of adversity without any of its alleviations? to live in fearful hope, and to be for ever hovering on the brink of despair; to watch, and cringe, and toil, for the "smile of the great world," and to be repaid with scorn, contumely and vexation? one to whom beauty's smile "never comes that comes to all;" who is regarded as almost out of the precincts of humanity; perpetually the sport of idlers and fools; and compelled to endure all with a meekness which would have put Job's patience to the blush! One of this persecuted class of beings, yclept shopkeepers, Mr. Editor, now addresses you; but he fears it will be in vain to attempt to excite your pity, for alas! how can a man commiserate sufferings he cannot even conceive?

With the morning's earliest dawn, the shopkeeper's toil begins. Having thrown open his doors though the keen frost bites without, and his luckless fingers tremble with fear as well as cold, and displayed to exact advantage the goods by which he hopes to attract the eye of some chance passenger, he waits with painful anxiety for a "call." Hour after hour rolls away—unmarked—unhonoured—and he descends in silent dejection to his melancholy breakfast, hoping to bury his sorrows in a bowl of hot coffee. How vain are all things below! Scarce has the soul-reviving beverage touched his lips, when he is summoned by the indications of a customer, and as they are like "angel visits, few and far between," he hastens to obey. Then comes "his fit again." With the alacrity of one who is about to receive a signal benefit, he makes himself "all things to all men," is now elevated to the topmost shelf in his capacious store-room,—now grovels in its deepest recesses, bringing to light hidden treasures—all the graces of eloquence and persuasion are employed—but in vain! with a desperate effort he offers some article at half-price, and has the satisfaction of hearing his customer coolly remark as he walks off, "I never purchase of shopkeepers who fall on their goods."

Then, heaven preserve us from encountering ladies who walk the streets for the avowed purpose of "cheapening goods." "Allow me, madam, to cut you a pattern of this silk, at five and sixpence." "No—I can get a better quality at five and twopence." "We will then say five shillings." "Here," interrupts one, "I have brought back the muslin I bought on credit, and have since discovered it to be damaged." "In changing my note," says another, "you cheated me out of sixpence." "These shopkeepers are all a parcel of knaves," observes a third. "Five shillings, did you say?" "I did, madam—shall I?" "Four dollars is too much for that cloth," remarks a connoisseur. "The sixpence," shouts the intruder, louder than Othello. The lady departs to pursue her system of cheapening—and the encounter leaves us poorer than ever.

Pray, Mr. Editor, stretch forth the arm of charity, and interpose in behalf of the most persecuted of mortals. Shylock and the whole tribe of Jews, never endured half so much, or had so much reason to complain. To editors it belongs to redress the injured—to protect the defenceless—to make "heedless rambling impulse learn to think," to give to overbearing tyranny a check, and plead the cause of modest merit. To you, the monitors of the public good, we commit our wrongs and our complaints—with an assurance that they will be graciously received and judiciously decided upon. I am, &c. V.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

SUNG BY MISS CLARA FISHER—COMPOSED BY H. R. BISHOP.

Ho - ni soit qui mal y pense, Eng - lish knights their mot - to bear, Candour claims the same pre - tence, For our France and for our fair. Then where-fore frown and look se - vere - ly; Chace thy sul - len dis - mal swain, List the speech that flows sin - cere - ly, list, and trust, then smile a - gain, then smile a - gain, then smile a - gain - - How still that frown of AD LIB. sense, Ah! ho - ni soit qui mal y pense, Ho - ni soit qui mal y pense. Eng - lish knights their mot - to bear, Candour claims the same pre - tence, For our France and for our fair, Ah! ho - ni soit qui mal y pense, qui mal y pense. DIM.

Love when shrined in noble natures,
Scorns with doubts to dim its ray;

Shines revealed in all our features,
Clear and open as the day.

Nay, prythee then, your fears beguiling,
Smooth the horrors of that face;

Turn this way, and simp'ring, smiling,
Strive to win a lady's grace.

VARIETIES.

COLERIDGE.—Coleridge is said to be one of the most outrageous talkers in the world; a habit very apt to grow upon those who have great powers of pleasing. When Dr. Channing visited the poet, he, as usual talked incessantly; afterwards, Dr. Channing heard that Coleridge admired him very much; 'Then it must be because I am a good listener,' was the reply.

TRIFLES.—Trifles discover character more than actions of importance. It is no imperfect hint toward the discovery of a man's character to say he looks as though you might be certain of finding a pin on his sleeve.

LOVE OR DEATH.—The young Prince de Reuss lately sent a letter to a lady at Vienna, couched in the following terms: "Your love or my death." The lady did not think proper to accept the first alternative; and as for the other, the prince still lives!

LIES OF THE DAY.—A little work with the captivating title of "Lies of the day," has lately been published in London. It is said to contain much humour and pungent satire.

EPITAPH engraved on a tombstone in a church yard in Ireland:

Here lies Pat Steel, that's very true:—
Who was he?—what was he?—what's that to you?"

Shenstone says, "poetry and consumptions are the most flattering of diseases."

Pope says, "the last years of life, like tickets left in the wheel, rise in value."

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE YOUNG DREAMER.

FAIR image of delight!
Child of untroubled thought! whose virgin breast
Buds in a wilderness, where soon the light
Which guides thy wanderings, will have sunk to rest,
As summer's sun goes down in chambers of the west!

New traveller in life's vale!
Yet a glad stranger to its countless fears;
Thy young cheek yet with sorrow is not pale;
Thou hast not brooded over wasted years,
Or bathed the faded dead with grief's all hallowed tears.

As yet thine eye is clear;
The light of hope smiles on that perfect brow,
Like sunbeams, trembling in the atmosphere
When the far east is kindled with the glow
That bathes the heavens in joy, while nature laughs below.

The past hath to thine eye
No shade of care, or image of regret;
Its hours have passed in glorious visions by
Where pleasure's cup with purest gems was set,
While from its brimming edge joy's rose-leaf lip was wet.

How eloquent is earth,
With its new treasures, and its dreams, to thee!
A scene of boundless and unsullied mirth,
Fill'd with the spirit's secret melody—
Coloured by early hopes and touched with early glee.

The future! Not a cloud
Breaks on the prospect to thy fancy given;
But pleasant images, in beauty crowd,
Like stars that glitter in the summer even,
Whose trembling beams give way but to the morning heaven.

The bland and silver air
Hath all sweet voices for thy listening ear;
The breeze that whispers in thy chestnut hair,
Hath gladness for thy heart—a music clear
Borne on its viewless wing through the blue atmosphere.

So let it be! My heart
Is into rapture kindled as I stand
And gaze on that young face, which nature's art
So cunningly hath fashioned—as thy hand
Rests on thy timid lip—dreamer on childhood's land!

Oh, that they might remain!
That buoyant heart, and that unshadowed brow,
That soft cheek, where the rose hath left a stain,
Like sunset's crimson on a wreath of snow—
An index of the heart, where pure thoughts come and go.

But on each vernal wreath
Of thought, which charms thee with a gorgeous spell,
Will come the darkness and the pall of death—
Age, with its sighs and pains unspeakable—
The friends that pass away—the sadness of farewell!

Yes, these will come, sweet one,
If life should lengthen and expand for thee;
Each little hour of bliss will soon be done—
Hope's siren voice will lose its sympathy,
And blighted fruits will fall from pleasure's blasted tree.

Love, o'er thy flowery way
Will steal in beauty and delight along:
Thou wilt be dazzled in his pinion's ray,
'Twill touch thine eye with fire—thy lip with song—
Breaking its novel thrills the heart's fine chords among.

And fables thou wilt find
Love's gentle fantasies and hopes to be:
Bright meteors in the ever restless mind—
Strains of sweet music o'er a heaving sea—
Gone, ere the heart grows rich, in their wild melody!

And unto kindred dust
Thou wilt behold the early loved go down:
Hearts, which were link'd with thine in friendly trust,
O'er their still rest the curtain'd grave will frown;
While grief's sad blight will fall o'er pleasure's flowery crown.

Yet if within thy soul
The thoughts which now lie richly treasured there,
May linger with thee as time's surges roll,
Thou wilt escape the simoom of despair,
And round thee still will glow the spirit's balmy air. EVERARD.

GOOD ADVICE.

Mahomed had better make peace,
With Nicholas czar pretty quick,
And acknowledge the freedom of Greece,
Or his capital goes to old Nick.

LINES.

There is no parting tear
Above her cold, cold bier;
There is no sortowing sigh
To speak her memory:
There is another pall of death,
From which no tears depart;
It lingers with the lingering breath,
In the deep silence of the heart;
It will not moulder in its gloom,
'Tis in a dark, but living tomb.
Have ye not seen the tempest-cloud
In the deep stillness of the sky,
Darken awhile its gathering shroud,
Then pass in wrath and frowning by?
Have ye not seen the red lights play
Upon the shadowed brow of day?
Such—such the shade, that hovering
O'er the horizon of my life,
Brings with its cold and raven wing,
The tempest's dark and sullen strife;
And thus perchance to pass away,
If life's warm noon-tide beams for me,
To pass when being's kindling ray
Dims the pale star of memory;
Yet leave a darkling shade of ill
O'er the heart's sunlight lingering still.

A tribute of its loneliness,
That darkly broods its anguish o'er,
When nought on earth is left to bless,
And nought to gild its darkness more;
When all that cheered its youthful day,
And all it loved has passed away,
Still seeks it, e'en among the dead,
The idol that it worshipped.
Yet lightly swell the notes of glee,
And mirth may twine his gayest wreath,
A song on the lip, and a smile in the eye,
Tell no tale of the heart beneath;
For from its secret loneliness
Still turn I to thy memory,
A passing smile to other's bliss,
And a drop from a bleeding heart to thee!
Dear cherished one, that ditted by
Ere life's young morn was dimmed for thee,
Even while love's magic lit thy sky,
In all its purest radiance.
Where art thou, spirit? In the light
To morning's pearly floweret given?
Or dost thou gem the shade of night,
A bright star in the cloudless heaven?
And is thy pure and angel eye,
Beaming from yon dark canopy?
Oh, haste thee hither, time can bring
Nought to my heart's deep sorrowing—
Come, spirit, when the last pale ray
Sinks in the twilight gloom away;
Come when the distant lamps of even
Are brightening in the vault of heaven;
And we will wing our joyous flight,
Beyond those kindling fires of night.
Oh: hasten, hasten, why should be
The free soul linked in slavery?
Why should the thrall of earthly ties
Fetter its soarings to the skies?

HINDA.

ANSWER TO "MY ROMANCE IS OVER."

Published in the New-York Mirror of October 3, 1829.

Yes, 'tis true, you are no poet,
And your rhymes most plainly show it;
Not that I the rhymes can blame,
They perchance may bring thee fame;
But the feeling they express
Never dwelt in poet's breast,
And the sentiments they breathe,
Nightshade round thy brows should wreath;
Not the myrtle leaf and bay
Which should crown the poet's lay.
Jingling rhymes you may have written,
Stanzas to a lady's kitten:
Praised in verse some witching eye,
Blue and placid as the sky;
Vow'd, perhaps, a ruby lip
Was nectar that the gods might sip;
Sworn a hundred other things.
Such as, with her, time had wings;
But without her, dragged along
Heavy as the watchman's song;
That the sun, the moon, the stars,
Own'd no light, compared to hers:

Wrote, in short, as many squibs
As great Munchausen—famed for fibs:
But yet you never was a poet,
Dost ask for proof? I'll quickly show it:
You merely are a household man,
Who pays his tradesmen—when he can,
Who keeps a book and orders dinner,
And scolds his cook!—unfeeling sinner!
Denies his wife when ladies call!
You are a household man—that's all!
And that's what nature made you for—
You hav'nt broken through her law.
You do not think yourself a poet!
I'm glad you have the sense to know it.
No music in his soul has he
Who sneers at lovers' constancy,
And dares to hint that Hymen ever
The charms of virtuous love can sever.
A poet would not wish or dare
To pen such libels on the fair;
He never dreamed so harsh a thing
That Love could choke by Hymen's ring:
He knows that magic circle binds
Congenial hearts, congenial minds;
That Hymen's torch, with steady ray,
Lights Love in sorrow's gloomiest day,
And sheds its halo round his form—
A beacon light amid the storm!—
He knows that Love, by Hymen crown'd,
Is but in silken fetters bound:
All this the gifted poet knows,
And says it too, in verse and prose;
Says it when seated by the side
Of her he hopes to call his bride,
And sings it when he tunes his lyre,
Inspired by Love's promethean fire,
And oft repeats it to the wife
Whom he has vow'd to love for life;
And feels it in the hour of death,
When truth hangs on his faltering breath!
But you—yes, your romance is over:
You're a lunatic—not lover.
But hold—you look for sense and reason—
Accept a hint or two in season:
When Love expires by Hymen's breath,
Listen for Reason's knell of death.
And Sense must follow soon—for never
Did real love from these long sever,
And he who hasn't sense to know it
May well confess he is—no poet.

ISIDORE.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE FASHIONABLE AND UNFASHIONABLE BELLE.

A TALE OF GOOD SOCIETY.

Why, what is fashion? 'Tis a vain conceit,
A wild conception of a foolish brain;
Upon a giddy, totting height it stands,
Which, every wind affects. There, nothing is,
Save lip-deep words and uncelled show, which mock
The amber brightness of life's purest gem.—*New Play.*

"Oh, my dear Miss Plainwood! how do you do? I am so rejoiced to see you," said the gay and thoughtless Fanny Showall, to the modest and retiring Miss Maria Plainwood, as they met one winter morning in Broadway.

"Good morning, Miss Showall, you are early out to-day."

"What can you possibly be doing in the street at this time, Miss Stay-at-home, as society calls you?"

"I am going to the library for some books."

"Books! nonsense!—I thought you had perhaps changed your mind, and were ordering a new dress for the next party."

"No! I am tired of parties!"

"What! why now you amaze me. You have not been at more than one party a week for months, while I have been out every night, for I do not know how long; except Saturdays and Sundays, and then we have *soirées* at home."

"I do not admire this round of dissipation; really I cannot endure dressing an hour or two for a party, and then whirling in coach or sleigh at ten o'clock of a cold night, and dancing late enough next morning

to find the stores open when one returns home: it is highly injurious both to health and mind."

"La now! how can you, who visit 'good society,' be so vastly vulgar? Now I am going to Emmanuel's, to order him to dress my head for Mrs. Shinewell's squeeze to-night; then I am going to hurry to Fountain's, to buy an elegant new dress for the ball on Wednesday."

"What ball?" asked Miss Plainwood.

"Have you not an invitation to Mrs. Van Bluster's ball for Wednesday?"

"I have not even heard of it."

"Bless me! Miss Plainwood, how can you be so amazingly ignorant of what is going on in the world? My invitation came six weeks ago. Oh, Mrs. Van Bluster will give a splendid party."

Such was the salutation of two belles, a fashionable and an unfashionable, in the streets of New-York, at a date which I do not choose to mention—at least at this point of my story, for I am bent on giving a slight sketch of the history of Miss Fanny Showall and Miss Maria Plainwood.

Miss Showall was a gay and fashionable belle, now out of her teens, who, according to her own account, had refused many advantageous matches; though I never could exactly ascertain that any gentleman had for some ten years before been more than politely civil to her.

Miss Showall was a tall, showy girl, whose sole occupation was to prepare for parties, attend them, and there coquette with the beaux, and discourse small talk with the matrons; if to this description, brief as it is, were added, *she lived and died*, it would serve for her epitaph. But as she still exists, we deem it necessary to be somewhat more particular. We shall describe her appearance, so that she may be viewed in our sketch as proper flesh and blood, and we shall also give the history of her family—do not start, gentle reader, its name is of a very modern date.

Miss Showall we said, was a tall and showy girl—she was about five feet six inches high, with a waist so tapering, she herself boasted, that a ribbon of half a yard in length would circle it. Her hair was of a chesnut shade, and hung over a low and narrow forehead, in the most profuse ringlets; and her cheeks showed a fresh and rosy colour, which, contrasted with her sunken eye, and the shallow shades around, made gossips ask if it was natural. Her nose was a kind of pug, which, though it exhibited no mark of character, being one that we may meet at every turn, was nevertheless rather pretty; and then her lips, which a poet could not in conscience compare to an opening rose-bud, still when she smiled, (and her smile though formal, was rather interesting,) showed two rows of teeth of beautiful shape and colour,—yet some were unkind enough to say, they remembered when she had three or four less than she now displayed. These features were circled in a face of rather an elongated shape, and rested on a neck rather too long for perfect beauty; but she held her head so high, and some were ungenerous enough to say, for pride, that it resembled remotely a chicken's when it drinks. And if there was a single point in her whole figure, which Fanny was fond to show, it was her feet. They were truly small and beautiful, they were really exquisite; this secret she had learned from the flattery of the beaux, many years ago, and thought it no harm to wear her frocks of longitude more than usually scanty. To particularize her dress, however, would be a never-ending task—for each day she changed it at least six times; but as we boast of little knowledge of the mysteries of a fashionable lady's toilet, we will merely remark, that every description of manufacture, in colour and texture, which the fanciful French ever shipped to this republic, Fanny had, by the assistance of Mrs. Banks, and some score of her ap-

prentices, dashed into her dresses; but each colour and texture was carefully patronized in its hour of fashion, and as carefully despised when its day was done; for she was an unerring weathercock to the breath of fashion; but of that fashion only approved of by "good society."

This "good society," this *monied plebeianism*, is composed of a certain class of men, women, and children, who dwell in large three story houses with folding doors, and costly mantel-pieces, and extravagantly furnished rooms with the most scrupulous disregard to comfort and convenience. The most striking characteristics of this "society" are to give splendid parties, where the tables groan under the weight of every viand and liquor, that is, if rare, which the five zones can produce, despite of cost—(once it was somewhat different, cake and lemonade alone were in vogue)—to look down upon the ancient settlers of the state—the true nobility of the country—to condemn all who do not move in their particular sphere—to forget old friends, if poor, but especially, and above all, to forget the station in life which their parents held, or even to look back ten years on the record of their own history—therefore, a lack of memory in this "society" is an indispensable requisite. Another trait is to patronise Benoit, Clem, and a host of such sable worthies, to follow to the letter every folly or extravagance which Mrs. So-and-so commits—to call every thing vulgar which honest, plain, and worthy citizens admire, and to extol all the vices, whims and conceits, as the most polished and fashionable things in the known world which "society" countenances. To make gold the talisman for every virtue, is an admirable qualification; to despise books, learning, and learned men, but to *talk* of literature. To visit occasionally the theatre, certain assemblies and concerts, not for intellectual enjoyment, but to talk, and show themselves and dresses; that is, if the "magnates of good society" say they are to be fashionable. Let any man, and the more obscure his origin the better, get wealth, and learn the above requisites, he will be forthwith initiated into this most delectable of all "societies."

It was in this "good society," that Miss Fanny Showall had been for a longer period than she chose to tell, a star of no ordinary magnitude, at least, if we may judge from the brilliancy of her dress, and the frequency of her appearance in that horizon.

Now, we shall sketch her family history as we promised. Her father, Jonathan Showall, either like the Irishman, was born in no particular place, and without a father or mother, or, he always forgot to mention, unintentionally of course, where, or of whom he was born. In the first stage of his known history, he was found, a chubby, raw, and ignorant keeper of a tape and bobbin store in William-street, some five and thirty years before the date of this history; of prudent, perhaps penurious habits, which, added to a sign in his window, "*selling off below cost*," enabled him to lay by, as the store phrase is, a small sum every year—a small sum, multiplied by ten or fifteen years, increases wonderfully, which enabled him gradually to extend his business; in consequence of which he imagined he was now rich enough to marry, and threatened to wed a plain and pennyless burgher's daughter, and reside with her in a room and closet in the rear of his store, which threat he actually put in execution, and became a married man. The proximity to business of the dearest partner of his life, enabled her to attend upon customers, and they were not few, who dealt at the store of Jonathan Showall. Here she stood behind the counter, and knew as little of fashion, extravagance and dissipation, as old mother Eve. A year or two after this saw him still richer, and he conceived the idea of moving soon into Pearl-street, which noble idea was carried into effect, and now he was called Mr. Jonathan Showall. Fortune smiled graciously on him: he seemed a Midas, and so

he thought himself, without however thinking it, in the terms I have expressed, for he knew no more who Midas was, than I know of my ancestor who was drowned at the flood. Ambition is man's besetting sin, and Mr. Jonathan Showall was not free of it; for shortly after this, he, with the advice and consent of his spouse, became an importer of British goods; and lastly, a large shipowner. Now all letters addressed to him, bore the superscription of Jonathan Showall, esq. Thus, from the most humble and unknown origin, he rose, by the force of his wealth, to be of some importance in the world—he was elected a bank director, a director too, of some dozen insurance companies, fire and marine, and a man of no small note in Wall-street—his name was good and current for any sum—his society was now courted, his favour craved, his good opinion solicited, and his head was held the highest of any man on 'change. He became a connoisseur of all fashionable things—such as of horses, dogs, wine, &c. He could tell an Eclipse, Sir Walter, or Sir Henry colt, the moment he saw his shape and carriage; he knew the bee's wing, the junco, and the brahmin, at the very first sip. He was moreover an amateur of old pictures, he knew a Guido, a Salvator Rosa, or Raphael, from a glance at shade or line; nay, he even went so far, that, at a hand of whist, he could stake five hundred dollars on the odd trick; or at brag, he could stump most men on nothing for a few thousands. Indeed he was quite adroit at all the *innocent* pastimes of "good society." What a contrast! What a transformer of man and men is this same gold! When this history began, Jonathan Showall would have doffed his hat in presence of a Pearl-street importer and South-street shipper; now the hat stuck as firmly on the head of Jonathan Showall, esq. as the crown on king George's. For years after this history began, Mr. Jonathan Showall would have been as loth to appear on 'change in presence of the shipping merchants there, as a timid mouse would be to leave its hole in the presence of a cat; but now, the 'change was Jonathan Showall, esq.'s own peculiar sphere, and he feared no man's gaze.

The importance to which Jonathan Showall, esq. reached in the mercantile world, brought him and his spouse invitations to dinners, balls, and routes from a class of society gradually higher and higher, till at last, by moving from a large house to a still larger, and being more and more expensive in living, they obtained a diploma from "good society," and forthwith, still prompted by ambition, they began to appear in that magic circle. This taught Mrs. Showall to imbibe notions of gentility which the fancy of her teen-days, nay, of her early matron years, never imagined. She had tasted the delusive stream, and she must even sail upon its current. This she felt the more inclined to do, as her eldest living daughter—for though we have not mentioned it before, Mr. and Mrs. Showall had children—was now approaching her fifteenth anniversary. Her favourite Fanny considered herself too old and too wise to go to school any longer, and therefore she concluded—and her humour was law—to "come out," as the phrase is. As the daughter concluded the mother determined; and it was seriously resolved to introduce Miss Fanny into "society;" and to do this with all proper and becoming eclat, it was proposed that the family of the Showalls should move into the most spacious house in the city that was to be found, and furnish it on the most approved, expensive, and comfortless plan. That all things might be in proper keeping, a carriage was bought, and a regiment of helps—servants is too anti-republican—should be entertained. All things were prepared; Miss Fanny's birth-day was approaching, and cards of invitation to her "come out" ball were sent to some five or six hundred of their *old and intimate friends*, being all that, with the assistance of their memory, Longworth's Directory, and advice of their helps, they could possibly muster as fit

people to entertain. The ball took place; it was a squeeze, a splendid and costly squeeze. Miss Showall was, of course, the belle of the evening; "a new broom," &c., as the proverb says, and "eat, see, and praise," as another goes. The old Showalls—for now they were not young—thought their daughter a paragon of ladies, though some of the exquisites who were loudest in her praise that night, said next day that Miss Showall smacked rather too rank of a bitter stem, to be a sweet rose of "good society," and that a few looks, words, and doings of the family were rather too vulgar to be of the first water; but Mrs. Van Bluster said all was done *comme il faut*, and the exquisites, male and female of "good society," as in duty bound, echoed "*comme il faut*," which fixed the climax of the Showalls' claims to "good society," and they were forthwith installed into all the dissipation of that honourable and fashionable circle. We will not be so rude as to mention how long it is since the auspicious "come out ball" took place, for that would fix the lady's age to a day; and Fanny, as we said, being out of her teens, is now more scrupulously anxious to keep her age a secret than she was at that same celebrated party to proclaim that she was fifteen. A word may be said here regarding Miss Showall's education. That she had the most fashionable (expensive would be a more appropriate word) teachers in the city, and was taught the most fashionable accomplishments, is certain; but for the progress she made in them—such as music, drawing, dancing, French, and Italian—the less we say, the more it will redound to her credit. Of her knowledge of literature, or of the world—we are too generous to speak of what she never possessed; but she knew the title-page of the few books, and the names of the few reasonable things, the existence of which, accident had introduced into "good society." For Fanny to cram her head with reading, to study any useful science, or to be initiated into the mysteries of domestic duties—not being in the catalogue of the qualifications necessary for "good society"—would have been superfluous; she would not be so unfashionable as to know, or even pretend to know, such vulgar drudgeries; it was occupation enough for her in winter to select dresses and engage makers of them, to go to parties, and talk of them; a little scandal is absolutely necessary in such cases, to give a point and raciness to one's remarks; and in the summer, to travel to the springs, or falls, or visit watering places, engaged all her time. Then what leisure could Fanny possibly find to study?

Having been thus particular in regard to the history of the Showall family, we think it a pleasant task to say a word or two of the unassuming Miss Maria Plainwood.

Maria being, both by birth and rank fully entitled and much solicited to join in "good society," was, however, more studious to avoid than court the rounds of fashionable dissipation; the splendid hypocrisy, the unmeaning compliments, and hollow friendship of that circle possessed few charms for her; she preferred the retirement of her own domestic hearth, or enjoyed the company of a few friends—friends not in the fashionable acceptance of the word, but in its true meaning,—friends, whom she prized, and whose presence she respected for their moral and mental worth. The Plainwood family, though not so rich, was incomparably beyond the Showalls in true respectability. Her grandfather's family emigrated from England long before the name of Showall existed. They were honest and respectable citizens, under the Dutch and English dynasty; her maternal grandfather, and two grand uncles were distinguished for their services, in the arduous struggle of the thirteen states for independence, and their bravery had no small share in promoting that glorious event.

Her father at this period of our history, was a merchant of high standing and respectability, who preferred comfort to ostentation. His family consisted of

six children, and Maria was his eldest daughter, all of whom he brought up, and educated more for usefulness than show: one of the first lessons to his children was, to love and cherish one another, and the mild terms, in which both he and his wife inculcated their precepts, commanded for themselves the greatest respect and love, while they had the wished for effect of making his fireside proverbially the most affectionate in the city. He indulged his children in all reasonable desires, and such was the caution of his mode of rearing them, that his will was their pleasure—his word, or even look, their law. The happiness of the parents was the children's utmost aim and ambition. Such a fireside as Mr. Plainwood's was not sufficiently formal, and the conversation too sincere to make it a desirable resort for the flowers of good society; besides, Mr. Plainwood and his family, encouraged rather the visits of the moral and intellectual, than the hollow-hearted and dissipated. Common sense and rational conversation are an antidote to the presence of the members of good society—sincerity and affection round the fireside their very bane. Therefore, though in the evening, the drawing room of the Plainwoods was the resort only of the intellectual, many of the most conspicuous members of society made morning calls, or sent helps, with their cards—either of which, though generally the latter, accorded most with their notions of friendship and etiquette. Maria was the flower of the flock: she was not in the world's eye a beauty; her charms were not so conspicuous as to enthrall the heart at the first glance; yet there was a mildness and polish in her face, which a well cultivated mind can only impart. Her forehead was high and expansive, her nose the homeric, and her dark blue eyes, when animated by conversation, or her own fancy thoughts, shone like the evening star. Her hair was of a beautiful chestnut shade, which curled gracefully over an alabaster neck; but more than all, there was a freshness in her rosy cheeks, which bespoke a regularity in her mode of life, that Miss Showall, though she openly vowed was vulgar, yet in her heart would have given thousands to possess the like. Miss Plainwood was rather short, and gently approaching *embonpoint*, yet there was an ease and gracefulness in her gesture, which belongs only to the gentle born. To a well grounded education, in all the useful, as well as many of the showy studies of a lady, Miss Plainwood by a course of well directed reading, had stored her mind so largely, that she appeared conspicuous in conversation, without in the most remote degree deserving the appellation of a blue stocking. With such a mind, it is not to be wondered, that Miss Plainwood did not mingle nightly in the rounds of dissipation and extravagance, which are the very life of good society. No, she prized the conversation of the intelligent too much, to find pleasure in the weather-cock compliments, and *good natured scandal* of that circle. She considered the mysteries of society such a waste of time, of health and money, that she had no relish for the allurements which the thoughtless of that train nightly enjoyed.

We shall now return, and join the ladies, whom at the commencement of this story, we left in Broadway.

"Will you go to Fountain's?" said Miss Showall, "and give me your opinion, Maria, of his new silks—really he has so many beautiful things, I do not know what to choose."

"Excuse me, I am in a hurry to go to the library; a new book has just come out, and I am all impatience to see it."

"What book?"

"The author of Waverley, at the conclusion of his last romance, has spoken in the most exalted terms of the novel of "Marriage," and I must read it before I sleep."

"La, nonsense! I would not take the trouble to read of marriage, certainly not read of it, when Mr. Smalltalk, Mr. Softhead, and twenty others that I could mention, would marry me, if I only said the word."

"It is fortunate for you that you have so many admirers."

"And so would you have, Maria, if you would only go into society. How can any gentleman possibly know or admire you, if you keep at home every night and day of the year, moping with a nasty book in your hand? O it is vastly vulgar. Then a book from a library too, that a thousand low, poor, and unfashionable people may have read before you, for a few pennies each."

"No matter for that; if all the world had previously read it, they could not take from it the least particle of its merit."

"But it is so vulgar to touch that which all the upstarts in town have read—O! I could not endure the thought. If you were to buy a new book, with handsome pictures and beautiful paper, covered with elegant binding, that one would not be ashamed to show in society, there might be some excuse for you; but to take hold of a soiled and tattered volume, that has been fingered and thumbled by a thousand greasy hands, is monstrous. O this read, read, reading is very *ingenteel*."

"My way of thinking is somewhat different, but I do not wish to dispute with your taste. I know that she who cannot relish the classical style of an essayist, nor be in raptures with the lofty aspirations of a master muse, loses the better half of the enjoyments of life."

"Now, my dear Maria, that is some more of the nonsense you have learned by reading. O! it is really abominable."

"I speak from genuine feeling."

"There again is another unfashionable word; 'good society' does not countenance it; fashion and etiquette comprise every thing. I would rather be doomed to a nunnery for a year, than be forced to read an hour—nay, Maria, I could not do it, for, if I chance to take an elegant book from my father's library, before I read a page I fall asleep; indeed I could not keep my eyes open half an hour to save my life. Besides, whoever talks of books or learning in 'good society?' then what use is there to study such unprofitable things; why belles and beaux, parties and soirees, concerts and plays, fashion and style, are all that is talked of in 'good society.'"

"For that very reason, Miss Showall, I do not like 'good society.'"

"What a wonderful foolish creature you are; I declare you have grown so incorrigible, that we must have you read out of 'good society.' But here is Fountain's, come in."

"I cannot possibly spare time, excuse me. Good morning."

"Good morning," replied Miss Showall, and as she entered the store, said to herself, "How vastly wise, in nonsense, this simple Miss Plainwood is—really I cannot help wondering that 'good society' will patronise her."

Years rolled on: Miss Showall was still the gayest, if not the youngest of fashionable life, and Miss Plainwood continued to cultivate her mind, on which nature had lavished so many excellencies, both by reading the most approved works, and enjoying the conversation of the intellectual. Miss Showall's way of life brought around her many lip-deep friends, who sought in her society to add to their own importance in the magic circle of "good society;" but Miss Plainwood's domestic and literary habits made her fireside the resort of friends, whose esteem vented itself less by the parade of words, than by the courtesy and

respect which was paid to herself and family. Miss Showall had many hypocritical admirers, whose hearts were as cold as winter to her—Miss Plainwood had many sincere lovers, who aspired to the honour of her hand. At length we arrive at that period of her history, when her father gave her in marriage to a gentleman of more mind than fashion, of more worth than wealth, and his daughter Maria loved him for the sincerity of his affection, and the intelligence of his mind. Miss Fanny Showall was still a spinster, and looked with jealous eye and malignant feeling on the happiness of her unfashionable friend. And though she said openly, that she could not conjecture how man and wife could possibly be happy or contented, who did not mingle in society, yet, in her heart she envied the felicity which, by the conduct of the young couple, it was evident reigned in their bosoms.

Now a few envious wrinkles began to show themselves about the eyes, which once were highly praised, of Miss Showall, and her rosy cheeks, which once were so lovely and blooming, seemed now somewhat pale and haggard, which gave rise, among the envious, to many inquiries regarding Miss Showall's age: few knew, and still fewer cared to tell her exact time of life, but many remembered that her "come out ball" had taken place some ten or fifteen years before. The young exquisites now began to discover that they found more pleasure in dancing and flirting with belles of whose age more certainty was known: even Fanny herself found less pleasure in flirtation—her dream of romance was not so bright and brilliant as it once was; she delighted more in the calm and sedate moments of life, and felt more inclined to listen to the conversation of middle aged and sensible men; but her greatest chagrin was, that she could neither understand, nor join in their conversation. Her "fifteenth anniversary ball," when memory would revert to it, as sometimes it did, seemed like a fairy vision; but the reality was long passed, and she felt more miserable, than in former days she felt happy. The time was, when she boasted that she danced every cotillion at a ball, and had engagements for twenty more than she could dance; now, here and there an old-fashioned beau would ask the honour of her company at a ball, but she had the biting mortification to see the beaux ambitious to dance with younger and more beautiful girls than she, and felt herself quite neglected: then came regrets, produced by her own idleness and waywardness; then came wishes never to be gratified, and hopes never to be realized. She saw the fair companions of her youthful days, happy in the society of worthy husbands and smiling families; but she was a withered neglected belle. Now and then she would meet her quondam friend, Miss Plainwood that was, loitering along Broadway with a smiling chubby boy in either hand, or would spend an evening with her at the house of some friend, in company with her loving and worthy husband. Then she has sighed, and a thousand times repented of the dissipated and fashionable life which she led, and mourned over withered hopes and blighted prospects.

Miss Showall was now a maiden orphan: she had no sister, no brother, and, as from her father's history may be guessed, not a relation in the world; but she had wealth, and lived in a luxurious style, but what is wealth or luxury, without friends? Many a time and oft has Miss Showall repented of her course of life and envied the happiness of the Plainwoods.

SHERIDAN WHEN A CHILD.—It may be consoling to parents who are in the first crisis of impatience, at the sort of hopeless stupidity which some children exhibit, to know, that the dawn of Sheridan's intellect was as dull and unpromising as its meridian day was bright; and that in the year 1759, he who, in less than thirty years afterwards, held senates enchained by his eloquence, and audiences fascinated by his wit, was, by common consent, both of parents and preceptor, pronounced to be "a most impenetrable dunce."

SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

MATCH-BREAKING.

"Ubi dicimus rediisse te, et rogare uti
Veniret ad te,—mulier telam deservit
Continuò, et lachrymis opplet os totum sibi, ut
Facile scires desiderio id fieri tuo."—*Ter. Heauton tim.*

—"Thus I weave myself
Into this willow garland—and am prouder
That I have been your love—though now forsaken—
Than the bride to any other!"—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

THERE is, at present, in the neighbourhood of Highgate, a little cottage, built in that absurd style so fashionable at present in England—and which has been so pleasantly satirised by professor Porson in one of his fugitive scraps of rhyme*)—combining all the elegancies of life with an affectation of excelling simplicity. This affectation, however, attaches not to the present inmates of the dwelling—for a more truly simple, estimable, and virtuous family it is not easy to find about London. There is one member of the household in particular, who has frequently attracted the attention of the casual lingerers around the place. This magnet has been set in the form of a young girl, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, with something, perhaps, rather too finished, too perfect in her style of feature and figure for a suburban cottage beauty. She was a few months since to be seen at all hours of the day, through the vines that clustered around the low parlour window, seated at her tambour-frame—her hair sometimes clustering about her temples—sometimes nursed in papers, like the half-ripened grapes that hung around her—at all times surpassingly beautiful. It only needed a *gros de Naples* and diamonds—letters patent—and a presentation, to procure her the title of a *belle blonde* of the first water in St. James's. She is now, however, seldom to be seen, and not seen such as she then was. The cottage, vines, and improvements are precisely the same; but the window is now always let down, and the tambour-frame has been removed from its old place to a darker corner of the apartment. The little deity of the retreat is no longer visible, at least, to the nameless pilgrims who used to offer distant worship as they passed slowly along the railing in front of the abode, and these have become fewer and less punctual in their visitations. But at the gray of the morn, and towards the even close, you may observe, gliding along the silent alleys and beautifully wooded lanes with which the neighbourhood abounds, a light attenuated figure, wrapped in a silk cloak, leghorn bonnet, and veil—the ghost of the beauty that was. It is time, however, I should say something of the causes which have led to this change, and give a name as well as a local habitation to the fair cottage dweller. Antiphila she should be, but that's "such a hard word!" as lady Froth says.—(By the by, I should apologise for my hideous Latin motto—but my fair readers would readily pardon me if they were *blue* enough to know how many beautiful compliments to their divine sex are comprehended in the scene from which it is extracted.)

Well, then, let my heroine be Helen, precise because she was most unlike that naughty ancient in character and fortune. She was induced to believe, (whether with or without reason—having the fear of Chalk Farm and *best glazed* before my eyes, I shall not undertake to say) but she imagined at one time, that little more than the licence lay between her and the head of my young friend Darvell's table. And although he and lady P. T. (a match the most unforeseen of all that were ever made) are now making honeymoon on the banks of the Booramooter, or some such place in foreign parts, I am inclined to imagine that some idea of the kind frequently mingled itself up with his contemplations.

The first I learned of his acquaintance with this

*) "He saw a cottage with a double coach-house—
A cottage of gentility,—
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is the pride that apes humility."—*Devil's Walk.*

Miss Helen, was on the occasion of his taking leave of her previous to his departure, which took place on the very day and hour of his marriage with lady P. Darvell was then precisely in that situation of life, which more than all others presents the most powerful temptations to gentlemen at all predisposed to behave like scoundrels. He was a needy member of a noble house.

I had just laid down the morning paper in which I found an announcement of his approaching marriage, and the appointment accompanying it, when he dashed into my apartment in his own free way, without notice or announcement; and, throwing himself into a *sedia d'apoggio*, began to indicate symptoms of boring, which, however, I cut short by two or three rapid queries, a plan which I have always found efficacious on similar occasions.

Darvell is one of those people who are brave only in the field, or so far as their persons are concerned. He wants what I think might be very well named *courage de la société*, a kind of civil bravery, which, as the world goes, is more generally useful in the concerns of life than the military. I saw at this moment that there was something on his mind which he wished to get rid of, but did not know how to set about the declaration.

"I shall require your assistance and advice," said he, hesitating, "in a very nice affair. By some means or another it has got about that I gave a promise of marriage to a person (whom it would be most absurd for me to think of selecting as a partner for life,) and I want now to break this affair of my marriage to her as delicately as possible."

"Indeed!" answered I: "then it appears, that she is one of the people who fancy that a promise was made?"

"Why," said Darvell, a little staggered, "there's no knowing what she may have taken into her head. We talked and walked together, and said a deal of nonsense between us—but promise!—no—I'm sure—no—I know I made no promise—'Gad!—these girls—there's no saying a word to them without a sharp look-out for man-traps. If you hand one of them out in preference to her mother, she sets it down as a plain intimation; and if you venture any thing in the shape of a compliment, you are set down at once for a good orderly husband, or a treacherous villain. No—no—I am sure nobody can say I was ever *particular*. There was no promise—could not be—(seeing me still motionless)—In fact it would have been the most imprudent thing in the world on my part. (Pause, and a glance, as if he expected a nod of assent, which was not forthcoming.) In short, I am determined to break off all such silly suppositions—and I hope you don't suppose—"

"Suppose?—Me?—I have no right to suppose any thing. I am sure—I dare say, it is all very proper."

"And if you did, it would be too late now; for I have signed and sealed."

"Has this young lady any natural protectors?" I asked.

A flush passed rapidly over Darvell's cheek, and the family estates and the family honours all gathered together upon his proud forehead, to build up a frown. "And if she had a legion," said he, "my conduct would be precisely the same as it *shall* be; except, perhaps, that it might not be marked by the same tenderness and respect for the feelings, however unreasonably excited, of the girl."

"Then she has none?"

"She lives with her father"

"Well, I am sure you must be acting very honourably, and am ready to serve you as far as I can."

"Then step into my cab, and come with me to the spot. I am no great Nol Bluffe on these occasions, and require something more than right on my side to withstand the artillery of blue eyes in sorrow."

We drove away and soon arrived at the place. As

we pulled up at the little gate, a number of sunny faces presented themselves at the window, and disappeared again like a fluttered dove-cote at the sight of my friend, whom (I should have mentioned) they had seen nothing of for a considerable time. In an instant the door was opened, and two very young girls, with one, the lady in question) a little more staid and full formed, made their appearance, all beaming welcome from the prettiest lips and eyes in the world. There was a tenderness in Miss H.'s manner of greeting Darvell which led me to suspect very strongly, that his conduct to her had been more particular than he seemed willing to allow. She placed one hand in his, and laid the other on his shoulder, looking in his face with an expression which seemed to call for a more affectionate greeting on his part, than he would, under the circumstances, have been justified in using. Without seeming to notice the caress, he took her hand hurriedly from his shoulder, placed it under his arm, and led her quickly into the house.

On following him into the parlour, I found the father—an old, feeble, white-headed gentleman, who was unable to move from his chair to accost us, and seemed, indeed, almost unconscious of the cause of our presence—even after—(during the absence of the family)—Darvell had gone into a long detail about the rumours afloat, and the circumstances of his new engagement.

"I dare say 'tis all very right, gentlemen," said the poor old man. "Helen is a good girl. I dare say you will do every thing that is proper, Mr. Darvell."

I glanced at Darvell in a manner that was intended for, and taken as, a reproach. He felt too much abashed to resent the action. He left the room, in order, as he said, to speak with the young lady herself. She was entering at the moment he reached the door; and he took her hand and led her out, while she gazed with astonishment and concern on his countenance.

In a little time afterwards, I heard a low murmuring of voices in the next room; and, presently, a quick pattering of feet running to and fro, as if some accident had taken place. What the accident was, I suspected, but never could sufficiently ascertain; for, in a very short time, Darvell re-entered the apartment, where I still sat. He took a hurried leave of the old man; and ran out of the house as if he thought it would have fallen about his ears.

As long as we remained within sight of the cottage, he observed a heavy silence. At length, when the last faint trace of the dwelling had faded in the distance, he turned round, and began to relieve his mind, "oppressed with too much thinking," by giving utterance to a number of detached and incoherent sentences.

"I did not think," said he, "that it was possible I could ever cut so mean a figure in my own eyes as I did this minute....What a sweet—quiet—peaceful—blessed place that little cottage is!....That girl is the most perfect being on the round earth....Ah, my dear friend! how happy might I be, if....Pish! what's o'clock? I sha'n't be in Leadenhall-street, in time to pass muster."

"Yes," said I, ekeing out the apostrophe which he had left unfinished, "if you did not, like all sanguine and inexperienced men, prefer the hope of what most likely will never be, to the certainty of what is." It is strange, it is wonderful, to what vile uses the noblest capabilities of our nature may return, when once this murderous ambition has shaken her maddening dew upon our souls. Honour fades—virtue withers before it—peace dies—and hope itself is no longer felt as a healthy influence,—but a restless, feverish, and sickly affection, undermining our quiet, and throwing the changes of vexation and of discontent over every joy that fortune brings us,—until, at last, made wise by disappointment and suffering, we have nothing left for it but to be soberly miserable, upon the accomplishment of our own vain wishes.

I once heard a young enthusiast say, that he would not, in any instance (if placed upon a jury, for the purpose of examining into a breach of promise, in which the plaintiff was of his own sex,) accord any compensation to the man: and I don't know but he was half right. (It is extraordinary, by the way, how such a mode of redress came to enter people's heads. Money, money, in England, appears to be the grand mediator—the anodyne for all injuries. No matter whether it be the head or heart that is broken—money is thought to be the only *sale fac.*) Man is an active stirring personage, who has abundant opportunities to court a kinder fortune, and who, in fact, looks upon all matters of this kind rather as *addenda* to his stock of enjoyment, than as constituting a main portion of it. But with woman the case is different. The sole end and aim of her earthly existence are centred in this one object—all her hope and all her happiness are hung upon it—and with its fall they must fall for ever.

Darvell was right in saying that he cut a mean figure on the occasion; for I found since, that, after the first shock was over, the lady not only abstained from all reproach or entreaty, but placed within his hands a packet of papers (of what nature I don't pretend to say,) which he had the manliness and generosity to put into his pocket. He has, to be sure, gained considerably by his breach of faith (for I cannot but think there was something of the kind in question.) He is now scorched beneath a Calcutta sun, with an ugly, ill-tempered, and *fat* (Bengal! think of that!) lady; and yet I scarcely can believe he is much happier than he might have been in this Highgate paradise, and in the love of the little beauty who is now pining away the remnant of her still life among the

"Dingles and bushy dells of these wild woods."

MY AUNT'S POODLE.

My Aunt Margaret has a poodle. It is, unquestionably, the ugliest little beast that ever bore the canine form. Nature has done nothing for it; and this neglect has been aggravated by a variety of accidents. Early in its puppy-days, one of its legs was broken by a fall through the spiral staircase, from the top of the house to the bottom; so that it limps.

Its eyes were villanous at the best of times; they were marked by a sly, suspicious, discontented leer, and never looked you honestly in the face. They gave the dog the air of a pickpocket; and I seldom ever met it without instinctively putting my hand to my watch or my purse. Had I any faith in transmigration, I should say that the soul of Bill Soames had passed into the ugly body of my old aunt's poodle. But, as if the natural expression of its eyes had been insufficient to render the beast hateful, an accident must needs occur to remove all doubt upon the point. Some months ago, the contents of a vial of spirits of hartshorn were overturned into Mr. Lovely's right eye (for Lovely is the appropriate name of the exquisite creature,) which said right eye has not only been ever since relieved of the performance of all optical duties, but it has assumed an appearance by no means so agreeable as to warrant a description. Its skin, too: the common saying, that "beauty is but skin-deep," would, in this instance, become a gross exaggeration, for Mr. Lovely's beauty is not even as deep as that. He is, to make a literal use of another common expression, in a very ugly skin. It is of no imaginable colour, a sort of yellowish-greenish-brownish gray—an unearthly, vampire tinge. And here, again, accident has stepped in to make bad worse. By the upsetting of a caldron of boiling water, the unlucky animal was wofully scalded; and to this hour he bears evidence of his sufferings, and his marvellous escape from death, in two large, ghastly, pink spots, one on his left side, the other on the nape of his neck, as free from hair as the palm of your hand. Now, though it would be impossible to like such a mass of

ugliness and deformity, yet, had it been a well-disposed, kind-hearted, unassuming, gentlemanly dog; a dog of prepossessing manners, respectable habits, decent conduct, and unimpeachable morals; or were it remarkable for its talents and accomplishments; one might, upon all or any of these accounts, and in consideration of its sufferings, have pitied and endured it. But no, as it is the ugliest, so it is the worst of created beasts: sulky, snarling, savage, and sneaking; thankless and dissatisfied; as arrant a thief as a magpie, as finished a vagabond as a butcher's cur; and, for accomplishments, it could not sit up upon its hinder legs, pick up a penny-piece, or fetch a handkerchief across the room, were either of those feats to be made its benefit of clergy.

It may be asked, why he at the pains of describing so worthless a beast? Because the beast, worthless as it is, is the sole arbiter of the destinies of the only remaining representatives of three ancient houses,—the Nolands, the Thwaites's, and the Briggs's. Besides, the beast has a clear income of 1200*l.* a year; or, which is the same thing, he has the disposal of it.

Yesterday was my old aunt Margaret's birth-day, when, as usual, all the members of her family were invited to dine with her. Poor Jack Noland and myself are her only *immediate* relations; the Briggs's (consisting of Mr. and Mrs. B., with their son and daughter, Pomponius and Julia,) and Miss Priscilla Thwaites (a maiden lady of fifty-seven,) being merely first cousins to her late husband. The assertion, that all the members of my aunt Margaret's family were invited to dine with her, requires some modification: nothing more must be understood by it than all such as enjoy the honour of Mr. Lovely's patronage, and have been wise enough to keep terms with him; for, besides the seven persons enumerated, there are fifteen others, who, owing to various offences committed by them against the peace and dignity of the rascally little poodle, are now no more considered by my aunt Margaret as her relations than Prester John.

Now, since aunt Margaret, as Jack Noland very sensibly observed to me the other day, cannot carry her money with her to the grave, it must be evident that the prospects of us seven, who still continue in favour, are improved by the removal of the unfortunate fifteen; but, in proportion as our places are more valuable, our duties, our cares, and our anxieties are more oppressive. The brute seems to be perfectly aware of this: he appears to have studied our dialikes and antipathies for the fiendish pleasure of exciting them; and he takes a diabolical delight in tormenting us to within an inch of the forfeiture of our legacies. He is, perhaps, more circumspect in his conduct towards me than towards the other expectants; for I long ago gave him a lesson which he has not yet quite forgotten. I am not of a very enduring temper; and finding Mr. Lovely, upon whose caprices my hopes depended, to be a dog whose good will was not to be won by gentleness—reflecting at the same time that the continual annoyance he inflicted upon me might one day or other force me beyond the bounds of prudence, provoke me to retaliate, and thereby cost me dearly—I resolved upon a decisive but dangerous measure, with a view to secure myself against his future aggressions. It was simply this: one morning, during my aunt Margaret's absence, in acknowledgment of an inhospitable growl at my entrance, and a manifest intention to bite, I flogged him in such a way as perfectly astonished him. He has ever since behaved to me as well as such a dog can behave.

But yesterday was, as poor Jack Noland forcibly described it, "a tremendous day for us all, and he hanged to the dog." Jack, by the way, is the *poor* cousin of our family, whose duty it is love and admire us all, to be of every body's way of thinking but his own, to execute all the disagreeable commissions of the family, and patiently bear the reproach when any

thing goes wrong.—“Ah, there again! 'tis Jack's fault, no doubt.” But Jack possesses many good qualities, and is a pleasant fellow when he is allowed to expand.

But a stern look of the Briggs, or a sneer of Miss Priscilla, will freeze the jest that is glowing at the very tip of his tongue; in which case Jack will watch an opportunity of taking me aside—for Jack and I are the best friends in the world—after a moment of most expressive silence, and with a smile which indicates his relish of his own wit, bestow upon me, after the following fashion, the entire benefit of some piece of pleasantry which he intended for the whole party. “I say, Tom; I'll tell you what I meant, to say—so and so—and I don't think it so bad! do you, Tom?” But to return—not one of us but, at some moment or other, saw our hopes of inheritance dangling by a single thread.

To be concluded in our next.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

MR. FORREST.—This gentleman commenced a short engagement at the Park, on Saturday evening last, in the character of Damon, which he played to admiration. His reception by the audience, which was very numerous, notwithstanding it was the last evening of the week, was the most warm and enthusiastic we have ever witnessed on a similar occasion; and, being heartfelt and sincere, must have been peculiarly grateful to his feelings. We do not announce his appearance as an article of intelligence, for most of our readers are already aware of the fact; but solely for the purpose of once more expressing our astonishment at the superior histrionic talents which distinguish this unrivalled young actor. The national pride which we feel in claiming him as an American, may possibly have its influence in the formation of our opinion of his professional excellence; but if it magnify the beauties of the portrait, it will at the same time render its blemishes more conspicuous. Mr. Forrest is not a faultless performer; we never said he was; but his imperfections, be they what they may, are rather evidences of his advancement up the steep acclivity, to whose summit he is aspiring, than of any radical defect in his intellectual or physical powers. Our greatest wonder is excited by the fact of his having ascended so far in so short a period. He is young in the profession as well as in years, and still has outstripped the most ambitious of his competitors, and even left many of the proudest veterans of the stage far, very far, in the back ground. Disdaining to copy even the most celebrated and perfect models, the incessant flashes of excellence which enlighten his path, all emanate from the fire of genius within. His beauties are all his own. He never borrows, but trades upon his own capital, which is daily increasing in almost geometrical progression. Barring accident and the exhaustion of his fine genius by the vividness of its own splendour, we hazard little in predicting that Mr. Forrest will one day be referred to as the Garrick of the western hemisphere.

But Mr. Forrest not only shines as a splendid luminary himself, he has also called forth light from sources which, but for him, would have for ever remained veiled and shrouded in the gloomy clouds of obscurity. He has supplied with the oil of hope and ambition, the expiring lamps of literary genius. He felt it as a reproach on his native country that she was indebted for all her dramatic recreations to foreign writers. He felt it, and instantly perceived the cause. With a man of his uncommon mind perception is action. Patronage alone was wanting to encourage the sons of genius to write for the stage; and what the public refused or neglected to do, Forrest resolved to do himself. By the offer of a very liberal premium for the best native tragedy, he at once put pens in motion which had been thrown down in despair, and has thus, no doubt, enriched the stage with several productions of superior merit, and placed at least *one* native dramatist in the path to fame.

CALIPH OF BAGDAD.—This new opera was produced last week, and has been thrice repeated, with increased effect each time. The managers of this theatre have done much towards the advancement of the science of music in this country, and indeed the Park is the only place where any thing deserving the name of an opera has had fair play. It is here that the public have been awed and delighted with the unearthly wildness and bold originality of Der Freischutz, the mellow richness

of Artaxerxes, and the alternate grandeur and gaiety of Oberon; but in no instance has a piece been produced reflecting greater credit on the establishment than the Caliph of Bagdad. The music is of a more light and cheerful cast than either of the three pieces above named, and it is the work of the celebrated French composer Adrien Boieldieu. French music, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is neither very fine nor particularly original, and indeed, France is one of the poorest countries in Europe in good musical compositions; yet the present is an agreeable exception to a general rule, and one proof of its excellence is, that the oftener it is heard the better it sounds. The marches and chorusses, particularly those at the end of the second and last acts, are of themselves a rich treat, and were rendered remarkably effective by the quantity, quality, and perfect discipline of the chorus singers employed. Mr. Mercer seemed to create universal surprise by the way in which he went through the part of the caliph; his voice is full and manly, and he both sung and played with judgment and spirit, though he was now and then guilty of his besetting sin, and did certainly, at times, make the light of the world, Haroun Al Raschid, the most illustrious caliph that ever sat cross-legged, utter his magnanimous sentences with a little of the brogue of the “Emerald Isle.” Mrs. Austin was of course the heroine, and perhaps that lady never appeared to greater advantage, which is saying a bold word; she was in excellent voice and warbled like a Persian nightingale—not that we ever heard that bird, but we pin our faith in its vocal powers upon what naturalists say and poets swear to. The manner in which she gave the songs, “Father, since that fatal day,” and “Oh, what delight the soldier knows,” was really delicious. Mrs. Hackett was cramped up in an unfortunate lachrymal and somnolent part, which we dare say tried both her own patience and that of the audience. Mrs. Sharpe was more fortunate, and had one of a gay and sprightly character, in which she sung well, and acted better than any person in the piece. The comic characters were in the hands of Messrs. Hilsen, Barnes, and Placide, and these gentlemen contrived to make a little go a great way. Placide, whom we look upon as the best comic singer in America, had a buffo song, (a very singular and exquisite composition) which received great applause and which moreover deserved it; two things that very seldom go together in comic singing. The fate of Mr. Woodhull really appears to be unvarying, and he was again in peril of his life. If this gentleman plays a character in a christian country, he is sure to do something that brings his neck within the compass of a halter, and if he travels east, as in the present instance, he subjects himself to the operation of the bowstring. Altogether the Caliph of Bagdad is well worthy the attention of the public both for the music itself, and the manner in which it is executed. To those who delight in outward ornament, it may be stated, that the dresses are showy and appropriate; Mrs. Austin's costume was costly in the extreme, and Mr. Richings was made happy by a splendid pair of green satin unmentionables.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Southern Polar Expedition.—The vessels equipped for this expedition are two substantial brigs of about two hundred tons each, comprising a crew of twenty-eight men to each vessel, with ample provisions for a voyage of two years. They left the harbour on Friday, the sixteenth inst. and are supposed to have gone to sea the next day. The intention is to cruise near the icy circle, and to penetrate as far south as the nature of things will permit. It is understood to be the design of Mr. Reynolds, who has the direction of the project, to explore, as far as it may be practicable, the South Atlantic and South Pacific oceans. It was long ago stated that navigators of those seas had discovered more than two hundred islands and shoals, which were not laid down in any chart whatever. The importance of ascertaining correctly their latitude and longitude, or of even a part of them, must be evident to every person who feels the least interested in the rich products which they yield. American whalers and other navigators are incessantly engaged in pursuits which call them to that region of the globe; and their personal safety, not less than their private concerns and those of the nation at large, require that they should have the benefit of such assistance and instruction as shall enable them to avoid the dangers with which they are threatened, and to return to their native country with safety, bringing with them the fruits of their useful but severe labours. These considerations derive increased force from the well known fact, that the trade to those quarters extends itself in proportion to our growing population and wealth.

* We will endeavour to give this song to our readers next week.

The knowledge of the southern hemisphere is less perfect than of any other division of the world, but it is believed to hold out stronger inducements to bold and enterprising navigators than those with which we are familiarly acquainted. It is presumed that such discoveries will be made, as to open to persevering and skilful nautical men, additional sources of trade of inestimable value. Should new and valuable islands be found, or should they touch upon the skirts of a southern continent, the benefits might hereafter be incalculably great. Emoluments might result that would be not less acceptable to individual enterprise, than gratifying to the national feeling. Every acquisition of the kind would enlarge the sphere of knowledge, promote the cause of science, and add to the reputation of the country. All new discovered lands would become the property of the United States.

It is really cause of much gratulation to know that Mr. Reynolds, who has the chief, if not the sole government of the expedition, after experiencing many disappointments, and contending with numerous difficulties, has started on the bold scheme of exploring the southern oceans, and under very favourable auspices. One thing alone is a source of regret—and of very sincere and deep regret. The narrow policy and contemptible economy of our national rulers, who withheld all support from the manly undertakers who have embarked in the noble project solely on the strength of private contributions. Whatever may be the honour resulting from the expedition, the government will merit none of it. A gentleman from Albany, distinguished for his scientific acquirements, accompanies Mr. Reynolds. They have with them a good library for their instruction and amusement.—We take peculiar pleasure in recording the well timed liberality of the Lyceum of this city, who gave five hundred dollars with a view to aid in the scientific operations.—May heaven decree to the bold adventurers prosperous gales, an honorable and successful issue to their toils, and a safe and happy return.

Fair of the American Institute.—Among the passing events it will be expected that we notice the fair held in this city last week, and which closed on Saturday evening. For four days the great room of the Masonic-hall was thronged with visitors. On the lowest calculation, thirty thousand people were admitted in the course of the four days. From five to six hundred feet of tables were covered with articles displaying the ingenuity and invention of our mechanics, manufacturers, and artisans. In addition to which, one entire side was crowded with pianos, bedsteads, &c. Hanging above, on each side and at the ends, were specimens of utility and ornament that exceeded any thing we have ever seen before. From the orchestra were suspended carpets, laces, and cloths of various kinds. At each corner of the room machines were in motion, that gave life and interest to the scene. At the first corner on the right, was a power-loom, constructed on the most approved model, and weaving a piece of fine broadcloth, two and a quarter yards wide. At the next corner, a card-making machine, moved by a small steam engine, was performing its wonderful operations with an accuracy that the most delicate fingers could not equal. Few machines have ever been constructed that bear any comparison with this in showing the perfection of human skill. We could scarcely believe that the machine was not endowed with intellect, so minutely perfect were all its movements. At the next corner, a cotton and silk spinning-machine was in operation, surrounded by admiring spectators; and opposite, a miniature printing-press, on a new construction, was rapidly throwing off impressions of the first address of the American Institute.

We regret that we have not time to enter into a detail of the merits of the various articles. We cannot, however, forbear making a few remarks. In the great staple of woollens, very considerable advances have been made during the year. The finish of some of the broadcloths extorted admiration even from British dealers and manufacturers, and acknowledgments that we are rivaling them in their ingenuity and skill. In the article of flannels, which are pronounced to be equal to those manufactured in any country, and even superior to many, it is presumed that the community will be chiefly supplied from domestic sources. Those denominated printed flannels, have equal claims to commendation. Specimens of felted cloth (a recent invention) show that floor cloths, &c. can be made without spinning or weaving, and at a cost that is but trifling beyond that of the material. By this contrivance a vast amount of labour is dispensed with, and a cloth produced preferable to that which requires the agency of the spindle and loom. In the department of cottons, particularly those printed, they are found to be in no respect inferior to the same description of imported goods. In silver and britannia ware, jewelry, cutlery, and hardware, of almost every kind, the exhi-

bitions were most extraordinary. Unrivalled skill and taste were displayed in saddlery, and in the manufacture of coloured, pressed, and cut glass. Hats and caps, of the utmost beauty and newest fashion, made of fur, leather, and cloth, and tastefully ornamented, were shown in great numbers. Pianos, of splendid workmanship, and of the finest tones, engrossed universal admiration. Flint-stone ware, glazed and metallic bronzed leather, and more particularly the extensive display of superfine writing-paper and book-binding, together with an infinite variety of other articles, which it is impossible to enumerate, but all having the highest claims to notice, furnished incontestable evidence of the genius of our countrymen.

Dr. Harris.—This justly beloved and respected individual, who, for so many years filled the distinguished office of president of Columbia College, closed his mortal career on Sunday last, after an afflictive and protracted illness of many months. His unobtrusive but efficient usefulness in the elevated station which he adorned by his private virtues, and graced by his dignified and amiable deportment, his pure and irreproachable life, his piety, benevolence, and zeal for the cause of letters, will long preserve his memory green in the recollection of the community, and endear his very name to the numerous and wide-scattered band who identify their literary and classical honours with the hallowed sanction of his authority. Few were the personal opportunities of converse which we enjoyed with the deceased, but those few tended, in no ordinary degree, to impress us with the most lively admiration of his religious zeal, his moral excellence, and the profound interest he cherished for the institution over which he presided. His funeral obsequies were attended on Tuesday by a respectable and numerous concourse, among whom were to be discerned hundreds of students and graduates, whose solemn and melancholy demeanour bore witness to the deep sense they experienced of the irreparable loss they had sustained in the death of their lamented and virtuous president.

New-York Sacred Music Society.—It is not perhaps generally known that a society, whose object is to diffuse and cultivate a correct taste for the higher order of musical compositions, was incorporated last winter, and is now organized under the charter, with great prospects of success. Most of the amateur, and much of the professional musical talent of the city, is already connected with the society, and the manner in which the sublime compositions of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, &c. are already performed, reflects great credit on the conductors and members generally. We were furnished with tickets for a public rehearsal a few evenings since, and were delighted with the pieces performed, and the style of performing them. We understand that a regulation of the society provides for a class of individuals, who, by the payment of a certain sum, acquire the right for one year of being present at all the public rehearsals, and at any performance the society may give. This we think an excellent provision, as it enables those who are pleased with the "concord of sweet sounds" to enjoy this gratification, and, at the same time, further the objects of the society (one of which is benevolent) without connecting themselves therewith as members, and we hope that our citizens will by their countenance and support, enable the society ere long, to offer us those rich treats of musical performances, now known to us only by name, or the mention we see made of them in European papers.

Rybrant de Cruce.—A novel in two volumes, published last week by the brothers Harper. A clever and well written work, not by any means so bad as to deserve reproach, nor yet (for the truth must be told) so very good that the reading world would have been much the loser had it not been written. The story is well wrought out and is interesting; but then it is not too perfect in point of probability or (which is about the same thing) truth to nature. The same may be said of the personages treated of; they are well drawn, (that is, distinctly and consistently) but cannot be said to be copies from life. Rybrant de Cruce, however, is a better book than five out of every ten novels that are published in England and reprinted here; and is, to say the least, as good as three of the other five; or in other words, out of every ten there are not above two that are better worth reading than this.

It comes too from among a clever family, being from the pen of a sister of that Captain Head who, some three or four years since, scampered over the Cordilleras with such courageous rapidity, and published an account of his peregrinations that was quite as amusing as they were bold and hazardous.

Waldegrave, published week before last, has about the same degree of merit as the novel just spoken of; some of the descriptions of Italian scenery in particular are very glowing and magnificent. But the best book since Devereux, is one

that the Harpers have now in press, called *Sketches of Irish Character*, by Mrs. Hall—(the same lady, by the way, who was for some time supposed to be the writer of the *Hungarian Tales* and the *Romances of Real Life*.) These sketches are much in the manner of Miss Mitford, and give as entertaining an idea of an Irish village and its inhabitants, as her volumes of an English one—with the additional merit, as we suspect, of being more strictly correct in point of likeness.

"Good Society."—In our present number will be found a tale of "good society." It is almost superfluous to remark that its satire is not levelled at the polished or well-educated; but solely at those pretenders, who, like the frog in the fable, aspire to ape their superiors; whose foibles they assume because unable to emulate their virtues. No one will be more amused by the easy spirit of the communication in question, than those who possess the most undisputed claim to the very best society.

Jail and Bridewell.—Are these unseemly and unsightly edifices never to be removed? After all that has been said on this subject is nothing to be done? The public voice is decidedly in favour of the improvement; so much so, that we venture to assert, that were it put to vote at the ensuing election, there would scarcely be a negative ticket offered at the polls. It would not be a bad plan for our inhabitants to come to the conclusion not to vote for any person as alderman, or assistant, unless he pledged himself to exert his influence to brush away these two disgusting excrescences.

P. S.—We had written thus far, when a worthy friend of ours, a member of the board, who had "just dropped in" to invite us to take a bowl of turtle at Niblo's, (an invitation, by the way, which we mean to accept, as such palatable offers come but seldom;) reminded us that a committee had been appointed, a long time ago, to select a suitable location for a new jail and bridewell, and report the same to the board. This committee, it seems, appointed a sub-committee to relieve them from the task, and this sub-committee say that they cannot find a spot that will answer the purpose. There is no doubt that the state legislature will consent to cede back part of the arsenal in Elm-street, for which they have no further use, and a more eligible spot is not to be found within the same distance from the City-hall. The ground is low, it is admitted, but epidemics have never visited the vicinity; and when the "court end" of our city has been depopulated by the yellow-fever, Elm-street has been totally exempt from it.

Sailors at the theatre.—The other evening, part of the crew of the Brandywine attended the Park theatre, to witness the performance of a nautical ballet, got up for the occasion. The hero of the piece, Mr. Parker, was a shipwrecked sailor, who applied for rest and refreshment at a public-house, but was repulsed by the landlord, (because he had no ready rhino,) and spurned from the door, before which he threw himself in a paroxysm of despair. A sailor in the pit could not stand this, but immediately made his way upon the stage, evidently with the intention of interfering in behalf of his ill-treated shipmate. Relief, however, was nearer at hand than he imagined, for, at that moment, a whole ship's crew entered from behind the scenes, with flying colours and bags of money, having just been paid off. The shipwrecked sailor was immediately raised from the ground, and furnished with "new rigging" by his free-hearted deliverers, among whom our adventurer from the pit figured away in great style, to the no small amusement of the audience.

The Park.—The late improvements in the vicinity of the City-hall have deservedly met with universal approbation; and it is most "devoutly to be wished," that our corporation will thus be encouraged to go on in the "goodly work," and neither become "weary in well-doing," nor sit down content with small attainments in excellence. The curb-stones and temporary railings which define the paths that intersect the park, and protect the grass-plots from the blighting footprints of idlers, have so well answered the intended purpose, that the whole park is now, at this advanced season, one verdant lawn, covered with a luxuriant carpet of green. What a contrast with its appearance for several preceding years, when it presented the miniature likeness of a sandy desert, interspersed with strips of parched heath.

Clinton-Hall.—The floor timbers of the second story of this magnificent building are already laid; some of the partition walls are ready for a third tier; and the ponderous granite columns on which the exterior walls are to rest, are nearly all in their places. This edifice will be an ornament to the city; as the institution by which it is erected is an honour to the country.

Pure water.—When is this city to be blest with a constant supply of pure and wholesome water? The corporation are now expending thousands of dollars in sinking wells, laying pipes, and constructing cisterns for extinguishing fires; but not a cent has been appropriated to the more important object of giving us wholesome water to extinguish our thirst; as if property was of more value than health! They are now building a tower—"whose top will reach to—" perhaps not quite so high as that of Shinar—near the junction of the Third Avenue and the Bowery. This huge pile of stone and mortar is to support a reservoir, which will be filled with water by a steam-engine, from a well now sinking at the foot of its base. The cost of this project, with a trifling addition, would extend the present line of pipes to the Bronx-river, which is of itself an inexhaustible reservoir of the purest water, many feet higher than the most elevated part of this city. The pipes once laid, the unchangeable laws of nature would do the rest—they would be eternally full, without the aid of steam, though a public fountain were to play continually at every corner, and a fire engine at every plug.

What next?—Seiltanzer Herr Cline has had his day, until our wonder-loving citizens have become so familiar with "grand ascensions on the elastic cord," with wheelbarrows, &c. that his daring feats have ceased to astonish, and are no longer considered novelties. Herr Cline is therefore "laid on the shelf," and all excited tastes are shortly to be gratified by the celebrated Cubano, another seiltanzer, who, disdaining the vulgar support of a rope, is in the habit of ascending three hundred feet on a small attenuated wire. When this exploit ceases to excite admiration by repetition, we shall expect to behold some new imported seiltanzer ascend a thousand feet on a horse-hair, drive tandem up the web of a spider, or perhaps scale the battlements of the skies on a ray of light darted from the milky way. But after all, we feel a strong predilection in favour of the good old-fashioned New-England mode of doing these things—where such grand ascensions are always made by venerable spinsters, mounted upon birch-brooms, with which they are said to

"Sweep the cobwebs off the sky."

Portrait of George IV.—Ladies, artists, connoisseurs, and the admirers of the fine arts generally, may be much gratified by calling at Bourne's, Broadway, and examining a fine portrait of the present king of Great Britain. It is an India proof of an exquisite line engraving by Finders, taken from the original picture by Sir Thomas Laurence, just imported direct from London, by Bourne, whose enterprise and exertions in the cause of the fine arts, deserve liberal support.

Brick-meeting Church.—This well-known building has recently undergone some judicious improvements and repairs. Among others, it has been newly painted, inside and out, from the ground to the weathercock. This latter appendage we are happy to announce, will now traverse, and no longer obstinately point due east, as it had previously done for several years, to the great annoyance and injury of hypochondriacs and other valetudinarians, to whom an east wind is worse than the siroc of Africa.

New map of the United States.—The late assistant-postmaster general is about publishing a new and improved map of the United States, which will comprise more than twenty square feet. Its peculiar excellence will consist in having distinctly marked and designated all the post-offices, post roads, and distances; boundaries of counties, towns, and villages; mountains, rivers, and other natural features of the country. All of which must prove of great utility to merchants and others, as they are not to be found elsewhere.

Covent-Garden Theatre.—This establishment was very unsuccessful last season, while Stephen Price was building up old Drury. By the last accounts it is stated that Macready, the actor, has offered a loan of one thousand pounds sterling, and his gratuitous services for one year to keep up Covent Garden, provided Kean, Kemble, and some other eminent performers would unite with him.

Brief correspondence.—The following laconic correspondence, which has been handed to us for publication, is said to have occurred on Monday last. A dandy, wishing to inquire if a tailor would give him credit for a coat, wrote thus:

City Hotel, October 19, 1829.

SIR—Coat on tick? Please answer. Yours, J. D.

THE REPLY.

Monday, October 19, 1829.

SIR—It won't answer. Yours, C. W.

Mr. William Steven is our authorised collector for this city.

THE ESSAYIST.

FROM THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.

MY NEW COAT.

A FRAGMENT.

I NEVER was so miserable in all my life, as the day I put on my new coat. My misery was heightened by the circumstance, that I expected to be particularly happy. I put it on after breakfast. It fitted me exceedingly well, and I have rather a handsome figure—at least, so my tailor tells me. I had been reading Miss Landon's "Improvisatrice;" but the moment I put on my new coat, I found that my thoughts wandered to Prince's-street, and I could no longer participate in the sorrows of her heroine. I buttoned my new coat; for the greatest natural philosophers inform us, that we should always wear a new coat buttoned, that it may get a habit of sitting close to the body. I buttoned my new coat, and sallied forth. I passed through the western divisions of George-street. It struck me that there was an unusual number of ladies at the windows. I did not care: I was sure that my new coat had a fashionable cut; so I said to myself, "they may look at it if they please." I resolved, however, not to walk as if I were conscious that I wore a new coat. I assumed an easy, good-humoured, condescending kind of air; and the expression of my countenance seemed benevolently to indicate that I would have addressed a few words to an old friend, even although he appeared in a coat that I had seen him in six months before. I did not wear my Indian handkerchief in my breast; for I look upon that as a stratagem to which men should resort only when the front parts of their coat get threadbare. I put my handkerchief (it is real India, and I have only one of the sort) into my coat pocket, and I allowed one of the yellow corners to hang out as if by accident. I occasionally conveyed it from my pocket to my face; but, when I replaced it, a yellow corner, by the same accident, always hung out.

At the corner of Castle-street, several porters touched their hats to me; and two maid-servants, who were standing at the top of their area-stair, looked after me till I was out of sight. When I came to where the coaches are, opposite the assembly-rooms, three or four men asked me if I wanted a coach; but, though the compliment rather pleased me, I declined their offers in a dignified and gentlemanly manner. Just as I passed Gardner's shop, or between that and M'Diarmid's, an individual, rather shabbily dressed, whispered in my ear, "Any old clothes to sell, sir?" I answered, "no!" rather gruffly; for my first impression was, that a kind of sneer was intended at my new coat: but on reflection, I feel convinced that these old-clothes-men only address persons of gentlemanly appearance; and therefore I take this opportunity of publicly expressing my regret for my severity to the individual in question, who, I am sorry to repeat, was rather shabbily dressed. Hitherto I had met with little to ruffle me.

Just as I turned into South Hanover-street, I rubbed against a white phantom, who passed on as if nothing had happened, but who left the whole of my right arm and shoulder covered with flour and dust. The daring villain was a baker, and with a ruthless barbarity worthy only of a lineal descendant of the murderer Haggart, he had attempted to destroy for ever my coat and my happiness. Fortunately, an obliging footman, who was near me at the time, seeing my distress, lifted his hand, and, by a pretty violent application of it to my back and side, succeeded in restoring me to comparative peace of mind. I got into Prince's-street. The sun was shining brightly; all the world was abroad; but I did not meet with one whose coat was so new as my own. I felt my superiority; I perceived that I was an object of universal attention. I don't know how many black eyes glanced sunshine into mine; I cannot recollect the number of blue ogles that stole my heart at every step. Opposite Blackwood's shop, a gentleman, in a blue surtout and green spectacles, stopped me, and addressing me in French, gave me to understand that he was a Spanish refugee—very poor and very miserable—and that, as he had been informed I was celebrated for my charitable actions, he hoped I would afford him a little assistance. I was rather pleased at the stranger's address; but how he came to be informed that I was celebrated for my charitable actions, I confess I cannot very well comprehend; for, with the exception of a penny I threw to a little boy who continued scraping on the fiddle under my window one day after dinner when I was falling asleep, I do not think I have given away a farthing in charity for the last nine months. The Spanish refugee, however, in green spectacles, had done me the honour to single me out, probably in consequence of the air of distinction which my new coat gave me, and it would have been very inhuman

in me not to have presented him with half-a-crown. He received it with much gratitude, and I went on towards the Calton-hill.

Passing the Waterloo hotel, I encountered a cloud of dust, which I did not at all like, but which I was philosopher enough to submit to in silence. Severer evils were awaiting me. After I had ascended the hill, the day suddenly overcast; big, heavy drops of rain began to fall—faster and faster—till a thunder-shower came tumbling down with irresistible violence. Good heaven! rain—thunder-rain upon a new coat—the very first day I had ever put it on! I turned back—I ran—I flew—but in vain! Before I could reach the nearest place of shelter I was completely drenched. I could have wept, but I was in too great agony to think of weeping.—When I got to the east end of Prince's-street, there was not a coach on the stand. I might have gone into Barry's or Mackay's, but it would have been of no use—I was as wet as I could be. I walked straight home through the splashing streets. I do not think I was in my right reason. I was to have dined out in my new coat, and now it would never look new again! It was soaked in water. I put my hand in my pocket mechanically to take out my silk handkerchief—I don't know why: heaven and earth! it was gone: my pocket had been picked! I had lost my new silk handkerchief. The horrible conviction flashed upon me that the Spanish refugee in green spectacles, who had complimented me on my charitable actions, and to whom I had given half-a-crown, took it from me!

I reached home, more dead than alive. I threw off my coat, and sent it to the kitchen to be dried. My cook is a very good woman, but she is rather fat. I sat by myself, meditating upon the uncertainty of human life. My reverie lasted a long while. Suddenly an odour like that of a singed sheep's head reached me. I started up; in a moment the fatal truth crossed my mind; I rushed into the kitchen; my cook was fast asleep: and my coat was smoking before the fire, burned brown in a dozen different places, with here and there several small holes. I seized a carving-knife to stab the cook to the heart; but, in my impetuosity, I tumbled over a kitchen tub, and as I fell, my head struck with a bump upon the cook's lap. She started up, and calling me a "base monster," fled from the kitchen as fast as her dumpy limbs could carry her dumper carcass. I thought of committing suicide; but just at that moment the chambermaid came to tell me that the tailor had called to know how I liked my new coat. I pushed my arm through one of the holes that had been burned in the back of it—trottered into the dining-room where he was waiting for me—and fell in a swoon at his feet!

VARIETIES.

HANDEL.—The passages from scripture which form the oratorios of this great composer, were selected by the Rev. Dr. Morell, the editor of Ainsworth's Dictionary, and the author of many works of learning and merit. The doctor also wrote original works for some of Handel's oratorios. One morning about five o'clock he was roused from his bed by Handel, who would not enter the house, but desired that the doctor would answer him from his bed-room window. As soon as the latter appeared, half asleep, with his night-cap on, he asked Handel the reason of his sudden and unseasonable visit. "You have writ de vord *billow* for the oratorio, vich I don't understand," said Handel. As soon as the doctor understood him, he told the great musician that *billow* meant "*vare*, as a *vare* of the sea."—"Oh, *de vare*," said Handel, and returned quickly to town without offering the least apology for the untimely disturbance. Dr. Morell lived at Turnham-green.

COUNT DE LAURAGUAI.—This nobleman was the most luxurious, the most splendid, the most gallant, of all the nobles of the court of Louis XVI.; but at last he gave up his style of magnificence, and was seen ill-dressed and ill-appointed, affecting the simplicity of a peasant of the Danube. I recollect one day, says M. Segur, he came to me in the morning in his cynic costume, but with his countenance lighted up with pleasure. "And what is the cause," I asked him, "of this unaccustomed good humour?" "My friend," he answered, "I am the happiest of men—I am at last completely ruined!" "On my word," I said, "this is a strange sort of happiness: and one which might incline a man rather to hang himself." "You are wrong, my dear friend," was his answer, "so long as I was only embarrassed, I was overwhelmed with discomfort—persecuted, beaten to and fro between hope and fear. Now I find myself quite ruined, I am independent—tranquil; delivered from all uneasiness and from all care."

IMPORTANCE OF DINNER.—The deputies from Marseilles, in addressing Henry IV., wished to display their erudition, and began their discourse thus: "Hannibal, when he left

Carthage,"—At these words, the king, interrupting them, said, "Hannibal, when he left Carthage, had had his dinner, and I am going to take mine."

LORD MANSFIELD.—When this judge was on the circuit, a woman was indicted for witchcraft. The inhabitants of the place were exasperated against her: and, among other proofs of her being a witch, they deposed that she had been seen walking in the air with her feet upwards. His lordship heard the evidence with great patience and tranquillity, and, deeming it not prudent to irritate the people by scouting the indictment in the terms which it deserved, he thus addressed them: "Admitting that this woman has walked in the air, as you have said, with her feet upwards, she was born in England as well as yourselves; she, consequently, can only be judged by the laws of the country: now, as I know not of any law that forbids walking in the air with the feet upwards, we all have a right to do so with impunity. I see, therefore, no reason for this prosecution; and the poor woman may return home when she pleases, either walking in the air, or on earth, as she finds most convenient."

STILLINGFLEET.—King Charles II. asked this divine how it came about that he always read his sermons before him when he preached extempore elsewhere? He told the king, that the awe he felt at so noble an audience made him afraid to trust himself, unless he put his discourse into writing. "But pray," says Stillingfleet, "may I be permitted to ask a similar question? Why does your majesty read your speeches, who can feel no awe from the presence of superiors?" "Why, truly," replied the king, "the question is a fair one, and so shall be my answer. By reading my speech, I keep my eye upon the paper; for I have asked supplies from the commons so heavily, and they have granted them so often, that *we are ashamed to look each other in the face*."

OLIVER CROMWELL.—This celebrated character in English history being afraid of cabals from the expelled family, thought it dangerous to permit persons, particularly noblemen, to leave the kingdom without leave. A young nobleman in the interest of Charles II. came to pay his respects to the protector and solicit leave of absence from the country. Cromwell immediately granted the request, but said, "Well, let me see you soon again; but don't see Charles Stuart." "I will not, upon my honour," replied the peer. The nobleman soon returned, and coming to pay his duty to the protector, Cromwell snatched his hat out of his hands, and with a penknife quickly cut open the lining, and from the inside took out several letters and papers directed to the friends of Charles. "O shame!" cried Oliver, "is this the way the English nobles keep their honour? Did you not promise not to see Charles Stuart?" "I did not see him," answered the nobleman. "Then," said Cromwell, "who put out the candle—you or Charles?" Oliver had cunningly contrived to put a spy of his own into the peer's service, who discovered that at the interview the king first put out the lights.

LEANDER OUTDONE.—The Ipsariot women are beautiful, courageous, and capable of the most heroic acts. Almost all of them can swim. The aunt of captain Cannaris, a strong woman of sixty years of age, saved her life at the taking of Ipsara, by swimming three miles.

VARILLAS.—Some one represented to this historian, that he had disguised the truth in one of his narrations. "That may be," replied he; "but what does it signify! Is not the thing better as I tell it?"

NATIONAL OPINIONS.—A traveller in Turkey observes, that it is a folly to make the taste or morality of our own country the standard of that of any other.—What is considered beauty in one country, is deemed deformity in another. This national phenomenon is pretty fairly stated in the following:

An Englishman considers Turkish courage to be ferocity; religion, fanaticism; wisdom, craftiness; policy, perfidy; tactics, treachery; philosophy, taciturnity; beauty, obesity; dignity, arrogance; love, lust; sentiment, sensuality.

A Turk considers European morality to be infidelity; science, witchcraft; precaution, impiety; liberty, licentiousness; modesty, indecorum; matrimony, solitary confinement; gallantry, debauchery; politeness, frivolity; gaiety, imbecility; genius, penknife making.

Wallack performed with much success at Paris in the latter end of July. He is called in the Paris newspapers, the *Adonis* of the French stage.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

DEAR SIR—Some three or four years since, while perusing Herodotus, I fell in with his account of a memorable rhyming wight, yeleft ARION. Being taken with the poetic mania about that time, I adopted the name of said minstrel, and made my debut in it soon after. Since then another wooer of the muses, has been pleased to fall in love with the same appellation, and make it his alias also. Here then are two Dromios before the public, each liable to be mistaken for the other, and flattered or flogged accordingly. Now, being a respecter of equity and good conscience, I am unwilling that my namesake should be exposed to any critical flagellation by fault or misdemeanor of mine, and therefore I yield to him all right and title to said signature. I would not rob him of his fame—the dearest, and not unfrequently, the only blessing of which a poet is possessed. I will be satisfied with the veriest pittance of praise, upon which my own merit "hath a lien." The Mirror is the only paper for which I write.

PROTEUS.

It was not beauty's outward mien,
That won my heart to thee;
For I a fairer form have seen,
Eyes of more witchery.
And I have seen a darker tress
O'ershade a whiter brow;
A cheek of richer tintedness,
A lip of rubier glow.

Yet these man's wild and wayward heart
To love can never bind,
Unless a kindred counterpart
Is mirror'd by the mind.

It was thy spirit's gentle air,
So indescribable—
That formed my frail heart's guileless snare,
Its siren and its spell.

Each free and joyous word, that flowed
In music from thy tongue,
Like gush of marble fountain, showed
The pure source whence it sprung.
I never saw a cloud come o'er
Thy brow of virgin snow,
Except when pity bade thee pour
The tear for others' woe.

Oft in our beamy walks by night,
With fancy's influence fraught,
While gazing on thy face of light,
All radiant with thought,
I've deemed thou wert that long-lost star,
Bright Pleione's birth,
That, pitying, from thy home afar,
Came down to gladden earth.

For sure thy young heart's purity,
Its passions and its powers,
Are all too perfect, love, to be
Of this frail world of ours.
Therefore I loved thee, as one might
A bride by angels given,
Within whose bosom dwells the light
Of innocence and heaven!

PROTEUS.

APOLOGUE.

My little girl, the other day,
(Three years of age a month ago,) Wounded her finger while at play,
And saw the crimson fluid flow.
With pleading optics, raining tears,
She sought my aid, in terror wild;
I smiling said—"dismiss your fears,
"And all shall soon be well, my child."
Her little bosom ceased to swell,
While she replied, with calmer brow,
"I know that you can make it well,
"But how, papa? I don't see how."

Our children oft intreat us thus
For succour, or for recompence,
They look with confidence to us,
As we should look to Providence.
For each infantile doubt and fear,
And every little childish grief
Is uttered to a parent's ear,
With full assurance of relief.
A grateful sense of favours past,
Incites them to petition now,
With faith in succour to the last,
Although they can't imagine how.

And shall I doubtfully repine,
When clouds of dark affliction lower?
A tenderer father still is mine,
Of greater mercy, love, and power:
He clothes the lily, feeds the dove,
The meanest insect feels his care;
And shall not man confess his love,
Man, his own offspring and his heir?
Yes, though he slay, I'll trust him still,
And still with resignation bow;
He may relieve, he can, he will—
Although I cannot yet see how.

REUBEN.

HEBREW MELODY.

Hebrew. Jer. xvii. 2.

They come—on spirit wings, they come,
The laughing heart, the careless glee,
The glowing lights of childhood's home,
And all that I have lost for thee—
In joy have Judah's minstrels met,
Why sweep the weary harp-strings yet?

Still towers in pride thy pine-crowned hill—
Thy zabi sips its pearly dew*—
And Yemen's fountain murmurs still
In music as 'twas wont to do.

Why may not Judah catch the tone
That breathes in rapture all thine own?
In vain from dreams I drink the thrill
That woke young echo in my breast,

Oh, for the tomb-sleep, deep and still,
Where Judah's heart at last may rest—
For gems and stars that round me shine
Breathe but, my land, that such were thine.

NORNA.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHTS.

"The memory of the temple is embalmed in all our recollections of the beautiful romance of the middle ages, for the red cross knights were the last band of Europe's host that contended for the possession of Palestine."—*Chivalry*.

Knights! to the conflict—on!
No soldier band 'tis ours to lead,
No trophied victory our meed,
No pledge of battle won;
But banner rent, and broken cross,
Our life blood o'er the wither'd moss
Our tread has been upon.

Well was the holy sign
Blood-red upon our banners dyed;
For blood has been the gushing tide
Upon the ruin'd shrine.
Our fearless hearts have sought to screen,
While woe and anguish came between
Us and our country's vine.

Come forth to die alone—
Be this the bliss of memory,
This the reward of bravery
For what our swords have done;
We sully not our warrior name,
We do what virtue, valour claim,
Knights! to the conflict—on!

Uprear the cross on high—
Its last brave champions we stand,
The remnant of a warrior band,
On the red earth to lie;
Come to the closing sacrifice,
Our comrades' grave our rallying place,
Come to the trench to die!

HINDA.

AN ARABIAN LOVE SONG.

The nightingale's soft voice I hear,
The tuneful tenant of the grove;
I listen with unheeding ear,
For Lilla's voice alone I love.

The antelope bounds gaily by,
The deer in playful troops advance;
But, ah, they do not charm my eye
Like Lilla's steps within the dance.

Music may all its charms combine,
Bugle and harp, and horn and flute;
To me they are not so divine
As the soft tones of Lilla's lute.

Yet 'tis not Lilla's lute or song,
That can alone my bosom cheer;
'Tis not to these the charms belong—
It is—the songstress is so dear.

THYREA.

* "Zabi, the gazelle.—Sir W. Jones's Asiatic Researches.

ORIGINAL TALES.

A NIGHT ON THE BANKS OF TENNESSEE.

"AND can you tell us whether we are right in our way to Brown's ferry?" demanded I from a man on horseback, who came pacing towards us, in a narrow cart track on the banks of the Tennessee.

It was growing dark; the mists hung gray and heavy over the woods and waters, and gave to the landscape a bewildering chaotic appearance, so as to render it impossible to discern any object at more than three yards distance. Nearly as long as this digression was the pause of the rider. At last he answered in a tone which, from its singular modulation, I think must have been accompanied with a shake.

"Way to Brown's ferry? Mayhap you mean Cox's ferry?"

"Well then, Cox's ferry," replied I, with some impatience.

"Why now, you are long five miles off, and may as well turn your horse's head. I guess you are strangers in this part of the country?"

"The devil," whispered friend R—ds; "we are in the hands of a yankee. He guesses already."

The rider had in the meanwhile pressed closer to our gig, in spite of the thorns and brambles, and the narrowness of the cart track. As far as we could discern, he was still young but lean and lank, with a cadaverous countenance, and metal buttons on his coat.

"And so you have mistaken the road?" said he, after a due pause, during which the heavy mists had gathered into a moderate rain. "A strange mistake, when the ferry lays not fifteen rods out of the way, and that leads broad and open down the river. A strange mistake, to go up the river instead of going down!"

"What do you mean by that?" asked both of us at the same time.

"Why you are gone up the Tennessee, and are on the road to B——," replied the presumptive yankee.

"To B——?" exclaimed we, in a voice in which a sort of ludicrous stupor and astonishment were so strongly blended, that the yankee asked,

"And you didn't intend to go to B——?"

"How far is it from here?" asked I.

"Why, how far?" quoth the man of the metal buttons; "it aint very far, but not quite so near neither, as you may reckon. I guess you know Squire Dimple?"

"I wish your Squire Dimple was at ——," muttered I.

"No, we dont."

"And where may you be going to?" now began our tormenting rider, who seemed to be water proof.

"To Florence—to embark for New-Orleans," was our reply.

"Ay, as fine a town as there is in the country, now aint it so? and a fine market too. How is flour up country? They say it is six and four levies, and corn seven and a flip. Butter three fips."

"Are you mad?" burst I out, and raising the horsewhip at the same time; "to keep us here with your flour and butter, and fips and levies, when the rain descends in streams."

"Ay," drawled the young man out, however without changing his posture, or accelerating the motion of his tongue. "If you will try your butt-end, I don't care a farthing. I should like to see the man who can whip Isaac Shifty."

"The road, the road, Mr. Isaac Shifty," interjected my friend in a soothing train.

The young man turned to him, and said after a while,

"I guess you are store-keepers?"

"No, sir."

"And what profession may you be following?"

The answer brought another of his scrutinizing glances at us.

"And so you intend," asked he, "to go down the Mississippi in the Jackson?"

"Yes, sir."

"A fine steamboat she is, sure enough, now aint she? But you won't take that there thing with your nag down the river?"

"Yes, we will."

"Why, you hav'nt seen two women in a dearborn?"

"No, we have not."

"Well, then," said our yankee, "it is too late at any rate to go back to the ferry, and mayhap there might be danger too. So keep jist that road till you come to a big walnut tree—there it forks; take the right hand road for half a mile, till you come to Dim's fence—turn then into the lane, to the right through the sugar-camp for about forty rods, take then the left hand road till you come near Breaknecksink—there you turn hard to the right, and that will bring you to B—c. You cannot miss the road," added he in a confident tone, giving at the same time his horse a lash, and riding on as fast as mud and wilderness would permit it.

I must have resembled, during these directions, the stolid French recruit, who is thought worthy the honour of being admitted among the listeners to the wonderful tales of a be-whiskered member of the imperial guard, who had seen, in his Egyptian campaign, mile-long serpents and crocodiles, that swallowed the tambour-major staff and all. I was so benumbed by the rights and lefts, that I had even forgotten to explain to the man of the metal buttons our utter incapability of discerning the big walnut tree and lanes. My blood is none of the coolest, nor am I very patient; but the man's imperturbable phlegm amidst the streams of rain operated so powerfully on my risible nerves, that I broke into a loud fit of laughter, crying, "Turn to the right, and then to the left—mind the big walnut tree, but beware of the Breaknecksink."

"I wish the yankee to the d—l," said friend R—ds. "I am astonished that you can laugh."

"And I, that you can swear."

"But how could we miss the ferry, and what is worse, turn back nearly the same way we came?"

"Why," said I, "these cursed by-ways, and tracks, and paths, and forkings, and the swamp. It is impossible to discern which way the water runs; and then you slept, you know, and I had to look to the horse."

"And in a marvellous fine style you have looked to it," replied R—ds. "To go back the same road we came—nay, it is too bad."

"To sleep," retorted I.

But as we understood and loved each other thoroughly, there was an end to all unnecessary discussions and allusions. The truth is, there was little to be wondered at. It was on the last days of the month of May, that we arrived on the banks of the Tennessee. The country around bears a singular character. There are no mountains, except a branch of the Appalachian chain and the Grange, which rise at some distance. The whole is a vast plain—an immense flat, or, to speak in the language of the country, a sugar camp, with as many cart tracks as there are owners. The morning had been fine, but in the afternoon the atmosphere assumed a hazy appearance. The mists which hovered heavy and immoveable over the broad expanse of the Tennessee, began to creep towards the banks, and to condense into a thick fog. Thus we had no landmark; we could not even see the magnificent Tennessee expanding there and waxing wide and broad. Was it a wonder that I, whose eyes were bent in the direction of the rushing waters, forgot Brown's and Cox's and heaven knows what ferries?—But to the prosecution of our tour.

The night had closed in—such a night as frequently comes in these months over these south-western backwood sinners, as a due punishment to their frailties. It was as wet as a December night on Newfoundland banks, and as dark—as dark as Erebus; with just a sufficient chill to bestow the ague. The longwinded directions of our yankee were lost of course. It would have required owl's eyes to discern a tree, yea, the screaming of these agreeable birds, the nightingales of these parts—a couple of them struck against our heads—convinced us that they were mistaken as to their road as well as ourselves. But we were worse off in many respects. The track approached often within a few yards of the river, and as the stream was, owing to copious rains, rising rapidly, we had every reasonable prospect of a watery grave before us.

"We had better alight," said I, "or we may find our night's and eternal rest in the Tennessee."

"Never mind," replied R—ds. "Cæsar," meaning the pony, "is an old Virginian."

A jerk that brought both our limbs and ribs into imminent danger, put a stop to the praises of Cæsar, who had thrown himself on his haunches, and us almost out of the gig.

"Something is in the road," exclaimed R—ds. "Now it is time to look about."

We did so, and found a huge tree, torn by the roots from the ground, lying across the cart track. There was an end to our progress. To pass or to lift the gig over the vast trunk, was a matter of absolute impossibility; its limbs stretched so

far out, that the horse had received a somewhat dangerous admonition.

"The track is so narrow that turning about is out of all question," said R—ds. "We must go crab-like."

"Well then," muttered I, "try to find out the forking, and I will do my utmost and turn the gig."

Friend R—ds went back, and I began to examine, viz. to tap for an opening in the underwood; but I had promised more than I ever could accomplish; I was already stopped in limine, for scarcely was I with the right foot out of the track, and my great coat hung on a branch of native thorns. To penetrate with a whole skin through this wilderness could only have been achieved by a knight-errant of the thirteenth century. I disentangled my great coat and stepped soberly back.

Friend R—ds returned after a long while with the words, "That is the most villainous wilderness in the whole west; no road, no path, and, to complete my misfortune, I have lost one of my Monroe boots."

"And I shall find as many holes in my great coat, I presume, as there are thorns on this cursed locust tree," said I, by way of comfort.

These were the last expressions that savoured of something like good humour, for by this time we were soaked through to the skin; and I verily believe, that among all possible situations, a wet one is the least productive of good humour; witness the Dutch, who are any thing but witty, a defect, or as others are pleased to term it, a virtue, which is to be ascribed, most undoubtedly to their living along and amidst canals, ditches, and dikes. Now for my part, I like a moderate adventure that wont cost much; and I hate a dull straight quaker journey, where every thing is tame and smooth, and a little shy and cunning withal and pleasant to look at, as these lovely people are themselves—but to be benighted in a sugar camp, for that it was, sure enough, how else could R—ds have lost his Monroe boots and stumbled over threescore troughs—to be benighted in a sugar camp, to have on the one side the Tennessee filled to the brim, and what was worse perhaps, not three yards from us—on the other the trackless forest, the rain pouring down like a deluge; the night of an Egyptian darkness? With all our love of adventures it was no joke.

"Well, what is to be done?" said R—ds, standing with one foot in the mud, and stemming the other, viz. the bootless one, against the wheel of the gig.

"You step into the gig, force it back where the copse-wood opens, and I will explore the road," said I in my usual short manner.

Would our task had been equally short, but wishes are seldom or never fulfilled. However we set to work and fretted ourselves with infinite difficulty, perhaps a twenty yards back, where something like an opening was perceptible.

Friend R—ds has inherited from his English ancestors very sound lungs, and I enjoy none of the worst. Was it owing to these, or to our lucky star, the conversation between us and Cæsar was all at once interrupted by a loud "Halloo?" A relieving army is not received with more cheers—no, nor even the defeat of an opposition candidate by the patriotic letters, than the halloo was by us. We answered the melodious sound with an eagerness which might have awakened the red generation sleeping along the banks of this far-famed river.

"Now," said friend R—ds, "be patient and keep your tongue, or you will spoil all again. It is the yankee."

"Never fear," said I, whose hot temper had been considerably cooled by the shower-bath and the subsequent chill, not to mention the lost Monroe boot of my friend. Truly would I have given the long-winded yankee account of all the butter, potatoes, flour, and corn in the United States, provided he took us out of this deluge.

It was he, sure enough. He had been halting, in true Connecticut style, a tolerable while before us without exchanging a single word. It seemed as if neither of the parties were in a hurry to come to terms. We certainly had some reason to act the part of a wary belligerent, who has lost a campaign. Friend R—ds broke the ice by saying,

"Bad weather."

"Why, I don't know," returned the yankee.

"You have not met with the women you was hunting," said R—ds.

"No; I suppose they'll remain in Florence."

"You do not intend to go there, do you?" said R—ds.

"No; I'll home. Why, I expected you was not very far from B—e."

"Why," said R—ds, "we did not wish to go there—but if you will be of our company, we don't care if we do."

"Why, to be sure," said the man to our infinite joy, "the best would be to let me drive your gig, and I tie my nag behind."

Thus we had at last, after fifty whys and twice as many windings, which would have done honour to an attaché, entered into a sort of alliance with Isaac Shifty, and were on the road to one of the hundred famous towns of Alabama; all of which were as fine as any in the country.

Now it is rather a fault of mine to be too sanguine in my expectations. I had hoped the distance from our place of refuge, would be in just proportion to the pleasantness of our pilot, viz. not very great. But heaven knows what sins I have committed; I find myself continually and sorely disappointed. Horace's impatience during his famous walk was nothing compared to mine. Our yankee had ample time to discuss, like the Roman tattler, at least a dozen different subjects and objects. The first he touched upon was, of course, his own worthy person. From the biographical notice thrown out by him we understood that he was highly connected, that his original capacity had been that of a pedler, but that in course of time he had become a storekeeper, quite respectable, as he modestly insinuated. The next point were the goods shipped and obtained. These gave rise to numberless accidents that happened on that famous river Tennessee and its muscle shoals, with steamboats and keelboats, and barges and flatboats, or as they are fondly termed, broadhorns; these were succeeded by the covered sleds, the ferryflats, the common skills, the degouts, and finally, the canoes. Our narrator launched then into the canalization plan, by which the waters of the Tennessee were to be connected, with heaven knows what sea. A monstrous plan it was I remember indistinctly, but whether the junction was to take place merely with Rariton bay, or Connecticut river, I have utterly forgotten. At last he came, to my unspeakable joy, to the history of B—c.

A sure sign, so I fancied, that our troubles were going to see their end. But even this spark of joy, moderate as it was, vanished again—for we had to hear the whole topography of this celebrated place, and how it was laid out in straight lines, intersecting each other at right angles, and how flourishing and thriving a place it was, and whether we would not choose to settle there; he had a dozen of building lots, first rate lots to be sure, and how the town contained already three taverns, a sad disproportion to ten houses, as he pleased to style these log dwellings. Two of these taverns were filled with people, there being an electioneering in the place, and a third was not much of a public house. Thus went the report of Mr. Isaac Shifty, when the word electioneering put a stop to it.

"An electioneering!" repeated friend R—ds.

"An elect—ionce—ring," subjoined I. "For faucibus hasit, as I heard these horrible tidings. An electioneering in Alabama, going even in old Kentucky by the appellation of the backwoods. Farewell fire, dry clothes, supper, and night's rest after such a tour."

We had no time to say a word more, for our gig which had ploughed for a long time through a sea of mud, became stationary. A dim vacillating light, languishing in an atmosphere of tobacco-smoke, and the roaring of at least twenty voices, indicated the tavern. A leap brought us on somewhat firmer ground. While our pilot tied our horse to the post we stepped towards the door, when we were caught by the folds of our great coat.

"It aint here—that there house is the better one," said Mr. Isaac Shifty, pointing a little farther.

"Never mind him," said I, glad to cross this intolerable fellow at least in one point. Already I had laid my hands at the latch of the door and we entered.

To be concluded in our next.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

ACCIDENT MAKERS.

MR. PRYER.—I've had the pleasure of profiting by your talents in the daily papers, I believe!—*The Critic*.

NONE of my readers, I believe, are now ignorant that there exists in this universal mart of all manner of deception and chicanery, the metropolis, a number of men who acquire a regular and pretty comfortable livelihood by making accidents (that is, composing occurrences—*inventing little facts*—and throwing them into the form of brief authentic reports,) for the daily papers. I had the honour and happiness of what Mrs. Malaprop might call an ocular acquaintance with one of these respectable personages (and the cleverest of his tribe) a few years since.

He was an amiable-looking, hatchet-faced young man, with a quick rambling eye, and a countenance remarkable only for

an imperturbable impudence. As an eminent surgeon, with whom I was acquainted, once said that he was indebted for all his fame and fortune to "a heart that never felt, and a hand that never trembled when once the knife was in it," so it might be said of Dick Slip, that he owed all his success in his profession to an eye that never winced, and a tongue that never stuck at whatever lie came uppermost.

While the inferior members of his calling were constantly on foot, running from place to place, poking their noses in at every open wicket, to the imminent and constant peril of these unfortunate but very needful protuberances, Slip remained in all the serenity of confident power, shut up in his own apartment—where, without even a glance from the window, he concocted more murders, robberies, natural monstrosities, and crimes of all hues, shapes, and sizes, in one year, than might have served to cke out a tolerable county calendar for three. He was great, moreover, upon cases of murder, being possessed of a delicacy of thought and a strength of feeling which he turned to the proper account. He was particularly addicted to the murdering of young children for many reasons. In the first place, it was a thing which was certain to interest, without giving rise to much inquiry:—then, again, there were many ways of making money by the same "incident." Slip's manner of procedure was this: he first got a fine flaxen-haired child, and cut his throat—or threw him out of a second floor window—or burnt him alive in his bib and tucker—or knocked out his brains in one way or another—in a good thumping paragraph of sixty or eighty lines. Next morning, Slip used to gather up the child and hold a coroner's inquest upon him, ending in the decision usual upon such occasions, namely, that the infant was found dead; or if Dick wanted to push the thing further, he brought in a verdict of "wilful murder against some person unknown;" after which he perhaps would apprehend some poor devil, and have him examined before some nameless magistrate in another paragraph, and at last dismiss him for want of evidence.

On one occasion Slip slaughtered a fine chubby boy, and held an inquest upon him, the report of which he duly transmitted to the various newspapers. Fortune, who began to look with an invidious eye upon Dick's too easily won profits, sent a wandering numbskull member of this holy calling into one of the offices where Dick's manuscript was lying on a desk in neat slips, folded lengthwise. The hawk's eye of our hungry scribbler riveted itself instantly upon this; nor was it removed until the in-comer made himself master of all its contents, which he speedily copied, signed with his name, and transmitted to the office of another journal.

When the day of payment came about, the original fabricator of the report (who had, of course on seeing it in the paper, put it down to his own account) brushed up his hat, buttoned his great-coat about him, and away he sallied to the office, where he found the plagiarist already arrived upon the same business. Recognizing each other as fellow-labourers in the same blessed vineyard, they exchanged salutations and pinches of snuff.

"Curse this fellow," said the thief, "will he never dismiss me?"

"What, have you had much in?"

"Poh! only a sneaking report about an inquest. Is yours—"

"A sneaking report of an inquest, too."

"Well, Mr. —" said the paymaster of the concern, "I can now attend to you."

"Then tip me the dils for that there," said our elegant scion of metropolitan literature—"the inquest upon —."

"Upon —?" cried Slip—"why, sir, that's my report."

"Yours? poh! be easy!"

"Will you refer it to the editor, then?"

"With all the pleasure imaginable. Yours, indeed! poh!" The editor descended.

"Sir," said Slip, who began to smoke the fact of the case, "here's a fellow got sight of a report of mine, and sent it to you, to which I lay claim as the original author."

"Tis false! I attended the inquest myself," exclaimed the plagiarist, growing valiant as he found himself in danger of being out-generaled.

"You attended the inquest, did you say?" asked Dick.

"I did," cried the other, blustering; "I was present."

Dick paused for a moment, tapped his snuff-box, and looked with a musing smile upon its lid; then assumed an air of great frankness.

"Well, now, sir," said he, turning to *M. le Redacteur*, "to show you what a finished scoundrel this fellow is—by jingo, the inquest was never held at all; and if you will only make inquiry, you will find that no such accident as that child-murder ever took place."

There was something too comic in this extremity of im-

pudence to excite unmingled indignation. The editor laughed in spite of himself.

"The fact is," said he, "I believe you are both as hopeful a pair of youths as need be; and as to finished scoundrels, if a man was looking for such, I don't think he'd find a pin to choose between ye."

News of Lit. and Fashion

LOVE AT A GLIMPSE.

Some years ago there used to be pointed out, upon the streets of Glasgow, a man whose intellect had been unsettled upon a very strange account. When a youth, he had happened to pass a lady on a crowded thoroughfare—a lady whose extreme beauty, though dimmed by the intervention of a veil, and seen but for a moment, made an indelible impression upon his mind. This lovely vision shot rapidly past him, and was in an instant lost amidst the common-place crowd through which it moved. He was so confounded by the tumult of his feelings that he could not pursue, or even attempt to see it again. Yet he never afterwards forgot it.

With a mind full of distressing thoughts, and a heart filled alternately with gushes of pleasure and of pain, the man slowly left the spot where he had remained for some minutes as it were thunderstruck. He soon after, without being aware of what he wished, or what he was doing, found himself again at the place. He came to the very spot where he had stood when the lady passed, mused for some time about it, went to a little distance, and then back as he had come when he met the exquisite subject of his reverie—unconsciously deluding himself with the idea that this might recall her to the spot. She came not—he felt disappointed; he tried again—still she abstained from passing. He continued to traverse the place till the evening, when the street became deserted. By-and-by, he was left altogether alone. He then saw that all his fond efforts were in vain, and he left the silent lonely street at midnight, with a soul as desolate as that gloomy terrace.

For weeks afterwards he was never off the street. He wandered hither and thither throughout the town, like a forlorn ghost. In particular he often visited the place where he had first seen the object of his abstracted thoughts, as if he considered that he had a better chance of seeing her there than any where else. He frequented every place of public amusement to which he could purchase admission; and he made a tour of all the churches in the town. All was in vain. He never again placed his eyes upon that angelic countenance. She was ever present in his mental optics—but she never appeared in a tangible form. Without her essential presence, all the world besides was to him a blank—a wilderness.

Madness invariably takes possession of the mind which broods over-much or over-long upon the engrossing idea. So did it prove with this singular lover. He grew innocent, as the people of this country tenderly phrase it. His insanity, however, was little more than mere abstraction. The course of his mind was stopped at a particular point. After this he made no further progress in any intellectual attainment. He acquired no new ideas. His whole soul stood still. He was like a clock stopped at a particular hour; with some things, too, about him, which like the motionless indices of that machine, pointed out the date of the interruption. As, for instance, he ever after wore a peculiarly long-backed and high-necked coat, as well as a neck-cloth of a particular spot, being the fashion of the year when he saw the lady. Indeed he was a sort of living memorial of the dress, gait, and manners of a former day. It was evident that he clung with a degree of fondness to every thing that bore relation to the great incident of his life. Nor could he endure any thing that tended to cover up or screen from his recollection that glorious yet melancholy circumstance. He had the same feeling of veneration for that day—that circumstance—and for himself, as he then existed—which caused the chivalrous lover of former times to preserve upon his lips, as long as he could, the imaginary delight which they had drawn from the touch of his mistress's hand.

When I last saw this unfortunate person he was getting old, and seemed still more deranged than formerly. Every female whom he met on the street, especially if at all good-looking, he gazed at with an inquiring anxious expression, and when she had passed, he usually stood still a few moments and mused, with his eyes cast upon the ground. It was remarkable that he gazed most anxiously upon women whose ages and figures most nearly resembled that of his unknown mistress at the time he had seen her, and that he did not appear to make allowance for the years which had passed since his eyes met that vision. This was part of his madness. Strange power of love!—Incomprehensible mechanism of the human heart!

Edin. Lit. Jour.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER ADDRESSED BY A FRENCH ARCHITECT IN LONDON TO HIS FRIEND IN PARIS.

"MY DEAR SAIR—I shall now give you some account of de royal palace, here called de Buck-and-ham Palace, which his building for de English king, in de spirit of John Bull plum-pudding and roast-beef taste, for which de English are so famous. It is great curiosity. In de first place, de pillar of de palace are made to represent English vegetable, as the spar-row-grass, de leek, and onion; then de entablatures or friezes are vary much enriched with leg of mutton and de pork, with vat they call de garnish, all very beautifully carved: then, on de impediment of the front, stand colossal figure of man cook with de large English toasting fork in his hand, ready to put into de pot a very large plum-pudding behind him, which is vary fine pudding, not de colour of black Christmas pudding, because de architect say it would not look vell in sum-mair time; it is very plain pudding. Then de small windows of de kitchen on each side de impediment at top story of de palace, have before them trophy of de kitchen, such as pot, and de pan, and othare thing, which look well at de distance, except that de poker and de tong are too big. On de wing of de palace, called de gizzard wing (tho othare wing was cut off) stand the domestique servant, in neat dress, holding in de trays biscuit and tart, and othare thing. The name of de architect is Mistaire Hash, de king's architect, who, I was informed, was roasted very much. There is to be in de front of de palace vary large kitchen range, made of white marble, vich I vas told would contain von hundred of goose at von time. De palace ven complete will be called after von famous English dish, de Toad-in-de-Hole."

Times.

DOCTOR ARNE.

This celebrated musician was engaged by Mr. Jonathan Tyers, the famed proprietor of Vauxhall gardens, to compose for his orchestra. They were old friends, and, though high in each other's esteem, yet they were frequently quarrelling. Arne, like most highly-gifted geniuses, projected ten times more than he accomplished, and promised a hundred times more than he performed. His services were too valuable to be dispensed with; "and yet," said the worthy Jonathan, "he is ten times more plague to me than all the band—aye, even not excepting the lady singers."

Mr. Tyers, who might be numbered with the humourists of his day, sent Dr. Arne, at the expiration of one of the seasons, a few sheets of blank writing paper, with a note, saying, "My dear doctor, this is all that remains of half a ream, wasted in reproaches upon your scandalous procrastination." Arne, who was a kind-hearted man, took this in good part, and sitting down, ruled, with one of the ingenious Woodham's music pens, a number of staves, and composed one of the sweetest songs that ever proceeded from his melodious genius. This was accepted as the *amende honorable*; and the affair ended with a venison dinner for the composer and half a dozen select friends, at the expense of the generous Jonathan Tyers.

Dr. Arne, at one period, occupied ready-furnished apartments at the south-east corner of New-street, Covent-garden. It was there that he composed the songs for Garrick's Jubilee. Garrick called on him every morning during the period of his service: he knew his man—"Had I not followed him up thus closely," said Garrick to his co-manager Lacy, "I might have left the swans of Avon to sing their own ditties."

Arne was a man of education and gentlemanly manners. He was, however, not very economical in the management of his finances. He was constantly drawing upon Mr. Tyers in advance, who not only yielded to his applications, but more than once said, when the other apologized for his importunity—"I care not how often you draw on my purse, only do not make such heavy drafts upon my patience."

Our afflictions and our pleasures resemble those fabulous trees described by St. Omer: the fruits which they bring forth are no sooner ripened into maturity, than they are transformed into birds and fly away.

Never tell me of the pang of falsehood to the slanderer; nothing is so agonizing to the fine skin of vanity as the application of a rough truth.

If ever the consciousness of strength is pleasant, it is when we are most weak.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name, or to supply the want of it.

He whom God has gifted with a love of retirement, possesses, as it were, an extra sense.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

BULWER AND WALTER SCOTT.

THIS is the age of discoveries—of wonderful and astounding discoveries. A spirit of fermentation and free inquiry has got abroad, and put that restless little animal man into a state of preternatural disquietude, inasmuch that he has adopted for the sober rule of his conduct Shakespeare's hibernicism,

"We will strive with impossibilities,
"Yea, got the better of them!"

and he makes light of projecting schemes and broaching doctrines that would have made the hair stand on end upon the heads of his respectable ancestors. The world never saw such times. Science and quackery have become so intermixed, that worthy though obtuse people are puzzled to discover the difference, and hence spring those two large parties—the innovators and the anti-innovators—that keep society fermenting like a barrel of ale at midsummer. In the eyes of the former, nothing is good but what is new; they are for turning the poor old world topsy-turvy and shaking religion, poetry, law, learning and common sense out of it, and governing it hereafter by steam, mathematics, and a sublime code of morals calculated for use when the era of human perfectibility commences. The anti-innovation faction are ridiculous in another way: they are good fat sort of people, full of beef, beer, and prejudice, who are continually "perplexed with fear of change;" who think that time and custom sanctify all things, and that whatever has been, ought to be. Their ranks are headed by grave, solemn old owls, who shut their eyes to the light in a very owlish manner, while the recruits of the other are, for the most part, pert, prating jackdaws, dressed out in the borrowed robes of philosophy and philanthropy, and their cackle is worse than the croak of their opponents, inasmuch as it is more intrusive and presuming, the one being active ignorance, the other only passive. Thank heaven a third party with knowledge of their own, unite the zeal of one faction with the caution of the other.

Such being the state of things, the number of sublime and ridiculous discoveries daily made in physics, metaphysics, law, government, and literature, are scarcely to be wondered at. But the most notable discovery of modern times is, undoubtedly, the one recently made, that Edward Lytton Bulwer is a writer equal to Sir Walter Scott! The author of *Pelham*, *Devereux*, and the *Disowned*, equal to the author of *Waverley*! And this is in strict accordance with the spirit of the age, which is characterized by nothing so much as mutability and love of change. The Athenians grew tired of always hearing Aristides called "the just," and a section of the literary world are tired of always hearing Sir Walter styled "the great," and have therefore set up this opposition idol, whose claims, they say, have been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. It has long been the fashion to estimate men of genius after the manner of "Plutarch's Lives," by their comparative rather than their positive merits, and some singular, and what are now looked upon as outrageous comparisons, have been instituted. By many of the writers of his own times Shakespeare was adjudged to be *inferior* to Ben Jonson; but with this solitary exception, the hardihood of the preceding assertion has perhaps never been equalled. To be sure, for some time past, Sir Walter Scott, like the Bay of Naples, has been a standard for small comparisons; and the several admirers of all the second and third-rate novelists have been endeavouring to exalt their particular favourites by insinuating that "the northern magician would have to look well to his laurels," or that "the great unknown must be content to bear a rival near his throne," and such like half-way phrases; but this is the first time a direct claim of *equality* has been put

in—nay, some have asserted Mr. Bulwer's superiority, but that appeared to be carrying the joke a little too far. The holders of these valuable and extraordinary opinions have for the most part been content to make known their existence to the public without stating the grounds and causes which put them in their possession. Like persons who have resolved on committing a rash action, they at once bolt forth their assertion of equality, and then, as if aghast at their own temerity, dare not approach the question a second time, coolly to give their reasons for what they have advanced.

The admirers of the author of *Waverley* may quietly and calmly invite comparison, and they can afford to do it in a spirit of the utmost candour and liberality, for there is little occasion to exalt their favourite (if that were possible) by the depreciation of any writer whatever. Render unto Mr. Bulwer all that can reasonably be claimed for him, (and he has proved that he has many noble qualifications for an author,) yet what does that all amount to in comparison with the merits of Scott? Mr. Bulwer is a man of talent if not of genius, a fine thinker and a ripe scholar; his mind is rich in classical lore and philosophic reflection; his style is polished and nervous, impassioned and harmonious, and he has produced three works of great and varied merit, *Pelham*, the *Disowned*, and *Devereux*; but is this to put him at once on an equality with the man who has conceived and executed those glorious and imperishable series of works known by the name of the "Waverley novels"—a world within themselves, teeming with living, breathing characters stamped with nature's impress—abounding in descriptions as vivid and magnificent as ever poet fancied or painter drew, and filled with humour and pathos that flow from a source as prodigal and inexhaustible as the widow's cruise;—a "new edition of human nature," as it were, in its most picturesque forms? To place him alongside of one who has done more for literature, both in quantity and quality, with the single exception of Shakespeare, than any man since Noah left the ark? As Othello says, "'tis monstrous!"

But to come to particulars. Much has been said of the qualifications Mr. Bulwer possesses, though but scant mention has been made of those in which he is deficient. His first great point of inferiority to Sir Walter is lack of dramatic power—he is a descriptive, the other a dramatic portrayer of men and manners. Sir Walter introduces his personages in some gipsy encampment, old change-house, or ancient hostelry, hits off their costume and personal appearance, and then leaves them to make their acquaintance with the reader in their own way. Mr. Bulwer describes his characters—their actions and their motives for those actions, at full length, before he allows them to open their lips, fearful, it would seem, that their identity might be mistaken, like the painter who wrote under his productions the necessary and significant information, "this is a horse" and "this is an ass." Hence it is, that one *creates* characters, while the other merely *describes* them. In the hands of the one they become instinct with life and animation; with the other they are but as pictures, which owe their value to the skill and colouring of the artist. After perusing Bulwer, who remembers and quotes the language of his characters as they do those of Meg Merriles, Dirk Hatterick, Rob Roy, Helen Macgregor, Effie Deans, or any of the thousand creations that "live and move and have their being" in the pages of the Scotch novelist? The studied denunciations of a Sir Reginald Glanville, though invested with all the power and energy of the writer, will, somehow or other, slip from our minds; but who ever forgets the threats of old Meg Merriles to Godfrey Bertram, or the homely yet wild and picturesque language in which they are clad? The one does without effort what the other with all his efforts cannot do; the sayings and doings of Mr. Bulwer's personages wax vague and

indistinct almost as soon as the volume is closed, while those of Scott are stamped upon "the table of our memory," and pass not away.

In the pathetic, though strenuous exertions are made, the powers of Mr. Bulwer are evidently limited, at least in comparison. He writes page after page of description, filled with dashes, italics, adjectives and epithets, but it will not do. There is nothing to touch the heart in the wrought-up description of the sufferings of his Gertrude Douglas to the simple history of Effie Deans, and the affecting picture of the interviews between her and her sister Jeanie in prison. After reading them over, we feel that we would not part with the novel which contains them for all Mr. Bulwer has written, or is likely to write. That gentleman is very fond of similes and very skilful in their selection and application, but when did he ever equal the following in simple and appropriate beauty, or clothe it in language so perfectly—but that is not it—when did he ever write a single passage impregnated with such a gush of natural feeling as this, where "poor Effie," the withered lily of St. Leonard's, thus speaks of herself?—"And what am I," said she to Jeanie, "but a poor wasted wan-thriven tree, dug up by the roots, and flung out to waste in the highway, that man and beast may tread it under foot? I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard last May when it had a' the flush o' blossoms on it; and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a' in pieces with their feet. I little thought, when I was wae for the silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gait myself!"—Yet this is but one stroke from a pen that has scattered hundreds of similar passages, like wild flowers, over his works.

On this ground the shadow of equality cannot be claimed. But take any other—take that on which Mr. Bulwer has been thought to excel.—There are few things he appears to have bestowed more pains upon than the history of Sir Reginald Glanville; he has striven to impart to it all the effect of which he was capable, and the sufferer, in language energetic and profuse, pours forth the detail of his wrongs, his blighted hopes, and withered feelings. But does this make an equal impression on the reader with the reckless, careless account given of himself by Nanty Ewart, the smuggling captain of the *Jumping Jenny*? Yet all the advantages are on the side of the former; he is a gentleman, and undebased by low and vulgar associations, while the other is a drunkard, an outcast, and a vagabond; yet, strange to say, Nanty Ewart and his low-life confessions is a much more interesting personage than the baronet and his elegant distresses. And why is this but because of the reality of the picture? The one tells you of his woes, and that enjoyment and hope have passed away, but you do not realize that such is the fact; the other asks no sympathy, but his snatches of old songs, his reckless levity and desperate jocularities, make you feel that a ruined and broken-hearted man is before you.—It may be added, that the one has been frequently quoted as a choice specimen of Mr. Bulwer's powers, while the other has never been noted as marked with more than the ordinary talent of Scott.

But if the author of *Pelham* is deficient in the pathetic, his attempts at humour are melancholy in the extreme. In the worst passages of the worst novelists can any thing more meagre or miserable be picked out than his Mr. Morris Brown or Dr. Bossleton? The *humour* of the former consists in being clad in garments the colour of his name, and talking about a Mrs. Minden; the latter in repeating the termination of every sentence twice, only reversing the order of the words; yet notwithstanding this slender stock in trade, the author seems to take an absolute pleasure in the introduction of Mr. Brown, and spins him through many a tedious page. When the reader

does meet with a paragraph provocative of a smile, it is the descriptive talent of Mr. Bulwer in sketching an absurd character, and not the humour belonging to the character itself. For instance, the description in Pelham of Monsieur Margot's person is very good, but when he brings him to act in what he intends for a laughable situation, as in the affair of the basket and Mrs. Green, it is lame and laboured in the highest degree, and the end of the chapter becomes a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

From these abortive attempts turn to the pages of the author of Waverley, and what a mine of humour is to be found in every volume! How rich is the vein, how varied, and how inexhaustible! You have it in every shape—the humour of description, of situation, and of the words and actions of the characters in the scene. And how spontaneous, how perfectly natural and appropriate is the kind with which each character is imbued. It is no patch-work business—no continued iteration of a quaint phrase, that might be put into the mouth of one person as well as another—not a habit, a trick of custom, that can be got rid of, like a cold, by a little care—but real, genuine, hearty humour, as much a part of the personages in whom it is invested, as their appetites and animal affections. Nothing can be more distinct than the humour of Cuddie Headrigge the ploughman and Ratcliffe the thief and thief-taker, of Edie Ochiltree and Jonathan Oldbuck, of Captain Dalgetty and Dominie Sampson, of Caleb Balderstone and Bartoline Saddletree, or of Baillie Nichol Jarvie and the Laird of Dumbekies. And this quality is made to bear compound interest when two of these worthies are brought into collision, and their peculiarities exhibited in the strongest light by their different ways of viewing and expressing themselves on a particular subject, like the antiquarian Oldbuck and the old gaberlunzie Edie Ochiltree holding discourse about the Roman fortifications. Some of the scenes in which these and other characters figure are as rich as any thing in English literature—as natural and marked with the same profound insight into character and attention to minutiae as those of Fielding, but more highly coloured, and as broad and ludicrous as Smollett's, but without their coarseness. There is the fine scene in Old Mortality where the soldiers come to the miser Milnwood's house and seize Henry Morton. What a groupe is there—what a glorious subject for a painter! The spare, pinched form and features of the old miser Milnwood, his gallant and handsome nephew (worth all Mr. Bulwer's speech-making, compliment-making, diplomatic heroes,) the fine old housekeeper Alison Wilson, the prim, scraggy, puritanical Mause, groaning in spirit, and "nursing her wrath to keep it warm," the solid-looking and apparently stupid Cuddie, and the bold, profligate Bothwell. What interest in the action and contrast in the faces, and expression of the faces! It would make the fortune of any artist who could do this scene justice. And then the dialogue: old Mause testifying against the proceedings of Bothwell and his dragoons, and uplifting her voice in order that "by her means Master Henry might be delivered like a bird from the net of the fowler!" and Cuddie's expostulations with his mother "anent" her testifications, and the fine contrast between her spiritual aspirations and his longing after homely temporalities; then the account of Mause and the reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle's being carried into captivity by the men of Belial; and again, Dominie Sampson and all the transactions in which he is concerned, particularly his manœuvre to recover Lucy Bertram from her fainting fit by the application of scalding water; and Caleb Balderstone's contrivances; and the matrimonial dialogues between Mr. and Mrs. Saddletree, and so on, *ad infinitum*. It is dangerous to commence quoting from those novels, for there is no knowing where to stop. Perhaps the best way to make manifest Sir Walter Scott's superiority over every other novelist,

would be to to merely give the titles of his works and enumerate the characters contained in them; the appeal of so many old acquaintances to the recollections of the public would be irresistible.

To "copy nature," is a general and indiscriminate piece of advice more applicable to a painter than an author, though addressed to either it is looked upon as a pithy and profound injunction. Now to copy nature in her every-day forms, is neither difficult or desirable. To report the slip-slop conversation of a tea-table is to copy nature, and the more literal the copy the less the skill required; but to be *true* to nature—to anticipate her, and make human beings in extraordinary situations and agitated by strong and conflicting passions, act and speak as she would make them act and speak in such situations—to make them do and say that which the reader has no conception of beforehand, but which, the moment he has read it, flashes upon him as the only thing they ought or could have done and said, is a power that few mortals are gifted with, and it remains to be shown that Mr. Bulwer is one of them. His characters have none of the flip-pant prattle of common conversation put into their mouths; on the contrary, they are in the opposite extreme, and many times talk and act as men and women never talk and acted before. They harangue, first one a speech and then the other a speech, by the page together, and are by far too didactic and declamatory. The following is one instance of this author's infelicitous adaptation of the language and actions of his personages to time, place, and circumstances. The scene is a midnight assassination, where Algernon Mordaunt falls by the hand of the conspirator Wolfe. Clarence Linden catches him as he falls, and with his murdered friend in his arms, and the murderer standing beside him, gives vent to his feelings in the following pertinent and appropriate interrogation:—"Oh where—where—when this man—the wise, the kind, the innocent, almost the perfect, falls thus in the prime of existence, by a sudden blow from an obscure hand—unblest in life, inglorious in death—oh! where—where is this boasted triumph of virtue, or where is its reward?"

Would nature or Sir Walter Scott have made any man prate after this fashion under such circumstances? True, the author endeavours to soften down the absurdity by saying that Linden was unconscious of the presence of the assassin, but it is easier for the reader to be told so, than for him to believe it. A maiden in such a situation with her lover, or a mother with her child, might be unconscious of any thing save the object they were hanging over—but men and politicians—common friends, and the surviving friend cool and collected enough to question the decrees of fate "in good set terms"—for such a one to forget the murderer at his elbow, is one of those remarkable instances of abstraction that very seldom occur, except in a French tragedy; and it may be very good French-tragedy nature, but that is about all. If Linden had seized the assassin and called the watch, it would have been a more natural sort of proceeding, and much more in accordance with Mr. Bulwer's utilitarian principles.

The forte of this writer appears to be eloquent declamation—melancholy, fervid, or despairing, but still declamation. (The terms "melancholy" and "despairing" declamation may sound strange, but perhaps they are not inapplicable to some passages in M. B.'s works.) In Mordaunt it is calm, melancholy, and philosophic; fervid and impassioned in the republican Wolfe; desperate and despairing in the villain Crauford; and, by turns, bitter and enthusiastic in the painter Warner.* This is an imposing but not very difficult kind of writing, and the real talent employed in it generally passes for more than it is worth. This

* The feelings and sufferings of Warner have a striking resemblance to those of the Italian painter Correggio, as depicted in a tragedy of that name, a review of which is to be found in one of the early numbers of Blackwood's Magazine.

author's is of the best description, and though certainly the "passion sleeps," it cannot be added that the "de-clamation roars;" it often softens down into moralizing reflection, in which the similes and images employed are frequently beautiful, and the language in which they are clothed flowing and melodious, and, when occasion demands, nervous and vigorous; but it is not all this—no, nor judiciously introduced classical allusions and quotations—nor ingenious refutations of common-place maxims and opinions—nor brilliant and antithetical aphorisms, that is to elevate a man to an equality with the author of the Scotch novels, to say nothing of the English ones. But it in no way detracts from Mr. Bulwer's reputation as a fine writer, to say that Walter Scott is immensely superior to him; after that wonderful man he is undoubtedly the most popular novelist of the day. He may, in the novelty and excitement attending his debut be both over and under rated, but

"Time at last sets all things even,"

and he will doubtless find his proper level, which we think will be far above the mass of his contemporaries—a little higher than the writer of the O'Hara tales, and some degrees below the author of Anastasius.

But for thee, good Sir Walter! the time is yet to come when thou wilt receive the fulness of thy fame. The present generation admire and applaud thee, the future will feel a deeper and holier reverence for the mighty dead, whose name is for ever,

"Entwined with his land's language;"

and the language in which thou hast immortalized thyself is one that is fast spreading in every quarter of this habitable globe. Over the illimitable regions of this continent wilt thou be read and worshipped; in distant India and the yet untrodden wildernesses of Australasia will thy name be known: and the time may come when the British Isles will be but as specks of earth to the boundless countries that will speak their language and treasure up their glorious literature. Then will the halls of Abbotsford become "pilgrim shrines," and every decayed memorial that speaks of thee a relic. And when the tide of population shall have poured over the mountain barrier, filling every highland glen with cotton factories—and "weavers, spinners and such mechanical persons" erect their looms in the very country of Rob Roy, the wild warriors and plaided chieftains that once trod those rugged glens and heathery hills will still live in thy undying page, and thou wilt be the connecting link between a present and past age—the chronicler of the "tales of the times of old, and deeds of the days of other years." What strange and savage customs—what deadly feuds—what wild legends—what furious passions and fierce fidelity lay concealed behind those mountains that gird the highlands like a wall, and which but for thee would have passed unrecorded to oblivion; but, as the prophet of old smote the rock and the waters gushed forth, so didst thou, with thy magic wand, touch those highland hills, and the whole billowy scene lay disclosed to view! Then the bloody lowland and English wars, what an historian would they have missed: and though upon the border side,

"The glaring bale-fires blaze no more,"

and the "gallant Gordons" and thieving Armstrongs and Elliotts keep honest snuff and tobacconist shops in Kelso and Jedburgh, yet shall not the bitter feuds and midnight forays of their lawless, fearless ancestors be forgotten. And when time shall have made a brick and mortar land of England—when some future Manchester or Birmingham perchance stands reeking and smoking where the merry forest of Sherwood stood, still will its verdant glades once "clad in England's fadeless green," and its strong and towering oaks, look fresh and unwithered in thy pages. How will the future dwell upon the courtly pageantries of Kenilworth and the knightly chivalry of Ivanhoe—

—and the ridings and onslaughts of the border barons
—and the gatherings of the clans in the seventy-six;
and thy native humour will brighten many an eye, and
thy touches of homely natural feeling thrill in many a
bosom yet unborn. Thousands will laugh and weep
with thee in thy works when the kind heart and capa-
cious head that conceived them are clods of the val-
ley; and

"As long as the thistle and heather shall wave"

will thy memory be worshipped and thy name trea-
sured up in the hearts of posterity. C.

SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

MY AUNT'S POODLE.

Concluded.

BUT, in order that our sufferings and our dangers may be fairly appreciated, it must be stated, that Mr. and Mrs. Briggs dislike dogs generally—Lovely in particular; Pomponius Briggs and Miss Julia Briggs inherit the family aversion to the canine species, with the superaddition of a peculiar dislike to poodles beyond all other dogs, and of my aunt Margaret's Lovely beyond all other possible poodles; Miss Priss, the fifty-seven-year-old maiden cousin, loaths the very sight of Lovely, and hates it most devoutly, simply upon the true old-maiden principle—because it happens to be a favourite with aunt Margaret; poor Jack and myself are the only two of the family who do not entertain a sweeping dislike of all dogs, yet we partake of the general aversion to Lovely, and hate him with heart and soul, for the reason that the dog is an unamiable dog. In a word, not one of us, but was a deadly foe to the animal, and would hang or drown it—if we dared.

Within one hour of dinner-time we were all assembled in my aunt Margaret's drawing-room. After she had received our felicitations, and listened to our wishes that she might enjoy many happy returns of the day, Jack slyly whispered in my ear, "Of course Tom, we don't mean *too* many,"—she burst into tears; lamented to see so few of her relations about her upon such a day; regretted that the misconduct of the absentees (towards Mr. Lovely, be it understood) had compelled her to have done with them for ever; declared that she had altered her will in our favour, and hinted that she was mistress to alter it again *if she should see cause*. Of this edifying discourse, which lasted till dinner was announced, the text was "love me, love my dog," and the obvious moral, "look to your legacies." It was not without its effect; and Lovely, who seemed to understand the intention of it, occasionally bent his evil eye upon each of us, with a look of villanous exultation. Old Briggs whistled the dog towards him; Pomponius drew a collar for the "little rogue" from his pocket; Julia and Mamma each patted the "pretty fellow;" and then turned aside, with a look of disgust, to dabble their fingers with *eau de cologne*." "Come hither, pretty poodle," said Miss Priscilla, holding out some sugar-plums which she had "brought on purpose for the dear dog;" poor Jack Noland volunteered to give the "little fellow" a washing in the Serpentine next Sunday; whilst I vehemently swore that Lovely grew prettier and prettier every day. Here Jack Noland drew me aside, and, assuming a ludicrous swagger of independence, said: "I will tell you what, Tom: this slavery is no longer to be borne;" adding, in his dry way, "only we *must* bear it, you know."

At dinner we had not a moment's peace. The reptile was either jumping upon us, and growling till he had extorted the choicest morsel on our plates, or worrying us into a fever by snapping at our legs under the table; evidently with an intention to provoke us to the commission of some outrage upon him, which might draw down upon our heads the displeasure of aunt Margaret. Presently, in pure spite, he ran yelping to his mistress, as if he had been hurt, although I am persuaded no one had touched him. "How can

you be so cruel to the poor dumb beast?" said Miss Priscilla, unjustly and ill-naturedly singling out the family scape-goat, poor Jack Noland, for the question. Reproaches were showered upon poor Jack from all quarters, who bore them—together with a pretty smart lecture from aunt Margaret, and a hint about every shilling of her money being at her own disposal—with silence and resignation. Jack had, however, the good fortune to repair the error he had *not* committed by the lucky application of an epigram he had lately read, which afforded him an opportunity of conveying a pretty compliment to Mr. Lovely, highly gratifying to my old aunt, and at the same time of revenging himself by a sly, but desperate hit at Miss Priscilla. Perceiving her fondling the detested poodle, "*Apropos*," said Jack—the *apropos* was, certainly, somewhat too severe—"Apropos: in an old newspaper which I picked up the other day, I met with this epigram on an old maid caressing a lap-dog." There was an awful pause, and Priscilla let the dog gently down. Jack resumed:—

"Rufu, I'm not astonish'd in the least,
That thou shouldst lick so daintily clean a beast;
But that so dainty clean a beast licks thee I—
That surprises me!"

A dead silence succeeded, which was only interrupted by my aunt Margaret desiring Jack to ring for coffee. This was the first time in my life I had ever known Jack to do a savage thing; and as we were returning to the drawing-room, he endeavoured to justify himself in my opinion by whispering to me, "It was rather hard, to be sure, Tom; but I don't think cousin Priss will be in a hurry again to try and get me cut off with a shilling on account of that rascally poodle."

The rain was pouring in torrents; and the "rascally poodle," who, to add to his natural attractions, had been scampering about the muddy grounds, came dripping into the drawing-room. In this interesting condition he ran from one to another (carefully avoiding my aunt Margaret,) squeezing himself between our legs, and jumping into our laps. The fortitude with which the attack was borne by us all, and the heroic control we maintained over our feelings, were astonishing. It is probable that aunt Margaret's reprimand of Jack Noland, and her hint about every shilling of her money being at her own disposal, may have contributed to strengthen our nerves. My first impulse certainly was to toss the mongrel out of the window; but, considering that a good four hundred a-year (for which I know I am down in the will) might be tossed out along with him, I contented myself by affecting a laugh at the "unceremonious little gentleman," as I called him; and, with my cambric pocket handkerchief, smearing the mud over my white silk stockings till they were dry. Noland and Pomponius Briggs followed my example; Pomponius, as he was making bad worse by scrubbing his white kerseymeres, muttering "Two-pound-ten, by jingo!" Mr. Briggs, senior, swore he was the most fortunate man breathing, for it would not show *much* upon black. Mrs. Briggs, whose French pink sarsnet dress was ruined for ever, merely simpered out, "Well, it cannot be helped." Miss Julia Briggs, like her papa, congratulated herself upon her good fortune; for, being dressed in white muslin, which would wash, "it did not much signify." And Miss Priscilla, whose saffron-coloured white satin dress, which never saw the light except on state occasions, such as the present, and which was now in a condition to set at defiance the utmost magic of the scourer, asseverated, as she walked towards the window to conceal her tears, that "it did not signify the least in the world." When Mr. Lovely had thoroughly cleaned himself by his visits to us, he ventured to approach his mistress. "I am fearful," said my aunt, patting his back, for he was now perfectly dry, "I am fearful Lovely has been *rather* troublesome." It was now who should be foremost to assure aunt Margaret that, so far from being

troublesome, nothing, in our opinion, could be more delightful than his good-natured playfulness—nothing more entertaining than his innocent frolics; and that, in every possible respect, Lovely was, incontestably, and beyond all means of comparison, the sweetest dog in the universe.

My aunt Margaret's property is all funded; and, of her twelve hundred a-year, she regularly lays by two-thirds. This we happen to know.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE eighth number of this excellent periodical has just been received by the Messrs. Carvill, the agents for this country. It contains no less than twenty articles, most of which are of even more than usual interest and value. The first is a notice of two historical works published within the last three years in France, and contains the best account that we have hitherto met with, of that extraordinary event, the revolt of Naples under Tomaso Aniello, or, as he is more commonly called, Masaniello, and of the rash but romantic attempt of the chivalrous Duke of Guise, which followed Masaniello's insurrection. The second is a biography of Mozart, full of interesting details. The source from whence they are derived is also the most authentic, being a volume of memoirs of the great musician, compiled by the second husband of his wife, Constance Weber, and interspersed with many of his own letters. The third article is a notice of several late works upon the mooted question of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and particularly of the hypothesis of the Russian Gouliano (which by the way it puts at rest for ever) and of the system discovered by the younger Champollion, to whose zeal, ingenuity, and perseverance it does ample justice, while it unsparingly reprobates his presumption, his vanity, and injustice to the talents and researches of his fellow-labourers. The fourth article is a comparison of the Marino Faliero of Byron and that of the French poet Casimir Delavigne; the adventurous and unhappy Frenchman finds little favour in the eyes of the reviewer, and we are compelled to add, deservedly. Of the twenty articles, these four are the only ones we have as yet read with the attention they deserve; but we anticipate much gratification and instruction from the remainder, among which are another essay upon Spanish epic poetry, probably by Southey, and a history of the Knights Templars. There is also a short notice of "Le fils de l'homme," a poem by Mery and Barthelemy, the latter of whom was, in July last, sentenced by the tribunal of correctional police of Paris to a fine of a thousand francs and three months imprisonment for his agency in its concoction. The review contains some curious information respecting young Napoleon—the son of the man. The following extract is all we have room for at present:

"It appears that the ex-heir of an empire is a prisoner both in body and mind. No Frenchman is allowed to be presented to him; no communication can be made to him, except through the medium of his jailors; no word must be uttered in his hearing which might by possibility touch the chord of ambition; he alone, of all the civilized world, is ignorant of the history of his father. His life is measured out by the square and the rule; the cabinets of France and Austria determine on what he shall know, and what he shall think. The risk he is told he runs of assassination by some crazy fanatic of liberty, is the talisman by which this enchantment of soul and body is effected. 'Rest perfectly assured, sir,' said the grand-preceptor to a late traveller, 'that he reads and sees only what we wish him to read, see, and understand. If by any chance a letter, a packet, or a book, should fall into his hands without our knowledge, his first care would be to deliver it to us unopened: he would not even dare to look at it till assured that he could do so without danger.' 'It appears then,' remarked the traveller, 'that the son of Napoleon is far from being as free as we suppose him in France.' The answer was—'The prince is *not* a prisoner, but—he is placed in a very peculiar position.' 'Be satisfied,' said the grand-preceptor at another interview, 'with knowing that he is happy, and that he is without ambition. His career is marked out for him; he never will approach France—the idea of doing so will never enter his head.'

"So much the better," say we; but this it must be confessed is a singular way of arriving at so desirable an end. The young duke receives the education befitting a prince, and is taught the exercises becoming a soldier. He will not always remain a boy; and, on his escape from tutelage, he will hear and see things like other people. The only personal anecdote

here told of him would seem indeed, to indicate, that even at present he is not altogether insensible to the peculiarity of his situation.

"On a late occasion, he appeared to be completely absorbed with some idea, and paid not the least attention to his lesson; all of a sudden, he struck his forehead with a sign of impatience, and these words escaped him: 'What is it they want to make of me? do they think that I have the head of my father?'"

JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

This work is conducted by an association of physicians, in Philadelphia, among whom are Dr. Bell, Dr. Condie, and several others of high professional reputation. The primary object is to point out the means of preserving health and preventing disease. The style is easy, familiar, and divested of all such professional phraseology, technical terms, &c. as would tend to obscure the subject to the unlearned reader. Every family should have it—for it is not only useful but entertaining, happily combining the *utile cum dulce*. The agent for this city is Mr. William Burgess, Fulton-street.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Mr. Forrest.—It cannot be denied that among us there have been few native actors of merit. For this there are many simple causes, existing neither in our soil, our atmosphere, nor the indolence or weakness of our character. In the first place, we have here had no permanent models, no wealthy patron to discern talent through the misty labyrinths of the world, and to lead it forth to light and fame. They who have conceived themselves gifted with histrionic powers have generally misunderstood the nature of their own abilities, or if they have possessed the sparks of genius, they have been quenched in the neglect and prejudice of the public, long before the hand of discerning friendship had fanned them into a blaze. Besides, the character of our people, and the situation of the country, have hitherto afforded other fields for enterprise, and it is perhaps at this very period that we should anticipate the appearance of men of intellect upon the stage. The other professions are overstocked: competitors arise and struggle for the monopoly of every other species of labour. The youth desirous of fame or wealth, finds obstacles almost insurmountable every where around him, and it is but natural that he should turn from those occupations which crowds already possess, to such as are yet open, like undiscovered countries, inviting the adventurer to explore their groves, to cultivate their soil, and search for the treasures hidden in their bosom.

The requisites for a fine actor do not seem to have been properly understood or estimated. It demands a kind of talent which places him in a high rank in the scale of creation. Sinews and bones, well-proportioned limbs, a lofty form, and well modulated voice, certainly contribute much to his success, and enable him to catch the attention of spectators; but if we seek out the secret charm, whose influence comes over our feelings on witnessing the representations of a good tragedian, we find that it consists in his own display of mind, in his intellectual endowments, his acquaintance with the wild thoughts and generous feelings of the heart. In proportion as he himself is gifted with these, he will have experienced their effects, and he will understand how to express them. He who is great as a player, would have been great if his powers had been differently applied. His mind must be superior. He must be moulded in a finer form and fashioned of better materials than ordinary men.

Since the brilliant efforts of our countryman, John Howard Payne, there has been scarcely an American player above mediocrity; and Mr. Forrest appears almost *alone* as the candidate for the approbation of the public. His fame is now established upon a solid foundation. He has not been written into notice and supported by the plaudits of a few friends, but he has travelled through the principal cities of the United States, and been every where greeted with the most marked and general applause. His present engagement at the Park theatre only confirms the impression made by his previous efforts. He has played Hamlet, Lear, Virginius, Iago, and several other parts, to very full and fashionable houses, and, although we could occasionally detect some bad readings, we have never been more warmly interested and pleased.

It is extraordinary where this young actor obtained his ideas of excellence. His style is not formed from any foreign standard. He cannot, in this country, have enjoyed many permanent opportunities of witnessing the efforts of celebrated

tragedians, and he has never visited foreign climes. Whatever may have been the causes of his superiority over others, which is universally acknowledged, he stands now unrivalled before the American people. Many sage critics remarked, when his first efforts were crowned with such dazzling success, that his youth more than his genius, attracted the attention of the world, and that such precocious maturity would not endure the test of time; but their predictions have been defeated; continual observation discovers new beauties in his representations, and time, instead of destroying the early fruits of genius, only ripens them into a more grateful and richer fullness. During his engagement we have been pleased to discern a visible improvement. Many scenes, which were formerly considered as failures, are now given with happier conception. The weak has been strengthened, and the too impetuous curbed. His performances may be likened to a spirited steed more completely under the rein of a skilful rider, or to a picture upon which the artist has bestowed new and intense study, blending more cunningly the beautiful colours—here softening a hue too gaudy, and there wreathing a golden tinge stolen from the surpassing changes of nature.

In his acting there are undoubtedly parts exposed to censure; but new conceptions will break upon him; the brightness of a youthful imagination will be managed with less difficulty. He will gradually learn to wield it to better advantage; to keep it back upon certain occasions; to retire, as it were, in a softer shadow, that he may fling the broad stream of light exactly upon those points where the poet has conjured up his most perfect creations. These suggestions will inevitably force themselves upon such a mind as Forrest's, and so far from fearing that his enthusiasm will die away, or that the intellect, which now gives life and beauty to his pictures will be quenched, we hope that they will burn with a steadier and purer light. He has hitherto, in some degree, resembled gold as found in the ore, valuable to all who understand how nature flings her costly productions within the rock, beneath the stream, or in the soil; but he may hereafter be likened to the same precious metal when accident has brought it to the light of day, and the care and skill of the artist has cleared it of its impurities, and given it shape, use, and beauty.

Looking ahead.—This is a nautical phrase, which, like many others from the same vocabulary, has been adopted by landmen as a figurative expression of frequent and easy application. The ambitious politician, for instance, during every temporary squall of conflicting parties, keeps a sharp look-out ahead, not so much to guard the political vessel from rocks and quicksands, as to secure a snug berth for himself in case a superior officer be swept from the deck. The merchant looks out ahead when he ships cargoes of flour to be bonded in Liverpool until Russia sets all Europe together by the ears. The lawyer does the same, when he lights the torch of legal contention in the hope of securing the job of extinguishing it. The physician also, looks ahead, when he frightens a patient into a fever, and then drugs him to death for the laudable purpose of saving his life; and so does the lover, when he ascertains the amount of a lady's fortune, before he puts the question. The mother looks ahead when she causes her daughter to exhibit her accomplishments in public; and the daughter's mental eye is turned in the same direction, when she affects reluctance to comply. The miser looks ahead when he hoards up treasures for others to squander; and so does the profligate heir, when he is sighing for the death of a rich uncle. The poet looks ahead when he throws the whole "pith and marrow" of his subject into "one glowing line" at the bottom of his paper, and then writing upwards above it. The editor does the same, when he manufactures incidents that may possibly happen; so does the dramatic censor, who sends to press a grave criticism on a performance half an hour before the curtain rises; and lastly, so does the publisher, when he demands a year's subscription in advance.

Our readers have all doubtless heard of the "crying family," a pleasant little story, often told by a facetious fellow at Chatham garden in the merry days of Mr. Barriere. But there is as good a one, much shorter and better told, now going the rounds of the papers, with which we shall conclude:

A certain lady, who was in the habit of buying articles which she did not want, merely because she could get them cheap, among other things, brought home an old cast-off door-plate.

"Do tell me, my love," inquired her husband, on being invited to applaud her purchases, "if it be your intention to become a dealer in old brass? Of what possible use can this plate be?"

"Bless me!" replied the wife, "you know it is always my plan to 'look ahead' and buy things against the time of need."

Now, who knows, my darling, but you may die and I marry a man with the same name as that on this door-plate? Only think what a saving there would be!"

The argument was unanswerable, and the husband, of course, was silent; but he probably thought to himself, "this is looking ahead with a vengeance."

Editorial Plagiarisms.—There are few of our contemporaries who have not, at one time or other, reprobated the practice of *borrowing* newspapers and other periodicals. On this subject we cordially agree with them; but if some of these gentlemen would look at home, they would find themselves too often guilty of a species of *borrowing* much more reprehensible than the one they are so ready to condemn in others. We mean the taking of another's property without asking leave of the owner, or passing the amount to his credit. We do not allude to money, goods, or chattels, but what is still dearer, literary reputation. This is a subject to which we have seldom reverted in the language of complaint; and we should still pass it over in silence, were the frequent pilferings from our columns confined to such editorial trifles as emanate from our own pen and brain; but when our correspondents are the aggrieved parties, it becomes a duty to enter our protest against the aggression.

In the eleventh number of the present volume of the Mirror, a brilliant poetical gem was inserted, from our highly esteemed correspondent Arion, headed the "Death-bed of Mary." This same production, with a few trifling alterations, has since appeared in the "Virginia Advocate," as communicated by a correspondent who signs himself Z., and adapted to some death-bed scene in the village of Charlotteville. Such a barefaced plagiarism ought not to pass unnoticed; for should Arion hereafter be induced to publish a collection of his fugitive productions, the readers of the Advocate would naturally consider him the plagiarist: believing, as they undoubtedly do, that the effusion in question emanated from some village minstrel.

The Dahlia.—The present season has been very favourable for this and many other flowers. A few days ago, previous to the frost, we stole away from weightier cares to inhale the healthy and odoriferous breezes of Flushing. In the garden of Mr. Prince, we were very much surprised and delighted to see his noble collection of dahlias, which consists of upwards of a hundred varieties: there was the splendid George the fourth, who, in this age of liberal opinions, condescended to display his monarchical glories in a republican atmosphere; the couleur de rose, the pomponne, and the queen of Naples, three new and very beautiful kinds—the flowers are small, but the leaves being quilled, give them a decided air of elegance; a new and brilliant chrome yellow, which exceeds all the yellows we ever saw in a flower; the Henrietta, also new and small, is an amber yellow, deepening in colour from the centre to the circumference, flowers in clusters, and has a close resemblance to a chrysanthemum; an endless variety of reds, some of them very fine, such as the Elizabeth, eclipse, and some others; a beautiful cherry-coloured, ranunculus-shaped flower; some charming violet colours and pure white: indeed, there appeared to be every colour but blue, which never has been, and probably never will be in a dahlia; but the most magnificent of all this class of flowers is the Alexandrina victorina, which grows from ten to twelve feet high, and bears a profusion of grand and gorgeous carmine-coloured flowers. The princely proprietor presented us with a splendid bouquet, which contained a choice flower from almost every dahlia in his collection, and which would have well repaid a journey of ten times the distance.

The prize tragedy.—The committee (consisting of Fitz-Greene Halleck, Prosper M. Wetmore, James G. Brooks, James Lawson, William Leggett, and Edmund Simpson,) to whom were referred the tragedies offered to Mr. Forrest as candidates for his premium of five hundred dollars, have awarded the same to JOHN AUGUSTUS STONE, esq., of Philadelphia, for a piece entitled "Metamora." It will be produced in the course of the ensuing winter at the Park. The public will appreciate this generosity on the part of Mr. Forrest, and we congratulate Mr. Stone (who has long been known to us as a man of decided talent, and the author of the "Diamond Cross," the "Banker of Rouen," and several other dramatic compositions,) upon his good fortune.

Artificial flowers in wax.—A French lady, Madame Louist has succeeded in producing flowers in wax of such exquisite delicacy, as to be suited for botanical study. Some specimens have been presented to the duchess of Berry, and others exhibited to the Parisian public, possessing all the brilliancy of colouring and elaborate minuteness of structure, which are remarkable in the living plants.

COURTIER WINKS.

AS SUNG BY MR. PLACIDE, IN THE CALIPH OF BAGDAD, WITH THE MOST UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE.

[The copy politely furnished for the New-York Mirror by the Managers of the Park Theatre.]

ALLEGRO.

FINE.

Courtier winks, mo-ney chinks, jus-tice to bid for, At com-mand, how they stand, Chas-seau en bas,

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

ha! Poor rogues I hate and to pri-son I send, sir; Mo-rals and lives, or their pock-ets to

mend, sir. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Suitors' prayers are affairs
Not worth a thought, sir;
Waste of time, quite a crime
Send them afar;
Ha! ha! ha! &c.

If a judge doubt,
Let him well weigh the cause, sir;
Substance and wealth
Should have aid from the laws, sir.
Ha! ha! ha! &c.

Money lend, I'm your friend,
Business is done, sir;
To your foes, I'll oppose
Chancery bar,
Ha! ha! ha! &c.

Lawsuits are still
Like the ladies of old, sir,
Easiest won in
A shower of gold, sir,
Ha! ha! ha! &c.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—However careful editors may be, typographical blunders will sometimes occur by the carelessness of printers. In the "whole course of our practice," however, we have never met with so "queer" a one, as that which was lately detected and corrected in the Courier and Enquirer. In noticing a new work, recently published in Boston, entitled the "North American Arithmetic," the com-

positor rendered it "North American Review," pronouncing it "very well calculated to attract the notice of children," as the subjects were illustrated with cuts!

POTATOES.—It is stated in a French paper, that by removing the flowers from the potato-plant as soon as they are fully blown, the quantity of the crop of the potato is increased one-fourth.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Published every Saturday, at 163 William-street, between Beekman and Ann streets.—Terms four dollars per annum, payable in advance.—No subscription received for a less period than one year. Each volume contains four hundred and sixteen royal quarto pages, five copperplate engravings, including the title-page, and twenty-five popular melodies arranged with accompaniments for the piano forte.

J. SKYMOUR, PRINTER, JOHN-STREET.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Thou in the cold dark grave, and I still in
 "This breathing world" of sunshine and delight!
 No—mine's the grave, the darkness, and the worm,
 And thine a home of purity and peace.
 'Tis strange, when I have ever shared with thee,
 Each sad vicissitude which mark'd thy lot,
 That thou shouldst leave me, just as hope had shed
 A brightening ray, and gentler fortunes smiled!
 Stranger that I should suffer thee to tempt,
 Alone, the horrors of death's shadowy vale;
 And here remain myself, a lonely vine,
 Whose tendrils, shaken by the passing breeze,
 Seek for a prop to cling to, but in vain!
 Life without love! A dreary blank—a wild
 And trackless waste! A magic once was shed
 O'er every scene, which caused this wilderness
 To blossom as the rose; hope's pencil tipped
 With richest dyes, when she would penetrate
 The dark illimitable future.
 And yet she pictured not, in gorgeous hues,
 Magnific scenes of oriental splendour,
 Th' imperial palace, rich in costly gems,
 Delicious spices, fair Circassian slaves,
 And all the nameless gewgaws that attract
 A poor misguided world—but home—sweet home,
 A quiet, calm, contented, happy home,
 And all those rapturous feelings which enrich
 Domestic life. Ah! hapless me! I gazed
 So long upon the lovely sketch, that I
 Imagined it reality, and thought
 Its brilliancy could never, never fade.
 Alas! no home is mine—for who would give
 So dear, so sweet a name, to the mere roof
 Which sheltered him from the alternate change
 Of heat and cold, if it enclose no joy?
 To dwell on what I have been, and, alas!
 Distracting contrast!—what I am—to gaze
 Upon the vacant seat, so lately filled
 By one on whom the greedy worm may now
 Be banqueting!—till every nerve seems braced
 With mental anguish, and prepared to aid
 This coward heart to burst despair's dark fetters;
 To cherish memory, and yet implore
 "Oblivious antidote," a lethargic draught,
 To drown the sad remembrance of those joys
 Which never can return—the speaking glance,
 The rapturous kiss—the sympathetic tear,
 Which made this sterile earth a paradise;
 All this—ay, more, alas! much more than this,
 Is the sad dowry of my widowed heart.
 Some strange, mysterious, sad foreboding spirit
 Whispers that many suns may rise and set
 Ere agony shall end her cruel work,
 And from its cheerless lodging free the soul.
 That years on years may roll, to feed
 Eternity's unfathomable gulf,
 Before the line be past which separates
 This den of wretchedness from realms of bliss.
 If such,—thou widow's judge and orphan's friend—
 Be my dark destiny—forgive me, oh!
 Forgive this breaking heart, if still it mourn,
 And cry, "How long, Almighty God! how long?" **ARIEL.**

MY GERANIUM.

"I never loved a tree or flower,
 But 'twas the first to fade away."

Oh, no—it will not flourish 'neath my hand!
 It had grown beautiful, while unobserved
 And left neglected; and when suddenly
 I saw its full and rich luxuriance,
 Its thick and crowded leaves, as green and bright
 As England's boasted forest foliage,
 I took it from its hiding place, and cast
 An eye of love upon it. Better far
 Had it remained forgotten in the shade,
 And died "the death of flowers;" when winter's blasts
 Pierced thro' the sheltering vine, whose tendrils twined
 Around its slender stems.

Why did I break
 So beautiful a union? why unwind
 The graceful, clasping vine, that in its place
 My waste affections might entwine themselves?
 Oh, they have been but like the deadly nightshade,
 Killing what they embraced. It is in vain
 I watch, and nurse, and cherish it—it droops,
 And withers, and decays—'twould almost seem
 As, by a strange and mystic sympathy,

It felt the chill which circles round my heart,
 And knew that the sere feelings could alone
 Claim with the "yellow-leaf" affinity.
 Perhaps its freshness had too much the air
 Of the first paradise, still to thrive on
 Where human passions come, like darkling clouds,
 To mar, full often, nature's loveliness:
 Or it might be that its green beauty wore
 Too much the colouring of hope and joy
 To flourish long where they so frequent die—
 Too much the hue of the young thoughts, whose themes
 Are brighter than the brightest things on earth:
 Or else it was that I had found in it
 Something to love—something on which to dwell
 In confidence, that as it grew more dear,
 From habit, or association's power,
 It would not leave me. How could I forget
 That all things are unstable—that to hope
 Is to be disappointed—and to love
 Is but to spend the heart's deep energies
 Upon a wild and speculative dream!

ESTELLE.

LIFE'S BUT A DREAM.

"We are such stuff
 As dreams are made of."

Oh, prize thou not too fond, too high,
 The passing scenes of earth;
 For many a bitter tear and sigh
 Proclaim their transient worth:
 And the wild heart which stoops to bind
 To earth its hopes supreme,
 Will find, by sad experience find,
 Its promise but a dream.

Genius that strives through toil and pain
 To climb the steep of fame,
 Seeking with restless mind to gain
 An amaranthine name;
 When that proud, dazzling height is won,
 With sick'ning sigh shall deem
 That all he fixed his heart upon,
 Was but a fleeting dream.

Ask of ambition's poisoned soul
 The worth of all his spoils,
 When he has reached the tempting goal
 Of hopes that crowned his toils;
 And he shall own with aching breast
 Which loathes the solemn theme,
 That pomp, and power, and glory, rest
 Upon a baseless dream.

How fair the front of youthful years,
 How lovely and serene!
 Where boyhood's laughing eye appears
 In all its glorious sheen:
 But passions in their darkling rage
 Hide its fast fading beam,
 And the knit brow of tottering age
 Tells peace is but a dream.

Joy after joy is torn away,
 Friend after friend departs,
 As death with wide unswerving sway,
 Breaks the long chain of hearts;
 While every leaf that autumn throws
 Sere in the forest stream—
 And every faded floweret shows
 That life is but a dream.

Yea, the unnumbered forms that are
 Where the wild waters moan,
 In ocean's living sepulchre,
 Unnoted and unknown—
 And the green countless mounds that sleep
 Beneath the night's pale beam,
 Whisper in accents stern and deep,
 That life is but a dream.

And is there then no stranger time
 Isled in yon glorious sky,
 Where the freed soul midst joys sublime,
 Shall never fear to die?
 Must its high hopes of bliss repose
 On time's eventful scheme,
 While every pulse of nature shows
 That life is but a dream?

Hush—there's a world where changes cease,
 And tears are all unknown;
 Where every heart is tuned to peace,
 And bliss is every tone:
 Lo, the immortal spirit swells
 With the inspiring theme,
 And its high hope of being tells
 That world is not a dream!

PROTEUS.

ORIGINAL TALES.

A NIGHT ON THE BANKS OF TENNESSEE.

Concluded.

THERE they sat with their heels on the table, and stood, those namely who could, and reeled and roared. Bless my soul! I wish I had been any where but in this neighbourhood. But there we were. Friend R—ds advanced first. I was astonished at his temerity, thinking on the ill-fated Monroe boot. The merry roisterers seemed to have taken it into their heads to show us good manners. They gave way to the right and left, leaving thus an alley of six feet and upwards, high pallisades, through which we were to pass, they mustering us all the while from head to foot. The bootless state of my friend, however, escaped their lynx eyes; but still I was trembling, you may believe it, when, judge of my astonishment, R—ds burst out into a "Hurrah for old Alabama, and hang the waymaster of — county."

"Are you mad?" whispered I, but he scarcely minded me.

"May I be shot if he sha'n't wear the print of them five knuckles," roared a voice that came from the gulf of mammoth jaws just opening to swallow half a pint of Monongahela.

His thirst however must have been the greater; he quite deliberately poured the liquor down and then strode forwards, laying his flat hand on the shoulder of my companion with a softness that shook his whole frame. The linsy-woolsey dressed Goliath glanced over him, and the natural harshness of his sharp features and owl's eyes contracted into a ferocity that was, to use a quaker's phrase, any thing but pleasant to look at.

"And hang the waymaster," repeated friend R—ds, half laughing, half serious. "So I say again," raising at the same time his bootless foot to the edge of a chair; "look boys, it is gone—my boot—in that infernal road between here and the ferry."

A roar of laughter ensued that would infallibly have burst the windows had there been glass panes in them, but happily they were supplied with cast-off wearing apparel.

"Come, boys," ejaculated R—ds, "no harm done I hope; but sure enough, my boot is lost."

It was the happiest impromptu that ever introduced weary travellers into a similar company. Peace, harmony, and good will were all at once established.

"May I be shot, if that aint Mister R—ds from old Virginia, and now from the Missisip," cried that very formidable being, who had laid rather unceremoniously his hand on R—ds' shoulder—his ferocious look yielding gradually to something like a good-humoured grin. "May I never drink a bottle of genewine Missisip with you, if you sha'n't take half a pint with Bob Shags the waymaster."

It was then the very dignitary whom friend R—ds had hit so marvellously, and at the risk of his eyes and bones.

"Huzzah for old Virginia," cried the master of ways, biting at the same time a morsel of chewing tobacco from that renowned state. "Come, doctor," said the man, holding still with the one hand his tobacco, and in the other the formidable half pint.

"Doctor!" cried the united chorus of the assembly.

"Ay, to be sure, and as great a one as ever trode the Mississippi ground."

"A doctor!" repeated a dozen voices, with a sort of reverential awe.

A man who has power over gin and brandy, whose verdict may give an efficient veto even against a smaller, is at all times a *tribunus plebis*, and in these feverish regions the most influential personage. In this case it had the twofold advantage of freeing us from the pint glasses, and of rendering us privileged visitors; a circumstance of no trifling importance in a tavern which enjoys the honour of being the head-quarters of a party.

Cesar was the first who reaped his advantage; for Bob had no sooner ascertained that he was still standing in the rain, than he gave orders to the purpose, in a tone which bespoke consciousness of importance.

The lord chancellor will not take his seat on the woolsock with more stateliness than friend R—ds spread his cloak, and took possession of his chair.

"Why," roared the master of ways, after a due pause, "may I be shot, if I aint glad to see you. Bob's never afeard of a reel gemman. Come, boys, none of your jimmy and slings and poorgun and French drinkings; real genewine Monongehala. Hurrah for old Virginia!"

Thanks however to the grave mien and the condescending look of R—da, Bob & Co. kept their distance and disposed of their half pints in their own way. My wet clothes began to lie heavy on my shoulders; besides, the atmosphere was none of the most agreeable. Bob seemed to perceive something like an unpleasant feeling on my part.

"And who is that there man?" asked he, casting a glance at ourselves.

"A neighbour of mine," said R—da.

I would have pardoned the omission of a ceremony which literally brought tears into my eyes. My hands were really shaken and pressed, that I became convinced the blood would dart from beneath my nails. The blacksmith's vice was nothing compared to these hands, each of which was as rough as a turnpike.

"I am glad ye are come, boys," said Bob to my friend in a sly whisper; "I am jist trying the campaign for the next election—and ye know it are always good to have a character for respectability. How long is it since I left —ville?"

"Five years," replied R—da, "to the best of my recollection."

"Harry," whispered the master of ways urgently; "no, I am sure it aint as long—no, boy, it aint more than three years. Yes, yes, three; aint it three?"

The candidate had, as I understood, cleared out from the place of his former residence, the birth-place of R—da, for reasons best known to himself; and after having strolled about had at last become stationary in B—e, and turned steady, as far namely as human frailty would permit. We could not help laughing in our sleeves at the confidential manner in which Bob began to sound both his and our praises, and the vast importance he thought it worth while to bestow on us. Dr. Rush shrunk into utter insignificance; Theophrastus Paracelsus was a mere cobbler compared to Dr. R—da; his twenty-five negroes waxed to hundreds under the hyperborean breath of his lungs. It would have been dangerous to contradict him, ready as his five knuckles were to prove the argument.

"You are not going to speechify now?" asked R—da the new protector.

"May I be shot if I aint. To be sure, I'll go the whole."

"Well, then, we must hurry," replied R—da. "Perhaps we might still change our dress and take supper."

"Change clothes?" said Bob with a contemptuous smile.

"Why, boys, you needn't do that. But I don't care if you do; jist let's see Johnny."

And so forth he began the negotiation with Johnny, viz. the tavern-keeper, who, to our great satisfaction, took the candle and led the way into a sort of back parlour, giving us a fair hope of a speedy supper.

"You have no room besides?" asked I, "where we might put on dry clothes?"

"To be sure," said the publican, "there is the garret; but my family are some of them in their beds. No, there aint none besides."

I looked despairingly, for the table was setting, and what was the worst, one of the four doors communicated with the kitchen. There was no prospect of enjoying, even for a few minutes, the undisturbed possession of this vestibule. I looked after our portmanteaus.

"Six small ones, it aint buffalo-akin," vociferated a young bore from the kitchen.

"Six small ones it is," cried another.

"I should be very much disappointed if our portmanteaus are not at present honoured by these gentry with their attention," said R—da, pointing through the open door towards the kitchen.

"I hope not," replied I.

There was no fear of losing the portmanteaus, or of having them injured, but even the getting them out of the hands of these roisterers could not, I was sure, be accomplished without a joke, and I feared these jokes; there is always a risk of having one's arm or leg broken. The kitchen was peopled to overflowing. In the midst stood a knot with a candle burning. We advanced both of us to the door, when one of the sonorous voices cried,

"No, I wont pay if I dont see the inside."

"It is surely our portmanteaus," said R—da.

And so it was; the group was just disputing whether the cover of our portmanteaus belonged to the buffalo or the ox species. They had seen them when carried into the back-

parlour, and without ceremony they made them the topic and the object of their betting.

"Sixteen smallers," cried R—da, "it is deerskin."

"Sixteen it aint," re-echoed as many voices, with a loud laugh.

"It is a bet," said my friend, "but let us see on what I have betted."

"Make room for that gemman," cried the assembly.

"It is our portmanteaus," said R—da. "To be sure it aint deerskin; I have lost my bet. There is the stake."

The dollar brought a hurrah forth, which is still thrilling in my ears; but it put us at the same time in possession of our portmanteaus.

There was one thing more necessary, viz. to have the exclusive possession of our room for five minutes.

"We desire to be left alone," said I to the buxom wench, who ran backwards and forwards with a dozen of plates containing jellies, cucumbers, etc. etc. The nymph of the kitchen looked full into my face.

"Please to shut the door," said I, in a tone rather sharper.

"That is the surest means," whispered my friend, laughing, "of having it burst open again."

The door was scarcely closed before it flew wide open, accompanied by a roar of laughter.

"Tail," cried again one of the merry youngsters.

"They want another dollar," said R—da. "We will let them have it."

"Head," cried he.

"Lost," fell the chorus in.

"There is a treat for you," said my valiant friend, whose admirable temper and presence of mind led happily through all the intricacies of backwoods life, with a facility which was really astonishing.

We now were at liberty to shut the door, and had thus gained the desired time to change our dress. We had scarcely done, when a light tapping at the only window of the room directed our attention to this quarter. We looked and looked through the solitary glass pane, with which the frame was decorated—and whom should our eyes behold but Mr. Isaac Shifty, who had absconded at the door.

"Why, gentlemen," said the man of trade, "I was mistaken. You aint come electioneering; our scouts say, you are from the lower Mississippi."

"And what then?" replied I, drily. "Did not we tell you so?"

"Why, so you did," quoth the man; "but you mought have told a story, you know. And you see, they are canvassing here, and we have got an opposition in yonder tavern, and we knowd that they expected two men from below, and I thought jist it was you."

"And thinking us on the wrong side of the way, you left us a fair chance of breaking our necks or tumbling down the banks of the Tennessee," said R—da, in the same shrewd jocular tone.

"Why, not exactly," replied our late pilot; "we would, true enough, have liked you better in Broad Swamp than here, if you was the two men. But we now know better, and as there will be frolicking this night in your tavern, you best clear out. If you choose, you may as well come to my house, where you'll find as quiet a night's rest as any where in the country."

"That would not do," said R—da with a glance at the yankee, which, if his eyes have served him right, must have convinced him that he was looked through.

A rustling at the door which opened into the kitchen closed rather suddenly the conversation. The yankee's bright gray eyes had alternately watched persons and objects, and as soon as the latch clicked, the frame fell and the urgent solicitor disappeared.

"He wants us to go," said R—da, "because he is afraid our protecting presence may give too much respectability to Bob. You see they are informed of the proceedings here. Should the scouts be found out, there will be a real fight."

The waiting girl now brought the last requisites for an excellent supper, the coffee can; and we sat down in the hope of enjoying a quarter of an hour the Alabama delicacies. Our appetites had been edged during full eight hours; and the dishes, to do justice to B—e, were of the most inviting appearance. We were just in full discussion of their merits when the voice of Bob was heard.

It was time, high time to have done with our supper, and to enter the circle of the friends of the puissant master of ways, under the wings of whose protection we had hitherto fared tolerably enough, that is, without a leg or an arm broke. The backwoods etiquette required our presence, and we, in compliance to her dictates, entered the bar-room.

At the upper end, close to the bar, was placed a table, at whose head stood Bob Shags as chairman, president, speaker, candidate, all, and every thing, in his own person. An inkstand placed before a huge square built personage indicated the secretary. Bob's countenance lowered, as we entered, and he cast a displeasing glance at us, owing, no doubt, to our procrastinated appearance. But Cicero himself might still have learned a good turn for another *oratio ex abrupto* against that arch conspirator Catilina.

"And them there two gemmen," he began, "mought tell you, ay, and be witness of my respectability—may I be shot if it aint the very best." Bob looked round with a most ominous expression, but every countenance seemed fully to acquiesce, so he continued: "We wants men who aint fools, and who is able to tell ginral government what is what, and to defend our sacred invisible vestered rights against ministration. May I be shot, if I yield an inch of ground to the best of them, if ye boys choose me, ay, and trust me with your confidence for our legislater. Ay, and so I shall."

"We'll go the whole," shouted the assembly.

"The whole," vociferated Bob with solemnity; "that's the very thing. There is too much deperidation and extravagation with the people's money, says I, Bob Shags says it. Six teams mought have a snug load to draw the silver which the ministration has got. There it is, boys, black on white."

Bob had a bundle of papers in his hand, which we at first mistook for a dirty handkerchief, but which proved to be the county papers, in one of which the salary which one of the chief magistrates had drawn for more than twenty-five years' public services was very ingeniously popularised by reducing it to teams. Bob paused a moment as the paper went, in its bundle-form, round, and continued thus:

"And what have the people got for their own money? One of the creators of ginral government a Ginral Tariff, one of your foulest harristock rats that ever lived, has passed an act by which we sha'n't have any more trade with the British. Where shall we get flannels and stockings?"

"Hear, hear," cried one of the auditors, who puzzled us not a little, whether the brown hue around his neck belonged to a flannel shirt or to his skin.

"Besides," roared Bob, "they have distrained the shipping of our cotton and rice, and they have made a law to work in their manufacturers. But, boys," added Bob, rising at the same time on his heels, and erecting himself with an air of the most mysterious importance, "there is more corruptious doings, boys, and you the free enlightened people of Alabama are called upon to look to it. Ministration and the yankees have sent clothes and arms and money to the Creeks; two vessels are gone with full cargoes. And they says loudly, that it is right to help them."

"Hear, hear," shouted the assembly, while Bob went on.

"And they will come back across the Missisip, and take their lands in Georgia, and mayhap Alabama to boot."—Deep murmur of disapprobation—Bob raised his voice a tone higher—"And they holds speeches for the Creeks, and says that we thanks them our enlightening, and they call their chiefs Alexander and Pericles and Socrates and Plato and the like names, and say that they are the greatest men. Ay, and these cursed red-skins are fighting against another chief, whom they call Sultan, and who is somewhere in the east, and they say they should be free, and their country be restored to them. Now," said Bob, "aint I right in calling ginral government a fool when they does sich a sort of things, and tells us that we thanks our enlightening to them miserable red-skins, and sends them money and clothes, and mayhap guns, to come back—and we have to pay for it and fight, ay, and fight too."

The storm that had been gathering broke at last out into a tremendous howl, that shook the log-house to its very foundations; but amidst the deafening uproar a laugh was heard, which had escaped our ears; but the sound of which had been unfortunately caught by Bob and a couple of his stanch supporters. The fearful word, "a spy, a scout," were no sooner heard, than all of them rushed towards the door, through which had stolen a man whose appearance seemed to justify the epithet bestowed on him. The unfortunate wight however was caught and dragged before the high tribunal; his bellowing soon brought the whole body of his friends to his assistance, assembled in the next tavern for the same purpose. A fight was inevitable—to escape from it now became our principal care, and we strove as fast as we could, through the crowd pressing from the kitchen department, and from thence into the yard.

"Stop," muttered a husky voice; "you are on the brink of a mud-hole that might drown an ox. Now you will accept my offer."

It was Isaac Shifty, a truer pilot after all than we had imagined. We took his offer, and were safely bestowed in a bed, not exactly the very best in the state, but well qualified to hold both our worthy selves.

The next morning found us better acquainted with our new landlord. We shook hands heartily and passed over to the tavern. It stood still on the same place, but it bore strong marks of the hard battle fought within its precincts. Chairs, benches, and table had gone to pieces; even the sanctuary of the hostelry, the bar, had not escaped a partial destruction, and mugs and tumblers lay strewn on the ground. Our gig was pasted over and over with electioneering tickets and huzzas, which we had not a little ado to clear away. But the guests and roisterers were gone; and strange to say, our reckoning had been paid by the master of ways and means, Bob Shags.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

TURKISH SPORTS.

THE only remnant of Saracen chivalry existing in Turkey is the jereed tournament. I witnessed one in honour of the birth of a child in the imperial harem, and certainly never beheld so imposing a spectacle as this immense assemblage of people exhibited: upwards of sixty thousand persons of either sex, in all the varieties of eastern costume, and in which all the colours of the rainbow were blended, were seated on the sloping sides of a natural amphitheatre: the sultan sat above magnificently apparelled, surrounded by his black and white slaves in glittering attire. He appeared about forty-four years of age; his figure majestic, and his aspect noble; his long black beard added to the solemnity of features, which he never relaxed for a moment; and while all around were convulsed with laughter at the buffooneries of a merry andrew, who amused the multitude, he kept his dark eye on the juggler, but he never smiled. Hundreds of horsemen were galloping to and fro on the plain below, hurling the jereed at random; now assailing the nearest to them, now in pursuit of the disarmed. Their dexterity in avoiding the weapon was luckily very great, otherwise many lives must have been lost; as it was, I saw one cavalier led off with his eye punched out, and another crushed under a horse. These accidents never interfered for a moment with the sports; one sort succeeded another. After the jereed came the wrestlers. They prostrated themselves several times before the sultan, performed a number of very clumsy feats, and then set-to. Their address lay in seizing upon one another by the hips, and he who had the most strength lifted his adversary off his legs, and then, flinging him to the earth, fell with all his force upon him. Music relieved the tedium between the rounds, and several occurred before any mischief was sustained. At last one poor fellow was maimed for life, to make a Turkish holiday; he had his thigh bone smashed, and was carried off the field with great applause! Bear fighting was next attempted; but bruin was not to be coaxed or frightened into pugnacity; the dogs growled at him in vain. During all these pastimes, the slaves were running backwards and forwards from the multitude to the sultan, carrying him innumerable petitions from the former, which he cannot refuse to receive, and seldom can find leisure to read. The departure of the pacific bear terminated these brutal sports; and every one, except the friends of the dead man and the two wounded, appeared to go away delighted beyond measure. All the amusements of this people are of the same cruel character.

Madden's Travels.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

The rich foliage of the American forests, in the fall of the year, has been the favourite theme of our novelists, poets, and travellers. Cooper's descriptive power has been successfully employed upon autumn scenery, and, more recently, its beauty has been celebrated in verses of no mean merit. We do not, however, know where a truer notion of the richness of our autumnal forests is given, than in the following very brief passage which we met with the other day:

"I walked into the woods," says the writer, "at mid-day. The foliage was crimson, scarlet, orange and green. The brightest and most delicate colours were harmoniously intermingled. The meridian sun poured its beams upon the leaves, and, as the light breeze waved them, they glittered like brilliant jewellery."

Boston Pal.

No man lives too long who lives to do with spirit, and suffer with resignation, what Providence pleases to command or inflict.

LAUGHING.

I do love a good, sound, sonorous laugh; one that rings merrily and strongly upon the atmosphere like the explosion of a field-piece. There are some men that never laugh; we are always shy of them, for they cannot be honest. It is a very easy matter to tell a man's disposition by his laugh, and I have a strong idea of carrying the theory into operation, against that of Gall and Spurzheim. A jovial, shrewd, good-hearted fellow will laugh heartily and loudly, with a meaning, however, of genuine humour. On the contrary, a thick-headed stolid genius allows his merriment vent in a perfect bray. This we detest, and were we supreme in our authority, we would condemn such fellows to wear a cap and bells. A stingy, miserly genius, laughs short and quick, and seems covetous of his merriment; his laugh sounds like a north-wester through a gimlet hole. A satirist seldom laughs outright; it would expose him to ridicule, he restrains it when hard pressed, and allows its force to curl up his lips like a corkscrew. This is the worst of all laughs, and a man who indulges in it ought to be put upon the treadmill. When you see a man surrounded by a crowd and laughing very often, you may safely swear that he is either a Jeremy Diddler or a politician canvassing for office. One of your surly-gruff old fellows always laughs as if through a speaking trumpet. The ladies (dear creatures) all laugh in one key, and, therefore, we are put at a loss to know how to distinguish their dispositions in their bursts of merriment. One thing is certain, we had rather hear a pretty girl laugh than the finest piece of music played by the most accomplished master upon earth. Hadn't you?

THE ARTIST AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

The following laughable story, though the circumstance happened some time ago, has not, that we know, yet got into print. It will afford some amusement to the lovers of fun. At the time when the disclosure of the atrocities of the monsters Burke and Hare painfully engrossed the public attention, an artist residing in the immediate neighbourhood of Soho-square had occasion to advertise for a man-servant, who, in addition to the usual requisites, "honesty and sobriety," was to be "from the country." One morning a raw country lad presented himself as a candidate for the vacant situation, and was shown into the artist's painting-room. Our readers of course know that this apartment in an artist's house is in general very gloomy, the light being admitted only through a small portion of the upper part of one window, whilst all the other casements, if there be any, are kept perfectly closed. Upon being left alone in this dark room, (for the artist, whom we shall call Mr. W., was not present), some feelings of uneasiness began to steal upon the countryman's mind, whose vague and incipient apprehensions were not diminished by a closer observation of the apartment. The first object that arrested his attention was the easel, which unluckily happened at this time to have no canvass upon it to denote its use, and which to his excited imagination appeared an instrument of torture. Carrying his investigation further, he perceived in a corner of the room a canvass cloth spread over an object which from its form evidently could be nothing but a human body. This was what artists call a lay figure—a perfect representation of the human figure, which they employ as a model when it may be inconvenient or unnecessary to procure a living model. It now occurred to the poor fellow that he had been decoyed into the house for the purpose of being killed, and that the canvass-cloth covered the body of some wretched victim who had just been murdered and not yet removed. Filled with this horrid idea, he endeavoured to open the door by which he had entered, but found it fastened. He then crept softly to another door, which was glazed, and covered with a curtain. Drawing the curtain aside he beheld a spectacle which seemed to offer the verification of his worst fears. He saw Mr. W. in the ante-room, holding in his hand a large knife, covered with blood, and a dish full of the vital stream standing by him. Mr. W. was mixing up lake, and the knife he used was a pallet-knife. When the countryman recovered from the momentary stupor into which this horrid spectacle had thrown him, he determined to attempt his escape from a place which he conceived to be no better than a human slaughterhouse. Watching, therefore, the opportunity when Mr. W.'s back was turned, he opened the door suddenly, rushed out, struck the artist a blow on the head, which brought him to the ground, and then passing out by another door, made his way down stairs with all the speed in his power. Mr. W., who happens to be deaf as well as to labour under an impediment in speaking, was not aware

of the proximity of the countryman, until he felt the blow which knocked him down. In falling he broke the plate containing the colour, which became smeared over his hands and clothes. Mr. W. conceiving that the man had been robbing him, pursued him instantly down stairs, and overtook him in the passage, where a struggle ensued between them. The countryman, who supposed that his life depended upon his exertions at that moment, put forth all his energies, and having overcome the artist, he ran into the streets screaming "murder." In the scuffle some of the crimson from Mr. W.'s person was communicated to that of the clown, and gave some colour to the dreadful cries which he uttered. Of course a mob soon followed at his heels, until, overpowered by terror and exhaustion, he sank down in Soho-square. At this moment the artist ran up, and was about to seize him. The sight of his tormentor, "steeped in the colours of his trade," and his knife "unmannerly breeched in gore," threw the poor countryman into fresh agonies. He appealed to the by-standers for protection against the artist, who he said was in the habit of killing a dozen men every day, and now wished to despatch him. Appearances were against the artist. He was immediately seized, and cries of "despatch him!" resounded on all sides. Some of the crowd, in the height of their indignation, proposed to sacrifice him on the spot with his own knife; but others more knowing, thought it better that, for the sake of example, he should undergo the ceremony of trial previous to execution; his death, however, with or without law, was a thing determined. Nothing can be imagined greater than the astonishment of the artist at being taken into custody under such extraordinary circumstances, and unfortunately being, as before stated, afflicted with an impediment in his speech, his abortive attempts at explanation were looked upon as so many proofs of his guilt. He was being dragged off to Bow-street, when some of his friends interfered on his behalf, and endeavoured to explain the mistake. With much difficulty the mob was persuaded to carry the artist to his own house; but it was not till a deputation from the crowd had inspected the premises and tasted the colour, to satisfy themselves that it was not blood, that he was set at liberty. London Times.

NATURE.

The empress Josephine used to send from Paris, bales of toys, playthings, puppets, &c. to her grand children; among others, Napoleon, the little son of Louis, used to receive an ample share while at the Hague. One new-year's day, the queen Hortense received an immense case, full of the most ingenious toys that the invention of Grancher and Giroux could devise. Young Napoleon was sitting looking out of a window into the park, and appeared to receive with indifference, all the presents spread out before him; he still persevered in gazing down the long avenue that led from his window. The queen, disappointed at not seeing him so happy as she had expected, asked him if he was not grateful to his grandmama for having taken such pains to procure him all the pretty things before him? "Oh! yes, mamma, I am very grateful;" "but do not all these pretty playthings amuse you?" "Yes, mamma, but—" "But what?" "I want very much—something else." "Tell me what it is; I promise it to you, my boy."—"Oh mamma, but you would not, I am sure." "Is it money for the poor?"—"Papa gave me that this morning, and it is already distributed; it is—" "Come, speak out, you know how much I love you, so you may be sure I would begin the new year with something you would like, come then, my dear darling, what is it you want?"—"Mamma, I want to walk in that pretty mud, which I see out at the window; that would amuse me more than any thing."

EXERCISE.

Persons whose habits are sedentary, deceive themselves into a belief that mere physical exercise will preserve health; and accordingly take daily walks for that purpose, while the current of their thoughts remains unchanged. This we conceive to be a radical error. The only exercise that can produce a really beneficial result, is that which breaks up the train of ideas, and diverts them into new and various channels. An eminent writer has said that it ought to be the endeavour of every man to derive his reflections from the objects about him; for it is to no purpose that he alters his position, if his attention continues fixed to the same point. This is no doubt true; and in order to the attainment of any advantage by exercise, especially walking, the mind should be kept open to the access of every new idea, and so far disengaged from the predominance of any particular thoughts, as easily to accommodate itself to the entertainment which may be drawn from surrounding objects.

HISTORICAL.

FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

THE fall of Constantinople, and with it the Roman empire, has justly been considered as an event of the greatest importance. At a time when the retributive hand of justice seems decreeing a similar fate to the descendants of the conquerors, a retrospective glance at the catastrophe which terminated the Greek empire cannot but be highly interesting. The following sketch of this event is drawn from one of the best and most authentic sources.

It was at the beginning of the year 1453 that Mahomed, at the head of three hundred thousand men, appeared before the walls of Constantinople. Nature and art had rendered this city strong, but it was defended by no more than eight thousand men capable of bearing arms. They were citizens burning with religious zeal and enthusiastic patriotism, Venetians and Genoese, who had hastened thither to share its fate, and the few regular soldiers that Constantine could muster. The remainder of the population consisted of women, children, nuns, monks, priests, artists, merchants and mechanics, the worst sort of people in a city besieged by so fierce an enemy. Such was all the force that remained of the Roman power which had ruled the world. Constantinople was, at this time, eighteen miles in circumference. It run out into a sharp angle, whose point, standing towards the east, advanced into the sea, looking at the same time towards the Bosphorus and Thrace. The western part, which forms the basis of the angle, being accessible from the continent, was defended by a double wall and a deep ditch filled with salt water, this side being washed by the Propontis, and the northern by a second arm, that enters deep into the land, forming an immense basin within the walls of Constantinople. On this tongue Galata is built. The whole presents one of the most magnificent ports in the world. Its entrance was then shut up by an estacade, with an iron chain in the middle, and vessels moored behind it.

Mahomed had long prepared for the deadly grasp that was to seize the last hold of the Roman empire. On his return to Adrianople (his residence) he had deprived the emperor of his brassfounders and best workmen, whom Constantine had paid but indifferently. The Turk wanted a formidable artillery to establish batteries on both shores of the straits, and to raise a fort on the western side of the Bosphorus, opposite to that constructed by his ancestor. The alarmed Greeks, with famine before their eyes, it being impossible for vessels to enter under the cannon of the forts, had sent ambassadors to Mahomed to remonstrate. The Turk had replied haughtily, "that he was master of the territory his ancestors had conquered: to provide for his own security was not infringing the treaty." A second embassy had no better success. Constantine in despair had turned towards the Latins; he had sent ambassadors to Pope Nicholas. Instead of succours the pope had sent the Cardinal Isidor: the Greeks were to subscribe the decree of union with the Latin church, and to celebrate the sacred mysteries with the legate. The moderate party had complied, but the population, excited by monks and priests, had declared against the union and the pope, and Nicholas abandoned the inveterate enemies of the Roman church to their fate. While these dogmatical questions had been pending, the armies of Mahomed had ravaged the remainder of the Grecian Morea, and had got possession of all the forts of all the towns. Constantine, justly dreading with every moment the approach of the enemy, had provisioned the capital, and implored succours from the Genoese. These not daring to declare openly against Mahomed, had sent five vessels, which happily entered Constantinople in spite of one hundred Turkish sail stationed at the entrance of the straits.

Mahomed had been so enraged at the indignity offered to his arms, that he struck the captain pacha with his own hand. To revenge himself, he had ordered his artillery before the walls of the city, which was soon followed by the army in mass. As the numerous bodies of troops appeared in sight of the city, they took their different positions. Mahomed opened the attack by four batteries pouring forth an uninterrupted fire, while another division of his army endeavoured to penetrate the port, to attack the city from the water side. Galata, the defence of which the besieged had given up, was taken. Once in possession of this point, Mahomed cut a road, on which sixty vessels were drawn by horses and oxen, and propelled by machines near to the shore, and during night launched into the sea. Indescribable was the consternation of the Greeks, when they beheld the following morning a hostile fleet under their very walls, armed with wooden turrets from which a shower of darts and bullets was discharged on them; but the dread of falling into the hands of a barbarous enemy animated the defenders with a courage that approached despair. At their head was the emperor, indefatigable by day and by night. Sorties were out of the question, feeble as the garrison was, but the breaches caused by the enemy's fire during day time, were in the night repaired with a quickness which astonished even the Turks; their batteries often silenced, their turrets burnt with Grecian fire and oil. Yet the hundreds of thousand of assailants infused less terror than the fleet of sixty sail moored in the very heart of the city. It had been attempted to destroy it with fire, but without success. A brave Venetian, Cop was his name, attempted to deliver the city from this dangerous enemy. He demanded three barges and forty men. His courage might have saved Constantinople, but for the envy and jealousy of a Genoese, who betrayed the secret to the Turks. The expedition was suffered to approach the Turkish fleet to a certain distance, then surrounded and set on fire. Cop and his companions threw themselves into the sea; they were picked up by the Moslems to be strangled on the following day in sight of the besieged. In retaliation two hundred and sixty Turks were hanged on the ramparts.

The failure of this enterprise filled the Greeks with dismay. The Venetians reproached the Genoese; the grand admiral was jealous of the authority of Justiniani, a noble Genoese whom the emperor had chosen his lieutenant. Such was their hatred and animosity, that the utmost exertions of the emperor could scarcely prevent the spilling of citizen's blood. Constantine commanded, implored, conjured them not to inflict on his people still deadlier wounds than even their enemies had done.

In the midst of general degradation and misery, the emperor's predecessors had amassed prodigious treasures. Constantine employed them to bribe the minister of Mahomed, and Ali, the grand vizier, was thus corrupted; but his treacherous advice could only arrest, not avert the fate impending over the imperial city. Breaches were seen yawning on every side—the fleet in the very heart of the city—the ditches half filled—the courage of the few defenders dying away. In this extremity Constantine made a last effort; he sent ambassadors to the Turk offering tribute, and representing the injustice of invading a country which was willing to submit; but Mahomed coveted the magnificent imperial city, and he wanted to efface the last traces of the dominion of the Cæsars. His answer was—he would allow Constantine during his lifetime the enjoyment of the imperial Morea, provided he would give up the city without further struggle, in which case he would spare the effusion of much blood.

Constantine on hearing those terms, resolved to defend his empire to the last, and thus to die. Maho-

med had expected it, and prepared for a general assault. He promised his soldiers the pillage of the city, the citizens themselves with their property, reserving for himself only the territory and the houses. After having surrounded the places where the breaches were most conspicuous, he ordered his militia in front of his chosen troops, the Janissaries, who, with their scimitars in hand, drove the countless hordes to the assault. These wretches were driven on towards the walls in hundreds of thousands to lay on the scaling ladders, to mount them—to blunt the swords, to exhaust the arrows, bullets and lances of the besieged, and to fill with their corpses the ditch. They strove up in thousands, but not one of them reached the height of the wall. Once more the hopes of the besieged revived, when they beheld the multitudes that had found their graves: but this hope was a short one. Over the corpses of the slain, the fresh Janissaries rushed with a fury edged by the sight of the thousands who had been slain for their benefit into madness. The Greeks already exhausted could resist no longer: a fire had been kept up during the attack of the militia, to which, the distance being only small, many of the most valiant defenders had fallen. Among these was Justiniani, who, wounded in the hand and pierced in the shoulder, was forced from the battlements by excruciating pain. With his retreat the last hope vanished. At the top of another breach the emperor commanded; there the Janissaries pressed with twofold fury. They forced themselves into the breach; the carnage became dreadful, but it was short. Almost at once whole batalions mounted the ruins. Arrived on the ramparts, they dispersed to assist their still fighting companions. The unfortunate Constantine exclaimed, "And is there no christian, who, for pity's sake will put an end to my life?" To escape falling alive into the hands of the barbarians he threw away his imperial dress, rushed disguised into the hordes of the Janissaries, and was thus killed.

In the midst of this fearful struggle, (we should hesitate to believe it were it not attested by creditable writers) the people of Constantinople awaited in Saint Sophia, and other churches, the fulfilment of a prophecy made by an imposter some time previous, who prophesied that the Turks would enter the imperial city, arrive at the column of Constantine, but that an angel would descend from heaven, would put into the hand of a common man a sword and a sceptre, with these words: "Avenge the people of the Lord!"—on this the Turks would take to flight, and be pursued by the Greeks, under the heavenly conduct, to a place called Monardéré, on the frontiers of Persia. The victorious, tremendous shouting of the victors, the sounds of axes and hammers, and the breaking open of the temple through whose portals the sanguinary, blood-stained Janissaries were seen rushing, convinced the poor dupes but too soon of this fatal deception.

Thus fell Constantinople on the 28th of May, 1753, one thousand two hundred and five years after the foundation of Rome, and with it the last shadow of the Roman power, that had issued from a single city on the banks of the Tiber, and terminated with the conquest of its daughter on the shores of the Bosphorus, a sad picture of superstition, weakness, and moral degradation on the one side, and a bright spark of Roman heroism on the other.

EDUCATION IN AUSTRIA.—The system employed in Austria for spreading instruction, is attended with great success. In each village are schools, of which the masters are paid by government. No one is allowed to marry who cannot read, write, and show some acquaintance with arithmetic; and under a penalty, no master can employ a person who is not able to read and write. Hence crimes are extremely rare; and in the course of a twelvemonth scarce two executions take place at Vienna.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

At a juncture when the eyes of the world are turned toward the east, the following correct information respecting the powerful ruler of the north, will be found the more acceptable, as it may serve to guide the lover of truth through the mists of English prejudice and French flattery. It is an extract from the letter of a gentleman who resided for some time in St. Petersburg.

Paris, July 10, 1827.

"You desire a picture of the emperor Nicholas, the present theme of the discussions in our saloons. I will endeavour to give the impressions as faithfully as I have received them. I have seen him frequently, and always with increasing pleasure. He is a well formed and finely proportioned young man, rather taller than Alexander, with a handsome manly countenance, blue serene eyes, and a mien truly imperial. The first impression he leaves upon you is that of a manly sound understanding; his look is firm—growing firmer if you stand it, but relenting as your glance loses its assurance. You cannot help feeling convinced at the first glance of his eye, overshadowed by manly brows, but that you have a man before you who is too fully conscious of his immense elevation to show the least pride.

"On no Russian prince has more care been bestowed than on Nicholas. His education was superintended by the empress mother, (the consort of the emperor Paul) whose favourite, as well as hope, he was from his childhood. His education had been chiefly committed to Germans, among whom was the celebrated Richter, and to speak the truth, his teachers have discharged their duties in a manner which does honour to their nation. For this nation Nicholas has the highest respect, being himself of German descent. In his earlier years he had somewhat of a romantic cast, and slight mustachios curled on his upper lip; he still wears whiskers. You may form some idea of how little this prince is inclined to yield even in trifles from the following. When he was with his imperial brother in England, (1814) he contracted an intimate acquaintance with several noblemen of the highest rank. Among these was the duke of Devonshire. The English cabinet, in a sort of awe of the Russian autocrat ever since the days of Peter the Great, did not fail to avail itself of the known partiality of the new emperor towards the duke, and the latter was sent to be present at the coronation of Nicholas, perhaps, with a view to flatter the monarch, and perhaps to influence him in a certain point. It is said that the duke, presuming on his former familiarity, forgot the distance between himself and his imperial friend, and that he was admonished of it in a manner so polite, but at the same time so determined, that the Englishman lost absolutely his countenance. The affair, delicately as it was handled, was soon discovered by the long face of the Englishman, and served to amuse the high circles of St. Petersburg not a little, as all the nobility hate Englishmen most cordially and most politely.

In 1815, when Alexander became certain that the empire would never have an heir, he with his mother fixed upon Nicholas as successor, and negotiations were opened with the king of Prussia to whose daughter he was married—a princess of a very sound understanding, but rather too shrewd and cool. The influence she exercises over him cannot be said to be undue, but it is very great, that is certain, and she has perhaps more contributed to keep him from the aberrations of gallantry to which his brother fell an early victim, than even his excellent education and the surveillance of the empress mother, whom every one of the imperial family holds in awe. Nicholas resembles Alexander in some points, yet his countenance is more manly and intellectual, though Alexander was

considered the most gifted of his contemporary monarchs. In Alexander you could not help observing a tint of slyness and effeminacy in his best years, and of relaxation in his latter. Nicholas is more vigorous, less pliable, but not less polite; there is more loftiness in him, and at times you may even observe a curling of the lips, which Alexander always knew how to smoothen into softness. Of all his brothers he shows and evinces the greatest mental powers. He is about thirty-five years of age, and altogether a handsome man. The grand duke, Michael, his younger brother, resembles Alexander very much; but never would you believe that these brothers were born of the same mother with Constantine; there is not the least similarity either in feature or character between these brothers. Constantine is altogether an ugly man, with a short crooked nose that points upwards to the eye, coarse and disgusting features without the least proportion, and the deportment of a rude barbarian; and yet Constantine is far from being disliked, especially by the soldiery, the populace, and the peasantry, with whom he has too many points of similarity, not to please them. The late emperor, however, has really done a great benefit to the empire by excluding this prince from the throne, a measure rather high-handed, but fully in accordance with the fundamental law of the empire, according to which the reigning emperor may choose his successor from among the numbers of the imperial family. Should Constantine have ascended the throne, he could not have kept it a twelvemonth. He is as whimsical a despot as his father Paul, with none of the graces, nor the better parts of that prince, rude like a Baskire, and will commit himself to the greatest excesses if not awed by the presence of his few superiors.

"You may form an idea of the confidence which is universally reposed in Nicholas, by the fact, that no sooner had he subdued the guards and superseded Constantine, than the people both high and low expressed publicly as their conviction, that he would conquer Constantinople, and destroy the Turkish empire."

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"It is very provoking," said Mr. Turner as he entered his drawing-room; "I can no longer have patience with that perverse girl."

"What is the matter, dear father," said his daughter Sophia, leaving her station at the window, where she had been watching the Broadway loungers, and throwing her arms around his neck, "what is the matter?"

Sophia was the pet, the darling of her father; and, tyrant as he was in his own family, he could never resist her wishes.

"Your sister Laura," he replied, "is enough to provoke a saint."

"What has she done?" inquired Sophia.

"Why, you know, Sophy, my partner Mr. Morland wishes to pay his addresses to her, and she behaves so strangely, I do believe he will give up the pursuit; she seems quite insensible to all his goodness and his immense riches, and prefers that prosing, sentimental young Courville, who has nothing but his profession."

"Oh, well," answered Sophia, "she cannot help that, Mr. Courville is so much handsomer and younger. You are rich enough, you know, to allow her to unite herself with whoever she prefers—"

"No, I am not," said he angrily; "you foolish girls think because I live in a good house, in handsome style, and give you every thing you wish, there is no end to my possessions."

"Well," said Sophia, "I am sure all the young ladies at school think so, and every body else that I am acquainted with."

"They know nothing about it," replied he; "I'll tell you how it is, Sophy, for you have some sense.

At a time when every body failed, Mr. Morland assisted me with his capital, rescued me from utter destruction, and the loss of all the hard earned gainings of my whole life. Since then we have been in business together and have been exceedingly successful; now he wishes to retire and marry; and there is scarcely a young lady in the city who would not be glad of his hand. He has fixed on Laura with my consent; but she treats him so shamefully he dare not ask her. I have a large family to provide for. There's Frank just going into business; not as his father did, indeed, to begin with a little, and work along slowly; but he wants to launch out at once as a merchant, and then he must have his horses, his dogs, and his gig; he must go to the springs in his own carriage, with his own servants too; just as if the best of folks do not travel in steamboats and stages, and are there not plenty of waiters at all the taverns and hotels. I would consent, however, to allow my children all such indulgences, as far as my means go; but as for my daughters, very little shall I have to bestow on them when they marry. Now, think in what style Laura might live as Mrs. Morland! Is it not very perverse in her to be so indifferent? Nay, to mope so, and look so unhappy?"

"It is very strange," said Sophia, musingly.

"And here are you, Sophy," continued he, "just on the point of coming out. What a belle you would be, if you had not an elder sister to attract attention, as one may say! Your mother declares it would be such an advantage to you, and your younger sisters, if Laura married Morland; so have him she shall! Go, child, you can make every one do as you please; go, prevail on your sister to accept the good fortune offered her; and stop," added he, as Sophia was leaving the room, "tell her I will give her an elegant cashmere shawl if she will be a good girl."

Sophia ran up stairs to her sister, and beheld her seated, leaning her head on her hand, the very image of dejection.

"Dear sis," said the lively Sophia, kissing her, "do cheer up, and do not look so despairingly. I have just come from my father, at his request, to urge you to marry Mr. Morland without any more ado."

"Oh, Sophy," said Laura despondingly, "do not you join to torment me. Is it not enough that my mother daily, hourly, exhorts, entreats, and commands, until I am harassed to death; and my father so sternly reproves me! I can see no one, speak to no one, but Mr. Morland; he is always beside me, though I do all in my power to prevent it; and more than all else," added she, bursting into tears, "is not Henry so unhappy?"

Sophia embraced her sister, endeavoured to soothe her, and urged all the advantages she would enjoy if she accepted Mr. Morland; but her tears still continued to flow.

"Think, dear sister," said Sophia, "what splendour, what magnificence will be yours when you are Mrs. Morland! Then you will be courted, admired, flattered! Reflect, you will be mistress of his beautiful residence in the country—a perfect paradise! imagine in what style you may travel east, west, north, or south, just as your fancy directs, if you will only consent to say one word."

Laura shook her head mournfully: the picture had no charms for her.

"No, I cannot, I cannot," said she; "I have given my heart to Henry; shall I break my promise to him—shall I destroy his happiness?"

"Oh, that's all romance, as pa says," answered Sophia. "Henry will get over it; the hearts of young men do not break so easily; though I am three years younger than you are, sister, yet I can judge of some things. Suppose you were united to Henry Courville; think how you would be obliged to reside in some obscure street, in a small two-story house, with ingrain carpets and every thing else in corresponding

style, with nothing but a little slipshod girl perhaps, to attend the door if any one *should* visit you; dear me, how shocking."

"But Henry would be there," said Laura, sighing.

The distress of Laura was incomprehensible to Sophia, as she did not understand the feelings which produced it; she became quite animated as she represented the delights of a splendid establishment, but she failed to convince her sister. Her thoughts, however, were soon occupied in the arrangement of a dress for that evening. A cousin gave a ball, and Sophia had obtained permission to attend, as it was at the house of a relation. Her mother, who was very averse to have two grown daughters on the tapis at once, did not fail to inform every one Sophia was still quite a child, and this was not her *début*.

The little heart of Sophia was too much filled with anticipations of the evening to bestow more attention on the incomprehensible distress of her sister. The hour arrived, a large party went from the house of Mr. Turner. Sophia laughed, and danced, and flirted; the gayest, most volatile little beauty of the assemblage; whilst the mild and gentle Laura, closely attended by Mr. Morland, was silent, pale, and inanimate. She had one consolation, however, Henry was there; and to see him, though at a distance, to be in the same scene with him, to breathe the same atmosphere, was soothing to her suffering heart. Her mother did not neglect, in the midst of her flattering attentions to others, to keep strict watch to prevent them from exchanging a word. They were, therefore, obliged to content themselves with an occasional glance at each other, whilst apparently occupied with those around them. The tender heart of Laura was touched as she observed that Henry too looked pale, and appeared unhappy. At length the gay party dispersed; Mrs. Turner had descended to her carriage; the sisters lingered a few moments in the dressing-room to make their adieux to some of their intimates. As they descended together, at the turn of the stairs, a man, wrapped in a large cloak, with his cap pulled over his face, accosted them.

"Laura," said the voice of Henry Courville, much agitated, "will you not speak to me—one word—one little word before you depart?"

Laura extended her hand to him and murmured his name.

"Oh, how I have watched and waited for this moment," said he, taking her hand. "Is it so," added he in touching accents, "must we part? is this to be all the intercourse between us hereafter? we, who have been so happy together?"

Voices approached—they could only exchange one look before they separated; but Sophia—the gay, unthinking Sophia, was affected, saddened, and sobered for a time, by the expression of intense misery she beheld on each countenance. Mr. Morland waited for them at the foot of the staircase, and hurried them through the hall to the carriage.

When they reached home, the sisters ascended to their chamber together; Laura sank into a chair in mournful silence, while Sophia approached the glass, humming the air of a cotillion, to discover how she had last appeared to her admiring beaux. Suddenly recollecting her sister, she turned and beheld her slowly and sadly laying aside her ornaments, which she cast from her with a look of disdain.

"Laura," said Sophia, "I do believe you and Henry love each other, and will be very unhappy if you are separated."

"Do you?" replied Laura, with a tone of deep feeling.

"I do not see," continued Sophia, "why papa will not allow you to be happy in your own way. Ah, dearest sis," added she, throwing her arms around Laura as she observed the tears flowing down her cheeks; "do not cry, there's a good girl—you are too

sweet and amiable to be thus afflicted—you shall be happy—believe me, I will convince papa—you know I can always make him do as I wish—he shall not vex you any longer."

"Ah, no!" said the submissive Laura, in despairing accents, "though I know how much influence you have with my father; I know when stern, severe, and unyielding to us all, you control him as you will; yet your influence has never been exerted except in trifles; this is an affair on which his heart is so fixed, his will so unalterable, that you, even you, cannot change his determination. My mother aids him, and they will sacrifice the happiness of their daughter for life."

Again she gave way to a violent burst of tears; the kind heart of Sophia was much affected. She endeavoured to console her sister by promises of prevailing on her father to relinquish his favourite scheme; but in vain.

"I perceive," said Laura, "how it will terminate. I behold my destiny. Have I not often met him, as I did this evening, and yet we could not exchange a word; they surround me, watch me, and I must be passive to their will. That one short interview you witnessed, is all that has passed between us for months."

"I have it," said Sophia starting up, and clasping her hands with delight—"a bright idea has struck me—I perceive how I can please all parties. Yes," added she, walking rapidly up and down the room, "I will marry old Morland myself!"

"You, my giddy sister?" said Laura, smiling, notwithstanding the heaviness of her heart, at the childish glee of Sophia.

"Yes, me, miss," answered she; "you think he will not have me, but he cannot help himself, for I am determined to have him. Yes, yes," pursued she, moving as if perfecting her plan, "before these holidays are over, it will be all settled—it will just suit me—oh, how I will make his thousands fly."

Laura, though she did not believe her sister serious, was comforted by her promises of extricating her from the distress in which she was plunged. She had often witnessed the power of Sophia over others, and wondered, as she beheld her always obtain her purposes either by persuasion, flattery, or commands. The truth was, Sophia, though so very young, possessed that fine tact which gave her a quick perception of the characters of others, and taught her how to control them. The simple and upright Laura would have disdained to use such talents, were she so gifted. There was, however, another reason for the influence of Sophia; she was such a gladsome, mirthful being, no one opposed her for fear of chasing the bright and joyous smiles from her countenance, and her lively sallies were so enchanting, all united to excite them by indulging her in every whim. Laura retired to bed with a heart lightened of some of the load which oppressed it, and slept more peaceably than she had done for a long time before. Soon after this conversation she found, wherever they went, Sophia laughing, flirting, and frolicking, with the grave and dignified Mr. Morland; he was drawn away from her side by her gay and volatile sister. The interviews between Henry and herself were more frequent, though still short. One evening they attended a party where their mother could not accompany them. Henry and Laura passed it happily, as their intercourse had been unimpeded, for Laura was no longer so closely attended as formerly, by the stiff and stately Morland. After their return, when the sisters retired to their chamber, Sophia laughingly said to Laura,

"Did I not tell you so? old Morland is quite in raptures, and I expect a declaration soon."

"Dear sister," exclaimed Laura, "you are not serious. I cannot allow you to sacrifice yourself for me, so young as you are too."

"Sacrifice myself indeed," replied Sophia, "really

mon futur would be exceedingly flattered to hear you; the only impediment to my happiness, is the fear you will repent your generosity in resigning him to me, when you behold my dash, my splendour, from your obscure abode; but no, my dear sister, I perceive we view things differently—we have different feelings, different modes of enjoyment—mine will be in crowded assemblies, in gay society, the happiest, the gayest of all. Mr. Morland, you know, has an excellent heart and an unexceptionable character; with him I can have all I desire to make me happy. In spite of his dignity and stateliness, I can do that with him," added she, sportively illustrating her meaning by twisting the corner of her handkerchief around her little finger.

Sophia, as she had prophesied, was omnipotent: she contrived to dazzle and bewilder Morland so entirely, by her wit and flattering attentions, that he thought only of her. At times the sweetness and dignity of Laura would appear to him much more adapted to grace his establishment; and he viewed her noble and simple style of beauty with all his former admiration. Sophia, however, intoxicated his senses, and confused his judgment; she did not give him time to reflect, and he mistook flattered vanity for a serious attachment. One day Sophia sought her father, informed him Mr. Morland had transferred his preference of Laura to herself, and she would accept him, provided, her father consented to the union of Laura and Henry Courville; she positively declared she was determined not to marry before her elder sister; and the attachment of Henry and Laura was so well known, no person would propose for her sister, at least, very soon. Her arguments convinced her father, who, like most tyrants, was governed by a favourite. He acquiesced more willingly in her wishes as he well knew the family and connexions of Henry were superior to his own; and he was considered a young man of talents, who would probably rise in his profession. Laura was soon after united to Henry, and experienced all the happiness she had anticipated. By a persevering attention to his profession he obtained a decent competency, and they enjoyed all the comforts of life. The marriage of the more ambitious Sophia was deferred on account of her youth. She never repented the step she had taken, but continued the same gay, rattling, mirthful being, enjoying the opulence she possessed which her kind heart often prompted her to use for the benefit of others. The only circumstance which marred her felicity, was the somewhat niggardly disposition of her husband; that, however, only gave her a field to exercise those talents for manœuvring with which she was so eminently endowed—she wielded him to her will, and he was not sensible of her control. He thought her only fault was extravagance, though he always congratulated himself on possessing one of the prettiest and best of wives.

EMILY.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PRINTING PRESS IN EGYPT.—The enlightened Ali Pacha of Egypt has now at work in his capital an extensive printing press, for which an improved Arabic type has lately been cut. With this press all the details which tend to illustrate the system borrowed by Ali from Europeans are freely and widely disseminated through his army and navy. In aid of his military views, works have been printed for the instruction of the troops, their conduct in war, and for the regulation of the infantry. A work in praise of war has also appeared this year from the same press. The pacha has likewise ordered the publication of works on scientific and commercial subjects. Several books on geometry, astronomy, surgery, and grammar, have made their appearance at Cairo within the last few months. The great work of Makrizi, illustrative of the history and statistics of the country which he so ably governs, is the last book which his highness has ordered to be printed.

BRIDGES OF IRON WIRE.—The use of iron wire bridges is becoming general in France. They are at this moment constructing two on the Rhone, and many others are ordered for

different rivers. They are very light, of comparatively small expense, and yet it is said that in durability they will equal more weighty constructions.

STEAM VESSELS OF WAR.—The French minister of marine having instituted a scientific examination of certain steam-engines, invented by a French engineer named Frimot, has given orders for them to be applied to two frigates, which will be constructed at Brest for the purpose.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The Book of the Boudoir.—This somewhat curious title is unworthy of the book to which it appertains; that is, if we are correct in our understanding of its import, when we suppose it to signify that the "Book of the Boudoir" is intended only to maintain a place in the exclusive rooms of the gentler sex, and puts forth no claims to the attention of the rougher part of creation. On the contrary, Lady Morgan's two volumes are worthy of so large a share of any body's time as is required for their perusal; not only for the sake of the amusing light they throw upon herself, her habits, character, and mode of thinking; but also for the really curious and entertaining quality of their contents, considered with reference to people and things in general. The "Book of the Boudoir," consists simply of reflections, illustrated by anecdotes, and of anecdotes leading to reflections; desultory indeed, but full of piquant touches of character and incident, and curious turns of thought. Perhaps there is no other woman living so well calculated by nature, education, and circumstances, to write a book of this description; her talents are by all admitted to be considerable; her style of thinking and of writing is, to say the least, original; and she has enjoyed for many years a most extensive and familiar intercourse with nearly all the prominent personages, not only of her own country, but of all Europe. Besides all this, she comes recommended to us Americans by a distinguishing characteristic not possessed to the same extent by any other European writer of her sex; namely, the tone of liberality which marks her writings. In fact, Lady Morgan may truly be called the champion of liberality in every thing; religion, government, law, manners, fashions, and even physic. The evidences of this spirit may be found in almost every page of the work before us, together with much information that is amusing, some that is valuable, and ideas which are likely to bring profit in their acquisition. In short, there is more good sense in these volumes than in half a dozen novels, and therefore we recommend them to our readers, cordially and with sincerity.

Masaniello.—Green-room report speaks highly of the forthcoming drama of Masaniello, which has been in preparation since the commencement of the season. The dresses are said to be of the most magnificent description, and the scenery to reflect additional credit on the already high reputation of the artists of the Park theatre. The story of Masaniello has been often dramatized, first by an anonymous author, who is said to have been an eye witness of the extraordinary revolution which happened at Naples in 1647, and secondly, by the celebrated D'Arfey. In the present day, in Europe, it has furnished the subject for tragedy, opera, melo-drama, and ballet. The romantic history of Masaniello was represented last spring in Paris at five different houses, and in London at three, at all of which, for many nights, it attracted crowded assemblies.

Hopkins Robertson.—The late Mr. Robertson was a tragedian of no ordinary talents, while his private virtues and modest deportment endeared him to all who knew him. With respect to personal and intellectual gifts, whether we speak of him as a player or a man, he stood deservedly high. At the awful conflagration of the Richmond theatre, his courage, coolness, and presence of mind, preserved a number of valuable lives; and, on a more recent occasion, the same qualities rendered him the most efficient, if not the sole instrument, in rescuing the Park theatre from impending destruction.

Mr. Robertson was not only a tragedian, but he also filled some characters in light comedy and farce, with commendable humour and effect. His country boys, in particular, were always witnessed with approbation. As a buffo singer, likewise, his attempts were generally successful. A short time before he took his final leave of the boards, an evening was fixed for his benefit, and he expressed a wish to introduce a new comic song, in the character of a western rifleman. In compliance with his wishes, Mr. Woodworth wrote the "Hunters of Kentucky," a characteristic song, which has since obtained a popularity unequalled in this country. Mr. Robertson, however, did not live to take his benefit or sing the song, and the contemplated appeal to his friends was afterwards made in behalf of his widow and orphan children.

Mr. R. was an excellent reader, and possessed a fine literary taste, though but little known to the public as a writer. He sometimes, however, enjoyed a smile from the muses, and contributed occasionally to our miscellaneous periodicals. The following enigma, found among his papers after his demise, is now published for the first time, as a specimen of his talent in that species of composition. The solution is a goose-quill.

In infancy I used to brave
The dangers of the ocean wave;
And oft, in youth, with filial care,
My parent's weight have helped to bear.
To form me nature took delight,
And kindly dress'd me up in white;
On every side, with fringes graced
My slender, tall, and tapering waist.
But tyrant man my worth espied,
And plucked me from my parent's side!
What wonder then I look so thin?
The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin;
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He drew the marrow from my bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak,
And slit my tongue to make me speak;
Yet what more wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears;
Man oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies.

Fanny.—The perusal of the following communication threw us into a most pitiable perplexity, which lasted exactly thirteen minutes and fifty-three seconds—bating some odd fractions—when we were relieved by the entrance of a very clever correspondent, who is an adept on all such subjects. We immediately handed it to him, with our earnest entreaty that he would peruse it with attention, and reply to it with candour. He has done so, as will be seen by his remarks below.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR.—You are doubtless aware, that excessive sensibility and superlative refinement, are the prevailing fashions of the present day; and that, in the intercourse of polished society, a gentleman's attentions to a lady are so animated and tender, that were they estimated by the standard of our grandfathers, they might be mistaken for unequivocal proofs of something more solid than the gratification of a passing hour. Part of your paper, my dear sir, is devoted to my own sex, and it no doubt possesses considerable influence upon public feeling; we therefore may refer to you for the solution of some nice points of etiquette or enigmatical ceremony. If you will take our cause into consideration, and exert yourself in our behalf, I promise, in the name of your female readers, the most grateful thanks, and sweetest smiles of approbation. I am generally called a fine girl, and considered handsome and accomplished; that is, my appearance is not particularly disagreeable, and I have all the fashionable chit-chat of the day at my tongue's end; I read all the new novels as they appear, walk, dance, and sing with as much animation as the laws of society will allow. I have many admirers, (or friends in the modern acceptance of the word) and though I have reached twenty years and am still unmarried, I am neither heart-broken nor desponding. But, sir, the evil to which I am about to direct your attention, is one that is daily gaining ground with the most fearful rapidity, and if not suppressed, or rather, eradicated, will assuredly break the hearts of at least one half of "love's shining circle." Judge therefore for yourself, does it not require some prompt and efficient remedy? To explain my meaning more fully, I will give you my own story by way of example.

About a twelvemonth since, I became acquainted with a young gentleman, extremely handsome, refined, and, above all, sentimental. A certain indescribable something mutually attracted us, and I soon became the object of his undivided attention. He walked, danced, and talked with me, wrote poetry feelingly, was continually at my side, and, as my nature is candid, I openly expressed the pleasure his society afforded me, and the gratification I received thereby. An attachment was supposed by our friends to exist between us; and, though no engagement had been made, I was happy with anticipation. But, alas! time has unravelled the mystery. I passed the summer months at a short distance from the city; but I have been at home at least six weeks, during which time, my friend, lover, or admirer, has not made his appearance! That he is aware of my return is evident enough, as I met him carelessly passing down Broadway a few days after; but why I am so deserted, is altogether unaccountable, unless he be one of those persons whose fine and delicate feelings spurn the control of reason, and must therefore be eccentrically capricious. I cannot accuse myself of any omission or default, nor can I so far transgress the retiring delicacy of my sex as to inquire into the mystery: it must therefore remain a paradox. But this is not

the worst—do not imagine my affections are blighted in their dawning, or my hopes so withered they cannot bloom again, oh, no! I am not in love, but it is my pride that suffers—I am obliged to sit at home in single blessedness, or enter into company where my appearance is no longer the signal for merriment; my chair is no longer surrounded; no one listens to my observations, and I am neglected or forgotten. It is all owing to the most vexatious errors and misconstructions; the gentlemen regard me as a finished coquette, who encouraged the attentions of a manly and feeling heart, merely to amuse myself, to wound and disappoint him; nothing was ever more opposite to my nature; I was willing enough to retain him.

Now, dear Mr. Editor, will you take the matter under your serious consideration, and draw out for us those rules of conduct which are proper to be observed. I am convinced, such a reverence is felt for your opinions, that if you would only comply with my desire, you would in a short time have the satisfaction of seeing them adopted. Do inform us of all those little minutiae of civilities, significant or insignificant, which may serve to denote to ourselves and our neighbours, who is, or who is not our lover, and how he may be distinguished from our friend. We will have them transcribed upon our fans, and carry them abroad in our reticules; and before we venture in future to accept the attendance of a friend, escort, or lover, con them over, and see how they rank upon the scale of merit. It will be the most essential benefit you can perform, and the happiness you will ensure for us astonishing, the mistakes thereby prevented incalculable: we will never smile, speak, or blush at an improper moment. And be particular upon the head of balls, it was there I unwittingly subjected myself to all this anxiety. Do not delay, dear sir. I will not make my appearance again in the polite circle of exquisite fashion, until I am armed on all sides by the infallible prescriptions of your ordeal.

FANNY.

REMARKS BY OUR CORRESPONDENT.—These men, dear Fanny, are sad fellows, and I sincerely sympathise with you on the mortifying dilemma to which you have been subjected by the cruel thoughtlessness of a male coquette; or what a fair minstrel, who occasionally enriches the columns of the Mirror, once called a vampyre. It is a subject of gratulation, however, that you have prudently preserved your heart, not permitting your affections to become engaged previous to a formal declaration. Would every fair candidate for hymeneal felicity but take the same precaution, there would be fewer disappointments recorded in the annals of Cupid. The heart once gone, without a *quid pro quo*, and the wreck of happiness is complete.

"For woman, dear woman, ne'er traffice by measure,
But risks her whole heart without counting the cost,
And if the loved youth whom she trusts with the treasure,
Be faithless or worthless, her capital's lost."

But even the precaution above recommended is not, it seems, always sufficient to prevent "vexatious errors and misconstructions," provokingly annoying to the tranquillity of the innocent fair one. What then is to be done in a case of such delicate difficulty, and difficult delicacy? Where marriage is to depend upon contingencies, social intercourse between the parties is indispensable in order to study each other's characters, dispositions, and intellectual endowments, previous to forming a contract which no bankrupt or insolvent law, or two-third act can ever annul, and which nothing but the chancery court of death can reverse or set aside. How, then, are the rest of the world to be persuaded and convinced that declarations and avowals are not the certain and necessary results of such preliminary intercourse? The intrinsic value of a hat, a shawl, or a pillarine, is not thought to be lessened, merely because it has been previously examined and priced by some other fair customer. How then can the worth of a lady's heart be reduced by the same process? But *nil desperandum*; Fanny has asked for advice, and, such as it is, she shall have it.

Let unmarried females, from the age of sixteen and upwards, in every city, town, and village, form societies called the "Female-anti-flirtation-society," with appropriate diplomas and certificates of membership. Let the constitution of such societies, under heavy penalties, prohibit its members from dancing, walking, riding, or visiting any place of public amusement with a gentleman who does not first produce the diploma or certificate of an "anti-make-the-girls-believe-we-love-them society," which will be the natural and necessary consequence of the female institution. After complying with this preliminary, if the parties should not happen to like each other's style of dancing, conversation, &c., let them "cast off, change partners," and try again. Their diplomas will be sufficient vouchers that such temporary intercourse has not committed either party. Fanny may depend upon it that these anti-societies can perform wonders, and if they continue to increase, the age of miracles will have come again.

MISCELLANY.

SILENCE BROKEN.

My harp in long repose has slumber'd,
And poppy wreaths are twining round it;
Hush'd are the tones which once it number'd,
And chill'd the hand which used to sound it.
I little thought again to crown
Its shatter'd frame with leaves of bay;
But, asked by thee, I take it down,
And dash the gather'd dust away.

With faltering hand the chords I try,
And to departed measures turn;—
Hark! to your wish the strings reply,
And with their former rapture burn.
Still those remember'd notes I hear,
The prelude of love's early vow,
When first my bosom held thee dear,—
Dear then, but, oh! far dearer now.

One call alone o'er me has power,
As Mammon's image heard but one;
Silent until its fated hour,
Then vocal only to the sun.
For when the god of glory woke,
Fresh inspiration from him flow'd;
Warm'd by his gleams the marble spoke,
And with its wonted music glow'd.

THE COURTIER AND THE EXECUTIONER.

COMMUNICATED TO THE LONDON COURT JOURNAL,
BY A FOREIGNER OF DISTINCTION.

The representation of a melo-dramatic piece, entitled "Polder, ou, le Bourreau d'Amsterdam," by the French players, the other evening, has revived in my recollection a singular traditional anecdote, the authenticity of which may be depended on.

One night in the spring of 1720, some young men of quality, returning from a supper in the Quartier du Marais, which was then a fashionable part of Paris, were surprised, on passing through a by-street, to hear the sound of music at so late an hour. Approaching the house whence it proceeded, they soon discovered that a numerous party were amusing themselves with a dance.

Flushed by wine, and prompted by the confidence naturally inspired by high rank, they thought it would be an amusing adventure to join the party. They accordingly knocked at the door, and without ceremony entered the house. The company was numerous, and the presence of the intruders excited no particular notice: it was supposed they were introduced by some friends of the bride or bride-groom; for it was the celebration of a marriage which had taken place in the morning.

Charmed with the beauty of the bride, one of the strangers approached her, and, after paying her many extravagant compliments, at length launched into a passionate declaration of love, which astonished no less than it offended the object to whom it was addressed. Attributing her blushes and embarrassment to a sentiment very different from indignation, the intruder followed her to her apartment, whither she fled to avoid his importunity. Here his protestations were renewed more earnestly than before. The terrified young lady, with tears and threats, endeavoured to prevail on him to withdraw; but, deaf to all her remonstrances, he seized her in his arms, and presumed to imprint a kiss on her lips. She shrieked violently, and her father and husband immediately flew to her assistance. Her bridal wreath strewn on the ground, her tears, her agitation and death-like paleness, bore sufficient evidence of the outrage. The offender was seized in spite of his resistance and the efforts which his companions made to defend him. They drew their swords, but were speedily disarmed; and the father of the bride interrogated them with those feelings of indignation which their disgraceful conduct naturally inspired, and which were increased when he learned that they had introduced themselves into his house without being known to any of the company.

The friends of the family were about to inflict summary chastisement on the offenders, who at length thought it advisable to acknowledge that they were men of rank, and that their families enjoyed high consideration at the French court. One was the young duke de Crillon, another the marquis de la Farre, and the most guilty of the three, the count de Lally-Tollendal.

"If your rank be as elevated as you describe," said the master of the house, addressing them with indignation, "you ought to respect yourselves, which is the surest way of gaining the respect of others. Your conduct is unpardonable, and would well justify me in suffering my friends to avenge the

insult you have offered to my children;—which is the more atrocious as you were aware of the sacred bond by which they are united. But men who evince such evil dispositions at your early period of life, will sooner or later dishonour the names they bear. Unbridled passion will lead them from crime to crime, until at length they fall into the hands of him whose duty it is to inflict the severest penalty of the law. You are, you say, noblemen of the court; and I am *Sanson, the executioner of Paris*. Instantly quit this house, which you have profaned by your presence, and tremble lest, when we meet again, my prediction may be fulfilled!"

Few are ignorant of the final fate of count Arthur de Lally-Tollendal. He was born at Romans in Dauphiné, and was the son of Sir Gerard Lally, the descendant of a noble Irish family. At the age of eighteen he became a captain of grenadiers in Dillon's Irish regiment, and was shortly after sent by Cardinal de Fleury on a mission to the court of Russia, where his high talents and handsome person won the good graces of empress Anne, as well as of her favourite, the duke of Courland.

Having fulfilled this mission in a highly satisfactory manner, he was, on his return home, made colonel of an Irish regiment, which bore his name. The manoeuvres which he executed at Fontenoy, according to the report of Marshal de Saxe, contributed to the gaining of the victory, and he was raised to the rank of brigadier on the field of battle. He then joined the fortunes of Prince Edward, whom he followed to Scotland, and whom he served in the quality of aide-du-camp at the battle of Falkirk. He was made a field-marshal after the taking of Maestricht; afterwards created a lieutenant-general, with the grand cross of the order of St. Louis; and he was subsequently appointed, by the king, commander-in-chief of the French settlements in the East Indies. For a time fortune favoured him, and in thirty-eight days after he had landed to fulfil his new appointment, he made himself master of fort St. David, surnamed the Bergen-op-Zoom of India, and of all the southern coast of Coromandel.

But obstacles arose before him, which not even his courage could surmount; and he could not defeat the numerous enemies whom his violent temper and uncompromising nature stirred up against him. Instead of endeavouring to smooth away gently and gradually the evils which had crept into the administration of the French settlements in India, he obstinately persisted in striking at their very roots. Thus he was thwarted in his plans, and his hitherto glorious career was succeeded by an uninterrupted series of misfortunes.

He was made prisoner at Pondicherry, and was obliged to surrender the place to the English, after having defended it to the last extremity.

After he was conveyed to England, he learned that a plot was fomenting against him at the French court, and he obtained permission from the English ministry to proceed to France on his parole. He hastened to Versailles to clear himself of the accusations brought against him. He was, however, arrested and thrown into the bastille, on the charge of extortion and high treason; and, in spite of his long and brilliant services, the king's conviction of his innocence,* and the eloquent defence of the Avocat-General Sequin, his enemies triumphed, and he was condemned to the block.

When the count had received from his confessor the last consolations of religion, the door of his cell opened, and a man entered, holding in his hand a stone, which was to be put into the mouth of the prisoner to prevent him from uttering any complaints when drawn on a wretched hurdle to the scaffold. The man advanced to perform his cruel office. "One more act of submission to the will of the Almighty," said the confessor. The count turned, and raising his eyes towards the executioner, recognised Sanson, whose daughter he had insulted twenty years before!†

* Seven months after his execution, Louis IV. remarked in confidence to the Duke de Noailles, that *he had been murdered*; and four years afterwards he publicly said to the Chancellor Meaupou, "You have to answer for it before God, not I."

† The Marquis de Lally-Tollendal, son of the above, a peer of France, and member of the French Academy, in his earliest boyhood formed the determination of rendering justice to the memory of his father. He was powerfully aided by Voltaire, who entertained no less horror of judicial murders than of religious massacres. The French courts of law resounded with the complaints of filial piety, and justice and humanity finally triumphed.

Voltaire, who was on his death-bed when he heard of the decree of the council which abrogated the parliamentary decree, sat up and wrote the following note to M. de Lally:

"This great news raises up the dying man. He affectionately embraces Monsieur de Lally. He sees that the king is the defender of justice, and he will now die content."

Voltaire expired four days after.

LORD BYRON'S PORTRAY.—An article of great curiosity and interest, being the first known attempt at poetry by Lord Byron, will appear in the forthcoming volume of Ackerman's *Forget-me-not*. It is copied from the autograph of the poet, and certified by the lady to whom it was addressed—the "Mary," who was the object of his earliest, and perhaps, of his only real attachment, and whom he has celebrated in several of his poems—as having been written when he left Annesley, the residence of her family.

THE AMULET.—For one of the illustrations to adorn the London Amulet for 1829, Le Keux, the engraver, was paid one hundred and eighty guineas! It was from a drawing by Martin.

INGENIOUS.—Richard Ward, a very ingenious mechanic of Salem Bridge, Conn. has lately invented a clock which winds itself up. It keeps correct time, strikes the hour regularly, and will continue to run until worn out without the application of any power to it.

PREACHING.—A clergyman who officiates in the diocese of Winchester, was lately complained of by certain of his parishioners for that he, the said vicar, preached sermons not exceeding fifteen minutes in length. The bishop admonished him to preach sermons of a greater length. The obedient vicar, the next Sunday, preached a sermon two hours long, which set all his congregation a gaping. On the ensuing Sunday, after reading the lessons, he retired and placed the keys of the church in his pocket, and, ascending the pulpit, he informed his audience of the fact, and withal, that he should preach to them for three hours. This he did, and his hearers afterwards besought him to return to his pristine mode of preaching.

COUNT DIEBITSCH.—The Russian general Count Diebitsch is under fifty years of age, a German by birth, a soldier of fortune, and son-in-law of the famous Barclay de Tolly.

EFFECT OF FLATTERY.—In a certain burgh town in Scotland, there existed in the days of yore a member of the learned profession who was called to the command of a company of volunteers. This individual, though in every respect a most excellent character, piqued himself upon his appearance in his martial garb. One day on returning from parade, he thus accosted his sergeant: "Well, Sergeant Morrison, how did I look in the field to-day?" "Why," responded the sergeant, "your honour looked like Julius Cæsar at the head of the Roman army." "Jenny! bring Sergeant Morrison the remains of the goose and a bottle of porter."

TEMPERANCE.—"I feel quite unwell, and will take a little brandy and water," said a member of a temperance society, who had promised to use no ardent spirits unless he was sick. "I am very unwell, my dear; hand me a little more brandy."—"Here is the brandy," said the wife, "but I wish the society further, for you have not had a well day since you joined it."

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—There were guillotined in France, between the 21st of September, 1792, and 25th of October, 1795, eighteen thousand six hundred and thirteen persons. A dictionary, containing the names, designations, and date of execution, has been published; it fills two octavo volumes, five hundred pages each, closely printed in double columns.

RINGWORMS.—A writer in the Boston Gazette, says that the disagreeable and unsightly affection of the skin, usually called ringworms, may be entirely cured by rubbing the part affected on retiring to bed, for several nights in succession, with unguentum citrinum, or yellow ointment. The writer was much troubled with ringworms, and after using this remedy one week, found the disease entirely eradicated, and his skin as smooth as that of any other person. We understand the same remedy has been prescribed by some physicians with the desired success.

A short time ago a gamekeeper in Worcester saw a snake and a magpie engaged "in mortal combat." He shot them both, and has had them stuffed in the attitude in which he first saw them.

To-morrow is a fine gentleman, who makes many promises—To-day is a plain man, who never breaks his word.

He who hopes for glory by new discoveries, must not be ignorant of old ones.

He pays dear for his bread who lives by another's bounty.

Why is the tongue like a race-horse? Because the less weight it carries the faster it goes.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Published every Saturday, at 163 William-street, between Beekman and Ann streets.—Terms four dollars per annum, payable in advance.—No subscription received for a less period than one year. Each volume contains four hundred and sixteen royal quarto pages, five copperplate engravings, including the title-page, and twenty-five popular melodica arranged with accompaniments for the piano-forte.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

LOVE.

Love knocked at the door of my heart one day,
When my pulse with youth beat high;
Saying, "Let me in, good sir, I pray,
"I have wandered far, and I've lost my way,
"O do not put me by!"

"That tale," said I, "I have heard before,
"And it made my poor heart yearn,
"So I let you in at its widest door,
"And pined your case till my eyes ran o'er;
"But what was the kind return?"

"While I nestled you there with a fond desire
"To lighten your spirit's load,
"You set the combustible dwelling on fire,
"Then laughed till you cried, with a joyance higher
"Than your mother at Ida showed.

"And when Reason came with her stores of snow
"To proffer her wintry aid,
"You wickedly bent a trusty bow
"And laid her dead on the spot. I throw
"Ye're an archer, rogue, by trade.

"Grief came with her tears like a friend well tried,
"Kindly though sad of soul,
"But you stealthily stole to her gentle side,
"And dashed down her urn with its precious tide;
"So the fabric was burnt to a coal.

"And now that poor Hope, whom your wanton guile
"Left houseless and homeless then,
"Has returned and rebuilt the ruinous pile,
"And lit it up with her radiant smile,
"Do you think to deceive me again?"

"What! Hope returned—and now your guest?
"O do, sir, let me in!
"She's a sister of mine, and I cannot rest
"Till I fold her again to my brotherly breast—
"And her gentle pardon win."

So I lifted the latch of my heart once more;
For how could I be unkind?
But Hope, who had known of his guile before,
Flew tremblingly out at the other door,
And Love—he lingered behind!

PROTEUS.

SLEEP.

Oh, gentle sleep—nature's soft nurse!
How have I frightened thee—that thou no more
Wilt weigh my eyelids down, and
Steep my senses in forgetfulness?—*Shakespeare.*

Close, weary eyes, and seek in sleep
Release from sorrow and from pain,
From withering feelings, buried deep,
And thoughts that rack the brain.

Close, weary orbs—the tears that rise
Soothe not my pain nor heal my grief;
Cease, tears, to dim these saddened eyes,
Ye bring me no relief.

Close, weary eyes, oh, close in sleep!
The only joy that now can bless,
Is when in slumber, still and deep,
I lose all consciousness.

Vainly I speak, the burning lids
Close o'er my aching balls in vain,
The power of racking thought forbids
Sleep's soft and silent reign.

Oh sleep! how many a treasure lies
Within thy broad and vast domain,
How many airy phantasies
Come thronging o'er the brain!

Visions of things too beautiful
To be beheld by mortal eye,
And dreams of happiness too full,
Come softly gliding by.

Then come! and bring the joys that yet
Thy power can on this heart bestow,
That blest in thee I may forget
Awhile all waking woe.

Ah! so few beams of happiness
Upon my darkened pathway gleam.
That I their influence can bless
Though felt but in a dream.

THYRA.

STANZAS.

I turn and turn, but find no ray!—*Young.*
No cloud displays its fairy sail
Along the beamy air,
Beauty is in the sleeping vale,
And joy comes laughing on the gale,
That softly whispers there.

But wherefore falls the frequent tear
From this once mirthful eye?
Is it that thoughts of friendship's bier,
Where sleep the lovely and the dear,
Throng fast and solemn by?

Ah, no; for they again shall rise
At the appointed hour;
And seraph-wafted to the skies,
With guiltless heart and tearless eyes,
Their blissful peans pour.

Alas, it is that memory's wing
Breaks conscience-troubled rest,
Who deeper strikes each poisoned sting.
That lies all still and cankering,
Within my youthful breast.

I had a high and glorious dream
Of hope and heaven combined;
'Tis vanished like the meteor beam,
That flashes from the midnight stream,
And leaves all dark behind.

Fled are the joys of joyous prime,
Despair's dread scourge before;
The visions of that glorious clime,
So bright, so holy, so sublime,
Will never glad me more.

The cup of bliss that mercy gave,
I reckless dash'd from her;
And now, alas, no power can save
My spirit from that darkest grave—
Hope's living sepulchre.

Ashamed to live, afraid to die,
The trembling child of scorn,
I mark the hast'ning hours sweep by,
With many a sad and sickening sigh,
Bewildered and forlorn.

'Twere gain to die, if death were all
The penance and the pain;
But lo, the resurrection's call
Shall pierce the charnel's silent hall,
And I must grieve again.

There's not a ray of hope for me,
Nor peaceful hour below.
Terrific thought—that I must be,
Through life the sport of misery,
In death—the heir of woe!

ORIGINAL TALES.

SKETCH.

"And dreams in their development have breath
And tears and tortures and the touch of joy."

CHANGES come over all things. But a little while, and it was summer. The skies were blue and beautiful, and the fleecy clouds did but dim for a moment the bright sunbeams, or rest a while to give the earth refreshing showers, and then passed away. But now it is autumn: the air late so soft and balmy is chilled, and the breeze comes whistling onward as though it would tell of winter. The leaves of the young trees have the yellow hue which precedes death. I too am changed, and the living world around me. Time was when the passing year scarce claimed a thought; while fancy pictured for the coming one many a sweet scene, and many a joyous hour. But now, such visions are no more. For me the future offers no joy. It is buried in the deep bosom of the past. And what are the joys of this life? Dreams—idle dreams—bubbles with which we amuse ourselves after we have given up in contempt the sports of childhood. Springing from a breath, rising into beauty, reflecting each ray of fancy in vivid and varying colours, and vanishing at the touch of reality for ever. So has my youth

been spent. And why should I complain that its dreams have not been realized? They were as baseless as the visions of sleep, and with the dawn of time they have passed away.

Of what were those dreams? Were they of that boundless world in which we are to dwell when time shall be no more? Alas! they were limited to this little earth, to that point of future already become the past. I sometimes dwelt with rapture on joys which ambition alone can offer. I saw myself a warrior and a conqueror. The world bowed before me, for I was its master. The rich and the good loved me, for I was their friend. The poor and the unfortunate blessed me, for I was their benefactor. I awoke from this dream, for my country was free and happy, and warriors were no longer necessary. Again, I was a statesman. I mingled in the councils of older men, whose age lost its influence before the persuasive eloquence of my voice. Enemies I had not, for I was just and honourable. Flatterers there could not be where flattery was despised, and though private misfortunes might assail me, I was the instrument of good, and therefore happy. I walked forth into the world with this dream before me. To realize it was the object of my daily and nightly study. I was not idle. The sun as he rose found me at my desk, and the wiser for the deep studies I had pursued for many hours after he had last sunk to repose. I studied my fellow-men, in public and in private; but what did it avail me? I had neither riches nor powerful friends. I was averse to intrigue, and while I laboured to penetrate the feelings of others, I forgot I had yet to learn to disguise my own. I saw daily and hourly men of inferior attainments to my own, step before me into office, and laugh at the efforts of him who depended on himself alone in his path of ambition. I was disgusted with my disappointments, but reflected that even had I succeeded, I might not have been happy.

I next endeavoured to win the favours of fortune, but they invariably eluded my grasp. I then cast from my heart ambition and avarice and pride. But in its inmost depths there was a store of fond affection, and to that I looked for happiness. One by one did death snatch from me the loveliest and best beloved. I gaze upon the few that remain and dare not call them mine, lest his envious grasp should seize them also. Of that the world styles friendship I have never tasted, but in my dreams. Those with whom I have thought I could enjoy it, I have tested, and found insincere or insensible. Of love I have also dreamed, but never did I try to win the heart I would have prized; for of those gifts which should have been bestowed in return, I had none to offer. I had neither wealth nor laurels, and I could not have asked that being of purity and truth to share the fate of an unknown wanderer.

Such have been the dreams in which I have revelled while the hours of youth, which should have been spent in acquiring strength to resist and wisdom to despise the disappointments of life, were rapidly gliding away. How many are there who thus lay plans for their future course of life, the accomplishment of which they are doomed never to see? But there are instances in which men have attained the object of their ambition. Are such always happy? This reflection recalled to my memory the fate of two friends, whom I had loved when a boy at school, with ardour and sincerity. Memory vividly portrayed the long low-roofed building between whose narrow walls we would often sit for hours, poring over old books, or listening to some dry, tedious lecture, while every

* This is a translation of a line in *Amereon*.

tongue was ready to utter exclamations of impatience, and every foot ready to bound forth as soon as the magic word was uttered which gave it freedom. How well do I recollect the little shaded walk, the favourite resort of my two friends and myself, to which we would daily repair, and converse upon the busy world without, and our future parts upon its great stage. How distinct is the image which fancy gives me of my friend Edgar Lewis. A bright and beautiful boy, with his free laugh and sportive jest, the gayest and merriest of us all.

"I am to be a merchant," he would say; "I will win the smiles of fortune, and while you are toiling in your lonely study to gain the plaudits of the world for your eloquence and wisdom, I will walk forth in the busy haunts of men and lavish around me the treasures I have made my own. I will seek out the needy artist, who languishes for opportunities to pursue his studies, and under my protecting care he will rise to fame and opulence. I will publish the works of the modest poet, whose poverty has made him humble, and when he receives the praises of the multitude, my reward shall be his grateful smile and the prayers of his happy heart. I will be the friend of the poor of every class, and I shall envy neither the powerful nor the wise, for I shall be called the good."

"It is a beautiful theory," was my answer; "and you, Sedley, what will you be?"

Alfred Sedley was a small delicately formed boy, with deep blue eyes and lips like a girl; and as I saw his blushing cheek and tearful eye, I almost knew what would be the purport of his answer.

"I would be virtuous," also said he, gently; "but I would have others, too, share with me its rewards. Who is happier," and his eyes would glisten as he spoke, "than he that sees around him beloved beings who live but in his smile, and depend upon him for support and happiness? I would be the husband of a tender and gentle wife, who would share with me my joys, console me in my misfortunes, and in every scene be my companion and my friend. Under our joint care would my children reach maturity, beloved and esteemed for their acquirements and solid worth."

When we had finished our studies at school, I separated from my friends to pursue my path in a different quarter of the world. Many years after, I had occasion to visit the place in which I had passed my youth. My first inquiry was for Lewis. I had little trouble in finding his residence, for he had reached the goal for which he had sighed, and was noted for his wealth and vast possessions. But I found him changed indeed. Though scarcely in the prime of life, he appeared old and almost infirm. His brow was thoughtful—his large dark eyes heavy and dim. The bright smile of his youth had passed away, and his mouth wore an expression of suffering and bitter cares. He was surrounded with splendour, but he was alone and dejected. He appeared pleased to see me, and invited me to make his house my home during my stay in the city. But after the novelty of my appearance had passed away, he evidently felt my presence a restraint upon him, regarded me with distrust, and fancied some hidden reproach in each casual word that escaped me. I discovered that he was a prey to remorse and suspicion. None were his friends, for his desire for wealth that he might bestow it upon others, had been changed before the magic influence of gold into rapacity and avarice, and he never felt the pleasure of relieving the unfortunate. He enjoyed not his wealth, for he was haunted by the conviction of a future punishment for the frauds of which he had been guilty to obtain it; and as I bade him farewell, I envied not his fate.

I next inquired for my friend Sedley. Surely, thought I, he must be happy, for his wishes were humble and their gratification easy. I learned from a common friend, that he had married an amiable and

interesting woman, and been the father of two boys whom he had idolized. Alas! Who are happy whose idols are of this world! Never did that father gaze on his boys without a thrill of agony, lest some sorrow might assail them. Daily did he watch their growth and improvement, and as each day discovered to him some new charm of their infant minds, the ties of love twined themselves closer around his heart, soon to be lacerated by the rude tearing away of all its fondly nourished hopes. The eldest, a boy of brilliant talents, whose mind was rapidly expanding beneath the parent's eyes, and promised rich fruit in ripper years, died of an infectious fever, from which his brother escaped with life only to fall by the slower but as certain poison of consumption. Poor Sedley. As he turned away from the graves of the lovely boys with an almost broken heart, he first marked the change which grief had made in his beloved wife. Gradually did she fade under its secret influence; and though by forced smiles she would fain have cheered her husband, he could not be deceived. Day after day did he note her faltering step and weakened powers; and when at last she sunk under her disease, his hand alone smoothed her pillow and administered to her wants. While she lived, his fate scarce seemed to him worth a moment's thought; she alone occupied his mind. To every thing else he was indifferent, as though he had been chilled into stone. Even her death failed to rouse him from this apathy in which he had so long been plunged. He would watch by her inanimate body, and talk to it as if it were animated by a living soul. But when they tore it from his arms—when the first sound of the falling clay upon the coffin which enclosed the remains of all he loved reached his ears—then did his grief, so long concentrated deep in his heart, burst forth with cries of mortal agony, and Sedley—the pious Sedley—became a maniac!

"Is this thy justice, oh heaven!" would he exclaim. "Is this thy mercy, to rend the hearts of those that loved and trusted thee! To leave me in this dismal world, bereaved of all that made it to me a paradise!"

Long, long did his grief continue, with undiminished strength; but it yielded at last to time and the gentle soothing of kind friends. He felt that his treasures had not been "laid in heaven;" that his fancied humility had been the pride of a happy heart; and he bowed before the chastening hand of Him whose punishments are just; and ere he expired with the joyful hope of rejoining his beloved wife in a happier world, did he confess the folly of human wishes and the frailty of human virtue.

When I first learned his unhappy fate, I wept in the bitterness of regret; but now as I reflect on it, I appreciate its moral. May it teach me to be contented with my own.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

RULES FOR PRESERVING THE SIGHT.

THE preservation of the sight is an object of so much importance to every individual, whatever may be his profession or rank in society, that we have thought a few hints in relation to this subject might be productive of beneficial effects.

It is well known to the physician that nothing more certainly impairs the sense of vision than debauchery and excess of every kind. The individual, therefore, who would preserve his sight unimpaired, must avoid carefully every species of intemperance. This is an all-important rule, a neglect of which will render every other of but little avail.

A long continuance in absolute darkness, or frequent and protracted exposure to a blaze of light, equally injures the sense of vision.

Persons who live almost constantly in dark caverns or chambers, workers in mines, and prisoners who have been long confined in gloomy dungeons, become incapable of seeing objects distinctly excepting in a deep shade, or in the dusk of the evening. While on the other hand, in various parts of the world, in which the light is constantly reflected from a

soil of dazzling whiteness, or from mountains and plains covered with almost perpetual snow, the sight of the inhabitants is perfect only in broad daylight, or at noon.

Those, also, who are much exposed to *bright fires*, as blacksmiths, glassmen, forgers, and others engaged in similar employments, are considered, by the best authorities, as most subject to loss of sight from cataract.

All brilliantly illuminated apartments have a similar prejudicial effect upon the eyes, though, undoubtedly, not to the same extent. As a general rule, therefore, the eye should never be permitted to dwell on brilliant or glaring objects for any length of time. Hence in our apartments only a moderate degree of light should be admitted; and it would be of considerable advantage, particularly to those whose eyes are already weak, if in place of a pure white or deep red colour for the walls, curtains, and other furniture of our rooms, some shade of green were to be adopted.

Reading or writing in the dusk of the evening, or by candle-light, is highly prejudicial. The frivolous attention to a quarter of an hour at the decline of day, has deprived numbers of the perfect and comfortable use of their eyes for many years: the mischief is effected imperceptibly, the consequences are often irreparable.

There is nothing which preserves the sight longer, than always using, in reading, writing, sewing, and every other occupation in which the eyes are constantly exercised, that moderate degree of light which is best suited to them; too little strains them, too great a quantity dazzles and confounds them. The eyes are less affected, however, by a deficiency of light than by the excess of it. The former seldom does much if any harm, unless the eyes are strained by efforts to view objects to which the degree of light is inadequate—but too great a quantity has, by its own power, destroyed the sight.

The long-sighted should accustom themselves to read with rather less light, and with the book somewhat nearer to the eye than they ordinarily desire; while those that are short-sighted should, on the contrary, use themselves to read with the book as far off as possible. By these means both may improve and strengthen their vision, whereas a contrary course will increase its natural imperfections.

Bathing the eyes daily in cold or tepid water tends to preserve the integrity of their functions; provided, however, the individual does not immediately after such bathing enter a warm room, or unnecessarily exert his sight. *Journal of Health.*

THE EXPERIENCE OF HOWARD.

With the name and character of the philanthropic Howard, all our readers must be intimately acquainted. The following extracts from a communication made by him to Mr. Pratt, exhibit the result of his experience as to the best means of preserving the health and vigour of the body:

"A more puny whipster than myself, in the days of my youth, was never seen. I could not walk out in the evening without being wrapped up: I was, politely speaking, enfeebled enough to have *delicate nerves*, and was, occasionally, troubled with a very gentle hectic. To be serious, I am convinced, that whatever enfeebles the body debilitates the mind, and renders both unfit for those exertions which are of such use to us all as social beings. I therefore entered upon a reform of my constitution, and have succeeded in such a degree, that I have neither had a cough, cold, the vapours, nor any more alarming disorder, since I surmounted the seasoning. Prior to this, I used to be a miserable dependant on wind and weather; a little too much of the one, or a slight inclemency of the other, would postpone, and frequently prevent, not only my amusements, but my duties: or, if pressed by my affections, or by the necessity of affairs, I did venture forth in despite of the elements, the consequences were equally absurd and inconvenient, not seldom afflictive. I muffled myself up even to my eyebrows; a crack in the glass of my chaise was sufficient to distress me; a sudden slope of the wheels to the right or left, set me a trembling; a jolt seemed like a dislocation, and the sight of a bank or a precipice, near which my horse or carriage was to pass, would disorder me so much, that I would order the driver to stop, that I might get out and walk by the difficult places. Mulled wines, spirituous cordials, and large fires, were to comfort me, and to keep out the cold, as it is called, at every stage, and if I felt the least damp in my feet, or other parts of my body, dry stockings, linen, &c. were to be instantly put on: the perils of the day were to be baffled by something taken hot on going to bed; and before I pursued my journey, the next morning a dram was to be swallowed, in order to fortify the stomach. In a word, I lived, moved, and had my being so much by rule, that the slightest deviation was a disease.

"Every man must, in these cases, be his own physician. He must prescribe for, and practise on, himself. I did this by a very simple, but as you will think, a very severe regimen, namely, by denying myself almost every thing in which I had long indulged. But as it is always harder to get rid of a bad habit, than to contract it, I entered on my reform gradually; that is to say, I began to diminish my usual indulgences by degrees. I found that a heavy meal, or a hearty one, as it is termed, and a cheerful glass, that is, one more than does you good, made me incapable, or at least, disinclined to any useful exertions for some time after dinner hours; and if the dilutive powers of tea assisted to restore my faculties, a luxurious supper came in so close upon it, that I was fit for nothing but dissipation, till I went to bed, where I finished the enervating practices, by sleeping eight, ten, and sometimes a dozen hours on the stretch. You will not wonder that I rose the next morning with the constitution weakened.

"To remedy all this, I ate a little less at every meal, and reduced my drink in proportion. It is really wonderful to consider, how imperceptibly a single morsel of animal food, and a tea-spoonful of liquor deducted from the usual quantity daily, will restore the mental functions, without any injury to the corporeal—nay, with increase of vigour to both. I brought myself, in the first instance, from dining on many dishes, to dining on a few, and then to being satisfied with one; in like manner, instead of drinking a variety of wines, I made my election of a single sort, and adhered to it alone.

"My next business was to eat and drink sparingly of that adopted dish and bottle. My ease, vivacity, health, and spirits augmented. My clothing, &c. underwent a similar reform; the effect of all which is, and has been for many years, that I am neither affected by seeing my carriage dragged up a mountain, or driven down a valley. If an accident happens, I am prepared for it, I mean so far as respects unnecessary terrors; and I am proof against all changes in the atmosphere, wet clothes, damp feet, night air, transitions from heat to cold, and the long train of hypochondria affections."

In his sixty-third year, Howard was in the full possession of his mental and physical powers. He, however, accidentally contracted a malignant fever whilst visiting the sick in an infected district, which terminated his life in a few days. Ibid

THE MESSENGERS OF PRINCE CHARLES.

A TRADITION.

It was early on a summer morning that two highland chieftains parted from Prince Charles Stuart (then wandering among the mountains), with some important communication from him to the few friends who still waited on his fortunes in the lowlands of Scotland. Their path lay through solitudes unvaried except by the gray cairn or the rushing stream. No dwelling met the eye throughout the widest prospect, and there, even at the present day, the sun goes by four months together unhailed by aught of human kind. The travellers, however, cared not for society, and thought not of solitude. They spoke of the scene of their coming labours, and having soon exhausted the common expressions of hope and fear, each, as if by instinct, sought the privacy of his own meditations. In two days they reached the sea-shore, near the village of Helensburgh, and embarked in the boat of an old fisherman, with the intention of crossing to the opposite coast. There is a long sand-bank, which becomes visible at low water, about midway between Port-Glasgow and the village just mentioned. Thither did the fisherman convey the messengers of the prince, and telling them that by keeping to the right they would soon reach the main land, he rowed away, and treacherously left them to their fate. They proceeded first in the direction pointed out, and then in the contrary one, where finding no boundary except the waves, they knew that they were betrayed, and shrieked aloud for assistance, though in vain. The tide rose higher and higher. Neither of them could swim, and the water had reached their faces. Some sailors attracted by their cries put off to save them, but arrived too late. They reported on their return that one of the drowning men raised his hand, which grasped a white substance, and exclaimed ere he sunk for ever, "Here perishes the last hope of my country." Tradition says that this was the written message entrusted to his keeping by the prince, whose success depended on its delivery. Be that as it may, the deep sea has kept the secret to itself, though the mariner still regales his fancy with a shadowy representation of the tragic scene as he passes the fatal bank when the moon is on the waters. The old fisherman's loyalty was so little relished by his fellow-villagers, that he thought proper, it is said, to leave his country for America, which, however, he did not reach, having shared, without the same honour, the watery grave of the chieftains he had so basely betrayed.

NIGHT SONGS OF VENETIAN BOATMEN.

I have this evening heard the celebrated melody to which the Venetian boatmen sing the verses of Tasso and Ariosto. Their night music must be bespoke, as the practice is now of rare occurrence and nearly obsolete. I entered a gondola by moonlight, accompanied by two singers, one at the head, the other at the stern of the boat, where they began to sing alternate verses. The melody, with which Rousseau has made us acquainted, is monotonous and declamatory modulation, somewhat resembling recitative; the tone and measure occasionally varying with the subject of the verse. I was informed, that when these night songs were in general practice, an unemployed boatman, while sitting on the quay, or in his gondola, would sing some well-known verse of Tasso, to the popular melody, and in tones so loud and thrilling, as to reach far over the still surface of the waters. A distant boatman catching the air and words, would then respond with the following verse; the first singer rejoined with the succeeding lines, and the far-off voices fell like echoes on the ears of listeners. These songs were often continued all night, without any fatigue to the performer; and the farther they stood from each other, at any practicable distance, the more enchanting was the effect to the hearers who placed themselves in the middle of the distance to listen with advantage. To demonstrate this effect, the singers landed with me on the shore of the Giudecca, and took their positions at the proper distance from each other, while I paced backwards and forwards between them, so timing my walk as to leave the one when he began to sing, and approach the other, whose commencement was again the signal for my return to the first singer. By this process, the sense and object of these melodies became at once intelligible. The effect of the answering voices from the distance, was singularly impressive; they sounded, not mournfully, but complainingly, and yet they affected me almost to tears. I attributed this sympathy to the saddened tone of my feelings at the moment. The old boatman wished, he said, that I could hear the women of Malamocco and Palestrina sing the verses of Tasso to this and similar melodies, and farther told me, that it was their wont to sit at evening on the sea-shore, when their husbands were fishing in the distance, and sing these songs in tones loud enough to reach the fishermen, who answered them in the intermediate verses. There is something at once beautiful and touching in this intercourse of affection across the waters of the Adriatic; and the simple notes of these melodies, which, in the works of Rousseau, are so meagre and unsatisfactory, acquire life and character when thus employed by two distant and solitary beings for purposes of sympathy.

Goethe.

PROPORTION OF MALES TO FEMALES.

In all our great cities, the females are more numerous than the males. The average of our six largest cities, Boston, New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, and New-Orleans, gives one hundred and nine females to one hundred males, while the average of the whole United States gives but ninety-seven females to every hundred males, making the females in our cities about twelve per cent. more numerous than in the country at large. This great excess of female population in our large cities is to be attributed in part to the fact that many of the males are engaged in occupations in which there is unusual risk of life. Our seamen, for example, are taken principally from the towns on the coast.

This, however, does not account for the whole difference, for it is a singular fact, that in every one of the above mentioned cities, among the children under sixteen years of age, where of course the cause referred to does not operate, the females are more numerous than the males, while in every state in the Union the fact is the reverse; and in new states especially, the excess of males among the children is very great. In the states of Alabama, Mississippi, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, for example, all of which have been recently settled, there are among the children under ten years of age, seventy-six thousand and sixty-seven boys, and seventy thousand and thirty-three girls; that is, for every one hundred boys there are only ninety-two girls; in the old states of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and the District of Columbia, there are one hundred and fifty-eight thousand one hundred and thirteen boys, and one hundred and fifty-three thousand three hundred and eighty-four girls; that is, for every one hundred boys there are ninety-seven girls; while in our six largest cities there are, under ten years of age, thirty-eight thousand three hundred and nineteen boys, and thirty-eight thousand two hundred and twenty-three girls; that is, for one hundred boys there are nearly one hundred girls.

LITERARY.

FOREIGN LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.—Walter Scott is now, and has been for some months, preparing a history of Scotland from the earliest periods of authentic record to the union of the crowns. This work is the first volume of "Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia." In conjunction with Sir Walter are engaged Sir Thomas Mackintosh and Thomas Moore—the one for the history of England and the other for that of Ireland.

A "History of China," by P. P. Thoma, who was many years a resident at Macao in China, is announced for early publication. A new annual, to be entitled the "Landscape Annual, or the Tourist in Italy and Switzerland," is in preparation. It will appear in the course of the present month, and will comprise a succession of the most attractive views that meet the eye of the traveller on his route from Geneva to Rome.

The next "Literary Souvenir" will contain twelve exquisitely finished line engravings. The literary contents of the volume will include contributions from a variety of distinguished writers.

"Herbert Milton" has been translated into German by Mr. A. Richards; and the same gentleman is now employed on Devereux, having already given Pelham and the Disowned a German dress. These translations are exceedingly popular in Germany.

The "Poems" lately published by the king of Bavaria have excited considerable sensation amongst the literati of Germany, and an eminent literary character is preparing a translation of them, with which the public will be shortly favoured.

A second series of the "Romance of History," which has long been announced, is in the press.

THE DRAMA.

MASANIELLO.—This splendid historical drama, on which the several artists connected with the theatre have been employed since the commencement of the present season, was produced on Monday evening. The "note of preparation" which had been sounded, led the public to expect something superior to the ordinary run of new dramas, and we dare say they were not disappointed. It is one of the best of the class to which it belongs; there being no absolute nonsense in it, and the strange event which forms the groundwork of the plot, is one of the most curious and interesting which history records. Many incidents have been omitted and some few added, in order to adapt it to the stage. The dramatist has used his materials skilfully; and as far as a tolerably interesting plot, filled with bustle and incident, gorgeous dresses, splendid scenery, pretty music, and excellent acting, are capable of rendering a piece worth seeing, so far is Masaniello deserving the attention of play-goers. The scenery, by Messrs. Walker and Evers, is particularly worthy of notice. The first scene representing the terrace of the castle of St. Elmo projecting into the waters of the celebrated bay of Naples, with a view of the city of Naples in the distance, is admirably painted. The way in which the perspective is managed equals any thing we have witnessed in theatrical scenic display; and the eruption of Mount Vesuvius at the conclusion, and the partial conflagration of the city, is effected in a bolder style and upon a larger scale than has been heretofore attempted. The adjuncts to the real plot are simply a most improbable love affair between the Spanish ruler of Naples and Masaniello's dumb sister, and the tricks and contrivances of Barnes in a rather meagre comic part. Mrs. Barnes, whose worst fault is an unmusical voice, was very happy in the personation of the dumb girl; her action was graceful, expressive, and poetical; while that of her worthy husband was strange, ludicrous, and resembling that of no other human being in the world. Mrs. Sharpe's dress, diamonds, and sentiments, were splendid and imposing, though she had but little opportunity of displaying the talents she possesses as an actress. Mr. Richings played a silly milk-and-water rascal, and was in tribulation from beginning to end; but Mr. Barry's Masaniello was undoubtedly the best performance of the evening; his acting throughout was marked with much ability, particularly the scene where the Spanish authorities come to beg their lives of him, and he answers them with describing the fate to which they would have condemned him had he failed in his enterprise: there was great expression, point, and dignity thrown into the concluding sentence—"Princes, lords, knights, nobles, the fisherman pardons you!" The piece ends, as all such pieces ought to end, with a strange concatenation of wonderful events; Masaniello is murdered by his ungrateful followers—Mrs. Barnes commits suicide—Vesuvius explodes, and the curtain falls, precisely at the same nick of time. The drama was well received, and will doubtless have a successful run. C.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER IV.

I have had a most rare vision. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream. It shall be called Bottom's dream, because it has no bottom.—*Midsummer Night's dream.*

THE freedom of the press, the right of trial by jury, and of electing the officers of government, are the treasures of the American people. Insinuate anything against their value, and you will be told of the palladium of liberty, of the natural privileges of man, and how our forefathers fought, bled, and died in order to establish them upon an eternal foundation, and to transmit them as an invaluable legacy to us their worthy descendants. The patriotic heroes have gone with the wind, and these stupendous monuments of their courage, industry, and genius, remain; but I have sometimes thought we were neither wiser, better, nor happier than before. This sounds almost sacrilegious to a true, thorough-going American; but one cannot control the workings of his reason, and opinions will occasionally spring up, we know not when, how, nor why. Newspapers are the growth of this improved society. It is astonishing how they shoot up in the luxuriant soil and warm climate of public opinion. A man of education will commence life by studying a profession; but accidents, like waves of the sea, dash him from his position, and you may trace him through the various stages of life, lawyer, doctor, schoolmaster, or play-actor, till at length the current bears him gently into the elbow chair, and he settles fairly down into an editor.

But after all, what are newspapers? It would be the labour of a day to peruse half that proceeds from the daily press; custom renders us negligent of its contents. The paper is flung into the entry, and perhaps lies kicking about among the children; we spread it open upon the andirons till it is dry, and then flinging ourselves down upon a seat, travel through all sorts of horrible scenes with the most careless indifference. Fire, murder, shocking accidents, shipwrecks, five hundred dollar rewards, or the last dying speech of some wretched malefactor, if we have curiosity to run them over, take nothing from the zest of appetite; and marriages, deaths, theatres, auction sales, blasted reputations, and lottery office advertisements, pass in blended and unregarded fragments through our mind.

The sacred right possessed by every man, of voting upon questions interesting to the nation, is another of which much has been said. If any one should attempt to deprive us of them, he would be immortalized as the most daring and atrocious of traitors; he would be harangued in blank verse and rhyme, in the corner of every journal between New-York and Oregon territory. But now we possess the right, how many are there who never avail themselves of it?

"Bravo," said the voice of the Genius, as he appeared before me. "Bravo, master philosopher; how well you reason."

A little abashed at being thus caught undervaluing the institutions of my own country, I hesitated to reply; but encouraged by the enchanting smile which lighted the countenance of my sudden visitor, and feeling that the best way to arrive at truth was by advancing for examination all arguments against it, I ventured to answer.

"Perhaps I am wrong; but if so, my reason has betrayed me."

"Nothing more possible," said the Genius. "Reason resembles the jury trials and free press which have been the subjects of your meditation. However beneficial they generally are, they will occasionally lead you astray."

"But," asked I, "is there not truth in what I have thought?"

"There may be, and yet conclusions derived from it may be incorrect. Even truth should be received

only with reference to surrounding circumstances. It has often been just sufficiently an ingredient of a theory to give it currency, and therefore to bestow upon it the power to do evil."

"Would you then," asked I, "have us reject truth because it has been abused?"

"No," said the Genius; "but in reaching a final conclusion, each subordinate fact must be received in connection with others, till you have obtained all which have a bearing upon the subject. Cast your eyes upon the mirror, and observe attentively what you behold."

The glass presented one of the polls during an election. It was held in a low tavern, in a narrow, crooked street. A great flag flaunted from the window, huge handbills, with letters almost as large as cart-wheels, glared upon the passenger from every side; and a great crowd of what Shakespeare would call "greasy citizens," thronged around the door. Just such a set of worthy gentlemen must have shouted at the explanation of Brutus, and the address of Anthony. As my eye penetrated through the multitude that moved about like a cluster of bees around the hive, I could see in a low dark room, beer, cheese, and a variety of accommodations, which argued a considerable appetite in those who partook. Many were led to these tables, and having undergone the operation of being "treated," took the first ticket offered, and put it into the box.

"Here, gentlemen," exclaimed a personage who occupied the honourable elevation of a cider barrel, "here, gentlemen, here are the real republican tickets. Nobody don't know nothing against these here;" and he proceeded to distribute the names of those whose cause he espoused; but the cracked voice of a little crooked patriot, rose in opposition, and implied a tolerable difference of opinion.

"Them 'ere tickets, gentlemen, are all split tickets," he exclaimed. "Don't vote 'em. They aint none of 'em people of edication; they aint regular nomination men; they attend caucus meetings."

"Here's the people's ticket," said one.

"And here's the workmen's ticket," said another.

"Here's the regularly nominated republican ticket," said a third.

"And here's Russel Comstock's ticket," said a fourth.

"This," said I, "confirms my own opinion. They who vote here are unacquainted with the candidates. Each one votes at random, or in obedience to the wish of some friend. They have no correct sources of information; every newspaper is pledged to a party; nearly all leading men are in some way linked with the competitors by interest, or opposed to them through malice. Many votes are rendered through private feeling, independent of character and capacity, and they who are in no way related, are ignorant of the distinction between political right and wrong, and depend upon the paper to which they subscribe, or the vote which is placed in their hands. There is a great probability that the wishes of the most intelligent classes of the people will be defeated, or that they themselves may be misled by designing and influential individuals. Amid these vortexes of conflicting interests, where can the unlettered, but honest man, find the right path?"

"You reason," said the Genius, "from a partial view of the subject, and, like all partial reasoners, you are in the wrong. The privileges which the Americans possess over many other nations of electing their own officers, making their own laws, demanding a trial by jury, and discussing all questions political and religious through the public press, are invaluable, more for what they would accomplish in the hour of danger than for the visible advantages they produce in these times of peace and security. When you gaze upon the scene which the glass has just displayed, your first

impulse is naturally disgust; there is a consciousness that the questions involved in elections are not fairly presented to the people. The enemies of your institutions have with justice observed, that there is much deception in their operations. The influence of wealth, the power of eloquence and talent, the facility with which some pledge themselves to the support of certain men or measures, control the wishes of the people, and sway their decisions with irresistible force. There is also among your most respectable citizens, who are not connected with either party, an opinion that the national affairs do not demand their active interference; they therefore abandon the field to those whose personal prospects are more intimately interwoven with the cause for which they struggle, and who consequently have but slight check upon their career."

"You teach me then," exclaimed I, "the correctness of my former views, and force me to acknowledge that the high sounding names of national rights and liberties, are but unmeaning terms; that the freedom which painters, poets, and orators have celebrated in their highest works, for which so many glorious spirits have poured forth their heart's blood like water, and which we have been taught breathes an atmosphere so balmy and ethereal that in it the human mind develops its strongest faculties, and the heart stirs with its most inspiring emotion, you teach me that all this is a dream."

"No," answered the Genius, "then man were indeed a base creature. It is not for me to explain to you the destiny of your race on earth. Whether he is ever as now to be involved in discord and danger, or in what degree increasing knowledge will counteract the consequences of vice, and multiply the sources of innocent happiness. The profoundest minds have vainly endeavoured to penetrate the shadows which wrap his future years, and fantastic reasoners and zealous philanthropists have shaped out for him paths as various as the images of fancy. But whatever may be his future fate, a glance over the past will compel you to the conviction, that his situation has much improved, and although the right of universal suffrage, trial by jury, and the freedom of the press, may now rather clog than facilitate the operation of truth upon the people, the time may come when these institutions will be in reality the salvation of the country. You are a growing people. All causes combine to promote the increase of your population, which has already scarcely a parallel. Mighty cities, are springing up; commerce is creating and strengthening links of connexion for you with the most distant portions of the globe; agriculture will occupy the attention of a large part of the people, and manufactures will take root and flourish.—Millions yet unborn shall swarm over the land from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and North America will become the theatre of the most stupendous events. What mighty occurrences will surely mark the progress of the next thousand years! What clashing interests—what conflicting passions will then come in play? How many daring and ambitious individuals will here aim at dominion, and how many cunning statesmen will commence the treacherous revolution, by subverting the power of the people. Elections will not then be flung into the hands of the interested and ignorant. Trials by jury will be firm and manly appeals to the body of the people from the decisions of venal judges and legislators; and the press, the licentiousness of which is now an evil, will be transformed into an engine of liberty whose force no art can overcome."

I gazed upon the glass as the Genius spoke, and it seemed as if his thought had conjured up some half formed images. A shadow passed across it, through which sometimes gleamed magnificent palaces, crowded cities, and splendid scenes, appertaining to years

yet to come; masses of soldiers, ships of war, with their white sails spread, rose up with a dream-like dimness, and I leaned forward with intense anxiety; but my companion shook his head, and as he spoke the dark mist gathered over the mingling forms and obscured them from my sight.

"No," said he—"observe the present, ponder over the past; but let the future be shrouded yet from human gaze. The truths which time has already revealed will at least teach you to value the blessings you have obtained, although they come not without alloy." F.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

MOZART.

Who has not heard and been delighted with this sweetest and greatest of all composers? Who has not been carried along by his soaring spirit into higher spheres, forgetting the world with all its woes and pangs, its miseries and insipid joys—glowing into fire in spite of the chill of a soi-disant enlightened age, where genius is weighed by pounds and dollars, and respectability by those who are most subtle in getting them? Poor Mozart. He lived on the very verge of our sadly enlightened times, and his soul, delighting only in higher attainments, was often perplexed by the conflict of reality with his ideal world.

Mozart, our readers will remember, had been in the service of the emperor of Germany, whose orchestras he directed with more honour than profit to himself. Indeed, so very indifferent was his salary, that the master of tunes found himself frequently unable to defray his current expenses. Artists then had not yet discovered the secret of raising contributions from half a world, in the most agreeable manner possible. They rather staid at home, living to themselves and their darling muse. And thus perhaps only, and alone, those master-pieces of poetry and melody could rise into existence, which our modern imitators admire, but endeavour in vain to equal. Genius is born; talents are acquired. Tours to Paris, London, and Italy, may add to its universality, but not to its originality; and its noble effusions will rise and soar infinitely higher when protected by the homely Lares and Penates, than by foreign gods.

Mozart enjoyed, besides this somewhat unprofitable advantage, another: he was indeed born a musical genius. Both his form and countenance were pleasing and interesting; but his health was delicate. Perhaps there never was a living being, more sensitive than he. So harmonious, so tender were the sensations of this extraordinary man, that the least discord that reached his ear, thrilled through his whole frame, producing an irritation which frequently endangered his health. When carried away by his muse, his feelings grew so intense, that he literally lost the consciousness of every thing around him.

It happened that Mozart was sitting one fine morning in his bed, his writing-desk before him, when his young wife entered to inform him that a very unmusical being, the butcher, was down stairs with his bill. Mozart, who had been for some time composing one of his greatest operas, the immortal *Clemenza di Tito*, was just arranging in his phantasie, one of its most beautiful airs. He neither heard nor saw his wife. She, a lovely kind soul of rather practical views, who had been but shortly before married to the young artist, stood waiting for awhile, repeating her information; but no answer followed her words. Seizing the young artist by the elbow, she began to repeat the butcher's account. Mozart was writing without intermission: feeling however his arm touched, and hearing sounds whose tenor seemed not to correspond to the harmonious notes of his soul, he shut his ears with his left hand; writing with the right as quickly as the notes could be scribbled. A second shake of his wife followed. Mozart, growing

impetuous, seized his walking stick, and his wife, alarmed at so strange an intimation, hastened to the door. The whole had passed without Mozart's being in the least conscious of it. She ran down stairs with tears in her eyes, telling the butcher that her husband could not be spoken to, and that he must come another time. But the man of blood was not easily to be daunted—he must have his bill settled and speak with Mozart himself—and he would not send him another ounce of meat. He ascended the stairs. Mozart, indistinctly conscious that something had passed in his presence, had continued pouring the effusions of his phantasie on paper, when the heavy footsteps resounded in the hall. His stick was still in his hand. Without turning his eye from the scrap, he held the stick against the door, to keep out the intruders.

But the steps were approaching. Mozart, more anxious, hurried as fast as he could, when a rap at the door demanded permission to enter. The beautiful effusion was in danger of being lost. The affrighted composer cast a fugitive glance at his stick. It was too short. With an anxiety bordering on phrenzy he looked round his room, and a pole, standing behind the curtain, caught his eye; this he seized, holding it with all his might against the door—writing like fury all the while. The knob was turned, but the pole withstood the first effort. A pause succeeded; words were heard on the staircase, and the intruders renewed their efforts a second time. But the strength of the composer seemed to increase with his anxiety. Large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. Stemming the pole against his left breast, with the force of despair he still kept out his visitors—he succeeded but for a moment; yet it was a precious moment—the delightful air was poured upon the paper—it was saved!

Such had been the anxiety, fear, and despair of the composer, so intense his feelings, that his bodily strength was not equal to stand the powerful effort of his soul. Scarcely were his effusions arranged, when his strength left him—the pole dropped from his hand, and he fell back on the pillow exhausted. The door opened, and his wife with the formidable butcher entered. Pale, unconscious of every thing, the son of Euterpe lay on the bed, his forehead bathed in cold sweat. The wife, terror-struck at the sight, rushed to her beloved husband; she raised his forehead—embraced him—when Mozart's eyes opened, and looking round with surprise, they fell upon the invaluable scrap lying still before him.

"Mr. Mozart," said the butcher.

"Halt, halt," cried the composer, seizing the manuscript and leaping at the same time out of his bed and hurrying towards the pianoforte. Down he sat, and the most delightful air that was ever heard resounded from the instrument. The eyes of his wife and even of the butcher began to moisten. Mozart finished the tune, rose again, and, running for his writing-desk, he filled out what was still wanting.

"Well, Mr. Mozart," said the butcher, when the artist had finished, "you know I am to marry."

"No, I do not," said Mozart, who had somewhat recovered from his musical trance.

"Well then, you know it now, and you also know that you owe me money for meat?"

"I do," said Mozart, with a sigh.

"Never mind," said the man, under whose blood-stained coat beat a feeling heart; "just make me a fine waltz for my marriage ball, and I will cancel the debt, and let you have meat for a whole year to come."

"It is a bargain," cried the lively and gifted Mozart. And down he sat, and a waltz was elicited from the instrument; such a waltz as never before had set the dance-loving butcher's feet in motion.

"Meat for a year, did I say?" exclaimed the enraptured tradesman; "no, one hundred ducats you shall have for this waltz; but I want it with trumpets,

and horn-pipes, and fiddles—you know best—and soon too."

"You shall have it so," said Mozart, who scarcely trusted his ears, "and in one hour you may send for it."

The liberal minded butcher retired. In an hour the waltz was set in full orchestra music. The butcher had returned, delighted with the music, and Mozart with his hundred ducats—a sum more splendid than he ever received from the emperor for the greatest of his operas.

It is to this incident that the lovers of harmony are indebted for one of the most charming trifles—the celebrated oxen-waltz—a piece of music still unrivalled.

CHARLES MARIA VON WEBER.

Mozart was a child even in his manhood: innocent and lovely, careless and ignorant of the world, of every thing save his musical sphere—there he was the sovereign. The same eye that strayed unmeaning and thoughtless over hundreds of faces, assumed a decided and expressive character as soon as a tone was heard. Quite another sort of being was Charles Maria Von Weber, the interesting phantast, as he was termed in his youth. I had fancied him to myself as a romantic Bursche, with long curling sandy hair, blue eyes, full rosy cheeks, and a teutonic dress. I felt somewhat disappointed when I beheld a thin middle sized figure, with an interesting, but extremely pale countenance, and a finely set dark eye. It was shortly after he had composed *Der Freyschutz*, that I saw him. He was then engaged to a *Demoiselle Brand*, an opera singer—a charming little creature, round but expressive, full of life and archness. He had composed for her his *Sylvana*, his first great work. There are few things more soul-stirring and enchanting than the dance of the feathered *Sylvana*; but her forte was the *Cendrillon*. She always drew a full house. And indeed it would be difficult to imagine more infantine sweetness and naiveté than this delightful little thing threw over her performance. The public knew and approved of their honourable liaison, and it seemed to wait with a sort of anxiety for one of the tender glances which she never failed to throw down into the orchestra, which Weber directed. The shouts of applause she elicited on such occasions were characteristically German. It was some years afterwards that we met again. His *Freyschutz* had made the great tour instead of him, who had kept quietly his place at Dresden, as director of the royal opera. but now he seemed anxiously bent upon following the bright track of his genial production. He had received letters of encouragement from London, where the words of his opera were translating. His friends waited only for him to bring it forth in its utmost splendour. Poor Charles! We spent one of the most delightful evenings, and the following morning he embarked in the Cologne steamboat for Rotterdam, to proceed thence to London. He had been seriously dissuaded by his friends from throwing himself on the mercy of British generosity; but his inexperience in the world, and a certain penchant for the adventurous, so common with Germans, prevailed. We soon had our misgivings confirmed. Weber's health, (he had been sickly for some time) declined rapidly amidst the coal smoke of London, to which he was not accustomed. Disappointments increased the evil. The bright hopes held out by his friends, proved to be calculating speculations of men who wanted him to push themselves into notoriety. The very popularity of his *Freyschutz* had contributed to hurt his cause. The proud aristocracy shrunk back from the royal theatres contaminated by the presence of the mob, and his sickly appearance was not a less efficient drawback to his success. His Argyle rooms were almost deserted, and poor Weber saw with infinite mortification, that he had become the dupe of his speculating friends, and of the most heartless public. There is not a single dramatic or musical work, which

has done more to fill the pockets of managers and theatrical performers, than Der Freyschutz; and yet Weber alone grew so poor during his short stay, that without the remittances from his countrymen, his funeral expenses could not have been defrayed. In one of his letters—which we have seen—addressed to his friend R—, at B—n, he dwells with infinite sorrow on “the disappointment of all his hopes, blighted by the indifference of the public, and the avarice of his friends.” May his example serve as a warning to modest merit.

GOETHE.

When Goethe came before the world, German literature was little better than mere rubbish, jumbled together by the indefatigable hands of pedants, who had worked during centuries for other nations. Germany had no national literature, no drama, no poesy, and seemed not even to feel the want of them. Her literary men were of a plodding learned cast, who looked with contempt on every thing that did not savour of Greek or Roman folio volumes. These they knew by heart, as well as the English and French classics.

To rouse the nation from her state of mental torpor, was not an easy task; it required the vast knowledge and deep study of the Greeks and Latins, together with the power of surmounting all obstacles which were thrown in the way. Goethe was a man who united the requisite qualities in a manner never equalled by any of the poets. Like the acorn, which has been wafted to some mouldering tower, and taken firm root among the time-worn fissures, forcing its fibres deeper and deeper, and rending, after a long lapse of years, the moss-grown ruin into fragments, to spread its shadowing branches over the whole, young Goethe stepped forth, arousing in his countrymen a sense of their wants. He gave them his “*Werther*” and “*Goetz von Berlichingen*.” The nation began to awake, and the juvenile mind seized with avidity his offering; but the young poet had the *literati* against him.

Goethe, with his mild serene temper, proceeded gradually. He did not think it beneath his dignity to translate master-pieces from other languages. He travelled into Italy and enjoyed the world, and his powerful spirit daily expanded. He produced his “*Iphigenie*,” the noblest classic tragedy ever conceived since the days of Sophocles, and breathing the spirit of Grecian beauty in every word. The Germans were astonished. The spirit which had dived so deep into the mysteries of Grecian antiquity, had subdued even the learned pedants. His “*Tasso*” succeeded—the great picture of silent, fretful, indomitable passion; of the wildest storm in the midst of the serene atmosphere of courtly fashion. “*Egmont*” appeared—the struggle of republican stubbornness with sanguinary despotism; and finally “*Faust*,” his noblest production.

So variegated are his different works, so deeply conceived, so characteristically delineated, that it is with difficulty the reader persuades himself that one and the same person could give so perfect a likeness of the different nations and characters he represents. In the works of Voltaire we discover, without labour, the Frenchman. Not so in those of Goethe. The passionate, deep feeling, struggling *Werther*, is as opposite to the blunt iron-hearted and handed *Goetz von Berlichingen*, as Byron's muse is to that of Moore. *Tasso*, the most refined picture of an Italian court, has not the least resemblance to the classic and plastic beauty of *Iphigenie in Tauris*; but the immense creative powers of his mind appear most forcibly in *Faust*—this world in miniature and at large, the soul-stirring picture of its doings and sayings, of heaven and hell, raised before our eyes so fearfully true, that we shrink back while we are absorbed in admiration.

Goethe is acknowledged to be the greatest of German poets, and one of the greatest that has ever existed. He has penetrated deeper than almost any other man into the secrets of nature and of the human heart; has examined closer the relations of mankind, the varieties of social life, and caught the spirit of all times and nations with an acuteness only equalled by his power of bringing them to light.

He deserves truly the splendid title of a universal genius. The literary treasures of antiquity, of the orient, of southern and western Europe, have been rather ennobled by him, than transplanted to his native soil. His works will only be duly appreciated by posterity. His spirit has advanced like that of Aristotle and Bacon, centuries before his age; and it is but by degrees that it will be fully understood. S.

SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

DYING A-LA-MODE.

“One would not, sure be frightful when one's dead—
And, Betty! give this cheek a little red.”—*Pope*.

THE round of fashionable life is one of great and unintermitted delight. “*Coming out*” is delightful—and *being out* is delightful—dress is delightful—the opera is delightful—delightful is the secret pressure of the white hand in leading out—delightful are the compliments of the gay—and still more delightful the scarcely audible sighs of the grave—delightful is courtship—marriage is delightful—all, all in life is delightful; and surely no one will deny that after all, and amid all this, dying must be very, very delightful. He was a wise man, and spoke truly, the French philosopher, who, on being asked what station in life (with the experience he then possessed) he would choose for himself, if about to recommence his course, replied, that of a fine girl from the age of fifteen to twenty; that being the period after which the star ceases to shine, or (which is the same in effect,) the worshipper begins to find that its beams are cold and that its brilliancy endureth not.

Lady P. T. concerning whose history it is necessary I should say two words, before I proceed to the principal matter of my paper, was a brilliant of the very finest water. She came out when there was something like a dearth of stars in the fashionable circles—and broke more hearts during her reign, than any *belle blonde* of the court of the good Charlotte. On her presentation, his most gracious majesty had actually made three questions at her, ere she was pushed forward *uti mos est*—a circumstance on which she was wont to dwell in her latter days with as much complacency, as the good old lady of Tillietudlem, or the far-famed “*disjeune*” of the “*Merry monarch*.” But time will wag. Flesh is grass. Beauty is a tenant at will—against whom no binding cause will avail. Lady T. was beautiful, fashionable, but neither fashion nor beauty could secure her against the assault of years—

“Age with his stealthy pace
Did claw her in his clutch,”

and left his crow-foot mark on the fair and rich relief of a cheek, whose delicacy once made its possessor the theme of a thousand toasts, and the burthen of a thousand songs. She grew old. Hideous word! She got wrinkles—horrible! The last time I had seen her was in her own box at the opera. She had drawn a light silk cloak over her shoulders, and sat in the most shaded corner of the box, as if conscious (a thing by no means general,) that the time no longer was, when the glare of the front seat became her. On some movement of her company, however, she was obliged to change place, and I then had an opportunity of remarking how necessary habit had rendered those little practices which vanity and the mode had once suggested. Her cheek, wrinkled and furrowed as it was, glowed as if it had been jannaped with ruby bloom, and the paint laid in profusion over the withered and shrivelled countenance, forming a striking contrast to the sickly paleness of the brow, and the dead, dull heaviness of the eye, which even the smiles of habitual courtesy could not illumine. She seemed to look with utter and perfect indifference on the gay scene around her, and her glass was only now and then elevated, when any movement in the opposite boxes called her attention that way. Rossini's music seemed to find no answering sympathy within her; Albert capered, and *Pasta sung tears*, but neither the lip of the one nor the foot of the other seemed to exercise the same influence as in younger days. Her emotions appeared to have been paralysed by time; she had lost all the delights of youth, and had laid up no store of

those comfortable domestic duties which smooth the path of life to the aged foot, and enable the world-weary to glide gently and unknowingly to the consummation of her earthly trials. Lady T. was never married, and why it is hard to say; for she might have chosen well through every species of title and distinction, from duchess down to Mrs. Captain. But marry she did not. And I remember she used to look grave when the subject was mentioned, and angry when it was persisted in, and sad when it was glanced at. I suspected, knowing her to have been something of a coquette, that she had trifled with the man of her heart and lost him—from whence take warning all ye, &c. &c.

The morning after the opera, I had heard she was taken ill, so that I was not at all surprised, now on reaching the house, to find Doctor A.'s carriage before me: I overtook him on the stairs, and inquired after the health of his patient—at the same time fixing my eye steadily upon him, to ascertain, if possible, from some glance or gesture, that which gentlemen of his profession are particularly expert in concealing—the truth. His gravity, however, baffled all my penetration.

“She is in the balance,” was his reply.

“Do you think she will get over this, doctor?”

“The result depends very much upon circumstances.”

Perceiving another gentleman of the faculty just coming from the sick lady's chamber, I put the same question to him as I had in the first instance to Dr. A. Imagining, perhaps, from my black dress and my company, that I was one of the initiated, he was about to answer rapidly, when looking hard in my face, he suddenly checked himself, and putting on a diplomatic countenance, said,

“She is getting on.”

I had learned enough, however, from his action in the first instance, to be convinced that all was over with poor Lady T.

After the doctors had consulted for a few minutes, I (as an old acquaintance) was admitted to the sick chamber. It was dimly lighted, and the window curtains, formed of some light blue muslin, gave an air of ghastliness to all the faces in the apartment, and almost paled the cheek-roses of a young and beautiful girl, who sat by the sufferer's bed side; a book resting on her lap, and her eyes turned towards the bed. The patient appeared to sleep—her lovely young nurse put back the ringlets from her forehead as we appeared, and observing the eye of one of the physicians glance at the book—

“I have been reading her asleep,” she whispered—

“Those gloomy readings are apt to do your aunt a great deal of mischief, Miss T.—some sermon book I presume?”

The young lady smiled, and shook her head, and I recognised by the binding and size of the volume, one of the “*Sayings and Doings*.”

“I found her reading,” she continued, “and not being able to prevail on her to relinquish the book altogether, I offered to read aloud to her.”

“*Bona nutrix*—a good reputation for a young lady,” said one of the gentlemen, winking apart to the other—“one of the principal ingredients in the *placens uxor*. The young baronet must hear of this.”

“It is our business,” said the other.

“I'll make it interesting,” said Dr. A. still apart: “the picture was not intended to be thrown away upon us, depend on't.”

A movement of the sick lady interrupted the conversation. Miss T. drew back the curtain quickly, and found her half waking—and muttering in that state—

“I am sick—sick of them—no more—no airs—marry the man—you foolish girl—marry him—men are not dogs—marry him—they will not fawn upon you if you torture them—lock the chain while you hold it—he may grow weary if you continue shaking it too long—and then what a miserable life you will lead;—sad youth—sad old age—marry him—you silly girl—Ha! who told you that! A beast without a heart?—a bad omen!—He told me so—and he took it—and broke it—and I dared not complain of him—for they would all laugh—and I was proud.—Oh!—vain and giddy girl—dally not with true love—marry him—and avoid a blank life—marry him—and—[here her eyes opened and fixed themselves with an indistinct expression upon the face of her niece, who was hanging over her]—is it you, my love?”

“You are better, dear aunt?”

Lady T. made no reply, but attempted to raise herself and sit upright:—unable to accomplish the effort, she sunk back on her pillow, and glanced towards a table, which, as well as the toilette and chimney-piece was covered with medicine, empty phials, saline mixtures, &c. Her niece was about to reach something, when with a gesture of nausea, Lady T. motioned her back, and pointed to the chair near her.—The doctors interchanged a look of alarm.

"Shall I read to you?" asked Miss T.

The lady shook her head—and again asked to be raised in the bed.

"This place is so close," said she faintly—"I want air—a mouthful!"

One of the doctors stepped forward to prevent her from quitting the horizontal posture—but she already sat erect—and Doctor A. tossed his head in a manner which did not escape the eye of the niece: she grew deadly pale, and her lip quivered—

"I'll go no more to the opera," said the invalid—"It was that brought this fit upon me—and, my love, you must send an apology to the duchess—for I know I shall not be able to go out this week. Send once more to Triad for your things, my love—and tell her that——— and———"

The young lady let fall the bed curtain and closed it gently—then covered her face with her hands, and sunk into the chair—the doctors turned to the window and were silent for a moment—or conversed only in whispered monosyllables.

And so died Lady T. whom many considered a happy, and all regarded as a worthy woman. News of Lit.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Union Hotel.—This antiquated and venerable mansion is no more! The extension of Cedar-street has prostrated all its honours in the dust! We passed it, some weeks ago, and predicted its speedy dissolution; for the officious hand of *improvement* had torn away its principal prop, and left it naked, in its old age, exposed to the rude assaults of the ruthless elements, and the still more destructive cupidity of mercenary man! We passed it again, and our prediction was fulfilled! A shapeless heap of rubbish was all that remained of the once celebrated *Union Hotel*! We paused to muse over its ruins, to moralise on the fleetness of time, and to mourn the unceasing desolation which follows in his footsteps!

The history of the deceased, for the last twenty years of its existence, was associated with many interesting recollections, which now crowded in strange confusion on our mind.

"Ah, here's the scene of frequent mirth, we said,"

Then breathed a sigh that all its joys had fled.

In our juvenile days, the *Union Hotel* was often the scene of political broils, that made its wooden walls tremble to their very foundation, while we youngsters in the street almost cracked our throats with loud huzzas for Tompkins or Clinton, as the case might be. And then the ebullitions of wit and nonsense which these meetings elicited from party scribblers, appearing the next morning in the shape of squibs, crackers, and two-penny ballads! O it was delightful! On one occasion every boy in the streets was chanting, to the animating tune of "*derry down*," the following delectable lines:

"You've heard of O'Teague at the 'lection, last spring,
'Tis myself that I mean, and I now come to sing
Of wondrous disasters that lately befell,
At a meeting last week, at the *Union Hotel*."

When these little storms of party violence had subsided into a calm, the *Union Hotel* exhibited scenes of a very different character. Its spacious hall was then lighted by the smile of beauty, and vocalized by the voice of music and gladness. The ever gay *Terpsichore* reigned mistress of the enchanting revels, in which the sweetest little feet in the world tripped about in the most puzzling and bewitching mazes! It was here that a highly gifted and esteemed friend of ours received the ray of inspiration which produced the following rondeau:

When eyes are bright with pleasure,
And brows with wreaths are crown'd,
To music's sweetest measure
The heart shall gaily bound.
While palid care forgets to call,
And smiling beauty lights the hall,
Devote to bliss the passing hour,
Perhaps the next may darkly lower.
When eyes are bright, &c.

This life were but a dreary scene,
Without such little spots of green;
But every joy like this we taste
Imparts new strength to tread the waste.
When eyes are bright, &c.

Such pleasures leave no sting behind,
But sweetly elevate the mind,
Till every heart, with generous glow,
Is blest in seeing others so.
When eyes are bright, &c.

But where, alas! are now the beautiful beings who gave life and animation to the scene of enchantment here described? Where is the bewitching smile—the graceful movement—the

light fantastic feet? Many of the latter have long since mingled with their kindred, or rather primitive element. Others still move, but not to the joy-awakening viol's lively note—not in the graceful windings of the mazy dance. Those once sunny brows have been touched with the frosty finger of time, and their former brightness is shaded by the sombre clouds of care. The sparkling fascinations of youthful beauty have given place to the graver qualities attendant on matronly duties: and another crop of roses are budding, which will breathe their odours to another race of admirers! Well, be it so. "For every thing there is a season," says the wise man, "and a time for every purpose under the heavens, a time to dance and a time to mourn." We have had our time among the rest, and why the deuce should we fret about it? We can dance yet, and will do it too, if Hackett converts the American opera house into a ball-room, as he contemplates; and though our wise legislators prohibit masks, it shall go hard with us, but we wear smiles with the best of them. But what has all this to do with the *Union Hotel*?

We like oysters; and the keeper of this establishment used to serve them up in most admirable style; and his turtle soup, whether mock or real, was no "*unreal mockery*." By the way, there has been a dispute about the true reading of this exclamation of Macbeth; but as we have never taken any part in the controversy, we shall decline giving our opinion. The beef-steaks and coffee, too, had a peculiar relish which we shall never forget. Niblo was not the fashion at that period.

But it is all over now! the fabric has fallen, and even the "sure and firm-set earth" on which it rested, has been dug up and removed, while the adamant foundations of a dozen new edifices are rapidly rising on the spot so recently vacated by our departed friend. We mourn not, however, as those who have no hope, for its fame survives, and will long outlive its mouldering remains.

Bridge across the East-River.—This project, which some years since excited much interest and discussion, is again in agitation, in order to amuse, if not to deceive and gull the public. At the former period, the scheme seemed connected with some semblance of propriety, inasmuch as there was very frequent delay and difficulty, and sometimes serious danger, in crossing the river. Since the establishment of steam-boats, this objection is completely removed. A passage is now effected in much less time than it could be on foot over a bridge. Let us give a few moments' attention to this notable scheme.

The mischief that would ensue, according to our view of the subject, from the erection of a bridge, would be little less than infinite. To allow a merchant-ship to pass under it without striking her topmasts, it would be necessary to elevate it not less than one hundred feet above the water, besides the risk and difficulty there would be of passing between piers. Who would mount over such a structure, when a passage could be effected in a much shorter time, and that too without exertion or trouble, in a safe and well-sheltered steamboat? But these are minor considerations. The first great point that calls for serious and deep deliberation, is the effect that would be produced on the harbour: and we should hardly suppose that any one would be so wanting in foresight as not to perceive, that it would be both blighting and ruinous to the mercantile interests. How distressing it would be to witness the shocking deformity, nay, the almost wanton destruction, of so fine a haven,—one on which nature has been as prodigal of her bounties as she has been lavish of her beauties. It must be borne in mind too, that by the time that another generation shall be upon the stage of action, every part of the East-river, until it approaches Hurl-gate, will be required for the accommodation of shipping and smaller water-craft; and to interpose any artificial impediment to the easy and unrestricted communication of vessels, especially those of the larger class, would evince a degree of folly, not to say madness, that would deserve to be denounced in the strongest terms of reprehension and severity.

An evil of the greatest magnitude, and one we apprehend little thought of, now comes up, demanding much thought and reflection. Can any one for a moment believe that the execution of this stupid project would not be an insurmountable objection with the government to continue the navy-yard in its present eligible position? Would it not be a signal for its immediate removal? No man in his rational senses could doubt it—nor would they, nor ought they, to occupy the spot for that purpose another day after such an unmeaning and formidable barrier was thrown in their way, and one too not having a single attendant benefit.

Let the citizens look to these things in season, and be prepared to express their marked disapprobation of a proposition

fraught with incalculable mischief—unless, indeed, it be their wish still to adhere to the relics of that *enlightened* policy which is so conspicuous in all the old parts of the city, in which there abounds so many *conveniences*, and which are so much the *admiration of strangers*—a policy which, in defiance of the plain indications and liberal provisions of nature, creates and entails *utter deformity* and *nameless incurable evils*.

Liberality.—Perhaps a better heart than Forrest's never warmed a human bosom, and, notwithstanding the exalted opinion we entertain of him as one of the brightest ornaments of his profession, he stands much higher in our estimation as a man. We know him well, and, were we at liberty to do so, could record several acts of his private munificence which would endear him to all who delight in noble actions and native grandeur of soul. The following extract from the *United States Gazette*, furnishes sufficient evidence of the correctness of our remarks:

While Mr. Forrest was in New-Orleans last spring, the Orphan Asylum of that city notified the public of an exhaustion of its funds; and while the ordinary means seemed wholly short of its necessities, Mr. Forrest offered his services at the theatre for one night, gratuitously. The result of this charitable exercise of his talents and acquirements, may be gathered from the following letter, which we publish without the consent or knowledge of the receiver:

"New-Orleans, May 9, 1839.

"SIR—At a special meeting of the 'Board of directors of the society for the relief of destitute orphan boys,' held this day, I was instructed to address you in the name of the board, and to pray you to accept of their most grateful acknowledgments for the generous and gratuitous display of your fine faculties and powers last evening, at the American theatre, in behalf of the institution under their control.

"I am persuaded, sir, that it will long be a subject of grateful reflection to you, that no individual in Louisiana has, either by donation or otherwise, so substantially subverted the interests of this institution as yourself. The efficient aid thus kindly and opportunely extended, has but increased the regard of the citizens of New-Orleans for you personally, and called forth their warmest wishes for your health and future prosperity.

"You are now hailed as the presiding genius of the drama in America; nor can it be doubted that future study, observation, and experience, together with the influence of that just and honourable pride which, as an American, you feel in sustaining your own reputation, will enable you yet to add fresher laurels to the wreath with which your youthful brows have been encircled.

"I add, for your information, that the receipts of the house, on the occasion of the benefit given by you last evening, were upwards of thirteen hundred dollars. Very respectfully, sir, your obedient servant, L. C. DUNCAN, Secretary.

"EDWIN FORREST, Esq. New-Orleans."

Buried alive.—Our readers—say the editors of the Albany Daily Advertiser—have observed an advertisement stating that a vault has been erected for the deposit of the dead, for a certain period, to guard against resurrection men. On Sunday afternoon, the first body was deposited in that vault. A few hours afterwards, the person having the care of it returned for the purpose of getting something which he had forgotten. While he was opening the outer door he heard a noise inside, and he supposed it was caused by the person who had just been interred. Though his hair stood erect with affright, his humanity prompted him to save the unfortunate imprisoned being, and he unlocked the inner door, which is of iron. He then ensconced himself behind the outer door, and called to the supposed ghost within to push open the door and thus liberate himself. The confined person did so; and on making his appearance, he proved to be, not the dead man who had been buried, but a real living being, who from some cause had remained in the vault when it was closed, and who, had it not been for the fortunate circumstance of the sexton returning to get what he had forgot, would very likely have perished in his gloomy prison house.

Another premium.—Mr. John Augustus Stone, to whom was lately awarded the premium of five hundred dollars for an Indian tragedy, has also obtained the prize of fifty dollars offered by Mr. Dixon, for the best comic song. Really this same Stone is a jewel in literature, and bids fair to be set in gold.

Clara Fisher.—This fascinating and unrivalled actress commences a short engagement at the Park theatre on Monday next. The simple announcement of this fact is sufficient to insure full and fashionable houses.

BRUCE'S CALL.

AS SUNG BY MISS CLARA FISHER, AT THE PARK THEATRE.

ALLO. MAESTOSO.

Clansmen up! and march a-wa! March a-wa! march a-wa! Gather to the pibroch ca! For the Bruce and Scotland's glo-ry

Clansmen up, and march a-wa! March a-wa! march a-wa! Gather to the pibroch ca! For the Bruce and Scotland's glo-ry. Be-

fore the sun gangs down the glen, At Bannockburn our highland men, On bright green fields with bloody pen, Shall write a Scot-tish sto-ry.

Clans-men up, and march a-wa! March a-wa, march a-wa! Ga-ther to the pibroch ca! For the Bruce and Scot-land's glo-ry.

Mind thee this, my gallant bands!
Gallant bands! gallant bands!
Scotland's honour's in your hands,
See her banners waving o'er ye.

So just take off your bonnets noo,
And say farewell to those ye loo;
Then on, my lads, to meet the foe
For the Bruce and Scotland's glory. Clansmen, &c.

England's banners waving high!
Waving high! waving high!
Darkness o'er your ain blue sky,
And her spears flash fire before ye.

But like the winds we soon shall bla
Those Sasnoy silken clouds awa,
And their glistening spears we'll crack in twa
For the Bruce and Scotland's glory. Clansmen, &c.

TO TAKE HONEY WITHOUT DESTROYING THE BEES.—The following easy method of taking honey without destroying the bees is generally practised in France. In the dusk of the evening, when the bees are quietly lodged, approach the hive and turn it gently over. Having steadily placed it in a small pit previously prepared to receive it, with its bottom upwards, cover it with a clean new hive which has been properly prepared with a few sticks across the inside of it, and rubbed with aromatic herbs, and having carefully adjusted the mouth of each hive to the other so that no aperture remains between them, take a small stick and beat gently the outside of the lower hive for about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, in which time the bees will leave their cells in the lower hive and ascend to the higher one. Then gently lift the new hive with all its little tenants, and place it on the stand from which the other hive was taken. This should be done some time in the week before midsummer-day, that the bees may have time

before the summer flowers are faded to lay in a new stock of honey, which they will not fail to do for their subsistence through the winter.

CHOOSING A WIFE.—It shows the want of a lofty spirit to choose a wife chiefly from considerations of property. But this is frequently done by those who hold their heads high in society, and look above their less opulent neighbours, who have too much spirit and too much honour to marry from such mercenary motives. The connexion must necessarily be a state of dependence, and can confer no real merit on the man who stoops to it. But the dishonour would be much greater, and render one liable to the charge of a positive immorality, who should make shipwreck of the plighted affections of a virtuous woman, to become affianced to one of wealth, even if possessed of many amiable attributes.

When a woman bestows on you her best affections, and leans on you for support, you must be destitute alike of prin-

ciple and feeling to desert her for wealth or fame. You have her love and confidence, and can you betray or forsake her; especially when it is recollected that your assiduities and your vows have produced her attachment? You may meet another of equal elegance, and of more beauty and wealth; but this is no excuse for violating the most sacred engagement. And it would be no greater crime in the sight of heaven to thrust a poniard into her bosom, than to wound her spirit by desertion.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Published every Saturday, at 163 William-street, between Beekman and Ann streets.—Terms four dollars per annum, payable in advance.—No subscription received for a less period than one year. Each volume contains four hundred and sixteen royal quarto pages, five copperplate engravings, including the title-page, and twenty-five popular melodies arranged with accompaniments for the piano-forte.

J. SEYMOUR, PRINTER, JOHN STREET.

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AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOLUME VII.

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NUMBER 20.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE AUTUMN NIGHT GALE.

Written among the western mountains of Massachusetts.

WHETHER wend'st thou, mystic power,
At this lone and fearful hour?
Know'st thou not the moon is sleeping,
And the stars no watch are keeping?
Midnight clouds have veiled the sky
From the ken of mortal eye,
And no meteor's transient ray
Flashes on thy darkling way.
E'en the glow-worm's tiny gleam,
And the fire-fly's fitful beam,
(Lamps that wont at summer's hour
To light the fairies' evening bower,
Dimm'd by autumn's wasting blight,
Gild not now the gloom of night.
Lo, the mastiff's howl is still,
Mute the lonely whip-poor-will,
Hushed the song of pensive maid,
Hushed her lover's serenade;
Nought but wild wolf's wilder yell
Echoing through yon caverned dell,
And the owl's startling scream,
Perched above its gloomy stream,
Blent in dread discordancy,
Power of darkness, welcome thee!
Com'st thou from the sounding shore
Of the ice-cliffed Labrador;
Where the zephyr-breathing spring
Never rests her rosy wing,
But like passing bird sweeps by,
Ere her beauties catch the eye?
Or in chainless flight sublime
Hast thou winged the polar clime,
Mark'd the giant winter's form
Mantled in his robes of storm,
Decked with frost-gemmed coronal,
Frowning in his meteor hall,
Where no season dare intrude
On his awful solitude?

Lo, on yonder beetling steep
Thou hast broke the eagle's sleep,
Shook him from his whistling perch
On the lightning-scathed birch,
Forth amid the glooms of night,
Screaming in his wilder flight,
Far in mountain glen to rest
Till the sunbeam gild its crest.
Hush! I hear thy fearful tone
In the rocking cedar's moan,
While the pine tree's funeral sigh
Deepens as thou passest by.
Whither, spirit of the gloom,
Shapest thou thy raven plume,
Rending with terrific power,
Clouds that o'er the welkin lower,
And like glorious conqueror,
Urging them thy frown before?
Thou art gone—high speed to thee
Over mountain, lake, and lea!
Gone, yet still the echo brings
Catches of thy rushing wings:
Where on yonder frowning peak
Fitful is the night-bird's shriek,
Where around the hidden lake,
Heaving billows wilder break,
Where in autumn's woodland hall
Leafy honours fastest fall,
And the groaning forests bow—
Viewless spirit, there art thou!

Fare thee well, thou wandering one!
Seek the bright climes of the sun,
Where no winter chills the air,
And the skies are ever fair,
And the streams are ever flowing,
And the rose is ever blowing,
And her favourite nightingale
Never flies his native vale;
Where the bird of paradise
Gleams in iris-stolen dyes,
While the maids of softest eye
Drink the gales of Araby.
There mid nature's deathless blooms,
Spirit, fold thy jaded plumes;
Hush thy stormy voice of pride,
Lay thy wizard harp aside,
And on some fair lakelet's breast,
Rock thine airy form to rest.

TO BELINDA.

"Oh, those eyes!—but that right eye in particular!"—*Billy Lackaday.*

Those auburn tresses sweetly play
Around that pearly neck so fair,
And sweetly does that brow display
The clustering ringlets slumbering there.
Not sea-born Venus, famed of old,
With streaming locks, like threads of gold,
Sparkling with ocean's liquid brightness,
Could boast of graces so divine,
As those bewitching locks of thine,
Which shade thy forehead's sunny whiteness.

The softest shade of Tyrian dye
Can never with that cheek compare,
Nor will the bright carnation vie
In colour, with thy lip, my fair.
What though Cashmere's delightful vale,
With balmy odour freights the gale
At every fragrant feast of roses,
Its charms are here—why further seek?
Its tints are blooming on thy cheek,
Its fragrance on thy lip reposes.

That lip, so like the bow of love,
In graceful curvature and hue!
And there's a dimple just above,
A quiver for his arrows too.
That sacred shrine of nameless charms,
That faultless shape, those graceful arms,
That peerless elegance of motion,
With richer beauties of the mind,
All, all in one dear form combined,
May well inspire this heart's devotion.

But oh, that eye, that beaming eye,
Mild as the softest star of even,
Clear as the azure of the sky,
Bright as the vespers lamp of heaven!
Whence was that orb of beauty stole,
Whose matchless lustre, in my soul
Has lit a flame no power can smother?
"Which?" asked the fair—"I'm clear of theft—
"These sixteen years I've owned the left,
"And pa paid Scudder for the other." REUBEN.

POPULAR MORAL TALES.

THE SENSITIVE MAN.

ANTHONY DUMPS, the father of my hero, (the subject matter of a story being always called the hero, however little heroic he may personally have been) married Dora Coffin on St. Swithin's-day, in the first year of the last reign.

Their child Simon was registered in the parish book with the first syllable spelt 's-i-g-n';—the infant Dumps was registered Sighmon.

Sighmon sighed away his infancy like other babes, and when he grew to be a hobedy-hoy, there was a seriousness in his visage, and a much-ado-about-nothing-ness in his eye, which were proclaimed by good-natured people to be indications of deep thought and profundity; while others, less "flattering sweet," declared they indicated nought but want of comprehension, and the dullness of stupidity.

As he grew older he grew graver; sad was his look, sombre the tone of his voice, and half an hour's conversation with him was a very serious affair indeed.

Burying-ground-buildings, Paddington-road, was the scene of his infant sports. His father earned his livelihood, by letting himself out as a mute, or mourner, to a furnisher of funerals. "Mute" and "voluntary woe" were his stock in trade.

Often did Mrs. Dumps ink the seams of his pantaloons, and darken his elbows with a blacking brush, ere he sallied forth to follow borrowed plumes; and when he returned from his public performance (oft rehearsed,) Master Sighmon did innocently crumple his crapes, and sport with his weepers.

His melancholy outgoings at length were rewarded by some pecuniary incomings. The demise of others secured a living for him, and after a few unusually

propitious sickly seasons, he grimly smiled as he counted his gains; the mourner exulted, and, in praise of his profession, the mute became eloquent.

Another event occurred: after burying so many people professionally, he at length buried Mrs. Dumps; that, of course, was by no means a matter of business. I have before remarked that she was descended from the Coffins; she was now gathered to her ancestors.

Dumps had long been proud of gentility of appearance, a suit of black had been his working day costume, nothing therefore could be more easy than for Dumps to turn gentleman. He did so; took a villa at Gravesend, chose for his own sitting-room a chamber that looked against a dead wall, and whilst he was lying in state upon the squabs of his sofa, he thought seriously of the education of his son, and resolved that he should be instantly taught the dead languages.

Sighmon Dumps was decidedly a young man of a serious turn of mind. The metropolis had few attractions for him; he loved to linger near the monument; and if ever he thought of a continental excursion, the catacombs and Père la Chaise were his attractions.

His father died—his old employer furnished him with a funeral; the mute was silenced, and the mourner was mourned.

Sighmon Dumps became more serious than ever; he had a decided nervous malady, an abhorrence of society, and a sensitive shrinking when he felt that any body was looking at him. He had heard of the invisible girl; he would have given worlds to have been an invisible young gentleman, and to have glided in and out of rooms, unheeded and unseen, like a draft through a key-hole. This, however, was not to be his lot: like a man cursed with creaking shoes, stepping lightly and tiptoeing availed not—a creak always betrayed him when he was most anxious to creep into a corner.

At his father's death he found himself possessed of a competency and a villa; but he was unhappy, he was known in the neighbourhood, people called on him, and he was expected to call on them, and these calls and re-calls disturbed him. He never in his life, could abide looking any one straight in the face; a pair of human eyes meeting his own was actually painful to him. It was not to be endured. He sold his villa, and determined to go to some place where, being a total stranger, he might pass unnoticed and unknown, attracting no attention, no remarks.

He went to Cheltenham and consulted a friend about his nerves; was recommended a course of the waters, and horse exercise.

The son of the weeper very naturally thought he had already too much of water; he, however, hired a nag, took a small suburban lodging, and as nobody spoke to him, nor seemed to care about him, he grew better, and felt sedately happy. This blest seclusion, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," was not the predestinated fate of Sighmon: odd circumstances always brought him into notice. The horse he had hired was a piebald, a sweet, quiet animal, warranted a safe support for a timid invalid. On this piebald did Dumps jog through the green lanes in brown studies.

One day as he passed a cottage, a face peered at him through an open window; he heard an exclamation of delight, the door opened, and an elderly female ran after him, entreating him to stop; much against his will he complied.

"'Twas heaven sent you, sir," said his pursuer, out of breath; "give me, for the love of mercy, the cure for the rheumatiz."

"The what?" said Dumps.

"The rheumatiz, sir. I've the pains and the aches in my back and my bones—give me the dose that will cure me."

In vain Dumps declared his ignorance of the virtues of "medicinal gums." The more he protested the more the old woman sued; when, to his horror, a reinforcement joined her from the cottage, and men, women, and children, implored him to cure the good dame's malady. At length, watching a favourable opportunity, he insinuated his heel into the side of the piebald and trotted off, while entreaties mingled with words of anger were borne to him on the wind.

He determined to avoid that green lane in future, and rode out the next day in an opposite direction. As he trotted through a village, a girl ran after him, shouting for a cure for the whooping-cough; a dame, with a low courtesy, solicited for a remedy for the toothache; and an old man asked him what was good for the palsy. These unforeseen, these unaccountable attacks, were fearful annoyances to so retiring a personage as Dumps. Day after day, go where he would, the same things happened. He was solicited to cure "all the ills that flesh is heir to." He was not aware (any more than the reader very possibly may be) that in some parts of England the country people have an idea that a quack doctor rides a piebald horse: *why*, I cannot explain, but so it is, and that poor Dumps felt to his cost—life became a burthen to him; he was a marked man; *he*, whose only wish was to pass unnoticed, unheard, unseen; *he*, who, of all the creeping things on the earth, pitied the glow worm the most, because its spark attracted observation. He gave up his lodgings and his piebald, and went "in his angry mood to Tewkesbury."

I ought ere this to have described my hero. He was rather *embonpoint*. He wore a wig, and carried in his countenance an expression indicative of the seriousness of his turn of mind.

He alighted from the coach at the principal inn at Tewkesbury; the landlady met him in the hall, started, smiled, and escorted him into a room with much civility. He took her aside, and briefly explained that retirement, quiet, and a back room to himself, were the accommodations he sought.

"I understand you, sir," replied that landlady, with a knowing wink—"a little quiet will be agreeable by way of change; I hope you'll find every thing here to your liking." She then curtsied and withdrew.

"Frank," said the hostess to the head waiter, "who do you think we've got here in the blue parlour? You'll never guess! I knew him the minute I clapped eyes on him, dressed just as I saw him at the Haymarket theatre, the only night I ever was at a London stage play. The gray coat, and the striped trousers, and the Hessian boots over them, and the straw hat out of all shape, and the gingham umbrella."

"Who is he, ma'am?" said Frank.

"Why, the great comedy actor, Mr. Liston," replied the landlady, "come down for a holiday; he wants to be quiet, so we must not blab, or the whole town will be after him."

This brief dialogue will account for much disquietude which subsequently befell our ill-fated Dumps. People met him, he could not imagine why, with a broad grin on their features. As they passed they whispered to each other, and the words "inimitable," "clever creature," "irresistibly comic," evidently applied to himself, reached his ears.

Dumps looked more serious than ever; but the greater his gravity, the more the people smiled, and one young lady actually laughed in his face as she said aloud, "Oh that mock heroic tragedy-look is so like him."

Sighmon sighed for the seclusion of number three, Burying-ground buildings, Paddington-road.

One morning his landlady announced, with a broader grin than usual, that a gentleman desired to speak

with him; he grumbled, but submitted, and the gentleman was announced.

"My name, sir, is Opie," said the stranger; "I am quite delighted to see you here. You intend gratifying the good people of Tewkesbury of course?"

"Gratifying! what can you mean?"

"If your name is announced, there'll not be a box to be had."

"I always look after my own boxes, I can tell you," replied Dumps.

"By all means, you *will* come out here of course?"

"Come out! to be sure, I shan't stay within doors always."

"What do you mean to come out in?"

"Why, what I've got on will do very well."

"Oh, that's so like you," said Opie, shaking his sides with laughter. "You really are inimitable!—What character do you select here?"

"Character!" said Dumps; "the stranger."

"The Stranger! You?"

"Yes, I."

"And you really mean to come out as the Stranger?" said Opie.

"Why, yes to be sure—I'm but just come."

"Then I shall put your name in large letters immediately; we will open this evening, and as to terms, you shall have half the receipts of the house."

Off ran Mr. Opie, who was no less a personage than the manager of the theatre, leaving Dumps fully persuaded that he had been closeted with a lunatic.

Shortly afterwards he saw a man very busy pasting bills against a wall opposite his window, and so large were the letters, that he easily deciphered "the celebrated Mr. Liston in tragedy. This evening the Stranger; the part of the Stranger by Mr. Liston."

Dumps had never seen the inimitable Liston; indeed, comedy was quite out of his way. But now that the star was to shine forth in tragedy, the announcement was congenial to the serious turn of his mind, and he resolved to go.

He ate an early dinner, went by times to the theatre, and established himself in a snug corner of the stage-box. The house filled, the hour of commencement arrived, the fiddlers paused and looked at the curtain, but hearing no signal, they fiddled another strain. The audience became impatient; they hissed, they hooted, and they called for the manager; another pause, another yell of disapprobation, and the manager appeared, and walked, hat in hand, to the front of the stage. To Dumps's great surprise, it was the very man who visited him in the morning. Mr. Opie cleared his throat, bowed repeatedly, moved his lips, but was inaudible amid the shouts of "hear, hear." At length silence was obtained, and he spoke as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen—I appear before you to entreat your kind and considerate forbearance: I lament as much, nay more than you, the absence of Mr. Liston, but, in the anguish of the moment, one thought supports me, the consciousness of having done my duty. (*Applause.*) I had an interview with your deservedly favourite performer this morning, and every necessary arrangement was made between us. I have sent to his hotel, and he is not to be found. (*Disapprobation.*) I have been informed that he dined early, and left the house, saying that he was going to the theatre; what accident *can* have prevented his arrival I am utterly unable to —"

Mr. Opie now happened to glance towards the stage-box; surprise! doubt! anger! certainty! were the alternate expressions of his pale face and widely opened eyes; and at length pointing to Dumps he exclaimed—

"Ladies and gentlemen—It is my painful duty to inform you that Mr. Liston is now before you; there he sits at the back of the stage-box, and I trust I may be permitted to call upon him for an explanation of his very singular conduct."

Every eye turned towards Dumps, every voice was uplifted against him; the man who could not endure the scrutiny of *one* pair of eyes, now beheld a house full of them glaring at him with angry indignation. His head became confused, he had a slight consciousness of being elbowed through the lobby, of a riot in the crowded street, and of being protected by the civil authorities against the uncivil attacks of the populace. He was conveyed to bed, and awoke the next morning with a very considerable accession of nervous malady.

He soon heard that the whole town vowed vengeance against his infamous and unprincipled imposture, who had so impudently played off a practical joke on the public, and at dead of night did escape from the town of Tewkesbury, in a return morning coach.

Our persecuted hero next occupied private apartments at a boarding-house at Malvern. Privacy was refreshing; but, alas! its duration was doomed to be short. A young officer who had witnessed the embarrassment of "the stranger" at Tewkesbury, recognised the sufferer at Malvern, and knowing his nervous antipathy to being noticed, he wickedly resolved to make him the lion of the place.

He dined at the public table, spoke of the gentleman who occupied the private apartments, wondered that no one appeared to be aware who he was, and then in *confidence* informed the assembled party that the recluse was the celebrated author of the "Pleasures of Memory," now engaged in illustrating "his Italy."

Dumps again found himself an object of universal curiosity; every body became officiously attentive to him; he was waylaid in his walks, and *intentionally* intruded upon *by accident* in his private apartments; a travelling artist requested to be permitted to take his portrait for the exhibition; a lady requested him to peruse her manuscript romance and to give his unbiased opinion; and the master of the boarding-house waited upon him, by desire of his guests, to request that he would honour the public table with his company. Several ladies solicited his autograph for their albums, and several gentlemen called a meeting of the inhabitants, and resolved to give him a public dinner; a craniologist requested permission to take a cast of his head, and as a climax to his misery, when he was sitting in his bed-chamber, thinking himself at least secure for the present, the door being bolted, he looked towards the Malvern hills, which rise abruptly immediately at the back of the boarding-house, and there he discovered a party of ladies eagerly gazing at him with long telescopes through the open windows.

He left Malvern the next morning, and went to a secluded village on the Welch coast, not far from Swansea.

The events of the last few weeks had rendered poor Sighmon Dumps more sensitively nervous than ever. His seclusion became perpetual, his blind always down, and he took his solitary walks in the dusk of the evening. He had been told that seasickness was sometimes beneficial in cases resembling his own; he therefore bargained with some boatmen, who engaged to take him out into the channel, on a little experimental medicinal trip. At a very early hour in the morning he went down to the beach, and prepared to embark. He had observed two persons who appeared to be watching him, he felt certain they were dogging him, and just as they were stepping into the boat they seized him, saying, "Sir, we know you to be the great defaulter who has been so long concealed on this coast; we know you are trying to escape to America; but you must come with us."

Sighmon's heart was broken. He felt it would be useless to endeavour to explain or to expostulate; he spoke not, but was passively hurried to a carriage in which he was borne to a magistrate as fast as four horses could carry him, without rest or refreshment.

Of course, after a minute examination, he was declared innocent, and was released; but justice smiled too late, the bloom of Sighmon's happiness had been prematurely nipped.

He called in the aid of the first medical advice; grew a little better; and when the doctor left him he prescribed a medicine which he said he had no doubt would restore the patient to health. The medicine came, the bottle was shaken, the contents taken.—Sighmon died.

It was afterwards discovered that a mistake had occasioned his premature departure; a healing liquid had been prescribed for him, but the careless dispenser of the medicine had dispensed with caution on the occasion, and Dumps died of a severe *oxalic* acidity of the stomach! By his own desire he was interred in the churchyard opposite to Burying-ground Buildings, Paddington-road. His funeral was conducted with almost as much decorum as if his late father the mute had been present, and he was left with—

"At his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone."

But even there he could not rest! The next morning it was discovered that the body of Sighmon Dumps had been stolen by resurrection men. *Sharpe's Magazine.*

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

VISIT TO A GIPSEY TRIBE.

THE following picturesque description is from a late number of the *Inverness Courier*:

The southern declivity of the Gallow-hill of Cromarty is steep and precipitous, overhung by a thick dark wood, and skirted by a rough and almost inaccessible shore. Perforating the base of one of the steepest precipices, there is a huge cavern, which, from time immemorial, has been the haunt of rock pigeons, and which, according to tradition, once served as a garner for the corn of an eccentric speculative man, who, with much labour, dug up several little patches at the foot of the cliffs, and raised upon them crops of barley. About three years ago, the original tenants of this cavern were dispossessed by a tribe of gipsies, about fourteen in number, who, evincing a taste on the occasion which would have done honour to an anchorite, fixed upon it as a proper place of residence. From the sequestered site of the cavern, which is nearly inaccessible from the sea, and only to be approached from above by a rough narrow path which winds along the edge of a lofty over-hanging precipice, sometime elapsed before this accession to the population of the country was known to the other inhabitants; and the boatmen who passed the cave during the night, startled by strange sounds and sudden lights, concluded it was the haunt of evil spirits. Some time since it was suspected to contain *spirits* of a different kind. A crew of coast guardsmen who were stationed on the opposite side of the Firth, when engaged in some night expedition which led them abreast of the cave, were surprised to see a large fire blazing at its farthest extremity. Their boat's head was immediately turned towards it; but, after some hard rowing, their hopes of a seizure were frustrated for the time by two legions of angry combatants, who were engaged in a fierce and noisy strife within a few yards of the cavern's mouth. Rough pointed rocks and foaming waves are headstrong ungovernable things; so, without any mention being made of the authority of the king, the boatman rowed to the town of Cromarty, a distance of nearly four miles, where they were informed that the poor inhabitants of the cavern, so far from being defaulters of the revenue, were, on the contrary, better supporters of at least that part of it which is derived from the duties on ardent spirits, than men who value themselves much more on their loyalty.

A few days since, there was a report current in the neighbouring town, that a wedding was to take place in this cave; and it was visited on a Friday by two men, who went thither in the expectation of seeing the ceremony performed. Some years since, a couple of a similar tribe were married in the vicinity of Avoch by an old gipsy, who read over to them the marriage service from the book of common prayer—a feat which he achieved without much spelling—and when he had concluded, the knot was considered as indissolubly tied. The new visitors were in the hopes of witnessing something similar; but the gipsies of the cave, from their entertaining higher ideas of the sanctity of the marriage vow, considered that it

could only be properly taken in the presence of a priest; and in not procuring one they were as much disappointed as the Cromarty men were in not witnessing the ceremony. The latter, however, did not entirely lose their labour, as it gave them an opportunity of taking a minute observation of the household economy of the tribe.

The cave, which they had formerly seen covered with gray lichens, and overhung with bunches of fern, now reminded them of Virgil's description of the workshop of Vulcan. A cloud of smoke issued from it as from the crater of a volcano; and through the haze, two huge fires were dimly discernible. At one of these an old woman was employed in baking, and directly behind her a savage-looking young fellow was busied in the manufacture of spoons. On one side of the cave, and coiled up in a heap of dried grass and withered fern, which served the double purpose of bed and couch, there was a young and rather good looking woman (probably the bride) engaged in sewing. On the other side, and at the other fire, two women were watching the progress of a large pot. Near them a middle-aged man was hammering a piece of tin; and a whole horde of children, miserably deficient in the article of clothing, were basking at the fires, which, from their occupying the middle of the cavern, were centres of large circumference. In the mouth of the cave, and apparently regarding the whole scene with a quiet interest, there stood an excellent study for Yorick, a young mule, the common property of the tribe; and at the foot of a cliff a little distant, there were three stout young fellows engaged in gathering fuel. The visitors seated themselves in the middle of the horde on two blocks of granite which had been rolled from the neighbouring beach; and as a large snuff-horn, which one of them carried, served as a common friend to introduce them to the gipsies, they were soon engaged with them in conversation.

"And were you really in this wild cave," said one of the visitors, after a number of topics had been discussed in a manner by no means common-place, "were you really in this wild cave during the late dreadful storm? I wonder to find you all alive."

"Alive!" exclaimed the aged matron; "alive, d'ye say? what had make us dee? The iver buss aboon, up there, made an unco sough a' night lang, an' the sea yonder routed like a wheen o' mad kye, but ne'er a bit o' the storm came near us. Honest man, this is a canny bield; there were many gentles waur lodged yon night. Dee, forsooth, my mither had a gay rough life o't; a dikeside aftener for a bed than a snug hauld like this, an' it's only last year she dee'd. Her years were aboon a hunder, an' for the last wheen I had to carry her on my back."

This was the first of a long and animated dialogue in the same style; and when the visitors took their departure, it was under an impression that human happiness depends much less on external circumstances, than the great bulk of mankind seem to imagine.

OUR CHILDREN.

Parents! I exhort you to love your children. Make them as happy as is consistent with innocence. Remember that the periods of childhood and youth soon pass away, and they ought not to be deprived of any satisfaction which of right belongs to them. Let your government be mild and equitable. Provoke not your children to anger lest they be discouraged.

Irritate not their tempers with severity, torture not their hearts with cruelty. The love of power is so natural to man, that even parents are in danger of displaying too much in the management of their children, and of exacting from them too selfish a submission. The wills of children should be regulated, not broken. Be careful, therefore, while you aim to make them honest and obedient, that you do not render them diffident and servile. But in avoiding this extreme, guard at the same time against an excessive indulgence, an error which is equally pernicious. Do not for the sake of gratifying them in the present moment, lay up for them many future years of bitter repentance.

Though the minds of children may be innocent, yet they are not, previous to instruction, positively virtuous. They are a soil, where every kind of seed will vegetate. Now the air is filled with the seeds of vice; pluck up therefore the weeds of evil as soon as they appear; be constantly employed in cultivating the manners, the understandings, and the hearts of your offspring. Let the hours which are not spent in the school of judicious and enlightened preceptors, be passed under your own eye. Let not your children be educated in the street, where they will be in constant danger of learning impure and profane language, and of being rude, mischievous, and quarrelsome.

A QUANDARY.

MESSIEURS EDITORS—I am a poor Frenchman, and it is now six months that I am arrived in this country. I have a grand difficulty of which I will make you to be informed. Some time since I embarked in the vapor-ship, and made voyage from my native soil to England. I wished to learn the little idioms of the English language, and I study the conversations that I hear seriously. But against the will of all my endeavours the Englishman makes himself sport of my little follies of language, even after I had made myself perfect as you see.

Well, Messieurs, I took a resolution to come to this country, and made sail from Liverpool. After some days of navigation, I feel myself better, and go upon deck, and again put myself to watch the conversations that I hear. Presently the captain, who make me many civilities, call to the little boy for his *glass*. I take guard to that which he bring, and I observe with myself that it was a telescope. Very well, I think to myself, *glass* is a *telescope*.

Well, the ship makes route many days, and presently I hear two of our company speak by themselves of one very pretty little lady, who was our companion of the voyage; and one say to the other, "She is very handsome, but she consults her *glass* too much." Aha, I thought to myself, I comprehend what you express; she is a philosopher, and regards much with her telescope. Ah, poor unfortunate, I was all wrong; her *glass* meant her *miroir*. And I plunged myself into grand contemplation, that so many things express themselves by one word.

Very well, we are arrived at Boston, and I am lodged in the hotel, near to the hour of dinner; and I take to myself much chagrin, that I was not shaved that day. Well, we dined at the table d'hôte, and presently a gentleman very polite say to me, "Sir, will you take a *glass*?" Then I was very enraged, for I understand that he offer to me a mirror to make himself sport of my dishabille. And I say to him, "Thousand thunders, sir, what you mean?" then he present to me some champagne, and I find that *glass* mean *verre*. Ah, Messieurs, I was plunged into the profound abyss of despair, for I find, all the days, the same word means things very different. And I resolve myself the next time to take guard what I do.

Well, never mind, I go to the theatre to see the tragedy; and near to me, there stop themselves two little masters, who talk very much, and again I put myself to watch their conversations, and learn their little idioms. Presently the one says to the other, "Jaques, lend me your *glasses*." I astonish myself, and I say to myself, "Hold, we will see which it will be;" and I have to myself much pleasure, that the little master carry a mirror in his pocket. But, my conscience, I find that the *glasses* mean the *lunettes*, what I since hear the old peoples call *spectacles*. Well, this is very droll.

The next day, I walk at the most quick, to see all the city, and presently I see a poor little infant crying in the street, and I say to him very sweetly, "What have you, little boy, are you sick?" but the rogue answered me in a tone very melancholy, "I've broke the *glass*." Patience, I think to myself, patience, we shall see if the little infant carries spectacles; but it was all another thing. And presently I find that *glass* means what we call *vitre*, such as we put in the windows.

Soon, I put into the hands of many merchants, the letters of introduction, which I have with me in my book of pocket. Ah! I have in my heart the honest reception, which they regaled me. Presently one invites me to a grand supper. Well, I go; and while all the peoples eat very much, I watch the conversations again, as accustomed. By-and-by, presently, I see on the table, what I now find you call *ice-cream*; but my memory betray me; and in fine, I speak, very polite to a gentleman and say to him, "Sir, will you make pass to me a *glass* if you please?" Ah, I was wrong another time. For the gentleman extended to me a *wine-glass*. It was, in truth, very ridiculous, and as all the peoples mock themselves at me, I felt very shamefaced. So I resolve to impose silence on myself, and I eat my little piece of hen without saying a word.

Presently it must that I talk. So I speak softly and say to another gentleman, "This hen is not well roasted." "Ah," said he, "you have not studied *Glass*." It was too much, Messieurs Editors, I was enraged again, and I say, "Sir, what you mean? Sir, my dress imports you nothing, and, sir, I am not a little master or a young lady that I should all the day study my *glass*!" Ah, what laughter!—I was very, very wrong, for *Glass* is the name of one grand cook, who has immortalized herself, by a treatise on the kitchenery.

Ah, Messieurs, tell to me, what shall I do, in so much difficulty? I fear myself that I shall make some great false-step, for all this words mean so many things. *Galaxy and Mercury.*

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER V.

It has been said by those most deeply imbued with the truth of religion, that doubts of the darkest nature may assail the most cultivated mind. It is very certain that he who believes from his infancy with unchangeable confidence, must be ignorant of the joy with which the bewildered mortal beholds the shadows of distrust clear away from his path, and enjoys hope after having endured despair. I have been myself sometimes the victim of fear and suspicion. The principles of youth, having only the convictions of others for their foundations, do not always increase with our strength, but like plants lightly rooted in a sandy soil, which the first wind wafts away, they are easily carried off by the countless influences which crowd around the opening path of manhood. Science and experience seem at first to confirm the incredulity which accidental misfortunes suggest. We study out the properties of matter. We find certain agents continually in operation, producing, destroying, and reproducing. Heat engenders living creatures apparently without object. The elements go on with their combinations according to laws inherent in themselves, and the vast globe is formed by means of attraction and repulsion. Science, too, detects wonders in all around. Sometimes a star disappears, or, in a different part of the heavens another seems created, rising and falling like islands in the sea, at the sport of volcanic power. The earth itself bears evident marks of fire. Its temperature increasing as you descend beneath the surface; the long chain of burning or extinguished volcanoes extending around the globe; its vast earthquakes, in consequence of which three fourths of it have at once been known to tremble; the universal and visible agency of water in connection with fire; stupendous cliffs rent asunder, whose pieces are discovered in different countries, and the very form of the earth, which could only have been acquired by a fluid body in rapid motion—all these thoughts press upon the notice and bewilder the reason, amid a multiplicity of vague doubts, and vast but wild conjectures. Has our planet been once in a state of fusion, and will the period arrive when the heat, now emanating from its central regions, will be at length exhausted, and this orb, at present teeming with life and verdant beauty, shrink up into a desolate and frozen ball too bleak for human habitation?

While the mind of the young reasoner is in this vacillating mood, he casts his eyes upon his own race; he pursues the histories of past ages, and here is new material for horror, shame, and doubt. He beholds a confusion inextricable as that which appears to one ignorant of the great truths of astronomy, when he looks up in the night upon the broad heavens. A glance upon the influence of evil passions in past events, staggers reason and disgusts the heart. The treachery, cruelty, and superstition visible, mark the human mind with traces as awful as the rent rock; the scathed mountain, and the various tracks of some stupendous convulsion, which every where impress physical nature.

In the indulgence of these interesting speculations, I had fallen into a fear lest, after all the whispers of hope and the dictates of religion, man was but a base creature, holding life in common with the various shapes by which the air, the earth, and the water are peopled; to be at the termination of his existence resolved into the elements of which he was originally composed!

During these meditations I walked forth to pursue them without interruption. The wind, which had previously sighed in mournful aspirations along the deserted streets, now blew with increased violence. Black clouds rolled over my head. There seemed to be a sympathy between them and the gloomy and desperate imaginations drifting through my own

mind. When I looked around upon the objects of nature and art, darkly visible amid the gleams of struggling light that sometimes fell from the tempestuous sky, and thought upon them but as the palpable images of a brief and useless dream, my heart recoiled within me, and all the dearest feelings of my nature shrunk up and withered like flowers blighted by the poisonous desert wind. Involuntary tears followed each other down my cheeks. I did not dash them away, as man is wont to do, when, in daylight and before the world, his moist eyes betray the secret he would bury in his bosom; but in the lonely wood, and beneath that midnight heaven, I covered my face and wept. I had forgotten hope; and despair, an awful monster, the offspring of darkness and horror, who skulks from the light in damp and gloomy caverns, had seized me with a grasp from which I was unable to extricate myself. It was very dark, and my fancy dressed the surrounding scene with exaggerated horror. A shuddering, not of fear, but of reckless and desperate anguish ran through my frame, and, at that very moment, as the wind heaved a sigh through the branches of the trees that swept along the forest like the voice of a demon, I felt a hand upon my shoulder. With a calmness more horrid than terror, I turned to gaze, and instead of the countenance of some hideous being, which, in the inconsistency and confusion of my mind I had almost expected to behold, I saw only the radiant face of the Genius—not frowning with anger, nor cold with astonishment, but beaming with pity for my sufferings, and a desire to relieve them. If I had encountered at that instant the wildest image of hideousness and danger, I should not have moved a nerve, nor altered a feeling. The appalling creed which I had adopted I conceived to be the truth, and I should have hugged it to my bosom if its influence had spread disease over my body as it had shot anguish through my soul. But in the pure eyes of this superior being, my recklessness was abashed. The arguments upon which I had enthroned myself had melted away into nothing, and I felt his rebuking glance enter more keenly into my bosom than a sword. May the phantoms which oppress the weak and impetuous, ever fly before the beautiful look of truth, and experience and reason be to all my fellow-creatures the same protecting and faithful instructor that the Genius is to me.

He was wrapped in a mantle; but as its drapery dropped from around him, a soft brilliancy painted the ambient air, and the circle within which he stood seemed enchanted. The wind died away among the branches, the chilly atmosphere assumed a balmy freshness, and as he spoke, his voice sounded silver sweet in the silence that preceded his address.

"It has ever been the custom with men in power to treat difference of opinion as crime. The stake—the dagger—subterranean dungeons, or the blight of public scorn, have been the penalties of opinions which have frequently arisen from stronger feelings, deeper science, or more profound investigation. It is not my wish to pursue this course with you. So far from inflicting the slightest pang, or expressing any feeling of astonishment, I do not even pain you with a word of disapprobation. I would not oppress you with a look of contempt. The fatal dilemma in which you stand, is not peculiar to the bad. The chances of life may plunge in a similar situation the brightest, the most virtuous, or the simplest of human beings. No good can be accomplished by hating and punishing you. A proceeding so unreasonable would create no advantage, either to you or the world. Fear, bodily pain, the infliction of violent tortures, may indeed bend down the physical frame, quench the lustre of the eye, or steal hope and happiness from the heart, but they cannot convince the reason. They elucidate no principle, they dissipate no doubt; they strip the veil from the lustrous image of no mighty truth, but, on the contrary, they awaken violent passions, they con-

tract the circle of liberal observation, they chain the energies of the mind, and freeze the warm and delicious affections of the heart. Listen then, thou melancholy student, while I speak in the voice of love, with the words of reason, and strive to rescue thee from the dark abyss into which thou hast been betrayed, even as a ship drifts towards the centre of a whirlpool, with a force accelerated as it approaches the consummation of its fate. Why hast thou left thy warm pillow, around which, for thy years are yet few, only sweet and gentle dreams should float, to wander through these paths, wasting, as thy ethereal Shakspeare has it,

"thy creeping hours
Beneath the shade of melancholy boughs?"

"I am gloomy," I exclaimed, "because I am in doubt. I tell thee, gentle spirit, the blackness of yonder shrouded sky and these half-seen branches, is nothing to the gloom and tempest which have reigned in my own mind. I have sought in vain for certainty of truths, without the establishment of which I am but a mockery. Perchance I may live in suspense—but contented, never. I will wander forth over the dreamy and valueless world like a rudderless vessel upon a 'shoreless and sleepless sea.' A tree blasted with lightning, a cliff rent asunder by an earthquake, will be objects of cheerfulness compared with my blighted and broken spirit. I shall for ever fear, yet long for death; and life I must cling to, although I loathe and despise it."

"But whither dost thou fly for knowledge? To the darkness of midnight forests? Does it brood in solitary shades, and wilt thou rightly discern it through the exaggerating medium of wild and heated passions? No. Study the broad volume of nature at all times and seasons; but especially in thy moods of happiness and reason. Thy tumultuous passions must be lulled to sleep; the mists of prejudice must pass away; thy spirit must be released from the galling and often prostrating influences of the world, ere thou canst pursue the subject properly. Thy mind has been tossed, and reflects but the fragments of reason, as a stream in agitation gleams only with broken pieces of landscape. Wait till these excitements have subsided, and thy mental mirror will give back the perfect image of truth."

"Now," said I, "that feeling is upon me. Thy voice has calmed my passions; thine eyes have sent light and peace into the recesses of my bosom. If I can ever listen to reason, or detect the truth amid the vague and shifting phantoms of sophistry and speculation, this is the hour."

"I am here," said the Genius, "to teach thee lessons of wisdom. As thy friend I have selected this method of serving thee. I could have heaped thy floor with wealth. I could have encircled thy head with honours. I could have moulded thy form to beauty, or gifted thy mind with wild and dazzling genius; but, without wisdom and virtue, these are more deceitful than the painted air that reddens in seeming splendour at the going down of the sun. No, rather as I love thee, I would snatch thee from the vain pomp of pernicious pleasures. I would plunge thee in the struggling world, divested of every adventitious assistance. Thou shouldst feel the blight of poverty, and languish with the imbecility of disease. Friends should betray, and strangers misconceive thee. Thou shouldst witness splendour, but enjoy it not. Thou shouldst pant for repose, while inexorable necessity goaded thee on to labour, and I would not turn the current of human affairs for thee, but let thee extract from them that which will guide thee through the future. I have watched thy progress to this very point of reflection. I have accompanied thee to the brink of the precipice. Now look down into the unfathomable depth, and then let me lead thee back to hope and truth."

"Do but that," I said, "and I am armed for all

other struggles. Adversity will be without its sting, and happiness will cease to be a delusion. The immortality of the soul is a subject of paramount importance to human happiness. I have often wondered that men could become so entangled among the little engagements of business, as to forget a question of such deep and awful interest. Of my thoughts it has occupied an ample share. Until my doubts are utterly dispelled, the wide world is but a mockery. I reject with disdain its tinsel splendours—its passing dreams—its vain ambitions—its unsatisfied affections. If they end for ever as they end here, the terms of human life are base and grovelling, and existence is wild, capricious, wanton, and idle as the wind."

I listened to the reply of the Genius with a powerful anxiety.

"Although," said he, "the sacred writings are a sufficient authority, to all who have opportunity to peruse them, for a conviction of the immortality of the soul, I will not confine myself to them. They are known only to a portion of human beings. But the arguments to which I solicit your attention for the establishment of the fact that the soul dies not with the flesh, are written in the infinite book of nature. Every created being bears their impress; they are visible to the eyes, and adapted to the comprehension of him who is ignorant of the scriptures, or who rejects them, as well as of the most devout and faithful of christians."

"Thou hast spoken," I answered, "of thy power over my fortunes; that thou couldst bless me with wealth, fame, or the advantages of a noble bearing; but these are so insignificant when compared with the mystery of a future life, that I have no language to unfold their worthlessness. I would consent to be hideous in shape, and repulsive in manner; to be plunged in the worst miseries of life; to be in the world's eyes obscure and degraded; a prisoner in a dungeon where no ray of light can enter; or a slave to some cruel and overbearing tyrant; to endure any privation, suffer any pain, if I have the triumphant conviction of life beyond the turmoil and pressure of this poor world, for my consolation. The innate dignity of nature prompts me to put away as paltry and vile even the highest intellectual and moral endowments if they terminate in the grave. The grandeur of thought, the beauty and sweetness of affection, the singular power of recalling past events and forming images of the future—these derive their principal value from their superiority over matter—from their independence of time and place—their connection with a hereafter, their expansive faculties, their career of soaring and never-ending improvement. Divest them of these, and they are no more than the commonest material production. They are accidents like the rainbow, depending upon the relative positions of certain subtle fluids, the invisible lights and vapours of the moral world."

"But," said the Genius, "what has led thee to a conclusion so inconsistent with thy own happiness?"

"My observations of physical nature," answered I, "and the similarity which exists between it and the moral world. Take, for example, yonder tree.* It involves wonders as mysterious as the mind of man. It must have been as surely the offspring of an Almighty skill. Its little seed was dropped in the ground, and, by combinations of earth, air, and water, or the juices and gases which they contain, this spreading image has arisen, with its rugged trunk, its deep embracing roots, its tapering branches, its delicate innumerable fibres, and the green and scented leaves, flowers, and fruit, sufficiently beautiful to form the crown of a creation so glorious and perfect; but the

machinery by which it has been reared sustains it only to a certain point: its leaves at length wither, like the graces of youth; fruit no longer buds from its dry and exhausted branches; the tempest at length uproots it, and it dissolves again into air, earth, and water. The same principle of ruin pervades all nature. Every thing beneath the sun attains a certain maturity, and then loses its fleeting powers. Mountains are worn away by the operation of the elements; floods are evaporated; empires rise and fall; and our own bodies participate in the general wreck. What reason have we to deem the soul exempted from the law that binds every other of heaven's formation?"

"Listen," said the Genius, "and behold how simple would be the path of truth, if the weakness and mists of mortality did not impede your search. It is true that the tree which you have selected is destined to change its shape; but dost thou deem, when it is prostrated by the blast, or consumed with the fire, that it is overtaken with ruin? Not a particle of it is destroyed. Every atom continues to perform its functions in the wonderful plan of nature. It will float upon the air as perfume, or glisten in the silvery water, or return to the soil."

"We may say the same," said I, "of the human body. Neither can we annihilate the atoms of which that is composed; but because they enter into new combinations, we cannot say that each individual body never dies."

"That the body loses its individuality," said the Genius, "we are all aware; but that the soul is also lost as a conscious, existing, perpetual principle, is the conclusion from which I would guard your mind."

"Still," said I, "had the tree been eternal in its present shape, had it gone on improving and enlarging forever, it would have afforded some standard by which the mind could be compared; but as it is arrested by the creating hand when it arrives at a certain size, although it unites again with other atoms, and appears in new forms, have we not a right to believe that it is the intention of Providence to sustain the soul also only for a brief period, and then to resolve it into the general mass?"

"No," he answered. "For the tree to go on increasing would be against its own nature; it would interfere with the operations of the agents around it; it would reach the clouds; extend beyond the region of air and attraction; the universe would be overshadowed; the soil of the earth would be exhausted; the operations of nature would be choked up, and must eventually come to a termination. But these objections do not apply to the mind. In its outspreadings it overshadows no surrounding object; it exhausts not the fertility of the source from which it derives its powers; it interferes with the being of no other mind; but, instead of shadows, it emits light, heat, and beauty. It clothes every thing near it with dazzling lustre. Instead of destroying, it creates and multiplies into new forms and purer materials, all with which it comes in contact; and the necessary consequences of its enlargement and elevation are the accumulated joy and grace of its own character and being. When you look abroad you find nothing created in vain. The tree decays, but not until it has wrought the purpose for which it grew. It has gained every thing necessary to its perfection. Its buds are put forth, it is loaded with leaves; blossoms of every shape and hue cover it with loveliness, and surround it with fragrance; the fruit, to bear which it was evidently formed, is borne, and when its end is accomplished, it enters into other images, and attains other designs; but the mind, upon earth, accomplishes nothing. It merely opens to the wonder of its own being, and the circumstances in which it is placed; its faculties scarcely bud; its passions are developed to pursue objects which they never reach. Hope grasps at air; recollection mourns over the past; affections, newly commenced, are cut off. The first light of experience scarcely breaks upon

the ignorance into which we are plunged, and we just spring upon a career of thought, feeling, and joy, when death summons us from the scene. The destruction of the tree becomes the cause of new beings. It enriches the soil; it affords the materials for more various fruits than in its everlasting increase it could do; and the delighted observation traces it through decay into images of reviving life and beauty. There is then here no destruction; there is only a change. But, if the soul be destroyed, its task is done. It can enter into no new combinations; it cannot be reunited to another soul, and return into the walks of life in a different character; but when hope, feeling, and affection are stricken out of existence, there is an utter, absolute, and awful ruin of the most exquisite of all creation. If this be the end, nature has shown, in reference to your race, a carelessness, and a wanton and cruel inconsistency, which the infinite variety of her productions in no other instance discovers; you stand alone among her perfect works, as a being made without object, gifted with attributes unfriendly to itself, possessed of powers never to be applied, and placed in an element for which it is not adapted."

"You prove," said I, "the possibility, but not the certainty of a future existence. I cannot imagine what there will be of this frame to live when my body and limbs moulder away in the dust. What place can hold me? of what will I consist?"

"I cannot explain to your understanding how this will be; but this is no reason why it should not be. How does the round earth sway the distant moon? What has given the planets their impulses and their orbits? By what inconceivable power do the rays of light stream across the heavens; sometimes knit together in snowy whiteness, and again broken into many coloured floods, and painting the barren clouds with surpassing splendour? None of these can be explained to you, yet their truth cannot be denied. To what subtle and new essence may your spirit be linked? You cannot measure the power of Omnipotence."

"Yet," said I, after a moment's pause, "once more hear me. I have looked abroad upon the ways of man, and back upon his history, till my heart has recoiled with horror from the deeds he has perpetrated, and the superstitions in which he has indulged. How often has he descended beneath the level of brutes? I cannot recapitulate the atrocious crimes he has committed; but you, who know his nature, can bear me witness that you can find in it little which wears the impress of a destiny so glorious."

"No," said he; "on the contrary, his very vices argue him a high immortal being. Without free will he could not sin. If he is possessed of free will, it must necessarily have been bestowed upon him for a purpose. His ambition leads him into crime. The passions which thus interrupt the tranquillity of the world, are called evil; the irregularities which astonish you, are the outbursts of a lofty and mighty principle not yet under control. Thou speakest of ignorance with disgust; watch then in thyself the panting after something better than the obscure and low treasures around thee. Thou hast yearned to unfold thy mind's wings and escape from the impurities which infect mortals. The chains of life pinion thee down; but thy heart has sickened, and thy strength failed among the silent graves and broken dreams of earth. Believe not that thy energies will for ever be idle, thy wishes wasted, thy virtues corrupted. Believe not thy intellect was bestowed upon thee to be soiled and dragged along through dusty mortality to complete ruin."

"But what," said I, "are we to conclude the same of the brute creation? They have life, will they also be immortal?"

"Brutes," replied he, "have no affection but instinct, and no conception of futurity. They possess no minds, and if they were immortal, they would for ever be the same; but there are no bounds to the improvements

* I acknowledge myself in a great measure indebted for the arguments contained in the latter part of this article, to a discourse, singularly interesting and eloquent, recently delivered in New-York by a friend from a neighbouring city.

of the human intellect. By giving forth its treasures they are reproduced and perfected. In proportion to its duration are its increasing powers and joys. Wherefore then should the only creation of heaven, which demands eternal life, which is fitted for it, and which might possess it without waste or confusion, be struck down at its very birth into nothing? Wherefore shall the senseless dust, and the unconscious rock, keep their places through the succession of ages, and the particles of all other objects retain their existence in some shape for ever and for ever, yet the mind, the beauty and master of all things, the grand over-seeing principle to which others are subordinate, the most exquisite and god-like of all, be nothing—an echo—an effect—an accident—without design or accountability, gleaming up and expiring in brief and useless flashes, the only worthless offspring of the Almighty hand? I could pursue this subject much further; but, as a reasonable being, you cannot escape the conclusion to which I would lead you."

"But a truth so vast and mighty," said I, "overwhelms me. When I consider myself as one gifted with an existence never to end, the consciousness of insignificance and the shame of faults with which I have been oppressed, give place to high feelings of grandeur, and deep and thrilling hope! I am rapt in a firm and unearthly joy. I am inspired with an elevated and glorious ambition. Myriads of delightful images come thronging upon me, and the fears and miseries which have hitherto held dominion over me, and kept me down to the benumbing doubts and despair of a sensual and abandoned wretch, floating along the tide of time, towards the consummation of a doom from which nature recoils, lose their hold upon me, and I soar into realms where they can never rise!"

"Adopt the creed then," said the Genius, "which harmonizes equally with happiness and reason; cherish it in thy heart as the talisman to break the spell of sin, and dissipate the clouds of sorrow. In success it will temper thy pride, in adversity it will sustain thy dignity. It will lead thee away from unworthy pursuits, and encourage thee to cultivate thy heart and understanding; and, when thy brief human travel is over, when disease presses thee down upon thy frail couch, when the damps of death are gathering upon thy forehead, and its shadows about thine eyes, thou shalt feel thine expiring life ebb from thy bosom, and thy beloved friends fade into dim and misty darkness, with firm and relying hope. Recoil not from the seeming gulph. Let them shrink who deem the hand of fate hurls them into interminable night; but do thou commit thyself to the wisdom of thy Creator, peacefully as the infant sleeps upon its mother's bosom."

I knelt down in gratitude, but my guide was gone. F.

LITERARY.

Familiar Lectures on Botany, including practical and elementary Botany, with generic and specific descriptions of the most common native and foreign plants, and a vocabulary of botanical terms, for the use of higher schools and academies. By Mrs. Almira H. Lincoln, vice-principal of Troy female seminary. Hartford, 1829. 12mo. pp. 340.

A TASTE for botany may be regarded as the evidence of a well-turned and refined intellect, and the prosecution of this delightful science never fails to exert the most happy influences over the heart. Opening up the avenues to a knowledge of the fairest and most varied portion of the three kingdoms of nature, it exercises the active faculties of the understanding, introduces the love of order and system in all its operations, sharpens the memory, and stores it with an immeasurable and entertaining fund of useful and elegant facts. Developing, too, the mysterious agencies of a beneficent Providence, alike in the exaltation of the lofty oak, which mounts in majestic and lordly pride, with his ample branches and countless foliage over his brethren of the forest, and of the drooping head of the modest daisy or primrose pale—in the transmission through each tiny stem of arteries and veins and fibres imbued with life—in the unstinted endowment to each spangled blossom, of odours the most fragrant, and colours the most rich and variegated—in the endless variation of the pro-

ducts of each soil, in admirable adaptation, to its local peculiarities, its climate, its changes of season, and the wants of its animal kingdom—it gradually and deeply impresses the heart of the student with devout admiration and unfeigned piety. The taste for flowers has ever been prevalent in refined countries and ages. And we cannot conceive a more delightful employment for the youth of both sexes, than to blend corporeal exercise in the open fields, so necessary for the preservation and due enjoyment of health, and a contemplation of the beauties of nature, so admirably calculated to mend the heart and improve the intellectual faculties, with the cultivation of a science so humanizing, so full of variety, order, and wonders as botany. To females more especially, does this attainment recommend itself. Deprived by the very constitution and delicacy of their sex, from cultivating the other departments of natural history, they are fitted by this very circumstance for the successful pursuit of this one. The beauty and variety of the vegetable kingdom seems peculiarly calculated to minister to the refinement of their taste, and the retired nature of their habits. On them do flowers make their loveliest and most lasting impressions,—they have, in most exquisite song, hymned their praises and analysed their secret but irresistible influences upon the heart of man. How pleasant then to possess a key which may unlock the mysteries of each particular plant,

"The pied wind-flowers, and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all;"

or,

"The maid-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale."

An objection presents itself to the female mind in attempting science, which seems, but only seems, to be insurmountable. It is the difficulty of acquiring a knowledge of the numerous technical terms by which every idea and object is designated. A very little patience and a real enthusiasm for the possession of that which will prove a valuable and never-failing resource to the mind, will easily remove this impediment. It is one of the peculiar merits of Mrs. Lincoln's manual, now before us, that she has aimed chiefly at removing this apparent hinderance. Indeed it was especially to be desired that a female mind should attempt the elucidation of scientific knowledge for the benefit of females, being best acquainted with the habitudes of their thoughts, and their aptitude to catch impressions. That Mrs. Lincoln has performed the arduous task she has assumed in a most satisfactory and complete manner, is uttering no praise—it stares every one at first sight. She has done more; she has furnished general beginners with a treatise in which they may find the elements of the science fully and comprehensively stated, without ambiguity of expression or studied severity of manner. Every fact important to be known, is expressed in the most simple style, and explained by the most appropriate and happy illustration. Another excellence of this valuable manual arises from the earnest conviction, which breathes throughout its pages, and cannot fail to be communicated to any but the most listless reader, of the dignity, the value, and the auspicious tendencies upon morals, of the science of botany. We will venture to say that even the general reader will peruse this volume without experiencing that tedium which so often accompanies the attention necessary to the proper understanding of works professedly on scientific subjects.

Forty-five lectures comprise the volume, and they are illustrated by thirteen elegant plates, exhibiting the various parts and anatomy of flowers; and the most striking specimens of each class in the most popular systems of the day. The first plate exhibits a view of the relative altitudes of the mountains of the earth, as they are distinguished by variety of vegetable feature and production.

The history of botany in four lectures offers a rich treat to those who delight to follow the track of human intelligence in the acquisition of knowledge, and discern its gradual attempts to arrive at method and system in its investigations. In this, as in every other part of the work, there runs a rich vein of elevated moral feelings, a fine sensibility to the beauties of nature, a just and sincere estimation of scientific knowledge, and a chaste and impressive style of expression.

In returning our thanks to the estimable and learned author for this volume, we have to regret that circumstances prevented an earlier notice of its merits. It reflects credit on our common country, and is well calculated to enhance its estimation among scientific men in Europe.

ADVENTURES OF A KING'S PAGE.

A new novel, under this title, in two volumes, by the author of "Almacks Revisited," has been published by the Messrs. Harper. We have not yet had leisure to read the work, and consequently can give no opinion of its merits.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

HOMER AND HIS NATION.

THE songs of Homer aroused the Greeks in their late struggle for freedom. This we proceed to show.

The epopee is the fruit, is the poetry, of the heroic age, as much as the romantic poetry is the fruit of the chivalrous period. The most heroic of nations has given us the greatest epopee; the two most chivalrous, the true pictures of romantic life. The feasts of the heroes and the banquets of the knights, were enlivened with songs, accompanied by the harp, on which the bard played a prelude, to inspire his mind, and to claim the attention of his hearers. Many were the bards of the Greeks; the most powerful of them was Homer, the immensity of whose genius could alone perpetuate his own memory, and that of those he sung. His songs poured forth the enthusiasm of a soul sympathising with the deepest feelings of mankind; founded on the innate sensations of human nature, on the love of children, wife, and country; but above all, on the love of glory. He depicted a world of gods with all the frailties of man, an array of heroes with divine attributes, in colours so dazzling and yet so strong, so tender and yet so sublime, that they could not fail to awaken the deepest sympathy. These songs were not written; and in this very circumstance we shall find the secret of their immense power. The epopee is the highest effusion of poetry—it is the song of the soul. Writing may produce more artificial, more literary poems; but they will be found wanting in the musical, the youthful *fraicheur*. The epopee is inseparable from song, and the power of the Homeric stanzas is in the very manner of their composition. Only thus they could become the living property of the whole people, and only thus we are able to explain to ourselves the singular and unparalleled phenomenon of a nation's being formed by a poet. Homer has indeed the honour of having formed his country, of having given it the indelible stamp of his genius. When, centuries afterwards, Lycurgus and Solon appeared, the characteristic trait was already so vividly impressed, that they themselves had to pay homage to it. It is this which explains to us the still unrivalled classic beauty of the Greeks and their works, which has not been wholly effaced even in the time of its lowest degradation.

The history of Homer and of his fate, is involved in the dark obscurity of tradition. Of seven cities which claimed the honour of having given him birth, Smyrna and Chios seem to be the most probable. The age in which he lived is not less uncertain. According to some, it was nine hundred and seven years before Christ; while others have placed the period of his death two hundred and seventy-seven years after the destruction of Troy. We are in possession of two epic poems, of which the Iliad sings in twenty-four rhapsodies the satisfaction given by Zeus to his son Achilles, who had been offended by Agamemnon. The Odyssey paints the adventures of Ulysses. They were not written, as we have intimated, but were preserved by oracular tradition. They lived in the hearts of the people. Lycurgus was the first who brought them over to European Greece. Solon provided laws for their public recitation. Rhapsodists were appointed, who by turns were to declaim them before the assembled Athenians. Pisistratus arranged and committed them to writing. In the time of Socrates they formed the basis of Greek education. To us, living at a period of more than twenty-five centuries from these great lawgivers, their policy may seem strange, as Homer was absolutely opposed to popular power. "No good comes from the government of the many. Let one be ruler, and one be king." But the Greek lawgivers aimed at a higher point. They strove to implant into the bosoms of the people a love of glory and liberty, and the warlike spirit of their heroes. We shall scarcely meet any where with a deeper insight into the character of a country, than in the measures of these great men. It was founded on the conviction that a nation, whose culture had sprung from the Iliad and Odyssey could be subdued, but never reduced to slavery; and the experience of two thousand years has proved the depth of their opinion. Thousands of nations have disappeared; of the proudest and greatest of them all, only mouldering ruins are extant. The liberties of Greece have been extinguished: but, in the midst of degradation and abasement, the epopee of Homer has not died away. And it is the song of this poet which has awakened the sympathies of mankind in their behalf. S.

A man's best fortune, or his worst, is his WIFE. Beware how you choose her.

There is only one class of men in the world who deserve no toleration, and they are those of any denomination who will tolerate none but themselves.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Fortune of war.—We recollect seeing, last year, the notice of a pamphlet, the aim and object of which was to prove the identity of Hussein Pacha, commander of the Ottoman forces, destined to resist the Russian invaders, with Napoleon! Hussein had so far been successful in baffling the attempts of the enemy; he had gained victory upon victory, and had completely checked the progress of the invasion of the territories of his master. His vast military genius, the theme of general praise and admiration; his superior knowledge of, and insight into, human character, forming so striking a contrast to the narrow and contracted acquirements of Turkish military men; his ready resources of policy, as well as of enterprise in the field; his undaunted valour and unbounded ambition; nay, his very personal features, piercing eye, and lofty bearing, all gave evidence that the supposed victim of St. Helena had not expired; but, trusting himself to the frail car of a balloon, had cleaved successfully the fields of ether, until, casting his eye downwards upon the towers of St. Sophia, he, with instinctive sagacity, alighted in Byzantium, and assuming a garb familiar to him at the Pyramids, awaited the coming of the fierce Russ that he might avenge the disgrace and defeat of Moscow and of Waterloo! Winter however approaches, and even Hussein Napoleon is benumbed by its influence, and retires to the walls of Choumka to protect himself from the antarctic blasts which had once before been so fatal to his hopes of glory. Winter passes away—spring re-opens the campaign—where is Hussein now? The Balkans are crossed—Varna falls—Bourghas, and even Adrianople surrenders! Who now gives the law to the hitherto invincible legions of the crescent? One Count Diebitch, a supposed Russian general—but in reality, Napoleon himself!—so the last German papers—those minute and enthusiastic interpreters of nature's mysteries and secret harmonies—announce to us! Of the identity there cannot be a doubt. The same short stature, piercing eye, restless activity, indomitable spirit of conquest, and thirst of renown; the same abominable habit and ready participation in the toils of the soldier—all, all prove that Diebitch is Napoleon Bonaparte! And Hussein—alas, where is poor Hussein? We hope he will not be huddled into a sack, nor experience the rather unpleasant contact of a bow for having been mistaken for the great leader of the French legions!

The Annuals.—A number of these works are at present lying on our table, and something must, we suppose, be said about them, albeit we feel a wonderful disinclination to the task. Perhaps the mental merit of this butterfly species of literature has been sufficiently over-rated, and we feel no desire to add our small quantum of "honed words" to the mass of sweet superlatives that have already been applied to them. It would be difficult, indeed, to say too much in favour of the engravings and the mechanical execution of these works, but the literary department seldom comes up to the hopes excited by the names of the celebrated authors blazoned forth in the table of contents; and this is not surprising, for it is scarcely to be expected that all good writers are to write well at all times. Besides, many of them are pressed into the service; their contributions are solicited as a matter of favour, and are therefore not to be rejected, even when they do not answer the editor's expectations. Too much reliance is placed upon mere names, and the "Keepsake" has gone so far as to exclude from its pages all writers who have not already a high reputation in the literary world. In the wide range of English and American annuals, we do not see one that, as a whole, equals the reading matter of any of the three volumes of the "Talisman." We do not say this in a spirit of national or local feeling, but merely as, right or wrong, our sincere opinion. In the engravings and general appearance, most of the English annuals are immensely superior to the American, and this will doubtless be the case for several years. The "Keepsake," in particular, is one of the most splendid books we have ever seen. Some of the plates look as if they had been executed by fairy fingers, and really appear too exquisitely delicate to have been the work of mortal hands.

But this branch of business, like every other, has already become overdone. New competitors start up in every direction, and considerable ingenuity is exercised in the selection of titles and temptations wherewith to allure the public. The "Golden Lyre" is printed entirely with gold leaf in the place of ink, and will probably win

"Golden opinions from all sorts of persons."

The "Landscape Annual" has taken the place of the "Anniversary," under the control of Allan Cunningham, deservedly celebrated for his spirited Scottish songs. But perhaps a list of these Christmas presents, which has been made out from

those we have received, and such as we remember to have seen noticed elsewhere, may be not altogether uninteresting to our readers, as tending to show the rapid increase of these costly tokens of affection.

ENGLISH: The "Keepsake," "Landscape Annual," the "Gem," the "Amulet," "Friendship's Offering," the "Literary Souvenir," edited by the poet Alaric Watts, and enjoying a more than ordinary reputation for talent; the "Comic Annual," by the facetious Thomas Hood; the "Winter's Wreath," "Ackerman's Forget-me-not," the "Golden Lyre," the "Bijou," the "Religious Offering," the "Musical Bijou," the "Musical Souvenir," and the "Lithographic Album." Then there are for children of a smaller growth, the "Juvenile Forget-me-not," "Ackerman's Juvenile Forget-me-not," the "Juvenile Keepsake," the "New-Year's Gift," the "Christmas Box," and "Affection's Offering."

AMERICAN: The "Talisman," the "Token," and the "Atlantic Souvenir," together with the "Boston Juvenile Keepsake," and the "Pearl," adapted for like people, on this side of their teens.

Among these juvenile efforts we were particularly pleased with the "Pearl," got up by Ash, of Philadelphia: the binding and typography are extremely neat, the reading matter appropriate, and the plates superior to what could reasonably be expected from a work of its price and pretensions. Though we do not intend to inflict upon our readers a review of each full-grown annual as it comes to hand, we will occasionally transfer to the columns of our paper such articles as may appear to us to possess more than ordinary merit.

Polytechnic Institute.—We have perused the prospectus, constitution, and by-laws, of the "Polytechnic Institute, of Shrewsbury, Monmouth county, state of New-Jersey." It will not be deemed impertinent to add, for the benefit of the unlearned reader, that the term *polytechnic* is formed of two Greek words, signifying *many arts*; and, as applied in the present instance, means a *school* where many arts are taught. Some of our readers are aware that such institutions have succeeded in Europe. An attempt is now about to be made, to establish a similar seminary in the United States. For this purpose, we understand, several gentlemen have associated, and have vested sufficient funds to carry the design into execution. George W. Hall, principal of the Washington Institute, well known as a gentleman of learning, and for a singularly felicitous tact in imparting instruction, stands at the head of this institution. With him are connected Dr. Seth T. Barstow, a scientific and practical agriculturist from the state of Pennsylvania, and Solyman Brown, well known as a teacher of this city. A tract of land has been purchased, comprising nearly one thousand acres, in one of the most healthy and delightful situations in the United States. It is that peninsula formed by the confluence of the north and south Shrewsbury rivers. Here the necessary buildings are to be erected, and are already commenced; and here are to be taught, not only every branch of literature, science and the fine arts, but also agriculture, gardening, all the mechanic arts and trades, architecture, horsemanship, &c.

The peculiar beauties of this admirable location can be duly appreciated only by personal inspection. It is only thirty miles south of New-York, and can be visited in three hours by steam-boat or packet. It is washed on three sides by tide waters which abound with the most delicious fish, among which are the celebrated Shrewsbury oysters. A pure stream of fresh water traverses the land from west to east. The fields are enclosed with hedges, which give the whole a picturesque appearance. The hills of Navesink are in full view on the north, and on the east the ocean, beautified with vessels of all descriptions at almost every season of the year. The woodlands, of which there are more than one hundred acres, contribute much to the general landscape; and two extensive orchards, one of apples and one of peaches, fill up the outline. On the whole, it may be said with strict propriety, that no tract of land of equal extent, combines more advantages for such an institution.

The capital invested is to be divided into one thousand shares of stock, at one hundred dollars each, to be paid in semi-annual instalments of twenty-five dollars each, for which the scrips will be prepared as soon as an act of incorporation is obtained from the legislature of New-Jersey.

But the brightest feature in the picture remains to be noticed. The poor can enjoy all its advantages equally with the rich; for every boy that is willing to learn a trade, will have sufficient hours for study, and the amount of his labour at the particular calling he may choose, will, during his apprenticeship, more than pay for his tuition and genteel maintenance. Those who prefer paying money, are at liberty to do so, and the terms will be found very liberal. The pupils

are all at liberty to become stock-holders, and thus be enabled to begin the world with something in their pockets. Further information can be obtained by directing a line to either of the gentlemen before mentioned, and left in the care of Mr. Samuel Woodworth, 521 Pearl-street.

Newspaper criticism.—"I am sick and tired unto the death," says a correspondent, "with the never-ceasing and indiscriminate praise bestowed by the newspapers upon every and any production of the press. And the praise is so uniform and monotonous as to be, on every occasion, a mere echo and repetition of itself." The reason we shrewdly suspect to be no more nor less than this, that the panegyrists scarcely ever read the books they eulogise, and deeming it indispensable that they should say something favourable, by way of grateful return for the gift of the volume, they are straitened to find words in which to utter their laudatory views. There are several inconveniences attending this uniform system of universal puffing, one of which, and a prominent one, is, that works of real merit are frequently destroyed with faint praise. Thus we lately saw a valuable production, the result of severe labour, and entitled to no ordinary commendation, passed off in the following words: "This work is, no doubt, very good, and contains matter which is probably interesting to all classes." Comment on such a notice is unnecessary.

Good advice.—We are happy to announce that the counsel given to the grand sultan, in an impromptu of four lines, in a late Mirror, has produced the desired effect. In the treaty of peace lately ratified between Russia and Turkey, one article stipulates for the unconditional emancipation of Greece! This is another evidence of the influence of a free press, of the irresistible power of poetry, and the unparalleled estimation in which the sublime porte holds the New-York Mirror! With the best feelings for his welfare, we beg leave to trouble him with the following:

No longer make slaves of your women,
Nor keep them like lambs in a pen;
But open their cages and free them,
And let them make slaves of the men.

Reuben.—The article, on our first page, addressed to Belinda, under this signature, was in type for last week's paper but crowded out by a press of other matter. By some means or other, it has since found its way into the Truth Teller, of which we were not aware until the outside form of this number had gone to press, or it should not have now appeared under the head of original, although it was written for the Mirror and sent to no other journal with the consent or knowledge of the author.

Miniature Flute Melodies.—Amateur flute players, who wish for tunes adapted to that instrument in the most convenient portable form, can be gratified at Bourne's, Broadway, who has recently published, in a new and elegant style on cards, a collection of flute music, containing nearly all the sweetest and most fashionable melodies of the present day. A separate card accompanies the music, containing the words of the song; and the whole is contained in a case suitable for the pocket.

American Sporting Magazine.—The third number of this elegantly printed publication, has appeared, and is embellished with a beautiful copperplate engraving of a pointer, from the burin of Cone.

Mr. Forrest.—We are happy to announce that Forrest commences a short engagement at the Park next week.

Madame Malibran.—This distinguished vocalist lately appeared at the king's theatre in the character of Susanna. The London editors speak in the highest terms of her success in English opera.

Covent Garden.—Miss Fanny Kemble, daughter of Charles Kemble, has made a successful debut in Juliet, at this house.

Albany Theatre.—This establishment, after having undergone a thorough repair, and received several new embellishments, was opened for the season on the ninth instant, under the management of Mr. W. Forrest. A neat and appropriate address, written by James Lawson, esq. of this city, was spoken on the occasion.

The Essayist.—A new semi-monthly paper with this title has been commenced at Boston.

Conundrum.—The late alteration of prices at the Park, (from seventy-five cents to a dollar) and it being the only theatrical establishment now open in this city, produced the following question and answer, at the pigeon-hole of the box-office, a few evenings since:

Citizen—giving a dollar bill.—Why is the Park theatre triumphant over all its opponents?

Blake—presenting a ticket.—Because it gives no quarter.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO IDA.

I HAD a dream—a sunny dream—and it was all of thee:
I saw an angel floating by—I heard a voice of glee:
And spirit-like thou glided on within a festive hall,
Where starry eyes flash'd bright, but thine the brightest of them all.
There was a glow upon thy brow, and music in thy tread,
As flying feet thy airy feet the mazy measure led.
And mirth laugh'd out with louder tone where thou wert passing by,
And sorrow as she met thy glance forgot to breathe her sigh;
And many a hand an offering brought and laid it at thy shrine,
But only one thou smiled upon—methought that one was mine:

I had a dream—a fever'd dream—and it was all of thee:
I saw an angel floating by—I heard a voice of glee!
But though thy image yet was with passion's wildest thrill,
I sadly turn'd my gaze away. And though thy voice was still
Such as a peri in her tower would hush her lute to hear,
Oh, miserably, oh, miserably, it linger'd on mine ear.
Methought that many a gem I saw upon thy shining hair,
But not the token and the gift which thou wert wont to wear;
That for a girdle rich thy waist had changed the slender zone,
The earnest of thy Clarence's love—my cherished and my own!

I had a dream—a waking dream—and it was all of thee:
I saw an angel floating by—I heard a voice of glee!
And thou wert there—all changeless still—and breath'd 'd upon my lip,
And dash'd the tear-cup from my hand which sorrow bade me sip.
And then methought thou murmur'd near as pitying hours speak,
'Till glow'd my burning forehead like the carbuncle of thy cheek:
And in thy liquid eyes I saw thy soul all lustre shine,
A halo sleeping in the light of 'diadems divine;
And hope nigh'd on her shell and lent thy voice its understrain:
Oh! for that dream—that waking dream—that dream of thee again!

THE WOODLAND VALE.

O know ye not, that in the scale of time
Are days which, in their might of interest,
Outweigh the rounded aggregate of years?
Brief hours, o'er which eternity shall throw
The sunshine of her mind? 'Tis even thus
With earth—it has sweet radiant spots retired,
Green vale, or hill, or grove, or mountain glen,
Which, hearts familiar with their loveliness,
High prize above an empire's dazzling throne.
Nor are they sole enshrined in tropic climes,
Where the clear sun his richest radiance dart:
On blooms that never die; on garniture
Of verdant fields that lasts the live-long year;
On fruits of every hue, whose ample store,
But half uncropped, embosoms o'er and o'er
Nature's rich velveting with fragrant gems
Of ruby, sapphire, amethyst, and pearl.
Wherever human heart hath found a home,
Whose hallow'd joys have strewn life's rugged path
With flowers of sinless memories, that shed
A sweet undying fragrance on the mind,
There is a sunny spot—an Eden there!
Such is the scene my boyhood days have known:
A vale serene, in the green hills it sleeps
Like blooming virgin in her sylvan bower,
Enclosed with mountain battlements, that fling
A shadowy freshness o'er it, and shut out
The din and discord of a jarring world.
Bright are its skies and waters, rich its clouds,
In all the tints of light superbly rich;
And oft in trance of thought, by fancy charm'd,
While gazing on their golden minarets,
I've dream'd that dimly through the blue sereno
Heaven's radiant palaces of glory shone;
Or that angelic architects, to please
The good with visions of their future home,
Those mansions emblematical had rear'd.
To all is nature kind; but here methinks
She partial is and lavish of her charms.
Its every scene with loveliness is clothed,
As with a robe by beauty's fingers wrought;
And soft its gales, which from the birchen woods
Their dewy odours waft on night's still wing,
To health's embosom'd bowers. More green its green,
More fresh its balmy freshness, and withal
More warm its sympathies, than now becomes
Affection's lyre to sing, lest fulsome deem'd.
Most graceful bends its curvature of hills,
And pleasantly they stoop in verdant slopes
To kiss the warbling brooks, that coyly hide
In fringing willow depths their gush of joy.
Its air is full of living melodies,
Outrung from silvery cascades, waving boughs,
And feather'd minstrels' harps of thrilling fall;
For here the spring-bird earliest comes, and here
To echo sweetest sings and latest leaves.
Here too has God his temple; unadorn'd,
Yet lovely still, it stands with solemn air
Upon a gentle hill-slope; and at morn,
The Sabbath morn, how beautiful to mark
Glad groups of humble worshippers go up—
Patent and child, the bow'd form and the free-

Unto its peaceful courts, amid the hush
Of wearied nature resting from her toil.
There o'er the altar bends a reverend brow
Bleach'd in the snows of many a wintry year,
With lips to eloquence immortal tuned,
Proclaiming pardon in his Master's name
To all that kneel in grateful homage down,
And wait the promised benison of heaven.
And further on his life's still haven-homes—
The quiet graves—where death hath garner'd up
High trophies of his might that yet shall mock
At the last trump, his mockery of power:
From their green stilly mounds through night's wan shade,
Comes the pale gleam of marbled tombs that stand
Like seraph sentinels to watch the rest
Of earth's deep sleepers there. A river near
Of crystal water flows; while more remote
Hath science rear'd her domes of classic pride,
Mid groves with arbours green, where deep retired
Genius may plume his eagle wing and soar.
But hence, sweet vale, adieu to all thy haunts!
I who have loved thee may not longer rove
With those I love amid thy happy scenes;
But on my heart they're graves, and in charge
Conception holds their imagery of charms.
Yet, fare thee well—I shall not all forget
The elysium of my prime, thy woodland walks,
When in temptation's list I'm thrown afar,
Shieldless to fight life's fight of sin alone.
I shall not all forget thee, vale of vales,
For round my heart affection hath entwined
Fresh wreaths of rich remembrances which death
Alone shall loose. Again I may not reap
Such joys as thou hast nourish'd and matured,
For well I woe that my best sands are told,
And henceforth toils and tears await my lot.

PROTEUS.

NO, LOVE, THEY NEVER MENTION THEE.

No, love, they never mention thee,
Thy name I hear not—yet
Judge by thy faithfulness of heart,
If mine can e'en forget.
It doth not need from other lips
That I that name should hear,
Which, like remembered music, still
Is sounding in mine ear.

Yet should some stranger of thee speak,
They turn a watchful eye,
To mark if change of cheek or brow
In me may give reply;
And I must mask my struggling heart,
Each aching throb repress,
Control the start, and check each sigh
Of rising tenderness.

But when the midnight moon is bright,
And no cold eye is near,
And I this mask of heartless smiles
No more am forced to wear—
That hour is thine—with throbbing heart
I seek our trysting spot,
And every tear bears witness there
That I forget thee not.

Though we may never meet again,
Though yield we to the fate
Which still for long and weary years
Dooms us to separate,
One hope is ours—a better world
Shall see our meeting yet,
Where none that cruel lesson teach,
Nor need we to forget!

THYRA.

WRITTEN IN A COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

Yes, I would add one humble leaf
To the bright chaplet thou art twining;
But ah! its verdure will be brief,
For time is such an errant thief,
He blights the sweetest buds with grief,
And leaves the fairest flower declining.

But there's a wreath that ne'er can fade
Already for thy temples twined,
Such as in heaven the angels braid
To deck the brows of every maid,
Who, like Viola, here displayed
The beauties of a cultured mind.

That wreath shall deck Viola's brow
In realms unknown to time or grief,
And each young plant she cultures now,
Each infant mind her toils endow,
Will breathe to heaven a fragrant vow,
Brightening the tints of every leaf.

REUSAN.

STANZAS.

And must the young and beautiful depart,
And earth no change assume?
The sky still wear its cloudless blue,
The flowers their wonted bloom?

The perfumed breeze, which loved to woo
The rose on beauty's cheek,
Onward pursues its blithe career,
Some other flower to seek.

The beams which play'd so sportively
Among rich clustering hair,
As brightly gilds the vacant board,
As when dear ones were there.

And, midnight's brilliant queen, hast thou
No sympathy with earth?
Or is thy throne of light too far
From woes of mortal birth?

The young, the loved, the beautiful,
Gone to the grave's embrace!
Why not exhaled like early dew
Into the realms of space?

And genius too, whose magic ray
Could e'en life's furrows gild;
Where is its glorious sunshine now,
The odours it distilled?

In death's dark realm. Yet nature laugh-
As 'twere a festal day;
Perchance she doth rejoice for those
Whose cares have past away.

'Tis well. Tears for the fetter'd wretch
Whose eyes refuse to weep;
Tears for the desolate—but none,
Oh! none, for those who sleep!

The shroud, the coffin, and the grave,
But wrap unconscious clay;
The spirit to its own bright land
Pursues its joyous way.

Then meet it is, that earth and skies
Their gayest robes should wear;
The loved, the young, the beautiful,
No more our grief can share.

ABIEL.

POPULAR MORAL TALES.

THE RED MAN.

It was at the hour of nine, in an August evening,
that a solitary horseman arrived at the Black Swan,
a country inn about nine miles from the town of Lei-
cester. He was mounted on a large fiery charger, as
black as jet, and had behind him a portmanteau at-
tached to the croup of his saddle. A black travelling
cloak, which not only covered his own person, but the
greater part of his steed, was thrown around him.
On his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat, with an
uncommonly low crown. His legs were cased in top-
boots, to which were attached spurs of an extraordi-
nary length; and in his hands he carried a whip, with
a thong three yards long, and a handle which might
have levelled Goliath himself.

On arriving at the inn, he calmly dismounted, and
called upon the ostler by name.

"Frank," said he, "take my horse to the stable;
rub him down thoroughly; and, when he is well cooled,
step in and let me know." And, taking hold of his
portmanteau, he entered the kitchen, followed by the
obsequious landlord, who had come out a minute be-
fore, on hearing of his arrival. There were several
persons present, engaged in nearly the same occupa-
tion. At one side of the fire sat the village school-
master—a thin, pale, peak-nosed little man, with a
powdered periwig, terminating behind in a long queue,
and an expression of self-conceit strongly depicted
upon his countenance. He was amusing himself with
a pipe, from which he threw clouds of smoke
with an air of great satisfaction. To him sat
the parson of the parish, a personage

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE DRAMA AS IT IS.

The drama is a poetry which, in its legitimate scope, must be addressed to all ranks of society—must wear the common garb and speak the common language of all. It is the forum where all ranks meet and are but equal; where the base of mankind unlearn their ferocity and divest themselves of their callousness; and where, likewise, the noble and gentle must dispense with artificial feelings, and know, whatever be the shell, the kernel is at best but a man.—*Ænon.*

There are few subjects, if any, that have elicited a greater flow of mere words, than what is termed the "decline of the legitimate drama." It is one of the most approved and enduring themes extant for small declamation, and has consequently become the almost exclusive property of "smart young men" and unfledged scribblers, who think it looks well to lament the non-enactment of Shakspeare, and so indulge in little frothy vituperations against the bad taste of the public, and the intellectual depravity of managers, actors, and modern authors. They discuss in the most flippant and self-satisfied manner a question that involves numberless vexing and perplexing difficulties, and pass their silly censures and give their witless advice upon a subject of which they are profoundly ignorant. When a satirist, like Lord Byron or Mr. Charles Sprague, or any man of talents, undertakes to lash the vices of the stage, the lack of practical knowledge is overlooked in the display of poetic power; they present us with a forcible picture of what is bad, but without pointing out the *efficient* means to make that bad better; they dwell much upon the faults and follies of the system, because faults and follies are the food of the satirist, and they will even, at times, give very fine advice, which has only the fault of not being practicable. They ought to bear in mind what *Portia* truly and sensibly says, "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces." It is a good divine that follows his own instructions." Lord Byron, when he dipped his pen in gall, and wrote his "English bards and Scotch reviewers," denounced the stage along with other existing follies; but when he actually became concerned in the management of Drury-lane, he found it a great deal easier to censure than amend. And yet now the A. and B. newspaper critics prate about the offence given to their delicate tastes, when a profitable piece of nonsense happens to be enacted, instead of Shakspeare or the "sterling English comedies." But the best of the joke is, that most of this kind of persons whom we have had the misfortune to become acquainted with, in reality know no more of the sterling English comedies (except a few of the most popular) than they do of Homer in the original; and as for Shakspeare, their knowledge of him is confined to his *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Richard the Third*, and a few more of his *acting* plays; while his more imaginative ones, his *Tempest* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or his *Timon of Athens*, and *Love's Labour Lost*, are so much heathen Greek to them; nay, one whom we knew, that pretended a most overweening admiration for the immortal bard, actually did not know that he had written either songs or sonnets; and upon being told that the popular song of "Bid me discourse," was one of his, resented the information as an impudent attempt to undervalue his understanding and impose upon his credulity! Yet these are, for the most part, the sort of people that affect a stately supremacy, and talk about managers "dazzling the eyes of the ignorant vulgar," and "catering for the vitiated taste of the public!"

Now we are by no means going so far as to contend that the "drama as it is," is any thing like the "drama as it ought to be;" but we do mean to say, that there is "an infinite deal of nothing," or, at least, nothing but unmingled cant, preached upon this very subject. Even at the present day, Shakspeare is played ten times to any other author's once, and would, if the public attended, be enacted still more frequently, and for this simple and satisfactory reason, that his dramas are not one-half the *expense* of modern pieces, for they have the beauty that

"Needs not the foreign aid of ornament;"

consequently, the cost of "scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations," is all saved; and to those who, for want of a genuine admiration of that truly immortal man, counterfeit an ardent longing for his more frequent presentation on the stage, we would say—or rather we will tell them an anecdote which, though old, is good and applicable, and may be more to the purpose than argument.

A certain king of France had a very pretty queen whom he loved "passing well," at least, considering that he was a Frenchman and she was his wife, but still not with such exclusive devotion as to prevent

"His spirit hunting after new fancies."

A worthy ecclesiastic about the court perceiving this, undertook to lecture his majesty upon the subject, and expressed his surprise that he could slight so beautiful a lady for others evidently her inferior. The king, instead of answering the question, asked the priest what dish he was most partial to. "Partridges," answered the friar, in an emphatic tone, while his eyes glistened and his lips moved involuntarily at the ideas which the mention of his favourite repast called forth—"partridges, your majesty." The next morning the worthy clergyman was lodged in prison, and for fourteen days, morning, noon, and night—breakfast, dinner, and supper—partridges and partridges only were set before him, until the gastric juices of the worthy ecclesiastic could no longer endure this horrible monotony, and he exclaimed, in an agony of feeling, that "they might imprison him as long as they liked, if they would only give him something else to eat!" Upon this the king sent for him. "How is this," said his majesty, "that you complain of your favourite fare?" "Partridges are excellent," quoth the friar, "but *always* partridges!" "The queen is excellent," retorted his majesty, "but *always* the queen!" and so the king had his joke and the priest a change of diet. Now we hope that no person whose imagination particularly qualifies him for finding out a bad moral, will infer from this, that we mean to applaud his majesty's very improper and naughty behaviour; all that is meant to be deduced from the story is, that Shakspeare, *always* Shakspeare, would be neither profitable to the managers, nor pleasing to the public.

The mind of man requires a variety of intellectual food, the same as his stomach requires a variety of animal nutriment; and that mind is perhaps the healthiest, and that stomach the strongest, that can enjoy themselves off whatever is set before them: what they lose in extreme delicacy, they make up in vigour. With some people, as the common saying is, "all is fish that comes to their net;" if they can get a good tragedy or comedy, so much the better; if not, an opera will do as well; if that is not to be had, why then a broad farce, or a broader melo-drama; or in default of these, even an extravaganza or a pantomime; always provided, that the thing be tolerably good of its kind; and the man who on one night laughs heartily at the extravagance of *Hilcon*, or the extravagant extravagance of *Barnes*, in some of their "broad-grin" parts, is more likely on the next to relish the passion and pathos, the exquisite poetry and divine philosophy of Shakspeare, than one of those squeamish and pedantic personages, whose

"Visages do cream and mantle like a standing pool,"

and who dare not be caught enjoying themselves with any thing save what is of acknowledged excellence, and turn up their good-for-nothing noses at the efforts of every author or actor who has not as yet received the stamp of public approbation. "Marry, hang them!" It is really amusing at times to sit in a theatre and witness the behaviour of one of these gentry—to see the air of critical primness which he assumes on the entrance of a celebrated actor, or to observe the smile of supercilious pity which he casts upon some poor wretch beside him, who is thrown into ecstasies by a comic song, a bad joke, *Barnes's* wig coming off, or any other interesting incident which "Sir Oracle" esteems frivolous. And when two of them get together, the way in which they reflect each other's folly—the looks of deep significance that pass between them—and the air of conscious superiority with which they survey the ordinary mortals around them, is as instructing and amusing as the play, let it be what it may.

In theatrical matters we must confess that our own taste is by no means particularly fastidious, but is capable of embracing all the different species (not individuals) of the dramatic family; even the tribe most vilified of all, known by the appellation of melo-dramas, and though, certainly, this class owns many members too bad for human endurance, yet there are others capable of interesting and exciting the feelings in no common degree. Though there are bad melo-dramas without number, yet a good melo-drama is not so bad a thing. It is a sort of skeleton tragedy, without the stateliness and poetry, where the murders are committed in simple prose, and the villainies carried on without the aid of blank verse. It is the sketch and outline of a tragedy where actions are represented rather than characters delineated, and where every thing is broad and general, coarse and rough, but which when well enacted and kept within the moderate bounds of probability, sometimes excite the feelings to a pitch that prevents sleep during the more interesting scenes. Nay, so very unrefined is our taste that we cannot join in the prevailing hue and cry against gaudy spectacles and splendid scenery, thinking them very good in their place, and even feel an unbecoming interest in the "dresses and decorations," which is one reason why,

independent of the easy and correct performances of the one, and the sprightly and spirited personations of the other, we always like to see Mrs. Wallack and Mrs. Sharpe on the boards; both dress so well, particularly Mrs. Sharpe, who in correct taste, variety, richness, and appropriateness of costume, excels any lady we have ever seen on the stage—and, this is no small merit, for a well-dressed woman is at any time pleasanter to look upon than a dull play. There are, however, some things occasionally exhibited which there is no getting over, to wit, dogs, horses, elephants, and the brute creation in general—real fire and real water, wonderful ascensions from the stage to the gallery, impressive ceremonies of shooting deserters, jugglers, rope-dancers, and little children—these are unalloyed, unmitigated evils.

But though gauds and show, and spectacles and melo-dramas are pleasant enough occasionally and in their place, it is the interest and duty of every one who values sound rational dramatic representations to raise his voice against them when they are too frequently introduced, and assume an undue importance in the evening's entertainment. They are well enough as a dessert after more solid and substantial aliment, but if furnished as the principal intellectual food for the theatre-going public, the inevitable consequence will be depravity of taste and attenuation of intellect. Let a good tragedy or comedy, which in itself contains enough poetry and passion, wit and sense for any reasonable man for one evening, be first enacted, and then let whatever popular nonsense most in vogue occasionally follow, by which arrangement all parties will be satisfied. Though the public cannot justly be charged with indifference in respect to Shakspeare, yet it is to be regretted that they certainly do display an apathy towards the genuine old comedies, (ah! they know not the treasures that they pass unheeded by) yet this, in a great measure, arises from their not being familiar with their merits. The Park theatre has now a stock company capable of, to say the least, acting respectably almost any comedy in the English language, and the managers ought to endeavour to create a taste for the more correct appreciation of the genuine excellencies of the old dramatic authors. Let them not be discouraged by a few indifferent houses, but persevere. If they were to set apart a particular night in each week for the production of a sterling comedy, this would amount to between forty and fifty pieces of real merit in the course of the season—an immense acquisition. And if the newspapers and literary journals were to make a point of especially noticing and commenting on that evening's performance, there is little doubt that in a short time it would not only be creditable and profitable to the managers, but creditable and profitable to the public.

VARIETIES.

MEMORY.

Fond memory, like a mocking bird,
Within the widowed heart is heard,
Repeating every touching tone
Of voices that from earth have gone.

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.—A gray hair was espied among the raven locks of a fair friend of ours, a few days since. "O! pray, pull it out," she exclaimed. "If I pull it out, ten will come to the funeral," replied the lady who had made the unwelcome discovery. "Pluck it out, nevertheless," said the dark-haired damsel, "it is no sort of consequence how many come, if they only come in black."

AN INGENIOUS APOLOGY.—"Why," said a country clergyman to one of his flock, "do you always sleep in your pew when I am in the pulpit, while you are all attention to every stranger I invite?" "Because, sir, when you preach I am sure all's right; but I can't trust a stranger without keeping a good look out."

HYPERBOLE.—A Vermont horse jockey boasting the other day of the speed of his horse, gravely asserted that he could trot seventeen miles an hour. "Seventeen miles an hour!" says a bystander, "I guess as how that's a thumper." "My dear fellow," replied he of the Green Mountain, "seventeen miles is no great feat for the creature now; for when he was but two years old, the lightning killed the old mare, and chased the colt all around the pasture, without getting within ten rods of him."

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO IDA.

I HAD a dream—a sunny dream—and it was all of thee:
I saw an angel floating by—I heard a voice of glee!
And spirit-like thou glided on within a festive hall,
Where starry eyes flash'd bright, but thine the brightest of them all.
There was a glow upon thy brow, and music in thy tread,
As flying feet thy airy foot the mazy measure led.
And mirth laugh'd out with louder tone where thou wert passing by,
And sorrow as she met thy glance forgot to breathe her sigh;
And many a hand an offering brought and laid it at thy shrine,
But only one thou smiled upon—methought that one was mine!

I had a dream—a fever'd dream—and it was all of thee:
I saw an angel floating by—I heard a voice of glee!
But though thy image yet was rife with passion's wildest thrill,
I madly turn'd my gaze away. And though thy voice was still
Such as a peri in her bower would hush her lute to hear,
Oh, mournfully, oh, mournfully, it linger'd on mine ear.
Methought that many a gem I saw upon thy shining hair,
But not the token and the gift which thou wert wont to wear;
That for a girl rich thy waist had changed the slender zone,
The earnest of thy Clarence's love—my cherished and my own!

I had a dream—a waking dream—and it was all of thee:
I saw an angel floating by—I heard a voice of glee!
And thou wert there—all changeless still—and breath'd upon my lip,
And dash'd the tear-cup from my hand which sorrow bade me sip.
And then methought thou murmur'd near as pitying hours speak,
Till glow'd my burning forehead like the carmine of thy cheek:
And in thy liquid eyes I saw thy soul all lustrous shine,
A halo sleeping in the light of diadems divine;
And hope sigh'd on her shell and lent thy voice its understrain:
Oh! for that dream—that waking dream—that dream of thee again!

THE WOODLAND VALE.

O know ye not, that in the scale of time
Are days which, in their might of interest,
Outweigh the rounded aggregate of years?
Brief hours, o'er which eternity shall throw
The sunshine of her mind? 'Tis even thus
With earth—it has sweet radiant spots retired,
Green vale, or hill, or grove, or mountain glen,
Which, hearts familiar with their loveliness,
High prize above an empire's dazzling throne.
Nor are they sole enshrined in tropic climes,
Where the clear sun his richest radiance darts
On blooms that never die; on garniture
Of verdant fields that lasts the live-long year;
On fruits of every hue, whose ample store,
But half uncropped, embosses o'er and o'er
Nature's rich velveting with fragrant gems
Of ruby, sapphire, amethyst, and pearl.
Wherever human heart hath found a home,
Whose hallow'd joys have strewn life's rugged path
With flowers of sinless memories, that shed
A sweet undying fragrance on the mind,
There is a sunny spot—an Eden there!
Such is the scene my boyhood days have known:
A vale serene, in the green hills it sleeps
Like blooming virgin in her sylvan bower,
Enclosed with mountain battlements, that fling
A shadowy freshness o'er it, and shut out
The din and discord of a farring world.
Bright are its skies and waters, rich its clouds,
In all the tints of light superbly rich;
And oft in trance of thought, by fancy charm'd,
While gazing on their golden minarets,
I've dream'd that dimly through the blue serene
Heaven's radiant palaces of glory shone;
Or that angelic architects, to please
The good with visions of their future home,
Those mansions emblematical had rear'd.
To all is nature kind; but here methinks
She partial is and lavish of her charms.
Its every scene with loveliness is clothed,
As with a robe by beauty's fingers wrought;
And soft its gales, which from the birchen woods
Their dewy odours waft on night's still wing,
To hush the embosom'd bowers. More green its green,
More fresh its balmy freshness, and withal
More warm its sympathies, than now becomes
Affection's lyre to sing, lest fulsome deem'd.
Most graceful bends its curvature of hills,
And pleasantly they stoop in verdant slopes
To kiss the warbling brooks, that coyly hide
In fringing willow depths their gush of joy.
Its air is full of living melodies,
Outrung from silvery cascades, waving boughs,
And feather'd minstrels' harps of thrilling fall;
For here the spring-bird earliest comes, and here
To echo sweetest sings and latest leaves.
Here too has God his temple; unadorn'd,
Yet lovely still, it stands with solemn air
Upon a gentle hill-slope; and at morn,
The Sabbath morn, how beautiful to mark
Glad groups of humble worshippers go up—
Parent and child, the bow'd form and the free—

Unto its peaceful courts, amid the hush
Of wearied nature resting from her toil.
There o'er the altar bends a reverend brow
Bleach'd in the snows of many a wintry year,
With lips to eloquence immortal tuned,
Proclaiming pardon in his Master's name
To all that kneel in grateful homage down,
And wait the promised benison of heaven.
And further on lies life's still haven-homes—
The quiet graves—where death hath garner'd up
High trophies of his might that yet shall mock
At the last trumpet, his mockery of power:
From their green stilly mounds through night's wan shade,
Comes the pale gleam of marbled tombs that stand
Like seraph sentinels to watch the rest
Of earth's deep sleepers there. A river near
Of crystal water flows; while more remote
Hath science rear'd her domes of classic pride,
Mid groves with arbours green, where deep retired
Genius may plume his eagle wing and soar.
But hence, sweet vale, adieu to all thy haunts!
I who have loved thee may not longer rove
With those I love amid thy happy scenes;
But on my heart they're graven, and in charge
Conception holds their imagery of charms.
Yet, fare thee well—I shall not all forget
The elysium of my prime, thy woodland walks,
When in temptation's list I'm thrown afar,
Shieldless to fight life's fight of sin alone.
I shall not all forget thee, vale of vales,
For round my heart affection hath entwined
Fresh wreaths of rich remembrances which death
Alone shall loose. Again I may not reap
Such joys as thou hast nourish'd and matured,
For well I ween that my best sands are told,
And henceforth toils and tears await my lot.

PROTEUS.

NO, LOVE, THEY NEVER MENTION THEE.

No, love, they never mention thee,
Thy name I hear not—yet
Judge by thy faithfulness of heart,
If mine can e'en forget.
It doth not need from other lips
That I that name should hear,
Which, like remembered music, still
Is sounding in mine ear.

Yet should some stranger of thee speak,
They turn a watchful eye,
To mark if change of cheek or brow
In me may give reply;
And I must mask my struggling heart,
Each aching throb repressing,
Control the start, and check each sigh
Of rising tenderness.

But when the midnight moon is bright,
And no cold eye is near,
And I this mask of heartless smiles
No more am forced to wear—
That hour is thine—with throbbing heart
I seek our trysting spot,
And every tear bears witness there
That I forget thee not.

Though we may never meet again,
Though yield we to the fate
Which still for long and weary years
Dooms us to separate,
One hope is ours—a better world
Shall see our meeting yet,
Where none that cruel lesson teach,
Nor need we to forget!

THYRA.

WRITTEN IN A COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

Yes, I would add one humble leaf
To the bright chaplet thou art twining;
But ah! its verdure will be brief,
For time is such an errant thief,
He blights the sweetest buds with grief,
And leaves the fairest flower declining.

But there's a wreath that ne'er can fade
Already for thy temples twined,
Such as in heaven the angels braid
To deck the brows of every maid,
Who, like Viola, here displayed
The beauties of a cultured mind.

That wreath shall deck Viola's brow
In realms unknown to time or grief,
And each young plant she cultures now,
Each infant mind her toils endow,
Will breathe to heaven a fragrant vow,
Brightening the tints of every leaf.

REUBEN.

STANZAS.

And must the young and beautiful depart,
And earth no change assume?
The sky still wear its cloudless blue,
The flowers their wonted bloom?

The perfumed breeze, which loved to woo
The rose on beauty's cheek,
Onward pursues its blithe career,
Some other flower to seek.

The beams which play'd so sportively
Among rich clustering hair,
As brightly gilds the vacant board,
As when dear ones were there.

And, midnight's brilliant queen, hast thou
No sympathy with earth?
Or is thy throne of light too far
From woes of mortal birth?

The young, the loved, the beautiful,
Gone to the grave's embrace!
Why not exhaled like early dew
Into the realms of space?

And genius too, whose magic ray
Could e'en life's furrows gild;
Where is its glorious sunshine now,
The odours it distilled?

In death's dark realm. Yet nature laughs
As 'twere a festal day;
Perchance she doth rejoice for those
Whose cares have past away.

'Tis well. Tears for the fetter'd wretch
Whose eyes refuse to weep;
Tears for the desolate—but none,
Oh! none, for those who sleep!

The shroud, the coffin, and the grave,
But wrap unconscious clay;
The spirit to its own bright land
Pursues its joyous way.

Then meet it is, that earth and skies
Their gayest robes should wear;
The loved, the young, the beautiful,
No more our grief can share.

ARIEL.

POPULAR MORAL TALES.

THE RED MAN.

It was at the hour of nine, in an August evening,
that a solitary horseman arrived at the Black Swan, a
country inn about nine miles from the town of Lei-
cester. He was mounted on a large fiery charger, as
black as jet, and had behind him a portmanteau at-
tached to the croup of his saddle. A black travelling
cloak, which not only covered his own person, but the
greater part of his steed, was thrown around him.
On his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat, with an
uncommonly low crown. His legs were cased in top-
boots, to which were attached spurs of an extraordi-
nary length; and in his hands he carried a whip, with
a thong three yards long, and a handle which might
have levelled Goliath himself.

On arriving at the inn, he calmly dismounted, and
called upon the ostler by name.

"Frank," said he, "take my horse to the stable;
rub him down thoroughly; and, when he is well cooled,
step in and let me know." And, taking hold of his
portmanteau, he entered the kitchen, followed by the
obsequious landlord, who had come out a minute be-
fore, on hearing of his arrival. There were several
persons present, engaged in nearly the same occupa-
tion. At one side of the fire sat the village school-
master—a thin, pale, peak-nosed little man, with a
powdered periwig, terminating behind in a long queue,
and an expression of self-conceit strongly depicted
upon his countenance. He was amusing himself with
a pipe, from which he threw forth volumes of smoke
with an air of great satisfaction. Opposite to him sat
the parson of the parish—a fat, bald-headed personage

dressed in a rusty suit of black, and having his shoes adorned with immense silver buckles. Between these two characters sat the exciseman, with a pipe in one hand and a tankard in the other. To complete the group, nothing is wanted but to mention the landlady, a plump, rosy dame of thirty-five, who was seated by the schoolmaster's side, apparently listening to some sage remarks which that little gentleman was throwing out for her edification.

But to return to the stranger. No sooner had he entered the kitchen, followed by the landlord, than the eyes of the company were directed upon him. His hat was so broad in the brim, his spurs were so long, his stature so great, and his face so totally hid by the collar of his immense black cloak, that he instantly attracted the attention of every person present. His voice, when he desired the master of the house to help him off with his mantle, was likewise so harsh that they all heard it with sudden curiosity. Nor did this abate when the cloak was removed, and his hat laid aside. A tall, athletic, red-haired man, of the middle age, was then made manifest. He had on a red frock coat, a red vest, and a red neckcloth; nay, his gloves were red! What was more extraordinary, when the overalls which covered his thighs were unbuttoned, it was discovered that his small-clothes were red likewise.

"All red!" ejaculated the parson, almost involuntarily.

"As you say, the gentleman is all red!" added the schoolmaster, with his characteristic flippancy. He was checked by a look from the landlady. His remark, however, caught the stranger's ear, and he turned round upon him with a penetrating glance. The schoolmaster tried to smoke it off bravely. It would not do: he felt the power of that look, and was reduced to almost immediate silence.

"Now, bring me your boot-jack," said the horseman.

The boot-jack was brought, and the boots pulled off. To the astonishment of the company, a pair of red stockings were brought into view. The landlord shrugged his shoulders, the exciseman did the same, the landlady shook her head, the parson exclaimed, "All red!" as before, and the schoolmaster would have repeated it, but he had not yet recovered from his rebuke.

"Faith, this is odd!" observed the host.

"Rather odd," said the stranger, seating himself between the parson and the exciseman. The landlord was confounded, and did not know what to think of the matter.

After sitting for a few moments, the new-comer requested the host to hand him a nightcap, which he would find in his hat. He did so: it was a red worsted one; and he put it upon his head.

Here the exciseman broke silence, by ejaculating, "Red again!" The landlady gave him an admonitory knock on the elbow: it was too late. The stranger heard his remark, and regarded him with one of those piercing glances for which his fiery eye seemed so remarkable.

"All red!" murmured the parson once more.

"Yes, Doctor Poundtext, the gentleman, as you say, is all red," re-echoed the schoolmaster, who by this time had recovered his self-possession. He would have gone on, but the landlady gave him a fresh admonition, by trampling upon his toes; and her husband winked in token of silence. As in the case of the exciseman, the warnings were too late.

"Now, landlord," said the stranger, after he had been seated a minute, "may I trouble you to get me a pipe and a can of your best Burton? But, first of all, open my portmanteau, and give me out my slippers."

The host did as he was desired, and produced a pair of red morocco slippers. Here an involuntary exclamation broke out from the company. It begun with the parson, and was taken up by the schoolmaster, the

exciseman, the landlady, and the landlord, in succession. "More red!" proceeded from every lip, with different degrees of loudness. The landlord's was the least loud, the schoolmaster's the loudest of all.

"I suppose, gentlemen," said the stranger, "you were remarking upon my slippers."

"Eh—yes! we were just saying that they were red," replied the schoolmaster.

"And pray," demanded the other, as he raised the pipe to his mouth, "did you never before see a pair of red slippers?"

This question staggered the respondent: he said nothing, but looked to the parson for assistance.

"But you are all red," observed the latter, taking a full draught from a foaming tankard which he held in his hand.

"And you are all black," said the other, as he withdrew the pipe from his mouth, and emitted a copious puff of tobacco smoke. "The hat that covers your numskull is black, your beard is black, your coat is black, your vest is black; your small-clothes, your stockings, your shoes, all are black. In a word, Doctor Poundtext, you are —"

"What am I, sir?" said the parson, bursting with rage.

"Ay, what is he, sir?" rejoined the schoolmaster.

"He is a black-coat," said the stranger, with a contemptuous sneer, "and you are a pedagogue." This sentence was followed by a profound calm. Not a word was spoken by any of the company, but each gazed upon his neighbour in silence. In the faces of the parson and schoolmaster anger was principally depicted: the exciseman's mouth was turned down in disdain, the landlady's was curled into a sarcastic smile; and as for the landlord, it would be difficult to say whether astonishment, anger, or fear, most predominated in his mind. During this ominous tranquillity the stranger looked on unmoved, drinking and smoking alternately with total indifference. The schoolmaster would have said something had he dared, and so would the parson; but both were yet smarting too bitterly under their rebuff to hazard another observation.

In the midst of this mental tumult, the little bandy-legged ostler made his appearance, and announced to the rider that his horse had been rubbed down according to orders. On hearing this, the red man got up from his seat, and walked out to the stable. His departure seemed to act as a sudden relief to those who were left behind. Their tongues, which his presence had bound by a talismanic influence, were loosened, and a storm of words broke forth proportioned to the fearful calm which preceded it.

"Who is that man in red?" said the parson, first breaking silence.

"Ay, who is he?" re-echoed the schoolmaster.

"He is a bit of a conjurer, I warrant," quoth the exciseman.

"I should not wonder," said the landlord, "if he be a spy from France."

"Or a travelling packman," added the landlady.

"I am certain he is no better than he should be," spake the parson again.

"That is clear," exclaimed the whole of the company, beginning with the pedagogue, and terminating as usual with the host. Here was a pause: at last Doctor Poundtext resumed—"I shall question him tightly when he returns; and if his answers are impertinent or unsatisfactory, something must be done."

"Ay, something must be done," said the schoolmaster.

"Whatever you do," said the landlady, "let it be done civilly. I should not like to anger him."

"A fig for his anger!" roared her husband, snapping his fingers. "I shall give him the back of the door in the twinkling of an eye, if he so much as chirps."

"Anger, indeed!" observed the exciseman; "leave that to me and my cudgel!"

"To you and your cudgel!" said the stranger, at this moment entered, and resumed his seat by the fireside, after casting a look of inquiry upon the exciseman. The latter did not say a word; his countenance fell, and he was brandishing a moment before his legs.

There was another pause in the appearance of the red man again, on the voices of the company. The schoolmaster, was silent also; and disposed to say any thing. The assemblage of quakers. At one end of the plump person, with the tankard, the other placed upon his forehead. At the opposite side sat the exciseman, puffing vehemently from a tobacco-pipe, the jolly form of the landlady, and at his side the landlord stood at some distance. For a time the whole, with the exception of the stranger, were engaged in anxious thought. The one looked to the other with wondering glances, but though all equally wished to speak, no one liked to be the first to open the conversation. "Who can this man be?" "What does he want here?" "Where is he from, and whither is he bound?" Such were the inquiries which occupied every mind. Had the object of their curiosity been a brown man, a black man, or even a green man, there would have been nothing extraordinary; and he might have entered the inn and departed from it as unquestioned as before he came. But to be a red man! There was in this something so startling that the lookers-on were beside themselves with amazement. The first to break this strange silence was the parson.

"Sir," said he, "we have been thinking that you are —"

"That I am a conjurer, a French spy, a travelling packman, or something of the sort," observed the stranger. Doctor Poundtext started back on his chair, and well he might; for these words, which the man in red had spoken, were the very ones he himself was about to utter.

"Who are you, sir?" resumed he, in manifest perturbation. "What is your name?"

"My name," replied the other, "is Red."

"And where, in heaven's name, were you born?" demanded the astonished parson.

"I was born on the borders of the Red sea." Doctor Poundtext had not another word to say. The schoolmaster was equally astounded, and withdrew the pipe from his mouth: that of the exciseman dropped to the ground: the landlord groaned aloud, and his spouse held up her hands in mingled astonishment and awe.

After giving them this last piece of information, the strange man arose from his seat, broke his pipe in pieces, and pitched the fragments into the fire; then, throwing his long cloak carelessly over his shoulders, putting his hat upon his head, and loading himself with his boots, his whip, and his portmanteau, he desired the landlord to show him to his bed, and left the kitchen, after smiling sarcastically at its inmates, and giving them a familiar and unceremonious nod.

His disappearance was the signal for fresh alarm in the minds of those left behind. Not a word was said till the return of the innkeeper, who in a short time descended from the bed-room over-head, to which he had conducted his guest. On re-entering the kitchen, he was encountered by a volley of interrogations. The parson, the schoolmaster, the exciseman, and his own wife, questioned him over and over again. "Who was the man in red?—he must have seen him before—he must have heard of him—in a word, he must know something about him." The host protested "that he never beheld the stranger till that hour; it was the

first time he had made his appearance at the Black Swan, and, so help him heaven, it should be the last!"

"Why don't you turn him out?" exclaimed the exciseman.

"If you think you are able to do it, you are heartily welcome," replied the landlord. "For my part, I have no notion of coming to close quarters with the shank of his whip, or his great, red, sledge-hammer fist." This was an irresistible argument, and the proposer of forcible ejection said no more upon the subject.

At this time the party could hear the noise of heavy footsteps above them. They were those of the red man, and sounded with slow and measured tread.—They listened for a quarter of an hour longer, in expectation that they would cease. There was no pause: the steps continued, and seemed to indicate that the person was amusing himself by walking up and down the room.

It would be impossible to describe the multiplicity of feelings which agitated the minds of the company. Fear, surprise, anger, and curiosity, ruled them by turns, and kept them incessantly upon the rack.—There was something mysterious in the visitor who had just left them—something which they could not fathom—something unaccountable. "Who could he be?" This was the question that each put to the other, but no one could give any thing like a rational answer.

Meanwhile the evening wore on apace, and though the bell of the parish church hard by sounded the tenth hour, no one seemed inclined to take the hint to depart. Even the parson heard it without regard, to such a pitch was his curiosity excited. About this time also the sky, which had hitherto been tolerably clear, began to be overclouded. Distant peals of thunder were heard; and thick sultry drops of rain pattered at intervals against the casement of the inn: every thing seemed to indicate a tempestuous evening. But the storm which threatened to rage without was unnoticed. Though the drops fell heavily; though gleams of lightning flashed by, followed by the report of distant thunder, and the winds began to hiss and whistle among the trees of the neighbouring cemetery, yet all these external signs of elementary tumult were as nothing to the deep, solemn footsteps of the red man. There seemed to be no end to his walking. An hour had he paced up and down the chamber without the least interval of repose, and he was still engaged in this occupation as at first. In this there was something incredibly mysterious; and the party below, notwithstanding their numbers, felt a vague and indescribable dread beginning to creep over them. The more they reflected upon the character of the stranger, the more unnatural did it appear. The redness of his hair and complexion, and, still more, the fiery hue of his garment, struck them with astonishment. But this was little to the freezing and benumbing glance of his eye, the strange tones of his voice, and his miraculous birth, on the borders of the Red sea. There was now no longer any smoking in the kitchen. The subjects which occupied their minds were of too engrossing a nature to be treated with levity; and they drew their chairs closer, with a sort of irresistible and instinctive attraction.

While these things were going on, the bandy-legged ostler entered, in manifest alarm. He came to inform his master that the stranger's horse had gone mad, and was kicking and tearing at every thing around, as if he would break his manger to pieces. Here a loud neighing and rushing were heard in the stable. "Ay, there he goes," continued he. "I believe the devil is in the beast, if he is not the old enemy himself. Ods, master, if you saw his eyes: they are like —"

"What are they like?" demanded the landlord. "Ay, what are they like?" exclaimed the rest with equal impatience.

"Ods, if they a'n't like burning coals!" ejaculated

the ostler, trembling from head to foot, and squeezing himself in among the others, on a chair which stood hard by. His information threw fresh alarm over the company, and they were more agitated and confused than ever.

During the whole of this time the sound of walking over-head never ceased for one moment. The heavy tread was unabated: there was not the least interval of repose, nor could a pendulum have been more regular in its motions. Had there been any relaxation, any pause, any increase, or any diminution, of rapidity in the footsteps, they would have been endurable; but there was no such thing. The same deadening, monotonous, stupefying sound continued, like clockwork, to operate incessantly above their heads. Nor was there any abatement of the storm without; the wind blowing among the trees of the cemetery in a sepulchral moan; the rain beating against the panes of glass with the impetuous loudness of hail; and lightning and thunder flashing and pealing at brief intervals through the murky firmament. The noise of the elements was indeed frightful, and it was heightened by the voice of the sable steed like that of a spirit of darkness; but the whole, as we have just hinted, was as nothing to the deep, solemn, mysterious treading of the red man.

Innumerable were their conjectures concerning the character of this personage. It has been mentioned that the landlady conceived him at first to be a travelling packman, the landlord a French spy, and the exciseman a conjurer. Now their opinions were wholly changed, and they looked upon him as something a great deal worse. The parson, in the height of his learning, regarded him as an emanation of the tempter himself; and in this he was confirmed by the erudite opinion of the schoolmaster. As to the ostler, he could say nothing about the man, but he was willing to stake his professional knowledge that his horse was kith and kin to the evil one. Such were the various doctrines promulgated in the kitchen of the Black Swan.

"If he be like other men, how could he anticipate me, as he did, in what I was going to say?" observed the parson.

"Born on the borders of the Red sea!" ejaculated the landlord.

"Heard ye how he repeated to us what we were talking about during his absence in the stable?" remarked the exciseman.

"And how he knew that I was a pedagogue?" added the schoolmaster.

"And how he called on me by my name, although he never saw nor heard of me before?" said the ostler in conclusion. Such a mass of evidence was irresistible. It was impossible to overlook the results to which it naturally led.

"If more proof is wanting," resumed the parson after a pause, "only look to his dress. What christian would think of travelling about the country in red? It is a type of the hell-fire from which he is sprung."

"Did you observe his hair hanging down his back like a bunch of carrots?" asked the exciseman.

"Such a diabolical glance in his eye!" said the schoolmaster.

"Such a voice!" added the landlord. "It is like the sound of a cracked clarionet."

"His feet are not cloven," observed the landlady.

"No matter," exclaimed the landlord; "the devil, when he chooses, can have as good legs as his neighbours."

"Better than some of them," quoth the lady, looking peevishly at the lower limbs of her husband.

Meanwhile the incessant treading continued unabated, although two long hours had passed since its commencement. There was not the slightest cessation to the sound, while out of doors the storm raged with violence, and in the midst of it the hideous neighing and

stamping of the black horse were heard with pre-eminent loudness. At this time the fire of the kitchen began to burn low. The sparkling blaze was gone, and in its stead nothing but a dead red lustre emanated from the grate. One candle had just expired, having burned down to the socket. Of the one which remained the unanuffed wick was nearly three inches in length, black and crooked at the point, and standing like a ruined tower amid an envelopment of sickly yellow flame; while around the fire's equally decaying lustre sat the frightened *coterie*, narrowing their circle as its brilliancy faded away, and eyeing each other like apparitions amidst the increasing gloom.

At this time the clock of the steeple struck the hour of midnight, and the tread of the stranger suddenly ceased. There was a pause for some minutes—afterwards a rustling—then a noise as of something drawn along the floor of his room. In a moment thereafter his door opened; then it shut with violence, and heavy footsteps were heard trampling down the stair. The inmates of the kitchen shook with alarm as the tread came nearer. They expected every moment to behold the red man enter, and stand before them in his native character. The landlady fainted outright: the exciseman followed her example: the landlord gasped in an agony of terror: and the schoolmaster uttered a pious ejaculation for the behoof of his soul. Doctor Poundtext was the only one who preserved any degree of composure. He managed in a trembling voice, to call out, "Avaunt, satan! I exorcise thee from hence to the bottom of the Red sea!"

"I am going as fast as I can," said the stranger, as he passed the kitchen-door on his way to the open air. His voice aroused the whole concourse from their stupor. They started up, and by a simultaneous effort rushed to the window. There they beheld the tall figure of a man, enveloped in a black cloak, walking across the yard on his way to the stable. He had on a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, top-boots, with enormous spurs, and carried a gigantic whip in one hand, and a portmanteau in the other. He entered the stable, remained there about three minutes, and came out leading forth his fiery steed thoroughly accoutred. In the twinkling of an eye he got upon his back, waved his hand to the company, who were surveying him through the window, and clapping spurs to his charger, galloped off furiously, with a hideous and unnatural laugh, through the midst of the storm.

On going up stairs to the room which the devil had honoured with his presence, the landlord found that his infernal majesty had helped himself to every thing he could lay his hands upon, having broken into his deak and carried off twenty-five guineas of king's money, a ten pound bank of England note, and sundry articles, such as seals, snuff-boxes, &c. Since that time he has not been seen in these quarters, and if he should, he will do well to beware of Doctor Poundtext, who is a civil magistrate as well as a minister, and who, instead of exorcising him to the bottom of the Red sea, may perhaps exorcise him to the interior of Leicester gaol, to await his trial before the judges of the midland circuit.

Forget-me-not.

There is no rule to be made, for writing letters, but that of being as near what you speak face to face as you can, which is so great a truth, that I am of opinion, writing has lost more mistresses than any one mistake in the whole legend of love.

The scholar without good breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.

Ingredients for a household: morality, order, industry, abundance, and good humour.

I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less.

A virtuous mind in a fair body, is a fine picture in a good light.

The longer we live in the world, the more we cling to a few objects.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER VI.

NEW-YORK differs from all our other cities in the varieties of its prospects. If a stranger desired to witness the appearance of stately and retired wealth, I would lead him through the still wide avenues near St. John's church, and along the shadowy paths of its park. For the bustle of manual labour, he should make his way by the docks, among boxes, bales, carts, bars of iron, barrels, and wheel-barrow, with shipping around him from all parts of the world, and the accents of every language breaking upon his ears. For fashion and beauty, he should wander up and down the west side of Broadway; but for the real business of bargaining and speculation, for long heads and cunning hands, Wall-street is the place. There you will see, in the hottest of the dog-days, a knot of knowing geniuses collected together under a great tree, or on the shady side of the way, communicating to each other potent secrets; the rise and fall of empires, which derive importance from their influence on the rise and fall of stock; or brooding over the broken relics of dilapidated banks, with the hope of disposing of the ruins to some advantage.

As the clock struck two, I found myself one afternoon upon the steps of the exchange. The tide seemed setting in towards the large room. I suffered myself to be borne along with it. A few steps conducted me into the midst of this spacious and lofty apartment. This is the hour when merchants and brokers assemble to transact whatever business they may have with each other. The hum of many voices was like the buzzing of bees clustering around their hive. The low continued words of the busy and earnest multitude were blended together, and rose upon the air with a strange uniformity. There was something closely allied to contempt in the feelings with which I regarded the bargain-driving and money-making beings around me.

'Is this,' thought I, 'a rational mode of improving and enjoying life? Is there among this race of men engaged about the paltry means of accumulating wealth, none who might have aspired to a higher destiny? Has not commerce, with her engrossing engagements, stolen poets, historians, orators, statesmen, and philosophers, from fame and the world, to waste them here in the narrow and selfish paths of business? And what avails it, that they should add to the treasures already obtained? It is well enough for the young and poor to seek independence in the paths of the world; but they who have obtained a moderate fortune should abandon the field to other competitors, and be happy in a freedom from all unnecessary restraints. As for me, if I were wealthy, I would build me a cottage in some secluded and lovely spot. The ties of pecuniary hopes and fears should no longer impede the motion of my mind, and check the impulses of my heart. The luxuries of riches should relieve the simplicity of rural pleasures. I would have ever around me the sound of waving branches and running streams; the loveliest roads should meander through landscapes of natural beauty; horses and carriages, the newest, the neatest, the most elegant that money could purchase, should be ever at my command, and she, with her sweet blue eyes and soft hand, should charm me with her society, and inspire every hour with delight. Together we would pursue literature and science; our minds would expand, our hearts grow rich with love, and our lives glide away—'

"Like a silvery summer stream," whispered a voice in my ear, in a tone so low, that it seemed the memory of words gone by.

A light mist passed before me. The shuffling of feet changed into a noise like that of falling water. The sober citizens around increased in height, and

took the form of trees. Their arms spread out like branches, and their humming voices softened into the rustling of leaves. Grass and waving flowers grew out from the neatly sanded floor, and the lofty ceiling deepened into azure sky, spread out with graceful clouds. The office of the Morning Herald turned into a brook that dashed and foamed about in some confusion; while the Courier and Enquirer, on the opposite side, glistened in the shape of a broad river that forced a passage in various directions among the hills.

I was standing upon a moss-covered rock, by the trunk of a knotty old tree, that had flourished a few moments before as Jacob Barker, and the potent spirit who had woven these agreeable spells was at my side. His arms were folded on his breast. His face expressed patience, a little dashed with ridicule, and I might have suffered regret at the slight curl of his lip, had not its import been amply contradicted by the good nature of his eyes.

"Your lives would glide away," repeated he, "like a silvery summer stream. Because absent from the crowd of your fellow creatures, do you conceive you could escape the weaknesses of their nature?"

"Surely," said I, "I should enjoy myself more uninterruptedly, if released from harassing cares? He who is deeply engaged in business is stretched on a bed of thorns. He fears the consequences of the responsibilities he has incurred. Obstacles and disappointments continually multiply around him. How can he be happy?"

"To be happy permanently," said my companion, "is not the lot of mortals. The hope of durable happiness on earth, you seem to have surrendered almost by universal consent. Neither philosophy nor virtue can always persuade it to the bosom. It is seldom found where eagerly sought; but, eluding the grasp of the most persevering pursuer, flies to some wretch without a home or friend."

"But," said I, "as there are certain objects which excite pleasurable emotions in us, the more we collect of them about us, the more certainly will our pleasures be multiplied and protracted, and consequently the surer will be our happiness."

"No," said the Genius. "The same objects will not at all times create the same effects, and happiness is not, as you seem to think, a palpable and existing principle. It is not like a place towards which you can travel, with the conviction that you will reach it in a certain number of steps. It is not an object which you may labour for, acquire by skill or violence, and detain by force; but it is an effect of many accidental combinations. It is a mingling up together in proper proportions of numerous properties of mind and matter, which, in their own nature, are ever changing their positions. There is no fixed shape for it. You cannot conjecture in what strange guise it will meet you. Toil for it to the summit of a mountain, and, as you are returning disappointed from its bleak and barren prospect, it will spring up by your feet at the road side. It comes not through whole years. It is too costly a material to constitute the solid fabric of a human life; but, as the diamond is found in small pieces in distant parts of the globe, so it flashes up in momentary streamings, from dark places, in barren soils, amongst the habitations of dangers and anguish. You have caught its feeling from the echo of a flute, a stream of sunlight upon the wall after a gloomy day; a pair of gazing eyes have sent it through your soul like an enchanted arrow, or it has sprung up spontaneously in your bosom, from the mere freshness and glow of health. It is like the light, colouring all things, yet continually altering its hue, and fading the swiftest where it shone the most brightly. The crowd whom your inexperience has just condemned, find it in the path of business. In active occupation their minds discover a pleasure which luxury and repose would fail to furnish. Fields, trees, brooks, and all the similar

works of nature, refresh eyes unaccustomed to them, but their unchangeable forms soon suffer the mind to languish for the stirring and improving delights which man realizes in struggles with his fellow man. Remember that from the jarrings of crowded cities, the arts and sciences spring into being. The highest pleasures which nature affords, are produced in the exercise of mind and feeling; and, wherever these repose, you lose the intended superiority of your character, the vigour of pleasure, and the merit of virtue."

Again my eyes were dimmed with a passing cloud. Sky, grass, brooks, and trees, diminished in size and re-assumed their proper appearances. The noise of the brawling stream, hastening over its pebbly channel, sunk again into the shuffling of feet and the hum of many voices. The walls of the apartment closed up around me, and I was still among the most busy and money-making of my fellow-citizens. F.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

GLANCES INTO THE EAST.

ELEVATION OF MAHMOUD, THE PRESENT SULTAN, TO THE THRONE OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

THE pacha of Rudschuck had kept quiet in his camp while his emissaries were rousing the army. Ramis Effendi and Beggi Effendi, his principal agents, had disposed the oldest officers for the re-establishment of Selim. The capudan pacha promised to assist with all his forces.

Mustapha had quitted Constantinople on the twenty-eighth of July, for a kiosk, situated without the walls. Bairactar, availing himself of the sultan's absence, invited the grand vizier to his camp, under the pretence of important disclosures. When the latter entered the tent of the pacha, he was informed that the troops were in motion towards the seraglio. The terror-struck vizier could find no words to express his astonishment. Bairactar tore the seals from him, ordered him to be arrested, and the troops to advance. The populace of Constantinople, on beholding the same army which had been opposed to the Russians, fancied that peace was concluded, and received the columns with shouts of the wildest applause. These marched towards the outbuildings of the imperial residence. The janissaries, stationed there as guards, bowed when they beheld the sandjak scherif, and the vanguard penetrated into the first court-yard. Scarcely had the bostangi pacha time to shut the inner gate, which leads to the apartments of the servants of the seraglio, but the tchiavoux of the pacha of Rudschuck rushing towards the gate, battered it with their tremendous axes, when the chief of the black slaves appeared on the wall demanding the reason of this violent proceeding.

"Open the gate, vile slave!" shouted Mustapha Bairactar, with a voice of thunder. "I come at the head of my army with the sandjak scherif."

"Not before the sultan Mustapha has given orders," replied the faithful slave.

"Away with sultan Mustapha," exclaimed Bairactar. "It is the sultan Selim who is our master; we are here to deliver him from the hands of his enemies, to do homage to his virtues, and to re-establish him on the throne of his ancestors."

The tremendous voice of the pacha of Rudschuck, his threats to bring forward the cannon, the furious shouts of the soldiers, had filled the inmates of the seraglio with such terror, that the portal was on the point of being opened, in spite of the resistance of the bostangi pacha, when sultan Mustapha appeared. This prince had no sooner arrived at his summer pavilion, than he was informed by his mother of Mustapha Bairactar's march to Constantinople. Without delaying for a moment, he hastened disguised on board a trireme, flew back to the seraglio, whose communication with the sea and the kiosk the conspirators had imprudently neglected to guard, and joined the affright-

ed crowd of his slaves, to behold the designs of the conspirators on the point of execution. The juncture was critical. The sanguinary prince, forgetting that his cousin had spared his life on a similar occasion, coolly ordered the kiaser aga to strangle Selim, and to carry his corpse to Mustapha Bairactar.

It was the hour of prayer. Selim with his attendants were standing with their hands outstretched, their faces towards Mecca, when the executioners entered with cords concealed under their cloaks. Neither the prince nor his servants had the least suspicion of their cruel design, supposing they were come to deliver a message; but the moment Selim prostrated himself, invoking the name of Allah, the chief of the black slaves beckoned his satellites, and, throwing himself upon his victim, he flung a rope over his neck—his companions partly assisting him and partly threatening with their daggers the panic-struck attendants. The stunned prince, however, recovered his senses. After a desperate struggle with his executioners he succeeded in striking some of them down, while his faithful slaves were rushing upon the rest, endeavouring to seize their poniards. The kiaser aga had received so violent a blow, that he fell at the feet of the prince. It was then that the inhuman monster, by taking advantage of his position, deprived the unfortunate prince first of his senses, and then of his life!

The corpse was brought before Mustapha. The frivolous tyrant cast towards it a glance of ferocious joy, and exultingly exclaimed, "Open the gates! and deliver Selim over to Mustapha Bairactar, as he demands it."

The pacha of Rudschuck had approached as the portal opened, to pay homage to his master and benefactor; but no sooner had he beheld the lifeless remains of Selim, than, almost maddened to despair, he exclaimed,

"Unhappy master! what have I done? I am come to restore to you the imperial sceptre, and have brought you death."

He threw himself down over the corpse, kissed its hands and feet, and bathed them with his tears. The whole army stood motionless and in silent rage. But the moments were precious. Seid Ali, the capudan pacha, less accessible to feelings, took Bairactar by the arm, and raising him, said,

"And does it become the pacha of Rudschuck to cry like a woman? It is vengeance, and not tears, the sultan Selim demands. Let us not suffer a tyrant to exult over his crimes, and secure himself a throne by a second murder of his brother, the sultan Mahmoud."

Mustapha Bairactar, awakening as from a dream, cried,

"Let Mustapha be arrested, and Mahmoud proclaimed sultan; and may the sword of the executioner destroy the vile slaves who dared to lay their hands on the sacred person of sultan Selim!"

The words were no sooner uttered, than pages, slaves and soldiers, rushed forward to carry them into execution, and to throw Mustapha into the same prison where Selim had breathed his last. Others hastened to find Mahmoud, who, doomed to the same death with Selim by his cruel brother, had fled from his apartment, and assisted by his faithful slaves, had concealed himself. He was discovered after a long search, and with difficulty drawn from beneath a pile of carpets, almost dead with terror. Being hurried before the pacha of Rudschuck, the latter accosted him:

"My master! A terrible crime has deprived us of sultan Selim, our legitimate sovereign and benefactor. You are possessed of all the virtues of this great monarch. Be our master! live long to the glory of our holy religion, and the prosperity of the Ottoman empire."

When Mustapha Bairactar had pronounced these words, he prostrated himself before sultan Mahmoud, kissed the earth near his feet, and continued

in this humble attitude until the new sultan commanded him to rise, proclaiming him at the same time grand vizier.

Such was the manner in which Mahmoud the II. the present sultan, was raised to the throne of the Ottoman empire.

MUSTAPHA BAIRACTAR.

It was to this distinguished character that Mahmoud owed the sceptre of his empire; for the restoration of which, in its ancient splendour, the energetic grand vizier began to exert himself with the whole strength of his superior genius. There were at this time (1808) two bodies of men in Turkey, equally powerful, and equally opposed to all reforms, the janissaries and the ulemas, lawyers, both the deadliest enemies of the grand vizier. The former might be subdued by the sword. It was the latter Bairactar most dreaded. An incident, which occurred shortly after the elevation of Mahmoud, served not a little to increase their rancour.

A young Greek, a native of Agrapha, on the frontiers of Thessalonica, had opened a grocery shop at Constantinople. Above his store, and in the same house, there lived a young beautiful moslem, the widow of a Turk, who had left her a great fortune. She beheld the young Greek through the blinds again and again, and a passion arose gradually in her bosom, which she was not strong enough to resist. Bent upon conversing with him—a desire rather dangerous, as no stranger, and still less a christian, is permitted by law, to enter the apartments of a Turkish female—she demanded an account of the goods she had received from him. He sent his bill. His fair neighbour, pretending not to comprehend the writing, returned it—an explanation followed on the part of the Greek, which was found still more unintelligible. At last the love-enraptured moslem requested him to come in person, where he would find her attendants to settle the account. The young Greek felt quite uneasy, yet taking courage, he ascended the stairs, and was received by the female slaves. But what was his astonishment when they informed him of their orders to bring him before their mistress! He followed trembling. The beautiful widow was half seated on the ottomane—she beckoned him to take a place at her side, and after some hints began to unfold her heart, to discover her passion, and to press him to marry her. She threatened him in case of refusal; not even concealing from him that revenge would be easy, by denouncing him as an intruder, who had gained admission under false pretences. After this, his visits became more frequent; and, as he attended his business regularly, no suspicion was excited. One day, however, when he was absent, two janissaries entered his shop to make some purchases. The demanded goods could not be found, and the young Greek was called down by his faithful confidant. He entered with a mien so confused that the janissaries were startled, and began to suspect that everything was not right. Their tantalizing questions greatly disconcerted him; they became more importunate, promising silence provided he confessed. The imprudent giaour, supposing that the soldiers were already in the secret, betrayed himself. The janissaries had no sooner understood the nature of his transgression than they hastened before the tribunal of the capuschi pacha, under whose cognizance the trespass came. The judge, after a short examination, condemned the Greek to die, conformably to the spirit and letter of the law. The sentence was laid before Mustapha Bairactar, the grand vizier, who, after having summoned the ulemas before him, demanded of them, whether they were convinced in their conscience, that the christian had deserved death? He was answered in the affirmative. The grand vizier pleaded that the young christian, far from having premeditated the crime, had rather been forced into it; and, if there was any one culpable, it was certainly

the widow. He accordingly annulled the sentence of death pronounced against the christian, insisting at the same time on the punishment of the widow: the ulemas, however, demanded and obtained her pardon.

Mustapha Bairactar then sent for the young Greek, whom he accosted in a mild tone.

"Rayah," said he, "it is in vain that I have annulled the sentence of the ulemas, if thou remainest at Stamboul. Even I could not protect thee from the poniards which threaten thy life. Settle thy affairs, and in three days thou must be far from this city. Return to thy country, and guard thy tongue, bury thy adventure within thyself. Allah be with thee!"

The Greek returned in safety; but the high-minded vizier became the victim of his humanity. It was but a few weeks afterwards, that the great revolt of the janissaries broke out. They had been instigated by the ulemas to set fire to the houses adjoining the palace of the vizier. The flame was the signal for the general rise of the conspirators. A bloody battle ensued; the partisans of Bairactar were defeated, he himself, shut up in his own house and unable to defend himself, was found suffocated with two of his faithful slaves. With him fled the spirit of the better order of things. Bairactar was a noble Turk, a man fearless and just, soaring equally above the prejudices of his countrymen and their ignorance. His energy had roused the people from the deep lethargy into which the despotism of thirty tyrants* had thrown them. Their fanaticism rendered his efforts in vain. Had he lived longer, the Russian eagles would never have appeared before the seven towers. S.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

MELANCHOLY.

"What are spirits? Light indeed and gay;
They are like winter-flowers, not last a day;
Comes a rude icy wind, they feel and fade away."

I LOVE to study the human character in its early formation; to watch it in its progress towards perfection, ere the cold maxims or rude touch of the world have stamped upon it suspicion and distrust, and taught it deceit. I love to trace the workings of the mind in the varying of the countenance; to seek for feeling and sensibility, too delicate, too timid to be expressed in words in the depths of a full eye, or the ray of a passing smile; to mark the sudden checking of a sentiment which has risen to the lips lest it should be wrong, or lest it should meet with contempt and ridicule from those who cannot understand it. I think that the young are generally inclined to melancholy. There are those who will laugh at the idea. Such have forgotten their own youthful feelings; they have been annihilated by the selfish calculations of maturer years, and they have left upon the soul no trace. To me the sentiment seems just and natural. In speaking of youth I have reference only to those few short years which intervene between childhood and manhood. Childhood is the spring of life; it has its flowers and its thorns; but its flowers soon fade and its thorns are forgotten. We revel in the pleasures of that age without thought of the past, or fear of the future; and the remembrance of its sorrows exist not when those sorrows have passed away. It is true, we then receive impressions which cannot be effaced, but they sink into the soul, there to remain till reflection calls them forth, and the surface remains unruffled or disturbed but for a moment. But youth is the season during which we enjoy more of exquisite happiness or misery, or more of both than in any other. Our feelings, our passions, operate upon us with a concentrated force, and the strength of reason is as yet insufficient to stem the tide. He who has attained the entire command of his passions, the proper regulation of his feelings, possesses the secret of happiness. In youth this can-

* Mahmoud the II. is the thirtieth in the line of Sultans, beginning from Ottoman or Osman.

not be; in the rashness of its judgment it repels the very thought. The calm and even surface of the pure lake has no charms for its unbridled imagination. It delights in the roar of the torrent, and the deep stillness produced by the subsiding of the storm. The heart is awakened to the beauties of nature and of art, and its quickened sensibilities are alive to every touch of joy or sorrow. Every new object it meets with in its path excites some latent unknown feeling. The temper of the mind so continually varying, it is not strange that melancholy should preponderate; for in the sensitive bosom, is it not in this world the feeling oftenest excited? Alas, who can answer in the negative? It is not, however, like the melancholy of a bereaved heart or shattered constitution. It has no sympathy with the despair of a guilty mind, with the hopelessness of the unbeliever, or the wavering confidence of the sceptic. It is the depression caused by the temporary exhaustion of too highly raised spirits. It is relieved by a gentle indulgence, and soothed by the quieting thoughts of a lonely hour. I have sometimes felt, when under its influence, that the future was a blank, that hope had forsaken me, and left me desolate and wretched. In such moments I have wandered forth beneath the starry sky of a summer's night, and gazed upon the blue heaven with a wish to fly to its shelter from the rude storms of earth. I have thought of the countless worlds, ruled and directed by one all-powerful hand, and shrunk within myself at the idea of the littleness and insignificance of one human heart; of one atom in the great mass of matter and of mind. But, when the feeling has passed away, and a soft still voice whispered that even that little atom is not unregarded by the all-seeing eye, the consciousness has penetrated to my inmost heart. Thought upon thought have rushed over me with almost inconceivable force, chasing before them each feeling of discontent and repining, the clouds of the human mind, and leaving its heaven pure and calm. I have walked among the flowery valleys and blooming hills of our own fair land, and felt that in each little flower that faded with the season to bloom again in brighter hours, we might read our own destiny. These hours of saddened feeling are useful to us; they lead us to reflect, to look within ourselves for sources of happiness; to nature's works for proofs of future being. And we never turn away unsatisfied from such researches, for

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The heart that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

I believe there are some who never know these variations of the spirits. They pass for the happiest of human beings; but it is a mistaken idea. They are cheerful, but it is the mere absence of sorrow, the presence of youth and health. Take away these, and they fall into the opposite extreme, and are gloomy and discontented. Tell them of the moments when the very consciousness of life and being is sweet, of the rapture excited by the perusal of a powerful tragedy, of the pleasures of solitude, that the idea of death to some minds at certain moments, is inspiring, and carries with it no melancholy, and they will call you enthusiasts and visionaries. Tell them that the pride of bearing misfortune with dignity is a solace for adversity, and they will call you insensible. The hope of future good never can console them for present ill, for such live only in the present. There are some minds that discover in adversity many beautiful qualities that had been hidden before; like flowers that shun the brilliancy of the sun, and open only in the shade. I could not love that being over whose brow there never came a cast of thought; whose eye never shone through tears of saddened feeling.

I was intimate once with two sisters, whose characters may seem no unapt illustration of the subject. The youngest was a beautiful girl, there was no denying it; she had the fair complexion and polished brow which poets always give to beauty; her nose was Grecian, and in her full blue eyes and delicately pencilled eye-brow, the beholder could see no fault. She had long, rich, fair hair, and nothing could exceed the grace with which each little well turned curl kept its place on her forehead. They were then a happy family: she had parents who anticipated her every wish. The hours flew peacefully over her head, and nothing disturbed the tranquillity of her life; all marked the serenity and evenness of her disposition, and Helen Sandford was generally esteemed perfectly happy. Her sister, Julia, was less admired than she. Strangers often overlooked her when Helen was present. She was very pale, and oftener serious than lively; but I have seen her when animated by youthful pleasures, by far the gayer of the two. I used to love to hear her laugh; it rung out from the very soul; not the cold measured laugh of fashionable gaiety. Her cheeks would flush, and her dark eyes sparkle through their modest lashes, with the rays of genuine mirthful feeling. And yet she was not always gay. I have seen her sit for hours in pensive reverie; the misfortunes of another perhaps the cause, or reflections on the misery of the human race. She had all the sensibilities which usually characterize such dispositions. I have seen her weep for the sorrows of Lear, while her sister was listening with a settled smile to the whispered compliments from beaux, of whose attentions she was inwardly careless. She had a sweet voice; and those simple and plaintive songs which touch the heart, were her chosen favourites. I have said she was less admired than Helen; but those who knew her felt for her a deep and tender love, which Helen never inspired. Even her parents, though they would often reprove her for little violations of fashion and form, which Helen never committed, yet there evidently mingled in their affection for her something of a holier interest, a deeper tenderness, which the beauty and accomplishments of their youngest failed to produce.

They were both married on the same day. The husband of Helen was a rich merchant. He was many years older than she, and there was little about him to attract the fancy of a romantic girl; but she was not romantic. Her intended was a gentleman; his family was unquestionably respectable; his offers of settlement unobjectionable, and Helen yielded to the wishes of her parents for her acceptance of them with her usual grace. He had made a handsome fortune, and he wished a wife whose beauty and accomplishments would grace his establishment. He was charmed with Helen at first, and her gentle manners and serene temper completed her conquest. Neither doubted their own capacity to secure the happiness of the other, though neither had studied the means of doing so. The lover of Julia was a young physician, just entering upon the duties of his profession. He was not rich, but his own talents and industry, and the influence of many friends, seemed to insure him future opulence. He had long and deeply studied the disposition of Julia, and perfectly understood her character; he appreciated the purity of her mind; he knew how to strengthen her principles without injuring her native retiring delicacy; he placed unlimited confidence in her love for him, and he felt no wish to abuse it. I envied him, as he received her from her parents, that look of fond reliance. Helen and her husband were certainly a happy couple; their sky was without a cloud; but as Julia leaned upon the arm of her loved one, she envied not her sister, even though her heart was untroubled by the thousand doubts and fears and trembling anxieties that were shadowing her own. Who could blame her for these fears? She was entering upon an untried state; and though she doubted not her protector, she sometimes doubted herself. She

doubted her own capabilities of fulfilling her duties, and feared perhaps her power to retain the heart she had won.

But each day did her fears grow less and less; and, as she grew older, as her mind expanded with those views of piety and religion which sooner or later are so ardently embraced by minds like hers, she became a truly happy woman; they were not always fortunate, but she was the flower that bloomed brightest in the shade; and in times of adversity, when even the firm mind of her husband was depressed by the weight of misfortune, hers was the voice that bade him hope for brighter days, hers the spirit that influenced him to greater exertions. These times have passed away and, in the whole circle of my acquaintance, I know no couple more blest in each other, more generally prosperous in their affairs—none whose society is more prized by their own little circle of friends than Julia and her husband. The same gentle, timid, pensive disposition is hers, but who is happier than she when her husband declares that to her he owes his prosperity and the happiness of his life? Helen and her husband are a fashionable couple; she is as beautiful as ever, but I have heard that he is less fond. Yet she knows it not; she cannot understand the feeling of disappointment with which he sometimes turns away from the coldness of her welcome, or from the apathy which she shows at a recital of his cares. She does not discover from his countenance that he sometimes wishes her less beautiful and more feeling, for he is a man of the world, and conceals it for the sake of his own peace. He sees her fretful and impatient under sickness and pain; and he knows that reproach from him might change indifference to discontent; but he is still proud of his beautiful wife, and their life is one continued round of fashionable frivolities, very different from that of her sister and husband, who truly know

"A world enjoyed, that wants no witnesses
But its own sharers and approving heaven;
That like an autumn flower, deep hid in vale,
Smiles, though 'tis only looking on the sky."

J.

THE TOOTHACHE.

"There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a piish at chance and sufferance."

It had been raining all day. The eye could no longer read the poetry of the blue heavens. A most monotonous vapour obscured the beauty of nature, and the air was filled with watery particles, which did not seem to come from any place in particular, but went in all sorts of oblique directions into people's doors and under their umbrellas. Men strided along in the dim distance indistinctly, with huge shapeless overshoes and melancholy countenances; and chimneys and steeples loomed up through the fog with something of the dignity of "misty mountain-tops." There is nothing extraordinary in the fact that after having paraded for some time through the streets, I was rather wet. From a smart shower, when the big drops come dashing and spluttering down in straight lines, there is a refuge; and when the umbrella becomes saturated, and discharges its little rivers from the ends of the whale-bone, you are content to step for a few moments under a shed, or on a door-sill, till it is over; but from such drizzling weather there is no refuge; it defeats all calculation; the whole city is soaked; the bannisters are damp, and one may often write his name with his finger upon the entry wall.

Hour after hour dragged heavily on. The sun, it was presumed, had descended, and *nox atra incubuit mare*. I went home through the mud, splashing on by the obscure lamp light, so completely undone in regard to dress, that I had scarcely the ambition to turn aside for a mud-puddle, but trudged on alike through wet and dry with a kind of miniature despair. Well, I reached the house, flung aside my dripping cloak, shook the drops from my forlorn hat, and laid my unfortunate looking gloves upon the table, hoping to lose the uncomfortable feeling of the day in the cheerful warmth of a blazing fire; but mortals are seldom blest with a freedom from trouble; as one vanishes others come on like waves of the sea, and so we are not often at rest. A dull pain, which I had for sometime suffered in my face, excited some suspicions of a visit from a bitter enemy of mine; until increasing gradually it assumed a character more distinct than agreeable, and I was compelled reluctantly to acknowledge that I had the toothache.

I will not linger to inform the reader what an insufferable torment this is; how it goes on aching, aching, aching, hour after hour; how nobody sympathizes with you, but some poor wretch who has recently been himself excruciated in a similar way, with the long train of sable recollections which throng upon the mind with the gloom of a funeral, at the mention of that unhappy and inexorable disease; but hasten to the conclusion of this history. The imperturbable gravity which overshadowed my visage excited some attention. Yielding with apparent patience, because I knew it could not be avoided, I drew forth from my pocket one of your long red silk handkerchiefs, and bound it around my face.

"What's the matter?" said one.

"Oh, nothing, a little toothache. It will go off presently."

"What's the matter?" asked another.

"The toothache," said I.

"Ah, how do you do?" said a third. "What's the matter with your face?"

"The toothache—the toothache—the toothache," said I, pacing backwards and forwards across the room.

"Hold some brandy in your mouth," said one.

"Put your face in cold water," said another.

"Cover your head up warm," said a third.

"Have you tried opium? Have you taken laudanum?" said one.

"Smoke a cigar," said another.

I allowed myself to be persuaded into several remedies. They put my feet in boiling hot water, enveloped my head in flannel, and sent me to bed in some measure relieved. The tooth, however, continued to ache, ache, ache, as if some fiend were beating and beating upon the nerve with his invisible and tormenting hammer. Sometimes I would sink into a troubled sleep; I lost my hold upon my waking thoughts and the objects around, and floated off among scenes of strange silent confusion; familiar faces appeared laughing and talking, and, perchance, I would catch the glance of a bright eye, or the tone of a sweet voice, which I had known before and remembered; for these will occasionally recur to the memory waking or asleep, when, a sudden start would put them all to instantaneous flight, and there I was, the still moonlight streaming in upon the floor, and the fiend still beating and beating with unrelenting perseverance. I heard the distant clock, through the silence of the night, striking two, three, and four, and despairing at length of winning "death's beautiful brother" to my eyelids, I lay watching with feverish anxiety, the first streaks of gray light that broke in the east.

I had almost resolved to have it out; but these "gothic appeals to cold iron" are anything but agreeable. I have an instinctive horror of a dentist. There is to me something monstrous in his deliberate self-possession. He walks so coolly to his case, chooses you out with so much tranquillity his proper instrument, wraps his buckakin around it with such seeming pleasure, walks up to you so slowly, says he wont hurt you, and as his vile steel rattles against your teeth, he talks of the weather—and—oh!—I hate the very name of a dentist.

When I arose in the morning the very thoughts of him frightened away the pain; and, still buried in handkerchiefs, I sallied forth with a resolution to hold out the fortress at all events for another day. It was a fine sunshiny morning; all the world were merrily in motion; but my unlucky bandages continued to be the object of notice, and the topic of conversation wherever I went.

"How do you do?" asked my friend Tom. "What the deuce is the matter? Have you the mumps?"

"Good morning," replied I, speaking thick through the handkerchiefs so as scarcely to be intelligible. "I have the toothache—had it all night—hav'n't slept a wink," (a white fib which every body tells when he has been disturbed during a part of the night; it does the hearer no harm, and there is no fear of a discovery) "hav'n't slept a wink—cheek all swollen—headache—feel like the deuce."

"Have you tried a hot brick and vinegar?"

"No," returned I, still struggling for utterance against the obstructions which bound my mouth and nose. "I bathed my feet, held brandy in my mouth, and covered my head with hot flannel."

"Pooh! nonsense! brandy indeed! nothing worse for the teeth than brandy. The others decay too as quick again. I'll tell you how to cure your toothache. My wife had the toothache, just as you have, and I made her wash behind her ears with cold water every morning for a week. Try it. It's a certain cure."

"I will; good morning."

Went into my friend M.'s office. There were Mr. H. the poet, Mr. F. the lawyer, Colonel S., and young doctor P.

all fine fellows, and excellent friends of mine; would all cure me if they could.

"Ah, how d'ye do? how are you?"

"Good morning, gentlemen."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Got the toothache—face swelled up as large as a goose's egg. Look here—hav'n't slept these two nights."

"Have you tried a hot onion applied outwardly? You must squeeze it in a flannel bag, and keep it close to the cheek. It's the only cure, and a certain one. My cousin was relieved of a horrid toothache by it."

"I'll try it," said I.

"Take oil of cloves," said lawyer F.; "that's the best thing in the world."

"I can tell you an infallible remedy for the toothache," observed my friend the colonel. "Take a tablespoonfull of brandy, and four tablespoonfulls of ginger, mix it up well with two teaspoonfulls of mustard; wrap your head up in flannel; go to bed; put a couple of hot bricks to your feet, and keep on the poultice till it takes the skin off. You'll never have the toothache again as long as you live."

A little while afterwards—tooth still aching—I sat over my desk in a brown study. My two friends, B. and W. walked in.

"How do you do this morning? What's the matter with your face?"

"The toothache—had it all night—no sleep—look like a fright."

"Hand me that pen," said W., "I'll give you a cure. Take of *nitri. dulcis*, so much, and *alum. pulv.* so much."

"Horrible," said B. "I tried that once, and it screwed my face all out of joint. Have you tried the vapour bath?"

"No."

"Best thing in the world for toothache. Try it."

"I will," said I.

We were interrupted by Mr. L. He is one of your plain common sense sort of people; practical, fixed in his own opinions, a little inclined to stoicism, with a dash of savage philosophy, partly affected to hide tender feelings, and about six feet and an inch high without his shoes.

"What's the matter with your face?" inquired he.

"Toothache," said I, "all swelled; keeps me awake—and—"

"Try my *nitri. dulcis* and *alum. pulv.*," said W.

"Curse your *nitri. dulcis* and *alum. pulv.*," said L., "there is but one cure for the tooth-ache, and that's a sure one."

I looked tremblingly up; he had his great square fist doubled, as if he held something in his hand; he raised it to his mouth, and screwed it around with the motion of a dentist uprooting some huge double grinder with three diverging prongs. My friends were silent. I turned a little pale. He saw what an impression he had made, and with a grin that went to my very soul.

"Out with it, you fool; and there's an end. It's worth all the *nitri. dulcis* and *alum. pulv.* in the universe."

There was a melancholy truth in what he remarked. It sunk into my heart: I made up my mind; and when my worthy advisers left me, I walked around to Mr. P.'s; staid about five minutes; and, to confess the truth, I have had pleasanter moments; but the impetuous coursers of time dashed on, and I came out the happiest of men.

Q.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Editorial prerogative.—In discharging what we conceive to be the duties of an editor of a literary journal, we have not unfrequently been censured for altering the phraseology of our correspondents; and we now take occasion, once for all, to explain our views on this subject. An editor has been compared, by a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, to the keeper of a public ordinary. "As caterer for a series of intellectual banquets, his patrons hold him alone responsible for the quality as well as quantity of the viands presented for their entertainment. If he chooses to accept voluntary contributions, from friends or strangers, it is his bounden duty to see that such free-will offerings are properly prepared, according to the established rules of art, before they are served up to the guests." He must either do this, or impose on his customers; or offend his contributors, by rejecting their favours. If he adopt the latter alternative, literary epicures would be deprived of many an excellent article, that wanted nothing to render it palatable and nourishing, but to be dressed *secundum artem*.

To drop the metaphor, we have often, during the course of our editorial career, been compelled to reject poetical communications, which were replete with refined and elevated thought, beautiful imagery, and delicate sentiment, for no other reason than because they were woefully deficient in language,

rythm, harmony, or rhyme. But whenever it has been deemed practicable, we have attempted to supply these deficiencies, in order that their intrinsic original beauties might not be lost to the public. If we have sometimes failed in these attempts, as perhaps we have, we alone are the sufferers in reputation. Our anonymous correspondents are not responsible for our imperfections.

We are well aware that most writers are exceedingly sensitive on this point, being very tenacious of their own modes of expression. We respect the feeling, and would be the last to do it violence, except in cases where the well-known canons of criticism are outraged, and the fundamental rules of the "sweet art" have evidently been misunderstood or disregarded. More than one of our tuneful correspondents, whose numbers flow smoothly and sweetly in rhyme, appear to be totally ignorant of, or indifferent to, the rules for constructing English blank verse. They seem to think that if each line commence with a capital, and contain ten syllables, it is verse, whether these ten syllables constitute three, four, or five feet: whether the caesura occupy its right position or not; and whether half the lines terminate with a short unaccented syllable, such as a conjunction or preposition, or some more grave and predominant part of speech.

Genius without method, is like passion without reason, or feeling without judgment—for ever running into wild and extravagant vagaries—exciting admiration, without imparting pleasure. To correct such imperfections and eccentricities in the productions of anonymous correspondents, or reject their pieces altogether, is what we conceive to be the prerogative of an editor.

We have been led to these reflections by some caustic remarks in a communication now before us. Among other queries, the writer asks, "whether a poet has not the same privilege as a painter, of choosing the drapery for his airy nothings, which he thinks most becoming; and whether a picture would present a more ridiculous figure, were the frame-maker to assume the right of heightening the colours, or deepening the shades, according to his ideas of beauty, than the written picture after having undergone the same process?"

Now, in our opinion, there exists no analogy between the two cases, as a frame-maker is employed and probably paid, for fitting a frame to the canvass, and is no more responsible for the merits of the picture, than a tailor is for the moral qualities of a customer for whom he makes a coat. Not so with the editor of a literary paper. He is not paid by the artists for exhibiting the pictures that are sent to his gallery, while his reputation as a connoisseur would fatally suffer were he to hang up every abortion that was offered for that purpose. But should he feel convinced that a few touches of his own pencil would render some of them worthy of public inspection, we repeat that it is his prerogative, if not his duty, to make the corrections.

These hasty observations will be understood by the correspondent to whom we have alluded, without our being more explicit. The piece with which we took the liberties which have thus rendered us obnoxious to unmerited censure, as originally written, was poetical, but not poetry; being destitute of the constituent principles of English verse. It might be termed poetical prose, and would have read very well had we published it without regard to its arbitrary admeasurement. In attempting to render it into verse, we may have burdened it with some unnecessary epithets; but this error we conceive more than compensated by an increase of harmony. It is scarcely necessary to add, that had the effusion in question emanated from a less gifted pen, we should not have taken the trouble to correct its imperfections, but should have thrown it among the rubbish we are in the daily habit of receiving.

Texas.—We have given a hasty perusal to an interesting pamphlet, from the pen of a revolutionary officer, entitled "Considerations on the propriety and necessity of annexing the province of Texas to the United States." This project has already been discussed *pro* and *con* by several of our political journals; but the most forcible arguments in favour of the measure, are to be found in the pamphlet before us. We cordially agree with the author, and sincerely hope that no well-wisher to the prosperity of this country will espouse the negative side of the proposition, until he has attentively read, and well digested the publication in question. To us it appears unanswerable.

The Constellation.—The first number of a weekly newspaper, called the "Constellation," was issued in this city, on Saturday last. It contains a great variety of matter, original and selected. The terms are three dollars per annum, and the office of publication is in Maiden-lane.

THE LAST BUGLE.

AT THE REQUEST OF MANY SUBSCRIBERS WE GIVE PLACE TO THE FOLLOWING MASTERLY PRODUCTION, WHICH IS NEARLY OUT OF PRINT.

MAESTOSO CON ESPRESSIONE.

Hark! the muffled drum sounds the last march of the brave, The soldier re-
treats to his quar-ters, the grave, Under death whom he owns his com-mander in chief, No more he'll turn out wit
rea-dy re-lief, No more he'll turn out with the rea-dy re-lief, But in spite of death's ter-rors or hos-tile a-larms, When he
hears the last bu-gle, When he hears the last bu-gle, He'll stand to his arms

When he hears the last bu-gle he'll stand to his arms.

SECOND VERSE.

Farewell, brother soldiers, in peace may you rest,
And light lie the turf on each veteran breast,
Until that review when the souls of the brave
Shall behold the chief ensign, fair Mercy's flag wave;
Then freed from death's terrors, and hostile alarms,
When we hear the last bugle, we'll stand to our arms.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

DWARF VALET.—Captain Taaffe, of Cappacada, in the county of Roscommon, has a valet whose height, by the nicest measurement, does not exceed thirty-four inches, and whose age is twenty-four years. His weight in full dress, with hat, spurs, and top boots, is precisely thirty-eight pounds; and, to add to the singularity of his appearance, he can boast of a perfect symmetry of form.

has been distinguished by benevolence, has definitively quitted public life. She has come to a resolution to exercise her talents no more in public, except for charitable objects.

AN INCLEMENT SEASON.—Last summer it was the prevailing custom in France, to add the following words to invitation cards: "*Musée and fire.*" Indeed, such was the inclemency of the season, that the sun is said to have made his appearance but twice in the course of thirty-two days.

Published every Saturday, at 163 William-street, between Bookman and Ann streets.—Terms four dollars per annum, payable in advance.—No subscription received for a less period than one year. Each volume contains four hundred and sixteen royal quarto pages, five copperplate engravings, including the title-page, and twenty-five popular melodies arranged with accompaniments for the piano-forte.

J. SKYMOUR, PRINTER, JOHN-STREET.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOLUME VII.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

JOY AND GRIEF.

ONE summer morn, when dewy flowers
Displayed their fairest smile,
Young Joy forsook his happy bowers
To frolic forth awhile:
He hid him to a silvery stream,
That rippled down the glade,
And there along its verdant brim
His thoughtless gambols played.

High o'er his head the willow flung
Its gold stems to the air,
While many a jocund warbler sung
His sweet-toned matin there.
He smiled to list the bees' soft hum,
Far from the din of men,
And the wild pheasant's distant drum
Swell echoing through the glen.

And oft his restless form he threw
Sheer in the dancing tide,
To pluck wild water-flowers that grew
Along the streamlet's side:
Soon on his fair unclouded brow
A lovely wreath appears,
Pure as the pearls of winter's snow,
And gemmed with night's rich tears.

Thus played he many a sunny hour,
With bosom glad and free,
Till, tired, he sought a neighbouring bower,
And slumbered dreamily.
Deep from her cypress-circled cell,
Grief spied the form of Joy,
And softly stealing down the dell,
Knelt by the sleeping boy.

Aside she flung his locks of gold,
And gazed with deepening sigh,
Till from her cheek a tear-drop rolled,
And dewed his half-closed eye:
He woke and sought with ready hand
To wipe the tear away;
But, ah! no power at his command,
Could dry that cankering spray.

Pensive he left the lone recess,
And his bright home regained,
Where still mid all his sportiveness
That hapless guest remained:
And thus where'er his form we seek,
In scenes beneath the sky,
We find a smile upon his cheek,
A tear-drop in his eye!

PROTEUS.

POPULAR TALES.

PREPARATIONS FOR PLEASURE.

A PIC-NIC.

BY HORACE SMITH.

To give a pic-nic party a fair chance of success, it must be almost impromptu: projected at twelve o'clock at night at the earliest, executed at twelve o'clock on the following day at the latest; and even then the odds are fearfully against it. The climate of England is not remarkable for knowing its own mind; nor is the weather "so fixed in its resolve" but that a bright August moon, suspended in a clear sky, may be lady-usher to a morn of fog, sleet, and drizzle. Then, again—but this being tender ground, we will only hint at the possibility of such a change—a lady of the intended party might quit the drawing-room at night in the sweetest humour imaginable, and make her appearance at breakfast in a less amiable mood, or, perhaps, "prefer taking breakfast in her own room,"—from which notice husbands sometimes infer that such a change has taken place.

Mr. Claudius Bagshaw, a retired silk mercer, in the vicinity of London, determined, notwithstanding all these arguments, to have a pic-nic party on the twenty-fourth of August, his wedding day. On the third of July, Mr. Claudius Bagshaw, after eating his breakfast and reading the Morning Post, looked out of his parlour window to watch the horticultural pursuits of his better part. Mr. Bagshaw had become a member of one of the "march-of-intellect-societies," and was confident that the pic-nic would turn out a very pleasant thing.

"How fortunate we shall be, dear," said Mr. Bagshaw, "how

happy we shall be, if the weather should be as fine on our wedding-day as it is now."

"True, love," replied Mrs. Bagshaw, "but this is only the third of July, and, as the anniversary of our happy day is the twenty-fourth of August, the weather may change."

This proposition Mr. Bagshaw did not attempt to deny.

The Bagshaws were the happiest couple in the world. Being blest with the negative blessing of no offspring, the stream of their affections was not diverted into little channels, but ebbed and flowed in one uninterrupted tide reciprocally from bosom to bosom. They never disputed, they never quarreled.

Yes, they did sometimes, but then it was from a mutual over-anxiety to please. Each was afraid to pronounce a choice, or a preference, lest it might be disagreeable to the other; and hence there occasionally did arise little bickerings, and tiffings, and miffings, which were quite as unpleasant in their effects, and sometimes as difficult to settle, as quarrels originating in less amiable causes.

"But," said Mr. Bagshaw, referring to the barometer, "the instrument for indicating the present state and probable changes of the weather, still maintains its elevation; and I tell you what, dear, if the weather should be preposterous on the twenty-fourth of August, suppose, instead of going into the north, as we did last year, we migrate into Kent or Surrey? Instead of dining at Hampstead, as we did last year, shall we go to Greenwich, or to Putney, and eat little fishes?"

"Which ever you like, love," was the lady's answer to the so-intended question.

"But I put it to your choice, dear."

"Either—or neither—please yourself, love, and you are sure you will please me."

"Pshaw! but it is for the gratification of your—or, more properly seeking, for your gratification. I submit to you an alternative for the purpose of election; and you know, Jane, I repudiate indifference, even as concerning or applying to trifles."

"You know, Claudius, we have but one wish, and that is to please each other; so do you decide."

"But, Mrs. Bagshaw, I must promulgate a request that—having, as I have, no desire, but to please you—you will—"

"How, sir! would you force me to choose, when I am so obedient as to choose that you should have the choice entirely your own way? This treatment of me is monstrous!"

And here Mrs. Bagshaw did what is usual and proper for ladies to do on such occasions—she burst into tears.

"Why then, madam, to use a strong expression, I must say that—"

But a loud rap at the street-door prevented the utterance of an "expression," the force of which would doubtless have humbled Mrs. Claudius Bagshaw down to the very dust.

"Claudius," said the lady, hastily drying her eyes, "that is uncle John's knock. We'll go to Gre—Put—Greenwich, love."

"That's well, dear; and be assured, love, that nothing is so adverse to the constitution of what Locke emphatically calls the human mind, philosophically considered, as to persevere in that state of indcision which—that—whereof—but we will not go to either; uncle John shall select the locality."

Uncle John was a bachelor of fifty-five, possessing twelve thousand pounds, a strong disinclination to part with any of them, a good heart, and a bad temper.

"Good morning t'ye, good folks: as usual, I perceive, billing and cooing."

The Bagshaws had by this time got together in a corner of the garden, and were lovingly occupied in trimming the same pot of sweet peas.

"Quite the contrary, uncle John," said Mrs. Bagshaw. "Claudius and I have just had one of our most desperate quarrels."

And here the happy pair giggled, and exchanged looks which were meant to imply that their most desperate quarrels were mere kitten's play; and that uncle John did so interpret them, he made manifest by a knowing shake of his fore-finger.

"The fact is, sir, Jane and I talk of commemorating the annual recurrence of the anniversary of our wedding-day, at some place a *little* farther in the country; but our minds are in a perfect vacuum concerning the identity of the spot. Now, sir, will you reduce the place to a mathematical certainty, and be one of the party?"

"Why—um—no: these things are expensive; we come home at night with a guinea a-piece less in our pockets, and I don't see the good of that."

"I have it!" cried Bagshaw: "we'll make it a pic-nic; that *won't* be expensive."

"Then I'm with you, Bagshaw, with all my heart—and it shall be *al fresco*."

"There or any where else you please, sir," gravely replied the learned member of the universal-knowledge-warehouse.

"Uncle John means in the open air, Claudius; that *will* be delightful."

"Charming!" rejoined Bagshaw.

It may be inquired why uncle John, who objected to the disbursement of a guinea for a day's pleasure, should so readily have yielded at the suggestion of a pic-nic. Uncle John possessed a neat little morocco pocket-case, containing a dozen silver spoons, and silver-handled knives and forks, and although we are told that these implements are of later invention than fingers, there is, nevertheless, a very general bias in their favour, for the purpose to which they are applied. Now, uncle John being aware of the prevalence of their employment, it was for this reason he never objected to make one of a pic-nic party; for whilst others contributed chickens, pigeon-pies, or wines, it being the principle of such parties that each member should furnish something to the feast, uncle John invariably contributed the use of his knives, forks, and spoons.

The whole morning was spent in debating on who should be invited to partake of this "pleasantest thing that ever was," and examining into their several pretensions, and their powers of contributing to the amusements of the day; when, at length, the honour of nomination was conferred upon the persons following, and for the reasons assigned:

Sir Thomas and Lady Grouts—because of their title, which would give an air to the thing—(Sir Thomas, formerly a corn-chandler, having been knighted for carrying up an address in the late reign.) Miss Euphemia Grouts, daughter, No. 1—who would bring her guitar. Miss Corinna Grouts, ditto No. 2—because she would sing.

Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass—Mr. Snodgrass being vice-president of the grand junction march-of-intellect-society. Mr. Frederick Snodgrass, their son, (lately called to the chancery bar) who would bring his flute.

Messrs. Wrench and son, (eminent dentists.) The father to be invited because he was charming company, and the son, a dead bore, because the father would be offended if he were not. And lastly,

Miss Snubbleston, a rich maiden lady of forty-four, for no other earthly qualification whatever than her carriage, which (to use Bagshaw's words) would carry herself and *us three*, and also transplant a large portion of the provender to the place of rendezvous.

Bagshaw having made out a fair copy of this list, somewhat in the shape of a bill of parcels, this, the first step towards the "pleasantest thing that ever was," was taken with entire satisfaction.

"Why, Bagshaw," exclaimed uncle John, who had cast up the numbers, "including our three selves, we shall be thirteen!"

The member of the institution perceived the cause of his alarm! but having been lectured out of *prejudices* respecting matters of greater moment than this, he prepared a look of ineffable contempt as his only reply; however, happening to think of uncle John's twelve thousand pounds, he suppressed it, and just contented himself with,

"And what then, sir?"

"Why then, sir, that is a risk I won't run; and unless we can manage to—I have it! the very man. How came we to forget him? *The—very—man*. You know Jack Richards?"

The last four words were delivered in a tone implying the utter impossibility of any human creature being unacquainted with Jack Richards.

"Not in the least, sir. I never heard of him."

"What! never heard of Ja—. The thing is impossible; every body knows Jack Richards. The very thing for us; such a wit! such a wag! he is the life and soul of every thing. Should he be unengaged for the twenty-fourth of August. But he is so caught up! I was invited to meet him at dinner last Sunday at Jones's, but he didn't come. Such a disap-

pointment to us! However, I shall meet him on Thursday at the Time's, if he should but keep his promise, and then—"

"But, uncle," said Mrs. Bagshaw, "hadn't you better send him an invitation at once?"

"I'll do better still, my dear; I'll call at his lodgings, and if I find him hanging loose, I'll bring him to dine with you to-day." Then turning to Bagshaw, he added, "That a man like you shouldn't know Jack Richards, is surprising!"

As this was evidently pointed at Mr. Claudius Bagshaw in his capacity of member of a learned body, Bagshaw pursed up his mouth into a mock modesty smile, and slightly bowed. Off went uncle John in quest of Jack Richards; and, that the pleasantest thing in the world might not suffer by delay, off went Mr. Bagshaw to apprise the Snodgrasses, the Groutses, and the rest of the nominees; and, more important still, off went the lady to the poulterer's, to inquire whether he was likely to have any nice pigeons for a pie, about the twenty-third of next month. The dinner-hour arrived and so did uncle John, but with a face of unspeakable woe.

"I feared how it would be."

"What! can't he be with us on the twenty-fourth?" inquired both the Bagshaws at the same instant."

"He will if he can, but he won't promise. But to-day—! However, it serves us right; we were unwise to indulge a hope of his coming at so short a notice. He has almost engaged himself to you for Sunday fortnight, though. What a creature it is! he has given me such a pain in my side!"

"Something he said that almost killed you with laughing: repeat it, uncle, repeat it."

"Why, no, he didn't say any thing particular: but he has a knack of poking one in the ribs, in his comical way, and sometimes he hurts you."

We intended to describe Jack Richards at length; uncle John's accidental notice of this trait has, most probably, rendered that trouble unnecessary. Indeed, we feel that we need scarcely add to it, that he can sing a devilish good song, (and every body knows what is meant by that) and imitated the inimitable Mathew's imitations of the actors, not even excepting his imitation of Tate Wilkinson's imitation of Garrick.

Except the uncertainty of Jack Richards, the result of the morning's occupation was satisfactory. Bagshaw, still retaining his old business-like habits of activity and industry, had contrived to wait on every person named in the list, all of whom had promised their attendance! and Mrs. Bagshaw had received from the poulterer a positive assurance that he would raise heaven and earth to supply her with pigeons on the twenty-third of the ensuing August!

Committees were forthwith summoned. First, a committee to consider of the whereabouts. At this, after an evening of polite squabbling, which had nearly put an end to the project altogether, Twickenham meadows received the honour of selection—*nem. con.* as Bagshaw said. Next, lest it should happen as it did once happen, for want of such preconcert, that a picnic party of ten found themselves at their place of meeting with ten fillets of veal and ten hams, Mr. Bagshaw called a committee of "provender." Here it was settled that the Snodgrasses should contribute four chickens and a tongue; the Bagshaws, their pigeon-pie; Wrench and son, a ham; Sir Thomas Grouts, a hamper of his own choice wine; Miss Snubbleston, a basket of fruit and pastry; uncle John, his silver spoons, knives, and forks; and Jack Richards—his charming company. And lastly, came the committee for general purposes! At this important meeting it was agreed that the party proceed to Twickenham by water; that, to save the trouble of loading and unloading, Miss Snubbleston's carriage convey the hampers, &c. direct to the place appointed—the said carriage, moreover, serving to bring the ladies to town, should the evening prove cold; that, for the *water-music*, the following programme be adopted: 1. On reaching Vauxhall bridge the concert to commence with Madame Pasta's grand scena in "Medea," previous to the murder of the children, by Miss Corinna Grouts. 2. Nicholson's grand flute concerto in five sharps, by Mr. Frederick Snodgrass. 3. Grand aria, with variations, guitar, by Miss Euphemia Grouts. 4. Sweet Bird; accompaniment, flute obligato, Miss C. G. and Mr. F. S.—and 5. The Dettingen te deum, (arranged for three voices, by Mr. F. S.) by Miss Euphemia, Miss Corinna, and Mr. Frederick Snodgrass. The "interstices," as Mr. Bagshaw called them, to be filled up by the amusing talents of the elder Wrench, and uncle John's friend. And, lastly, that the company do assemble at Mr. Bagshaw's on the morning of the twenty-fourth of August, at ten o'clock *precisely*, in order to have the advantage of the tide both ways.

Three days prior to the important twenty-fourth, Mr. Bagshaw went to engage the boat, but in a squabble with the boatman Mr. B. got a black eye. This was the first mishap.

Restless and impatient though you be, depend upon it there is not a day of the whole three hundred and sixty-five will put itself in the slightest degree out of the way, or appear one second before its appointed time for your gratification. O that people would consider this, and wait *avants* with patience! Certainly Mr. Bagshaw did not. The night of the twenty-third to him appeared an age. His repeater was in his hand every ten minutes. He thought the morning would never dawn, but he was mistaken; it did; and as fine a morning as if it had been made on purpose to favour his excursion. By six o'clock he was dressed! by eight the contributions from all the members had arrived, and were ranged in the passage. There was their own pigeon-pie carefully packed in brown paper and straw; Sir Thomas's hamper of his own choice wine; and the rest. Every thing promised fairly. The young ladies and Mr. Frederick had had thirty rehearsals of their grand arias and concertos, and were perfect to a demisemiquaver; Jack Richards would *certainly* come; and the only drawback upon Mr. Bagshaw's personal enjoyment, but nothing in this world is perfect, was the necessity he was under of wearing his green shade, which would totally deprive him of the pleasure of contemplating the beauties of the Thames' scenery; a thing he had set his heart upon. Nine! ten!

"No one here yet! Jane, my love, we shall infallibly lose the tide;" and for the next quarter of an hour the place of the poor repeater was no sinecure.

A knock! Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass and Mr. Frederick. Another! the whole family of the Groutses. Next came Mr. Charles Wrench.

"Bless us! Mr. Charles," said Bagshaw, "where is your father?"

Now Mr. Wrench, senior, was an agreeable old dentist, always gay, generally humorous, sometimes witty; he could *sketch* characters as well as *draw* teeth; and, on occasions of this kind, was invaluable. The son was a mere donkey; a silly, simpering, well-dressed young gentleman, the owner of no more than the eighth of an idea, and of a very fine set of teeth, which he constantly exhibited like a sign or advertisement of his shop. Appended to every thing he uttered were a preface and postscript, in the form of a sort of billy-goat grin.

"He! he! he! he! fayther regrets emezingly he caint come, being called to attend the duchess of Dilborough. He! he! he! he!"

As we have already said that it was in pure compliment to the father that the son was invited, and not at all for the sake of his own company, his presence was a grievous aggravation of the disappointment.

The next knock announced Miss Snubbleston. But where was her carriage? Why, it had been newly varnished, and they might scratch her pannels with the hampers; and then she was afraid of her springs. So here was Miss Snubbleston without her carriage, for the convenience of which alone she had been invited, considered by the rest in exactly the same light as young Mr. Wrench without old Mr. Wrench—*id est*, a damper. A new arrangement was the necessary consequence; and the basket, under the superintendence of a servant, were jolted down in a hackney coach, to be embarked at Westminster. But Miss Snubbleston brought with her a substitute, which was by no means a compensation. Cupid, her wretched, little, barking, yelping, Dutch pug, had eaten something that had disagreed with him, and his fair mistress would not "for worlds," have left him at home while he was so indisposed. Well, no one chose to be the first to object to the intruder, so Cupid was received.

ARRIVAL OF JACK RICHARDS.

"But where *can* uncle John and his friend be? We shall lose the tide, that's certain," was scarcely uttered by Mr. Bagshaw, when in came our uncle, together with the long expected Jack Richards.

"The usual introductions over, Mr. Richards saluted every body with the self-sufficient swagger of a vulgar lion."

"The day smiles auspicious, sir," said Bagshaw, who thought it requisite he should throw off something fine to so celebrated a person.

"Smile? a broad grin, I call it, sir." And here was a general laugh.

"Oh, excellent!"

"Capital!"

Uncle John, proud of his friend, whispered in Bagshaw's ear, "you see, Jack's beginning." And now hats and gloves were in motion.

"You have got your flute, Frederick?"

"Yes, mother," was the reply.

"Lau Ma!" cried Miss Corinna, "if I haven't come without 'Sweet Bird,' and my scena from 'Medea,' I declare."

As these were indispensable to the amusements of the day, a servant was despatched for them. He couldn't be gone longer than half an hour. Half an hour! thought Bagshaw; 'tis eleven now; and the tide— But the servant was absent a few minutes beyond the half hour, and poor Bagshaw suffered severely from that gnawing impatience, amounting almost to pain, which every mother's son of us has experienced upon occasions of greater—or less importance than this. They were again at the very point of starting, when a message was brought to Mrs. Snodgrass that little master Charles had cut his thumb dreadfully! What was to be done? Mrs. Snodgrass vowed, she shouldn't be easy in her mind the whole day, unless she knew the extent of the mischief: and as they *only* lived in Euston-square, and she could be there and back again in twenty minutes, she would herself go see what really was the matter: and away she went. Twenty minutes! During all this time, Bagshaw—but who would attempt to describe anguish indescribable! At length he was relieved by the return of Mrs. Snodgrass; but, to the horror and consternation of himself, and of all present, she introduced the aforesaid master Charles, an ugly, ill-tempered, blubbery little brat of seven years old, with a bloated red face, scrubby white hair, and red eyes; and with the interesting appendage of a thick slice of bread and butter in his hand.

"I'm sure you'll pardon this liberty," said the affectionate Mama: "but poor Charley has cut himself very much, and he would not be pacified till I consented to take him with us. He has promised to be very good. There, don't cry any more, darling!" and, accordingly, the urchin roared with tenfold vigour. There were no particular manifestations of joy at this arrival; and it is just possible, although nothing was uttered to that effect, that there did exist a general and cordial wish that young master Snodgrass were sprawling at the bottom of the deepest well in England. Uncle John, indeed, did utter something about the pug and the child—two such nuisances—people bringing their brats into grown up company.

At length the procession set out; the Bagshaws, uncle John and Jack Richards bringing up the rear in a hackney-coach. On reaching the corner of the street, Mrs. Bagshaw called out to the driver to stop.

"What is the matter, dear?" said Bagshaw.

"Your eye-lotion, love."

"Well, never mind that, sweet."

"Claudius, I shall be miserable if you go without it. Dr. Nooth desired you would use it every two hours. I must insist—now, for my sake, love—such an eye as he has got, Mr. Richards!"

So away went Bagshaw to the lake of Lausanne Lodge for the lotion, which, as it always happens when folks are in a hurry, it took him a quarter of an hour to find.

They were now fairly on the road.

"What a smell of garlick!" exclaimed uncle John; "it is intolerable!"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Richards, "do you perceive it? 'Tis a fine Italian sausage I bought at Morel's, as my contribution. We shall find it an excellent relish in the country," and he exhibited his purchase, enveloped in a brown paper.

"Pha! shocking! 'tis a perfect nuisance! Put it into your pocket again, or throw it out at window." But Mr. Richards preferred obeying the first command.

Apocryph of contributions, "uncle, have you brought your spoons?"

"Here they are," replied uncle; at the same time drawing from his pocket a parcel in size and form very closely resembling Mr. Richards's offensive contribution.

On arriving at Westminster Bridge, they found the rest of the party already seated in the barge, and the first sound that saluted their ears was an intimation that, owing to their being two hours behind time (it was now past twelve), they should hardly save the tide.

"I knew it would be so," said Bagshaw, with more of discontent than he had thought to experience, considering the pains he had taken that every thing should be well-ordered.

As uncle John was stepping into the boat, Richards, with great dexterity, exchanged parcels with him, putting the Italian sausage into uncle John's pocket and the spoons into his own; enhancing the wit of the manœuvre by whispering to the Bagshaws, who, with infinite delight, had observed it.

"Hang me," said Richards, "but he shall have enough of the garlick!"

The old gentleman was quite unconscious of the operation, as Richards adroitly diverted his attention from it by giving him one of his facetious pokes in the ribs, which nearly bent him double, and drew a roar of laughter from every one else.

Just as they were pushing off, their attention was attracted

by a loud howling. It proceeded from a large Newfoundland dog, which was standing at the water's edge.

"Confound it!" cried Richards, "that's my Carlo! He has allowed me, unperceived, all the way from home—I would not lose him for fifty pounds. I must take him back—pray put me ashore. This is very provoking—though he is a very quiet dog!"

There was no mistaking this hint. Already were there two nuisances on board—master Charles and the Dutch pug; but as they were to choose between Jack Richards with his dog, or no Jack Richards, (or, in other words, no life and soul of the party,) it was presently decided that Carlo should be invited to a seat on the hampers, which were stowed at the head of the boat—uncle John having first extracted from Mr. Richards an assurance that their new guest would lie there as still as a mouse. This complaisance was amply rewarded by a speedy display of Mr. Richards's powers of entertainment. As soon as they reached the middle of the river Jack Richards suddenly jumped up, for the purpose of frightening Miss Snubbleston; a jest at which every body else would have laughed, had not their own lives been endangered by it. Even his great admirer suggested to him that once of that was enough. His next joke was one of a more intellectual character. Though he had never till this day seen Sir Thomas, he had accidentally heard something about his former trade.

"What is the difference between Lord Eldon and Sir Thomas Grouts?" Nobody could tell.

"One is an ex-chancellor—the other is an ex-chandler." Every body laughed, except the Grouts family.

This was succeeded by another thrust in uncle John's side; after which came a pun, which we shall not record, as the effect of it was to force the ladies to cough and look into the water, the gentlemen to look at each other, and Mrs. Snodgrass to whisper Mrs. Bagshaw.

"Who is this Mr. Richards?"

Indeed, there would have been no end to his pleasantries had they not been interrupted by a request that Miss Corinna would open the concert, as they were fast approaching Vauxhall bridge. Mr. Bagshaw (looking at the programme, which he had drawn out on paper ruled with red and blue lines,) objected to this, as it would disturb the previous arrangement, according to which the concert was not to commence till they were through the bridge. This objection was overruled, and the fair Corinna unrolled the music, for which the servant had been despatched with so much haste. Miss Corinna screamed! What was the matter?

"They had not sent the grand scena from Medea, after all, but a wrong piece!" And the pains she had taken to be perfect in it!

"Could not Miss Corinna sing it from memory?"

"Impossible!"

"How careless of you, Corinna! then sing what they have sent."

"Why, ma," said Corinna, with tears in her eyes, and holding up the unfortunate sheets, "why bless me, ma, I can't sing the overture to Der Freyschutz!"

The difficulty of such a performance being readily admitted, Mr. Frederick Snodgrass declared himself but too happy to comply with the calls for his concerto in five sharps, which stood next on the list; and with the air of one well satisfied that an abundance of admiration and applause would reward his efforts, he drew forth his flute, when, lo! one of the joints was missing! This accident was nearly fatal to the musical entertainments of the day; for not only was the concerto thereby rendered impracticable, but "Sweet Bird," with the flute-accompaniment obligato, was put *hors de combat*. Disappointment having, by this, been carried to its uttermost bounds, the announcement that two strings of the guitar had gone, was received with an indifference almost stoical; and every one was grateful to Miss Euphemia for so willingly undertaking (the whispered menaces of Lady Grouts being heard by nobody but the young lady herself,) to do all that could be done under such untoward circumstances. She would endeavour to accompany herself through a little ballad; but she failed.

Mr. Claudius Bagshaw, with all his literature, science, and philosophy, now, for the first time, wondered how any thing could fail, so much trouble having been taken to insure success. Drawing forth his repeater, he a hem'd! and just muttered.

"Unaccountable! Hem! upon my word! One o'clock, and no pleasure yet!"

"One o'clock," echoed his spouse; then 'tis time for your eye, dear!" and Bagshaw was compelled not only to suffer his damaged optics to be dabbled by his tormentingly-affectionate

wife, but to submit again to be hoodwinked, in spite of his entreaties to the contrary, and his pathetic assurances that he had not yet seen a bit of the prospect; a thing he had set his heart upon.

Now occurred a dead silence of some minutes. A steam-boat rushed by. Bagshaw seized this opportunity to make a display of his scientific acquirements; and this he did with the greater avidity, as he had long wished to astonish vice-president Snodgrass. Besides, in the event of his offering to deliver a course of lectures at the institution, the vice-president might bear evidence to his capabilities for the purpose—his acquaintance not only with the facts, but with the terms of science. Whether those terms were always correctly applied, we confess ourselves not sufficiently learned to pronounce.

"How wondrous is the science of mechanism! how varied its progeny, how simple, yet how compound! I am propelled to the consideration of this subject by having optically perceived that ingenious nautical instrument, which has just now flown along like a mammoth, that monster of the deep! You ask me how are steam-boats propagated? In other words, how is such an infinite and immovable body inveigled along its course? I will explain it to you. It is by the power of friction: that is to say, the two wheels, or paddles, turning diametrically, or at the same moment, on their axioms, and repressing by the rotundity of their motion the action of the menstrum in which the machine floats,—water being, in a philosophical sense, a powerful non-conductor,—it is clear, that in proportion as is the revulsion so is the progression; and as is the centrifugal force, so is the—"

"Pooh!" cried uncle John impatiently, "let us have some music."

"I have an apprehension, Bagshaw," said the vice-president,—"that I should not presume to dispute with you—that you are wrong in your theory of the centrifugal force of the axioms. However, we will discuss that point at the Grand-Junction. But come, Frederick, the 'Dettingen te deum.'"

Frederick and the young ladies having, by many rehearsals, perfected themselves in the performance of this piece, instantly complied. Scarcely had they reached the fourth bar, when Jack Richards, who had not for a long time perpetrated a joke, produced a harsh, brassy-toned, German colina, and "blew a blast so loud and shrill," that the Dutch pug began to bark, Carlo to howl, and the other nuisance, master Charles, to cry. The German colina was of itself bad enough, but these congregate noises were intolerable. Uncle John aimed a desperate blow with a large apple, which he was just about to bite, at the head of Carlo, who, in order to give his lungs fair play, was standing on all fours on the hampers. The apple missed the dog, and went some distance beyond him into the water. Mr. Carlo, attributing to uncle John a kinder feeling than that which actually prompted the proceeding, looked upon it as a good-natured expedient to afford him an opportunity of adding his mite to the amusements of the day, by displaying a specimen of his training. Without waiting for a second hint, he plunged into the river, seized the apple, and, paddling up to the side of the boat with the prize triumphantly exhibited in his jaws, to the consternation of the whole party, he scrambled in between uncle John and his master, dropped the apple upon the floor, distributed a copious supply of Thames' water amongst the affrighted beholders, squeezed his way through them as best he could, and, with an air of infinite self-satisfaction, resumed his place on the hampers.

Had Mr. Jack Richards, the owner of the dog, been at the bottom of the Thames a week before this delightful twenty-fourth not one of the party, Mr. Richards himself excepted, would have felt in the slightest degree concerned; but since, with a common regard to politeness, they could not explicitly tell him so they contented themselves with bestowing upon Mr. Carlo every term of opprobrium, every form of execration, which good-manners will allow—leaving it to the sagacity of "the life and soul of the company" to apply them to himself, if so it might be agreeable to him. Poor fellow! he felt the awkwardness of his situation, and figuratively, as well as literally speaking, this exploit of his dog threw a damp upon him, as it had done upon every one else.

For some time the pic-nics pursued their way in solemn silence. At length, Bagshaw, perceiving that there would be very little pleasure if matters were allowed to go on in this way, exclaimed,

"An intelligent observer, not imbued with the knowledge of our intentions, would indicate us to be a combination of perturbed spirits, rowed by Charon across the river Tiber."

In cases of this kind, the essential is to break the ice. Conversation was now resumed.

"Ah! ha!" said the vice-president, "Sion-house."

"The residuum of the Northumberlands," said Claudius,

"one of the most genealogical and antique families in England."

And here, having put forth so much classical and historical lore, almost in a breath, he marked his own satisfaction by a short, single cough. The vice-president said nothing, but he thought to himself, "There is much more in this Bagshaw than I suspected."

Jack Richards was up again.

"Come, what's done can't be helped; but, upon my soul! I am sorry at being the innocent cause of throwing cold water on the party."

"Cold water, indeed! look at me, sir," said Miss Snubbleston, with tears in her eyes, and exhibiting her *ci-devant* shoulder-of-mutton sleeves, which, but half an hour before, as stiff and stately as starch could make them, were now hanging loose and flabby about her skinny arms.

"Too bad, Jack," said uncle John, "to bring that cursed Carlo of yours!"

Carlo, perceiving that he was the subject of conversation, was instantly on his legs, his eye steadily fixed upon uncle John, evidently expecting a signal for a second plunge. The alarm was general, and every tongue joined in the scream of "Lie down, sir! lie down!"

Uncle John, who had been more than once offended by the odour from his friend's garlic sausage, and who had on each and every such occasion vented an exclamation of disgust, to the great amusement of Mr. Richards, (who chuckled with delight to think of the exchange he had secretly effected,) here, in the very middle of the stream, resolved to rid himself of the annoyance. Unperceived by any one, he gently drew the parcel from Richards' coat-pocket, and let it drop into the water! Like king Richard's pierced coffin, once in, it soon found the way to the bottom. Uncle John could scarcely restrain his inclination to laugh aloud; however, he contrived to assume an air of indifference, and whistled part of a tune.

ARRIVAL AT TWICKENHAM, AND THE CATASTROPHE.

Arrived at Twickenham, the boatmen were ordered to pull up to a beautiful meadow, sloping down to the water's edge. There was no time to lose—they had no pleasure yet—so Bagshaw entreated that every one "would put his shoulder to the wheel, and be on the *qui rata*." In an instant a large heavy hamper was landed, but, as in compliance with Bagshaw's request, every one did something to help, a scene of confusion was the consequence, and numerous pieces of crockery were invalidated ere the cloth was properly spread, and the dishes, plates, and glasses distributed. But for the feast. Mr. Snodgrass's basket was opened, and out of it were taken four remarkably fine chickens, and a tongue—uncooked! There was but one mode of accounting for this trifling omission. Mr. Snodgrass's Betty was a downright matter-of-fact person, who obeyed orders to the very letter. Having been told, the evening before, to get four fine chickens for roasting, together with a tongue, and to pack them, next morning, in a basket, she did so literally and strictly; but, as she had received no distinct orders to dress them, to have done so she would have deemed an impertinent departure from her instructions. Well; since people in a high state of civilization, like Mr. Claudius Bagshaw and his friends, cannot eat raw chickens, they did the only thing they could under the circumstances—they grumbled exceedingly, and put them back again into the basket. This was a serious deduction in the important point of quantity, and uncle John felt a slight touch of remorse at having thrown, as he thought, his friend's Italian sausage into the Thames. However there was still provision in the garrison. But the run of luck in events, as at a game of whist, may be against you; and when it is so, be assured that human prudence and foresight—remarkable as even Mrs. Bagshaw's who bespoke her pigeons seven weeks before she wanted them—avail but little. When the packages were first stowed in the boat, the pigeon-pie was inadvertently placed at the bottom, and every thing else, finishing with the large heavy hamper of crockery, with Carlo on that, upon it; so that when it was taken up it appeared a chaotic mass of pie-crust, broken china, pigeons, brown paper, beef-steak, eggs, and straw!

"Now this is enough to provoke a saint!" said Bagshaw; and no one attempting to deny the position, with this salvo for his own character of philosophic patience, he indulged himself in the full expression of his vexation and sorrow. After a minute examination, he declared the pie to be "a complete squash," and that nobody could venture to eat it but at the imminent risk of being choked. As he was about to throw it over the hedge, Miss Snubbleston, seized with an unusual fit of generosity, called out to him.

"What are you doing? Though it isn't fit for us to eat, it

will be quite a treat to the poor watermen. I dare say, poor souls, they don't often get pigeon-pie."

But the good genius of Mr. Carlo prevailed; and the truth of the adage, "tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," was confirmed in his mind as he found himself busily employed in the ingenious operation of separating pigeon from porcelain. It was, doubtless, extremely ill bred in one dog not to invite another, and Cupid expressed his sense of the slight by a long-continued yell, which drew down upon him, from the equally disappointed bipeds of the company, sundry wishes, the positive accomplishment of which would not have tended much to his personal happiness. The next basket was opened. Things were not altogether in a desperate state. Mr. Wrench's ham was in perfect order, and that, with Miss Snubbleston's salad, and some bread and—could it be possible! After so much preparation, and Mr. Bagshaw's committee of "proven-der" to boot, that no one should have thought of so obvious a requisite as bread! There would not be time to send Mr. Bagshaw to Twickenham town to procure some, for it was getting late, and if they lost the tide, they should be on the water till midnight, and they did not like the appearance of the sky, which was by no means so blue as it had hitherto been. However, the want of bread did not much signify; they could make a shift with Miss Snubbleston's biscuits and pound-cakes. But uncle John did not come out on an excursion of pleasure to make a shift; no more did Bagshaw, no more did any of the others. There was nothing else to be done; so where is Miss Snubbleston's basket? And where is Master Charles? gracious! Don't be alarmed, the precious rarity is in no danger. He was soon discovered behind a tree, whither he had dragged the fruit and cakes, and was engaged with all his might and main, in an endeavour, with a piece of stick to force out an apple. In this attempt, as it was presently seen, the interesting child had cracked a bottle, the contents of which, merely a preparation of oil, vinegar, and mustard for the salad, were quietly dribbling through the pound-cakes, biscuits, and fruit. Similar aspirations to those which had lately been so cordially expressed for the Dutch pug, were now most devoutly formed in behalf of Master Charles.

"This comes of bringing their plaguey brats with them," said uncle and Bagshaw.

Whilst this scene was going on, Jack Richards, perceiving that the service of the table was incomplete, bethought him of uncle John's silver handled knives and forks, and spoons. he felt first in one pocket, then in the other, then he ran down to search the boat, then he rummaged the baskets.

"Jack, my boy," hallooed uncle John, "don't trouble yourself, you'll never see that again."

"What, sir?"

"I could not bear the smell of it any longer, so I slyly drew it out of your pocket, and dexterously let it fall into the deepest part of the Thames."

And here uncle John chuckled, and looked about him for applause.

"Bless me, sir! Don't say so—why—bless my heart—you don't know—before we got into the boat, I put the sausage into your pocket, and your case of cutlery into my own!"

There was a general burst of laughter against uncle John. He turned as pale as—nay, paler, than any thing that has ever yet been dragged into the comparison; for an instant he stood stock-still, then thrust his hand into his pocket, drew forth the unfortunate substitute, and at the same time exclaiming D—tion! dashed it violently to the ground. He next buttoned his coat from the bottom to the top, pulled down his cuffs, whispered to his no longer admired Jack Richards, "You shall hear from me, Mr.—" and saying aloud to Bagshaw, "This comes of your confounded party of pleasure, sir," away he went, and returned to town outside a Twickenham coach; resolving by the way to call out that Mr. Richards, and to eject the Bagshaws from the snug corner they held in his last will and testament.

This explosion seemed to have banished pleasure for that day. They were all, more or less, out of humour; and instead of making the best of things, as they had hitherto done, they now made the worst of them. Sir Thomas's hamper of his choice wine (which, by the by, he purchased at a cheap shop for the occasion) was opened; and slices of ham were cut with the only knife and fork. Jack Richards tried to be facetious, but it would not do. He gave Bagshaw a poke in the ribs, which was received with a very formal, "Sir, I must beg—" To Mr. Wrench, junior, he said,

"You have not spoken much to-day—but you have made amends for your silence—d'ye take?—Your ham is good, though your tongue is not worth much!"

Instead of laughing, Mr. Wrench simpered something about

impertinent liberties and satisfaction. On being invited by Sir Thomas to a second glass of his old East India, he said that one was a dose—had rather not double the Cape; and at the first glass of champagne, he inquired whether there had been a plentiful supply of gooseberries that year. In short, whether it were that the company knew not how to appreciate his style of wit and pleasantry, or that he was in reality a very disagreeable person, the fact is that—but hold! let us say nothing ill of him; he died last week, at Folkestone, of a surfeit of goose, in the forty-ninth year of his age. For the consolation of such as were amused by him, and regret his loss, be it remembered that there are still to be found many Jack Richards in this world.

As we have said, they now resolved to make the worst of every thing; the grass was damp, the gnats were troublesome, Carlo's nose was in every body's face, Cupid's teeth at every body's calves, and Master Charles was ill of the many sour apples; it was growing late, and no good could come of sitting longer in the open air. They re-embarked. By the time they reached Putney it was pitch dark, and the tide was setting against them. They moved on in mute impatience, for there was a slight sprinkling of rain. It now fell in torrents. Master Charles grew frightened and screamed. Cupid yelped and Carlo howled. Accompanied the rest of the way by these pleasing sounds, at one in the morning (two hours and a half later than they intended) they arrived at Westminster-stairs, dull, dreary, drowsy, discontented, and drenched.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER VII.

THE moon was streaming down through the trees, silvering the distant river with her trembling beams, and casting long and strongly marked shadows from the houses. The constellations, which have been the theme of man's wonder and admiration for thousands of years, were yet lending their quiet lustre to the lovely night; and the scene that was spread around me as I stood upon a gentle hill just in the suburbs of the town, seemed like a surpassing picture, it was so silent, motionless, and beautiful. I thought of those lines of Moore:

"A spirit there is whose fragrant sigh
"Is breathing now through earth and air;
"Where cheeks are blushing the spirit is nigh,
"Where lips are meeting the spirit is there.
"Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power,
"Spirit of love, spirit of bliss;
"Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
"And there never was moonlight so sweet as this."

The night is a theme for poetry as well as painting. I admired in my secret soul the arrangement by which nature had provided, for us this beautiful blessing, with its grateful companions, sleep and dreams. Although the evil passions of man have stalked forth beneath its shadows, and the cruel and degraded pervert its gentle influences to their own designs; yet to me it comes with the welcome step of a good angel, unraveling the web of day, and cheering me after toil and disappointment. It is a medicine to the sick and feverish spirit. It is a truce to the war of life. It is a dew to the flower of the mind, reviving its invisible and drooping leaves. Its wide silence, and the brilliant secrets which it reveals from the bosom of the sky, call up in the heart attributes which have been all day slumbering.

'Who can tell,' thought I, as the quiet witchery of the hour fell into the recesses of my nature, as light penetrating the depths of a stream, and each star in the heavens, and every broad stream of light upon the earth roused up its own sweet feeling; 'who knows what other undiscovered senses have been bestowed on us?—or what new capacities may hereafter grow up by which our pleasures may be multiplied, and their spheres enlarged? In what various and delightful ways do the surrounding objects already address themselves to our comprehension! What vast designs the human mind has compassed! What hidden qualities it has detected. Who shall interrupt its progress? What shall limit its wanderings?'

While indulging in these proud and lofty meditations, I had lengthened my walk towards the church, whose white steeple rises above the foliage of the trees in graceful simplicity. With eager step, and perhaps glowing cheek, I pursued my way, when the little church-yard, with its silent grove, and speaking but melancholy monuments, came up to my view. In a few moments I stood within the narrow enclosure, with nothing around me but the out-spreading trees, and recorded marble, and the ashes of the great and

the gay—youth—beauty—worth—mouldering beneath.—There is a deep and strange feeling in standing thus in the solitary night, with no companions but the beings of a past world. We realize with extraordinary force, the unknown void towards which time's lapsing current bears us, and the impotent imagination, that has ranged all regions of created things, recoils aghast from the blackness of the prospect. Such a scene presents, too, a singular contrast between the living and the dead. Sweet flowers are springing from the rounded grave, with as much beauty as if they decorated a garden of pleasure—the sounds of the distant crowd—the laugh of the careless—the bark of the dog—or perhaps a burst of music floats like a stranger above the unheeding tombs—and the same moonlight that streams upon fair ladies' bower, tinges the neighbouring stream, and lends the wanton clouds their robes of silver, smiles, as if in ignorance, on the white slabs, the emblem of life's ruin, and the last display of its pride. I thought nature had forgotten them.

Here repose the bodies of many whom I had known and loved. Manly talent and faithful affection were there—youth's wild mirth, and woman's soft beauty. There poor Graham rests from his weary being. Haines was cut off from a career of honour, to become the tenant of this dark abode; and Emmet, whose words I had so often caught with rapture—whose glowing sentiments and venerable form yet lingered in my memory, there sleeps in silence with the rest.

As I stood by the grave of one whom I had known, lost in sad reflections upon hours gone by, I was a little startled by a step upon the grass, and a form glided towards me. I at once recognised the Genius, and welcomed him with the hope that he could dispel the sadness which had taken possession of my mind.

"Thanks, fair spirit," said I, "for this timely visit, although I fear your censure for frequenting this melancholy spot, and indulging in these vain regrets."

"Far from it," said he. "You are where the living should be no stranger; whether he comes to mourn over those who are gone, or to reflect upon the great surviving world."

"But do not these dark places promote the discontent which is our greatest foe?"

"If you come here to lament idly over the past, or to exaggerate the miseries of the future, you are only wandering from your own duty, and consequently from your interest; but you cannot be better engaged than in retiring here for a time from the confusion and error which prevail abroad, to canvass impartially the value of things."

"But here," said I, "I can read only painful truths. They chill warm hope—they prostrate proud and lofty ambition—they cause me to neglect the affections which reach their coiling tendrils towards the floating object around. And this stern foul doom stands before me like a monster in whose awful presence the beautiful erect spirit is abased."

"Therein," said the Genius, "you are in error. The terror of death is created more by the imagination than the reason. It is a phantom necessary in itself, which however you have clothed it with the drapery of fear, gloom, and anguish, contributes as much to the perfection of your earthly system of things, as any of the instruments of heaven's will that come in pleasing shapes, and bestow absolute and immediate joy."

"If death is no absolute evil," replied I, "why do all men fear it? There is no principle more deeply rooted in our nature. I have often wondered why the creative hand which has woven together so many charms, which has made the very elements lavish of joy, which has given the wild bird its gorgeous plumage and untaught music, and the modest flower its blended hues and fragrant breath, could not have presented death also in a form less terrible."

"If," said my companion, "the process by which the spirit is disentangled from the flesh, were one of ease or luxury, the race upon earth would soon come to an end. Every idle sorrow would waft away multitudes. It is therefore wisely ordered, that the way from the present limited state lies through a dark, repulsive, and painful passage; but strip it of the exaggerated hideousness in which fancy and ignorance have arrayed it, and it loses much of its horrid character."

"But," said I, "it teems with bodily anguish; the senses are wrenched from their duties; the healthy blood loses its warm impulses, and the pure intellect wanders from its course, as light refracted into broken and distorted images. Is not this an evil?"

"A partial and immediate evil," he answered, "and made

so for a just purpose; but not the peculiar, undefinable, and complete misfortune which you have imagined it to be. It is a part of the same system of necessary and productive pain which pervades all life, sustains its various branches, and accomplishes its intelligent and happy designs. The infant feels it in the feebleness of its helpless frame; it acquires strength with cries and fears. Through sickness and anguish, its white teeth bud forth, the mother's joy; and the weary hours of its primitive being are as fraught with sorrow as those which mark the decline of age; yet you trace these to strength, health, intellect, all the attributes of mind and body. Why may not the pangs of dissolution be the preparatory stages of a higher state?"

"But they who remain behind," said I, "have the strongest claim upon our sympathy. The feeling with which I stand by a new grave consists not of compassion for the poor ashes of the dead, unconscious of the idle ceremonies which it has conjured up around it; but oh, the hearts that are swelling and breaking in the circle of spectators! The father—the son—brothers—sisters—the fond husband—the deserted wife—these are the objects for which my eyes moisten and my heart bleeds."

"Grief for the dead," said the Genius, "is truly an anguish; but it elevates and inspires the soul. It loosens the hold with which it has grasped the earth; it prepares it for its own destiny, and to one who has no unkind word to retract, no treachery to repent, it is not destitute of a sweetness purifying and ennobling. Besides, it is a misfortune which must necessarily overtake you; the world would otherwise be crowded with a multitude of helpless and useless beings. Its soil would no longer answer their labours with the golden harvest; the earth would not even afford them room to tread, and life would degenerate into an evil, from which death would be a welcome refuge. Besides, time has been gifted with healing powers. The swelling anguish of the bereaved at length subsides, and the population of the globe are sensibly benefited by an arrangement over which you mourn. It is the grand privilege of virtue and knowledge to meet death with courage, and to support the loss of others with resignation. Despair is unworthy a noble and intelligent being; only the ignorant and the guilty yield to its influence. To live wisely and die with dignity, are within the compass of all men's endeavours. He who has read nature with wisdom, cherishes confidence in the decrees of Providence, and rests upon his mercy."

I lost his soft accents upon the breeze of the evening; and, as I looked around, found myself alone among the rustling trees, with the quiet moonlight sleeping upon the still graves and pale monuments. F.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF FRANCIS I.

KING OF FRANCE.

FRANCIS WAS at one time the rival and enemy, at another time the friend, of Henry the eighth. He had some good qualities; but he had no strong sense of morality or of honour, and attended more to the pursuits of dissipation than to the duties of a sovereign. His reign was in some respects inglorious; yet it exhibits some romantic scenes and remarkable incidents, which are well detailed by the author of a work under the above title.

The base profligacy of the king appears in the following story:—Among the nobles who repaired to the court was the count de Chateaubriant: he was related by marriage to the younger branch of the house of Foix, three of the brothers of which family were in the army, and had already shown that they were worthy representatives of a name which had long stood eminent in the martial annals of France. The count had married their sister, whose extraordinary beauty had made up for her want of a dowry; and with a caution, in which the event proved he was too well justified, he had declined bringing her to court. The report of her charms had, however, reached the ears of the king, who invited her husband to let her visit the metropolis. The count made various excuses; but, finding that he could not resist the importunities of Francis, he endeavoured to put an end to them, by intimating that his wife loved her retirement too well to quit it, and that, as hitherto all his persuasions had failed, he felt unwilling to repeat them, or to force her inclinations. He had foreseen that all kinds of stratagems would be resorted to for the purpose of making him display his hidden beauty, and had adopted a precaution which he believed would effectually protect him against the artifices of the king, and those minions of the court who

(he knew,) not less from a love of mischief than from a desire of accomplishing the royal will, would endeavour to thwart his intentions. He had procured two rings, the exact counterparts of each other, one of which he had given to the countess, and the other he kept in his own possession. He told her that he should perhaps, when at court, be compelled to ask her to come thither: but he enjoined her to pay no attention to his letters, however importunately he might write, until she should receive one from him in which his ring should be enclosed. The young and innocent lady, who had always lived at a great distance from the court, who was happy in the love of her husband, and who found in his castle, situate in a remote part of Bretagne, all the splendour she then desired, unhesitatingly promised him obedience. The count again appeared at court, and again encountered the half-jesting reproaches of Francis, for not having brought his wife with him. He assured the king that her own wish alone kept her at home; and, in proof of his veracity, he offered to write, in such terms as the king might dictate, a request that she would join him. The ring not accompanying the letter, he received from his countess such an answer as he expected, and he triumphantly produced her epistle to the king, thus for a time relieving himself from solicitations which his jealous fears rendered extremely irksome. The mischievous perseverance of some of the courtiers, however, helped them to a discovery of his secret. He had a servant whose fidelity and attachment had gained him the entire confidence of his master. This man, who had observed the extraordinary care which the count took of his ring, asked him the reason of his solicitude; and to him the count did not hesitate to explain it, in the belief that it was of all things the least likely that he would ever divulge it. The servant was bribed by some persons about the court, for the purpose of gaining intelligence respecting the countess; and, the story of the ring being thus known, it was not difficult to get him to steal it. A skilful goldsmith made a *fac-simile* of the jewel with great despatch; and the original, after a short absence, was placed where the count, who had been very much distressed at missing it, found it again, and believed he had mislaid it. He was then urged once more to write to the countess, which he did with unhesitating confidence. The false ring was inserted in his letter, and despatched into Bretagne; and his first knowledge of the fraud that had been practised upon him was derived from the sudden appearance of his obedient wife, who immediately upon the receipt of the letter had hastened to Paris. Here the romance of the story ends. The king saw the countess, and was struck with her beauty. She fell beneath the artifices which were employed for her ruin; and her husband retired to his castle to hide his misery and dishonour in the scene of his former happiness, which her frailty had made a solitude.

That the king had no great share of political dexterity or address, may be presumed from his treatment of a German adventurer. Francis Sickinghen (Seckingen) was one of those extraordinary spirits who seem born for the purpose of proving what individual activity and genius can achieve. He was a gentleman of Germany, of small fortune and obscure family; but by his courage, his eloquence, and his intelligence, he had raised himself to a position of great importance. He was acquainted with all the influential persons of Germany, and had engaged most of them in his interests. His exploits would seem a fitter subject for romance than for history, but that history is sometimes the most marvellous kind of romance. He had raised a small force, which he kept constantly on foot, and with which he carried on war against the emperor and such of the independent states as had not engaged his alliance. He traversed Germany with a rapidity which defied pursuit. He had at different periods attacked the duke of Lorraine, the town of Metz, the landgrave of Hesse, and had reduced them to pay him a tribute. When a force with which he could not cope was directed against him, he and his army disappeared, until, by his intrigues, he had provoked the attack of some more powerful enemy against the emperor, and thus drawn off his resentment from himself, when he returned with unabated resolution to the prosecution of his former designs. Fleuranges, who knew his value, presented him to Francis as a man whose assistance might be made of the greatest service to his projects upon the empire. The king was struck with the extraordinary talents which the German displayed, treated him with distinction, granted him a pension of one thousand crowns, and made presents to the train of gentlemen whom Sickinghen always led with him, and who, in point of birth and fortune, were infinitely his superiors. Francis, however, treated him with a reserve

which wounded the pride of this haughty adventurer. He engaged him to serve in Germany, but did not think fit to explain to him the real point at which he aimed. Sickinghen, before he departed, told his friend Fleuranges that he was grateful for the generosity, and delighted with the reception he had met with from the king, to whom he promised to devote his best services against all the world, excepting only the house of la-Mark, to whom he was under indelible obligations. "But he does not know me," he added, "if he thinks that I am more easily to be attached to him by his bounty than by his confidence. I see through his plans, although he and you have thought fit not to avow them: he aims at the empire. I demanded certain troops from him, and he has refused my request; he thought, perhaps, I wanted them for myself; but they were solely for the purpose of gaining for him a body of German gentlemen. Tell him that he will never be well served but by simple gentlemen such as I am. If he deals with princes and electors, they will take his money and deceive him afterwards." Sickinghen returned to Germany, and exercised again the free warfare to which he was accustomed. Some traders who had been unjustly dealt with by certain Milan merchants, applied to him for assistance; and he did them right by seizing property of the value of twenty-five thousand francs belonging to the Milanese. The latter carried their complaints to Francis as their liege lord, and he demanded restitution from Sickinghen, who replied, that, when the Germans under his protection should have had justice done to them, he would give up the effects he had seized. The king's council, who had no notion of the sort of man they had to deal with, punished the haughtiness of his answer by suspending his pension; and Sickinghen, thus freed from his engagements with Francis, became a party to those which his friends of the house of la-Mark had formed with the king of Spain. He afterwards put himself at the head of a body of Suabian troops, whose services Francis might have secured, but neglected; and his presence with this force in the neighbourhood of Frankfort, when the diet was assembled there, was believed to have contributed in no small degree to influence the election.

TIME FOR SLEEP.

Sleep, "tired nature's sweet restorer," is well known to be essential to the existence of man. Those who are long deprived of a necessary proportion of it, have their health impaired, and not unfrequently the period of their existence abridged.

Many would appear to imagine that provided a certain number of the twenty-four hours be passed in sleep, it matters little how or where such repose is obtained. This, however, is a very gross error. The accommodations of the night, equally with the occupations of the day, exert a very powerful influence upon the health and well-being of the system.

Night is evidently the period appropriated by nature for repose, and general experience has proved, that it is the only one during which we can with certainty obtain that sound, sweet, and refreshing slumber, so necessary for the preservation of health. Sleeping during the day is, indeed, on many accounts, a pernicious practice, which should be carefully avoided, excepting under particular circumstances of disease, or when a sufficient amount of repose cannot be obtained at the natural periods. This, however, does not apply to infants. For the first months after birth, a healthy child sleeps full two-thirds of its time. The propensity requires to be indulged by day as well as by night; but, with judicious management, it may be brought, in a short time, to require and enjoy repose during the latter period only. Young children, when fatigued by exercise, will also, in general, be found inclined to sleep during the day; from indulging them in a short repose, under such circumstances, no bad effects can result, provided their clothing be perfectly loose, so that every part of their bodies is freed from bands or ligatures.

The popular maxim, "early to bed and early to rise," is one which should be rigidly observed by every individual. It has been remarked that, in the natural state, the disposition to sleep usually comes on soon after the commencement of darkness; and, according to the oldest and most accurate observers, three or four hours sleep before midnight is very nearly as refreshing as double that portion in the morning. Persons who spend the day in manual labour, or active exercise in the open air, with great difficulty keep awake for a few hours after the night has closed in; and this disposition to early sleep is, perhaps, one of the strongest indications of perfect health.

The studious are noted for their disregard of "the regular hours of rest." The solemn stillness of night, inviting to those pursuits which require a fixed attention, and a connected series of thought and reasoning, leads them first into the habit; which is subsequently strengthened by the circumstance of

intense application of the mind, uninterrupted by sufficient and appropriate exercise, producing a state of nervous irritability inimical to sleep. Hence the student fears to leave his midnight lamp for a couch which he can only occupy in a state of restlessness. Let him, however, relinquish his nocturnal studies, and seek, during the natural period, that repose which his mind and body alike demand; appropriating "the hours of early morn" to study, and the residue of the forenoon to exercise, and we are well persuaded, that while his progress in the pursuit of knowledge would be in no degree retarded, he will be the gainer, not merely in the enjoyment of more perfect health, but in the increased clearness and vigour of his intellectual faculties.

It has been very correctly remarked "that the atmosphere of the night is always more vitiated, and consequently less fit for respiration, than that of the day; and as we respire a greater portion of air while awake than in a sleeping state, it follows that from these, independent of other causes, the system is more liable to injury in the former than in the latter state."

Early rising is equally important to the health of the system as early rest. On no account should any one permit himself to again slumber, after the moment of his first awaking in the morning, whether this happen at the early dawn, or before the sun has risen; even though from accident or unavoidable causes he may not have enjoyed his six or eight hours of repose. It is much better to make up the deficiency, if necessary, at some other time, than to attempt taking another nap. Whoever shall accustom himself thus to rise, will enjoy more undisturbed sleep during the night, and awake far more refreshed, than those who indolently slumber all the morning.

Even this second nap is, however, by no means so injurious to health as the practice of continuing in bed of a morning long after waking; nothing tends, especially in children, and young persons generally, more effectually to unbrace the solids, exhaust the spirits, and thus to undermine the vigour, activity, and health of the system, than such a practice.

Let any one, who has been accustomed to lie in bed till eight or nine o'clock, rise by five or six, spend an hour or two in walking, riding, or any active diversion in the open air, and we will find his spirits more cheerful and serene throughout the day, his appetite more keen, and his body more active and vigorous.

Rees, in his life of Dr. Kippis, attributes the uninterrupted health of the latter, to habits of early rising, as well as to the uniform regularity and temperance to which he had been accustomed from his youth. It may be added, that however different in other respects may have been the habits of those who have been remarkable for their longevity, they were all early risers.

The habit of early rising is one of great importance in reference to the health of young persons; when commenced in the first years of life, it will be persevered in from choice. "Hence," to use the language of an experienced writer, "while under the eye of parents and guardians, children may be taught to rise constantly at a certain hour, which will render it more easy for them to persevere in the habit after they are removed from under that control. If no disease or accident intervene, they will need no further repose than that obtained in their first sleep, which custom will have caused to terminate, of itself, just at the usual hour, and then, if they turn upon the other ear to take a second nap, they will be taught to look upon it as an interposition, not at all redounding to their credit.

No one should retire to rest immediately after a full meal, or in an agitated state of mind. Indeed, after a light supper, at least two hours ought to elapse before bed-time; and as a requisite for sound and invigorating repose, it is necessary to banish all anxious, gloomy, or depressing ideas and thoughts, and every species of mental exertion. To the same intent, every circumstance calculated to excite the senses should be removed. The pernicious practice, adopted by many, of reading in bed until they fall asleep, is particularly to be avoided. In place of this dangerous expedient to invite sleep, it would be more salutary to walk up and down the room for a few minutes, or to partake of any other gentle exercise. Fortunately, however, the individual who lives a life of temperance and virtue, and partakes daily of sufficient active exercise, requires no opiate to lull him to repose:

"On him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend." Jour. of Health.

HUMAN LIFE.—The result of researches in different parts of France, England, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and Russia has been to show, that, out of a hundred men in those countries, only about twenty-five arrive at the age of sixty years. Mountainous countries, whatever may be their latitude, are those in which life is of the greatest duration.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Memoirs of the Life and Ministry of the Rev. John Summerfield.—Mr. Holland has, by this interesting biography of a most pious, eloquent, and popular clergyman, conferred an invaluable benefit on the christian community at large, and especially entitled himself to the grateful attention of the members of the very extensive church of which Mr. Summerfield was a distinguished and shining light. Recommended to the arduous task by so nice and able a judge like the poet Montgomery, imbued with an overflowing zeal in the cause of religion, and animated by a lively and devoted regard for the amiable virtues, the unobtrusive piety, and the impressive eloquence of his deceased friend, he has judiciously performed the charge intrusted to him, and presented all the materials spread before him in an unpretending, but attractive form, calculated to make a favourable impression on all sorts of readers. No gloomy spirit of bigotry casts its dark shadows over the path traced by the steps of the illustrious preacher: no illiberal denunciations or exclusive partialities render his example forbidding, or an imitation of his passing excellencies a hopeless attempt to the humble seeker after holiness and virtue. Benevolence, active, and spreading its wide embrace from east to west, and north to south, wherever the human form offers an object for its regard and a stimulus for its exertion, characterises the tone and the spirit in which this volume is written. This tone and spirit are borrowed, indeed, from the character which is attempted to be portrayed. The mind of Summerfield was expansive. In early life the ardour of his youthful passions led him to mingle with the world, and too often to indulge in its vices. He did not escape the contamination, and for a while was covered with iniquity—his sins became as scarlet, until he himself was startled at the awful gulf into which he was about to plunge. He aroused himself, and vindicated his claims to independence and to religion. He had indeed suffered, but not altogether in vain; he derived knowledge, if he had incurred guilt. And this very knowledge extended his after means of doing good by increasing his facilities to reach the avenues to the human heart. To this cause we attribute much of his subsequent popularity. Not that we lose sight of his resplendent powers and his native manner: these would always have commanded success in any sphere which his genius might have selected for their exercise; but we doubt whether they alone would have rendered his oratory so universally popular with the lower, as with the higher classes, with the unenlightened and the vulgar, as well as with the educated and the refined. His connection with the Moravians in early life also assisted to impart to his character much of its loveliness, its meekness, and its untiring efforts to do all the good within its reach. But it is not our object to attempt an analysis of Mr. Summerfield's character. Nor would we even approach the subject of his commanding and never-failing eloquence, "the delight of wondering, weeping, and admiring audiences." His own writings cannot convey any accurate impressions of its power, its persuasiveness, its ready sliding into the soul and the heart of all who listened in admiration and in love. As is beautifully expressed in the letter of Mr. Montgomery, addressed to the biographer, it "never can be renewed, except with the presence, the eye, and the voice of the preacher himself. In fact, every attempt to present on paper the splendid effects of impassioned eloquence, is like gathering dew drops, which appear jewels and pearls on the grass, but run to water in the hand; the essence and the elements remain, but the grace, the sparkle, and the form are gone." We have italicised the last sentence for its surpassing beauty. It could be written and imagined only by a poet.

The style in which the typography of this volume is executed is not the least of its attractions; and the beautiful portrait of the lamented preacher reflects no ordinary credit on the taste and skill of Mr. Thompson, the engraver. We may safely recommend this biography to our readers as an instructive and interesting work.

High School Society of New-York.—We have read with more than ordinary interest and pleasure, the "Fifth Annual Report of the Trustees," on this highly important subject. It was drawn up by the president of the institution, the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, and whilst it evinces a deep and lively solicitude for the welfare of the rising generation, and for the reputation of our city, in its active zeal to promote the great cause of science and learning, the ability happily displayed, is characteristic of that distinguished gentleman and scholar.

After detailing many of the evils to which the society had been subjected, some of which were of a serious nature and peculiar character, but in all of which a happy and effectual remedy has been applied, the state and condition of the institution are shown to be most admirably organized,—in the highest degree prosperous and respectable,—and consequently capable of dispensing inestimable benefits to the community.

At the head of this association, we find a gentleman long since conspicuous for his attainments in the sciences and general literature—Dr. John Griscom. Perhaps another individual could scarcely be found, who is equally competent, and, in all respects, as well qualified for the station. All the associate teachers, as well in the female as male departments, are persons of the best qualifications, connected with the fairest reputation, as will appear from the following sentence which we transcribe from the report: "Above all, we have a numerous and efficient corps of excellent teachers, fitted for their stations not less by their moral character, temper and manners, than by their professional skill and general attainments."

The following paragraphs, with which our brief remarks will close, are entitled to great weight, and should therefore be read with particular attention:

"The influence of sound instruction here, will not only be felt within these walls, but will naturally spread in no small degree to every other school, public or private, in this city, now, and in a succeeding generation.

"More than this, the wise and good of our land, the religious and the patriotic, in all parts of our union, are roused to the improvement and diffusion of education. Situated as New-York is, the emporium of American commerce, and the thoroughfare of our ever-active population, it is in this, as in relation to other matters, 'a city upon a hill which cannot be hid.' Its useful and benevolent institutions are clearly examined by intelligent and philanthropic visitors and travellers from the north, the south, and the west. Every improvement in education, every more practical or more extensive application of a known principle which may be developed here, will soon be copied or improved on the shores of our lakes, or on the banks of the mighty rivers of the west."

The Cook's Oracle and Housekeeper's Manual.—An early copy of this most valuable work of Dr. Kitchiner, which has so long been the admiration of the refined and intellectual, whether philosopher, statesman, scholar, general, or man of fashion, has been very politely sent to us by an attentive friend. Independently of its various merits, therefore, which have long been known to the literary world, we take great pleasure in recommending it to the special notice of housekeepers, because it has been published, by the enterprising and indefatigable Harpers in a very neat, convenient, and elegant form. It is peculiarly adapted to the wants and the taste of this community, by the additions of a medical gentleman of this city. The importance and advantages of possessing some manual of this kind has been conceded by almost every family, and may be proved on the obvious ground that it curtails and obviates useless experiments and unprofitable trials. But the work will speak for itself, and the very numerous recommendations which attest its value, will amply ensure its claim to general use and approbation. The bare mention of the fact, that, within twelve years, seventy thousand copies have been sold in England, is sufficient evidence of the estimation in which it is held in that enlightened country, so distinguished for its edible taste and powers. In conclusion we shall hint that to all families, and those members of it particularly who meritedly prize themselves on the skilful and neat management of their houses, there could not be offered a more appropriate and welcome present at the approaching holidays; far more valuable would it prove than most of the annual trash that is so readily given, to be as readily laid aside or else forgotten as soon as read.

Sunday Evening Lectures.—There has been lying on our table for some time, an interesting little work, comprised in two neat duodecimo volumes, entitled "A Course of Lectures for Sunday Evenings; containing religious advice to young persons." It has been recently published in this city, by Orville A. Roobach; but who the author is we are not informed. Be he who he may, however, he has admirably succeeded in a very difficult department of literature, viz. that of conveying religious instruction in language adapted to the comprehension of children. It is acquitting ourselves of a pleasing duty to recommend these lectures to parents and instructors. This book is the best of the kind that we have read, and we have no doubt of its doing incalculable good. Such an assistant has long been wanted in the regulation of family discipline. The idea of this work was first suggested to the author, by the inattention of some amiable children during the reading of "a well-written discourse" by their father.

On reproving them for this apparent listlessness and indifference, they readily replied, that not comprehending what was read, they were compelled to amuse themselves in some other manner, in order to keep awake; "but that if the subjects were suited to their capacities, they should very willingly attend." On this hint, the author acted, and the elegant little volumes before us are the result. The children were right: show us any "of a larger growth," who could listen to a lecture, in an unknown language, without resorting to the same expedients for relief, and we will retract our opinion; "for how can the mind be expected to attend to those instructions which are beyond its power to conceive? and how can our conduct be influenced by those arguments whose force we are destitute of abilities to discern?" These lectures, which are fifty-two in number, being one for each Sunday evening in a year, are short and interesting. We have read several of them to a little niece, as an experiment, and she is anxious to hear more. An ounce of practical test, is worth a ton weight of theoretical speculations.

The National Gazette.—Amid the disgust, unavoidably excited by the very silly outpourings of a large majority of the diurnal press of our country, it is pleasing to note, here and there, a redeeming exception; a consolatory evidence that all the conductors of this powerful and all-important engine of public opinion, this lever which directs the morals, and extends or limits the intelligence of the thousands in city, village or in hamlet, are not altogether indifferent to the great cause or ignorant of the various responsibilities entrusted to their keeping. Contracted must be the mind, and seared the heart of that man, who would jeopardise the intellectual advancement or the moral improvement of numbers of his fellow-men, by abusing the privileges he enjoys in commanding the only avenues which they possess to knowledge and virtue. And yet many such has chance, party favour, or personal influence, advanced to the giddy height of editorial power, divested alike of sensibility, learning, and discrimination. In such hands what becomes of the public press? It is made the pander to personal notoriety, and to selfish and contracted views, and the vile and desecrated altar-stone, upon which the good of the many is unhallowedly offered up, even as the sacrifices to Moloch.—Be it the duty of every honest and discriminating mind to protest loudly, in the highways and in the byways, against such prostitution of mental labour. If we have not more often raised our voice and cry of indignation against the pervading abuses in this department of letters, it is because we have long been fatigued with its excess, and scarcely had patience left to endure its exhibition. We have, in reality, given up long since the disgusting task of skimming the crude ebullitions of the misnamed politicians who presume to preside over the columns of newspapers in general. But they are not all obnoxious to the denunciation we have made, and among the few, the very few—we have selected the *Gazette*, edited by Mr. Walsh, for present notice, because we would recommend it on general grounds to the support of the public, as far superior to the mass of ill-compiled and worse executed miscellanies which issue from the same city. Its valuable and elegant selections, evidently made by the hands of a classical and ripe English scholar, and having always in view the diffusion of useful knowledge, elegant literature, or correct and elevated morals; its lofty tone of independence and impartiality manifested in its original department, aiming always to promote the public good, and vindicate the national character from the taunts alike of foreign enemies and inconsiderate domestic partisans, claim for it the first place among its numerous competitors for public patronage. The only fault we can venture to find, is the rare communications of the editor himself, the excellence and raciness of which induce our perhaps inconsiderate desire for their greater frequency.

A fine day in New-York.—The present season, thus far, has not presented a fair specimen of an American autumn. Of our springs, little can be said, except in the licensed hyperbole of poetry. Our summers are too hot, and our winters too cold; but our autumns are generally delightful; particularly that "mild, mellow, soft and yellow" period, denominated the Indian summer, when the rising sun appears like a round sheet of copper, and can be gazed at with the naked eye with impunity, even at its highest meridian. On such a day, it is pleasant to stroll along that great artery of our city, Broadway, and gaze upon the streams, currents and eddies, of restless crowds eternally in motion. On such a day, beauty emerges from the consecrated shrine of her household gods, and exhibits her loveliness in public. Equipped from the armoury of fashion, by the hand of taste, she comes forth prepared for conquest and subsequent capitulation. Here she wears her sweetest smiles, and

practises her most fascinating graces. On such a day, shop-keeper's clerks brush up their top-knots, comb their whiskers, brighten their features, and with most flexible bodies, prepare to "become all things to all" women. On such a day, dry goods and fancy articles of every description, are transferred from the shelves to the counter, where they are handled, and inspected, and cheapened, and praised, and condemned, by hands, eyes and lips, too pure, bright, and sweet, to be suspected of insincerity. On such a day, the trees in the park exhibit their autumn attire of variegated leaves, of almost every hue but green. On such a day the whole city is dressed in smiles, and even the wooden idol which surmounts the temple of justice seems to peep out from beneath the bandage by which she is hoodwinked, and casts a look of compassion on the silly fanatics who crowd around her shrine—with an arch leer of contempt at the disgraceful nuisances on her right and left. On such a day, the Wall-street brokers sharpen up their wits, as barbers do their razors, and for the self-same purpose too. On such a day, the wide unruffled bay appears like a polished mirror, a lake of liquid silver, or a sea of glass; while the vessels on its bosom, instead of moving about "like things of life," are motionless as sleeping halcyons. On such a day, business revives, and so, in the same ratio, do animal spirits.

A poetical compliment.—Amanda has taken us by surprise, and though our innate modesty—of which we have a "pretty considerable share"—peremptorily forbids the publication of her favour, we shall venture, for once, to act in direct opposition to its mandate. What! when the first cup of real nectar that ever sparkled before us is presented by a female hand, shall we "dash it from our lips?" No, lady modesty, thou askest of us too much. Besides, the following effusion was the envelope of a still weightier argument from our fair correspondent—a five dollar bill in advance for the present quarter and ensuing year. Such an advocate is irresistible.

Lines addressed to the Editor of the New-York Mirror.

The Mirror—oh the Mirror,
Is paper I admire;
Its poetry is always new,
I so delighted can I read.
And then its moral essays, too,
Enhance its value higher.
The Mirror—I subscribed, you know,
(I recollect the day)
When the first number pleased me so—
How time has passed away!
'Tis nearly seven years ago—
It seems but yesterday!
The Mirror—oh the Mirror,
I first saw it, I remember,
One summer, at the springs, by chance,
'Twas August or September,
Pa gave a dollar in advance,
Which paid up to November.
Its pages then appeared to me
So full of pleasant things I
But I had only seen, you see,
Some sixteen giddy springs;
And now Time flies so rapidly,
I'm sure he must have wings.
The Mirror—oh the Mirror,
It was beautiful and new,
And, like myself, had just "come out."
Before the public view;
We've both improved since, no doubt,
But then, we're older too.
All other papers it excels;
I read it every week,
And oft my little bosom swell'd
Until I couldn't speak!
When many a winking eye beheld
The tear upon my cheek.
The Mirror—oh the Mirror,
Every number had a page
Entirely filled with poetry,
For verse was then the rage,
With anecdote and repartee,
From wits of every age.
Sweet Ida breathed in numbers bland
Her soft enchanting lays,
And there was Woodworth, Sigma, and
Maudie Thayer and a host of more;
I often sigh'd to try my hand,
And share their blooming lays.
The Mirror—oh the Mirror,
For three hundred weeks and more,
I've never failed to read the sheet,
With pleasure, cheer and o'er,
And long for Saturday to meet
The carrier at the door.
For Ariel's tuneful numbers
Are delightful to my ear;
Jeanie breathes a strain so chaste,
'Tis ecstasy to hear;
While Reuben's wit and classic taste,
In sparkling gems appear.

Sam Patch.—We do not obtrude the name of this unfortunate and infatuated man for the purpose of indulging in the misplaced and ill timed jests which form such fruitful themes for the unthinking editors of the daily press. We wish to allude to his miserable and untimely end, his unprepared departure from this life to appear "unannounced, unanealed" in the presence of his Creator and Judge. His own rashness and foolhardiness contributed undoubtedly to bring about this fatal event, but they were not all in all. The unpardonable encouragement of the multitude, the echoing applauses and inciting notices of the newspapers—these come in for their full share of the blame, and should be met with on the part of the reflecting portion of the community with unequivocal censure and indignation. Enterprises like those of Patch should be discountenanced; they are unproductive of good, and conduce to much positive evil. They are unredeemed even by

the display of agility, dexterity, or scientific tact, which secure so much applause to the exertions of rope-dancers and jugglers. They are a mere venture of life against dangers which no prudence can always obviate, no diligent skill overcome. The death of Patch is fairly chargeable, therefore, to the morbid and idle curiosity of the gaping and ignorant multitude. But it is surely no fit subject for sarcasm or ridicule.

Miss Clara Fisher.—This young lady took a farewell benefit at the Park on Monday evening, prior to her departure for New-Orleans, and we dare venture to say that that theatre never contained a more brilliant and fashionable audience. The house was crowded in every part. We have so often stated our opinion of this wonderful girl—so often expressed our admiration in no measured terms of her singularly beautiful and fascinating performances, that any thing we might now add would be little more than a repetition of what has been formerly said. Every engagement raises her higher in the estimation of the public, and discloses some fresh vein of original talent. Perhaps there never was an actress [with such a flow of spirits, so wild, so gay, so full of joyous animation, and at the same time so extremely judicious; in the very hey-day of her glee she never "o'ersteps the modesty of nature," and she can venture to the very bounds of propriety without going an iota beyond them. In truth, the play-going public of this city will miss her sadly; and highly as she was prized when present, she will perhaps be still more so now that she is absent, for as Shakspeare, who has something to suit every occasion, truly says,

"It so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack the value—then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
While it was ours."

Wherever she goes she will bear with her the best wishes of this community, and when she returns, she will be greeted with as sincere and hearty a welcome as ever shook the walls of a theatre.

At the conclusion of the performances, Miss Fisher came forward and delivered the following spirited and appropriate address, written for the occasion by a gentleman of this city. Neat and clever as the lines are, no idea can be formed by those who were not present of the effect imparted to them by the tones, looks, and gestures of this gifted female; a burst of applause followed every pause, and at the close, cheers and deafening acclamations from the whole audience responded to her "farewell, farewell!"

No more the feigned speech, or smile of art;
I come to pay the tribute of the heart:
Of favours past, in artless phrase to tell,
Favours, remembered—need I say how well?
But vain the task—the lips, alas! too weak—
On such a theme, the heart alone should speak.
But two brief years have flown, since first I came
A youthful votary to these halls of fame:
I pressed, unheralded, a foreign stranger—
Your smiles received me in the stranger's land;
Still cheered me onward in my glad career,
Vanquished each doubt, dispelled each fluttering fear;
Till now, a veteran of the mimic field,
With lance in rest, I boldly bid ye yield!
Capricious as the wind my course has been,
In truth, a very Rover of the scene;
The buxkin's pomp—Thalia's mirthful train—
And motley farce, where folly's features reign—
The grave, the gay—the galliard, and the song—
In all, I've mingled with the votive throng;
Caught from your glance, new ardour in the chase—
The meed is here—may, have I won the race?
Let Fancy, for a while, her vigil keep,
And summon "spirits from the vasty deep."
Nay, look not grave, indeed they're harmless sprites,
And not the spectral shades that "walk o' nights."
They rise! in varied form, grotesque—and fair—
I'll paint them for you ere they melt in air.
Yet hold! So fast they throng upon the view,
The task were hard, I'll only sketch a few.
There, passive Lydia breathes her soul-felt passion,
And sighs that sweet romance is out of fashion;
Albina speaks, and nature answers true—
Rovers, beware! her sword shall "run ye through;"
To pity's pleadings, hear ye now respond,
"I cannot find it, 'tis not in the bond."
That visage stern—that voice presaging sorrow
"Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow!"
The gay Letitia veils her form of grace—
"One cannot look one's sweetheart in the face."
Away with smiles—the joyous scene is past,
And darkly comes the parting hour at last;
A wand'ring now, o'er southern seas to roam,
My dearest hope, to find as bright a home;
Friendship as warm, as kindly hands as these,
Before such eyes, how can I fail to please?
I go—but when the south-wind's balmy breath
Warms the cold earth, and wakes the flowers from death,
When pilgrim-like, each bird of spring returns,
And the veil'd sun with wonted splendour burns,
Will your bright smiles with nature's re-appear?
Shall I then meet as warm a welcome here?
To part! what sorrows mingle in that word!
The saddest lip hath voiced, or ear hath heard;
Full deeply now, I prove its potent spell,
Breathing in broken speech, farewell—farewell!

Gratitude.—We have been requested, by several of our subscribers, to publish the music of a favourite song, entitled "Gratitude," as sung by Mrs. Austin, in the Caliph of Bagdad. Their wishes shall be complied with, if possible, in our next.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

OLD ENGLISH COMEDIES.

"Comedy is a graceful ornament to the civil order; the Corinthian capital of polished society. Like the mirrors which have been added to the sides of one of our theatres, it reflects the images of grace, of gaiety, and of pleasure double, and completes the perspective of human life."

THE above sentence, it is presumed, was written with reference to the comedies that held possession of the stage in the days of our unenlightened ancestors, some century or century and a half ago; for, if applied to the three and five-act farces which modern manufacturers impudently baptize by the name of "comedies," and which the present generation are well contented to receive as such, instead of a graceful truth, it becomes a piece of caustic irony, from the pointed severity of which neither the public nor the playwrights of the year eighteen hundred and twenty-nine have wherewithal to shield themselves. Without at all canting about "the good old times," it must be conceded, on all hands, that whatever may have been the faults and deficiencies of our ancestors, and however well assured the present self-sufficient race of mortals may feel of their general superiority, they are at present at an immeasurable distance behind them in every department of dramatic literature, but more particularly in comedy. Formerly a comedy was a work of genius—a green leaf added to the literary coronal of the land; it was then composed of sparkling wit and rare invention—of characters rich and racy, yet natural; and of incidents gay and sprightly, yet probable; and was, indeed, a mirror to show "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure." Now, what is a comedy? Messrs. Morton, Peake, and Poole can best answer the question. "Ay, tell us that and unyoke." It is a thing where the broadest and coarsest extravagancies of farce are jumbled together with the most mawkish and lachrymose sentimentality that ever made "a vashervoman weep"—where the characters are caricatures vilely executed, and the incidents precisely such as could not by any possibility have ever taken place—where the dialogue consists of puns, slang, stray jests, and flowers of rhetoric from the circulating library, with a copious infusion of ordinary slip-slop conversation—where the jokes are all practical, and stumbling over a chair, or drawing out a ragged pocket handkerchief, are among the happiest inventions of the author; and though, at times, a few gleams of humour may shine athwart the gloom, yet wit, who is a little more aristocratical and choice in his company, absents himself altogether. And what is it that makes this farrago of abominations escape the fate decreed against all sinful transgressions? It is *stage-effect*. To this every thing is sacrificed—this the authors have studied, and this they understand, and hence the secret of their disgraceful success. We look upon George Colman the younger as the last of the genuine English comic writers, and his John Bull, Poor Gentleman, and Heir at Law, as the three last English comedies.

It is not meant, however, to be said, that this and this alone strictly applies to the three gentlemen mentioned above, though any one who will take the trouble of reading their works, (particularly Morton's) will find that a great part, mixed with a few redeeming qualities, may be truly applied to most of their productions. They are mentioned by name because they are the three best of the numerous herd of stage writers of the present day; and Poole, in his *Paul Pry*, has even given us a glimpse of better things. True, the dialogue in that piece is meagre enough, but there is a good deal of broad humour and no sentiment; the situations are extremely laughable, and the character of the inquisitive Mr. Pry himself very cleverly sketched. It would be well if we had more pieces like this, instead of such plays as "Town and Country," which Kean honoured and brought into notice by personating the mouthing and melancholy hero, and which example many clever actors have since inconsiderately followed.

But, alas! for the dashing gallants and wits that glitter in the pages of Wycherly, Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar. Their day, it would seem, is gone for ever; and what have we got in their place? Look at modern comedy, and in nine cases out of ten you will find a variety of the "Tom and Jerry" species for its hero;—some heedless, spendthrift booby, worthless but not witty enough for a rake; who commits all sorts of follies with impunity through the space of five acts, and then ends by laying his five fingers on his bosom and informing the dramatic personæ in general, and the young lady in white, whose hand he of

course receives, in particular, that "though his head may have erred, his heart is still in the right place!" What the deuce have the audience to do with his heart? It is from his head that they expect entertainment, and if they are disappointed in that, what satisfaction to them, after the infliction of his slang and impertinence in the place of genuine wit and spirit, is the information that he intends to reform and live decently and soberly with his wife?

But objections, and in some instances, on good grounds, have been raised to the representation of the older dramatists, on the score of indelicacy; though it is one which might easily be obviated by judicious pruning; and, after all, the gay and polished libertinism of some of the old comedies is not half so indelicate, and not one quarter so disgusting, as the vulgar liberties that are frequently taken with modern would-be fastidious audiences, and which they not only suffer, but chuckle over with evident satisfaction. But the old comedies have got a bad character on this account, and we all know the force of the proverb "give a dog a bad name," &c.

There is too much truth in what a clever writer has said, that "the cant of delicacy has done thrice the injury to the drama that sheer downright fanaticism has ever done; and shallow refinement is ten times more hopelessly inaccessible than the prejudices of the narrowest bigotry." Even George Colman the younger, who ought to have known better, and who in his younger days was by no means fastidious, has joined in the pestilential cry, that has been one great cause of driving the gay and sparkling Thalia from the stage, and substituting a Merry Andrew in her place.

That talented actor Mr. Hilson, who on his benefit night on former occasions has generally brought forward a sterling comedy, has this year, we perceive, fixed upon Vanburgh's admirable one of the "Confederacy;" but we are afraid it will avail him but little. It is, to be sure, one of the best in the language; but what of that? Such things are out of fashion. If he will engage Mr. Sloman, or some other famous buffo to sing "Coal black Rose," or any other precious doggerel, miscalled a comic song, it will no doubt be much more to his pecuniary advantage. We know, to be sure, that variety is the life and soul of dramatic entertainments, and that the bad makes us relish the good so much the better when it comes, the same as a few days of fog renders the clear air and sunshine doubly delicious; but if we keep too long in a theatrical fog, the public taste may become affected, and fall into a consumption from which all after exertions will fail to recover it.

VARIETIES.

FAITH AND GOOD WORKS.—The doctrine of assurance, which of late has become so popular among the valetudinarians in Scotland, whether orthodox or not, is assuredly one of the most comfortable for all fearless and impudent sinners. Last summer, a reverend gentleman who has most successfully expounded this doctrine, and distinguished himself for zeal in proselytising the chance visitants of his parish, happened to get into a keen controversy on the subject of assurance with a ferryman, while crossing one of the lochs near Glasgow. John, the boatman, had a mind of his own on the question, and felt proud to discuss the nice point of faith with his pastor. The latter, with his usual fervour, unfolded his views, and marshalled forth his arguments, all, as the satirist has it, "weel nailed wi' scripture." John found the talk all against him, and tried in vain to thrust in a word—but no; reason followed after reason, illustration clustered about illustration, and quotation thundered after quotation, unceasingly. Despairing of being heard on his native element (they were half across the ferry by this time,) John rested on his oars and let the boat drift a little out of its course. "Pull away, John," cried the minister, "the boat's drifting." "I see that," said John; "but can you tell which of these oars I should pull; for the one I call faith and the other good works?" The pastor smiled; and John, seeing his advantage, followed it up. "Indeed, sir, you may lecture about the virtues of assurance and the worthlessness of works till the sun goes down; but just look at me and my boat, and I'll put the subject in a clearer light than either crooked words or book-learning has ever done. The oar in my right hand I call faith—that in my left I call good works. Now, sir, if I pull with faith alone, the boat goes round and round to one side, but not an inch forward. If I take them both, however, and pull with all my heart and strength, the boat cuts through the water like a steamer, and reaches the other side in a jiffy! Now for the moral and application," quoth John, exultingly. "A man's soul may be

likened to this little boat; and before it makes any speed towards its last mooring place, it must have two oars—one of faith, and one of good works; and both must be pulled at the same time. We have seen that if either the one or the other be used singly, the boat may struggle and founder about long enough at the mercy of wind and wave, and yet never make any headway. It may be lost in the trough of the sea of utter destruction; but indeed, sir, it has but a small chance of ever touching the shores of salvation. Does not that knock away the feet from assurance, Mr. Pastor?"

HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.—The accidental discovery of these two subterranean cities has done more to improve our knowledge of antiquity, or rather of the habits, usages, and manners of the ancients, than could be effected by any other means. The structure of their houses, their furniture, the various implements for domestic purposes, the state of the advancement of the mechanical arts, have been displayed in a manner which has had the effect of almost carrying us into those distant times. Last year an oil mill was found in one of the houses of Pompeii very far superior to any now in use in Italy. It was formed of lava, and consisted of a concave and convex hemisphere fitting into each other, and having rotatory motions in opposite directions. By a neat mechanical contrivance, these two stones were prevented from approaching each other in the first instance so nearly as not to break the stone, but merely to crush the pulp of the olive, so that this fruit oil must be of singular purity. When this has been pressed off, the convex stone could be lowered into the concave, and the whole fruit was broken up together. At Herculanum, a short time since, the residence of a barber was discovered. The shop and its implements were in a wonderful state of preservation: the seats on which the customers were seated, the basins, the stove, and even many pins designed for the head dresses of the Roman ladies!

USE OF LETTERS.—"Learn to read," said Stone the mathematician, "and you will soon know every thing." Stone's father was gardener to the duke of Argyle, who, walking one day in his garden, observed a Latin copy of Newton's Principia lying on the grass, and, thinking it had been brought from his own library, called some one to carry it back to its place. Young Stone, who was then in his eighteenth year, claimed the book as his own. "Yours," replied the duke. "Do you understand geometry, Latin, and Newton?"—"I know a little of them," replied the young man. The duke was surprised; and, having a taste for the sciences, he entered into conversation with the young mathematician. He asked him several questions, and was astonished at the accuracy of his answers. "But how," said the duke, "did you learn all these things?"—Stone replied, "A servant taught me ten years since to read. Does one need to know more than the twenty-four letters, in order to learn every thing else that one wishes?" The duke's curiosity redoubled: he sat down on a bank, and requested a detail of the whole process by which he had become so learned. "I first learned to read," said Stone; "the masons were then at work upon your house. I approached them one day, and observed that the architect used a rule and compasses, and made calculations. I inquired what might be the meaning and use of these things, and I was informed that there was a science called arithmetic. I purchased a book of arithmetic, and I learned it. I was told there was another science called geometry; I bought the necessary books, and learned geometry. By reading, I found there were good books in these two sciences in Latin; I bought a dictionary, and learned Latin. I understood, also, that there were good books of the same kind in French: I bought a dictionary, and learned French. And this, my lord, is what I have done."

A ROMANTIC PASSION FOR DANGER.—Saussure gives the same account of the chamois-hunters of the Alps, as Kotzebue does of those of the Tyrol. The pursuit is exceedingly dangerous and by no means lucrative, but altogether fascinating. A young man, newly married to a charming wife, said to Saussure, "my grandfather, and also my father, were killed in the chase; and so firmly persuaded am I that I shall end my life in the same manner, that this hunting-sack, which I always carry with me, I call my winding-sheet, because I do not expect ever to have any other; and yet, sir, even if you should offer to give me a fortune on condition of my abandonment of the chase, I would at once reject it."

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

SMILE on! that young lip well may smile, those eyes may well look bright,
And not a passing cloud arise to dim their sunny light.
And well the look of happiness may those fair features wear,
Undimmed by time, untouched by grief, and all unmarked by care;

Thy life is gliding calmly on, a clear untroubled stream,
Reflecting but the lights of heaven, that o'er it brightly beam,
Or flowers of earth that bend to gaze upon its tranquil tide,
Which thus in light and loveliness securely on doth glide.

Too bright thy lot, too blue thy sky: with flowers too passing fair
Thy path is strewn; too much of bloom and radiance is there;
For should that radiance fade away, the bloom desert thy path,
How couldst thou bear the sudden blight, how brook the tempest's wrath!

But yet methinks that I can read within thy sparkling eye,
In thy bright smile, and lofty brow an omen proud and high,
Which doth of future triumph tell, a promise of success,
In all the various paths of life which yet thy feet may press.

'Tis a vain fancy! yet I love to deem that thou art one
Whom, favoured both of heaven and earth, life ne'er will frown upon;
Methinks the ill that may be thine, my heart would rather bear,
Than one so formed for all its joys, its griefs should ever share. *THYRA.*

THANKSGIVING.

The harvest which God thus gave to this pious people, caused them to
set apart another day of solemn thanksgiving to the glorious hearer of
prayers!—*Mather's Magnalia.*

Choirs of the glad and free,
Wake your high harps of praise!
Ring out the notes of jubilee,
Your noblest psalms raise!
Dwellers of mountain steep,
Beneath the pine at rest,
And ye in teeming vales that sleep
Pillow'd on plenty's breast,
Lift the warm thanks of grateful hearts
To Him who every perfect gift imparts.

Hail to the pilgrims' day
Of bright and happy dawn!
And thou, proud orb of cheering ray,
Move in thy glory on.
Yet still in all thy course sublime
Above earth's peopled bowers,
Thou shalt not mark a happier clime
Nor happier hearts than ours.

Look—not a foe's form
Midst freedom's host appears;
Hark—not a note of battle's storm
Breaks on our listening ears:
Save that at times above the swells
Of ocean's sighing waves,
A deep and solemn murmur tells
Of Europe's struggling slaves,
Where God's own image, fashioned free,
Is bowed by rank's vain pageantry.

Here ignorance, of owl sight,
To her dark haunts is awed,
As science from her spheres of light
Darts her free beams abroad;
While genius at her bidding bends
His influence proud and high,
And through his broad and burning lens
Pours them on every eye;
From the dim orb of waning years
To childhood laughing through its tears.

Here, as an angel bright and free,
Religion walks abroad,
And fears no monarch's stern decree,
Thus shalt thou worship God:
But in her own appointed way,
And conscious-chosen time,
Whether at rise or shut of day,
At week or Sabbath chime.
Whene'er devotion's spirit calls,
She bends the humble knee
Low in the temple's marbled walls,
Or 'neath the green-wood tree.

Joy is o'er all our land,
The fruited glade and elope,
Mellowed by summer's radiant hand,
Have filled the autumn cup:
While commerce from her treasured keels
Presents her orient hoard,
And harvests of a thousand hills
Crown the o'erflowing board!

Then wake your noblest strains,
Choirs of the glad and free!
Go up unto your hallowed fanes
On this high jubilee:

Praise Him who led the pilgrim bark,
With its men of holy worth,
Through the stormy deep, a second ark,
With life for a second earth.
Yea, praise ye Him who bounteously
Gave you this goodly clime,
Sealed by your fathers' blood, to be
Yours through all coming time;
Praise him—the light, the life, the love
That guides, sustains, and woos all hearts above!
PROTEUS.

TO A BRIDE.

To wish thee bliss in courteous phrase,
Be theirs who love thee less;
For fervent thoughts and anxious hopes
The lips may not express.

'Twere vain to breathe the hacknied prayer,
That thornless wreaths should twine
Thy brow, or joy's full sparkling cup,
As now, be ever thine.

Deem not the lay too sad, young bride,
For Hymen's first-born hours;
Dregs will be in the cup, and thorns
Inwoven with the flowers.

Exemption from the general doom,
I dare not ask for thee;
But should thy path o'er sunny hill,
Or through dim valley be,

Thy mother's spirit be thy guide!
Her faith thy cherished guest.
Heaven can no richer boon confer,
To live—to die so blest.

POPULAR TALES.

A QUARTER OF AN HOUR TOO SOON.

BY HORACE SMITH.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

"If I have ever done anything worth talking of in the world, it was by being always a quarter of an hour before my time." So said Nelson. But he was born to be a great man: and there is nothing more different than the same maxim applied to a great man and a little one. I have been ruined through life by being always a quarter of an hour before my time. For the comfort of the lazy, the only true philosophers after all, let me tell my brief history.

My father was a captain in the guards, and just as a *militaire* should be, a gay, dashing, bustling fellow; utterly ruined at five and twenty; handsome enough to make him a terror with rich old men with flirting only daughters; adroit enough to be on the books of a whole synagogue; and desperate enough to marry, when he could do nothing else in the wide world.

Few men have their fortunes made by the sons of Israel; but my father was one of the few. At Bristol he was seized for some tardiness of finance by a rabbi. The Jew, to save the expense of a double establishment, had brought his daughter with him from London. Jessica saw the captain, and was smitten. She was heiress to seventy years of usury; and the captain fell prodigiously in love. The flintiness of the man of Israel was worn away by six months' tears and teasing; and Jessica and my father were at the height of happiness.

My ill luck began as early as it could, for it began the moment I was born.

I pass over the innumerable occasions on which I felt the calamity of taking time by the forelock during my first dozen years, remarking that at school I was invariably among the first martyrs to that sage system by which the birch is made a substitute for brains, and the laws of prosody and clean hands are written, like those of Draco, in blood. I discovered also that my family conceived that I and the holidays were much too ready in our return; that the schoolmaster might have kept me a week or a fortnight more of the vacation with all their soul; and that my demands on my father for money were looked on as prompt beyond all chronology; indeed, it appeared that he would have had no great objection if time, on this point, had stood still for life.

But school must be left at last; and my leaving it was

destined to be a matter of eclat. A horse-race, which agitated all the grown fools of the country for a month before, was too interesting an affair not to resound within the walls of our house of bondage. I was determined to be present, *coute qu'il coute*. The attempt was treason to the majesty of discipline. But when did conspiracy want tempters? If, while I was without the sinews of war, and reduced to my last credit, (for the reduction to the last shilling had occurred on the day of my return) I persevered, who shall suppose that my resolution quailed, when, by the evening's post, within exactly twelve hours of the starting, I received an enclosure of five pounds for my own expenditure, from the liberal hands of my father, and five times the sum for my master, from the punctual hands of my mother?

Like every hero and heroine, I had a confidant, and, of course, as unlike myself as the antipodes—a quiet, honest, good-humoured fellow, a sort of human feather-bed or footstool, the natural resting-place of the fiery, the weary, or the idle. Jack Dulman was the scorn and friend of every soul among us; a two-legged tortoise, whose back would bear any weight, whether of obligations or injuries, and whom nothing short of the general conflagration could stir out of his pace, mental or bodily. To Jack I communicated my secret, and implored him to take the opportunity of seeing the world. We pledged our faiths, and both went to bed, but not both to sleep. I sprang at five from a feverish pillow, on which I had counted every ticking of the house clock, till I could have told the seconds by instinct. The morn was fresh and fair, the sun in his glory, the wind "did gently kiss the trees," sucking music and perfume out of the woodbines and the hawthorns, as far as the eye could reach from my attic: and among the inferior melodies of birds and milk-maids, I caught the neigh of steeds, caparisoning for the day of fame. I quivered with expectation; not the most expert country gentleman that ever jockeyed his bosom friend, nor the most match-hunting matron that ever felt herself encumbered with daughters, looked forward with a more eager anticipation of what the day was to produce. I flew to Jack's pillow, but sleep sat upon him with a twenty-parson power. He was buried, welded in torpor. I might as well have tried to animate a stone. In the vexation of my soul I gave him a kick, which, however, never reached his consciousness; and, expressing my opinion in language more vigorous than select, bounded down stairs, and was gone like a falcon on the wing.

Panting, covered with dust, and buoyant with delight, I reached the valley, in whose centre the hopes and fears of the whole county were centered. All was congratulation and smiles among the fair dames, mounted on every thing that could bear the weight of country-fet beauty; the gentlemen were in their best costume and their best bows; and, until the bell at the starting-post rang, rustic eloquence was in its full flower. But the bell shook the blossoms prodigiously; and the squire's bay filly, and my lord's gray mare, left the ladies desolate in a moment. I ran through whole cargoes of living lillies and carnations, ranged upon carriage-tops and stand-house shelves, and wasting their profitless sweetness on each other. But my time for being a florist was not yet come; and, hurrying with the rest, I was engulfed in an eddy of gentlemen of the first weight within a circle of fifty miles; was advised by a friend of my father's, a man of ten thousand a year, to bet on a foundered horse; lost my bet almost before I had pronounced the fatal words; and saw my five pounds pass into the hands of my adviser. The blow staggered me a little; I remonstrated, was hustled out of the ring by half a dozen of my honourable friend's grooms; and lost blood, honour, and a pocket-handkerchief.

But now, if I had begun through frolic, I persevered through revenge; and never hard-pressed general rejoiced more at the sight of succours than I, when my friend Jack's lazy length loomed into the field. I instantly demanded a loan: he pondered; but while in the nervous agitation of one who waits his sentence from a judge, I was waiting for the slow motion of his mind, and feeling every pocket for the hopeless discovery of the means of fortune and revenge together, I struck upon the five fivepound notes remitted for my quarter's tutorship.

I have had some conscience at different periods of my life. But it was not then; my blood was up; I ran to the ring.

betted my whole possession against my honourable friend's filly, and rejoiced in his prospective downfall. The bell rang; off went the steeds; shouts, dust, riot, trampling, shrieks, clapping of hands, and waving of handkerchiefs, followed; and I reached the winning-post just in time to see my honourable friend advance towards me with a smile and a demand of my five and twenty pounds. I surrendered it as if it were wrung from my soul.

"Now, let me give you a piece of advice," said he. "Never be in a hurry to wager upon the wrong horse again. A quarter of an hour's thinking about the matter would have saved you your five and twenty pounds, which I now take from your father's son, merely that you may remember his friend's advice."

I could have slain my mentor on the spot; but he was six feet high, and I felt too pleasant a novelty in advice not followed by flagellation, to encourage him to break the charm.

I was homeward plodding my weary way, in a world "left to silence and to me," when I overtook Jack. He was whistling; the phenomenon excited my curiosity. It turned out that he had won five and twenty pounds; nay, the very notes that had so calamitously assisted my honourable adviser's maxims!

"When you met me," said Jack, "I had just five shillings, which I intended to bet on the same horse with you. But the day and the dust sent me to sleep; and I awoke only soon enough to see the last half mile. A fellow, riding about to pick up bets, took my five shillings among the rest; and the seed produced the crop you see."

But Jack was not a bad fellow, after all. I gave him the history of my wager, and of my perturbations about the debt to the pedagogue. He offered to give me the money back, but I insisted on only borrowing it; and I reckon it among the white spots of my life, that the five and twenty pounds were discharged at no deeper a date than half a dozen years.

But the truancy of the morning decided my fate. The letter containing the story of the race was answered by an order for my immediate return. Never was rapture equal to mine. But what is human life? I had scarcely packed up my meagre valise, when the tidings of my father's death broke up all my plans. He loved hunting and play, and was unlucky in both. By the latter, and the help, of course, of an old and intimate friend, he reduced the last acre of his estate to a smoothness that would have been incredible to an American farmer. Not a trunk, not a twig, was left upon its surface; and the land rapidly went the same road with the produce. With the aid of a hunter, for which he had "promised to pay" two hundred and fifty guineas within the week, he fractured his neck, and died lamented by the jockey club, the jews, and the insurance-offices.

I loved my father, for he was a man after my own heart—goodnatured, showy, and spoiled. I loved not my mother, and the feeling was, of course, reciprocal; for the spirit of Duke's place was in her soul. She had abjured her tribe, but she had no darker conception of evil than the waste of money; and with her the prodigal son would have had, instead of the fatted calf, a mittimus from the next bench of justices.

I determined on embracing my father's profession, and gracefully wrote a long letter for her leave. It was accorded by return of post. I came up to town, and begged for the honour of a final interview. It was granted, and the hour named, half past twelve. I was a boy, giddy and careless enough, but I was not a brute. I had something of a heart beating within me; and it seldom beat quicker than when I set out to visit the mother whom, for some years, I had not seen, and whom, for the rest of my life, I might never see again. I grew impatient; I could neither sit nor stand; so I sallied out, and found myself at the door of her handsome house in Hanover-square.

The hour tolled twelve; I wandered with my eye on St. George's clock. My blood alternately glowed and chilled, till I began to think I must have loved this sternest of all the Jessicas, without having ever known it before. I was passing the door for the fortieth time, when a footman, in superb mourning, threw it open, for the indulgence of displaying his person to a passing group of fashionable females. I bounded up the steps, and, to the infinite astonishment of John, rushed to the drawing-room. The door was open, but the room a solitude. I heard voices in the next, opened the door, and saw my mamma, in all the pomp of widowhood, sitting at a boudoir table, beside a moustached fellow, about my own age, who was tenderly encircling her matron waist with one languid arm.

The pair started up on my entrance. The man of moustaches took the matter with supreme tranquillity, plucked a bouquet from the mantel-piece, and walked about the room

consoling his senses with its perfume. But the lady was indignant; and when I endeavoured to explain the *mal-apropos* by producing her own note, she read it with a fiery glance, and turning on me, said,

"Always the same, sir, I perceive; always disobedient. I ordered you to be here at half past twelve."

She held up a watch sparkling with gems, and convinced me that I had anticipated her time by full fifteen minutes. Fatal fifteen minutes! They cost me twenty thousand pounds and a mamma; for she married the man of moustaches before the month was out; and, on the lapse of my brother's fortune, by the death of that pampered boy, flung it into her young husband's kid glove.

My premature entrance was the decisive blow. My mother had been a beauty, and was still more than the *beau resté*. She had always loved admiration, and that taste had not suffered any very remarkable decay; but she had always loved money, and that passion retained its supremacy without a jot of abatement. In short, she would have had as much adoration as possible, as long as possible, and with unlimited dominion over her own exchequer. The result would have been to flirt much, and marry never; or, at worst, only when she could flirt no more. But my unlucky presence tore through this exquisite web of Penelope. A guardsman, seen in the attitude of an acknowledged lover, must be intended for a husband; or must bring the idle world's idlest tongue upon her. A quarter of an hour later would have seen him coolly dismissed to tie his cravat at the glass of his solitary coffee-house, and meditate his fruitless visits for the season. As I had witnessed the courtship, I was to be honoured by the opportunity of seeing the marriage. And within ten days, the blooming bride was driving full gallop to the lakes, with the man of moustaches for her *compagnon de voyage*.

I was chagrined at the whole affair, and read Hamlet with an additional respect for Shakespeare's knowledge of woman-kind; but I was not prepared to act the part of the princely misanthrope; and the sight of my name two days after in the Gazette, as ensign in a regiment under orders for the Peninsula, made me fling sorrow to the winds. I surveyed my uniform in the mirror, practised the salute which I was yet to perform at some royal review at the head of my regiment, wiped all tears from my eyes, and was in Portsmouth as soon as the mail could carry me.

AN INDIAN MEMOIR.

METAMORA.

THIS prize tragedy, written by John Augustus Stone, for which the sum of five hundred dollars was paid, will be offered to the public, for the first time, on Tuesday next. It is needless to remind our readers that the distinguished tragedian, Mr. Forrest, is to sustain the hero and principal character of the piece. During a long intimacy with theatrical events, we have never known to exist so great an excitement in the minds of a community as now prevails in regard to *Metamora*. Subject, bard, actor, are all our own; and knowing as we do the talents of the author, the skill and genius of the histrione, the liberal views of Mr. Simpson, the force of the corps dramatique, and the industry and taste of the stage director, we look forward to the production of this piece as the commencement of an era highly favourable to the advancement of our national dramatic literature. Mr. Stone has evinced his research and good taste in the choice of the hero of his play, and, as will be seen, has slightly altered the name, probably from a regard to the euphony. *Metamocet*, the Wampanoag chief, called by the English King Philip, possessed virtues too rare to remain for ever buried in oblivion. Of this our countryman Washington Irving appears to have been deeply sensible, and we have great pleasure in presenting our readers the following article from his pen. We feel confident it will be read at this time with peculiar interest.

PHILIP OF POKANOKET.

[The following anecdotes, illustrative of Indian character, are gathered from various sources, that have every appearance of being authentic. It was thought needless to encumber the text with references.]

It is to be regretted that those early writers, who treated of the discovery and settlement of our country, have not given us more frequent and candid accounts of the remarkable characters that flourished in savage life. The scanty anecdotes that have reached us are full of peculiarity and interest; they furnish us with nearer glimpses of human nature, and show what man is, in a comparatively primitive state, and what he owes to civilization.

In civilized life, where the happiness and almost existence

of man depends so much upon public opinion, he is for ever acting a part. The bold and peculiar traits of native character are refined away, or softened down by the levelling influence of what is termed good breeding, and he practises so many amiable deceptions, and assumes so many generous sentiments, for the purposes of popularity, that it is difficult to distinguish his real character from that which is acquired or affected. The Indian, on the contrary, free from the restraints and refinements of polished life, and living, in a great degree, solitary and independent, obeys the impulses of his inclination, or the dictates of his individual judgment, and thus the attributes of his nature, being freely indulged, grow signally great and striking. Society is like an artificial lawn, where every roughness is smoothed, every bramble eradicated, and the eye is delighted by the smiling verdure of a velvet surface: he, however, who would study nature in its wildness and variety, must plunge into the forest, must explore the glen, must stem the torrent, and dare the precipice.

These reflections arose on casually looking through a volume of early provincial history, wherein are recorded, with great bitterness, the outrages of the Indians, and their wars with the settlers of New-England. It is painful to perceive, even from those partial narratives, how the footsteps of civilization in this country may be traced in the blood of the original inhabitants; how easily the colonists were moved to hostility by the lust of conquest; how merciless and exterminating was their warfare. The imagination shrinks at the idea, how many intellectual beings were hunted from the earth; how many brave and noble hearts, of nature's sterling coinage, were broken down and trampled in the dust.

Such was the fate of Philip of Pokanoket, an Indian warrior, whose name was once a terror throughout Massachusetts and Connecticut. He was the most distinguished of a number of contemporary sachems, who reigned over the Pequods, the Narragansets, the Wampanoags, and the other eastern tribes, at the time of the first settlement of New England—a band of native, untaught heroes, who made the most generous struggle of which human nature is capable; fighting to the last gasp for the deliverance of their country, without a hope of victory or a thought of renown; worthy of an age of poetry, and fit subjects for local story and romantic fiction, they have left scarcely any authentic traces on the page of history, but stalk, like gigantic shadows, in the dim twilight of tradition.

When the pilgrims, as they are termed, first took refuge on the shores of the new world from the persecutions of the old, they found themselves in the most gloomy and helpless situation. Few in number, and that number rapidly perishing away by sickness and hardships; surrounded by a howling wilderness and savage tribes; exposed to the rigours of an almost arctic winter, and the vicissitudes of an ever shifting climate; their hearts were filled with the most gloomy forebodings, and nothing preserved them from sinking into utter despondency, but the strong excitement of religious enthusiasm. In this forlorn situation, they received from Massasoit, chief sagamore of the Wampanoags, the cheering rites of primitive hospitality. This powerful prince, who reigned over a great extent of country, came early in the spring, with a small retinue, to the new settlement at Plymouth; instead of taking advantage of the scanty numbers of the strangers, and expelling them from his territories, into which they had intruded, he entered into a solemn league of peace and amity, sold them a portion of the soil, and promised to secure to them the good will of his savage allies. The good old sachem died in peace, and was happily gathered to his fathers before sorrow came upon his tribe—his children remained behind to experience the gratitude of white men.

[After narrating the death of Massasoit, the succession of Alexander his eldest son, the insults he endured, his subsequent arrest, and final broken-heartedness and death, Mr. Irving proceeds as follows:]

The successor of Alexander was *Metamocet*, or King Philip, as he was called by the settlers, on account of his lofty spirit and ambitious temper. The well known energy and enterprise of his character made him an object of great jealousy and apprehension, and he was accused of always cherishing a secret and implacable hostility towards the English. An uncultivated savage is never a nice inquirer into the refinements of law, by which an injury may be legally inflicted. Leading facts are all by which he judges, and it was enough for Philip to know, that before the intrusion of the Europeans his countrymen were lords of the soil, and that

now they were becoming vagabonds in the land of their fathers.

But whatever may have been his feelings of general hostility, and his particular indignation at the treatment of his brother, he suppressed them for the present, renewed the contract with the settlers, and resided peaceably for many years at Pokanoket, or, as it was called by the English, Mount Hope,* the ancient seat of dominion of his tribe. Suspicions, however, which were at first but vague and indefinite, began to acquire form and substance, and he was at length charged with attempting to instigate the various tribes of the east to rise at once and make a common effort to throw off the yoke of their oppressors.

The only positive evidence on record against Philip is the accusation of one Sausaman, a renegade Indian, whose natural cunning had been heightened by a partial education which he had received among the settlers. He had two or three times changed his faith and his allegiance, with a facility that shows great looseness of principle, and, after having acted as Philip's confidential secretary and counsellor, and enjoyed his bounty and protection, he deserted him when he found the glooms of adversity beginning to lower around him, went over to the whites, and, in order to gain favour, turned against his former benefactor, and charged him with plotting against their safety. The treacherous informer, was shortly after found murdered in a pond, having fallen a victim to the vengeance of his tribe. Three Indians, one of whom was a friend and counsellor of Philip, were apprehended and tried, and, on the testimony of one questionable witness, were condemned and executed as his murderers.

This treatment of his subjects, and ignominious punishment of his friend, outraged the pride and exasperated the passions of Philip. The fate of his insulted and broken-hearted brother still rankled in his mind, and he recollected the tragical end of Miantonimo, a great sachem of the Narragansets, who, after manfully facing his accusers before a tribunal of the colonists, acquitting himself of an alleged conspiracy, and receiving assurances of their amity, had been perfidiously despatched at their instigation. Philip, therefore, gathered his fighting men around him; persuaded all strangers that he could to join his standard; sent the women and children to the Narragansets for safety, and wherever he appeared was continually surrounded by armed warriors.

The nature of the contest that ensued with Philip was such as generally marks the warfare between civilized men and savages. On the part of the whites it was conducted with superior skill and success, but with wastefulness of the blood, and a disregard of the natural rights of their antagonists: on the part of the Indians it was waged with the desperation of men fearless of death, and who had nothing to expect from peace, but humiliation, dependence, and decay.

The events of this war are minutely transmitted to us by a clergyman of the time; who dwells with horror and indignation on every hostile act of the Indians, however justifiable, while he mentions with applause the most sanguinary atrocities of the whites. Philip is reviled as a murderer and a traitor, without considering that he was a true-born prince, gallantly fighting at the head of his subjects to avenge the wrongs of his family, to retrieve the tottering power of his line, and to deliver his native land from the oppressions of usurping strangers.

The project of a wide and simultaneous revolt, if such had really been formed, was worthy a capacious mind; and had it not been prematurely discovered, might have been overwhelming in its consequences. The war that actually broke out was but a war of detail; a mere succession of massacres. Still it sets forth the military skill and prowess of Philip; and wherever in the prejudiced and passionate narrations that have been given of it, we can reach at simple facts, we find him displaying a vigorous genius, a fertility in expedients, and an unconquerable resolution, that command our sympathy and applause.

Driven from his paternal domains at Mount Hope, compelled to take refuge in the depths of forests, or the glooms and thickets of swamps, and frequently surrounded by the enemy, yet he repeatedly found means to evade their toils, and suddenly emerging with his forces, carried havoc and dismay into the settlements. At one time he was driven, with a band of followers, into the great swamp of Pocasset Neck, where the English forces did not dare to pursue him, fearing to venture into these dark and frightful recesses,

where they might perish in fens and miry pits, or be shot down by lurking foes: they, therefore invested the entrance to the neck, and began to build a fort, with the intention of starving out the foe; but Philip and his companions, leaving the women and children behind, wafted themselves on a raft over an arm of the sea, in the dead of night, and escaped away to the westward, kindling the flames of war among the tribes of Massachusetts and the Nipmuck country, and threatening the colony of Connecticut.

One of the most faithful friends that Philip had in the time of his adversity, was Canonchet, chief sachem of all the Narragansets. He was the son and heir of Miantonimo, the great sachem, who had been put to death by the perfidious instigations of the English: "he was the heir," says the old chronicler, "of all his father's pride and insolence, as well as of his malice towards the English:"—he certainly was the heir of his insults and injuries, and the legitimate avenger of his murder. Though he had forborne to take an active part in this hopeless war, yet he received Philip and his shattered forces with open arms; and gave him the most generous countenance and support. This at once drew on him the hostility of the English; and it was determined to strike a signal blow that should involve both the sachems in a common ruin. A great force was, therefore, gathered together from Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut, and sent into the Narraganset country, in the depth of winter, when the swamps, being frozen and leafless, no longer afforded impenetrable fortresses to the Indians.

Apprehensive of attack, Canonchet had sheltered the greater part of his stores, together with the old, the infirm, the women and children of his tribe, in a strong fortress, where he and Philip had likewise drawn up the flower of their forces. This fortress, deemed by the Indians impregnable, was situated upon a rising mound, or kind of island, of five or six acres, in the middle of a swamp, constructed with a judgment and skill vastly superior to the usual fortifications of the Indians; and indicative of the martial genius of these two chieftains.

Guided by a renegade Indian, the English penetrated, through December snows, to this strong hold, and came upon the garrison by surprise. The fight was fierce and tumultuous. The assailants were repulsed in their first attack; several of their bravest officers were shot down in the act of storming the fortress sword in hand. The assault was renewed with greater success; a lodgment was effected; the Indians were driven from one hold to another; they disputed their ground inch by inch, fighting with the fury of despair; most of their veterans were cut to pieces, and, after a long and bloody battle, Philip and Canonchet, with a handful of surviving warriors, retreated from the fort and plunged into the depths of the surrounding forest. The victors set fire to the wigwams and the fort; the whole was soon in a blaze; many of the old men, the women, and the children, perished in the flames. This last inhuman outrage overcame even the stoicism of the savage. The neighbouring woods resounded with the yells of rage and despair, uttered by the fugitive warriors, as they beheld, with anguish of heart, the desolations of their dwellings, and heard the agonizing cries of their wives and offspring. "The burning of the wigwams," says a contemporary writer, "the shrieks and cries of the women and children, and the yelling of the warriors, exhibited a most horrible and affecting scene, so that it greatly moved some of the soldiers." The same writer cautiously adds, "They were in much doubt then, and afterwards seriously inquired, whether burning their enemies alive could be consistent with humanity."

The defeat at the Narraganset fortress, and the death of Canonchet, were fatal blows to the fortunes of King Philip. He made an ineffectual attempt to raise a head of war, by stirring up the Mohawks to take up arms; but though possessed of the native talents of a statesman, his arts were counteracted by the superior arts of his enlightened enemies, and the terror of their warlike skill began to subdue the resolution of the neighbouring tribes. The unfortunate chieftain saw himself daily stripped of power, and his ranks rapidly thinning around him. Some were suborned by the whites; others fell victims to hunger and fatigue, and to the frequent attacks by which they were harassed. His treasures were captured; his chosen friends were swept away from before his eyes; his uncle was shot down by his side; his sister was carried into captivity; and in one of his narrow escapes he was compelled to leave his beloved wife and only son to the mercy of the enemy. "His ruin," says the historian, "being thus gradually carried on, his misery was

not prevented, but augmented thereby; being himself made acquainted with the sense and experimental feeling of the captivity of his children, loss of friends, slaughter of his subjects, bereavement of all family relations, and being stripped of all outward comforts, before his own life should be taken away."

To fill up the measure of his misfortunes, his own followers began to plot against his life, that by sacrificing him they might purchase dishonourable safety.

However Philip had borne up against the complicated miseries and misfortunes that surrounded him, the treachery of his followers seemed to wring his heart, and reduce him to despondency. It is said "he never rejoiced afterwards, nor had success in any of his designs." The spring of hope was broken—the ardour of enterprise was extinguished—he looked around, and all was danger and darkness; "there was no eye to pity, nor any arm that could bring deliverance." With a scanty band of followers, who still remained true to his desperate fortunes, the unhappy Philip wandered back to the vicinity of Mount Hope, the ancient dwelling of his fathers. Here he lurked about, like a spectre, among the desolated scenes of former power and prosperity, now bereft of home, of family, and friend. There needs no better picture of his destitute and piteous situation than that furnished by the homely pen of the chronicler, who is unwarily enlisting the feelings of the reader in favour of the hapless warrior whom he reviles. "Philip," he says, "like a savage wild beast, having been hunted by the English forces through the woods above a hundred miles backward and forward, at last was driven to his own den upon Mount Hope, where he retired with a few of his best friends, into a swamp, which proved but a prison to keep him fast till the messengers of death came by divine permission to execute vengeance upon him."

Even in this last refuge of desperation and despair a sullen grandeur seems to gather round his memory. We picture him to ourselves seated among his care-worn followers, brooding in silence over his blasted fortunes, and acquiring a savage sublimity from the wildness and dreariness of his lurking place. Defeated, but not dismayed—crushed to the earth, but not humiliated—he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster, and to receive a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it. The very idea of submission awakened the fury of Philip, and he even smote to death one of his followers, who proposed an expedient of peace. The brother of the victim made his escape, and in revenge betrayed the retreat of his chieftain. A body of white men and Indians were immediately despatched to the swamp, where Philip lay crouched, glaring with fury and despair. Before he was aware of their approach, they had begun to surround him. In a little while he saw five of his trustiest followers laid dead at his feet; all resistance was vain; he rushed forth from his covert, and made a headlong attempt at escape, but was shot through the heart by a renegade Indian of his own nation.

Such is the scanty story of the brave, but unfortunate King Philip; persecuted while living, slandered and dishonoured when dead. If, however, we consider even the prejudiced anecdotes furnished us by his enemies, we may perceive in them traces of amiable and lofty character, sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate, and respect for his memory. We find amid all the harassing cares and ferocious passions of constant warfare, he was alive to the softer feelings of conjugal love and paternal tenderness, and to the generous sentiment of friendship. The captivity of his "beloved wife and only son" are mentioned with exultation, as causing him poignant misery; the death of any near friend is triumphantly recorded as a new blow on his sensibilities; but the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whose affections he had confided, is said to have desolated his heart, and bereaved him of all further comfort. He was a patriot attached to his native soil—a prince true to his subjects, and indignant of their wrongs—a soldier, daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. Proud of heart, and with an untameable love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forests, or in the dismal and furnished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities, and bold achievements, that would have graced a civilized warrior, and rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a foundering bark, amid darkness and tempest—without an eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle.

* Now Bristol, Rhode Island.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER VIII.

"Come in," said I, as some one knocked at my door. A stranger entered, and stood gazing at me. By degrees I read in his form something more and more familiar, until at length rising, I reached out my hand, which was promptly and cordially grasped in his.

"What, Charles, my boy," exclaimed I, with such a hearty and continued shake as friends give after years of separation. "How are you? In the name of the seven wonders, where do you come from?"

"How are you, my dear fellow?" said he. "I am heartily glad to see you."

"Draw up a chair, Charles," said I, "and sit down. As I live, I did not know you."

When I last saw him he was a handsome boy. His complexion was fair almost to effeminacy; around his mouth a girlish sweetness often predominated over the firmer character of manliness, and his sunny face beamed with the brightness of unshadowed hope and pleasure. Now his face was browned, apparently by exposure to the sun, and his slender form had assumed the athletic shape of vigorous manhood. The lips firmly set together, told of courage, judgment, and habitual command over himself; and the well marked eye-brows and unshrinking eyes, impressed you with an idea that he who rested them upon you, though noble, generous, and formed for tenderness and feeling, could be stern enough when occasion required.

A brief observation of his still handsome features informed me of these changes, and I involuntarily exclaimed,

"Bless my soul, Charles, how you have altered!"

"Altered, yes, I may well be," he replied. "Since I saw you last I have been round the world. Labour, storm, and perchance trouble, have been at work upon me; and here I am, in the scene of our old follies and pleasures, after an absence of six years, standing like one in a dream in my native city."

"Well," said I, "you of course will sing the old song of changes in every thing around."

"Changes," said he, "I hardly can trace my way through your town. Every thing seems new; new streets, new buildings, and new faces. I met Harry L.—I am sure it was he—a few moments ago. You know what a little sickly creature he was. I think now he is six feet, and wears a pair of whiskers like a Turk. I was too much amazed to address him, and he passed without speaking. And you too are altered; your face is thinner, your features larger; you have grown tall and thoughtful. Oh, this old busy Time! every where I see the traces of his passage."

"And your return," said I, "will be a queer mixture of merry and melancholy interest. How long have you been in town?"

"I reached here this very morning. Have seen only a few of my friends. Our own family are broken up. You remember my father.—The green sod is on him now."

He paused—his lips were pressed rather more closely, and I thought his eyes glistened; but I looked away from his face. There is something sacred in such grief: and he went on.

"What has become of all our old friends?"

"Dead—or married—or gone off—and scattered over the globe—a few are here."

"Where's William B. my old rival? Do you remember what a tremendous battle we fought on Richmond hill, and how I knocked him down head first into the bank of sand? I've laughed at that many a time."

"William's married—and has a little William," said I, "who bids fair to be able to pay you his father's debt."

"And what's become of D.? I loved that fel-

low with my whole soul. He was formed for greatness and virtue—where is he?"

"In his grave," said I. "He died three years ago."

"Charles D. dead. I swear when we parted—something whispered me it was for ever. His eyes were wet too; he wrung my hand—and—dear Charles—well, I have heard people say they regretted that as we advanced in life the fine edge of early feeling wore off, and our hearts grew hard—for my part, I thank heaven for it; for if it were otherwise, I should for ever be plunged in sadness. Well, let it pass—and Frank M. is he dead?"

"No, he has grown up into a proper rascal."

"He never was much better, I think," said Charles.

"I always hated that fellow," said I, "with his ill-natured scowl and saucy answers. He is here, however, practising as a physician, poor as he deserves to be; and I have troubled myself little about his private affairs. I suppose he lives by his wits, and what he wants in industry, he makes up by cheating."

"A shrewd knave, I'll warrant," said Charles; "but I almost forgot Edward N. the gay, generous, noble Ned."

"Edward N." said I, "continues to be my bosom friend, and is as witty, lively, and engaging as ever. I love him just as I hate the other. They are each other's antipodes. I would have Frank driven out of this society, of which Ned will prove the ornament and the blessing."

Our conversation flowed on from one subject to another, winding in among all the pleasant recesses of past years, to which the mist of time lends so strange an interest and beauty, when, to my speechless amazement, his form and features underwent a singular transformation. His figure assumed a sudden grace and perfection; his hair flowed down in chestnut ringlets; his eyes pierced me with increasing sweetness and lustre. There was light about his head, and I perceived I had been all the while talking to the Little Genius.

"Oh, ho," said he, "sir student. What, you knew me not? Your friend Charles, is tossing upon the blue waves thousands of miles off, and it is me whom you have been edifying with your sage remarks; but take a peep into the mirror, good youth, and tell me what you see."

"Why," said I, "there is Ned N. the very creature he was ten years ago. He hath the boy's form and aspect; and, as I live, there is the old school, and the very companions of my early sports. Yes, every thing is as it was; and Ned utters the well remembered jokes, and plays the wanton and wild caprices for which of old he was famed. And there too is Frank, gloomy, unsociable, and repulsive. He repels the advances of his mates. Ned offers him his hand. He turns away—the rude, unfeeling rascal. Ned's friend, Pierre, has given Frank a blow, but in return measures his length upon the grass. I remember the incident well. I am living my childhood over again."

"And what hath it changed to now?"

"A lonely wood, and the hour of night. A few stars shed a dim light upon the little grave yard. The leaves are stirring with the night wind, and the fire-flies are flashing in the thick deep shadows."

"See you no human being?" said the Genius.

"No," I answered. "It is solitary, and—but—yes, there is a figure stealing along—he springs the fence—he kneels by a grave—he covers his face with his hands—sobs break the surrounding silence; and—gracious heaven! 'tis Frank M.!"

"You hated him," said the Genius, "because he was melancholy; and, from an idle desire to talk, you have slandered him to one whom you might have made his foe. Yet he was formed for all the best thoughts and actions of man. Even before you knew him, he had become attached to a sweet young girl. Bright, tender, devoted—there are such sometimes—

who would have been his good angel. But in yon narrow grave she lies, and with her the wreck of the boy's peace. He grew moody—his mates insulted him, and made him what he was. But what do you observe now?"

"I behold him still; but he is a boy no longer. It is yet night; but, he stands in a great city. It must be late, for there are no passengers in the streets, and a watchman holds his lonely walk wrapped in his cloak. Frank stops before a low gloomy building—he has entered—and I see him no longer."

"Look again," said the Genius.

"There is a wretched apartment. Every object bespeaks the extreme of poverty and despair. Upon a bed, ragged and filthy, lies a miserable man. His eyes are sunken, his cheeks haggard and hollow; disease has ravaged his body, and his mind is racked with anguish. Frank has taken his skeleton hand, and administers to him medicine and consolation. I recognise him to be Pierre; he who but now struck him—and he lies in jail."

"Turn your eyes again towards the mirror."

"There is a splendid hall," said I. "All the fashion and loveliness of this city, move in graceful dance upon the bending floor. Jewels are flashing—eyes sparkling—and cheeks glowing. And there is Ned! How handsome he is! With what modest grace he leads yon silvery voiced and beautiful creature through the cotillion! What can he be whispering to her? Their hands are together. She may almost feel his breath upon her cheek. If I am not in error his lips touched it; but a messenger calls him out, and presents a letter. I can read the contents by your aid, 'tis from Pierre: 'I am dying in jail, where your cruelty has laid me, for a debt which I am unable to pay. Come to me to-night, for my wife and child —.' He reads no more, but tells the messenger, he will see him to-morrow; to go to the sheriff, or the officer, or to any one. He cannot be troubled with business to-night."

"And what doth the glass show now?"

"A sunny morning in summer. A little grave-yard; a slab of marble, bearing the name of Pierre L. A flashing chariot drawn by two beautiful horses, glides along the winding road, and Ned, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, appears bent on pleasure."

"This is life," said the Genius. "They who ride with the licentious and cold-hearted libertine, whose wealth, person, and unmeaning extravagance, have won your admiration, think of him as you did; and Frank will probably pass on to his death, unappreciated, and perchance despised. You have contributed to blast his honest and precious reputation. When next you give opinions upon the dispositions of your acquaintance, think what cause you have to admire or to condemn; but never lend yourself to the circulation of the vile calumnies which float about society, impelled by the thoughtless, the ignorant, or the cruel."

I cannot say I was very sorry when the Genius vanished into air.

F.

RUSSIAN PRAYERS.—The prayers of the Russians are generally very short, and consist frequently of these words: "Lord have mercy upon us!" which are sung with beautiful effect in most of their chapels.

AN INTERESTING BOOK.—A lady told her servant girl to procure the most interesting book she could find in the library. She selected one entitled "Interest tables for any sum between one farthing and one hundred dollars for any number of days."

PRICE OF A MILK MAID.—A young gentleman, meeting a handsome milk maid in the country, said, "What will you take for yourself and your milk, my dear?" The girl instantly replied, "Your hand and a gold ring, sir."

A SOLEMN FUN.—"Which is the most unpleasant toll in the kingdom?" said a jehu to his friend. "That which is caused by the death of a friend," was the reply.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE ORIGIN OF GRECIAN LITERATURE.

THE present age has been stigmatized as selfish, because men and matters are weighed in the scale of prudence and interest, and policy has penetrated both the palace and the hut, and pervades the high and the low. Yet this selfish age has shown us a psychological phenomenon, to which we shall scarcely be able to find a parallel in the pages of history. For three hundred years past an afflicted nation sighed under the despotic yoke of a stubborn tyranny, and sighed in vain. Her sufferings drove her to madness. In the last extremity she wrings the bloody weapon from the hands of her oppressor, and strikes him a deadly blow. The war of extermination begins. Despair struggles against superior force. The deadly strife continues with doubtful success. The sympathies of the world are with the oppressed; but, checked by the iron arm of policy, the ruins of Greece seem destined to vanish from the face of the earth, when the very masters which fetter the millions of Europe, drop their notions both of policy and legitimacy, and yielding to chivalrous generosity, strike the barbarian down, to raise up the bleeding slave. Greece is redeemed from inevitable destruction!

We are not among those who anticipate splendid results from this powerful effort for a nation trodden down for many centuries. We do not expect to behold the star of Greece brighten again with its ancient splendour. Nations are like men, they flourish but once; they have their infancy, their youth, their manhood, their age. History shows no exception.

Greece has bequeathed to us the living, the imperishable monuments of her genius, the models of the arts and sciences, after which we have formed ourselves.

Human culture, such as it is at present, resembles the Nile; a vast stream divided by the ingenuity of man into a thousand channels, winding through the immense Delta: just so education enlivens and adorns by the aid of arts, sciences, inventions, and improvements, the human understanding, which otherwise would lie barren.

Like the Nile, which pours its waters from hidden springs into the wild country, inhabited by the king of the desert, the bounding antelope, and the swift-footed ostrich, waxing gradually broader and broader as it verges towards the habitations of man—and swelling majestically into the valley, which it is destined to change into a garden, but losing its grand character through the united efforts of thousands, who direct its waters to adorn their gardens, to refresh their dwellings, to fertilize their fields, and to animate the barren grounds; like this stream, human culture seems to have arisen from one single source, which, hidden in the obscurity of mystic tradition, enlivened the heroic barbarous ages, dividing after the lapse of a few centuries into a thousand channels, fertilizing the mind, which would have remained barren without it, and changing too its grand uniform character for that of the more useful. And this stream, the favourite of refined minds, is that sublime art, which cometh from the glow of the human heart, and speaketh to the heart—it is poesy.

There is something so highly rational in a retrospective glance of this nature; the tracing back of human culture to its sources, that it is with regret we feel ourselves obliged to confess our being only enabled to give faint outlines. The first dawnings of Grecian, and, what in reference to us is nearly the same, of our own literary culture, are, like the sources of the Nile, hidden by the mysterious veil of inaccessible antiquity. All we can do, is to approach it. To penetrate it is beyond the power of man.

Grecian culture, like that of every nation, arose out of religious feeling, the parent of all that is good;

noble, and precious in man. The Greeks in their infancy were, like our British and Teutonic ancestors, savages, and they were, like the latter, governed by priests. These priest-kings had come from Samothrace and Egypt into Thessaly and Bœotia; they had brought with them their religious creed. It consisted in mysteries, oracles, and sybilline prophecies, carefully concealed from the multitude by the initiated. Their prayers and songs were chanted in strophes, and these constituted the beginnings of Grecian poetry—the religious hymn. But although the Grecian savage had not refused to receive his gods from foreigners, and to revere the donors as his kings, his glowing phantasy rejected the gloomy mysteries of Samothrace and Egypt, and his religious festivals soon assumed a brighter aspect—dancing, music, and pantomime were introduced in the form of chorusses in their religious rites. One of these chorusses, consisting of the youths, began the song and the dance—it was answered by the second chorus, composed of the men, and joined by the third, composed of the aged. The hymns of the mystic Orpheus and of Musæus give us a faithful picture of the ancient temple rythmus. They contain the oracles and moral sayings of the seers, the prayers of the sybils, and the pious effusions of enthusiastic minds; and they are rich in mythological traditions and allusions.

The Greeks were thus indebted for the first seeds of civilization to emigrant priests. As long as these were in the exclusive possession of the treasures which they had brought from their native countries, they were suffered to rule over their grateful subjects; (till about fifteen hundred years before Christ,) but savages so lively, so richly endowed as the ancient Hellenes, could not continue for a very long time in a state of nature; they soon caught the glimpses of civilization, and, learning to appreciate its advantages, they ascended a step higher. Young men, daring, adventurous, and of great bodily strength, arose among them, were joined by followers, and were called heroes. They were, like the heroes of Ossian, accompanied by bards, who sung their deeds. Thus originated the epopee. It was in Ionia (Asia Minor) that poesy, leaving the sacred precincts of the temple, first mingled with real life. Of the songs of these bards, those of Homer alone, with some fragments of Hesiod, are entirely preserved.

The adventurous impetuosity of the Grecian heroes had broken the priestly yoke. Their own sway met the same fate by the united opposition of the people. The fall of Troy, (about one thousand two hundred years before Christ,) gave the first opportunity. Several princely families were extinct; others had been expelled by their subjects. The Dorians and Æolians led by the Heraclides, conquered the Peloponnesus. These political revolutions gave rise to free constitutions. All the petty Grecian states had shaken off their lords, and took the sceptre into their own hands; Sparta and Epirus excepted, to the former of which Lycurgus gave a military monarchico-aristocratic form of government; and it is singular, that of all the Grecian states, this alone should not have contributed to the glory of Grecian literature. With the downfall of the petty sovereigns, and the growth of political freedom, Grecian genius began to develop itself in every direction, and the fairest of arts to put forth the most variegated blossoms. It is highly interesting to trace the several forms of poetry, that sprung up in these times, back to their sources.

The Grecian language, naturally poetical, had kept equal pace with the civil and the political institutions of the country. It had been sacred, so long as the priests ruled; heroic, under the sway of heroes; it now became social with the rise of political freedom. In Asia Minor several Ionian cities had grown wealthy and powerful, and there it was likewise, that the social poesy received its first outlines. By adding the lively

pentameter to the stately hexameter, epic poetry was drawn from its heroic height, and the Ionian elegy took its origin. In the distich of the elegy were sung the various incidents and relations of life, its enjoyments and woes; it now was martial, then political, erotic or didactic, and only several centuries later Simonides the Athenian changed its tone into the mournful and elegiac.

Another fruit of political and personal liberty was the cutting epigram, which, with the railing satire, originated at the same time. The Grecian language is naturally sharp, acute, and highly expressive. There is a rythm almost inherent in it, wonderfully adapted to the jeering and railing at human follies, the iambus. Archilochus from Paros (seven hundred and fifteen years before Christ,) by giving the trochæus and catalectic tetrameter its finish, raised satire to a high degree of perfection. Prior to satire, the sweeter lyric had delighted the females of Greece. The rich stream of this poetic vein soon separated into two channels. The Ionian lyric sung in the delightful climate of Asia Minor, the pleasures of wine and of love; it was playful, easy, and graceful; its rythm was simple, its representative and model was Anacreon, the friend of Polycrates from Samos, and of Hipparchus from Athens. He is full of the most delicious naiveté, humour, and sweet grace, lively and extremely delicate. It is infinitely to be regretted that so few authentic poems of his have come down to us.

The Doric Æolian lyric, on the contrary, pours forth exalted hymns to the gods. It is impassioned, rising from the depth of a glowing soul, to objects the most sublime. Its rythm changes from the strophe to the antistrophe and the epode. Alkman (six hundred and thirty-three years before Christ,) gave to this species of poetry its form in his hymns, hymenæus and erotics. Who can think of his successor without emotion? The glowing Sappho, (six hundred years before Christ,) whose intense feelings speak so forcibly to our hearts, even now after the lapse of twenty-four centuries. A few odes only, and some fragments of hers, are extant. The greatest however of the Æolian lyric poets was Pindar, the Theban; (four hundred and twenty years before Christ,) the expositor of the divine and sacred legends and traditions, whose prophetic songs and visions streamed forth into the enthusiastic souls of his contemporaries, and of a posterity capable of appreciating their beauties. Of him we have forty-five triumphal hymns, with some odes and fragments.

The Grecian drama was the natural offspring of the epopee and the lyric. Its first dawnings are discovered in the dithyrambic chorusses, which were sung on festivals, and were united with the dance, music, and the pantomime. Dithyrambic singing schools had been established by Arion in Corinth. Others were started in Athens, whose gay inhabitants, to represent Silenus the more vividly, dressed themselves in sheep and buckskins: from this circumstance, or because a buck became the prize of the victor, the name of tragedy originated. It was early the custom to interrupt the chorus by a monologue, which treated of incidents of real life. Thespis (five hundred and ninety years before Christ,) seems to have introduced the epic monologue, but with it the beauty of the representation vanished, and it approached more to the religiously serious form. The lively spirit of the Athenians soon called back the satiric drama. Protinus, from Phlius, gave it a more perfect form. Susarion, who strolled about the country, produced the first comedy. The drama however was not yet characteristically distinguished in its three species, when Æschylus, from Ephesus, (four hundred and ninety years before Christ,) undertook to raise tragedy to its poetical height, and to give it its present features. The government of Athens had constructed a theatre of stone. Æschylus changed the monologue into a

dialogue and introduced scenery. The subject of his tragedies is, with the exception of his Persians, generally taken from the mythological and heroic age; the characters are ideal, the language is bold and lyric, the chorus predominant. Of seventy-five of his tragedies, only seven have been preserved. Of his satiric dramas, none.

His disciple and rival, Sophocles, (four hundred and forty-nine years before Christ,) introduced a third person into his dramas, confined the religious chorus within narrower limits, and endeavoured to excite the moral feeling and sympathy of his audience by the truth of his characters, the dignity of his action, and the noble simplicity of his diction. Of more than a hundred tragedies written by him, we possess only seven.

The last of the Grecian dramatic triumphs is Euripides the friend of Socrates, distinguished by his knowledge of the human, and especially the female heart. His aim was to excite moral feeling, though in doing so, he perhaps fell into the fault of declaiming, and of keeping the chorus too little connected with the action. We have nineteen of his seventy-five tragedies. Grecian tragedy is the representative of heroic deeds and events. The action was to be sublime, no matter whether its issue was fortunate or adverse. It was never to depart from the lofty dignity which characterized the heroes. In this sense, and as a great political engine, Grecian tragedy ought to be considered by those who desire to appreciate its chaste beauty. Tragedy lived epically aristocratic in the past, while comedy, early popular, laughed democratically lyric at the present age, enjoying from her very outset a title to extravagance, and growing soon into the wanton luxuriance of caricature, which unsparingly chastised both public and private characters, not without licentiousness. The most ancient comedy (with a chorus) was entirely of a political nature, and ended with the national independence of Greece (after the battle at Cheronea, four hundred and forty-four years before Christ.) The second species, less political, depicted characters under fictitious names, approaching more to general delineations. Out of this species soon grew a third, viz. the more recent comedy, without chorus, representing scenes and incidents of both public and private life, and characterized by its regular conception of a plan, its denouement of a dramatic plot, and its regular scenes. Its seat was Attica, whose caustic inhabitants took immense delight in, as they themselves formed the principal ingredients of, it. Of numerous authors, only one has come down to us; Aristophanes, a citizen of Athens, distinguished by the richness of his wit, and his inexhaustible good humour, as a star of the first magnitude in the literary heavens. His raillery hits both the dissipated and the wicked, spares neither gods nor men, and the swelling vein of his gaiety oversteps sometimes the boundary line of decency; he becomes not unfrequently indelicate, and his pungent wit verges towards farce, yet his blemishes have been fully equalled, if not surpassed by British comic writers, without their having a shadow of that infinite delicacy, which renders his pictures such delicious apician morsels. Of fifty-four, eleven only of these invaluable masterpieces of moral, historical, and statistical paintings have been preserved.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

LEGAL FICTIONS.

THE fictions of the law are in the mouths of all who have ever heard of that science, and are graduated in public estimation according to the degree of knowledge and education which every man possesses. All, however, acknowledge their existence; all have a vague idea of their nature, and with all they form a by-word, not among the least palpable distinctions with which that profession is invested. The man of science, while he admits that such things are, views them with

indifference, and characterizes and speaks of them as things which might or might not be, and as productions of neither good or ill; the casuist condemns them as possessing no positive good, and, *par consequens*, a negative bad tendency; the unlettered clown rails at them as nothing more or less than a sophisticated system of lying; the unlucky and disappointed suitor, who attributes his defeat to any thing but the injustice of his case, regards them as the most prominent part of a system which has for its object the encouragement of chicanery, and whose tendency in all cases is to place the honest man at the mercy of the knave; while the moralist, who adheres with rigour to the maxim "lie not at all," regards only the fact while he joins in its condemnation as departing from a principle which ought in no case to be evaded, and a departure from which can in no case, and under no circumstances, be justified. Each, in short, views it on principles peculiar to himself, and, without reference to general grounds of policy or expediency, justifies or condemns its adoption.

While pursuing a train of reflections such as these, a few mornings since, chance threw me in the way of a communicative friend of mine, a young lawyer, to whom my ideas on the subject of his profession were not altogether new.

"How happens it," said I, introducing the subject of conversation, "that in general estimation the leading views and objects of your profession, certainly the most noble, viewing it simply as a profession, of any which we possess, are so entirely overlooked, as it must be confessed they are, while a degree of prominence, altogether unmerited and uncalled for, is given to its minuter parts, I mean its fictions and its forms?"

"Simply for the reason," replied he, "that men deduce their ideas on every subject from facts and circumstances which are constantly before them, and by means of which they are oftener brought in contact with it than in any other way. We reason from what we see, and, let the remote cause be what it may, our ideas of every science are either elevated or degraded, according as the immediate circumstances presented to our view are the one or the other. The science of medicine is doubtless as exalted and as useful, I will even admit more useful, than any other, and yet, from the fact of its being brought home to us by means of cupping and bleeding, and such other attendants, the name of a physician becomes identified with these symbols of his profession; and according as he is regarded, in jest or earnest, he is set down as a leech or a butcher. So it is with us. The mainsprings of our profession are of necessity concealed from the public eye, and not unfrequently from the members of the profession itself. It is by these fictions and forms that it is brought to every man's door; and because he cannot trace each form or proceeding to what he conceives the justice of his own individual case, the whole system is wrong, injustice is regarded as the end, and knavery, lying, and chicanery come to be considered, by common consent, as the means. This is the secret; and as long as every profession is hidden from those who do not belong to it, it must necessarily continue to be the case. To reconcile these apparent contradictions is the great art of each profession, and they can only be reconciled while the line of each profession is preserved distinct. You will perhaps smile when I tell you, however, that these fictions to which you have referred, are the very means by which justice is administered, and that without them its administration would be difficult, complicated, and slow."

"I must confess," said I, "that I am not a little at a loss to perceive how mere fiction can, as a general principle, be made in any way conducive to justice, or how a system of justice can be pure, based upon a principle so equivocal, and, at first sight, so uncertain; and, without at all disputing the proposition that the end may in some instances justify the means, I must be excused in saying that I cannot, in reference to the

present subject, see the connection between the end and the means."

"To be candid with you," continued the lawyer, "such were my impressions, and such the conclusions to which I deliberately had arrived before, and for a long time after, I entered upon the profession. The course of my experience on the subject taught me however that these were impressions which are rather to be removed by the force of ridicule than of argument. I studied law with a wag. His profession was a matter of business with him altogether; and if ever he allowed himself to be diverted from the mechanical mode of thinking on professional subjects into which he had fallen, it was in such a way as to present his profession in so strong a contrast with considerations of another character, that both not unfrequently became ridiculous. Of lying by rule he was a perfect master; and in the pursuit of legal inquiry, he seldom sought for the truth, excepting among the most inextricable mazes of fictitious jargon. Yet his search after truth was painful and unremitting. His sincerity, I will venture to say, was unequalled; his integrity unimpeached and unimpeachable. I shall never forget an incident with which my experience with him furnishes me, and which my recollections of him, often bring forcibly to my mind. A fraud had been practised upon a client of his, of an unprecedented and complicated character. The details were numerous, tedious, and intricate. My preceptor heard them with the patience of a philosopher, and when they were concluded, advised the customary panacea in cases of that kind, a bill in chancery.—By this proceeding you perhaps require to be informed that the whole facts of the case are spread before the court in the form of a narrative; every allegation of which the defendant is required to answer under oath. This advice was adopted, and after a few days a bill in size such as bills in chancery are proverbially set down to be, was placed in my hands to be copied. For some eight or ten pages the narrative went on with great clearness and precision; but then it went off at a tangent into charges of conspiracy, inconsistent details, and tortuous interrogatories, in which even I, although somewhat accustomed to proceedings of that description, became bewildered. I still went on until at length my confusion half convinced me that some inexplicable error had crept into the manuscript, attributable only to the hurry and multiplicity of business in which the draftsman was involved. This conviction emboldened me to suggest, which I did with as much delicacy as possible, that such was the case. The sly old jurist smiled when he discovered my embarrassment.

"You forget, young man, that a knave can only be taken in a snare. Point out the pit which you have been at the pains to dig for him, and he laughs at you and escapes. Tell your enemy your strength, and that moment you disarm yourself. There is no course so effectual to ferret out chicanery as mysterious insinuation, coupled with apparent inconsistency; and, as a skilful general, when opposed to a powerful enemy, is justified in resorting to stratagem, so we, to detect and punish fraud and imposition, may safely be indulged in a little evasion and equivocation."

"The singularity of the fact that equivocation had been resorted to, was only equalled in my mind by the singularity of the reason by which it was justified, and at the time I set both down as founded on a system of morals which I could neither excuse nor adopt. Now however those impressions are worn away, perhaps more by the force of habit than of conviction, although not the less effectually on that account. Habit has taught me to view legal fictions as secondary to the great end of justice, and I, in common with the great mass of the profession, choose to view that profession as promotive of the ends of civilized society in the highest possible degree, and rather than forego the prospects which it holds out to perseverance and industry, to embrace it with all its quibbles and its faults.

Our John Does and our Richard Roes, our James Jacksons and our John Stileases, our declarations, pleas rejoinders, surrejoinders, rebutters and demurrers may excite, as they have always hitherto done, the merriment and the ridicule of those who either look at them at a distance, or of those who have had to pay dearly for them without being able to discover their utility, but in the end it will be found that the maxim *fictio cedat veritati*,—"let fiction yield to truth," is predominant, and that all these suppositions or fictions are but limbs, and not the least firm too, in the great chain which connects and holds society together. Perhaps some of them might be dispensed with—perhaps all. This however is the work of time, and, after all, it may be well questioned whether the utility of the task would any thing like compensate the labour with which it would necessarily be attended."

From the warmth with which my friend treated the subject, and the ardour which he discovered in the vindication of his profession, I felt but little disposition to prolong the discussion, and, after yielding my assent to what he had said, we separated. The next day afforded me an opportunity of testing his sincerity. Happening to stroll into one of the courts, the well known voice of my friend struck my ear. He was addressing the court, and curiosity prompted me so stay and hear him. I had listened but a few moments when I found that he was reasoning upon a fiction of law which resulted in the proposition, in which he was sustained by the court, that a man who had died the day before, was alive in judgment of law, and continued so until the expiration of the term which lasted ten days longer. How the justice of the case was, I knew not; but it was not without some difficulty that I could regard seriously the sort of judicial resuscitation which, with the aid of a few fictions, my friend had so successfully brought about. B.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The Poor.—The season is fast approaching when the claims of the indigent and the distressed will be renewed, and the assistance of the wealthy required to supply their necessities and mitigate their sorrows. The experience of the last year admonishes us of the necessity of attending to this subject in good season, that as much of evil as is possible may be obviated, and that which must be endured be efficiently alleviated. A variety of means suggest themselves for the attainment of this important object. The prevention of indigence can only be effected by procuring employment for those who are by misfortune deprived of it. For this purpose committees should be appointed in each ward to devise measures by which the industry of mechanics may not be left unexercised; and we believe they were so appointed last year. Of any plan adopted by them, or of their having even entered at all upon the performance of their duties, we have not as yet had any information. If they have so neglected the charge entrusted to them, it is deeply to be deplored as a public calamity, and not a moment should be lost in repairing the evils likely to accrue from the omission.

An example of prudence and economy in the upper classes, as they are termed, is another important means of obviating the fatal inroads of want and distress. No cause acts with such sure and wide-spread influence in creating poverty, and its awful train of heart-gnawing sufferings, as the wasteful expenditure of money. Practised by the rich in a sumptuous and attractive manner, that causes their tables to groan under a thousand superfluities, and gradually exhausts their bodies and minds by the overstimulating and finally enervating effects of the circean cup, whether it comes mantled with the sparkling foam of the brilliant I. C. or blushing with the ruddy and deep hues of Burgundy, it is imitated by the next descending ranks each in their appropriate style. The wine changes its quality to suit the limited means of him who quaffs, or is exchanged for the more powerful influence of Monongahela, or Usquebaugh, Ontario, Cognac, or lastly, raw new England. The dainty brandt or boneless turkey finds its substitute in stuffed goose or minced pie. It is all the same in principle and in act. Extravagance is the ruling evil—indulgence in sensuality the prevailing vice. These must be corrected. The poor will want less—the rich will have more. The

former will not then experience the degradation of suing for relief—the latter the mortification of denying it. If the sums daily, nay hourly expended for superfluous and idle indulgences were set apart—the accumulated amount would astonish every one. It would wipe away the national debt, extirpate poverty from out the land, crown every tenement with neatness and comfort, and procure to every inhabitant thereof competence and independence! Who would not exchange all the transitory pleasures which momentary enjoyments can procure—passing away like the dream of the morning, the dew-drop upon the flower, or the brilliant pageantry of an anniversary celebration—for the solid, substantial, never-fading bliss of glorious independence? No duns then to lower with their angry and reproachful brow upon your shrinking soul—no threats of process—seizure, or curtailment of your liberty!—If man thought of these in time, he never would incur them. It is not by an agrarian or levelling law that he is to be transmuted, like the metal of the alchemist, into a philosopher's stone of perfection. Such protean agency effects little in morality. Prudence, economy, temperance—these are the agents by which the glorious revolution in the present condition of the large majority of the community can alone be achieved. And it is the duty as it should be the pride of the more enlightened and favoured portions of society, to set the example, and inculcate the lessons by which the reformation is to be effected.

Monumental structures.—All the celebrated cities of antiquity were more or less indebted for their external magnificence and imposing effect, to those stupendous works of art which were intended to perpetuate the remembrance of great men and great achievements. Ancient Babylon, Nineveh, and all the cities of Greece and Italy, were celebrated for their towers, obelisks, and monumental columns; and many modern cities in the eastern hemisphere, are now distinguished in the same way. But we have hitherto looked in vain for such aspiring evidences of American enterprise. What can be the reason? Have we had no great men? Are no glorious achievements connected with our national history? Let the annals of two centuries answer those questions. The first landing of our forefathers at Plymouth, and the achievement of our national independence, are two events of such inconceivable magnitude, as respects their influence on the destiny of the whole human race, that no parallel can be found in the history of eighteen centuries. But, independent of these, have no splendid discoveries, inventions, or improvements of public utility distinguished the American character? We answer the question by naming Franklin, Hadley, Fulton, and Clinton, while a host of others might be referred to in authentic records. But where are the permanent memorials to convince posterity of the facts, and inspire others with the noble ambition of becoming benefactors of mankind? New-York, this queen of American cities, for whom we claim the appellation of the "London of the Western world," cannot boast of a single monument of a public character. Philadelphia has none; the flat, square, quaker-like surface of that great city, is scarcely interrupted by the elevation of a cupola or turret—steeples, of course, are out of the question. It is true that she has several shot-towers; but however useful they may be, it will not be contended that they are, in the slightest degree, ornamental. Boston has none; although her citizens, with their characteristic patriotism, are now engaged in erecting one on a neighbouring height, in commemoration of the battle of Bunker-hill. But Boston, the very cradle of the revolution, does not possess a column or tablet to perpetuate its events. It is true that that city once had a monument, a lofty column, erected on a still more lofty hill, consecrated to the heroes and statesmen of the revolution. But the hill and the obelisk have both been swept away by the besom of public improvidence! Perish such improvements! Beacon hill was once the most splendid ornament of the town. But it has, long since, been levelled with its base.

We are happy to perceive, however, that the time is rapidly coming, "nay now is," when columns of marble and granite shall ascend to the clouds, to perpetuate the names and record the deeds of patriots, heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and philanthropists. Baltimore, long since famed for the patriotism and public spirit of her citizens, has taken the lead, and will be promptly followed by her sisters of the middle and eastern states. Baltimore has erected and just completed a magnificent monument to the memory of Washington, and surmounted it with a colossal statue of the "father of his country." The superb column on which it is placed, is one hundred and sixty-three feet in height, constructed of white marble, slightly variegated. It stands on a hill, one hundred feet high, so that the whole structure, including the statue,

has an elevation of two hundred and seventy-six feet; forming a very conspicuous object to the view of every one approaching the city, whether by land or water. Besides this, Baltimore was already distinguished by a splendid monument, inscribed to the memory of those brave citizens who fell in the battle of North Point, during the last war with Great Britain.

Let New-York, since she has neglected to take the lead, be ambitious of following so laudable an example. The opening and regulating of streets has formed angular gores of waste ground in almost every part of the original city. Let each of these be occupied with an obelisk, or a column, of an elevation equal to any of our church spires, and resting on a base or pedestal inscribed with the names and achievements of those to whom it is dedicated. Let this be defended by an iron railing, sufficiently near to render the inscriptions intelligible to the eye, and of a figure somewhat adapted to the shape of the site on which the monument will be erected. But, first of all, let the Park or Bowling Green exhibit an equestrian statue of Washington.

To the Editor of the New-York Mirror.

MR. MORRIS—I am an individual who has hitherto conducted himself in an irreproachable and discreet manner, as far as poetry is concerned, having eschewed the tagging together of rhymes in every shape whatever, except on two occasions, when my feelings were wound up to an awful state of excitement, and fairly got the better of my judgment: the present is one instance—the other was a horse-race. I went, a few evenings ago, to the theatre: it was Miss Fisher's benefit, and I was, as usual, highly delighted and excited by her performances; but, at the conclusion, after listening to the manner in which she spoke, or rather breathed, the latter part of her farewell address, my "wits began to turn," and I felt a strong almost an irrepressible tendency towards poetry. In order to overcome this folly, I betook myself to a neighbouring publican's, where, after making a hearty supper of beefsteaks and a bottle of London brown stout, I went home and retired to rest. My sleep, which is generally the sleep of innocence, calm and unbroken, was "perplexed in the extreme." That "bright intelligence," Miss Clara, seemed hovering over me, and the dying fall of her voice continued to make sweet music in mine ear. Along with these were joined sensations of a less agreeable nature, arising, as I am inclined to believe, from the baffled attempts of the gastric juices to overcome the indigestible properties of my very substantial supper. The morning's light found me in a high fever. I bathed my temples with cold water, and applied the usual remedies, but without effect, when, perceiving a sheet of paper on the table, I seized a pen, and heedless of consequences, perpetrated the following lines.

It is to be hoped that this long preamble will not be deemed impertinent, as I look upon it there are few persons privileged to trouble the public with poetry, without first making out an extremely urgent case, (as I trust I have done) by way of an apology. Yours, &c. C.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF MISS CLARA FISHER FOR NEW-ORLEANS.

Thou art gone to the south! where the light breeze is stealing
Pleasantly over the bright sunny land;
And the gay year unchill'd, still new be auties revealing,
Shows flowers in December by summer winds fanned.

Where from groves of the orange the rich exhalations,
Impregnate with odours the mild, balmy air,
And soft gales o'er tobacco and sugar plantations,
Come "woolly sweet!" to welcome thee there!

But for us of the north—oh! our joys are departed—
Mellow autumn is verging to winter's drear brink,
Feet and feelings are cold—we are dull and down hearted,
And nought's left to warm us save Lehigh or drink.

(Forgive me, sweet girl! if rude and unpolished,
My muse uses epithets homely and true—
But this heart shall be crack'd first, nay, shiver'd—demolish'd—
Ere it ceases to feel admiration for you!)

But as I was saying—grim winter comes scowling,
In snow, sleet, and vapour o'er valley and plain,
And over the city the north-wind sweeps howling
Interspersed with mild weather of fog and of rain!

Fog, snow, sleet, and vapour! Oh! away, girl, away!
To the beautiful south, where soft April showers
But refreshes the verdure that knows not decay,
And sprinkles the leaves of the undying flowers.

Why what shouldst thou do amidst colds, coughs, and such pests—
Midst potions and lotions—detested and vile—
Midst doctors and druggists, and bleak north-north-westers,
To dim thy bright eyes and chill thy bright smile?

Then away to the south! but when summer returning,
Brightens the earth, and the Battery looks green;
When the warm sun shines forth, and the year's out of mourning,
Oh say, wilt thou then, at "old Drury" be seen?

When the mild breath of May whispers "off flannel jackets!"
When the fields are all verdure, all music the air!
And the southern breeze wafts in the New-Orleans packets,
Oh then, sweetest Clara! say, wilt thou be there?

Come with the young year, in glee and in gladness—
Come with all things that are joyous and gay—
Come with those bright smiles—and sorrow and sadness,
Spleen, vapours, blue-devils, will vanish away!

* The Park theatre. A name first given to it by Keon, and since pretty generally adopted.

O, FATHER, SINCE THE FATAL DAY.

AS SUNG BY MRS. AUSTIN IN THE OPERA OF THE CALIPH OF BAGDAD.—THE MUSIC BY BOILDIEU.

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR BY W. WOOD, JR.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.

O, fath-er, since the fa-tal day, His arm was rais'd to save thy child, I can-not drive his form a-

RETARD.

way, My bo-som beats with wish-es wild. They say 'tis gra-ti-tude a-lone, That makes this tu-mult in my breast; - - - I know not;

but, when he is gone, My heart with sad-ness is op-prest, - - I know not; but,

when he is gone, my heart with sad-ness is op-prest, My heart with sad-ness is op-prest.

Thou wilt not blame thy child, my sire, | I could not if I would conceal | The feelings strange he doth inspire, | My blushes would the tale reveal. They say, &c.

VARIETIES.

WOODEN HOUSES.—Wooden houses are very common in America; and in the pine countries of Europe, they are almost universal, except for palaces and public buildings. In the interior of Russia, ready made houses are sold at the fairs. They are carried to the fair and there set up, and when the purchaser has selected one to his mind, it is taken to pieces and removed to the situation destined for it.

ODORIFEROUS LAMP.—A night lamp has been invented in Germany, and is now manufactured at Philadelphia, in which *eau de cologne* may be burned instead of oil. The fragrance diffused is very grateful, being in fact occasioned by the actual formation of aromatic vinegar during the whole time the lamp burns.

EXTREMELY POLITE.—A young widow of very polite address, whose husband had lately died, was visited soon after by the minister of the parish, who inquired as usual about her husband's health, when she replied, with a peculiar smile, "He is dead, I thank you."

A GOOD ONE.—A tip-top exquisite was endeavouring to call

a coach, one day, but his lungs not being very available, or having too little muscular power to blow them, or deeming it very vulgar to speak loud enough to be heard, a sailor happening along and observing the difficulty, hailed coachee in a voice like a speaking trumpet. "Here," said Jack, looking unutterable things at the dandy, "here's something that wants you."

CHANGING A NAME.—A western paper announces the marriage of Miss Polly Schrecongost. We unite in congratulating her. She did well to change her name. What a pity it is that John Ollenbeuhengrapensteinerhohenbicher, (who it appears has a letter in the Baltimore post-office) could not get off his name by an equally agreeable process. The ladies have the advantage in this respect.

When Lord Ellenborough was attorney-general, he was listening with some impatience to the judgment of a learned judge, who said, "I rule," &c. "You rule," said the attorney-general, in a tone of voice that was heard by his brethren at the bar, "you rule! you was never fit to rule any thing but a copy-book."

A famous grammar master in this vicinity, once inquired of a

six foot urchin, "What is a noun?" With ears erect, and a stupid stare, he replied, "Any thing that *consists*!"

Some Frenchmen seeing a man stand still in the high-way, during a heavy shower of rain, asked him why he did so? "Why," says he, "do you think I am mad, to ride in the rain as you do?"

A lady in a paroxysm of grief was said to have shed "*torrents of tears*." "Poor thing!" remarked an unfeeling punster, "she must have had a *cataract* in either eye."

The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us, is not lamentation, but action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

"I never eat beef," said an exquisite, the other day, "I live upon raisins, and grapes, and figs; beef's too gross, positively."

FINN'S LATEST.—Why is a boy having his ears boxed, like a criminal in manacles? Because he is *hand-cuffed*.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER LAND.

Alexandria, District of Columbia, December 1829.

DEAR SIR—The liberality and loftiness of sentiment by which the following original poem, from the muse of Samuel T. Coleridge, is characterised, give it a claim to the perusal, and its author to the respect and affection of the American people. Hence I request for it a place in your interesting paper, together with the subjoined production of my humble muse in reply to it.

Apprehensive that if she had been consulted, her delicacy might have contravened my wishes on the subject, I transmit the poem for publication without having solicited Miss Barbour's permission to do so, trusting that her kindness, and a suitable appreciation of my motives, will induce her to pardon the liberty I have taken.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE P. MORRIS, Esq.

DANIEL BRYAN.

Lines written in the common-place book of Miss Barbour, daughter of our late minister to England.

Child of my muse! in Barbour's gentle hand
Go cross the main: thou seek'st no foreign land:
'Tis not the clod beneath our feet we name
Our country. Each heaven-sanctioned tie the same,
Laws, manners, language, faith, ancestral blood,
Domestic honour, awe of womanhood;—
With kindling pride thou wilt rejoice to see
Britain with elbow-room and doubly free!
Go seek thy countrymen! and if one scar
Still linger of that fratricidal war,
Look to the maid who brings thee from afar;
Be thou the olive leaf and she the dove,
And say, I greet thee with a brother's love!

Grove, Highgate, August 1829.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Response to the foregoing.

Offspring of genius! welcome to our clime!
We hail thee—messenger of truth sublime!
In countless bosoms here thy generous tone
Shall find high thoughts congenial to thy own;
Shall gladden hearts whose free-born currents glow
With pride that they from British fountains flow.
Go forth where'er Columbia's skies extend,
And thou shalt find her greet thee as a friend;—
Convince her sons thou speak'st Britannia's voice,
And thou shalt hear our hills and plains rejoice.
Throughout the land for passport thou may'st claim
Thy glorious birth—thy rich paternal fame:
For on the rolls of Albion's living bards
No loftier name commands our deep regards,
Than his whose spirit in thy numbers breathes,
And wins from these green shores their fragrant wreaths.
Enlightened thousands here, spell-bound and pale,
Have felt his power in that blood-chilling tale
"The "Mariner," whose wild and wizard "rhyme"
Assures the heart that cruelty is crime!

In visions kindled by the quenchless light
His sun-orbed genius sheds o'er Blanc's proud height,
Their fancies revel on that star-crowned pile,
And see it clothed in heaven's eternal smile;
Behold its peaks of everlasting snow,
Its torrents freezing in their headlong flow,
Its scathed and shattered cliffs begirt with gloom,
Its vales of verdure and perennial bloom;
And, burning with his own adoring fire,
Invoke with him the strains of nature's lyre
To sound th' applause of that Almighty hand
Which formed a world so beautiful and grand.

But whether soaring on Mikonian wing,
His muse disports in light's celestial spring,
Its rainbows and its amaranths interweaves
In vignettes to adorn her "Sybil Leaves,"—
Attunes her harp where stars and seraphs shine,
And sweeps its chords in praise of power divine;—
Or stoops on graceful plumes to lowlier themes,
And sings the charms of landscapes, groves, and streams,
The joys that circle the domestic hearth,
Where love is based on purity and worth,
And passion's wild and tender forms portrays
In simple, glowing, and harmonious lays;—
Still, thousands bask around her pages throng,
To feast on thought, and drink her nectarine song.
Hence, high-souled bard! the task was fity thine,
In beauty's wreath, where kindly emblems twine,

See his poem, entitled Hymn before sun-rise in the vale of Chamoucy.

That hallowed pledge, the olive branch, to blend,
In proof that Albion is Columbia's friend;
Is still, in feeling as she is in name,
A mother—proud to own a daughter's claim.
Henceforth between these kindred lands may wave,—
Broad as the ocean-floods their shores that lave,—
The flag of peace! For ever just and wise,
May all their contests be for virtue's prize!
Bard of exalted heart, and chainless mind!
Fraternal Coleridge! lover of mankind!
Still send abroad the offspring of thy muse
To teach man virtue, and enlarge his views.
Bid her thy soul's rich treasures still explore,—
Bring forth to day and spread the precious ore.
As round the earth her kindling light extends,
May bigots learn to love and live as friends;
May Britons all partake her generous glow,
And learn,—what even tyrant power shall know,—
That here their brethren, happy, proud, and free,
Are lambs in peace, in war a stormy sea!

And thou, Columbia! in thy growing might,
Think on those names enshrined in glorious light,
Of martyrs, sages, bards, and patriot bands,
Britannia's sons! whose fame unwasting stands
In pillared grandeur, beaming to the skies,
And death's and time's oblivious power defies;—
Remember how, with pure and pious zeal,
Through all the varying scenes of wo and weal,
Their noble charities, and works sublime,
Have soothed affliction's pangs, and battled crime.
And should the faults that England's splendours mar,
Or lingering trace of "fratricidal war,"
One hostile passion in thy breast revive—
Be great—and thence the vengeful demon drive;
Bid holier feelings in thy bosom wake,—
Forgive her frailties for her virtues' sake;
And, while thou hold'st thy honour free from stain,
Be neither selfish, arrogant, nor vain.
In proof of friendship, wear the flowery band
By Albion's bard consigned to beauty's hand;
And still advancing in thy high career
May'st thou, by nations loved,—to minstrels dear,—
In glory's star-encircled zenith shine—
The light of earth—the theme of songs divine!

POPULAR TALES.

A QUARTER OF AN HOUR TOO SOON.

BY HORACE SMITH.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE sight from Portadown hill, as the morning broke, was incomparable—troops marching, flags streaming on tower and fort, signals flying, guns firing, drums beating, and martial music rising on the gale; the sea, blue as indigo, covered over with volumes of canvases, rolling before the light like floating clouds: life, vivid, bustling, bold, was in every thing I saw, heard, and felt. Heroes were round me: the men who had fought on every sea, the living trophies of St. Vincent, the Nile, and Trafalgar. I was in a blaze of eagerness and expectancy, to the utter astonishment of my pacific fellow-travellers; and the blaze was still more unmanageable, if that could be, when, on jumping from the coach at the door of the hotel, I almost jumped into the middle of the right wing of my regiment, moving down to the water-side. I was on the best terms in the world with the whole corps immediately.

"Fine sight this, sir," said the lieutenant colonel, with his foot on the boat's gunwale: "in another quarter of an hour we shall be off, and then Portsmouth may put on mourning."

"I am afraid you will find it rather dull," said the major, who had just received a war-office letter: "your wing of the regiment, I see, does not arrive this week, and you must wait for the next convoy."

"A week!" said I, in trepidation.

"Or, say a month, if you like," was the reply. "We shall probably have walked over half the peninsula before our light-bobs and grenadiers stand on the same parade again."

"A month!" echoed the captain of grenadiers, a fine, dashing Irish Hercules, to whom I took an instinctive liking. "Say six months, or a year, or, by Jove! the end of the world, or as much further as you like. Whatever happens in the peninsula will be short and sweet. If we beat the French, well and good, the business is done; if they beat us, we come back, and there is an end of the matter. At all events, my young

friend, if you see nothing else in the course of the service, you will have it to say that you saw an embarkation."

I did not require the general laugh that rounded this speech to stimulate me; but at once asked the colonel whether I might not embark then. The colonel paused, and had his doubts. But likings and dislikings are chiefly mutual. My rapture with the regiment had made me popular already; and I was tilted on board the transport, across glorious bright billows, that at every heave seemed to throw new life into me.

I enjoyed every thing—the flutter of the sails, the roar of the surge, the brawlings of the shore-boats, the rattle of the cordage, the very smell of the tar; novelty was in every sight and sound; and if I had seven times seven senses they would have been all kept busy and delighted. A handsome dinner made only a pleasant pause in the pleasures of the deck; and when I turned into my dog-hole at night, I would not have exchanged beds with a Sardanapalus.

The day had not done with me yet; it haunted me in my sleep. For what are dreams, but the remnants and fig-ends of the clothing of the mind during the waking hour; a dress made of the same materials, only rendered a little more grotesque and piecemeal; a sort of Monmouth-street toilette, in which the tatters and the finery are tossed together, and the stray stores come forth like an Irish king—cloth of gold over the shoulders, but with neither shoes nor stocking? Recollections full of the pomps and vanities of the last twelve hours thronged round my sleep; caparioned horses, ships flagged and streamered from stern to stern, gold-laced heroes, beauties blushing with charms irresistible and perpetual, banquets celestial, dances on earth, in the clouds, on the billows, that lay down, and covered themselves with all the colours of the rainbow, to make a fitting floor for my luxurious feet. Nothing could be more surprising than the scene—except its change; I had been quadrilling it in vision with an incomparable partner, made for me alone; and all was grace and gaiety, when I suddenly saw the roses fly from her cheek, the floor heave, and the whole host of quadrillers heave with it. The gambols of an earthquake were peaceable to the movements that followed: for every thing lifeless and living round us seemed to be seized with a spirit of sally. The "elements themselves did dance." I felt the buoyancy of a thousand wings. I was whirled, lifted up, carried away, partner in hand, immeasurable spaces. I swept along, revelling with the loveliest of human dancers, like a chain-shot from a gun, cutting the air at the rate of ten thousand miles a minute. At last a thunder bolt burst athwart me; my partner was torn from my arms by a concussion that shook every nerve of my frame, and I opened my eyes, to find myself rolled out of my hammock on the floor, in the midst of a circle of sick and sulky officers, and with my head in the hands of the surgeon trying to stanch the blood from my temple.

The serene day had been succeeded by a gale. The toasing of the transport had inspired my slumbers; and the last tack had rolled me out of my berth.

I did my best to enjoy the practical joke of the new element, whose treachery I had so soon experienced. But the greatest humorist among us was not long proof against its might. The zephyr had become a breeze, the breeze rapidly grew into a brisk gale, and the brisk gale still more rapidly into a storm. To make the matter more sublime, we were still in the channel, a spot evidently intended by nature for seasoning this great naval nation to the perils of salt water; for man may put a girdle round the world without meeting such another teacher. We were rolled, pumpled, and salted into living mummies and stockfish; drenched until the idea of dryness was extinguished among us; frozen till every feeling but that of hunger was gone; and thus, without food, fire, or sleep, hourly startled, wretches as we were, by the chance of being called to account for our folly in tempting an element made only for sailors and other sea-monsters; roused from our miserable experiment to sleep, by a yell of, "Shoals on the larboard!"—"Breakers on the starboard!"—"Pumps choked!"—"Water gaining on the hold!"—we passed three full weeks of "the glorious life of a sailor," rocking like unruly children, in that uneasy cradle, the ocean, over every billow from Plymouth sound to the bottom of the Bay of Biscay.

But our troubles were coming to an end. "Time and the hour run through the roughest day;" and time and the hour

drove us back, up the channel, by "abbey-tower and harbour-fort," with a wind hunting our solitary transport at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The land flew behind us, and we stood on a deck naked of spar, mast, and sail, and with a crew as ghastly as ever manned the Flying Dutchman, to see England "leaving us on the lee;" and every man of us expecting to find ourselves under sailing orders for the North Pole, or the other world. Help from shore was hopeless; for no boat could live a moment in the whirlwind of foam that swept round us. Surges that toppled over what was in better times our masts, but now a decrepit semblance of the crutch of a Greenwich pensioner, dallied with us as if our bark were a bauble. Gusts of wind, that ripped up the sea from the bottom, and spread it over us like a huge winding-sheet of spray, salt, and sand, were our only companions. We were not quite drowned yet; but the ocean played with us as a cat would with a mouse; let us slip for a moment, and then was on our backs with a mortal plunge again.

At length execution came. We wheeled, at midnight, into a "profound" of storm, a complication of sea-mischief, shores and shoals that we touched every five minutes, surges more implacable than ever, and darkness made more horrible by the glimmering of wandering lights, that every shivering soul among us could have sworn were dancing up and down the waters in the hands of drowned seamen—our *memento mori*.

But our horrors were completed by the still deeper gloom of an enormous promontory hanging within half a dozen feet of our bow. Death was inevitable, and we waited for it up to our waist in water. The ship struck with a violence that flung our whole council of war from its centre of gravity. A French battery could not have more effectually laid the *élite* of the gallant regiment on their faces. But, to my wonder, the blow was given, and we were not yet "full fathoms five" with "those for pearls that were our eyes," nor "of our bones was coral made." But, while the few among us whose tongues could yet move were giving their opinions on the *terra incognita* which had brought us up at last; some voting for the Fiords of Norway, others for Greenland, others for no land at all, but an iceberg, on whose prongs was struck our hopeless ship, like a fly on a pin; and the only thing in which we agreed was, that we had left the channel some thousand miles to the south—the day broke. We looked round us in astonishment. The iceberg over our heads was a bastion, loaded with guns. Behind us was a sunny island; before us a smiling shore. Along it were military lines, a fort, flags flying, and, to round the landscape, a ridge of hills covered with sheets of red, yellow, and green, ten miles long by five. "Hilsea! Portsmouth! Portsdown!" were the three exclamations from us all, the first fruits of our recovered faculties.

Our ship still lay a hundred yards from the shore; and the waves which had brought her so far were not yet tired of playing the same antics with her as for the last month; she pitched and rolled hideously. Before me lay the pleasant land of the canteen, the coffee-house, and the hotel. A crowd of jovial-looking *militaires* had already gathered on the beach to welcome us home, and were roaring with laughter at our unwilling manoeuvres.

"Flesh and blood can bear this no longer," said I to the colonel, who, without boots, epaulettes, or stomach, was clinging for his life to the juremast of our dancing ship. The words were no sooner pronounced than I jumped overboard, and was, like Cæsar, "buffeting the waters with fierce controversy." The waters took their revenge; I was the last of their victims, and they determined to make me remember them. The billows did with me just as they liked. When I was within ten yards of the shore on the back of one, the next conveyed me fifty yards to sea. No boat was at hand to determine "the controversy," and, in a few minutes as possible, a huge bill of foam, tumbling back from the beach, carried me with it, insensible, down channel.

I awoke in the hands of a committee of country surgeons, at the critical moment when the men of science were on the point of carrying it against the philanthropists, and I was about to be consigned to the forceps of a fashionable lecturer on the *post mortem* peculiarities of man. Here perhaps, I began to breathe fifteen minutes too soon; for one quarter of an hour more was the time in which the philanthropists had agreed to give up the experiment of my recovery. Less promptitude on my part would have saved me a good deal of after-trouble.

But I was fated to disappoint every one; and I disappointed the men of science of their prize, jumped into a post-chaise, and flew back to quarters. The first man whom I met in the streets of Portsmouth was my friend Jack, taking a tranquil saunter among the print-shops. He was goodnaturedly glad to see me.

"But you were unlucky," said he, "in venturing to swim from the vessel. The tide was going down; in another quarter of an hour she was lying high and dry, and you might have landed in a cabriolet."

"But the regiment, where is it to be found?"

"You have nothing to do with it now; you were returned drowned, for every ensign in the corps would have pledged every thing but his epaulette, that you were gone to the bottom. Your commission is given away, and now you have only to go to town and fight them out of another, if they will take your own word at the horse-guards for your being alive."

"But what are you doing at Portsmouth, Jack?"

"My duty. I have been gazetted to the regiment; and have the honour to be at this moment lieutenant in the company you left behind, when you were in such a hurry to see service."

I cursed the fifteen minutes in the depths of my soul. Storm, starvation, drowning, and cashiering were their produce. I shook Jack by the hand, saw him embark for glory and the peninsula with a wind that landed him at Lisbon in five days; and sad and sullen, took my way to London. My father had some gambling friends, men of influence everywhere, of course, and able to do every thing on earth but pay their tailors. To one of those I applied, with an indignant refutation of the charge of my being drowned. He sent me to a high functionary, who, from behind his desk, wielded a third of the thunderbolts of Britain's war. A more pacific manipulator of pounds, shillings, and pence, never calculated a discount. But he had the patronage of forty-three battalions, and was to me and five hundred subalterns the living emblem of the god Mars.

I leaved him for a year and a half; and may heaven forgive me for the prayers that I made for his welfare during the time! Ernulphus was clever at those short expressions of opinion; and my uncle Toby says that "our troops swore terribly in Flanders." But my vocabulary during this probation might have furnished Ernulphus with novelty, and eclipsed the exploits of our troops in Flanders. At length hope dawned, and I was ordered to attend. An honest clerk in the office, who had contracted an extra-official compassion for me, whispered as I entered,

"Your commission is made out, in a corps under orders for the peninsula."

My heart danced at the sound. Wellington was there, with the game of glory in his hands, and every packet brought aides-du-camp, eagles, and lists of promotion. Ushered into the waiting-room, the floor seemed to burn under my feet. Every moment was an hour, every hour an eternity. Let no yearning soul charge me with impatience; I underwent four of those eternities this day. I saw long files of the happy and unhappy passing in and passing out, I alone was unsummoned. I thought that time itself stood still. The great man's carriage rolling to the door roused me into action. I burst into his cabinet, his *salle de trône*, even before a major-general. The great man, when I at last detected him, half buried as he was among petitions, eyed me with a look that might have forewarned any one but the fiery fool that stood within three inches of his tribunal. Our dialogue employed but half a dozen sentences, by no means remarkable for their urbanity on either side. He bowed me out of the room; and, as the door was closing, I heard the words, "impatient puppy!" to burst in upon me a full quarter of an hour before I was at leisure: I shall take care not to be too soon troubled with the fellow again."

In three days I saw my name in the gazette, flew to the office, and was struck blank by the intelligence that my new regiment was in the West Indies. A line of the angry pen had made all the difference between beating the French and broiling under the tropic, being covered with glory and flayed alive by mosquitoes; or, to say all in one, between the peninsula and the pestilence.

SELECTIONS.

THE DRAWING-ROOM ACTRESS.

QUERE. *Author*—Is it lawful for one in satirizing any particular folly, to make use of real personages of his acquaintance, and even build his sketch upon real facts, such as they were, which happened to come under his observation?

ANSWER. *Morality*—Yes; perhaps more strictly warrantable than the imagining of both, inasmuch as the more actual truth there is in such exhibitions, the more my interests are consulted and promoted.

Then, my dear Lady Mary, you must excuse me if I take the liberty here to print you at full length, for the benefit of society at large—and for your own in particular. Yes, I will

put you into the paper—for, though I risk the loss of your friendship, which I prize dearly—dearly as every man ought to prize the friendship of a lady and talented woman—and though those sunny looks may no longer be sunny for your satirist—yet he is contented to sacrifice even so large a portion as that is of his happiness, for the mere hope of diverting those talents into a more amiable exercise than they are usually applied to.

Lady Mary, gentle reader, is a young, accomplished, kind-hearted, elegant woman; of great natural endowments—perhaps too great—at least, in one peculiar way—she is an admirable drawing-room actress; and, of all the actresses in the world—of all the performers that ever made the boards "discourse" with clatter of their heels—let me see Miss Blank in Lady Bell, Miss Dash in Lady Teazle, Miss Asterisk in Lydia Languish, or Miss Hem-hem in Lady Macbeth;—in short, put the lowest retainer about a theatre on the boards for five hours in a night, and I will endure them; but heaven save me from your drawing-room actress!

By this talent, Lady M. is enabled to season her highly-coloured portraits of her neighbours, as they take leave one after another, with exquisite imitations of the manner, accentuation, voice—nay, personal peculiarities of each, with the cruellest fidelity. For example—

"Ah! my dear Lady Mary, was Mrs. Askaunt with you this morning?"

Lady M.—*Running to a lounging-chair, simpering hideously, and ogling the inquirer with what Le Sage or Smollett calls the corner of the eye.*—"Oh, 'iss, indeet, she was—and telt uss that it wass a beautiful morning."

"Ha! ha! and her husband?"

Lady M.—*In a grumbling bass voice, stooping forward, and shaking the ringlets about her pretty face.*—"Aw?" her husband? Oh, oy, aw—aw! He was going to his bawnker's, and left Mrs. A. until he should return."

"Positively you are the drollest creature. Strike me dumb! You have such a fancy, 'pon honour. Well, I've a thousand calls—I must fly—adieu!"—*A mutual interchange of farewell nods and smiles.*

"Pretty fellow, that, Lady Mary?"

Lady M.—*Standing, one hand to her side, her glass raised.*—"Think so? Yes—vezzy pretty—strike me dumb! 'pon honour!"

At this moment Dr. A.—, who had been visiting a patient, entered the house with a very grave countenance, the silver head of his cane pressed upon his nether lip, and his left hand placed behind his back. The mad girl waited until he had passed her chair, then rose softly, placed herself behind him, shut her fan, and, laying it against her lip with a face of the archest gravity in the world, followed in his wake until the stifled laughter of the company caught his ear. But, long before his head was turned, the lady's noiseless feet had borne her to her chair, in which she now sat, looking at the expanded fan with the demurest face imaginable.

If Lady Mary knew the conversation that took place immediately after, when an accident compelled her to leave the company for a few minutes, I believe she would not be so willing as she is to entertain them with her capabilities at mimicry.

"'Tis capital fun," said a gentleman.

"I am sure it is any thing but amiable," said a lady.

"I remember," said an elderly lady—and I transcribe the elderly lady's speech for Lady Mary's especial benefit—"I remember only one acquaintance who was as good an actress as Lady Mary. She was quite as beautiful, quite as accomplished, and quite as fond of turning her acquaintances into ridicule. You have heard of Miss G.—, of —?" a nod from several old bodies in the room. "She was greatly admired indeed; and she was not without her own particular admiration in return. She was deeply attached to a young gentleman, whom," with a significant nod, "it is not worth while to name now, and he was most devotedly attached to her in return. He loved her wit, her beauty, her accomplishments,—nay, her very faults; for he took the utmost delight in that very unamiable quality of which we have been speaking, particularly, as he observed, that no being was ever made the subject of her satire in whom he even *deemed* to take the remotest interest. In a word, they were a most affectionate pair; and nothing was wanting to complete their union, but the arrival in town of the gentleman's mother. (Let me say, in passing, that he was one of the fondest sons that ever breathed.) 'Well, my angel! where have you passed last evening?' said her lover, entering her apartment, one fine morning—'leaving me a poor Castalio, to knock three times to a not at home?' 'I sha'n't tell you—shall I? No—yes—come here and sit down—'I went to Mrs. Metre's. You know Mrs. Metre?' 'Oh! perfectly well.' 'Well, she had a card-party—

sit further off, you hideous creature, patting him on the cheek with her fan, and then recalling him with one of the loveliest smiles in the world, as in mock reverence he retired to the very furthest corner of the room. 'So—now remain just as I have placed you—well, there was Mrs. Doucewoman, whom you have seen a thousand times, worrying us, as usual, with all the virtues of her own family. It seems her brother has returned lately from India, and she has already discovered him to be a perfect paragon; positively, he's the stupidest creature that ever—where's that hand creeping to?' as she observed it steal unconsciously along the back of her chair, 'take it away!' slapping it prettily with her own soft and beautiful one,—'horrid wretch!' as in duty bound, he took the little aggressor, and pressed it to his lips.—'Where was I?—Oh! there was also another person in company, a country lady, really the most comical old body I think I ever met. She sat in this manner, erect in her chair the whole night; her long grave face made up into such a prim expression, just turning her eyes, mimicking, 'to one side and to another, to say with a nod, 'Yes'—'No'—'Sir'—'You spoke'—'Exactly'—altogether the most laughable but—with a stare of astonishment, as she observed, now for the first time, that her lover had, while she proceeded with her sketch, withdrawn his hand from her chair, shrunk back in his own, and now sat pale and breathless, his lips compressed, and his eyes sorrowfully bent on the ground.—'Harry, dear Harry, what is the matter? You look frightfully. Are you ill?' He removed her hand from his shoulder with a strange and a new feeling. He was indeed ill—sick to the very heart; for in her thoughtless portraiture he had recognised his poor praise-idolized mother! I hope none of my readers, fair or gallant, may ever be doomed to experience such a fearful sensation as that which agitated the young gentleman at the moment I speak of.—A noble poet (peace to his shade!) has said—

"Love may sink by slow decay;
But by sudden wrench believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away!"

I fear he was in error. Love is as mortal in every respect as the human frame, and quite as subject to sudden death. Poor Miss G. did not discover the cause of this extraordinary conduct, until her lover (with his parent) was far from town. It was in vain that several common friends of both remonstrated with him on the cruelty of his conduct; in vain did his amiable mother herself, on being informed of the whole affair as it stood, represent to him that he was yet more in fault than the lady, and that it was, in fact, in an affectionate endeavour to amuse him that she had committed the unintentional offence. All was in vain; the blow was given; love had been struck dead in that fatal moment; dislike had usurped its place within his bosom, and his understanding might (and did) bow to their suggestions: but his heart was stubborn—it was estranged for ever."

It would have been all fair, if ample restitution had been made on both sides; but, unfortunately, there were some trifles belonging to the lady which the gentleman forgot to restore—her young, her ardent, her confident affections. These, notwithstanding all her efforts, she never could recall from him, and, in the effort to do so, struggling between love, pride, and sorrow, she found—quiet.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

Mary Conway was the flower of her father's family. She was young, and well do I remember that she was beautiful—most beautiful. There is no object beneath the sun—nothing in this wide world, full as it is of allurements, that burns in the heart like the fresh visions of young angelic loveliness, in the hey-day of the feelings. There is something pure, and innocent, and holy, in the mild lustre of her eye; and something heavenly in the soft and gentle smile that plays upon her cheek and lips. I look back through a mist of years, but I see no object beyond it more distinctly than Mary Conway.

She married early in youth, advantageously and happy; in age and fortune her partner was entirely suitable for her; their minds too, were similar, above the ordinary cast, finely moulded, full of sensibility, delicacy, and spirit; and the morning of her matrimonial life wore every prospect of a long, and delightful, and quiet day of joy. If it seemed bright to others, it seemed doubly so to them; and, lost in the plenitude of their happiness, they forgot, if it had ever entered their minds, how much care and caution, what watchfulness and forbearance, what kindness and prudence, was necessary to secure the peace and tranquillity they now enjoyed. Love does not burn always with the brightness of its first light, but it often grows more deep, sincere, and unchanging, as time rolls away. The feelings remain as ten-

der and susceptible, after the shield that protected them from every unkind word has been broken.

The occupation in which they engaged was a profitable one; and Henry was a man of business, industrious, attentive, intelligent. Every one who spoke of them prophesied that they would speedily realize a splendid independence. They were the pride of the village. But how small a matter sometimes gives an unexpected direction to the fortunes of kingdoms, cities, and individuals. It happened one afternoon, several months after her marriage, that Mary had a little tea party, at which several matrons of the village were present, and as is often the case, a long and learned dissertation on the manner of managing husbands had been given by one and another; husbands and prudent wives know what such talks amount to, and how much value they are to young house-keepers. Unfortunately Henry returned home fatigued and weary, in both body and mind, with the labours of the day, and took his seat at the table. His favourite dish was not there. He inquired for it in a style that savoured not a little of reproach; it was unintentional. Mary was in the presence of her self-constituted preceptors; she was ashamed to appear too submissive before them, and besides, her feelings were wounded by her husband's manner; she replied, as she thought, spiritedly, but it was really harsh. Henry cast a glance across the table, pushed back the plate, and rising, left the room. It was the first error. They were both sensible of it in a moment. But who should make the first concession, where both were plainly in the wrong?

As Henry walked down the street, engaged in unpleasant meditations and enveloping himself in the gloom, a bright light in the upper window of the village inn attracted his notice; he stepped over; a party of gay young men were about sitting down to supper; they urged him to join the club; the temptation under the circumstances of the case was all-powerful. Supper over, he delayed a little longer, and a little longer, taking his leave; liquor was introduced and he drank; music came next, and cards followed; though he did not partake in the last, he looked on the game without abhorrence; the dread of evil he had been brought up in had been broken.

Returning late at night, his spirits heated with wine, and the recollection of his wife's behaviour before him, he found her retired, and passed the night in another room. The morning brought a cool meeting; the formal interchange of a few words, and a parting without an explanation or complaint. The seed of discontent was sown; it bore the fruit that might be expected. His home was no longer the centre of attraction to Henry. His tavern companions were gay, good-humoured, and attractive, and he left the fire-side of his own mansion, which no longer wooed him as zealously and powerfully as the ale-house club, of which he was very soon the centre and life. The second error was committed.

Though unseen by their friends, a dark cloud now brooded over the fortunes of our young couple. It gathered darkness until perceptible to every eye; and when it burst carried ruin and desolation with it. Driven to the dangerous company of dissipated fashionable men, Henry contracted all their habits; he became a drunkard and a gambler. The domestic circle was deserted, and its obligations forgotten. Mary met her husband's harshness and faithlessness with reproaches and bitterness. They both began in error and continued so. These occasioned loud, and long, and violent collisions; a fearful example was set before their children, who grew up disobedient, violent and passionate. And though for many years the impending bolt of ruin was stayed just above their heads, at last it sped.

Henry died a lingering and awful death. His estate was found to be insolvent; his children grew up to ruin, and Mary, the once beautiful and enchanting Mary Conway, ended her life in poverty and obscurity.—Thus fatal in its direct and natural consequences was an error; a single error; the offspring rather of accident than of intention. I leave the moral for others to trace out and apply.

THE SICILIAN CHARACTER.

Our knowledge of the characters of nations is derived from history; but there are moral features among every people which history never describes. In estimating the character of the Sicilians, this consideration ought to be particularly borne in mind. The island has been so long connected with Naples, that the two countries, in opinion, have become almost inseparably blended; and much of that bloody colouring, which darkens the complexion of their general national character, may, properly, belong only to the Neapolitan. Still, however, the circumstances of the

Sicilian government, from an early era, serve to show, that the political attachments of the people have never been lasting, nor have they, in any epoch of their story, evinced that they possessed that resolute courage which has often enabled small communities to acquire immortal renown, in their opposition to superior powers.

The Sicilians are rather a sly than a cunning race; perhaps no nation in Europe possesses so much naïveté. Loquacious and ingenious, they make more use of persuasion in their dealings than any other people. It is not enough that a Sicilian objects to the high price of what he desires to purchase; he expatiates on the inferiority of the quality; recalls to recollection how long he has been a customer; enumerates, one by one, counting them on his fingers, the circumstance of unlucky bargains that he has had; flatteringly contrasts the opulence of the English with the poverty of the Sicilians; animadverts on the politics of the government; magnifies the value of his ready money; insinuates that he may change his merchant; and often retires, and returns several times, before he offers his ultimatum. Nor in selling does he practise less address. There is not a single point of his wares that does not possess something extraordinary, or beautiful: no other shop in the town has any thing like them; so cheap, or so excellent. If the price be high, what will you give? and it is seldom that a Sicilian refuses the offer of an Englishman.

The inhabitants of this island are, in the proper sense of the term, highly superstitious; but the dicta of ignorance are so interwoven with the creeds of popery, that many notions of vulgar superstition are regarded as essentials of religion. The only exception is a belief in the effects of the influence of evil eyes: and even over this the priesthood have acquired jurisdiction. For they persuade the people to buy bits of blessed rags and paper, which, when worn suspended round the neck, have the effect, as they pretend, of neutralizing the malignancy. The influence of an evil look is instantaneous; and the person who happens to glance it, may be unconscious of what he does: it smites the subject with sudden malady, or impresses his mind with lugubrious images, and unfits him for the prosecution of premeditated intentions. It is useless to speculate on the fantasies of the human mind; but, in this case, the constant flickering of electricity in this climate, and the occasional breathing of pestiferous exhalations, from the vegetable corruptions in the bottoms of the valleys, afford a plausible reason for the sudden distempers and dejections which are ascribed to the aspect of ungracious eyes. The same superstition is well known in Scotland; but it is more generally prevalent among the Sicilians than the Scotch. Whether it is, among us, an imported or indigenous belief, cannot now be ascertained. Over all the ancient extent of the papal empire there is a great similarity in the topics of vulgar credulity.

The Sicilians have, certainly, a very keen relish of humour: and, now and then, one may perceive in them a strong trait of peculiarity, not individual but national, which, notwithstanding their ancient proficiency, is an assurance to think that they may yet attain some literary superiority which shall be regarded as original. A description of manners, and customs, by a genuine Sicilian, otherwise properly qualified, would equally surprise and delight.

CHOICE OF OCCUPATION.

When we examine the individuals who compose the various trades and occupations, and find certain classes to present, very commonly, a pale, meagre, and sickly aspect, while others are replete with health, vigour, and strength; we are not to suppose that because the pursuits of the one demand but little, and those of the other considerable bodily strength, the first are best adapted to the weakly, and the latter to the strong; we are rather to ascribe this very difference in their appearance, to the influence their several occupations exert upon the health of the system.

Let the most healthy and vigorous individual exchange his laborious occupation in the open air, for one which requires confinement within doors, and but little exercise, and his florid complexion, well developed muscles, and uninterrupted health, will very speedily give place to paleness, more or less emaciation, and debility, and occasionally to actual disease of the stomach or lungs. On the other hand, the reverse effects will be produced, by the sedentary exchanging, before it is too late, their confinement and inactivity, for some active employment in the open air. These are important considerations, an attention to which, in the choice of a profession, would be the means of saving not a little suffering. In many instances, of

passed two young misses, genteely dressed, with drawing materials in their hands. On seeing our friend, the youngest suddenly exclaimed, "Look, Charlotte! See the poundcake in that gentleman's basket!" The other cast a hasty glance at the object of her sister's admiration, and then with a contemptuous curl of her ruby lip, exclaimed, "*Gentleman!* indeed! carrying home liver for his dinner!" Q.

GRECIAN LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

It cannot have escaped the notice of our readers, while tracing the sources of poetry, that this art, with all its ramifications, was less the fruit of effort, than the natural effusion of a spirit wholly poetical. And, indeed, it is principally to this poetical spirit, that all Grecian productions, even their arts and sciences, and their whole mental development, are to be attributed. The epopee of Homer is an historical representation, or a history, in the wider sense of the term. Its aim was to rouse the people, by a vivid image of the past, to a just appreciation of the present. It is, then, natural to suppose that the epopee of Homer gave rise to history; but the abstract and general pictures of the latter being less analogous to the genius of the Greeks, must have presented infinitely more difficulties to them than poetry. Accordingly we find its development centuries later than that of poetry; its first efforts feeble, its beginnings small. It is in the cyclic traditions and mythological legends that we discover its first traces. These cyclics were in fact nothing more than faint imitations of the mythological traditions embodied in the works of Homer; but one circumstance rendered them important; the authors, in endeavouring to give unity to their representations, felt the necessity of paying regard to chronology. This was an important step towards improving history. The culture of these cyclics was especially attended to in the free and wealthy cities of Asia Minor. There it was that the first attempts at topography originated. The astonishingly faithful descriptions of countries and of towns in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* led the inhabitants of other states to attempt similar descriptions. The most distinguished of these topographers were Aristæus from Procanesus and Acusilaos, and they assimilated their graphic works to the epic and cyclic poetry.

In free commonwealths every thing that relates to the origin and progress of its community becomes important. This truth was soon felt by the Asiatic Greeks, and it became an object of solicitude to have the origin of cities and the foundation of republics faithfully recorded; not only according to tradition, but with reference to existing documents, inscriptions, festivals, &c. Commerce, which began to flourish at this time in Greece, (in the sixth century before Christ) and her growing political importance, but, above all, the numerous colonies which issued from her, began to attract the attention of foreign nations. A lively intercourse with the other known quarters of the world was the consequence, and gave rise to a more intimate knowledge of foreign countries; in other words, to a more correct geography and cosmography. By the aid of these important auxiliaries, history gained another important advantage; and soon after we find several writers, such as Dionysius and Hecateus from Miletus, Charon and Phereclides from Athens, attempting to give histories of their native countries. Their works have been lost to us, but they were used by subsequent writers.

After this Herodotus arose, the father of philosophical history, and with him the series of the classic historians of ancient Greece commences. Herodotus, a Dorian, from Halicarnassus, represented the successful defence of Grecian freedom against the Persians, as Homer represents the heroic deeds of the Greeks before Troy. For the execution of this great object, as we may truly term it, considering the period and circumstances in which it was undertaken, he travelled in the northern parts of Greece, and over a vast extent of Asia and Egypt; searched in Africa after monuments and historical proofs, and brought before the Greeks the whole mass of his collected materials in numerous historical representations, clothed in the epic form. His history is divided into nine books, which the critics characterised by naming them after the muses. They comprehend a period of two hundred and twenty years, beginning with the Lycian king Gyges, and ending with the victory of the Greeks over the Persians at Mycale. Herodotus wrote in the Ionian dialect, and his style is artless and pleasing to a high degree. His evident striving after truth, the glow of moral and patriotic feeling which pervades his picturesque descriptions, and the vividness of his characteristic delineations, render his history highly interesting. It forms the prosaic

counter-part of Homer's *Iliad*, which served him as a model, and it was during the Olympian games that the Grecian nation became acquainted with it. At a later period it was recited in Corinth, and afterwards, during the Panathenæas, at Athens. It received its finish at Thurium, in Italy, whither Herodotus emigrated with a colony of his countrymen.

While the father of history was reciting his masterwork before the delighted Athenians, a youth was observed shedding tears of joy, admiration, and envy. It was Thucydides, the son of Olorus, a disciple of Anaxagoras and Antiphon, celebrated as a statesman and general. He gave to history another direction, and seizing it in a political point of view, rendered the epic form subordinate to it. Having been deprived of his military office, he undertook to write the history of the eventful Peloponnesian war. He collected the materials with infinite care, and examined them with the most minute attention. His great work consists of eight books, in which he represents the events of the twenty-one years of this desperate struggle. His views evince the mature statesman, but the melancholy sight of the calamities under which his native country groaned, and which he inclined to consider as the direful consequences of the Athenian mobocracy, rendered him sometimes unjust in his views of popular governments. His pictures are, in general, well drawn, but his style, from an eagerness after brevity, is not unfrequently obscure.

The third classical historian in whom Greece gloried was Xenophon, the favourite disciple of Socrates, a man of vast knowledge, and possessing the power of writing in the most pleasing, easy, and tasteful style. He lived chiefly at his country seat, where he composed the greater part of his historical, philosophical, and agricultural works. There reigns a calmness, and a love of mankind in his writings, truly attractive to the humane mind. His *Cyropædia*, in eight books, may be called a master-piece of historico-political romance. In his *Anabasis* he describes the history of the war of the younger Cyrus against his brother, and the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks, in the happy termination of which he had so distinguished a part. His history of Greece begins where Thucydides leaves it off, comprehending a period of forty-eight years. Of his philosophical works, the *Apology* of Socrates, and the *Agésilæus*, are both of them master-pieces of art and taste.

It is unnecessary to pursue the series of Grecian historians down to Ctesias and Polybius. The road having been paved by these three great men, the models having been given, their successors had only to pursue the track, and in this pursuit new ideas, new points of view could not but suggest themselves.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

METAMORA, OR THE LAST OF THE WAMPANOAGS.—This Indian tragedy was performed, for the first time, on Tuesday evening last, for the benefit of Mr. Forrest. A considerable interest having been excited, long before the rising of the curtain the house was completely filled. The prologue, spoken by Mr. Barrett, was received with enthusiastic applause, and every thing indicated, on the part of the audience, a desire to give the author a favourable reception. The actors, both male and female, were eminently successful in their endeavours to do justice to their several parts, and during the progress of the play, received the most unequivocal proofs of the approbation of their delighted spectators. Independent of the undoubted merit of *Metamora*, the manager had afforded a gratifying exhibition of scenery, dresses, decorations, &c. We cannot at present particularize respecting the excellence of each actor, but must content ourselves with sketching the plot.

At the restoration of Charles the second, all those who had taken an active part in the impeachment and condemnation of the "martyr king," were induced to seek safety in exile and obscurity. Among these is found an individual, who appears in the play, as Guy of Godalmin. During his passage across the Atlantic, his lady becomes the mother of an infant and expires. Godalmin, still alive to conjugal affection, retains the corpse of his beloved wife; and, in consequence of her nautical birth, names the child Oceana. He arrives at the Plymouth settlement, and there resides, unknown, mysterious, and miserable, until Oceana has attained the age of sixteen, at which period the play opens, discovering Godalmin (*Mr. Woodhull*) at sunset, in mournful meditation over the lonely tomb of his lamented wife. At this moment an English ship arrives, bearing the lord Fitz-Arnold, (*Mr. Richings*), an English nobleman, high in favour with the reigning monarch, by whose influence Godalmin hopes to be enfranchised and restored to liberty; the reward, his wealth and the hand of Oceana, (*Mrs.*

Hilson.) Sir Arthur Vaughan, (*Mr. Chapman*), an English loyalist, after the execution of his royal master, retires also in disgust to the colonies, the patron of a youth by the name of Horatio, (*Mr. Barry*), whom he has adopted in place of an only son, whose early death he has not ceased to deplore. Horatio and Oceana become strongly attached, and all their hopes are destroyed by the arrival of Fitz-Arnold, and the report that he comes the fair one's suitor with her father's sanction. Sir Arthur Vaughan forbids all farther communication between the young persons, and the haughty and profligate noble finds in Horatio a rival whom no threats can awe, or splendour dazzle. At this period the seeds of hostility had been sown between the colonists and the chief of the Wampanoags, Metamora, (*Mr. Forrest*), son of Massasoit, who first received the English pilgrims, and entered into friendly alliance with them. This chieftain, known to the English as "Philip of Mount Hope," appears to the enamoured pair the only friend amid their hopelessness. Grateful for Oceana's kindness when a ferocious wolf attacked and severely wounded him, he warns her of the gathering storm of war, promises to shield her from the fury of his nation, and gives her an eagle's plume as a sure protection from the fury of his warriors. She accepts the boon, and, in obedience to her father's command, goes forth to give an assumed welcome to the noble guest, whose follower, Wolfe, (*Mr. Nixon*), a mysterious and blunt man, acquaints Horatio that his birth and fortune are not unknown to him. A messenger, Tramp, (*Mr. Pacey*), now arrives with intelligence of Indian conspiracy, and Horatio becomes the bearer of the news to Godalmin, one of the members of the council, and enters the dwelling of his love, while its halls resound with the welcome with which his rival is greeted.

The second act discovers Metamora in his retreat, with his wife Nahmeoke, (*Mrs. Sharpe*) and his child. Nahmeoke questions him about the singularity of his actions by day, and his restlessness at night; he insinuates that the encroachments of the strangers disturb him, and darkly hints at the approaching strife of blood. A band of musketeers suddenly appears in his territory, and the leader of the confederate troops (*Mr. T. Placide*) urges his appearance at the council board to renew his former league of peace, and remove from the minds of the settlers the fears they entertain of his hostility. Spite of the entreaties of Nahmeoke he resolves to go, dismisses his train, and departs alone. Meanwhile Oceana has resisted the suit of lord Fitz-Arnold and flies from the banquet. Godalmin, disappointed, and in despair, confides to her for the first time, the events of his past life, denounces himself to her, declaring that

"Civil commotion and a monarch's death
Make up the past, and poison all to come."

and bids her choose between Horatio and her father's life. At this moment Horatio arrives with the despatches. Godalmin, deeming his presence intrusive, and seeing in him the cause of his daughter's disobedience, insults him with a blow. Swords are drawn, and the mediation of Oceana alone prevents the flow of blood. Oceana is dismissed with her father's malediction, and Fitz-Arnold and Godalmin, after having completed the ruin of Horatio, depart for the council, before the members of which Metamora boldly appears, justifying the descriptions formerly given of him:

"Tow'ring o'er the subject earth he strode,
The grandest model of a mighty man."

He manfully and eloquently urges his natural and hereditary rights; reminds them of his father's kindness to the whites in the days of their feebleness, and denies the accusations against him. An Indian is now produced as a witness of his hostile intentions. He is a confidential follower of Metamora, on whom he had heaped benefits. Failing to induce him to retract his words, he stabs him to the heart before the council, asserts his princely power, and utters a prophetic and terrible denunciation on the whole race of whites. They fire upon him; but, by his dexterity, he evades the shot, which penetrates the side of Godalmin, and the chief escapes to his home breathing vengeance against his enemies, and rousing his warriors to unite in dealing against them an overwhelming blow.

A scene, terribly illustrative of the horrors of Indian warfare, in which the savages are triumphant, and Metamora gives an extraordinary proof of his magnanimity of soul, terminates the third act.

The fourth act discovers Wolfe at the stake, and Indian preparations for sacrifice. Horatio, who has been partly induced by the craft of Fitz-Arnold to undertake the dangerous office, enters, bearing a flag of truce, proposing armistice and return of prisoners. Metamora rejects his proposals as injurious to his people. Wolfe, who is prepared for and expects death, proceeds to acquaint Horatio with the secret of his birth; when a scout, wounded and fainting, informs the astonished chieftain that Nahmeoke and her child, who had been sent into

the Narraganset country, have been surprised, and are then captives to the English. The furious chief retains Horatio mounts his horse, and rushes to her rescue. He arrives just in time to release her and her infant from the infatuated and brutal mob, into whose hands, by the contrivance of Fitz-Arnold, they had fallen. Metamora now listens to the pacific overtures of the English. Nahmeoke is liberated and departs; and Metamora delivers himself as security for the ratification of the treaty.

The fifth act is one of deep and overpowering interest, and we are able to give but a feeble outline of its incidents. Godalmin has perished of his wound, and lies interred in the solitary tomb. Oceana mourning his fall, and her own utter desolation, is here encountered by Fitz-Arnold, who presses his suit with violence. Metamora, whom the extraordinary events of the past night had drawn to the spot, bursts from the sepulchre, and appears the champion of Oceana, and the avenger of Nahmeoke's wrongs. The encounter is fatal to Fitz-Arnold, and the chieftain bears off the hapless and homeless girl to his own country. Horatio, being liberated by the treaty from the savages, is found by the confederate soldiers, over the body of his fallen rival Fitz-Arnold. Their former animosity is remembered, and the youth is accused of his murder. Wolfe now makes known to Sir Arthur that he (Sir Arthur) is Horatio's father. His release is effected, and the sound of the war echoes through the colony. Oceana is preserved from a horrid death by the arm of Metamora. After the most heroic and desperate efforts, Metamora's force is destroyed, his child slain by the victorious whites, and he retreats with Nahmeoke to his last hiding-place. A Wampanoag betrays the spot to the allies, who on all sides surround him. To save Nahmeoke from slavery and insult, he slays her with her own consent. The English fire upon him—he meets death fearlessly as he had lived, pronounces a terrible curse upon the whites, and falls to the earth made red with the blood of Nahmeoke, and dies the last of the Wampanoags.

We shall conclude this article, which has occupied more space than we had at first intended, with the prologue and epilogue—written, as will be seen, by gentlemen of acknowledged talent, whose effusions have always been favourably received by the public.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Prosper M. Wetmore, Esq.—Spoken by Mr. Barrett.

Not from the records of Imperial Rome,
Or classic Greece, the muses' chosen home—
From no rich legends of the olden day,
Our bard hath drawn the story of his play:
Led by the guiding hand of genius' wing,
He here hath painted nature on her throne;
His eye hath pierced the forest's shadowy gloom,
And read strange lessons from a nation's tomb:
Brief are the annals of that blighted race—
These halls usurp a monarch's resting place—
Tradition's mist-enveloped page, alone,
Tells that an empire was—we know 'tis gone!
From foreign climes full of the muse hath brought,
Her glorious treasures of gigantic thought;
And here, beneath the witchery of her power,
The eye hath poured its tributary shower:
When modern pens have sought the historic page,
To picture forth the deeds of former age—
O'er soft Virginia's sorrows ye have sighed,
And dropt a tear when spotless beauty died;
When Brutus' "cast his cloud aside," to stand
The guardian of the tyrant-trampled land—
When patriot Tell his crime from thralldom freed,
Your bosoms answered with responsive swell,
For freedom triumphed when the oppressors fell!
These were the melodies of humbler lyres,
The lights of Genius, yet without his fires;
But when the master-spirit struck the chords,
And inspiration breathed her burning words—
When passion's self stalked living o'er the stage,
To plead with love, or rouse the soul to rage,
When Shakespeare led his bright creations forth,
And conjured up the mighty dead from earth,
Breathless—entranced—ye've listened to the line,
And felt the minstrel's power, all but divine!
While thus, your plaudits cheer the stranger lay,
Shall native pens in vain the field essay?
To night we test the strength of native powers,
Subject, and bard, and actor, all are ours—
'Tis yours to judge, if worthy of a name,
And bid them live within the halls of fame!

EPILOGUE.

Written by James Lawson, Esq.—Spoken by Mrs. Hilson.

Before this bar of beauty, taste, and wit,
This host of critics too, who throng the pit,
A trembling bard has been this night arraigned,
And I am counsel in the cause retained.
Here come I then, to plead with nature's art
And speak, less to the law, than to the heart.
A native bard—a native actor too,
Have drawn a native picture to your view;
In fancy, this, brave Indian wrongs arise,
While that, embodied all before your eyes—
Inspired by genius, and by judgment led,
Again the Wampanoag fought and bled—
Rich plants are both of our own fruitful land,
Your smiles the sun that made their leaves expand;
Yet, not that they are native do I plead,
'Tis for their worth alone I ask your need.
How shall I ask ye? Singly? Then I will—
But should I fail? Fail! I must try my skill.

Sir, I know you—I've often seen your face,
And always seated in that self-same place,
Now, in my ear—what think you of our play?
That it has merit truly, he did say:
And that the hero, prop'd on genius' wing,
The Indian forest scoured, like Indian king!
See that fair maid, the tear still in her eye,
And hark! hear not you now that gentle sigh?
Ah! these speak more than language could relate,
The wo-frught heart o'er Nahmeoke's fate.
She scans us not by rigid rules of art,
Her text is feeling, and her judge the heart.
What dost thou say, thou bushy whiskered beaver?
He nods approval—whiskers are the go
Who is he sits the fourth bench from the stage?
There, in the pit!—why he looks wondrous sage!
He seems displeased, his lip denotes a sneer—
O! he's a critic that looks so severe!
Why, in his face I see the attic salt—
A critic's merit is to find a fault.
What fault find you, sir? eh? or you, sir? None!
Then, if the critic's mute, my cause is won
Yea, by that burst of loud heart-felt applause,
I feel that I have gained my client's cause.
Thanks, that our strong demerits you forgive,
And bid our bard and Metamora live.

The sprightly and graceful intelligence, so peculiar to Mrs. Hilson, with which this little poem was delivered, were irresistible. Those who were not present can form no idea of the effect which she produced, and she retired amid the most deafening acclamations.

THE TIMES, OR LIFE IN NEW-YORK.—A comedy under this title, which has been for some time in preparation, was performed last week for the first time, to a very numerous and fashionable audience, and went off with great eclat. The piece is very amusing. It makes no pretensions to the title of a regularly constructed or sterling drama, but consists of a dozen or so of scenes thrown cleverly though loosely together, exhibiting the manners and habits of the worthy inhabitants of this city, and the birds of passage that flock to it and through it from every quarter of the globe, and sketches, pleasantly enough, a few of their follies and peculiarities. The character of the individuals brought into collision are strongly opposed to, and of course contrast well with each other. There is a pretended English baronet on his travels, a Frenchman, two Broadway dandies, (a black and a white) a plain merchant and his fashionable wife, a talking speculating Yankee, and a brace of young ladies and young gentlemen. Some of the jokes are old, though without being stale, but as they are adroitly introduced and well-told, they answer just as well as new ones, and there is considerable bustle and knowledge of stage effect displayed throughout. Altogether it appears as if it were the careless off-hand production of an exceedingly clever writer. The actors exerted themselves successfully. Placide, who does every thing as it ought to be done, made an excellent Frenchman, and his younger brother, T. Placide, as the African exquisite, looked and talked as though he had never worn a lighter complexion; the scene where these two take their wine together, was one of the liveliest in the piece. Mr. Simpson and Mrs. Wheatley made the best of two very naturally drawn, (we are afraid) and therefore repulsive! characters, and Richings played a Broadway loungeur to the life. Barry looked and talked like a frank and gentlemanly Englishman, and Mrs. Sharpe made a very pretty and spirited American girl. We think Mrs. Wallack ought to have played the other lady rather than Mrs. Hackett, who is more at home in ladies' maids than young ladies. The main attraction however was Mr. Hackett's Industrious Doolittle, who, contrary to what the latter part of his name imports, did enough to keep the audience in a merry mood from the beginning to end. The piece has been twice repeated, and bids fair to have a run.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Editorial miseries.—The miseries of editors are proverbial. Not to mention bad debts, and the demure countenances of printer's devils, they are compelled to endure others of a more vague, but equally unpleasant description. Among these is the disagreeable necessity of sometimes giving unintentional offence. Readers condemn us for publishing what they think we should not, and authors for not publishing what they think we should. Between these two rocks we have dangerous navigation. If we reject a communication as not sufficiently interesting for the Mirror, monsieur poet gets in a rage—attacks us with all the dignity of newspaper malice, and consigns us and our poor paper to ruin. To candid censure we are always willing to submit, and when we know it springs not from personal feeling, are grateful for it; but against this method which private enemies have of assuming the tone of a public censor, in order to vent their own spleen, we beg leave to protest. We are sorry to have offended any, but cannot alter our habits in consequence of undeserved rebuke. "These quips,

the career of our humour," although as many spiteful paragraphs should be spit forth against us as were ever elicited by Sam Patch or the immortal William Morgan.

Waverly Novels.—Twenty-two thousand copies are printed of each volume of the new edition of the Waverly novels. Ten thousand copies are sold in Edinburgh, and twelve thousand are sent to London, of which four thousand are sent to Ireland. Murray has just printed a new edition of the "Life of Napoleon," consisting of ten thousand copies. To this edition a copious index is added, highly advantageous and useful to the readers of the life of that extraordinary personage.

Theatrical Anecdote.—A few weeks ago, Shakspeare's tragedy of Macbeth was enacted in one of our southern cities. The house was crowded in every part in consequence of a celebrated actor personating the ambitious Thane. In the third scene, after the witches had wound up their infernal charm, preparatory to the entrance of Macbeth, instead of the first witch breaking off in the usual manner, exclaiming

"A drum, a drum!"

to which her sister in iniquity has to respond,

"Macbeth doth come,"

was an abrupt pause, and for a very good and sufficient reason, namely, that no sound proceeding from a drum met either the listening ears of the first witch or the audience. Macbeth surprised, as well he might be, at thus being ushered on the stage in solemn silence, turned round to inquire for the martial music. "No drum in the theatre, sir," whispered a supernumerary, in the guise of a Scottish soldier. "The devil!" exclaimed the thane of Glamis, "have you anything that will make a noise?" "Nothing but a trumpet, sir." "Sound the trumpet then," exclaimed Macbeth in a phrenzy, and utterly regardless of consequences. The trumpeter sounded, according to orders, and the first witch, being thus taken "all aback," substituted, on the spur of the moment, her own language for that of the immortal bard's, and cried out,

"A trumpet, a trumpet!"

to which the other, observing Macbeth stumble in consequence of his perturbation, instantly replied,

"Macbeth doth stump it!"

to the no small amusement of the audience, who were highly delighted at this unexpected transmutation of the sublime into the ridiculous. The cause which led to this novel piece of stage effect, was a militia muster having been held that day, and not a drum was to be had for love or money; and thus it came to pass that the royal army of the "gracious Duncan" was left destitute of this indispensable military appendage.

The Weather.—Perhaps on the whole surface of the globe there is no climate so variable and fickle as that of these United States. Two or three months ago, and it was as cold and chilly as December or January; now in December, it is actually as mild as May, and the ladies are to be seen fluttering along Broadway as gay as butterflies, and as brilliant and many-coloured as the rainbow. But this is not all: the south and the north appear to have changed places, for we find a St. Louis editor complaining of the frost being so severe in that latitude that "a house on the edge of a volcano would be no bad thing." If our climate continues changing as rapidly for ten years to come, as it has done for the ten last past, we should not be surprised to find skating in June, and green peas in January.

Penmanship.—Among the useful and polite accomplishments that are indispensable in female education, that of penmanship is certainly not of minor importance; and yet how few, comparatively speaking, how very few females write a good hand. This ought not to be so. Parents and instructors should be more particular on this subject, if they wish the tender plants committed to their charge, to become useful and ornamental members of society. To such as have not already acquired the practice of writing a neat hand we would recommend an application to Mrs. Dodge, who teaches this elegant art. This lady has been very successful in her vocation, as we can testify by specimens exhibited by several of her pupils.

Clara Fisher's New Song.—Firth and Hall have just published one of Miss Clara Fisher's most favourite boudoir songs, called "Come, let us trip it lightly, love." The words are by S. Woodworth, Esq. and adapted to the harp and piano-forte, from a much-admired Italian air, with accompaniments, by Taylor. It is a very pretty and agreeable melody, and the poetry, which most ad-

MISCELLANY.

PERSEVERANCE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—The late professor Heyne, of Göttingen, was one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or any other age; yet he had spent the first thirty-three years of his life not only in obscurity, but in almost incessant struggle with the most depressing poverty. He had been born indeed amidst the miseries of the lowest indigence, his father being a poor weaver, with a large family, for whom his best exertions were often unable to provide bread. In the memoirs of his own life, Heyne says, "Want was the earliest companion of my childhood. I well remember the painful impression made on my mind by witnessing the distress of my mother when without food for her children. How often have I seen her, on a Saturday evening, weeping and wringing her hands, as she returned from an unsuccessful effort to sell the goods which the daily and nightly toils of my father had manufactured!" His parents sent him to a child's school. Having learnt every thing comprised in the usual course of the school, he felt a desire to learn latin. A son of the school-master was willing to teach him at the rate of four pence a week, but the difficulty of paying so large a sum seemed insurmountable. One day he was sent to his god-father, who was a baker, in pretty good circumstances, for a loaf; as he went along, he pondered sorrowfully on this great object of his wishes, and entered the shop in tears. The good-tempered baker, on learning the cause of his grief, undertook to pay the required fee for him—at which Heyne tells us, he was perfectly intoxicated with joy, and as he ran, all ragged and bare-foot, through the streets, tossing the loaf in the air, it slipped from his hands and rolled into the gutter. This accident, and a sharp reprimand from his parents, who could ill afford such a loss, brought him to his senses. What sustained his courage in these circumstances (we here use his own words) was neither ambition nor presumption, nor even the hope of one day taking his place among the learned. The stimulus that incessantly spurred him on was the feeling of the humiliation of his condition—the shame with which he shrunk from the thought of that degradation which the want of a good education would impose upon him—above all, the determined resolution of battling courageously with fortune. He was resolved to try, he said, whether, although she had thrown him among the dust, he would not be able to rise by his own efforts. His ardour for study only allowed himself two nights' sleep in the week; and all the while his god-father (not the good-tempered baker, but another, a well endowed but parsimonious churchman) scarcely ever wrote to him but to inveigh against his indolence—often actually addressing his letters on the outside, "To M. Heyne, idler, at Leipsic."

I AM ENGAGED.—As a sufficient answer to the charge of fickleness brought by Cobbett, in a late article, against the American fair, we insert the following short extract from Levasseur's journal of the tour of La Fayette in America.

"The American ladies are not more remarkable for their severe conjugal fidelity than the girls are for their constancy to their engagements. At parties I have often had young ladies pointed out to me of eighteen or nineteen, who had been engaged, and of whose future husbands, one was in Europe, pursuing his studies, another in China, attending his commercial business, and a third dangerously employed in the whale fishery, in the most distant seas. Young girls thus engaged, hold the middle place in society between their still disengaged companions and the married ladies. They have already lost some of the thoughtless gaiety of the former, and assumed a slight tinge of the other. The numerous aspirants, designated here by the name of *beaux*, which at first surrounded them, and were received until a choice was made, still bestow upon them delicate attentions, but by no means so particular as formerly, and should one of them, either from ignorance or obstinate hopes, persist in offering his heart and hand, the answer "I am engaged," given with a sweet frankness and an indulgent smile, soon destroys all his illusions, without wounding his pride. Engagements of this sort preceding marriage are very common, not only in New-York, but throughout the United States; and it is exceedingly rare that they are not fulfilled with religious fidelity. Public opinion is very severe on this point, and does not spare either of the parties which may dispose of themselves without the consent of the other."

SENSIBILITY OF GENIUS.—When Burns resided in Edinburgh, his company was eagerly sought after by the *bon-vivants*, who yet continue to hold their meetings in their old retreat at the Canongate; they claimed him as the choicest spirit in their revels, and held out all the temptations that pleasant society and a deep carousal could afford, to induce him to remain amongst them. But Burns's temperament was as full of vicissitude as his life. He was sensitive to the first approach

of the disagreeable, and shrunk even from convivial intercourse, unless his companions were congenial to his taste. When they found him "in the vein," therefore, they knew his value, and cherished him. On one occasion he dined with a confidential friend, who, finding him in a most sparkling and jovial mood, induced him to accompany him in the evening to the meeting of their companions at the Canongate. Burns's vivacity promised a rich fund of humour and glee, and his friend, our informant, auguring from the delightful temper in which he had caught the poet, promised the members an enjoyment of the highest order. Burns entered the room, and took his seat beside his friend. The chair was called, and festivity began. An hour passed away, and poor Burns was silent; several attempts to excite his hilarity were made in vain, and during the remainder of the evening he could not be roused even to a smile. At last the disappointed assembly broke up, and the poet forming a little coterie of four or five of his own immediate and attached friends, repaired to that little *sanctum*, known by the name of Burns's Coffin—which, we are sorry to say, is on the point of being sacrificed to some modern street improvements. Here the repressed enthusiasm shone out—his heart was on his lips in a moment—and, forgetting the gloom of the preceding scene, he charmed his own little circle with songs and recitations, until the "peep o' dawn." When his friend inquired the cause of his silence in the club, his answer was characteristic of the susceptibility of his mind, "I didna like the face o' the carl who sat in the chair!"

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.—Don't be discouraged, if in the outset of life, things do not go so smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish of the future are realized. The path of life, in the prospect, appears smooth and level enough, but when we come to travel it, we find it all up hill, and generally rough. The journey is a laborious one, and whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find it so to our disappointment, if we have built on any other calculation. To endure cheerfully what must be, and to elbow our way as easily as we can, hoping for little, yet striving for much, is perhaps the true plan.—But don't be discouraged, if occasionally you slip by the way, and your neighbours tread over you a little; in other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you—accidents happen; miscalculations will sometimes be made; things will often turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that fortune is like the skies in April, sometimes clouded, and sometimes clear and favourable, and it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun, because to-day is stormy; so it is equally unwise to sink into despondency, when fortune frowns, since, in the common course of things, she may be surely expected to smile again. And again. Don't be discouraged, if you are deceived in the people of the world: it often happens that men wear borrowed characters as well as borrowed clothes, and sometimes those who have long stood fair before the world, are very rotten at the core. From sources such as these, you may be most unexpectedly deceived; and you will naturally feel sore under such deceptions; but to those you must become used; if you fare as most people do, they will lose their novelty before you grow gray and you will learn to trust men, cautiously, and examine their characters closely, before you allow them great opportunities to injure you. Don't be discouraged under any circumstances. Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own conscience than the opinions of men, though the last is not to be disregarded. Be industrious—be frugal—be honest: deal in perfect kindness with all who come in your way, exercising a neighbourly and obliging spirit in your whole intercourse, and if you do not prosper as rapidly as any of your neighbours, depend upon it you will be as happy.

SICILIAN NOBILITY.—Of the character and condition of the Sicilian nobles—says Mr. Galt—I have uniformly received but one opinion. The time of by far the greater number is spent in the pursuit of amusement, and of any other object than the public good. The most of them are in debt, and the incomes of but few are adequate to their wants; many are in a state of absolute beggary.

One evening, as I happened to be returning home, I fell in with a procession of monks and soldiers bearing an image of St. Francis; and not having seen any thing of the kind before, I went with the crowd into a church towards which the procession was moving. While reckoning the number of the friars as they entered, and having reached a hundred and seventy, all excellent subjects for soldiers, a well-dressed gentleman came up to me, and, bowing, pointed to some of the ornaments as objects worthy of a stranger's curiosity; but, perceiving me shy of entering into conversation with him, and the procession entering the church at the same time, he walked, or was forced by the current of the crowd, away.

The idol being placed near the high altar, the crowd began to chant a hymn. As they all fell on their knees, and my tight prejudices and pantaloon would not permit me to do the same, I turned into one of the side chapels, and, leaning against the railing of the altar, began to speculate on the spectacle before me, when the stranger again accosted me. Somewhat disconcerted by the interruption, and by the forwardness of the man, I abruptly quitted my place. But, before I had moved two steps, he approached, and bowing, said, "I am the Baron M., and my palace is just opposite." At this instant the worshippers rose, and the procession turning to go out at one of the side doors near where we were standing, before I could retreat, I found myself involved in the crowd, and obliged to go with the stream. When I reached the street, I found the stranger again at my side. This is very extraordinary, thought I; and, without seeming to notice him, walked away. He followed; and when we had got out of the nucleus of the throng, he seized me firmly by the arm, and drew me aside. Enraged and alarmed at this mysterious treatment, I shook him fiercely from me. For about the time that one might count twenty, he seemed to hesitate; and then, suddenly coming back, repeated in Italian, with considerable energy, "I—I am the Baron M. This is my palace; but I have nothing to eat!" I looked at the building, near the gate of which we were then standing; it was old and ruinous; there was no lamp in the court-yard, and only a faint light glimmering in one of the windows.

Mistaking my silence and astonishment, he pulled out his watch, and, placing it in my hand, entreated me to give him some money. As I had no disposition to become a pawn-broker, I returned it with some expression of surprise, and took out my purse with the intention of giving it to him, for it only contained two or three small pieces. But here all the solemnity of the adventure terminated. He snatched it out of my hand, and emptying the contents into his own, returned it; and wishing me good night, ran into the gateway.

CONSTANTINE.—The following anecdote will illustrate his character a little, under the double aspect of bigot and of tyrant. A young nobleman, during service in a church at Warsaw, at which Constantine was present, happened, most likely unconsciously, to put his hand to his head, and turn his hair back, by passing his fingers through it. The grand duke observing the action, as soon as the service was concluded, ordered him into custody, and had the hair on one side of his head, from front to back, shaved off. In this condition the young nobleman was paraded, bareheaded, through the streets; Constantine exclaiming, "I'll teach you to play the dandy in church," or words to that effect. This anecdote, which we relate on good authority, will remind many of our readers of the "fantastic tricks" of his father, the Emperor Paul, whom indeed, he is said strongly to resemble, both in mind and person.

CHINESE JEST.—A man sent a note to a rich neighbour he was on friendly terms with, to borrow an ox for a few hours. The worthy old man was no scholar, and happened to have a guest sitting with him at the time, that he did not wish to expose his ignorance to. Opening the note, and pretending to read it, after reflecting a moment, turning to the servant, "Very good," says he, "tell your master I'll come myself presently." A story is told of a magistrate in England, who got out of a predicament of nearly the same kind, rather more adroitly. He happened to have a note brought him by a servant, who took the liberty of telling his superior that he had the wrong end of the note to him, on observing him attempt to read it in that position. "What, sir?" retorted the dignitary, "do you suppose that I am a magistrate in this city, and cannot read a letter with any end to me I please?"

ALL RULES HAVE EXCEPTIONS.—Two whiskered dandies, with hair enough upon their upper lips to make a grenadier's cap, went the other day to the academy of fine arts. On reading the inscription over the door, "No dogs admitted," the foremost turned to his friend and wittily observed, "You must go back, Fred, you see they don't admit you." "Oh don't be frightened, gentlemen," said the door-keeper, "you may both come in;" adding, while pocketing the cash, "the regulation does not extend to puppies."

A Yankee and an English captain, each in a schooner, tried their speed in Gibraltar bay, when our countryman beat John Bull all hollow. They met on shore, the next day, and the Englishman swore that he had never been outsailed before. "Just like me," said Jonathan, "my *Jemima* never beat *nothing* afore."

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

RUTH AND NAOMI.

THE morn was breaking—night had passed away;
And flashing streaks of light, far spread along
Th' illuminated east, gave token fair
Of the bright sun's approach: the golden wheat
Hung heavily and ripe—the full leaved trees
Were waving gladly in the morning air—
And little birds, just waking from repose,
Were carolling to heaven their tuneful songs.
It was a time for gladness—nature seemed
Alive with joy, and breathing of delight.
Yet mid this scene so redolent of bliss,
Naomi's heart was sad; into this land,
A few short years before, with husband, sons,
And all to bless her, had she come—had fled
A country frowned on by the Lord—and here
Had made her happy home.

Alas! alas!

The change how sad! the future how forlorn!
Alone—bereft—deserted—desolate—
Motherless—widow—she—

No marvel then

If amid nature's joy her heart were sad.
She rose to leave the land. Why should she stay?
What was there now that she should linger there?
Could it, with all its rich luxuriance,
Again restore to her those lovely ones
That now, in cold unconsciousness, lay dark
Beneath its sod? Ah no! ah no! upon
The earth she ne'er shall see them more! The thought,
Like sudden violent death, struck with fierce
Agony upon her inmost heart. Starting,
With fearful groan, she fled in haste, as though
Rapidity of motion could o'ercome
Excess of grief.

But Ruth had watched her—she,
Naomi's youngest son had called his own!
She too was written widow; and she knew
The awful desolation of the name.
She caught Naomi's robe, and, kneeling down,
Looked up with streaming eyes into her face.
Naomi paused. "Return, my child, to those
Who loved and cherished thee, ere thou became
The wife of the departed—Let me go!"
Then, as a flash, over the heart of Ruth
Rushed the fond thought of home, in all the warmth
Of sweet affection, and the kindred ties
That bound her closely to the dear ones there;
The well remembered faces, and the tones
That sank within her soul, like richest music.
Shall she for ever part with these? She paused—
"Twas but a moment—as she gazed at her—
The aged and stricken one—the desolate—
She who in this wide world now stood alone!
She who had been the mother of her love—
Her young and buried love—and as the thought
Of their well-remembered affection, in its strength
And undecaying freshness, which not death
Itself could wither, rushed upon her mind,
Her high resolve was fixed—and her young heart
Was firm in holy purpose, as she spake:
"I will not leave thee nor forsake thee—no.
Entreat me not, my mother! wheresoe'er
Thy footsteps wander, there I'll follow thee.
Thy people shall be mine—thy God, my God!
I'll live and die with thee, and the same grave
Shall cover both! Thy hand, my mother!"

ISABEL.

MEMORY.

Joy's recollection is no longer joy,
While sorrow's memory is a sorrow still.—Byron.

'Thou com'st in gloom and sorrow back,
'Thou of the lightning wing!
Over what dark and sterile track
Hast thou been wandering?

"O'er thy past life's deserted path,"
The pensive spirit said,
"Where many a pallid phantom hath
My lingering steps delayed."

If from the spectre-peopled past
'Thou com'st, I ask not now
Why grief hath dimmed thine eye, and cast
Her shadows o'er thy brow.

Yet still to me 'tis charmed ground,
Then say, O memory, what
Of sad or joyous hast thou found
In that dim haunted spot?

And, memory answered, "I have met
Full many a mournful shade,
Dark grief, pale fear, and vain regret,
And love by scorn repaid.

"The ghost of many a blighted joy,
Of hopes too soon decayed,
Of pleasures mixed with grief's alloy,
And prospects doomed to fade.

"Of pain, and suffering, and woe,
Fresh feelings by the chill
Of cold neglect checked in their flow,
And others darker still:

"The shades of many a misspent hour
Arose upbraidingly,
And time and talents wasted, wore
An aspect stern to me.

"And evermore a darker shape
Still closely followed me,
Remorse, I vainly strove to 'scape,
Or from the spectre flee."

Sad is thy tale, O memory:
But in thy weary flight
Didst thou no gentler phantoms see,
Nor aught of fair and bright?

"Yes! ever and anon bright forms,
Though indistinctly seen,
Arose in mildly beaming charms
Those spectres dark between;

"Bright dreams, sweet visions, moments pure
Of unalloyed delight,
Yet ere my eye could scan them o'er,
They faded from my sight."

Sad spirit! thine's the only eye
That brighter sees through tears;
All that looks smiling, unto thee
A faded aspect wears.

Away! I'd woo the lethean stream
To free me from thy power,
Did it exist in aught save dream
Of fancy's fevered hour.

The only boon which thou couldst give
I never may call mine;
Thou in my heart dost ever live,
I ne'er shall live in thine.

THYRA.

POPULAR TALES.

A QUARTER OF AN HOUR TOO SOON.

BY HORACE SMITH.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE LAST.

I SAILED for the land of rum and sugar, leaving behind me
the land of glory and gazettes; was scorched to a beefsteak
by the sun; was drenched by dews that drop like ice upon the
boiling pores; feasted without appetite; idled without ease;
danced without gaiety; rambed without amusement, and
made love without liking. The soul and body of man are
melted under the eternal rage of the bluest sky that ever
looked lovely in romance and terrible in reality. I had
many a moralizing evening upon the subject, when I lay
on the floor of my barrack-room, wooing the tardy rising of
the sea-breeze, and envying the life of a glass-blower, an
iron-founder, a mouse in an exhausted receiver, or even a
chancellor of the exchequer, budget in hand, proving at mid-
night, in a "full house," debt to be credit, and expenditure to
be income.

However, even in the West Indies there are events. The
cannon of Kingston began to roar, and the whole island of
Jamaica was on the alert to welcome the governor on his return
from England. The frigate, with her flags, lay glowing in
the offing like a colossal show-box. The harbour was all
bustle, the streets were all holiday, and every creature that
called itself christian was flourishing in all its finery. But the
day waned, and the breeze disappointed our loyalty, and de-
frauded the governor of his dinner on shore. I was gazing
on the pageant from my window, when the orderly came in
to announce a full-dress parade for six o'clock, the expected
hour of the sea-breeze and the governor. I put on my harness
at my leisure, and, seeing preparations making for the landing,
wandered down to the water's edge. A boatful of females

was just arriving from the frigate. The populace were too
much charmed with the novelty of fair faces to consider what
became of the bodies; and, in the course of a general rush
to receive the passengers, the boat was plunged under the
surf. The danger was little, and the damage nothing, except
to Bond-street hats and bonnets, caps from Paris, and a superb
lavender silk pelisse utterly ruined on the person of the first
dame d'autour of the lady in command of the commander of
the forces. As I happened to be the only red coat present, I
bustled through the mulatto crowd, and took charge of the
rescued fair, in their wet drapery costume, to the first hotel.
The clock struck six as I entered. The rescue and march had
occupied just fifteen minutes; fatal fifteen minutes!

My protégée was the prettiest creature that had visited these
truant eyes since they saw the shores of Devon sink into the
Atlantic blue. Alarm, gratitude, and novelty, were in their
loveliest shapes, sounds, and colours, in the young beauty. The
cheek, the lip, the voice, the foot, the figure, all seemed to me
made by a spell, and made to touch every other human being
with a spell. When she disappeared within the door, I could
have sworn that the sun was extinguished, or have sat, like
Cesario, and all night "called upon my soul within the house."
No Romeo was ever more completely "stabbed by a white
wench's black eye." I made speeches to the winds; blundered
my company into the particular observation of our deputy-
assistant-adjutant-general, a martinet of twenty, red-hot from
Bagshot; committed the *etourderie* of asking half the regi-
ment what they thought of my Venus; and set every man
down for a fool or blind who did not pronounce her "made to
enchant all hearts and charm all eyes."

The governor landed in pomp; but, for me, he might as well
have been landing at Tower stairs; I saw but the boat which
had conveyed the loveliest freight that ever enriched the shores
of Jamaica. The town was in a blaze of lamps, candles, and
fireworks; but I abjured the glory of them all, to take posses-
sion of a hen-coop, overlooking the garden of the hotel from
which I watched the marches of a solitary taper across the
windows of a chamber containing, in my judgment, the "one
entire and perfect chrysolite," for which the governor and
council, with all their adjuncts, would have been a cheap
sacrifice.

I paid my respects at the hotel next day with the devoted-
ness of a Persian to the rising sun; but my sun shone not;
her cold bath in the surf had made her ill; and for three whole
days—let lovers judge their length—I lingered rather than
lived; watching the ominous faces of the physicians. In the
mean time, I received many a laughing congratulation upon
the wisdom of my choice. The lovely Adeline was the niece
of the major-general; and promotion, the staff, and all kinds
of military good fortune, were in the relationship. I loftily
scoffed at the thought of any possession but the brightest eyes
and most bewitching smile at that hour within sight of the
Blue Mountains. At length my permission came from the
doctor; his patient was convalescent. I was admitted; and,
in the recess of a shaded room, saw Adeline looking prettier
than ever. The heat, or the surprise, or, as I delighted to think,
some recollection of our adventure, heightened the colour
in her cheek; but I had scarcely heard the tones of a voice

"Sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
When all his little flock's at feed before him,"

when the door was solemnly thrown open, and in stalked the
major-general. I saw ruin in the glance that he shared be-
tween my idol and myself. But he was shrewd enough to
avoid coming to extremities at once. Politeness, the stern
politeness of fifty-five and a commander of the forces, was
upon his lips; and after speaking, in the commendatory style
of an order that might have figured in the regimental book, of
my services on the landing, of my regiment, and so forth, he
congratulated me on the promptitude of my visit, which he
took entirely to himself. "Rely on the experience of an old
soldier, young man," said he, "promptitude is every thing in
this world: fifteen minutes later, you would not have found
me here; and ten to one if I should have ever heard of your
attention in the multitude of things and persons that I have
to do with. The consequence would have been, that you would
have been left to the aide-du-camp, or perhaps to a *titre-à-titre*
with my niece, when you expected to meet me." I bowed to
the forces. But now I am going to visit the

ments; my horses are at the door, and you shall be my captain of guides, and show me the way. You see what may be done by fifteen minutes."

I envied a galley-slave: but the die was cast. We mounted, rode for half a dozen hours, and ended the day twenty miles from the spot that held my enchantress. I could have wished this confounded fellow in the bottom of every pond in the twenty miles. But he condescended to express himself amused by my talk, and talked in turn. He was clever and well-informed, had seen a vast deal of service, and known a crowd of the people that the world talk about. The wine exhilarated him; and, except for the recollection of the black eyes and coral lips of my pretty Adeline, I could not have passed a pleasant evening. But the wine, his fluent and fashionable pleasantries, and my own rash brains, laid me at his mercy; and by supper-time he was master of every fragment of my story, every circumstance of my family, and every thought of my heart. We parted next day at the entrance of Kingston, the best friends on earth, and with the general's promise, that "merits and talents like mine should not be long confined to the regimental routine."

He kept his word religiously. On that very evening's parade, the colonel informed me that I was appointed to the quarter-master-general's department in—Honduras! I was thunderstruck: I would have as soon heard—Siberia. I felt myself completely banished; and in my wrath that night I doubly eclipsed the exploits of our troops in Flanders. To shoot the general, elope with the niece, and declare war against mankind, were my first resolves. But I was under eyes that knew the ways of subalterns in love. An aide-du-camp waited on me in half an hour with the major-general's compliments and congratulations on "an appointment in which I might have so many valuable opportunities of distinction; and, to enhance the favour, as I was of course anxious to enter upon my career as soon as possible, a passage was provided for me in a vessel which sailed at midnight."

I tried to extract some intelligence about Adeline, but the aide-de-camp was prepared upon that point too; and with the true nonchalance of the staff, let out that she was infinitely admired, perfectly disposed to enjoy admiration, and would probably be opening the ball at government-house about the time I was embarking.

The last news was more consoling than my friend of the silver epaulette intended. In a burst of rage I gave the whole heartless sex to the winds, abandoned my purpose of shooting myself for that night, and, plucking Cupid's quiver from my soul, sullenly packed up my baggage, wrote a supercilious letter to the general, and went forth to battle the mosquitoes in their own kingdom.

My fifteen minutes were the price of three years of this warfare; in which nothing but a miracle, and my acquiring the skin and colour of an Indian, prevented me from being picked to the bone. While a white particle remained upon my person, I was the prey of "legion, for they were many." But I at length became undistinguishable from a savage or a sweep; and, by the close of my banishment, even the mosquitoes could scarcely pierce a cuticle tanned as mine was, by sand, sun, and salt-water.

In the mean time the world was going round. While my campaigns were limited to the demolition of English porter and sangaree, rat-shooting, and sanguinary encounters with a race of skirmishers who would have had the better of Bonaparte himself, the peninsula was ringing with the exploits of my countrymen; Wellington was hunting down the marshals of France as fast as he started them; my old regiment made a flourishing figure in the despatches; and, to my surprise and immortal envy, I saw my lazy friend Jack gazetted major.

The quarter of an hour had done this. Had I lingered but till the last boat had carried the last man of the regiment on board, I should have worn Jack's two epaulettes in the field of glory, instead of sitting in a West Indian hovel, broiling, bitten, naked, miserable, and a subaltern.

But changes nearer home had occurred. The major-general was dead of the yellow fever, and Adeline was gone in the universal scattering of his household. Inquiries were profitless; for in the blessed climate of the sugar islands society passes away as fast as the cane crop; and no one troubles himself about the will of fortune. General, staff, and niece, were as much wiped out of the public mind as the last year's almanac.

I adopted a desperate resolution. A handsome Spanish Creole, of a certain age, a widow, with a plantation, a hundred thousand dollars, and a very obvious inclination for a second husband, had for some time flattered me with her peculiar notice. Europe, Adeline, and glory, had hitherto eclipsed the solid fascinations of the gay Creole. But my mistress was

gone, Europe was still three thousand miles off, and glory would probably terminate in the marsh fever, if I remained through another autumn. I determined to take compassion on the Spaniard; went through the regular process without delay; gave a serenade under her window from the midst of a blooming tobacco-field; made her a present of cigars from the *Casa Reale* of the Havana; swore that English cheeks were contemptible beside her olive beauties; and found that the grand captivation of the soul lay in diamond eyes of the exact size and setting of her own.

For this I was honoured with the most gracious smiles of the really handsome widow; and the honour was not without its price; for, on the very evening of my proposing for her, by the light of a moon to which our best English moon is but a watchman's lantern, and in the midst of a thousand flowers mixing ten thousand perfumes with my vows, with showers of fire-flies striking the light like little topazes and emeralds from their wings, and millions of conscious stars twinkling above in vain emulation, as I swore, of my Spaniard's sparkling eyes; I received, on my return through a lane of vines and mangoes, two stabs of a dirk, which laid me on my bed for a month, and which, but for the thickness of my cloak, or the presence of the cherub that protects true lovers, would have ended my courtships on this earth. Who my rival was, turned out a hopeless question, where every sallow idler in the settlement was longing for the hundred thousand dollars. My suspicions fell upon the lady's father confessor, who had objected to the match on a religious scruple. But I recovered in spite of his holy zeal: the lady was, of course, only the more bent on her purpose by discovering that it displeased the world, and the day for the ceremony was fixed.

I had hitherto followed up the affair with something of the indigenous languor of the climate. But an Englishman, an officer, and on his wedding-day too! I galloped in full caparison to my jocund bride, to anticipate, by at least a few minutes, the creole crowd. My bride was unluckily not yet ready; for she was clearing her conscience to her confessor. I had just fifteen minutes to spare; and, thinking myself entitled to the secrets of the house, strolled away to examine my property. The day was burning; and, half strangled with the heat, I opened the door of a recess which looked into the gardens. I was overwhelmed with surprise. Before me were painted in a large mirror the form, the countenance, the matchless grace, of Adeline!

I dreaded to break the illusion by a word, and stood in mystic silence at the door, gazing with delight and wonder. The figure was busy about some embroidery: at length I saw its head raised, and heard a cry of astonishment, as our shapes stood in the mirror together. I sprang into the room, and caught—Adeline in my arms. What was the shortness of our acquaintance to me? I had loved her three long years. She blushed, was full of confusion, and I had the rashness, the folly, the cruelty, to force her to acknowledge that there was no one whom she liked better. Those were mad moments!—Adeline looked lovelier than ever. She attempted to tell me some of her story, of which I did not give myself time to comprehend one word. I attempted to explain on my part, and succeeded only to the extent of making the whole matter unintelligible. What smiles, what charming sighs, what bewitching confusion, were hers! My whole being was in a tumult of fondness and amazement. I could have mercilessly gazed for ever, raising perpetual blushes on the cheek of the overwhelmed and exquisite creature before me, when a slight noise made me glance in the mirror. There stood a third figure to finish the group, very handsome, superbly dressed, and with every fire of wronged woman flashing from her immense eyes. My bride had been more expeditious with her confession than I had with mine. A fourth figure next presented itself to fill up the back-ground—the father confessor, whose countenance bore neither wrath nor wonder, but the most sanctified complacency. Not a syllable passed on the occasion: the whole was pantomime, but as expressive as ever was performed on the stage.

The lady and the confessor retired. The *pendule* struck the quarter, and I recognised the hand of destiny. But I resolved to snatch something from fortune, and if I must fall, fall like Cæsar. I importuned Adeline to take her chance with me, telling her that "she would be sacrificed by the Creole or her spiritual guide: she must be separated, probably for ever, from one who loved her beyond the earth besides: and he too felt so miserable with this hope deferred that he could scarcely wish to live."

Adeline was not easily wrought upon by my eloquence; but she was wrought upon at last. She gave me a sketch of her story. The major-general had brought her with him to Jamaica, in the idea of completing a match long arranged

between her and the opulent son of a government civil officer. But, for some reason or other, which even I could not prevail on her to assign, immediately on her arrival in the island, she had declared her determination to live and die single. Matches of a still higher rank were proposed, but she grew more inveterate, until the major-general gave up the project. Claret, company, and a hot autumn, soon deprived the service of that clever and companionable officer; and Adeline found herself without a shilling, a home, or a connexion. The orphan girl was now on her rather circuitous way to England, having been consigned to the protection of the Spaniard, until a frigate should touch at Honduras on its return from conveying an expedition. The quarter of an hour had robbed me of a hundred thousand dollars, and given me love and beggary in exchange!

To remain under the Creole's roof was dangerous; and to acquaint her with our resolution would make the danger certain. I proposed that at midnight I should be in waiting with a barge to convey us to the first island where we could find a British chaplain. The eventful hour came. I landed, left my negroes with the oars in their hands ready to fly swift as a dolphin, reached the house, made the signal, and was instantly covered over head and ears with a huge sackcloth. I struggled like a lion; but the more I struggled the more tightly I was tied. I roared, and the roaring was answered by peals of negro laughter, and by a ligature round my throat, that gave me the nearest conception of being hanged. The laughter died, struggle ceased, and I felt myself sweeping along with the smoothness of a bird. I heard a roaring of waves; was dashed by water, whose taste told me that I was at sea, and by whose motion I was unquestionably rolling through the surf that borders every island. I raved, I howled, I tore, and all equally in vain; till, utterly exhausted, and in as much misery as a man can feel, who knows death to be close to him without the slightest power of helping himself, I either fainted or fell asleep; to awake in the cabin of his majesty's frigate, the *Warspite*, in a tumbling sea, in the full sunshine of noon, and out of sight of land.

I had been found tossing on the water ten leagues from shore, and now had no alternative but to follow the frigate. The first fifteen minutes had lost me a wife and fortune, the next had cheated me with the sight of a bride whom I would not have lost for the royalty of the Windward and Leeward Islands together, and it now brought me in for a share in the ill luck of the New Orleans campaign. There I found my regiment, however, and received my captain's commission time enough to lead my company up head-foremost against General Jackson's cotton bags, be shot in the thigh by an invisible enemy, and be laid in the ditch until the combatants on both sides became weary. An American surgeon cured me of my wound, and the campaign very nearly cured me of a passion for glory.

After an unsuccessful search for Adeline, I returned on half-pay to England, landed at Portsmouth, under the identical bastion that had wrecked our transport, and had scarcely set my foot on land, when I saw, standing with his back to the moving world and his face to a print-shop, my friend Jack. He was now lieutenant-colonel. At our tavern dinner he told me the story of his late promotion. "He had been disappointed of his passage to the West Indies by a 'little business' at a public dinner, by which the mail left him behind. The result was his remaining in England; and, by being on the spot where interest could be brought into play, his appointment to the majority of a regiment under orders for New Orleans. There his regiment did not arrive till the business was over; but the American rifles had made promotion speedy; and Jack became lieutenant-colonel."

I sincerely shook hands with this lucky son of laziness, and sadly proceeded to London to ascertain the state of my own prospects. Nothing could be more simple. My family mansion had been mortgaged to its last shilling's worth. I found the guardsman transmuted from the showy lounge of St. James's street into the gouty appendage to the fireside—the man, nay, the moustaches, gone; my mamma, still battling against time by the aid of a French milliner; and, notwithstanding some touches of human nature in her at the sight of me, palpably mortified at the death-blow which my bronzed face, and the five and twenty years written in it, gave to her hopes of being mistaken for a youthful belle. A kiss, a few tears, and a ticket to her opera box, to which "she was not going that evening," were the tribute to my life of ill fortune.

Before I had descended from the most elegant of boudoirs into the street, my mind was made up. The African corps was in want of recruits. The Bulam fever was certain ferment in either this or the other world: and what had I to leave behind? I instantly marched to the house of a Sierra

Leone director. He was busy a hundred deep with applications from heroes of all ranks, emulous to fight the swamps for the glory of their country and the difference between half-pay and full. The hour of twelve next day was appointed for offering myself up on this altar of national avarice and absurdity. I grew impatient as the hour approached, sallied from my hotel, and was rapidly at the door of the lordly director's lordly mansion in Hanover-square. My hand was on the knocker, when I accidentally glanced at St. George's clock. It wanted a quarter of the time fixed. I remembered the results of precipitancy so many years before, gently let down the knocker, and retired to wait my time. The resolution once made became less difficult. Memory cowed me; and I lingered, like a philosopher or a slave, until a full quarter past the time; then made my approach, was admitted, quarrelled with the man of patronage, who "did not choose to be at leisure for gentlemen at their own hours," and, in wrath immeasurable, chiefly at myself for my procrastination, was rushing from the cabinet, when I heard—heavens, with what emotion!—the sound of a voice that could have raised me from the edge of the grave. I stopped, distrustful of my senses; a female figure came gliding along the hall, wrapt in silks and furs, that would have eluded any eye but mine. I pronounced the word "Adeline!"—I could scarcely pronounce more. She started with almost a scream, threw up her veil, and showed me a countenance all sincerity, sweetness, and beauty, made more beautiful by joy. I was all but frantic with delight and surprise. She had come upon some business connected with "her estate," which she instantly postponed, and desired me to finish my story in the drive to "her villa."

Her story was as brief as mine, but of more importance. On the night of my seizure by the Spaniard's negroes, in punishment of the affront to her matron charms, the frigate arrived, and Adeline was hurried on board, that she might disconcert no more matches. The English shore received her, as forlorn a being as ever trod its sands. She wept for her orphanage much, and, as she blushing acknowledged, a little for her lover. In another month she was the heiress of five thousand a-year, dropt into her lap by an old relative, who after making a fortune by penuriousness, and quarrelling with every soul belonging to him for wishing him to die when he was not fit to live, died at last, leaving the lawyers to find an heir for him. Adeline established her claim; and, when she called on the director, was within twenty-four hours of embarking for, not Paris, nor Rome, nor any of the pleasant places of our wealthy wanderers, but—for the West Indies; with what purpose a sigh and a smile, that reddened even her red lips, told me without a syllable.

One tardy quarter of an hour had intervened between me and fate. Fifteen minutes sooner, I should have been dispatched to fight the Ashantes and the alligators. I should have missed Adeline, and she would have been tossing on the ocean, roving through the native land of pestilence, and perishing of the pursuit and climate. Philosophy and fifteen minutes too late had wrought the change for both, from anxiety to ease, from dreary solitude to delightful companionship, from despair to happiness. We married; and such was my fear of over-haste, that I shrank from the lover-like rapidity of a special licence, and postponed my raptures for three mortal weeks of banns. I altered the family motto to "Festina lente;" and offered, upon the spot, to new-gild the decayed brilliancy of St. George's clock, on condition of its being regularly put back a quarter of an hour, for the eternal benefit of the hurriers of this precipitate world.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE WORD OF AN INDIAN.

There is no class of human beings on earth, who hold a pledge more sacred and binding than do the North American Indians. A sample of this was witnessed during the Winnebago war of 1827, in the person of Dek-ker-re, a celebrated chief of that nation, who, among four other Indians of his tribe, was taken prisoner at Prairie du Chien. Colonel Snelling, of the fifth regiment of infantry, who then commanded that garrison, despatched an Indian into the nation with orders to inform the other chiefs of Dek-ker-re's band, that unless those Indians who were the perpetrators of the horrid murders of some of our citizens, were brought to the fort and given up within ten days, Dek-ker-re and the other four Indians who were retained as hostages, would be shot at the end of that time. This awful sentence was pronounced in the presence of Dek-ker-re, who, though proclaiming his own innocence of the outrages which had been committed by others of his nation, exclaimed, that he feared not death, though it would be attend-

ed with serious consequences, inasmuch as he had two affectionate wives, and a large family of small children who were entirely dependent on him for their support; but if necessary he was willing to die for the honour of his nation. The young Indian had been gone several days, and no intelligence was yet received from the murderers. The dreadful day being near at hand, and Dek-ker-re being in a bad state of health, asked permission of the colonel to go to the river to indulge in his long accustomed habit of bathing, in order to improve his health. Upon which Colonel Snelling told him, that if he would promise on the honour of a chief that he would not leave the town, he might have his liberty, and enjoy all his privileges, until the day of the appointed execution. Accordingly he gave his hand to the colonel, thanked him for his friendly offer, promised that he would not leave the bounds prescribed, and said, "If I had a hundred lives, I would sooner lose them all than forfeit my word." He was then set at liberty. He was advised to flee to the wilderness, and make his escape. But "No," said he, "do you think I prize life above honour? or that I would betray a confidence reposed in me, for the sake of saving my life?" He then complacently remained until nine days which he had to live had elapsed, and nothing being heard from the nation with regard to the apprehension of the murderers, his immediate death became apparent, but no alteration could be seen in the countenance of the chief. He gave himself into custody; but it so happened that on that day General Atkinson arrived with his troops from Jefferson barracks, and the order for the execution was countermanded, and the Indians permitted to repair to their homes.

SINGULAR OLD SONNET.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

The longer life, the more offence;
The more offence, the greater pain;
The greater pain, the less defence;
The less defence, the lesser gain;
The loss of gain, long ill doth try;
Wherefore come, death, and let me die.
The shorter life, less count I find;
The less account, the sooner made;
The count soon made, the merrier mind;
The merrier mind doth thought invade;
Short life in truth this thing doth try;
Wherefore come, death, and let me die.
Come, gentle death, the ebb of care;
The ebb of care, the flood of life;
The flood of life, the joyful fare;
The joyful fare, the end of strife;
The end of strife, that thing wish I;
Wherefore come, death, and let me die.

MUSIC AND PAINTING.

There are, perhaps, no accomplishments which a female can acquire, that are so interesting or fascinating as those of painting and music. They serve to beguile the tedium of solitude, to embellish the circles of society, and to throw around their possessor a charm and witchery which few can resist, and with which all must be delighted. In rural retirement nothing can be more gratifying than the agreeable employment of copying the beauties of nature as they are unfolded to the eye of taste, and transferring the rich and varied tints of the landscape, or the more gaudy and flaunting beauties of the vegetable kingdom. To the female florist or botanist it is not only a delightful but a useful occupation, to sketch the outlines and to give the likenesses of those plants which it may be inconvenient to remove or preserve. The herbarium, though very useful, is but a poor substitute for painting; for, however carefully the plants may be preserved, they soon lose their greatest charm; the richness and beauty of their colours, become the prey of insects, and, like every thing perishable, moulder into dust. But the pencil rescues them from death, and preserves their beauties from decay. The female who has cultivated this fine art is never at a loss for amusement or occupation. Every thing around her furnishes a model, and after exhausting all "the old," she can still imagine "new worlds" for the display of her pictorial skill, and by the magic power of her pencil give to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name." At one moment you may see her calling up the "forms of things unknown," and transfusing upon the spotless sheet before her the most splendid tints and variegated hues; and at the next she is, perhaps, seated in the calm twilight of evening, catching the living landscape, "blue fading into mist," and endeavouring to imitate those beauties which nature seems to throw around her in wantonness and sport. If tired with this delightful occupation, she has but to resort to one equally charm-

ing, to call up the most exquisite associations, and to produce those sounds which fall upon the ear "like the sweet south upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odour." There is a charm in music that few can resist, and when produced by beauty, it is still more irresistible. Every well educated female ought to possess those accomplishments, in no ordinary perfection, if she wishes to render herself agreeable and attractive. It is difficult to conceive the fascination which surrounds a woman to whom nature has given a finetoned voice, and art and skill in music. It indeed "softens rocks, and bends the knarled oak;" and the heart forgets its hatreds, and the feelings lose their asperity under the influence of its harmony. Beauty itself is lost in the charm which music infuses, and the senses are taken captive by the "melody of sweet sounds." Evelina is a female of great sprightliness, though not distinguished for her beauty. She sings and plays delightfully on the piano, and she is always listened to with rapture. We lose sight of her countenance while drinking in the streams of melody she sends forth; and we feel at the moment, that she is the most beautiful creature in the universe. Amelia, on the contrary, is almost perfectly beautiful. Nothing can exceed the perfection of her face and form—yet Amelia has "no music in her soul;" and, although she attempts to thrum on the instrument, she never fails to produce discord instead of harmony, and every one listens with pain, and wishes she would cease. They gaze on her face, and wonder why she is not more musical. Wash. City Gaz.

EXCERPTS.

Though the whole world is crowded with scenes of calamity we look upon the general mass of wretchedness with very little regard, and fix our eyes upon the state of particular persons, whom the eminence of their qualities marks out from the multitude; as in reading an account of a battle, we seldom reflect upon the vulgar heaps of slaughter, but follow the hero with our whole attention, without a thought of the thousands that are falling around him.

In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind, than irresolution; to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent. To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it, this is as if a man should put off eating, and drinking, and sleeping from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

The shallowest understanding, the rudest hand, is equal to the task of destroying and pulling down. Folly or rage can overturn and demolish more in an hour, than prudence, deliberation, and foresight, can build up in a hundred years.

It is the fate of mankind, too often, to seem insensible of what they may enjoy at the easiest rate.

Fenelon had all that was good in his heart, and all that was fine in his head, and never made use of the latter but to advance the former. This character was given of the archbishop by a very sensible Swiss, and probably no one ever deserved so high a character better.

THE ADVANTAGE OF A SQUINT.

A gentleman in the south of Ireland received a visit lately from a party of Rockites, who were armed with sticks. He had just time to seize a pistol, which he cocked, and presented towards the party. "Be off," said he, "you set of villains, or I'll shoot one of you, at all events. I have my eye upon him this moment." Luckily for himself, he was blessed with that happy and pictorial obliquity of vision which caused each particular ruffian to fancy himself to be the marked man, and they withdrew, without obtaining the spoil they had come for.

THE BARBER AND SAILOR.

A sailor went into a barber's shop, to have his beard taken off. The barber happened to have but one razor, and that, for want of a proper intimacy with the hone and strop, was rather dull. The sailor took his seat, and the barber began to execute his office, and at every scrape, which gave the sailor extreme pain, he would cry, "Do I shave easy, sir? Do I shave easy, sir?" The sailor bore the scratching with a good deal of patience for some time; however, the barber taking him by the nose, and, after several scrapes, which made Jack think skin and all had gone by the board, continuing to repeat the question, "Do I shave easy, sir?" Jack gravely replied—"Honest friend, to answer your question, you must inform me what you are about; if you call it skinning, it is tolerably easy; but if you call it shaving, it is devilish hard."

Why are snuffers like matrimony? Because they often extinguish the flame they are intended to brighten.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER I.

I WAS, the other evening, bent over a volume of "Philips's Evidence," and stumbling slowly along through its misty world of wills, affidavits, declarations, and records. "A decree in the court of chancery," says the author, "may be proved by an exemplification under seal of the court, or by a sworn copy." "But in *Wilson and Gibbs vs. Conine*, 2. Johns. Rep. 280," adds a note, "an exemplification under seal of the court of chancery, of a *decretal* order, awarding execution on a prior decree, and reciting the substance of a decree of the court for the trial of impeachments and the correction of errors, which affirmed the prior decree of the court of chancery, and ordered it to be carried into execution, was held inadmissible evidence."

I arose from my seat to reach down Johnson that I might read the case to which the learned author had alluded, when, instead of the little library, enriched with the erudite labours of Dunlap, Tidd, Blake, Cowan, and Anthon, I beheld the magic glass spread out brilliantly before me. By its side stood the spirit who has so often presided over the fancies of my solitary hours, and peopled my poor chamber with the beings of the world.

"A merry night to thee, good youth," he said, "and success to thy labours."

"I am climbing," I answered, "with slow and weary steps, the steep ascent upon whose summit a wish of thine could place me."

"But I visit thee not to accomplish thy task, but to cheer thee in the performance. It is steep indeed, and sorely beset with difficulties."

"I am sometimes," added I, "perplexed among a multiplicity of paths, and sometimes bewildered upon trackless wastes. At one time fatigue overcomes me; and, at another, despondency whispers 'you toil in vain.' If a profession could be acquired by impulses, my endeavours would be easily achieved; but the necessity of uniform and unremitting labour, tries perseverance severely. The mind must be bent down by powerful resolution to one point; attention must be withdrawn from all other subjects. I must sacrifice the enjoyment of society, shun the delightful amusements of the times, surrender the social pleasures and inspiring exercises which youth loves, and consign myself alive to a kind of grave, that I may pursue, with an uninterrupted progress, the silent and gloomy windings of learning."

"If thou shouldst do so," said the Genius, "thou wouldst make thyself a profound fool. It is not necessary for thee to fly society nor abandon cheerful recreation. Thy mind will rust like an old sword in a scabbard, unless drawn forth and used in the struggles of the world. Too much study is as dangerous as too much food. Thy reading should be measured and adapted to thy experience and understanding, that it may have a ready application to the practical purposes of life. I am not here at present, however, to weary thy faculties with abstruse reasoning, but to animate them on the consideration of livelier subjects. A truce to "Philips's Evidence" and the assiduous Johnson. Leave for a time Wilson, Gibbs, Conine, and the court of chancery, and let us take a peep into the world of shadows. Thy industry deserves reward, and I will refresh thee with the company of choicer friends than Dunlap or even Anthon, when he appears in the form of an octavo. What shall I conjure up for thee? Wilt thou converse with Nero? Or behold the lofty form of Caesar? Shall we walk through the streets of ancient Greece? Wilt thou exchange a word with Homer? Or shall Shakspeare call up his charming world and lead thee through its wild and varied scenery?"

"I will speak to Shakspeare," said I. "He is the prince of poets. I know all his characters at sight—and—"

Before I had finished speaking a dim shadow passed across the glass, and the bard of Avon stood before me.

"Shakspeare," said the Genius, "this is a poor student, worn down with confinement, pale with study, and banished from the world by brooding care. He haunts solitary places. He walks in the middle night, and his mind is something warped over old musty volumes, and in the exercise of dull and tedious calculations. Shall we bear him to your unreal creations, that he may be inspired with the rich imagery of fancy, and converse with the phantoms over whose destiny thou hast control?"

"Give me thy hand, student," said the poet. "Come, I free thee from the thralldom of time and place. See the obedient mirror parts like the waters of a noiseless stream, and the woods and fields are rising. Let us step upon this outstretched meadow."

"Farewell, world," said I. "Farewell, good mortal people. Farewell, thou narrow chamber in which my soul has been all day imprisoned, and now, sweet Shakspeare, and generous spirit, I roam with thee."

We had scarcely entered, when a tall and stately figure stalked through a shady grove. His face was grim and pale. His eyes glared with dark feeling, and upon his lips sat illimitable pride, recklessness, and ambition. He paid no attention to us, but as he strided along I could hear his sepulchral tones.

"Why, what care I! if thou canst nod—Speak too—Bring me no more reports—Liar and slave; if thou sayest false, upon the next tree thou shalt hang alive till famine cling thee: if thy speech be true, I care not as thou doth as much for me."

I shuddered and shrunk from his ghastly countenance and agitated form; but he faded back into the forest shadow, and I was turning to address the poet, when the sky, overcast suddenly, echoed with crashing thunder. The sweet light passed from the air; the giant oaks heaved their outspread and twisted branches to the violent winds, and pitchy darkness came over the scene, except when the lightning launched its dazzling and repeated streaks through the heavens. As the noises of the tempest subsided, the wind sometimes gradually dying away as if to gather force for the subsequent agitation, the feeble and tremulous voice of a wretched old man reached my ears faintly, and as the light blazed again, I beheld, leaning against a rugged tree that rocked like a ship in the tempest, a venerable form; his clenched fist directed towards the black tumultuous sky, his white hair and beard streaming in the wind, and the madness of despair flashing from his eyes.

"And yet," he said, "I call you servile ministers, that have with two pernicious daughters joined your high engendered battles against a head so old and white as this—oh, tis foul!"

"Dear Shakspeare," said I, "this is indeed an image of thine own creation. Human malice never saw the like."

"Thou art young indeed, gentle youth," answered Shakspeare, with a sweet voice, "if thou hast not often known similar victims to error and passion. Take away his neglected locks and snowy beard, and thou wilt meet him often in the common walks of life. Hast thou not beheld men blindly affectionate, and ruined by confidence? Hast thou not seen age trampled down by rebellious and impatient youth? And doth not the reckless rage of disappointed affections in this world of civilized men and strong laws, even yet drive forth many choice and noble spirits to brave the vast and sleepless elements of life?"

"Shakspeare is right," said the Genius. "I have even seen thee, master student, yielding to thy unregulated and irresistible impulses, when they urged thee from reason and duty, into scenes of temptation and danger."

"But, Macbeth," said I; "who would trust a fiend?"

"Tush, man," said Shakspeare, "who would not, when he presented gold—rank—power? This city is full of Macbeths, except that the witches who delude them take a greater variety of shapes."

But now the enlightened clouds rolled away like the dashing and billowy waters of a sea, and the beautiful light came down with its glorious and many coloured tinges. The old forest had disappeared, a silver stream glided on peacefully to the sea, and a wide and magnificent city lay before me. Temples, arches, splendid columns, rows of gorgeous buildings, stood around, as if time itself should strive in vain to overthrow them, and millions of human beings moved to and fro, intent upon their various occupations. Among the rest, stood one who seemed formed to command; lofty, elegant, and dignified; he moved like a superior, and looked as if his nod could sway the world. The people gathered around him, and were about to bestow upon him some office of importance; but the bluntness of his manner destroyed their good wishes, and enraged his patrons. He stooped not to alleviate their anger, and, like a condemned criminal, he was driven forth to banishment.

"There," said the Genius, "is one whom you may seldom meet. The spirit of the times is against it. Seek in the walks of business and fame for daring passion, endless guilt, and blind folly; but honest and unbending pride, that cowers not for fear, nor stoops for gain, that sacrifices worldly interest for the gratification of a noble and untrammelled independence, seek for such not in broad daylight and high places, but, in obscurity, or the grave."

The scene changed. We stood in London, and were now joined by two characters whom I recognised with little hesitation.

"Why out upon thee, Bardolph," said the one, whose capacious body could not be mistaken, "out upon thee, Bardolph; showest thou thy red nose to this gentleman mortal? Get behind a tree, man; but get not too near, or thou wilt set it on fire, and we shall have all London burnt."

"Let my nose alone, Sir John. I wish thou wouldst. It never injured thee."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Sir John, "that indeed, for I always walk behind thee, Bardolph. Thou lightest me on my way. Put thy hand before it, friend; and say no more about it, for what can't be helped, must be borne."

"Thou art a knave and a coward, Sir John. Thou hast no innocence."

"Innocence! sayest thou—by my life, I would rather be the veriest knave in christendom, with a nose of reasonable whiteness, than as innocent as a dove with that exorbitant salamander of thine."

"I say, Sir John," said I, "excuse the liberty; but wherefore hast thou deserted the mortal world? We miss thee, Jack, honest Jack, most lamentably."

"In truth," quoth Sir John, "I have sometimes gone out by especial permission; but my friend Bardolph here, is every day on earth."

"I think," said I, perusing his face with attention, "I have seen him."

"Ay," said Sir John, "if it were the darkest night in December. He hath a visible face. He sneaks about taverns and oyster-cellars."

"I have seen him," said I, "often."

"I am sometimes sent as a warning," said Bardolph, "to all intemperate gentry."

"He stands," said Sir John, "in the dark corner of a street, or by a tavern, like a beacon light, and says to the endangered traveller, 'come not here.'"

It seemed to me that even as I talked a light breeze wafted away these amusing phantoms, and I found myself standing in one of the most beautiful and fairy spots that ever graced the earth. The sun faded away, and the spotted moon dispensed her gentle light through the soft dim air. Strains of heavenly music came from the odour-breathing woods, floating over rich swelling meadows, and glassy streams, and Shakspeare, his face glowing with pleasure, exclaimed, "Oberon, gentle spirit, sweet Titania, merry Puck, come forth;" and the light images of his imagination

floated up from the beds of dew-washed flowers and winding brooks.

"My gentle Puck," said Oberon, "come hither. Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music."

"I remember," said the fairy,
"That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free."

Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before milk-white; now purple with love's wound,—
Fetch me that flower; the herb I showed thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the Leviathan can swim a league."

"My fairy lord," said Puck, "this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger:
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone,
For fear lest day should look their shame upon,
They willfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-browed night."

"But we," said Oberon, "are spirits of another sort:
I with the Morning's Love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even to the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blown beams,
Turning to yellow gold, his salt-green streams."

As this lively dialogue went on between the king of the fairies and his companion, I could behold, in the distance, the philosophic Hamlet musing in the shade. Othello rushed hastily by. The cunning Shylock glided along after the pale and unhappy Antonio, and the noble Brutus shook his blood-stained sword over the body of the prostrate Caesar; but I was tempted irresistibly to exchange a word with the agreeable but mischievous Puck, and I was considering the most appropriate manner in which to address him, when he anticipated my intention, and approached me without ceremony.

"Aha!" said he with a smile, "my old acquaintance! What, hast thou visited my abode at length?"

"Old acquaintance!" said I. "I confess that I have long known you by reputation; but I was not aware that your spirit-ship had any intimacy with me."

"Oh," said he, "I have been with thee a thousand times. Hast thou never seen the time when all thy affairs went wrong? when, at every step, thou hast met with some unaccountable disappointment? when thy debtors failed, and thy duns thickened?"

"I do remember such unlucky days," said I; "but have attributed them to chance."

"Oh, no," said Puck, with a mischievous smile, "I am the —"

"Upon my soul, Mr. Puck," said I, "I am very much obliged to thee."

"Season thine admiration for a while," said he. "Thou art not my only victim. I am every where: in the families of thy fellow citizens—in the streets of thy native town—I peep into the courts and the corporation—I am behind the scenes of the theatre, and in the halls of the legislature!"

"Really, in the name of the nation," said I, "I present thee with the thanks of —"

"Oh spare compliments," said he. "I could tell thee a thousand jokes. I could make thee hold thy sides with laughter. Thou heard'st but now our gracious king Oberon, speaking of his magic flower. 'Tis not the first time I have been sent for it, and hast thou not seen its effects upon the eye-lids of many a fair lady, and honest and sensible gentleman?"

"I have known many happy and honourable matches," said I; "but thy spells have had little share in them."

"Tut, foolish youth; thou art blind as a rock not to see it. When thou returnest to earth, use thine

under my influence. If his mistress be brown, he swears she is white. She shall sing as unmusically as a cracked fiddle, and he will melt into raptures, and beg the strain once more. If she be saucy, he bids thee note her sweet wit—if shallow, he swears she is still bashful and superior like the modest moon."

"And wherefore, thou mischief-making varlet," said I, "playest thou these naughty tricks?"

"For Hymen, my friend, that they may run into the trap, and be married."

"And what then?" said I.

"I take off the charm. Why, thou dull mortal, hast ever seen a married man and not perceived the transformation? Where are his lingering glances and frequent sighs? Where the airy oaths with which he bound his soul? He sours like a dish of standing milk. I will show thee an example——"

But we were interrupted by a sudden darkness. The rich fields and woods, with their fantastic people, passed away from before me. I heard the light laughter of Puck, as he vanished in the mist, and the Genius cried,

"Farewell, student; we will meet again."

Astonished and grieved at the transition, I rubbed my eyes to look around me, and found myself sitting by my desk, with the open volume of Phillips's Evidence stretched before me. The candle had just expired in its socket, and the dim red fire-light discovered nothing but the familiar furniture of my room, and their giant shadows upon the wall.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

KOSCUISKO.

THERE is between the city of Basle, in Switzerland, and the French village of Chapelle, a narrow defile, that winds for a considerable distance through under-wood and copse, till, as the road advances towards the French frontier, it gradually rises and terminates in a broad level plateau, the frontier between France and Switzerland. It was on a frosty morning, in the month of January, in the year 1818, that a regiment of Polish lancers wound up through the oak and elm trees, with which these passes are lined. The vanguard had already disappeared behind a mountain, and the main body was just arriving at the height which separates the two countries. The sight of fair France seemed to startle the soldiers; they stopped for a moment, and the band struck up the national song of their country, greeting the land of the enemy they were to combat. The melancholy tones of the music, rising gradually on the breeze, awoke the strain of the sonateer.* A lively sensation was produced throughout the regiment, and the very horses seemed to feel a new impulse, as officers and men joined the noble song, and chaunted the sweet "*Czarna Minka*," when, all of a sudden, the report of a dozen muskets and the whistling of balls were heard, and one of the officers received his death wound. There was a halt for a moment; the music ceased; and the horses pointed their ears; but "forwards" resounded through the column, and the first files were soon galloping towards the thicket, from whence a veil of smoke was just melting into the air. "*Vive l'empereur*!" shouted a hundred voices. "*Vive l'empereur*!" re-echoed the Poles in their own language, forcing their horses onwards. But the wary Frenchmen had chosen their ground with their usual foresight; had barricaded the spot; dug holes, into which the first of the Poles plunged; while they, secure behind hastily thrown up breastworks, fired without missing their mark. Ten of the invaders had already fallen, and as many were wounded. A young man, glittering with gold, rushed forward, and with him the soldiers. "*Voilà le chef*

* It is not perhaps generally known, that many regiments of cavalry belonging to the Russian army, have vocal as well as instrumental bands, consisting of thirty-two singers each. A more imposing and soul-stirring effect can scarcely be imagined, than that produced by the song

"*d'escadron*!" cried one of the Frenchmen, and at that moment the young colonel touched his breast and fell to the ground. Two of the privates sprang from their saddles to assist their dying chief, while others advanced to revenge him. Sabre in hand they leaped over ditches and barricades; and, after a short and obstinate fight, the ambuscade was taken, and the enemy put to flight. The enraged Poles had again thrown themselves upon their horses, burning with a desire for bloody vengeance, when the trumpet sounded a retreat. Men and officers then glanced an impatient look towards the major, who had halted on the hill, and was calmly eyeing the retreating Frenchmen through his glass. "Why not pursue?" demanded one of the captains. "Look," said the commander, pointing towards the hills, behind which Chapelle rises, with its white-washed houses. A blue narrow mist that wound round the hills, was seen waxing broader and larger, and the quickness with which line after line emerged from the bottom, betrayed the Frenchmen. Presently, in the opposite direction, there was observed a similar cloud, at first almost imperceptible to the eye, but increasing steadily as it drew along the outskirts of the village. The Poles stood motionless; their very animals seemed to partake of their intense anxiety. "Hark!" cried one of the officers, "a shot!" "A shot!" shouted the rest. The horses began a merry dance; the sabres clattered; and the men poised their lances fast in their stirrups. "Halt!" cried the major, before a dozen shots were fired, and a long green column was seen hastening from behind the hills towards the blue mist and the flying Frenchmen. "Now is the time!" exclaimed the major. The trumpets sounded amidst the soul-stirring "hurrah!" and the men galloped onwards. A column of Russians had moved on the southern road towards Chapelle. They had been attracted by the firing, and the French posted there were now taken in front and rear. The fight was short but bloody. The French, unable to stand the shock in front and flank retreated into the town; fought from street to street, from house to house; till, unable to contend any longer, they threw down their arms. The end of the desperate struggle was the signal for the work of destruction, which now commenced in its utmost fury. Like blood hounds, the infuriated Russians broke into private dwellings, and destroyed the defenceless inhabitants. The shouts of men, and the cries of women and children, were heard amidst the sound of trumpets and the clattering of sabres. But were heard in vain. The fury of the Russians and Poles knew no bounds; and, in less than half an hour, the little town presented a scene of utter desolation. In the midst of this confusion, a man was seen galloping on horseback from the road that leads from the interior of France towards Switzerland. He was dressed in a simple brown coat; his brow was wrinkled, but there was an air of calm dignity in his face. A throng of soldiers with the wealth of the inhabitants rushed towards him; while others were engaged in kindling fires and unroofing the houses. The stranger had ridden into the midst of the soldiers, and one of them laid his hand on the croup of his saddle, and ordered him to dismount. But the unknown sat unmoved; when, casting a glance of inexpressible kindness at those around him, he said, in the Polish language, "My children, is it you?" The Poles started at the sound of their own language from the lips of the stranger; they gathered around him; and the hand of the audacious soldier involuntarily quitted his hold. "And do I find you thus employed, my children?" said the old man. There was something so paternal and yet so authoritative, so kind and yet so melancholy, in the tone of his voice, that the blood-stained soldiers looked up to the horseman with trembling anxiety. "Who are you, father?" cried one of them, pressing close to his side, and taking his hand. The old man made no answer.

crowd. The old man paused, and looking the young officers steadily in the face, said: "And you do not know your father? not know Kos—Kosciusko," exclaimed both officers and soldiers simultaneously, and, leaping from their horses, they lifted Kosciusko from his saddle, fell before him on their knees, and begged his blessings. The booty dropped from the hands of the soldiers, and they pressed forward to kiss the hem of his garments: the major and the rest of the officers and soldiers followed, and the great republican blessed his friends and wept with them.

It was a noble sight to behold Kosciusko in the midst of his people, enjoying the triumph of his virtue and patriotism, and it was not until after many struggles that the last of the Poles could tear himself from the embraces of his countrymen, in whose hearts he will live as long as they continue to beat. To him La Chapelle owed its preservation. S.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PATENT STEAM CARRIAGE.—The following remarks respecting the patent steam carriage, lately invented by Sir James C. Anderson and H. W. James, Vauxhall, are from the Register of Arts:

"Having been professionally engaged, from time to time, in making drawings for the above mentioned house, frequent opportunities have been afforded us of witnessing their experiments in locomotion, which are chiefly made within their own premises, round a circle of one hundred and sixty feet in diameter; and it affords us sincere pleasure to acquaint our readers, that every thing which is essential towards perfectly safe and rapid travelling by the power of steam, is on the eve of accomplishment. In some trips recently made on the Croydon road, the speed of the carriage averaged full twelve miles per hour; and, although arrangements have been made for increasing the speed to twenty or more miles, it is not the wish of the proprietors to go beyond twelve, considering that velocity to be as great as is consistent with personal safety on the thronged public roads. It would be an easy matter to run twenty or thirty miles per hour on the common road, or even one hundred miles per hour on a good rail-way, by the introduction of a blast to the fuel; a blowing machine is, however, not only unnecessary, but very injurious in its effects upon the metal of which the boiler is composed. The total weight of the carriage, including the water and fuel, is not more than twenty-six hundred weight. The supply of fuel carried is sufficient for fifty miles, and of water for about twenty miles."

A NIGHT TELEGRAPH.—An invention, of commercial importance, has recently been made by Captain Kerveguen, of the French navy. It is a night telegraph, which, by the motion and position of the illuminated radii of several circles, is capable of representing no fewer than twenty-nine thousand two hundred and forty-five signs. By a single illuminated radius, eight thousand six hundred and forty-nine telegraphic signs can be produced. The invention is under the consideration of the French minister of marine.

CRYSTALLIZED SUGAR FROM POTATOS.—The proprietor of the chemical works at Pouilly-sur-Saône, has shown lately to the strangers and merchants who have visited his establishment, sugar from the potato, in well defined crystals, exactly like those of sugar candy.

STATUE OF PITT.—Chantrey, says a late English publication, has just completed his colossal statue of Pitt, for London. It is full twelve feet high, and in modern costume, over which is thrown an ample robe, fastened round one shoulder, leaving the right arm free, and reaching down to the pedestal. By the skilful disposition of the robe, much that is beautiful in the proportions of the figure is shown, and much that is ungraceful in the dress concealed; were it placed at a great distance from the eye, still the looks of Pitt would be recognised, for the natural outline of the man is preserved. It is equal, at least, to any other work from the same hand; and its chief excellencies are, unaffected ease and manly dignity. It is of bronze, a fine, clear, solid cast; the second work of the sculptor in that material. His third work is the colossal statue of his majesty, for Scotland.

STATUE OF POMPEY.—The statue of Pompey, at the foot of which great Cæsar fell, and which has for many years stood in the Spada palace, at Rome, was, some time ago, reported to have been purchased by the Marquess of Hert-

ford, when he was last in Italy. It is a pity that it should be removed from the "eternal city," where it can alone be fairly appreciated. This celebrated statue was found in the Strada de Leutari, near the Cancelleria, during the reign of Julius II.; and as the head lay under one house, and the rest of the body under another, the two proprietors were on the point of dividing the statue, when the pope interposed, and rescued it from this misfortune.

THE LIQUOR OF LIFE.—When the art of distilling spirits, generally attributed to Raymond Lully, was discovered, the secret of longevity was supposed to have been brought to light, the *mercurius volatilis* to be at length fixed, and the pernicious product received the name of *aqua vite*—the liquor of life. A discovery concerning which, says a learned physician, it would be difficult to determine whether it has tended most to diminish the happiness, or shorten the duration of life. In one sense it may be considered as the elixir of life, for it speedily introduces a man to immortality.

PICTURE OF THE CONVENTION.—Mr. Catlin, a distinguished painter of this city, whose fine exhibition of De Witt Clinton graces the city hall, is now in Richmond, taking a picture of the Virginia convention, in the style of Trumbull's declaration of American independence. Mr. C. proposes to give a likeness of each of the ninety-six members, with Mr. Monroe in the chair, and Mr. Madison on the floor, presenting also a *coup d'œil* view of the delegate hall, &c. Mr. C. is proceeding with as much rapidity as possible in the execution of his picture; and it is hoped that the members of the convention will second his plan, and give him every facility in their power. He proposes to have it engraved by the first artist in New-York; and to hand down to posterity the representation of a body, which has excited the profoundest interest through the United States, and whose labours, it is hoped, will redound to the benefit of their country.

NEW PREPARATION OF WOOLLEN CLOTH.—A French paper states, that the manufacturers of Elbeuf and Louviers have discovered and adopted a mode of preparing woollen cloths without oil, or any description of grease; thus rendering the manufacture more cleanly, wholesome, and economical. The cloth prepared according to the new process, is as soft, and in every respect as good as that made upon the old system.

CAST-IRON PAVEMENT.—A cast iron-pavement is now being laid down in Drury-lane. The experiment has been frequently attempted in different parts of London, and failed.

NATURAL HISTORY.

ZOOLOGICAL WEATHER GLASS.—At Schwitzengen, in the post-house, say the editors of the Magazine of Natural History, we witnessed, for the first time, what we have since seen frequently, an amusing application of zoological knowledge, for the purpose of prognosticating the weather. Two frogs, of the species *rana arborea*, are kept in a glass jar, about eighteen inches in height and six inches in diameter, with the depth of three or four inches of water at the bottom, and a small ladder reaching to the top of the jar. On the approach of dry weather the frogs mount the ladder, but when wet weather is expected, they descend into the water. These animals are of a bright green, and in their wild state here climb the trees in search of insects, and make a peculiar singing noise before rain. In the jar they get no other food than now and then a fly, one of which, we were assured, would serve a frog for a week, though it will eat from six to twelve in a day if it can get them. In catching the flies, put alive into the jars, the frogs display great adroitness.

A CURIOUS FACT.—In July, 1828, J. Swarbrick, Esq. of Sowerby, had a live toad put into a flower pot, without any sustenance whatever, which he covered with a slate, and buried eighteen inches deep in his garden. Last month he caused it to be disinterred, and found it to be as healthy, to all appearance, as when first put in, and of a beautiful gold colour; but, on its exposure to the air, it resumed its usual dusky hue. Mr. S. has again consigned it to its dark abode for another year.

CHICKENS FOSTERED BY A HAWK.—There is a tame hawk at an inn in Uxbridge, England, supposed to be twenty years of age, which lately hatched four chickens. The unnatural parent fosters them with much seeming care; and, what is still more curious, the rapacious bird maintains its natural desire to destroy and feed upon all other fowl which may happen to come within its reach.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

HISTORY AND ANTIQUITY OF THE VEIL.

THE following interesting article is copied from the Washington City Chronicle, for which journal it was translated from "Voyage Literari de la Grèce."

The use of the veil is very ancient, since it was found established in times the most remote. The veil, the symbol of modesty, removes from the curious eye certain defects, and renders beauty at the same time more touching; it seems to announce modesty, and conceal the innocent blush of youthful timidity. The veil was always the ornament of beauty and grace. The Romans were not less severe than the Greeks in enforcing the obligation imposed upon women not to appear publicly unveiled. Sulpicius divorced his wife because she ventured to go out unveiled. This veil covered, as it now does, the head and part of the body; it was consequently very long, and it was on that account that the Greeks named it *macrama*, from the Arabic word *mahrma*, which signifies a handkerchief and a veil. This veil in the east appears almost as ancient as the world itself. Abimelech said to Sarah, the wife of Abraham, "Here are a thousand pieces of silver, with which you may purchase a veil suitable to a woman of your rank, and to apprise strangers that you are married." Plato says that there were two provinces in Persia, one of which was called the zone, and the other the veil of the queen, because the revenues they yielded were applied to the purchase of zones and veils. When Rebecca was going to marry Isaac, she covered herself with her veil, from respect, as soon as she saw him. It was about the middle of the third century that young women in the east began to take the veil, which among the ancients was that of a priestess; and which has remained ever since with our religion. Pausanias says that at thirty stadia from Sparta there is a statue of modesty, which had been placed there by Icarus, for the following reason: Icarus having married his daughter to Ulysses, wished to engage his son-in-law to fix his residence at Sparta, but to no effect. Disappointed in his hopes, he directed his efforts to his daughter, conjuring her not to abandon him. At the moment when he saw her depart for Ithaca he redoubled his entreaties, and began to follow her car. Ulysses, fatigued by his importunities, said to his wife that she might choose between her father and her husband, and that he left it entirely to her to go with him to Ithaca, or to return with her father to Sparta. It is said that the beautiful Penelope then blushed, and answered only by putting a veil over her face. Icarus understood what she wished to say, and let her proceed with her husband; but touched with the embarrassment in which he had seen his daughter, he consecrated a statue to modesty, on the spot on which Penelope had covered her face with a veil, which, in imitation of her, every woman continued afterwards to wear. Conformably to this tradition, Homer represents Penelope followed by two women, and her face covered with a magnificent veil. While Amana, daughter of the shepherd Sanbad, was drawing water from the well of Adail, a caravan coming from the desert halted there to water their camels. Amana seeing them approach, covered herself with her veil; one of the servants of Nouraddin, the richest merchant of the caravan, excited by curiosity, attempted to seize her. The young woman, irritated at this affront, struck him with a staff which she used in carrying her pail. The insolent servant was about to avenge himself by new violence, when his master appeared, and suspended by his presence the brutality of his servant. Amana, in defending herself, had dropped her veil. Nouraddin was smitten with her beauty, and requested Amana of her parents, after chastising with his own hand the wretch who had attempted to injure her. A Greek woman, before she goes out, ties up her hair and adjusts her veil. In this manner Claudian paints Venus quitting her toilet. Hermione, daughter of Helen, finding that her mother had been carried off by Paris, plucked out her hair with grief, and tore into pieces her veil interwoven with gold. The veil of the Grecian ladies is of muslin interwoven with gold to the extremities; that of servants and common women is plain and without gold. It is always white, such as Homer and the ancient monuments represent the veils of Helen and Hermione. Anciently the veil was an ornament of the divinities. The graces were veiled; witness the figures which Bupalus, Appelles, and Pythagoras of Samos have left. If the veil is in the hand of the graces the ornament of innocence and beauty, it is, also, in the hands of modesty, used to conceal shame and grief. The picture of the fete in which the lovely Proxana triumphs over Alexander, is not more touching than the festivity at which Alexander desired the Persian women and captives in his suit to approach and sing for him; he remarked one

among them more beautiful and melancholy than the rest, who repulsed those who wished her to approach. Her modesty added a new charm to her beauty; she remained with her eyes modestly cast down, and covered her face with her veil. The king interrogated her, and having learned that she was a princess royal, he restored her fortune and her liberty. Euripides often mentions the Grecian veil, and accurately distinguishes the veil of the captives, which is much longer than the others, in order that the young female slaves whom they wish to sell may be readily distinguished by this mark. They anciently shaved the heads of female captives to distinguish them. At Lacedemonia the married women only wore veils, because, says Charclaus, the young women ought to show themselves to obtain a husband; but the married women ought to be covered to preserve theirs. The modern Greeks wore around their necks a kind of scarf, which was used as a veil to cover the head when they wished to secure it from wind and rain. The Macedonians also wore this scarf or veil.* The women have the same scarf, but much finer than that of the men, which, in bad weather, they put under the veil.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

To our subscribers.—We had made arrangements to adorn the present number with a splendid copperplate engraving, representing one of the most beautiful sections of this city, situated near the Battery, and including the Bowling-green. We find, however, that by delaying its appearance, this additional embellishment to the Mirror will be very much improved; and we have, therefore, concluded upon deferring its publication two or three weeks. This being the first time, during the long and arduous period of our editorial career, that we have ever been compelled to ask the indulgence of our friends, and our motive in doing so being an exclusive desire to add to their gratification, we sincerely cherish the hope that it will be cheerfully accorded. Several other drawings, illustrative of our local architecture and scenery, are in the hands of eminent artists, and will be speedily forthcoming. A new and elegant font of music type has been purchased, at great expense, which will enable us hereafter to augment the attractions and value of this periodical, and to publish the most select and popular melodies in every successive number. The cause of the late occasional omissions of music has been the worn-out condition of our former type. It is our ardent desire, and it shall ever be our primary and determined aim to present nothing to the public, in the pages of this work, that is not of the highest order. To this object, we are more and more attached by the unexampled and flattering increase of patronage by which we have been recently encouraged. We are proud to rank among the subscribers who have lately been added to our list, many of the first individuals in the country; and we, once for all, assure our readers, that while thus extensively supported, the Mirror shall retain a rank beyond the reach of competition.

The Holidays.—We should be wanting in those feelings which are supposed to actuate the conductors of the public press in general, did we not cheerfully comply with the custom of renewing our felicitations on the return of this auspicious season of festivity, and our wishes for many happy returns. Recreation and gaiety, friendly interchanges of kind feelings, a few sad and tender retrospections, many bright and eventful anticipations, constitute the employment of all ranks and conditions. In every thing that is fair and bright, may our friends richly and uncloudedly participate. Let them not forget, however, the impressive claims of the poor, whose sufferings are ever most keen at this very period. So, commending our readers to an excellent article, from the pen of our admirable correspondent C., which will be found on the last page, we briefly take our leave.

Association for the relief of respectable and aged indigent females.—Sixteen years have elapsed since this unpretending, but efficient charity, commenced its laudable operations. Not obnoxious to the objections which an enlightened and discriminating spirit of benevolence may, with too much justice, allege against many similar institutions, as creating the very evil they would fain remedy, encouraging the indolent and the improvident to rely upon external support, instead of inciting them to honourable industry, and a love of independence, this association selects for the objects of

its commiseration helpless old age, and decrepid, but virtuous poverty. Commenced under the most auspicious circumstances, directed by the fostering care of the most intelligent and high-hearted females, it early made a favourable impression, by the success and the palpable benefit which attended its first efforts. During its progress, it has at no period relaxed in its solicitude, or in its anxiety to seek out proper objects of relief, and to bestow on them all the attention, sympathy, and ministering care, which their destitute and deplorable condition too often require. Many such objects does a wise but inscrutable Providence offer to the contemplation of those who will thread the remote and narrow alleys of this great city, and they would all be doomed to abject misery and inevitable destruction, but for the working of that amiable spirit which animates the bosom and gives energy to the hand of this association. There are evils which no sagacity can foresee, no prudence obviate, no virtue counteract or mitigate. These evils it is the object of this society to alleviate, and, if possible, remove. Their claims come, then, recommended to the most cordial support of the public, and are more especially worthy of attention at the present time, when the severest rigors of the season daily, nay hourly, threaten to visit the old and the destitute.

Revised Statutes.—The code altered with so much care, and adapted to the increasing wants and modified condition of the population of this state, will go into operation on the ensuing first of January. From a hasty glance over its most prominent features, we feel satisfied that its influence will be salutary and widely felt. Among its numerous provisions is one concerning drunkards, which we take great pleasure in making extensively known, hoping it may serve, in some degree, to check the headlong progress of many a worthy citizen to ruin and infamy. The revised statute ordains, that upon complaint made to any magistrate against an habitual drunkard, a warrant shall be issued for his apprehension, and if convicted of the offence alleged against him, he shall be bound over to preserve order, and abstain from his criminal indulgences for one year; in case of default of sureties, he shall be committed to jail. If the offender is a minor, he may be bound out to work, and, if an adult, he shall be confined to hard labour, and his diet shall be bread and water. By another provision, any person convicted of selling an habitual drunkard, knowing him to be such, any quantity whatever of spirituous liquor, he shall incur the penalty of ten dollars for every conviction.

Theatrical benefits.—It is a source of deep mortification to us, as citizens of New-York, to observe the lamentable fact that the genius and worth of our dramatic corps too often meet with the most unmerited and cold neglect. In their respective walks, there are few performers equal in original talent, untiring industry, and private worth, to Mr. and Mrs. Hilson, Placide, or Mrs. Wheatley. And yet it is a fact, inexplicable and discreditable, that the benefits of these individuals are seldom profitable to themselves, or honourable to the taste and liberality of the public. Paltry buffo-singers and mimics, attract full houses to witness their grimaces and antic gestures, while genius and virtue are left to languish in the shade, and pine at their untoward fate. What avail their unceasing exertions, their oft applauded demonstrations of nature, judgment, taste, humour, or pathos? It is all forgotten when a claim to the general bounty is made in their behalf. We have been led to make these reflections by witnessing the almost empty benches which were the sole reward of one of the most meritorious of the above named performers on a late occasion. Talent of the highest order was enlisted, attraction of the most popular character offered, and yet, scarcely money enough was received to pay the expenses of the evening.

Introductory Lecture delivered before the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New-York. By John B. Beck, M. D. professor of materia medica, &c.—It is no unequivocal evidence of the very powerful impression which this address must have made, that although prepared and delivered in the discharge of an ordinary duty, it should have been selected by the trustees and students of the college for publication. Breathing a lofty and impassioned tone in favour of the cause of education, and written in a manly and impressive style, adorned with the graces of classic allusion and illustrative imagery, it reflects equal credit on the head and heart of the gifted author.

Fatal effects of passion.—Recently a woman in Northwich, displeased with a little girl, her step-daughter, attempted to strike her with a brush, which she had in her hand; but, instead of the meditated blow falling on the object of her vengeance, it alighted on the head of her own baby, which

she carried on her arm, and that with such violence, as to cause almost instantaneous death.

Welsh theatricals.—It appears from the following notice in a provincial journal, that an overflowing house is not, at all times, a desideratum: "It will be impossible to open the Cardiff theatre this season, the late rains having inundated it to the depth of nearly six feet, and the water being at present above the stage."

Miss Milford.—This lady has two tragedies on the tapis—one of which is nearly completed. In the tragedy of "Otho" Mr. Young will sustain the leading character: and it is expected to be ready for representation before Christmas. The title of the other tragedy is, we have heard, "Igne da Castro" in which a part is reserved for Miss Kemble.

Madame Malibran.—A Paris paper, of the twentieth of November, says that the theatre has been recently crowded from the floor to the ceiling with the admirers of Madame Malibran, to hail the return of their favourite. She appeared in "La Gazza Ladra," and has since played Desdemona. Her excellence in both are too well known to require further notice, except to observe that neither the fatigue of the waltz, or the clouded atmosphere at Birmingham, seem to have affected her genius or vivacity, which continue to shine with all their wonted lustre.

Sons of the Emperor of Austria.—All the sons of the Emperor of Austria have been taught some trade, the hereditary prince being an excellent weaver, and his brothers good carpenters and joiners.

Beau Brummell.—This king of the dandies appears to have got into the royal favour again. The London Sun states, "that he has obtained, through the highest influence, the appointment of British consul to Ostend."

France.—In France, last year, there were four thousand eight hundred and fifty-five accidental deaths, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four suicides, and eighty-six duels—twenty-nine of the latter were fatal.

Ladies' Riding-dress.—The riding-dress of the London ladies tolerates half-boots of black kid, and pantaloons, exactly like those worn by gentlemen, and fastened under the foot.

Mourning.—The Greeks, it is said, wear mourning, especially if it be for a husband, wife, or child, never less than three years, and not unfrequently for seven.

History of Ireland.—Thomas Moore, the poet, has undertaken a history of Ireland, from the earliest authentic records to the emancipation of the Catholics.

A German discovery.—It is formally announced in the Paris papers, as a German discovery, that onions, being planted near rose-trees, give a most exquisite scent to the roses.

Methodism.—It is stated that methodism is making rapid progress in the protestant cantons of Switzerland.

Son of Madame de Stael.—The young son of Madame de Stael, sole heir of that name, died recently at Paris.

Domestic wine.—Mr. Charles Hughes, of Orange county, North Carolina, has made, the present season, sixty-three barrels of excellent wine, from native grapes, growing in the woods and old fields.

The land of plenty.—Indian corn is selling in the state of Ohio at twelve and a half cents per bushel, and a bushel will support a family for a week.

The Triglote.—The first number of a semi-weekly paper has appeared in this city, published in Spanish, French, and English, called the Triglote.

The Frugal Housewife.—Mrs. Child, the author of Hobomock, has published a work under this title. It is ironically dedicated "to those who are ashamed of economy."

Landing of the Pilgrims.—The two hundred and ninth anniversary of the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth, was celebrated by the New-England society of this city, on Tuesday last, with the usual demonstrations of gratitude and joy.

Chatham theatre.—Barrett and Young opened this establishment on Wednesday evening, with a tolerable good company of comedians.

Mr. Booth.—This fine tragedian performed Octavian at the Baltimore theatre on Monday.

Cider.—Seven years ago cider was seven dollars per barrel in Ohio; it is now selling there at ten shillings.

Society for gossips.—An "anti-talk-about-your-neighbour's-business-society," is recommended to gossips by the editor of the Raleigh Register.

* The classical readers will recollect the celebrated picture executed by Timanthes, who, after exhausting all his powers in delineating the grief of the attendants at the immolation of Iphigenia, threw a scarf or veil over the countenance of Agamemnon, thus leaving the deep agony and inexpressible grief of the father to be conceived by the spectator.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

CHRISTMAS.

Heap on more wood!—the wind blows chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.—Scott.

"A HAPPY Christmas and a merry new-year!"—How many million times will this good-natured salutation be interchanged, wherever the English language is spoken, before the present and following weeks pass over. It is, to be sure, a mere matter of course, a compliment of the season; but yet, methinks, there is more right-good will in the delivery of it than in the generality of compliments: the hearty and jovial animation of the countenance, the frank and cheerful tone of the voice, and the rough and friendly pressure of the hand, go along with the words as a commentary, the obvious import of which is—contrary to the ordinary practice of society—"I mean what I say." There is less selfishness at Christmas than at any other time. Men appear to pay somewhat more attention to that much-neglected scriptural injunction, "love thy neighbour as thyself;" and the carking cares and over-reaching schemes of those who struggle for existence in great cities, are suffered to lie dormant for a brief, a very brief space. The stomach is more thought of than the purse; and when a man thinks seriously of his stomach, with a fair prospect of having his delectable visions realized, his natural disposition dies within him, and he becomes a generous, meek, and equitable animal.—Whatever is thought of the poetry, there may be reasonable doubts entertained of the policy of Lear's advice,

Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just;

for it is exactly at the time when a man feels most uncomfortable himself, that he thinks least of the discomforts of others; and many a one, who before breakfast on a cold morning, with no prospect of the fire burning, would not give sixpence to save half the human race from starvation, will, after a satisfactory dinner, talk with unction of the miseries of the poor, and subscribe his dollar without thinking himself guilty of an extravagance. When he is cold and comfortless himself, he is a piece of concentrated selfishness—his sympathies are as frozen as his fingers, and he has no superfluous benevolence to bestow on any one; but as his stomach becomes literally closed his heart is figuratively opened, and he parts with his money with fewer pangs than naturally accompanies that disagreeable operation.

There is one essential difference between the Christmas of the present times and those of a few years ago, namely the weather. The fine, clear, cold weather that used to accompany this season accompanies it no longer, and in its place have come mild, sickly, drizzly days, that properly belong to no one season of the year. It is a pity that fog and civilization should go hand in hand, and that the clearing away of the immense forests of the west should be one main cause of our having this pestiferous weather as a substitute for the healthy, hardy frosts of former times. It is a great drawback; for with what face can any one wish his friend joy, when he can scarcely discern his lineaments through the fog; or ask him to be merry, when saturated through and through with villanous vapour? And then the women! What a pleasant sight it was, on a clear, frosty Christmas morning, with the snow crackling beneath your feet, and the sleigh-bells tinkling merrily in your ears, to see some comfortably-clad and comfortable-looking damsel tripping cheerfully yet carefully over the slippery side-walk, with cheeks into which the cold and exercise had sent a glow more deep and rich than the most brilliant carnation!—with eyes sparkling and dancing in liquid splendour, and her warm breath playing back upon her face, seeking, as it were, shel-

ter from the sharp air amidst her clustering curls—smiling and laughing, she knew not why, and cared not wherefore. Now, the scene is changed—they "walk in silk attire," with artificial flowers on their heads, and soleless shoes on their feet; picking their steps so as to steer clear of the multitudinous small pools which the street-inspector leaves for the accommodation of pedestrians, with faces of a neutral tint, alike different from the ruddy glow of winter and the sunny bloom of summer. But even this change, like every other, bad as it is upon the whole, is not without its advantages:

There is a soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out,

and those who are admirers of, and connoisseurs in, delicately turned ankles, have now a better opportunity for more particular and impartial observation. But then, again, the chances are taken away of the occurrence of interesting incidents, such as a charming young woman stepping incautiously on a deceitful slide, formed by the law-despising little boys, and then falling gently back into the arms of some lucky person who may happen to be just behind, and whom she may gratefully repay with her own sweet self in consideration for the preservation of her pelisse. No,

I ever lov'd the seasons like themselves:
Let summer have its fruits, and spring its flowers,
But give me winter with a hearty frown.

Poultry is the only thing which does not seem to share in the general joy on the approach of this happy period; and all who have entered deeply into the study of the science of ornithology in general, and domestic *foolology* in particular, must have observed, in the eyes of turkeys more especially, a sort of melancholy presentiment, as if "coming events" had actually "cast their shadows before," and chickens look as if they already beheld the delicate pies, of which they are to form a part. The goose, that most incorrigible bird, it is true, is a goose to the last, turning up a lacklustre eye at the hand preparing to twist its neck about, and it never occurs to it to flap its wings or offer any resistance, until the head is detached from the body, which, according to the immutable laws of nature, is a little too late. These speculations may appear fanciful, but many ingenious theories have been constructed on as slim a foundation.

How many good things have been said and sung of Christmas, from the old poets of Elizabeth's time down to Washington Irving. Indeed, it is the appropriate season for good things. For mirth and music—friendship and flummery—love and liquor—poetry and poultry—gaiety and gormandizing—dancing and dinner-parties, there is no time like Christmas. A spirit of enjoyment—a universal freedom from restraint prevails; the most prudent relax, the most frigid melt; even that anomalous class of bipeds denominated "serious young men," are guilty of merriment, and sip their wine and lisp their joke with impunity. A jovial farewell is taken of the parting year, and as jovial a welcome given to its successor. No man attends to his business, unless he be a publican or a pastry-cook; and all sorts of profitable employments are looked upon as nuisances. Merchant meets merchant, and the price of stocks are not inquired after—tradesman meets tradesman, and the shop is unthought of. Friend dines with friend, old intimacies are renewed, differences forgotten, and a spirit of good-will and kindly feeling, well befitting the season, "reigns in all bosoms."

"Merry Christmas!" even now thy influence, like a charm, is over all. Now are parties projected in the parlour, while through the kitchen rings the din of merciless preparation—now do black cooks rise ten per cent. in the scale of creation, and those who can withstand a hot fire are not to be treated with coolness—now do serenaders take their stand in the damp streets, and, like frogs in a fog, their voices are heard through the thick atmosphere, croaking of love and music, in imitation of Spain and Italy, while the noise of

neighbouring taverns mingles with their melody; and now do young ladies throw open the windows to testify their grateful acceptance of the homage of those weather-contemning swains, and many catch quineys by this sacrifice of prudence to passion—now do superlatively witty jokes pass between young ladies and gentlemen concerning their prospects of matrimony before another Christmas—now do men eat more than the "Journal of Health" deems necessary for the support of nature; apoplexies are prevalent, and the heirs of fat old men look forward with pleasing anticipations—now is the air laden with monotonous yet pleasing interrogations of "What will you take to drink?" and no answers are heard in the negative—now, as the glass circles quickly round, friendships become stronger as the brains become weaker, and more promises are made than will be kept—now are several men seen reposing in the streets, with the pavement for a bed and the curbstone for a pillow; peacefully do they slumber! having that within them which makes their flinty couch "soft as the thrice-driven down"—and now do the Journal of Commerce editors sharpen their pens, and prepare to narrate manifold instances of the "fatal effects of intemperance," in their very best style—now do inveterate moralists indite long essays, stating that there have been many changes in the year that is past, and likewise, the probability that there will be many more in the year that is to come—now do the respectable members of the "calliothumpian band" prepare to disturb the peace and quiet of the republic, and the New-York Dogberrys hold consultation concerning the powers vested in them by the constitution; and now, also, is the constabulary force of the city held in less respect by the juvenile citizens than is due to constituted authorities—now do young aspirants to "Tom and Jerry" fame get well kicked, bruised, beaten, and carried to the watch-house, all which they term "sport," and sober, sensible people begin to entertain doubts concerning the meaning of the word—now do many more things take place than are "dreamt of in philosophy"—and now do I put a period to the apprehensions of the reader by prudently coming to a conclusion. C.

VARIETIES.

WASHINGTON IRVING.—A letter has been received in Albany from this gentleman, dated in London, stating that he "had returned, after a long absence, to enter upon his official duties, and that he entertained a fond recollection of the works and institutions of his native state.

In speaking of De Witt Clinton, he uses the following language: "As a citizen of New-York, proud of my native city and state, I cannot express how much I feel indebted to one who has so largely contributed to the advancement of their prosperity and greatness. But of what avail is my feeble tribute of applause? The name of De Witt Clinton will go down to posterity, connected with the admirable institutions and illustrious works of which he has been the founder; and commanding a pure and increasing tribute of veneration, long after the names of contemporary political and rival statesmen are forgotten. In the great canal alone, he has left behind him a monument of fame more enduring than the pyramids, and one that has the merit also of being as useful as stupendous."

TRUE REPARATION.—If thou hast wronged thy brother in thought, reconcile thee to him in thought; if thou hast offended him in words, let thy reconciliation be in words; if thou hast trespassed against him in deeds, by deeds be reconciled to him: that reconciliation is most kindly, which is most in kind.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.—A person who had a most resplendent red face, was angry with his son for having gunpowder. "Having gunpowder!" said he; "I will set my face against it." "For heaven's sake, consider what you are about," answered the boy, "for if you do, we shall be blown up."

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

SACRED MELODY.

And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judea, art not the least among the princes of Juda, for out of thee shall come a governor, that shall rule my people Israel.—MATT. ch. ii. v. 6.

He cometh in mercy! the promise of years,
The Saviour foretold by the prophets appears!
Call the seer from his craft and the king from his crown,
And before the meek child of salvation kneel down.

Shout, shout! through the highways of Bethlehem, shout!
Let the joy of our hearts through Judea go out!
For the ocean of time, that for ages has roll'd
With those who believed, has left us to behold!

Blow! blow the loud trumpets, through Bethlehem, blow!
Till the angels above hear our gladness below;
Till the mountains be gifted with tongues to rejoice,
And answer to ours with their many-toned voice.

Spread, spread the bright banner by vale and by cliff!
From the mast of each galley and prow of each skiff!
That where'er o'er the waters the breezes may blow,
The hour of redemption the nations may know!

Bring couches of ivory and wine-cups of gold,
And garments of purple his limbs to unfold.
Bring silks like the snow that's untouch'd and untrod,
To clothe the pure virgin that nurses a God!

What! are ye still silent? is Bethlehem dead?
No trumpet is sounded—no banner is spread!
Awake, ye deep sleepers! awake and arise!
The God of our fathers is come from the skies!

Is no voice to adore, but the voice of the storm?
Is the snow-sheet alone to encircle His form?
Is the night-dew the wine that our bounty bestows?
Is that manger the couch for a Saviour's repose?

But stay! even now hath His mission began!
He teaches his first glorious lesson to man:
That earth's glories are fading—its splendors are dim!
And that we should be patient and humble like Him!

Not the ingots of Ophir, nor Babylon's pride—
Nor the treasures Euphrates rolls down on his tide—
Nor the armies that add the proud cities to Rome—
Nor the navies that crown her the queen of the foam—

Not these doth he value—they glitter in vain—
Ay, even the blaze of the conqueror's train!
He cometh, not strengthened by sceptre or sword—
He cometh, a child, with the might of the Lord!

The hearts that would feed on philosophy's flowers,
Whether cull'd from the warm Epicurean bowers—
From the stoic's, eternally circled with snows—
Or where Plato's more mingled disciples repose—

These hearts shall be gather'd from bower and hall,
The pagan shall weep and the idol shall fall:
Generations unborn shall rejoice in His birth,
And the glory of God shall encircle the earth!

He breatheth—the wings of the tempest are furl'd—
He speaketh—the ocean binds down its vast world—
He looketh—the seraphs are dazzled above—
And man, when he smileth, grows bright with his love!

Be all glory to God through eternity given!
And peace upon earth to the children of heaven!
That when time shall expire, and his wanderings cease,
The trumpet of judgment may wake us to peace!

And when in that valley of nations display'd—
And thou com'st in the power of thy Godhead arrayed,
Oh grant we be better prepar'd in thy sight,
Than the faithless who dream through Judea to-night!

ALPHA.

ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

A LADY'S DREAM.

BY JAMES LAWSON.

I grant that dreams are idle things,
Yet I have known a few,
To which my faithful memory clings,
They seemed so sweet and true.—Barton.

THE gay and thoughtless prize woman more for the beauty of face and elegance of figure, than for intelligence of mind, or refinement of education; so that if a lady be acknowledged a fashionable belle, the strength of her mind and the polish of her education are accounted nought.

With men of genius, external beauty is but a second

dary consideration; "that within which passeth show," has the first claim on their admiration. Beauty fades, time steals the roses from the cheek, and age leaves but a shadow, the beautiful and fashionable belle. With the lady of talent and refinement, the charm of conversation, and the flow of wit, cast a veil over withered loveliness, and render her as interesting, when robbed of personal charms, as in her day of power and pride. But to the intelligent eye, a lady of mind and education is always beautiful; though her features, when at rest, are not as lovely as a cherished flower, nor as regular as a painter's fancy-line, yet, when her mind warms with conversation, or burns with the poetic imagery of her fancy-thoughts, a brightness and a witchery dwell in every expression, which unconsciously hold in thrall the dullest of mankind.

When, however, to intelligence of mind is added the spell of beauty, that lady holds a masterdom over every heart, and man bows in silent adoration before her physical and intellectual perfection. Her presence commands respect, her actions admiration. The idle and the fashionable bow in subjection before her very gaze. The educated and talented stand before her with awe and admiration; and with conscious pride count themselves in the society of one, whose very word makes them feel a presence that instructs and exalts. There is no creation of nature more beautiful than a lovely woman—nothing more dignified, more respect-commanding, than a female of genius and education. She gives man an exalted opinion of his race, and would make the veriest misanthrope renounce his mistaken faith, and exclaim with exultation, "she, like myself, is of the race of man!"

Now to the subject of my story.

I knew Mary Rosabel when she was a young and lovely girl; day by day I marked her mind unfolding its precious gems, and shining brighter and brighter, by the most approved course of education. I saw her verge from youth to womanhood, and even overstep her early promise. I saw her in the day of gladness, and in the night of sorrow; in the time of merriment, and in the hour of affliction. I saw her mind acted on by almost every tone of feeling, yet in all she manifested the same dignity and gracefulness; the same strength and resignation. In all she was herself.

One summer, while she was on a visit to a friend in the country, I took the opportunity of spending a few days with her. In our morning walks through the blooming fields and shady forests, I was instructed and delighted by the correctness of her observations, and the justness of her remarks on the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, and the similes which she drew therefrom to illustrate and adorn conversation. One beautiful evening we were seated on the green sward, under a lofty cypress tree, enjoying the freshness of the southern breeze; the sky was of a beautiful azure; we gazed with exquisite silence upon the pale and full rounded moon, coursing in her aerial path, attended by her countless train of stars; the scene convinced us that she was well named by poets, "night's peerless queen," and they, "the gems of night," "the poetry of heaven."

It was a beautiful evening; the cool breeze invigorated both the mind and body, and having in its viewless flight strayed over flowers and blossoms, its wings were fraught with delicious fragrance. The scene above, the landscape around, raised our thoughts on wings of imagination, above the prosaic realities of this world. After a long silence Mary Rosabel addressed me.

"The beautiful moon," she said, "sailing along the unsullied sky, reminds me of my dream last night. Do you believe in dreams?"

"I have often thought upon them. I have dreamed myself, and heard others relate theirs, and afterwards a circumstance has taken place bearing a strong analogy to the dream. Such things are; and to say the least, a strange combination of events—a remarkable coincidence, for which, I know not how to account, but I have come to approve of the maxim adopted by Dr. Johnson, 'do not wholly believe them, because they may be false; do not wholly discredit them, because they may be true.'"

"This I think a liberal conclusion."

"Not more liberal than just."

"The old adage says, regard not dreams, since they are but the images of our hopes and fears."

"Though I confess that old adages are the wisdom of nations proved by the experience of ages, and winnowed from all the chaff of words, so that nothing but the healthy grain remains, still I am resolved in my former opinion. May I not be informed of the particulars of your dream?"

"I shall tell you with pleasure. My dream was inconsistent as a very dream. Methought I was asleep in such a place, and in such a scene as this, when, suddenly, as if by some wild convulsion of nature, I awoke. The sky, which, when I fell into my slumber, was as beautiful and cloudless as this on which now we gaze, was gloomily overcast, and the moon was shrouded by a total eclipse. I was in terror; I wished to arise, but lacked the power of volition, and was constrained against my will to remain, as spell-bound, fixed upon the spot. Suddenly, a ray of hope, a thought of pleasure, flashed across my mind; gradually the scene became lighter and brighter; a semi-circular line of mellow light beamed upon the face of the heavens—it was the first glimpse of the moon darting from beneath the envious body that shrouded it in eclipse. Imperceptibly, and by slow degrees, she emerged from her obscurity; the clouds passed gradually away, till at length, the queen of night shone in the heavens with all the stars in her train, as bright and beautiful as the sanguine brain of poet in fancy's boldest flight ever pictured to his imagination, and the landscape smiled with a loveliness equalled only by the brilliancy of fabled fairy-land. It was too bright, I thought, for my eyes to look upon, and its dazzling blaze seemed to sear them; yet still I gazed upon the scene in inexpressible delight. I felt a thrill of calm and unalloyed pleasure—a composure unknown before—a sensation undefinable. You see, it was as I said, inconsistent as a very dream. At length, in reality, I awoke; and when I could collect my thoughts, which were scattered by my dream, I saw the sun, high in the east, darting his fierce beams through my lattice. The sky was cloudless, the birds sang merrily their matin songs, nature looked sweet and smiling—all creation wore a life and freshness, which, never to my mind, seemed so cheering and so lovely on any former day. My heart partook of the composure and pleasure of the morning; I felt a sweet presentiment of something yet to come—it was a happy feeling, wherefore I knew not—it was a composure, for which I could not account."

"That was a beautiful dream, and, if I may be permitted to express my thoughts, brilliantly narrated."

"You praise my description above its merit; can you give an interpretation?"

"I have no ability at expounding dreams."

"What may you guess? I have a strange curiosity to hear it unriddled."

"Were I to hazard a conjecture, I should say, madam, that it denotes some good fortune about to befall you. Have you not in your heart a wish, a fond and cherished anticipation, to which you look forward with anxious uncertainty for its fulfilment?"

"To you, reserve were ungenerous. I have a hope, which, were it realized, would make me the happiest of my sex."

"To such a conclusion did your dream lead me. I will not be too inquisitive and ask particulars; but, believe me, your dream foretells, if it foretells anything, that the gloomy uncertainty of your mind will soon be resolved to certainty, and all your fondest hopes realized to an extent even happier than your mind conceives; and you will lead a life of joy, rich in the esteem of the world, in the affection of friends, and in the love of one who will be worthy of your dearest regards. Your youth will be like a lovely morning in spring, all perfume, all fragrance; your prime, like a brilliant summer day, all sunshine and loveliness; and your age, like the mellow autumn eve; and your sun of being will set, far in the west, in peace, and in the hope of a glorious immortality; leaving to your family and friends, a name as pure and as dearly cherished as a gold-tinged evening sky."

"This is a pleasing interpretation: if the reality equal the promise, I shall be most happy."

The pursuit of my travels soon after this removed me from the pleasing society and the beautiful scenes which I enjoyed with my young friend, Mary Rosabel. Though the happy days I spent in her company were not forgotten, yet the dream and my interpretation, slumbered in my memory. It was a year or more afterwards I put up at an inn in Kent, over the door of which some ambitious country artist had immortalized himself by daubing, "as large as life," England's emblem of St. George and the dragon. Seated one evening in the traveller's parlour, which fronted the street, I saw an elegant equipage stop at the door. Two servants, in rich liveries, leaped from the dicky and stood in humble attendance to assist a lady and gentleman to alight. The lady was robed in a travelling dress, displaying more taste than show; there was a queen-like bearing in her step that caught my attention—a dignity in her actions which commanded respect. I felt an anxious desire to see her face; it must be a lovely face, I thought, but an envious veil shrouded each feature from my view. The gentleman was nearly six feet in height, of handsome shape, and manly feature, and a soul of intelligence beamed through an eye of uncommon lustre. He looked as if both friends and fortune smiled with richest favour on him. With much politeness, and evident affection, he gave the lady his arm, and led her into the George and Dragon. As he entered his features recalled to my memory the likeness of an old friend.

"Can it be Henry Wellworth?" I involuntarily said to myself; "he is so like him, though I little dreamt to see him in this part of the country, that it is at least worthy my attention, to have my doubts removed or confirmed; I should for ever accuse myself of unkindness were I in the same inn with so good a friend as Wellworth, and omitted the opportunity of seeing him."

Without a moment's further hesitation, I rang the bell, and when the waiter appeared, I requested him to inform me of the name of the travellers who had just arrived. He retired to learn it at the bar, immediately returned, and announced him to be Mr. Wellworth.

"Wellworth!" I exclaimed; "my old and trusty friend! Give him my card, and say I wait his leisure."

The waiter retired, and in a few moments returned again with the compliments of Mr. Wellworth that he would be happy to see me in his private apartments. I was instantly shown to his parlour; my friend was

really as glad as I was at the unexpected meeting. When the usual courtesies were interchanged, I inquired, "Who is the fair dame that came in your company?"

"Do you not know her?"

"I do not—at least her veil so covered her face that I could not recognise a single feature. Who is she?"

"My wife."

"Your wife! Are you married? To whom?"

"To my wife, to be sure."

"What is her name?"

"Mrs. Wellworth."

"Tut, tut, I know that is now her name; but what is her patronymic?"

"Here she comes to answer for herself. My love," said Wellworth to his wife as she entered the apartment, "can you inform my friend who you are?"

"Surely," she replied, "one whom I have known so long need not require such information."

"Mary Rosabel!" I exclaimed, "is this so?"

"Even so," she replied; "you see, sir dream-exponent, your interpretation has become realized."

"And you are happy then?"

"Ay, as the day is long."

"For six months' past," said the husband, "she has told me so, and I believe her, and for sixty years to come, she shall be, live she so long."

"You have my warmest wishes. Heaven bless you!"

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE PEARL FISHERY.*

WE are not Hottentots, but civilized critics; and will not, therefore, receive the accounts of the gallant author of these travels in the rude manner recorded in the note at the bottom of another page; though, like Mr. Waterton, in his "Wanderings," we confess he has somewhat staggered us with the strange facts he relates. Being a commissioner for the company formed to fish for pearls and coral in the Gulf of California, the worthy lieutenant certainly proceeded on an errand that was likely to produce unexpected and extraordinary results; but we were not prepared for the very unexpected and extraordinary results stated in this volume. As an example, we will begin with a sub-marine tale, founded on descents to drag the pearly treasure from the deep.

"The oyster secures itself so firmly to the rocks by its beard, that it requires no little force to tear it away; and as its external surface is full of sharp points, the hands are soon severely cut by them. The effect of the buoyancy of the water is also curious. At the depth of seven or eight fathoms, it requires exertion to keep down; and if you then attempt to lay hold on a rock with the hands, you find yourself as it were suspended, so that if you let go your hold you will immediately tumble upwards! I remember, the first oyster I ever met with was at the depth of four fathoms only; my head was almost touching it; and forgetting, in my pleasure, to strike out with my legs, as I stretched forward my hand to catch hold of the prize, to my astonishment, the oyster slipped from my grasp, and I found myself nearly at the surface of the water the next instant; so that I had all my labour for nothing. So firmly does the oyster fix himself to the rock, that, in order to tear him away, it is necessary to get "a purchase" upon him, by placing the feet at the bottom. The excessive difficulty of doing this is incredible; it requires the muscular strength of the whole body to overcome the resistance of the water's buoyancy. I have no doubt that, by means of its long beard, the oyster has the power of locomotion, and that it changes its situation according to its pleasure or convenience. One principal object of inquiry, however, was obtained; namely, the true situation of the shells under water. I found that I had been in a complete error in supposing them formed in beds; that is, in heaps, as the word bed would seem to indicate. With this impression I left England, and continued in it till I had now convinced myself, by actual investigation, of the error into which I had been led by every body with whom I had conversed on the subject. Indeed, a moment's reflection would have pointed out the impossibility of the oysters being piled in heaps together in this gulf. This fish always

seeks for tranquillity, which it could never find in situations exposed to currents, and motion occasioned by the undulations of the water. I always found them in sheltered bays, the bottoms of which were covered with large rocks. This brings me to consider the reason why a diving-bell, at least in the Gulf of California, can never be profitably employed. —After reaching the bottom, if the greater surface be considered bottom, there are frequently found chasms in the rock below, which extend from one to two, or even three fathoms lower. It is down these apertures that the diver most generally expects to meet with oysters, which even here conceal themselves in the cavities of the rock; and as the power of vision fails in so dense a medium, particularly if the depth be considerable, and the surface rough, the diver is obliged to insert not his hand only, but even his head, into every hole and corner, like a person groping about in the dark; holding on, the while, by the points of the rock, to prevent his rising to the top, in consequence of the water's buoyancy, at the depth, for example, of seven or eight fathoms, beyond which I cannot speak from experience. The perception of objects under water at this depth is very indistinct, and their magnitude is augmented, so that a very small shell appears of large dimensions, and the diver is frequently mortified by the discovery of the mistake when he rises. It is strange that the deception should not be detected by the touch; but it would appear, that in the same way as the eyes measure the capacity of the stomach, so also do they convey to the hands a sort of conviction that the apparent is the true size; so that these organs take pleasure in mutually deluding each other! The fissures in the rocks, in these submarine situations, do not frequently exceed ten inches or a foot; so that in descending, the back, chest, knees, and heels, are sometimes dreadfully lacerated. If, then, not even a shark could follow a diver in these situations, how is it possible that a diving-bell, which is considerably broader, should be able to do so? The idea that it could, is only to be entertained by a person as grossly ignorant of the circumstance as I was before I convinced myself of the truth. In fact, it might be said that the men in a diving-bell would remain suspended half way between hopes and realization, and would feel, as I sometimes did when I was crawling about the bottom, "like a fish out of water;"—an odd expression, by the by, for a fellow eight fathoms deep! I am convinced that there is no stimulant so great as hope. Under its influence, the diver is insensible to danger, although he see himself surrounded by sharks of prodigious magnitude. Armed with his short stick,* he considers the invasion of so formidable an enemy's domains as unworthy of a moment's hesitation. Anxious to grasp the prize, he pays little regard to the price of its attainment, which he no sooner possesses than he is ready to fight the stoutest of the finny race. I have myself descended when the horizon was filled with the projecting fins of sharks rising above the surface of the water; and although armed only in the way I have described, I thought myself perfectly secure from molestation; notwithstanding they were swimming round me in all directions, at not a greater distance than a few fathoms, I continued my pursuits with the greatest sang froid. I should no more be capable, in my cool moments of reflection, of braving this inconceivably horrible danger, where I might have been mangled and torn to pieces by one of these implacable monsters, than of entering the tiger's den before his breakfast, at Exeter Change. But when the passions are concentrated into one point, though that point be on the verge of eternity, hope still attends us. On these occasions how sensibly have I felt, and how often repeated, the beautiful lines of the enraptured poet!—

"'Tis Methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon."

Don Pablo Ochou, who was for many years a superintendent of the fishery, and himself a most expert diver, gave me the following account of one of his watery adventures:—The Placer de la Piedra negada, which is near Loretto, was supposed to have quantities of very large pearl-oysters round it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it, and, in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms water. The rock is not above one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference, and our adventurer swam round and

* "This stick is about nine inches long, and is pointed at both ends. The diver grasps it in the middle, and when attacked by a shark, he thrusts it into the monster's expanded jaws, in such a position, that, in attempting to seize his victim, the jaws close upon the two sharp points; thus secured, he can do no mischief, but swims away with his martyrdom; the diver rises, and seeks a new weapon of defence."

* Travels in the Interior of Mexico in 1825-6-7-8. By Lieut. R. W. Hardy, R. N. 8vo. pp. 340. London, 1829. Colburn & Bentley.

examined it in all directions, but without meeting with any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look upwards, as all divers are obliged to do who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the coast is clear, they may then rise without apprehension. Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tinterero had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and, most probably, had been watching the whole time that he had been down. A double-pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tinterero, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions that both man and stick would be swallowed together. He therefore felt himself rather nervous, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But, under water, time is too great an object to be spent in reflection; and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this means to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay when he again looked up, to find the pertinacious tinterero still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird. He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth, (at the recollection of which he still shuddered,) that was continually opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim, or, at least, that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the *gout*. Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo: one to suffer himself to be drowned—the other to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time, that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost, with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity.—On a sudden he recollected, that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed; his attentive friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him. As soon as he reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, and in such a way that the fine particles rose and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, nor the monster him. Availing himself of the cloud, by which himself and the tinterero were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transversal direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately he rose close to one of the boats; and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that, by some artifice he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive."

As one such story is as good as a hundred to illustrate a work, we shall content ourselves with this extract. Lit. Gaz.

FRIENDSHIP OF WOMAN.

The science of anatomy informs us that there are in the human heart, (we mean the corporeal seat of life,) two principal channels, through which the vital current flows; both as it leaps joyously from the fountain, and as it sluggishly returns from the discharge of its appropriate function. The peculiar construction of these organical features, technically styled the auricles and ventricles, we are not competent to unfold. It is our wish only to call attention to the analogy which here exists between the physical and the intellectual nature of our race; and to speak of love and friendship as the two principal channels through which the current of the feelings flows with a fixed and steady course. Nature has denied to woman the physical strength and muscular power which she has generously conferred upon man; but in conformity with her general equitable economy, she has compensated the denial by a larger share of feeling and sensibility. Hence we find in a woman, a susceptibility to emotions seldom possessed by the other sex, rendering her the obedient agent of the passions and feelings inseparable from our common nature. The purposes subserved by the general economy of nature, (a term which we here use only as another name for Providence,) are wise and benevolent; and we can clearly trace the marks of that wisdom and benevolence, in the peculiar favoritism shown to woman in the disposal of those feelings of the heart, upon which love, friendship, delicacy, and sensibility are founded. The shell-fish that grows upon the rocks, is conscious of its helplessness, and the means of defence from external dangers, is abundantly furnished by a singular and almost invincible

tenacity. So also with woman. She was not formed for independence; but endowed with those peculiar properties which enable her firmly but steadfastly to adhere to her natural protector, and these properties peculiarly active in love, do not remain inoperative in friendship. From the peculiar constitution of women, therefore, we see more ardency of feeling, greater strength of attachment, and superior purity of affection, than that which characterizes the other sex. Instances undoubtedly have occurred, and may again occur, where both in man and in woman have been found the same fervour, the same zeal, the same warmth of affection, the same indissoluble connections both in love and in friendship. And so, also, instances have not been wanting of the same delicacy of manner, the same effeminacy of habit, the same constitutional weakness, and the same ardent temperament in both. But isolated facts are not to be mistaken for general principles, nor individual instances for general rules. The effects of a perverted or an injudicious education are to be suspected; when general experience is contradicted by solitary examples; or at least we are to endeavour to trace the occasional deviations from an established theory, to clear, adequate causes, before we become willing to give up a maxim which accords with the usual experience of mankind. It is not from solitary instances that we infer the susceptibility of woman to the tender and generous affections. Wherever her history is portrayed, we find the same prominent features, differing only in direction. Such, however, is the natural suspiciousness of mankind, that we cannot concede to woman any feelings of regard for the other sex, independent of those of love. But towards her own race, her affection, as it kindles into an enthusiastic glow, is marked with all the warmth of love and all the purity of charity. The natural traits of her character are congenial with the emotions of friendship.—Open, ardent, unsuspicious, the connections which she forms from feeling, are nurtured by fidelity; and as she is not drawn aside by the temptations of business, the envy of superiority, and the silly struggle for honours and preferments, the attachments which she forms are unalloyed by those base feelings which are too apt to corrode the pleasures of the heart. It is true, that she does partake so much of our common nature, as to share the common fatalities of the world. It is true, also, that even in the friendship of woman, the base passions will sometimes mix their poison and blast the fair prospects of the harvest of hope. The jealousy of love, the rivalry of beauty, the pride of accomplishments, or the fancies of fashion, will sometimes take possession of the heart to the exclusion of all the better feelings. But when reason resumes her seat, and the bitterness of controversy has subsided, there is not that tempest of contending emotions, pride struggling with principle, a haughty spirit with the consciousness of error, an indisposition for concession with the desire of reconciliation. Woman has no struggles like those with which to contend. Errors involuntarily or unconsciously committed, are willingly atoned for. The indiscretions of the moment are deeply regretted, and when once she is persuaded of her faults or follies, we know not which the most to admire, the good sense which disposes her to confess her errors, or the candour, openness, and good will with which the confession is made. From these considerations it will readily be seen, that her sex is constitutionally fitted for the enjoyment of friendship in its highest and most exalted degree. And here, too, we may advert to the wisdom of Providence in the disposition of the moral as well as the physical world. The pleasures of man are frequently of that isolated character which renders them independent of external objects. The ingenuities of art, the speculations of science, the flowers of rhetoric, or the subtleties of casuistical and cabalistic lore will frequently wean him from the prosecution of other pleasures, and engross his undivided attention. But not so with woman. She has few pleasures of an isolated or solitary character. Her enjoyments are of that generous kind which invite others to their participation. Her thoughts are of that untravelled nature that confine themselves to domestic scenes of quiet and contentment; and hence when her affections are bestowed, they go with an intensity which amply compensates for their limited extent.—It is the electric spark which impetuously leaps from the philosophic jar, not the silent current drawn quietly from the sky by pointed conductors. It is the joyous burst of the waterfall as it precipitously plunges from the highlands into the lake beneath, not the quiet return of the river as it disembogues into the sea. For the confirmation of these remarks, we point not to the pages of history, but to the world around us; for history is doubly unjust to woman. While she trumpets to the world the vices of the sex, and holds up to reprobation the turgid catalogue of crimes and enormities

of some monsters, she casts the shades of oblivion over the thousands who have shown in all their native modesty, the pride and the ornaments of their little circle. But we will not blame the injustice of story, for history was not made for women. The tulip and the sunflower, the gaudy peony and the patrician marigold may adorn the public square; but the rose and the lily of the valley prefer the silent walk, or secret bower, where they may pour their perfume on the air, and waste away in their own sweetness. The loveliest scenes of nature are those which she seems to dress solely for her own amusement; where the gaze of man is least likely to intrude. And thus it is that woman, as she consumes away in her own loveliness, shrinks from the gaze of the world and buries herself in the affections of her friends. Ladies' Mag.

A MODERN BLUE BEARD.

We give to-day—from the "Petit Courier des Dames," of the fifteenth of November—one of the most extraordinary accounts of the manner in which a *fond* husband contrived in Paris, to amuse himself with his wives—for he tickled two to death—that has ever fallen under our notice. Those who have had the experiment of tickling their feet tried upon them, can easily imagine the refinement of that torture which a person must endure, when so bound as to be unable to resist. What pleasure the demon could have taken in the *extatic agonies* of a lovely woman, no human mind can fancy; but that he did revel in them the narrative renders but too certain.

EFFECTS OF TICKLING.

Mrs. de L** mixed much with the fashionable world last winter, accompanied with her daughter Emily. Young and handsome, the latter was the object of general attention. Although without fortune, she received many advantageous proposals for her hand—but as her heart remained unaffected, she selected from the crowd of her admirers Mr. de V***. He was about forty, rich, and respected—he adored her and would thus make her happy. Emily made a *confidante* of her mother, who could not avoid expressing her surprise at the selection. Mr. de V. had already lost two wives—there was a disparity in their ages, and she felt an invincible repugnance, for which she could not account, to the union. Emily thought so good an opportunity of securing a rich establishment, might not again present itself—her mother yielded, and she was married to Mr. de V. Some months after, Emily's brother urged her to frankly confess to him, whether she had realized the happiness which she had anticipated from the union. "I have, indeed," said she: "my husband anticipates my every wish, and would render me fully happy, but for a singular request which he has made, and which, as I cannot understand the object, troubles me." "It must be very serious," said Edward. "Oh, no, it is very silly," replied his sister; "you would never imagine what. Only think of a request to bind myself with linen bandages—in a word to be a living copy of an Egyptian mummy." So extraordinary a caprice surprised Edward full as much as it had his sister. His curiosity was too strongly excited to be spent in imaginings, and he urged his sister to yield, but with the condition that he should, unknown to the husband, be stationed during the operation in an adjoining room. Thus placed, his sister informed her husband that she had determined to yield to his request. Wild with joy at this information, the husband found not words to express his gratitude, yet promptly commenced his operations. Edward listened attentively. Profound silence reigned for some minutes in the room; his sister broke it by saying in a trembling tone, "And the arms too?" He involuntarily trembled as if they were to be the last words of his sister. "Yes, my dear," replied the husband gaily, "I beg you—head and feet only free; just like a mummy you know." All was again quiet. The silence lasted so long as again to frighten Edward, and he was upon the point of entering the room, when his sister commenced laughing immoderately. He felt assured and listened. Emily stopped and all was again silent. Again she laughed, and more immoderately than before, and again all was silent. This tomb-like repose, broken by loud and immoderate laughter and succeeding the silence, was alarming—he knew not what to think of it, and burst into the room. At his appearance Mr. de V. fled, and Edward found his unfortunate sister stretched on the floor, cold and inanimate. Her husband had bound her, that he might freely tickle her feet. Another fit of laughing, and Emily would have followed the two other wives of Mr. de V. The best attendance has but recalled her to existence a perfect idiot—the nervous system being entirely destroyed. This adventure, known to all Paris for some days, is too well proved to be doubted. We suppress the names, solely out of regard to a highly respected family. Mercantile Advertiser.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER XI.

THE pleasant sunset beams were fading from the air, and street-side and steeple-top lost their rosy colouring. The faint and drowsy twilight deepened into darkness; the lamp-lighter stole hastily along with his ladder and glimmering lantern; the multitudinous noises of the town sunk into silence, and night usurped the empire of the earth and heavens. But while the realities of the day had ceased, its shifting shadows yet filled my imagination. The faces of the crowd, angry, malignant, kind, or passionless, came and went uncontrolled through my mind; the shuffling and noisy motions of the streets yet rung in my ears, like the rushing of restless waves, and I could not shake myself free from the lingering fragments of vile disputes or paltry and pedantic learning. It is no mean talent to banish these phantoms of fancy, to direct the mind immediately from one subject to another, to enter the circles of gaiety freed from the ill-timed gravity of business, and to return to the exercises of labour unaccompanied by the dear intrusive images of pleasure. How often, even while basking in the light of happy eyes, will some form of gloom steal in, like Banquo's ghost, and break the spell; and even in the times of serious and peremptory duty, with what frequent facility do the unguarded portals of the mind admit what had much better be excluded?

Perhaps it was the secret influence of the Genius which suddenly dispersed all my weary memories, and inspired me with the thoughts of our approaching festivals. "And so," thought I, "the happy new-year is here at last, and the summer has fled with its golden promises; the teeming and rich autumn has also gone, and the last of the forest leaves has floated gradually down the eddying air. The country looks like misfortune: the naked trees tell of poverty, and ingratitude whispers in the winds and appears in the frozen brooks."

One of the pleasantest customs prevailing among our good citizens, and I believe peculiar to New-York, is that which converts every fair damsel into a queen, and throngs her levee with admiring subjects. It is probable that many of my readers, residing in distant parts of the Union, may be ignorant of the universality which this practice has obtained. They must therefore be informed that the ladies, lovely of course as art and nature can make them, on the first day of every year remain at home, in order to receive the calls of the whole circle of their male acquaintance. Choice wines and dainty delicacies greet every welcome adventurer on this gay career of love and beauty, and each offering to Bacchus or Cupid, or any of the other divinities which preside over the jovial thoughts of mortals, is marked with light and agreeable ceremonies. No kissing, for that dangerous operation is exploded from the refined walks of city life; but well-turned compliments—understood glances. In this way the gentlemen manage to amuse themselves during the day, fling business to the wind, and threading the labyrinths of our crooked city, find an Ariadne at every turn. Many circumstances concur to free their minds from restraint, and by the time the distant sun touches the western hills, what with bright eyes, sweet voices, and innumerable sips of whiskey-punch, they are pretty tolerably—but that's no affair of mine.

I am a friend to whatever promotes lively and rational pleasure. Notwithstanding the lessons of wisdom so often read to the world, I am sure it cannot be beneath the dignity of a man to be happy. They welcome "new-year." Merry festival! Thou comest through the snows and winds of winter, with joyful smiles, independent of the warring elements of this unhappy earth. Let the darkness brood, and tempests whistle, the spirit of love blesses every cheerful parlour

with the morning gladness of spring. If I could but sway the course of human events, what warm and deep happiness I would send into the bosom of every family. I would make this era a threshold, upon which all bad passions and unkind recollections should be laid down. I would make it an altar. It should burn with the pure essence of reason, and at its shrine I would cause each wandering pilgrim to place all the withering diseases which prey upon the body, all the ungentle feelings which rankle in the heart. What a deep joy there is in bestowing a blessing. There is a secret and inspiring pleasure in making the lowest wretch happy; in rescuing a nameless beggar from some impending calamity, in relieving the pain of a dog, or in assisting even a struggling fly from the treacherous stream, and beholding it spread out its transparent wings, and rise gladly upon the air; but to bless those whom we love, there is no triumph more pure and holy. Revenge has been called sweet. There is a certain joy in it; an allaying of the gnawing thirst of the heart; but it is a fierce and savage flame, which burns out with its own fires. It resembles some wild conflagration, which paints the surrounding world with red and lured colouring, and presently leaves it in redoubled darkness; but the bliss of creating happiness in those dear to us is like the beams of a brilliant star, for ever cheering the shades of night.

"Very pretty and very poetical," said a well-known voice, and the Genius was again by my side. "It is a fine thing to be on good terms with one's self, my good student; but to form schemes of virtue in the closet is much easier than to bring them to operate in society. If the bliss of bestowing bliss be so exquisite, why is it not more eagerly sought?"

"It is sought," answered I, "by all who are not strangely lost in guilt. How eager are all to increase the sum of human happiness! What sermons are preached for it; what books are written. Do not poets and orators paint the blessing with all the liveliness of eloquence and song? Look at our charitable institutions, our—"

"Yea," interrupted he, "thou sayest right. Books, orations, sermons abound; but can you measure the tenderness of the heart by these? Does hypocrisy never lurk under a sanctified face? Do ambition and avarice never disguise themselves in the image of meekness and virtue?"

"But how," said I, "can we distinguish between the cunning and the sincere?"

"Let men's actions," said my companion, "speak for them. Watch the tenor of their lives. Away with their sermons, speeches, and pamphlets. Put no faith in newspaper honour. Trust not modest words and moral denunciations. Be deceived neither by boisterous sects nor rigid doctrines. Look at the heart of your friend. Compare his actions. Follow him through his private dealings. Ask not his character among the rich and the happy, whose opinions it is his interest to purchase with affected manners and book-morality; but let the obscure and unfortunate, who have been in his power, speak for him."

"But," said I, "I cannot be deceived in regard to the joy I myself feel in relieving the pain of others."

"It is a joy," answered the Genius; "but what sacrifice is made to obtain it. It is an easy matter for you to take the drowning fly from a goblet; to assist any one without personal loss; and if they possessed the power to heal the sick and reform the wicked at pleasure, all men would, doubtless, practise so agreeable an avocation. But this is empty virtue. It is children's benevolence, imbibed from romantic impossibilities, unadapted to the exigencies of life. But go forth into the distress and ruin of cities. You are encompassed by innumerable miseries, which can be relieved. There are occasions where your influence becomes a duty. You will have opportunities to waive gain which would be legally, though cruelly

grasped. I cannot gift you with the wand of a fairy, to bring back the strength and life of exhausted nature, to quell angry desires with a word, to disentangle the weary from the perplexities of care, to shed over the roof of the young, the innocent, and the beautiful, the light of pure and lasting bliss, by any miraculous interposition. These are not for earth. The laws of mind and matter are fixed. I cannot violate them; but few as your powers are in this respect, are they all applied which you do possess? How often do the most paltry interests, the meanest passions, interfere with the holy duty of diminishing human anguish? What little jealousies, what petty profits, what low and brutal pleasures, act upon your minds, and quench the feeble flame of feeling. Look in the mirror."

There was a happy family. The aged father sat with silvered hairs, by his beloved wife, and sweet gay children were grouped around, like some rich and studied painting. There is a charm about fine children. To me it is irresistible. There was one lovely boy. Unshadowed spirits, warm, confiding affections, resolutions bright, high, glowing, beautiful ignorance of evil, unchecked yearnings towards every thing great and good, were there; and, as I watched the unconscious loveliness of his face, and mournfully numbered the dangers and distresses through which he must inevitably pass; how those soft hopes must be deceived, how those graceful affections must be chilled, gloom stole to my heart, and dimness over my eyes.

But now they were full of pleasure; and, as the light of day dawned more fully upon them, the old man went forth to his labours. A trifling difference occurred with a friend, relative to the payment of a small sum of money. Warm words followed; the breach was widened; and a lawyer was appealed to. He was smooth, polite, specious, and crafty. He held the power to end it, at once, by his advice, to terminate it by a speedy suit, or to carry it into a court where he could accumulate enormous costs. "I am not rich," quoth he. "I have a family to support. My rent is due. I have two notes to take up. I would not for the world suffer the dishonour of having them protested. It would ruin my reputation." So the latter course was adopted.

Suddenly the prospect changed from the confusion of a court to a foreign land. Strange beings and objects appeared around, and the accents of an unknown language fell upon my ear. There was a riotous and scoffing crowd assembled, to witness the execution of a criminal. A tall and commanding figure moved on in chains. His pale face told much of desperate anguish, but his tongue reviled the gentle truths of religion; and, instead of repentance, his scornful lip expressed revenge, hate, cruel and reckless passions; and from his eyes, which, a moment before, I had beheld shining with the innocent and happy gaze of boyhood, flashed fiercely, and bent their wild glances in blasphemy to heaven!

"You behold," said the Genius, "the modest child of your recent admiration. His parents have departed from the earth. His gentle sisters—he knows not of them. The peaceful family are wrecked, and scattered in fragments over the boisterous and unrelenting world. The lawyer who, to gain his own designs, urged on this ruin, could have yet spread over them the mantle of peace and joy. Perchance there would have been less splendid decoration in his dwelling. Some golden ornaments might be wanting, some expensive luxuries, some refined sensualities; but he would have been a guardian angel to this little paradise. He held the privilege of shutting against them the flood-gates of wretchedness and sin. He could have kept dear hearts together. Surely, surely he might have spared some superfluous splendour for such a feeling. But you see, to him at least, there are delights superior to that of making others happy."

Remember, master student, the perpetration of one dishonourable action subjects you to unlimited responsibilities. The curses of cruelty and dishonour come vaguely, and from unseen quarters, when once you have bidden them welcome; while feeling and honesty roll on their radiant courses, gathering around them unlooked for rewards, and beaming with the inherent blessings of nature. F.

ORIGINAL MORAL ESSAYS.

THINGS THAT ARE.

"Hast thou ne'er heard of time's omnipotence,
For or against? what wonders he can do?"

"Thought wanders up and down surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own."—Young.

THE science which teaches us the laws of the earth's motion, the nature of its materials, and the regularity with which it has kept, for ages, its relative situation in the universe, affords, to the reflecting student, a source of singular interest. How perfect is the order of nature! Day after day does the sun rise, dispensing light and heat over immeasurable space; and, while he blesses with his cheering influence the greatest and most powerful of earth, he despises not the little flower which the meanest might crush in his path. How beautiful is he at his rising. Darkness and silence have been over the earth. The glimmering twilight is the herald of his approach. Slowly he disperses, with his piercing rays, the shadowy gloom of night; and bursting, at length, into splendour, awakes nature from repose. The hum of men is again heard. The slumbering tyrant shakes off his lethargy, to invent new schemes of wickedness. The slave resumes his chains, which, in his visions, may have been loosed for ever. The labourer returns to his occupation; perhaps with the merry song of content, perhaps with murmurs of wretchedness. Youth welcomes the light of day, as suited to its own joyous spirit. Manhood, as anxious to pursue its plans of ambition. Age, because it clings to life with a tenacity proportioned to the frailness of its tenure. The ungrateful think not in welcoming it, of the power that created them. With the thoughtless, it is the idea of a moment. But the pious spirit pours itself out in thanksgiving, if it awake to happiness; in resignation, if it anticipate a renewal of sorrow. What numberless and various scenes are passing at the same moment of time in different parts of this vast globe? What strange events does the short space of one single day bring forth? Here are assembled a few chosen men; their brows are contracted with thought. Brooding over unforgiven injuries, they frown with indignation; but hopes of redress excite the smile of joy, and their words breathe resolution and vengeance. They are conspirators. Their object is the overthrow of government. Every feeling is absorbed in that one wild desire, and they contemplate, without shuddering, the horrors of civil war. The open massacre, the secret murder; the abandonment of friends; the loss of fortune; perhaps, of life to themselves, even if successful. The certainty of death and dishonour, in case of failure. All, all are canvassed, but their purpose remains unshaken. May the light of the sun never witness the prosecution of their plans. For ever be the words of the traitor scattered to the idle winds. But see! another assemblage of chosen men. But how selected? From among the discontented, the idle, and the dissolute, for the purpose of stirring up sedition and encouraging rebellion? No; they are the elect of a nation, the pride of a fair and distinguished land. Their object is the good of their country, the extension of her commerce, the improvement of her laws, the encouragement of the genius and industry of her people. These are the subjects of their debates. Does heaven smile upon their efforts? Who can doubt it. Is she not increasing in wealth and in power? Power,

not acquired by extortion and rapacity, nor by the cruelties of war; but by resolution, industry, and perseverance? One glorious struggle, and the little band that fought for liberty were free. Scarce half a century has elapsed, and their descendants are citizens of one of the most flourishing nations in the world. Strange are the revolutions of earth. Shall America ever become the land of slaves? Shall the increasing prosperity of our nation render her sons effeminate, luxurious, and indolent? Forbid it heaven. While the earth turns on her axis, and the sun continues his daily round, may simplicity, integrity, and a generous love of country, be the characteristics of every American. May his spirit be as buoyant, and his step as light and free as that of the deer of his own native hills.

I have sometimes wished that I had lived at that era when our country threw off its yoke, and declared itself free. I have pictured to myself Washington, the great and the good, the father of his country, a warrior, a statesman, and a virtuous man. Man, as he was meant to be, "noble in reason, infinite in faculties, in action like an angel, in apprehension like a god."

Around him were spirits devoted to the common cause, emulous of his approbation, waiting but for his slightest command to rush to battle and to death. And the young, the noble foreigner, the brave Lafayette; how strong must have been his love of freedom, who could forsake friends, home, and country, and risk his fortune in a stranger land. He was not unrequited, for he was the companion, the friend of Washington.

I have sometimes thought it were worth a life to see and know such spirits. But years have passed away, and the blessings of peace are with us and around us. Are we ungrateful? The memory of Washington is hallowed in the heart of every child of America, and time has but rendered brighter the unquenchable flame of gratitude and love which burns in each bosom. And that foreigner, we of the present generation have seen him return, full of years, to the land of his adoption. The blessings of millions followed him in his path; the aged thronged to meet him who, in youth, they had known and loved; the young greeted him as the object of reverence; and, even childhood lisped out the name to which the full heart of the mother could not give utterance, though it was treasured in its inmost depths. In the pride of youth and strength, he could never have known such pure and holy joy. His is the greatest triumph recorded in the annals of earth; and that I have seen it, is to me a source of pleasure. I would not transport myself to other years. It was a thoughtless wish. These are events in the history of nations. The world knows them, and millions lament the evil, and rejoice at the good. Let us narrow the circle of observation; let us speak of families, of individuals. In the small compass of our acquaintance, of what strange reverses of fortune are we not the witnesses. Each little moment, as it rushes to oblivion, bears on its wing the last sighs of many a broken heart, and the groans of bereaved spirits, mingled with songs of joy, expressions of happiness, murmurs of regret, and thanks of rapturous delight. It could tell a tale of deep successful guilt. It has, perhaps, plunged the poisoned arrow of grief into a happy bosom. A chance of a single moment may sow the seeds of jealousy and discord among friends. May revive the slumbering passions in the breast of man, and plunge him one step towards eternal ruin.

But time has brighter tales. The happiness of many depend on the chance of a single moment. In that moment a whisper may give joy to the despairing heart of a lover. The scale of fortune may turn, and the child of poverty be raised to happiness. The light of newly implanted hope may illumine the path of the desponding; the voice of truth may dispel the illu-

sions of infidelity; a holy joy steal over a bruised spirit, and words of pity bring back a wandering soul to the bosom of its Maker.

I have lived whole days in a moment. Who has not? Some slight association touches the chord of memory, and awakened feelings rush over the mind with the overwhelming rapidity of a mountain torrent. The present sinks into nothing; the past is vivid before us. Forms, long mouldering in the dust, are moving in our presence, glowing with life and health. Voices, of which the echo has long passed away, are breathing to us in "words that burn," the brilliant conceptions of their powerful imaginations. The playful repartee, the witty remark, are heard, and the beaming smile again seen. The vision passes away with the moment that gave it birth, but unlike that moment, it leaves its trace behind. It has been one of inexpressible, soul-entrancing enjoyment; and, though the first feeling may be disappointment, that it has been but an illusion, yet it is soon lost in wonder and astonishment, at the power of our own minds, at the unlimited range of our own thoughts. And yet there are those who believe, that this ethereal substance, which we call mind, this power, so boundless in its extent, withheld only by the chains of earth from soaring into the highest heaven, and measuring itself with infinity, is destined to annihilation. Believe that it will die with this frail body, to whose wants it now administers; believe that man is the sport of fate, thrown upon earth by the caprice of chance, withering away like the flowers of summer, and leaving, as a memento of his existence, not even the shadow of a shade. I would not be this being, could my life be lengthened to a thousand years, and those years the happiest earth's resident can enjoy, yet would I exchange that lot for one instant's perfect assurance of my destined fate in eternity, and that fate bliss. Could we know that by one single act of ours we could secure such fate, at what would we hesitate? At nothing. The stake, the torture; we would embrace them with all the ardour of joy. What would be to us the pleasures of earth? Trifles. Fortune? a plaything. Fame? the airy emptiness of a bubble. 'Tis well it should not be so; 'tis well that doubts sometimes sway the firmest mind; that earthly feelings and earthly ties have power to interest us: Such thoughts are, in themselves, ennobling; but they should be the sacred pleasures of a lonely hour. When we mingle in the world it becomes our duty to regard its pleasures as our own; and the happy constitution of our minds renders this duty congenial to us. The spirit that loves to indulge itself occasionally in such deep and holy thought, if well regulated, is the best adapted to enjoy the sweet intercourse of social life. It has, within itself, an unfailing spring of true happiness; but, too often to draw from it, would be to unfit itself for its worldly duties. Our nature cannot long sustain a state of high excitement, and we should restrain even our imaginations within the bounds of judgment.

The playful exercise of fancy, the melody of sweet sounds, the moderate gratification of each separate sense, are all sources of happiness. Each season has its own peculiar pleasures. The earth is full of beauty. It is beautiful in spring, with its green verdure, its skies of dark deep exquisite blue, her many coloured flowers, and songsters of the woods. The very air we breathe in spring is pregnant with joy; health returns to the pale cheek, and life to the chilled heart of the sad victims of disease; youth rejoices in the very consciousness of existence. The firm step of manhood treads more proudly in his path; and woman, oh! it is her own sweet season. It gives new brightness to her eye, and tinges her cheek with the colour of its own fair flower. She cannot withhold her smiles when all nature smiles, nor restrain the outpourings of her joyous spirit when all nature breathes of joy. And summer—her joys are

those of spring ripened and matured, exciting emotions less rapturous, but more chastened, more pure, more exalted. There is a softness in the air of summer, that enervates the tone of the mind. We seek the cool shades of retirement. Her sweetest hours are those of twilight and moonlight, and the soul gives itself up to that pensive pleasing melancholy, in which nature herself seems to indulge. It is a fleeting season, but in its flight we gather many a gem of joy. The pleasures of autumn are fewer, but not less dear. Age delights in its deep repose; in the stillness which pervades the earth. Its beauty, its brilliancy, is passing away; but we are prone to set a higher value on joys that are soon to fade; and in their gradual decay we read a moral most useful to us; and, in the thought that they will soon revive, we feel more and more deeply the conviction, that, like them in their decay, so shall we be in our renewal. Winter—what are the enjoyments of winter? No more do we look without for pleasure. Nature presents us a dreary aspect: the sun is chilled; the trees are leafless; there are no flowers nor birds. Men hasten their steps, anxious for shelter from the piercing winds. What is that shelter? Home. In this word lies the spell that makes even winter pleasant. Friends meet oftener; the cheerful fire promotes sociability; the pleasures of conversation; of intellectual communion; the sportive jest; the merry laugh. These does winter bring us, and it is welcome. Let us value its blessings as we ought to do. In this merry season throughout our land, let us participate with cheerful hearts; and, while each spirit reflects with gratitude on the occasion of the celebration of its great festival, meditates upon the events of the last year, and resolves to begin and end the next with good, may the great Power that watches over us grant a happy new year to each and all. J.

THE MAGIC RIFLE.

Imitated from the Illyric, by P. Merimee.

The rifle of the great bey of Sawa was a wonder! It had twelve golden rings, twelve rings of silver, its stock was embellished with mother of pearl, and from its butt end was suspended three tufts of red silk. Many other rifles have rings of gold and tufts of red silk also. The gunsmiths of Banialouka are exceedingly skillful. But where is the workman, who could sing the magic song, which rendered deadly the balls of the rifle of Sawa?

It had slain the Delhi with his mailed coat, and it had fought the Arnaut with his cassock stuffed with felt and embroidered with seven double cords of silk. And the mail coat was broken like the web of a spider, and the cassock was pierced like a plantain-leaf.

Dawoud, the handsomest of the Bosniaks, slung the cest-liest of his rifles on his back; he filled his girdle with sequins; of his twelve guzlas he took the most sonorous. He started from Banialouka on Friday, and arrived in the land of the bey Sawa on Sunday.

There he sat down. He played on his guzla, and all the maidens closed round him. He sung plaintive melodies, and all the maidens sighed. He sung songs of love, and Nastasie, the daughter of the bey, threw him her bouquet, and blushing at her boldness fled into the house.

In the cool of the evening she opened her window, and beheld Dawoud seated on the stone bank before the gate of the house. As she bent forward to look at him, her red cap dropped from her head, and Dawoud seized it, and filled it with sequins, and threw it back into the window of the beautiful Nastasie.

"Behold," said he, "yonder black and threatening cloud which hovers over the mountains, heavy with hail and rain. Wilt thou leave me a prey to the storm, and see me expire before thine eyes?"

Unloosing her silken girdle, Nastasie fastened it with a knot to the balcony, and Dawoud was soon at her side. "Speak softly," said she. "If my father should hear thee, he would kill both thee and me."

The morning dawned—Dawoud descended from the balcony, and ran to conceal himself in the mountains. And every night he returned to the village, and found the silken girdle hanging from the balcony. The fifth night he came pale and blood-stained.

"The Kayduks," he exclaimed, "are lurking for me in the passes of the mountains. Should they discover my retreat, they will murder me. Ah, had I the magic rifle of thy father, who would dare to molest me? who could resist me?"

"The rifle of my father," replied Nastasie, "I cannot get. During the day it hangs on his shoulders; and at night it reposes with him on his couch." And she wept, and looked into the heavens where the sun rises.

"Oh, Nastasie," said he, "bring me the rifle of thy father, and put mine in its place; he will not perceive the change. My rifle has twelve rings of gold, and twelve rings of silver, and from the handle hang three tassels of red silk."

Silent and breathless she entered the room of her father, and took his rifle, and laid that of Dawoud in its place. The bey sighed in his sleep, and was troubled, but he awoke not; and his daughter gave the magic rifle to her lover. He embraced Nastasie tenderly, and swore to return the next evening. And he left her on Friday; and he entered Banialouka on Sunday.

When the bey awoke, he lifted the rifle of Dawoud. "I am growing old," said he; "my rifle lays heavy on me; but it will kill many yet."

Every night the silken girdle hung from the balcony; but the faithless Dawoud came no more.

"The enemy have entered our lands," said the bey, "and nothing can resist their chief Dawoud-Aga. He carries on the croup of his saddle a leathern bag, and his slaves fill it with the ears of those he kills."

All the men of Vostina gathered round the old bey of Sawa. Nastasie mounted the roof of the house, to behold the battle; and she recognised Dawoud, as he spurred his horse against her father. The bey pulled his trigger, sure of his victory; but the priming alone caught fire. A cold shudder overran him. Shortly afterwards a ball pierced the cuirass of Sawa in the middle, and it entered his breast and came out from his back. The bey fell dead. A black cut his head off, and hung it by its white mustachios on the croup of the saddle.

When Nastasie beheld the murder of her father, she cast the cloak of her young brother around her shoulders, leaped on his black horse, and went into the battle to seek her false and perjured lover and to kill him. When Dawoud beheld the young horseman, he aimed at her with his magic rifle. Fatal was the ball he sent: the fair Nastasie dropped dead on the ground. A black cut her head off, held it by its long fair hairs, and Dawoud saw the sweet face of Nastasie!

And he sprang from his horse, and kissed the bloody head. "I am her murderer," he exclaimed; and he flung himself and the magic rifle into the abyss of Vostina. S.

EVILS OF EARLY RISING.

It seems to be the laudable endeavour of a great portion of the present generation to prove their forefathers fools; this being the way in which they choose to evince their gratitude for the benefits they have derived from the labours of those who have gone before them; and accordingly, from the author of Devereux downwards, they are employed in running full tilt at what it is their pleasure to term "popular fallacies."—Now, notwithstanding we can travel ten miles an hour quicker than those who lived before us, I, for one, cannot help thinking that our ancestors knew something; and am therefore particularly cautious of impugning, or even entertaining doubts of the soundness of any good old maxim that may seem to have received the sanction of wiser heads than I ever expect mine to become, even in these ready-made-knowledge days. But there is one thing which has been much advocated by doctors and moralists, (not, I suspect, without sinister motives on the part of the former,) namely, "early rising," which I never could see the utility of, and which has only to be placed in a proper light to show at once its folly and imprudence.

Let the merits of the case be examined. It is the custom of those who advocate this baneful practice to appeal rather to the fancy than the reason, and to sketch a highly romantic and altogether ideal picture of the pleasures of early rural walks, &c. They talk of green fields, and purling streams, and warbling birds, and healthful breezes, invariably winding up with a florid description of the glories of the rising sun. Now I myself, from dear-bought experience, happen to know something of these matters; for though, with one exception, I have not seen the sun rise for many years, yet in early life, when I "thought as a child and acted as a child," I was seduced, by empty rodomontade, to adopt the pernicious practice of early rising until a heavy cold, caught by roaming

about the fields at an unseasonable hour in search of health and mushrooms, settled upon my lungs, and came pretty near making my early rising the prelude to an early grave.—But suppose a man up and dressed before the sun, (and here I will not dwell upon the soft, delicious slumbers that have been broken and frightened away by his harsh and unnatural conduct,) suppose him up, dressed, out of the house, and away to the fields. When he gets there, these fields are, to be sure, green enough—rankly green—but he dares not venture into one of them; or if he does, especially if the grass be any way luxuriant, he might just as well have gone a bathing with his nether garments on: he dare not pluck a wildflower from the hedge-side, for on approaching he finds that

"Black snails and white,
"Blue snails and gray,

are pursuing their slimy peregrinations in every direction; the birds do not warble at that early hour, but on leaving their warm nests, flit uneasily from bush to bush, shaking their plumage, and twitter-tweeting in a way certainly not calculated to raise his feelings to any very ecstatic pitch; and even the cows, whose slumbers he has disturbed, arise slowly and sullenly from their damp couch, look grimly at the worshipping of nature, and proceed, in a discontented manner, to slake their thirst by nibbling the grass. These discomforts probably rather damp his feelings, and he proceeds forthwith to select a dry spot on the turnpike-road, where he stands, with his hands in his pocket, gaping at the sun getting up, and fancying himself very much delighted; though everybody knows, that for richness and beauty one sunset is worth a dozen sunrises. After this he makes it a point of duty to walk and lounge about for three or four hours, leaning over some farmer's gate-way watching the chickens, with their eyes half open, picking up stray worms, or the ducks gobbling "unhoused" snails, when he goes home wet and weary, and finds the sensible part of the family enjoying themselves with toast and coffee. As all foolish persons dislike to confess their folly, he proceeds to state that he has had "such a charming walk!" thereby not only sinning his miserable soul before breakfast, and giving the father of lies a decided advantage for the rest of the day, but inducing other unsuspecting victims to follow his scandalous example.

There is more truth than poetry in this plain statement of the case, which will be found to be correct nine times out of ten, even in the most favourable season of the year—summer; what then must an early morning's walk be through the chills and drizzle of spring or the substantial fogs of autumn? As for winter, the idea of a man leaving his warm bed, and wading through ice and snow without the prospect of anything but a frost-bitten nose, is so abhorrent to the natural and common feelings of humanity, that it may well be doubted whether any one but an hypochondriac or a lunatic could conceive or execute such a measure.

Can any thing be more preposterous than the advice not unfrequently given, to "go to bed with the sun and get up with the sun?" It is clearly contrary to the visible intentions of Providence. Before the sun rises the night dews lie heavily on flower and plant and field and forest. Nature is drenched: and the sun is kindly sent forth, as it were, to mop up the world, and make the earth all dry and comfortable before it is necessary for its tenant man to come abroad. With his warm beams he proceeds in the work of exsuction, and draws up all the raw and unhealthy vapours out of harm's way: and any man who unnecessarily intrudes himself into his presence when thus transacting his morning's business, well deserves what he generally gets, a chilly reception and an inflammation of the lungs. Yet people will punish themselves in this way, and bear it all as if they were suffering in a good cause! And if you remonstrate with them on their folly, they will take pen, ink, and paper, and prove to you, by the rules of arithmetic, how many years of active existence a man adds to his natural life by getting up regularly four hours before the rest of his fellow-mortals, only forgetting to deduct the four hours he loses by going to bed that much sooner, in order to indulge his strange, out-of-the-way propensities.

If a cause is to be judged by its advocates, few, I believe would stand worse than early rising. You never meet with what is called "a good fellow" among early risers. It is either your old bachelor, who is, to be sure, more excusable than any other class of men; or your morose worldly husband, who prides himself on his domestic virtues, because he sleeps over the fire after supper, and goes to bed at nine o'clock; or your thin, bilious, poetical and dyspeptic youth, who fancies he is an admirer of nature, and therefore comes abroad to see her in her most disagreeable forms, and also to beget an appetite for an extra egg or an additional muffin at breakfast. But the most amusing thing is, the credit

such people take to themselves for these departures from the ordinary regulations of society. They invariably narrate the history of their morning's exploits to one who loves his bed with an air of conscious rectitude, and with that

"sort of satisfaction,
"Men feel when they have done a virtuous action,"
though wherein consists the virtue of one man putting on his clothes three or four hours before another, I am utterly unable to conjecture. But so it is, and they pride themselves upon it, as if it was one of the cardinal virtues, and like charity, covered a multitude of sins.

My prejudices against this habit were greatly augmented by the shock my feelings received from witnessing it carried into effect on a highly improper occasion. I was, a summer or two ago, invited to a wedding, a few miles in the country, having an off-hand acquaintance with both bride and bridegroom. The former was very pretty and agreeable, the latter very pedantic and disagreeable. Many people thought him a genius, and he himself inclined to that opinion. He was busy with an epic poem, was an inflexible early riser, and invariably ate dyspepsia crackers at breakfast. His conversation always turned upon one subject, which was himself; this subject he divided into two parts, one of which was an unsparing narration of his literary labours, and the other, a particular account of the state of his stomach for the last three weeks past, with minute reminiscences of what had agreed with him and what had not. How he had contrived to steer between these two divisions and carry on "his whole course of wooing," I cannot comprehend. Be that as it might, a set of joyous spirits were congregated together at the wedding party. The wine circled gaily, and the song and jest past merrily round. At a reasonable hour the ladies and junior and senior gentlemen retired, leaving about a dozen of us too well contented with things as they were to think of leaving them so soon. Time flew unheeded by, and the bright sun and four o'clock in the morning, found us singing in full chorus,

"Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour!"

when happening to cast my eye into the garden, judge of my surprise at beholding our friend the "gay bridegroom" perambulating the gravel walk a little way from the house. Struck with astonishment, I spoke not a word, but rushed from the room and made towards him, filled with fearful forebodings of some dire mishap. On my anxiously inquiring what was the matter, he seemed surprised at the question, and civilly stated "that nothing was the matter—that four o'clock was his usual time for getting up—that he found it conducive to health—that he had eaten three quarters of an ounce too much at supper—that the rising-sun was a glorious spectacle, and that nothing aided the digestive powers so much as an early walk." As he proceeded I looked in the reptile's inanimate face—there was not a spark of fire in his dull gray eye, his turned-up conceited-looking nose was tipped with blue, and I thought of the truth of what the scripture says, "we are but clay." I remonstrated with him on the brutality and cruelty of his conduct; but he seemed to have no notion of endangering his health for the satisfaction of any created being, and I left the animal, or rather vegetable, sticking among the cabbages, admiring the beauties of nature, while I betook myself to my alas! solitary pillow.

In the course of time two events occurred, one of which did not surprise me—the other did. My friend, the bridegroom's wife, insisted on a separate maintenance, and my friend, the bridegroom, published a volume of poems, which, upon opening, to my utter amazement, I found were almost all on amatory subjects. He discoursed of "love and dove," and "kiss and bliss," and strolls by moonlight, (he always went to bed at ten,) and ardent hopes and fiery passions, in a way that would have outdone Catullus and Thomas Moore, only that his were merely words without ideas, which certainly improved the innocence of the poems, however it might destroy their effect. There were also two or three bacchanalian songs, concerning "circling cups" and "rosy wine," (he always drank cinnamon-cordial diluted with water,) &c. &c. At the time of receiving this, I was busy with "an essay attempting to form a judgment of the characters of authors from their works." I read half a dozen of my friend's poems, after which I folded up my manuscript, laid it on the fire, and said nothing more about the matter. Ever since that time I have entertained a decided abhorrence of early rising in every shape, and never contract an intimacy with any man that gets up before six in summer and seven in winter.

ANECDOTE OF MURAT.—Baron Larrey lately told the academy of sciences that Murat was one day giving the word of command, when a ball struck his throat and penetrated as far as the larynx. At the end of a few minutes, and after some violent efforts, he spit it out, and was cured within a fortnight.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

January.—This month is so called from Janus, whose festival was celebrated on the first day by the Romans. It has been asserted, that its derivation is from janua, a door, because it opens the year, and is, therefore, called its portal; but this is fanciful, and unworthy of credit. In the Monthly Miscellany for December, 1693, there is an essay on new-year's gifts. It states, that "the Romans were great observers of the custom of new-year's presents, even when their year consisted only of ten months, of thirty-six days each, and began in March; also, when January and February were added by Numa to the ten others, the calends, or first of January, were the time on which they made presents; and even Romulus and Tatius made an order, that every year verine should be offered to them, with other gifts, as tokens of good fortune for the new year. Tacitus mentions an order of Tiberius, forbidding the giving or demanding of new-year gifts, unless it were on the calends of January, at which time the senators, as well as the knights and other great men, brought gifts to the emperor, and, in his absence, to the capitol. The ancient Druids, with great ceremonies, used to scrape off from the outside of oaks, the maleden, which they consecrated to their great Tutates, and then distributed it to the people, through the Gauls, on account of the great virtues which they attributed to it; from whence new-year's gifts are still called in some parts of France, *guy-Pan-neuf*. Our English nobility, every new-year's tide, still send to the king a purse with gold in it. Reason may be joined to custom to justify the practice; for as presages are drawn from the first things which are met on the beginning of a day, week, or year, none can be more pleasing than of those that are given us. We rejoice with our friends, after having escaped the dangers that attend every year; and congratulate each other for the future, by presents and wishes for the happy continuance of that course, which the ancients called *strenarium comercium*."

This month is generally the coldest in the year.

"Cold and raw the north winds blow
Bleak in the morning early;
All the trees are covered with snow
As it is in the winter yearly."

Snow is most apt to fall in this month, and the pleasures of snow-balling and sleighing, skating and sliding, are then fully realized. With us they have been rare of late years. Not so in more northern regions, where the poet's description still applies in all its force:

"Now in the Netherlands, and where the Rhine
Branched out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care
Bavaria rushes forth; and as they sweep
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Caper on rapid sleds
Their vigorous youth, in bold contention, wheel
The long resounding course. Meantime, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flushed by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around."

We can remember, when, in good old years, now gone by, we too had our share of these pastimes, even in this now so busy and money-making city of New-York. It was not then so populous, nor so filthy, nor so filled with strange faces, come from heaven knows whence; from the strada of Naples, the alameda of Madrid, the shanties of Tipperary, the huts of Berne, the bazaars of Morocco, or perhaps some pagoda in Canton. So many dark-looking brick walls did not intercept the free currents of keen and bracing air, that swept down from the iron-bound palisades of Jersey, and over the foam-crested waves of Henry Hudson's own beloved river, across the spacious plains and meadows of Lispenard's farm, infusing health, vigour, and bloom into the youthful faces that were seen, thick as blackberries in June, or the leaves in Valombrosa, to move and wheel gracefully around, poised upon their polished skates. Canal-street, that eternal and mushroom-growth thoroughfare, was not. St. John's lofty spire was just commencing to cast its shadow far and wide over the groves and plantations of trees that lay thickly scattered around, barely relieved here and there by some villa or decent cottage, peeping through the foliage. Thompson and Sullivan, and even Laurens-street, (in which latter a theatre hath since stood and fallen too) were all in embryo. But those were the days of our youth, and this editorial column is not the suitable place in which to recall them, or mourn over their faded glory. They shall not, however, be lost to the reader; we mean to present him shortly with our "reminiscences of New-York," and show that we can excel even the far-famed Francis Herbert, Esq. on this most interesting topic. There are streets, and alleys, and lanes, and roads, and avenues, about which we could relate the most pathetic stories

and engrossing anecdotes. Such a street was wholly destroyed by fire; in such an alley an awful murder was committed; in yonder lane a great personage breathed his last; and in the meeting of these two roads a capital execution was once exhibited, by the considerate indulgence of the public authorities, for the festive enjoyment of some thousand spectators, and the immense pecuniary emolument of eighty-nine ginger-bread boys. But we forget January. If this month is the coldest of the year, it is not without its pleasures even in these degenerate days. A clear day will sometimes be succeeded by a far more clear night; and then the beauties of the starry firmament glow in all their most transparent lustre. "The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright." The beautiful constellation Orion, distinguished by the three stars of his girdle, makes a conspicuous figure in the heavens. Astronomical studies may now be usefully blended with bodily exercise and moral contemplation. Man may humble himself, as he regards those distant and adamant spheres that wheel along silently, but impressively and harmoniously, through the immense vault above; and if a feeling of rebellious pride arise, he may address himself—

"And canst thou think, poor worm, those orbs of light
In size immense, in number infinite,
Were made for thee alone,—to twinkle in thy sight?
Presumptuous mortal! can thy nerves deery
How far from thee they roll, from thee how high!
With all thy boasted knowledge, canst thou see
Their various beauty, order, harmony?"

Number twenty-six.—The half volume of the present year is now completed. Having been compelled, by circumstances, to say much of late respecting our arrangements, and—thanks to the public—our very brilliant prospects, we shall not obtrude any remarks which might have otherwise suggested themselves at this time. We cannot, however, refrain from offering the tribute of our wishes for the individual prosperity of our numerous readers, for their unalloyed and heartfelt enjoyment of the festivities of the season, and for the continuance of that reciprocal and cheering good-will that has ever subsisted between them and ourselves.

N. B.—Next week we shall commence the publication, as promised in our last, of the regular order of popular airs. We shall then endeavour to comply successively with the wishes of many subscribers for particular and favourite melodies.

The Proselyte.—We have only room to acknowledge the receipt of this very interesting brochure, and to applaud the humane spirit which induced its author to publish it at the present juncture. It is well calculated to make the unwary pause, who are ready to engulf themselves in the abyss of a cold and unredeeming scepticism, and array themselves against the present order and well-being of society. We need only say it is from the pen of the accomplished writer of the "Uneducated Wife," to ensure it an attentive perusal.

Clara Fisher.—Bourne has just published a magnificent portrait of this highly-gifted and deservedly popular young lady, executed by Gimber and Bennet, from an original picture by Inman. A better finished acquaintance engraving, or a more animated and striking likeness, we have seldom, if ever, seen. The size of the print is fifteen by twenty inches. As Miss Fisher is a universal favourite, her portrait will, no doubt, meet with a very rapid and extensive sale.—Bourne deserves credit for his taste and enterprise.

Independence of the press.—An Ohio editor declines publishing an obituary notice of two columns, on the death of an infant three months old! deeming it rather too long: and for which refusal the writer stopped his paper.

Longevity.—An unmarried lady, named Poirier, died a few days ago at Villeveque, at the great age of one hundred and one years and eight months. She retained the use of all her faculties, and was consequently cheerful to the day of her death.

Ice.—A mixture of four ounces of nitrate of ammonia, four ounces of subcarbonate of soda, and four ounces of water, in a tin pail, have been known to produce ten ounces of ice in three hours.

Cemeteries.—There is a project on foot at Paris, of forming a cemetery after the manner of the ancient pyramids, capable of containing five million bodies.

New mode of surveying.—A traveller gravely assures us, that he had ascertained the height of these mountains in Africa, called "Mountains of the moon," simply by tying his feet together with a cord, in such a way as to allow them to separate one yard. He then walked from the highest point to the base, which gave the measurement in yards.

Agents, and others indebted to this establishment, are respectfully requested, on the receipt of the present number, to cancel our demands against them.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

WHISKERS.

"I see of you, I beseech you; nay, I insist upon it," said Mrs. Lawton to her son.

"Impossible," replied the elegant and fashionable individual to whom the apostrophe was addressed, touching the tip of his snow-white collar, almost imperceptibly, with his thumb and middle finger, and introducing the thumb of his other hand within the arm-hole of his vest with rather a dashing air. "It is utterly and absolutely impossible—any thing but that."

"But, Charles," continued the persevering old lady, "dear Charles, oblige me this once—I have set my heart on it."

"It cannot be," said the youth, assuming a theatrical attitude, and extending his right arm, with his finger pointing towards the sky.

"'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
"And many an error, by the same example,
"Will rush into the state: it cannot be."

"Let me persuade you," said his sister, a fine dashing girl, with a voice like the ringing of silver, and eyes which must have melted the very soul out of any man except a brother. "May I entreat you?"

"Oh, entreat? Certainly, Kate; you may entreat."

"Well, there," said she, flinging her arm around his waist, and looking triumphantly at her mother.

"But," added Charles, glancing complacently down upon his long, polished, square-toed, graceful boot. "I shant do it, you know, although you do entreat."

"Oh," said Kate, "go about your business; you are a perfect fright."

"You think so, do you, Kate?" and he glanced upon the broad mirror, which hung at the end of the apartment, reflecting the image of a very handsome and well-dressed man. "You have made quite a discovery. You deserve credit; but they won't believe you, Kate; good by;" and, flinging across his shoulders a Spanish cloak, of blue cloth, whose ample folds fell in drapery around his stately form, he placed a ten dollar beaver upon his pericranium, and made his exit.

Now, reader, if you are a grave merchant—then, Mr. reader, if you are a foreigner, just come from "earth's proudest isle"—then, sir reader, if a young gosling dandy, fluttering upon the arena of fashion; master reader—or if some sweet face bends over the page, robbing the avaricious world of radiant glances for my poor scribbles, then, dear reader, are you resolved to pursue this history? If so, before you proceed further, especially the last-named class of my fellow-creatures, let us sound a parley. It is not my intention to enlighten you upon any bloody adventures, nor to draw the blinding tears from their crystal fountains, by tracing the progress of any unfortunate young lady who "never told her love," or told it to no purpose; although, I confess, "the Spanish cloak," and the "ample folds," and "the stately form," have a suspicious appearance. No tempest is to be raised, no battle to be fought, not even a heart shall be broken, though collegians and merchants' clerks are so susceptible to perforations, you know of, that they are usually cracked and otherwise damaged. I have humour to-night neither for the romantic, the sentimental, nor the sublime. This is a practical essay, and though serious and important, has no claim upon your delicate sympathies.

Reader, let us fling aside all jesting, and proceed to the consideration of one of the most alarming evils of modern times.

"But who were the characters first introduced to me?" thinks some gay little miss, all curiosity, tenderness, and ready to fall in love with her own shadow.

I must answer this interrogatory in my own fashion. Mr. Charles Lawton was a gentleman in every sense of the word. His address was sufficient recommendation into every circle of society. His person marked him for one of partial nature's favourites; his disposition candid, generous, and noble; his mind acute, powerful, and highly cultivated. He had one fault, or rather two, and they were his whiskers! They seemed naturally gifted with an inordinate growing force, which he was at no trouble to restrain. The consequence was, that from his cheek bones to his throat, and from the back of his neck to the curl of his chin, he was nothing but whiskers. Our essay commenced with a dialogue upon this very subject. Now, to rear an unexceptionable pair of whiskers requires taste and discernment. It is a task of the most difficult kind, fraught with various dangers. They may be too small—that's mean; or they may be overgrown—that's monstrous. There is a kind of Scylla and Charybdis in the endeavour.

There are whiskers that are not written. There is a kind

of man incompetent to raise them. The upper part of the cheek is smooth as a girl's, while, from the barren soil of the jaw bone, some few unfortunate creatures struggle up into a melancholy and dubious existence, so far apart, that if they had voices they could scarcely converse without a speaking-trumpet. "The attempt, and not the deed, confounds us." I pity such a gentleman from the bottom of my soul.

But this is an evil of comparatively inferior importance. It is the amazing increase in size, and multiplication of the number of this article of personal decoration, which prompts me to solicit the attention of the civilized world. They find their way into all companies. Balls and parties are overshadowed by their presence; even the purity and brightness of the domestic circle are violated; and you may find a gentle youth, who yet "speaks small like a woman," with his visage garnished like the great mogul. I am not easily susceptible to terror; but I confess the rapid strides which this fashion makes startled me, and urged me to many profound meditations. I am an American, and I love my country. The interest I felt in her welfare urged me on. From citations I proceeded to inquiry; investigation led to discovery; until I succeeded in unfolding one of the most anti-republican and diabolical conspiracies which ever threatened the independence of a free and happy people.

A secret society has been organized, entitled the "whiskerandos-and-mustachio-confederation," conceived and headed by two or three noted characters in this city. They hold their midnight conclave in a subterranean apartment beneath "Bluebeard hall." Don Felix Furioso has arrived from Spain; and with Gen. Scrubbingbrush from Bear-island in the Arctic ocean, (the one distinguished for having put a band of robbers to flight in the middle of the darkest night in December, by merely putting his head out of the mail-coach window, and the other for having thrown a whale into convulsions, off Labrador, which incautiously ventured near enough to look into the cabin windows as he was shaving the tip of his chin,) have been invited here to superintend the execution of their nefarious designs to overturn all our institutions, abrogate the laws, subvert the constitution, and deliver us up to the dominion of the Prince Daredevil, of a little island in the South Pacific ocean, latitude ninety, who shaves every part of his face except the end of his nose. All who join their society are to cultivate this badge of distinction, to the greatest possible extent. The members of this dangerous tribunal are heedless of all consequences. The dearest social relations are to be rent asunder, rather than yield a hair; and it is astonishing to observe how widely it has already spread. It embraces some of the most wealthy, fashionable, and influential of our citizens. Editors, lawyers, doctors, boys, and old white-headed men. As they become more firmly established, they are gradually throwing off caution. The mustachio is soon to be mounted by young Mr. Q. who lately won the affections of several interesting young women by displaying a blue check collar; and who has since broken off several promising matches, and flung four milliner girls, six chamber maids, thirteen belles, and one married woman, into a galloping consumption, by paying his addresses to them without any collar at all. Monsieur Temeraire, from Paris, has an assortment on hand for those who are unfortunate in the upper lip. They are manufactured out of the horse-hair, fastened with adhesive plaster, and are positively superior in fierceness and irresistibility to every other kind. Monsieur Temeraire has the honour to announce to his friends in particular, and the public in general, that he certainly must excel in this valuable art, as he spent fourteen years among the Russian bears, with the sole intention of studying the spirit of their countenances. He flatters himself that, by following his directions in regard to the whiskers and mustachios, he can transform the smoothest, genteel, and most interesting youth, so as to be distinguished from a bear itself only upon the closest examination.

This is a crisis of infinite danger, and I hope pens abler than mine will resume the subject. I recommended the mayor to order out the militia; but Mr. Bowne assured me that the officers were generally leading men in the "whiskerandos-and-mustachiod-confederation," and have, therefore, set their faces against any interference. I then resolved to apply to the editors to publish my fears; but upon entering into the closet of one of our most celebrated, I was startled to find myself alone, in a little room twelve by ten, door shut, with a pair of whiskers of most threatening aspect. As the only resource, I propose that we organize a society to be entitled the "anti-whiskerandos-and-mustachiod-confederacy-society." It shall be a stock company; if the legislature also are not too far gone

to grant a charter, with a capital of a hundred millions of dollars. A meeting of the citizens opposed to whiskers, including women and children, is requested in the Park, on the eighth day of January, A. D. 1830, when measures will be taken to prepare a petition to congress for the purpose of excluding from office every man of whiskers, of making the oath of lawyers that they will support the constitution and wear no whisker, and of rendering mustachios a capital offence. HONOR.

VARIETIES.

MONSTROUS MELO-DRAMA.—The theatre of Gaiety at Paris; has just presented the lovers of the horrible with a melo-drama, which, with all the beauties of the old school—illness and persecuted virtue—unites all the perfections of the new; a corpse whom the exhumators have just delivered for dissection. The heroine of this funeral history is a poor girl named Alice. Smitten by a physician called Belton, she fancies she is beloved, and going to be united to him, when all at once the unfaithful lover disappears, and abandons her for another woman. At the moment that Belton is going to render his infidelity irreparable by a marriage with his newly beloved, his bell is rung; he opens the door, and finds some exhumators who bring him for sale the body of a young girl. This young girl is Alice, dead of despair. This termination of the piece is of course horrifying to a people who execrate the grave scene of Hamlet. The work, nevertheless, shows ability, and possesses much interest.

THE CHATTI-SHERIF.—This word implies the *sign-manual* of the sultan. In the early days of Turkish story, when the Ottoman sovereign was unacquainted with the use of the pen, he had no other sign-manual, or chatti-aherif, but the rough impression of his hand, which he had previously besmeared with ink. In more recent times, the sultan, feeling a sovereign antipathy to the toil either of ruling or writing, his genuine autograph is of very rare occurrence; and the chatti-aherif, or "noble line," is limited to a line of two or three short words, which he scrawls with his own hand at the corner of treaties, cabinet orders, diplomas, &c. It has ever been more to their taste to wield a sword than a pen.

THE SHOE AND THE SLIPPER, A FABLE FROM THE FRENCH.—A shoe, ornamented with superb buckles, said to a slipper, that was placed near to him, "My good friend, why have you not buckles?" "Of what use are they?" replied the slipper. "Is it possible you don't know the use of buckles? without them we should stick in the mire in the first bog we enter." "My dear friend," said the slipper, "I never go into bogs." It is certainly wiser and better to avoid difficulties than to provide remedies for them. This is a lesson cunning people and fools can never understand.

AN HYPOCHONDRIAC.—There is now in the Maison de Santé, at Rouen, a patient who is fully impressed with the belief that he was killed at the battle of Austerlitz, at which he was, in fact, present, and received a wound. If his health is inquired after, he answers, "You are asking after M. Lambert, but M. Lambert is no more, he was killed by a cannon ball. I know this which you see bears some resemblance to him, but it is by no means a good likeness, I wish you would construct a better." He falls occasionally into a state of insensibility, which sometimes lasts for several days, during which the application of blisters, pinches, and even pricking him with a pin, appear to give him no kind of uneasiness.

DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.—The duchess of St. Albans is in possession of a greater number of unpublished poems, epigrams, satires, and sonnets, written by the late lord Erskine, than any other person. During the life-time of Mr. Coutts, and especially those portions of the year which they spent either at Brighton or Salt Hill, when that most amiable nobleman was their guest, it was his constant custom to present Mrs. Coutts at dinner-time, or immediately after, an original poem, all of which are inserted in the album of the duchess of St. Albans, and not one of them has been published.

DERIVATION OF HONEY-MOON.—It was the custom of the higher order of Teutones, a people who inhabited the northern part of Greece, to drink mead or metheglin, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding. From this custom comes the expression "to spend the honey-moon."

FIDELITY.—Horn, president of Magdalen college, Oxford, and afterwards bishop of Norwich, said pleasantly enough, of an indolent person who lived five and thirty years in college, without any occupation, "he had nothing to do, and he did it!"

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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We make room for the following address, which was presented to our city subscribers on the first instant. It is scarcely necessary to state that it is from the pen of our good friend Samuel Woodworth, esq.: to use the language of Curran, "the maker's name is stamped upon the blade."

Address of the Carrier.

TUNE—"Songs of shepherds and rustical roundelays."

Time is a dotard, I'll wager a ha'penny,
Age and care must have addled his brain,
Creeping onward, he does not escape any,
Wit and genius invoke him in vain.
With fraudulent dealing, he's constantly stealing
The blossoms of feeling, as soon as they bloom;
While pleasure and beauty, he thinks it his duty,
To seize as his booty, and hide in the tomb.
Years have roll'd with increasing celerity,
Roll'd and mix'd in eternity's seas,
Since your carrier, with truth and sincerity,
First address'd you in numbers like these.
Six have departed, since blithe and light-hearted,
He then first imparted his feelings in rhyme;
And many sweet faces, renowned for their graces,
May now show the traces of pilfering Time.
Hang the dotard!—Excuse the profanity,
Few would censure the deed as a crime;
Old and young, in this era of vanity,
All conspire in the killing of Time.
And each of these verses your carrier rehearses,
Successively pierces his bosom no doubt;
And while you are reading the villain is bleeding—
The sands are receding—his glass will run out!
Kill him oft as you please, he will rise again:
When the Mirror has knocked him down flat,
Quick as thought he is up, and he flies again—
Nipe more lives than your favourite cat.
But maugre his capers, there are few better papers
To drive away vapours, and cripple his wing;
And none in the city can furnish a ditty
So pretty and witty as that which we bring.
Press'd on paper of elegant quality,
Taste and neatness distinguish each page;
Music suited to sadness or jollity,
Each new song that is heard from the stage.
With drawings appended, so brilliant and splendid,
That all have commended their taste and design;
Engraven so sweetly, and printed so neatly,
That critics, discreetly, pronounce them divine.
Where's the host of aspiring competitors,
Springing like mushrooms, as quick to expire?
Ask their editors, printers, and creditors,
They will tell you 'twas best to retire.
'Tis true the Truth-Teller, an emigrant dweller,
A fine clever fellow, is still on the road;
And Albion's pages enlighten all ages,
While Atlas engages to bear his own load.
Were not modesty prone to prohibit us
Praising the Mirror and telling its worth,
We could boast of a host of contributors,
Rivall'd in talent by few upon earth.
'Tis not our intention, however, to mention
The weekly convention of poets and wits,
Whose sage lucubrations, and choice speculations,
On divers occasions, enlighten our city.
F. you know, in the cause of morality,
Wields a pen seldom rivall'd in force,
Proving virtue a blissful reality,
Vice the herald of pain and remorse.
His blithe LITTLE SPIRIT appears to inherit
A genius and merit supernally bright;
And long will continue with sweetness to win you,
And kindle within you a glow of delight.
C. renowned for his strictures dramatical,
Charms the lovers of genius and wit,
Telling critics, in language emphatical,
Whom the chaplet of honour will fit.
Fair Emily etches such beautiful sketches,
That fancy outstretches her pinions to fly;
Then there's a writer of genius still brighter,
Whose talents delight her—he signs himself I.
S. conversant in matters historical,
Culls the flow'rets of every clime,
Tuneful Reuben, in strains allegorical,
Sweetly dresses a moral sublime.
Ianthe, Lucinda, Estelle, and Belinda,
With Thyra and Hinda, are minstrels of fame;
While Everard, Norna, with Proteus and Horner,
And Q in a corner, the laurel may claim.

Time would fail us in mentioning more of them;

These suffice for a holiday verse,
Tho' 'twere easy to name twenty score of them,
Could it but add twenty cents to our purse.
We rather would mention some happy invention,
And turn your attention to city affairs,
Improved regulations, in divers locations,
And grand alterations in angles and squares.

"We"—the Mirror—ne'er stooping to flattery,
Tell our aldermen what they must do.
Thus they furnished the seats on the Battery,
Thus the Park was embellished for you.
And now they decide well, the jail and the bridewell,
Which oft we deride well, must soon disappear;
And streets are extended, by us recommended,
And others intended, in course of the year.

Broadway shortly must meet the Fourth Avenue,
Know the mandate has gone from our lip;
Down-town merchants may possibly have a new
Ferry to Brooklyn, from busy Old-slip.
But save us from one ill, a bridge or a tunnel,
Except for a runnel to water your lambs;
May hurricanes shiver, and tempests deliver
The noble East River from bridges and dams.

More than any our columns contributed
Hints for fashions, amusements, and such;
All the shows that have yet been exhibited
Owe their worth to our magical touch.
The Park and the Bowery, and Chatham so flowery,
Though evenings were showery, were fill'd by our pen;
And now that the latter's a circus, no matter
We'll keep up a clatter to fill it again.

Competition and hopeless rivalry
Swell no longer the pomp of the stage;
Each competitor has, in reality,
Bow'd to "Old Drury," their senior in age.
Where Forrest has lately increas'd his fame greatly,
By calling the stately King Philip from death;
And no ninny-hammer, can easily damn a
New elegant drama, like Stone's, with a breath.

Barnes, Placide, and Hilson are comical;
Tuneful Austin is graceful as fair;
Barry of gesture is not economical;
Woodhull's too partial of fighting the air.
The loud tones of Ritchings are truly bewitching,
Such rapturous twittings are felt at the breast,
You'll own, if you heed 'em, there's nought can exceed 'me,
When brave "Sons of Freedom" is "sung by request."

Sharpe, with eyes like her name, will enrapture you;
Hilson smiles while she pierces the heart;
Wallack too, with her acting may capture you;
Wheatley delights us in every part.
But sweet Clara Fisher, the worst that we wish her,
Is laurels still fresher around her to fall;
A fortune to bless her, true friends to caress her,
And one to possess her that's worthy of all.

Cline, renown'd for his grace and agility,
Wheeled a barrow aloft on a rope;
Niblo, famed for champagne and civility,
Fill'd his purse and his bottles we hope.
We'll offer no stricture, on West's famous picture,
And though 'twould afflict your best feelings no doubt,
Go view it at leisure, confessing with pleasure,
That this is a treasure unequal'd throughout.

Vizards or masks were the rage till prohibited;
Balls, soirees, and assemblies are yet;
Cards and billetdoux, daily distributed,
Summon the lovers of pleasure and wit.
But while their pavilions resound with cotillions,
There're less favour'd millions as happy as they;
Besides a choice number, whom nought will encumber,
But rythmical lumber, prepared for to-day.

Holiday gifts—there's none like an annual,
But though the Talisman counted the best,
Kitchiner's cook-book, the "Housekeeper's Manual,"
We recommend and prefer to the rest;
For this will enable each fair at her table
(I tell you no fable, but plain common sense),
To furnish such dishes of meats and of fishes,
As every one wishes, at little expense.

Themes religious, and subjects political,
Grecian, Turkish, or Russian, we bar;
None but vassals, in strains parasitical,
Chant the praises of Sultan or Czar.
We'll make no reflections on recent elections,
Nor whisper objections, because we don't care;
Of squabbles and scratches, and runaway matches,
Or jumping Sam Patches, or Morgan's affair.

Thanks for favours—expressions of gratitude,

Hopes and wishes which fancy defines,
These are subjects entitled to latitude—
We despatch them in four little lines:
May every blessing that's worth your possessing,
And nothing distressing, be pour'd in your cup;
The heart's purest pleasure be yours without measure,
With one richer treasure in heaven laid up.

MORAL TALES.

THE VILLAGE ROMANCE.

BY MISS MITFORD.

It was on a rainy day, late in last November, that Mrs. Villars came to take possession of her new residence, called the lodge, a pretty house, situated within the boundaries of Oak-hampstead Park, the pleasant demeane of her brother-in-law, sir Arthur Villars, and generally appropriated to the use of some dowager of that ancient and wealthy race.

Mrs. Villars was an elderly lady, of moderate fortune, and excellent character. She was the widow of a dignified and richly-beneficed clergyman, who had been dead some years, and had left her with three promising sons and two pretty daughters, all of whom were now making their way in the world to her perfect satisfaction; the daughters happily and respectably married; the sons thriving in different professions; and all of them as widely scattered as the limits of our little island could well permit—so that their mother, disencumbered of the cares of her offspring, had nothing now to prevent her accepting sir Arthur's kind offer, of leaving the great town in which she had hitherto resided, and coming to occupy the family-jointure house at Oakhampstead. To inhabit a mansion in which so many stately matrons of the house of Villars had lived and died, was a point of dignity no less than of economy; and besides, there was no resisting so excellent an opportunity of gratifying, amidst the good archdeacon's native shades, the taste for refinement and solitude, of which she had all her life been accustomed to talk. Talk, indeed, she did so very much of this taste, that shrewd observers somewhat questioned its existence, and were not a little astonished when, after dallying away the summer over take-leave visits, she and her whole establishment (two maids, a pony-chaise, a tabby-cat, and her scrub Joseph) left C., with its society and amusements, its morning calls and evening parties, for solitude and the lodge.

Never was place or season better calculated to bring a lover of retirement to the test. Oakhampstead was situated in the most beautiful and least inhabited part of a thinly inhabited and beautiful county; the roads were execrable; the nearest post-town was seven miles off; the vicar was a bachelor of eighty; and the great house was shut up. There was not even one neighbour of decent station, to whom she might complain of the want of a neighbourhood. Poor Mrs. Villars! The last stroke, too, the desertion of the park, was an unexpected calamity; for, although she knew that sir Arthur had never resided there since the death of a most beloved daughter, after which event it had been entirely abandoned, except for a few weeks in autumn, when his only son, Harry Villars, had been accustomed to visit it for the purpose of shooting; yet she had understood that this her favourite nephew was on the point of marriage with the beautiful heiress of General Egerton, and that this fine old seat was to form the future residence of the young couple. Something, she learned, had now occurred to prevent a union which, a few months ago, had seemed so desirable to all parties—some dispute between the fathers, originally trifling, but worked up into bitterness by the influence of temper—and all preparations were stopped, Harry Villars gone abroad, and the great house as much shut up as ever. Poor Mrs. Villars, who, after all her praises of retirement, and her declared love of solitude, could not, with any consistency, run away from this "deserted village," was really as deserving of pity as any one guilty of harmless affectation well can be.

The good lady, however, was not wanting to herself in this emergency. She took cold, that she might summon an apothecary from the next town; and she caused her pigs to commit a trespass on the garden of a litigious farmer, that she might have an excuse for consulting the nearest attorney. Both resources failed. The medical man was one of eminent skill

and high practice, whom nothing but real illness could allure into constant attendance; and the lawyer was honest, and settled the affair of the pigs at a single visit. All that either could do for her, was to enumerate two or three empty houses that might possibly be filled, and two or three people who would probably call when the roads became passable. So that poor Mrs. Villars, after vainly trying to fill up her vacant hours—alas! all her hours!—by superintending her own poultry yard, overlooking the village school, giving away flannel petticoats, and relieving half the old women in the parish, had very nearly made up her mind to find the lodge disagree with her, and to return to her old quarters at C. when the arrival of a fresh inmate at the next farm-house, gave an unexpected interest to her own situation.

Oakhampstead was, as I have said, a very beautiful spot. Its chief beauty consisted in a small lake or mere without the park, surrounded partly by pastoral meadow grounds, and partly by very wild and romantic woodland scenery, amongst which grew some of the noblest oaks in the kingdom. The water did not, perhaps, cover more than thirty acres: although a length disproportioned to its breadth, a bend in the middle, and, above all, the infinite variety of its shores, indented with tiny bays and jutting out into mimic promontories, gave it an appearance of much greater extent. Rides and walks had formerly been cut around it; but these were now rude and overgrown, the rustic seats decayed and fallen, and the summer-houses covered with ivy and creeping plants. Since the absence of Sir Arthur, neglect had succeeded to care; but a poet or a painter would have felt that the scene had gained in picturesque what it had lost in ornament. A green boat, however, and a thatched boat-house, still remained in excellent preservation, under the shadow of some magnificent elms, and the chimney of the boatman's cottage might just be seen peeping between the trees, over the high embankment which formed the head of the lake. The only other habitation visible from the water, was an old farm-house, the abode of farmer Ashton, whose wife, formerly the personal attendant of the late Lady Villars, had soon been found by her surviving relative to be by far the most conversable person in the place; and if the many demands on her attention, the care of men, maids, cows, calves, pigs, turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, and children, would have allowed her to devote much time to that unfortunate lady, her society would doubtless have proved a great solace and resource. But Mrs. Ashton, with all her desire to oblige Mrs. Villars, was enviously busy, and could only at short and distant intervals listen to, and, by listening, relieve the intolerably ennui of her seclusion.

Now, however, a fresh inmate had made her appearance at the farm: a young woman, whom Mrs. Ashton called Ellen, and introduced as her niece, who having much leisure, (for apparently she did nothing in the family but assist in the lighter needle-work) and evincing, as far as great modesty and diffidence would permit, her respectful sympathy with the involuntary recluse, became her favourite auditor during her frequent visits to farmer Ashton's; and was soon sent for as a visitor (an humble visitor, for neither Mrs. Villars nor her young guest ever forgot the difference of their stations) at the lodge. Seldom a day passed without Joseph and the pony-chaise being sent to fetch Ellen from the farm. Nothing went well without her.

Partly, of course, the charm might be resolvable into the bare fact of getting a listener; any good listener would have been a welcome acquisition in this emergency; that is to say, any one who felt and showed a genuine sympathy with the "fair afflicted;" but few could have been so thoroughly welcome as Ellen, who soon became, on the score of her own merits, a first-rate favourite with Mrs. Villars.

Whether Ellen was pretty or not, was a standing question in the village of Oakhamstead. Her zealous patroness answered without the slightest hesitation in the affirmative. Other people doubted. For the common sort, her face and figure wanted showiness; whilst the young farmers and persons of that class complained that she was not, according to their notions, sufficiently genteel, Mrs. Villars' man-of-all-work, Joseph, combined both objections, by declaring that Ellen would be well enough if she were smarter. My readers must judge for themselves, as well at least as a pen-and-ink drawing will enable them.

Her figure was round and short, piquante and youthful. Her face was round also, with delicate features and a most delicate complexion, as white and smooth as ivory, and just coloured enough for health. She had finely-cut gray eyes, with dark eyebrows and eyelashes, a profusion of dark hair, and a countenance so beaming with gaiety and sweetness, that the expression was always like that of other faces when they smile. Then her voice and accent were enchanting. She sang little snatches of old airs in gushes like a nightingale—

freely—spontaneously, as if she could no more help singing as she went about, than that "angel of the air;" and her spoken words were as musical and graceful as her songs; what she said being always sweet, gentle, and intelligent; sometimes very lively, and sometimes a little sad.

Her dress was neat and quiet—plain, dark gowns, fitting with great exactness, such as were equally becoming to her station and her figure; delicately white caps and habit-shirts, and the simplest of all simple straw bonnets. The only touch of finery about her was in her chaussure; the silk stockings and kid slippers in which her beautiful little feet were always clad, and in her scrupulously clean and new-looking French gloves, of the prettiest pale colours; a piece of quaker-like and elegant extravagance, which, as well as the purity of her accent and diction, somewhat astonished Mrs. Villars, until she found from Mrs. Ashton, that Ellen also had been a lady's maid, admitted early into the family, and treated almost as a companion by her young mistress.

"Where had she lived?" was the next question.

"In General Egerton's family," was the reply; and a new source of interest and curiosity was opened to the good lady, who had never seen her niece, that was to have been, and was delighted with the opportunity of making a variety of inquiries respecting herself and her connexions. Ellen's answers to these questions were given with great brevity and some reluctance; she looked down and blushed, and fidgeted with a sprig of myrtle that she held in her hand, in a manner widely different from her usual lady-like composure.

"Was Miss Egerton so very handsome?"

"Oh, no!"

"So very accomplished?"

"No."

"Did Harry love her very much?"

"Yes."

"Did she love him?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Was she worthy of him?"

"No."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Villars, "I thought she was too fine a lady; too full of airs and graces! I had my doubts of her ever since a note that she sent me, written on blue embossed paper, and smelling most atrociously of otto of roses. I dare say Harry has had a narrow escape. Sir Arthur, even before the quarrel, said she was quite a *petite maitresse*. Then you think, Ellen, that my nephew is better without her?"

This query caused a good deal of blushing hesitation, and nearly demolished the sprig of myrtle. On its being repeated, she said, "She did not know! She could not tell! She did not wish to speak ill of Miss Egerton; but few ladies appeared to her worthy of Mr. Villars—he was so amiable."

"Was Miss Egerton kind to her?"

"Pretty well," answered Ellen quietly.

"And the general?"

"Oh, very! very!" rejoined Ellen, sighing deeply.

"Why did she leave the family?"

At this question poor Ellen burst into tears, and the conversation ended. Mrs. Villars, unwilling to distress her favourite, did not resume it. She was already prepossessed against the Egertons by the disappointment and vexation which they had occasioned to her nephew, and had little doubt but that either the general or his daughter had behaved unjustly or unkindly to Ellen.

Winter had now worn away; even those remains of winter which linger so long amidst the buds and blossoms of spring; spring itself had passed into summer; the country was every day assuming fresh charms, the roads were becoming passable, and distant neighbours were beginning to discover and to value the lady of the lodge, who became every day more reconciled to her residence, varied as it now was by occasional visits to the county families, and frequent excursions with Ellen upon the lake.

On these occasions they were constantly attended by the boatman, a handy, good-humoured, shock-pated fellow, of extraordinary ugliness, commonly called Bob Green, but also known by the name of "Hopping Bob;" not on account of his proficiency in that one-legged accomplishment, as the cognomen would seem to imply, but because an incurable lameness in the hip had produced a jerking sort of motion in walking, much resembling that mode of progress; and had also given a peculiar one-sided look to his short, muscular figure. The hop, it must be confessed, stood much in his way on land, although he was excellent in the management of a boat; in rowing, or steering, or fishing, or anything that had relation to the water.

A clever fellow was Bob, in his way, and a civil, and paid much attention to his lady and her young companion; and, as

the summer advanced, they passed more and more time on the beautiful lake, of which they continued the sole visitors; the great house being still deserted, and little heard either of Sir Arthur or his son.

One afternoon, Mrs. Villars, returning unexpectedly from a distant visit, drove down to the farm, intending to spend the evening with Ellen in the pleasure-boat. It was a bright sunny day, towards the middle of July. The blue sky, dappled with fleecy clouds, was reflected on the calm, clear water, and mingled with the shadows of the trees upon the banks, to which the sun, shining through the tall oaks, gave occasionally a transparent glitter, as of emeralds or beryls; swallows skimmed over the lake, flitting around and about, after the myriads of insects that buzzed in the summer air; the white water-lily lay in its pure beauty in the midst of its deep green leaves; the foxglove and the wild vetch were glowing in the woods; the meadow-sweet, the willow herb, and the golden flag, fringed the banks; cows stood cooling their limbs in the shallow indented bays, and a flock of sheep was lying at rest in the distant meadows.

Altogether it was a scene of sweet and soothing beauty; and Mrs. Villars was looking for Ellen, to partake in her enjoyment, (for Ellen, Mrs. Ashton had told her, was gone down to the mere) when, in a small cove at the other side of the lake, she beheld in a fine effect of sunny light, the boat, their own identical green boat, resting quietly on the water, with two persons sitting in it, seemingly in earnest conversation. One of the figures was most undoubtedly Ellen. Her astonished friend recognised at a glance her lead-coloured gown, her straw bonnet, and that peculiar air and attitude which gave grace and beauty to her simple dress. The other was a man, tall as it seemed, and elegant—most certainly a gentleman. Mrs. Villars even fancied that the height and bearing had a strong resemblance to her own dear nephew, Harry; and immediately a painful suspicion of the possible cause of Ellen's leaving Miss Egerton forced itself upon her mind. Harry had perhaps found the lady's maid no less charming than her mistress. A thousand trifling circumstances in favour of this opinion rushed on her recollection; Ellen's blushes when Harry was accidentally named, her constant avoidance of all mention of the family in which she had resided; the great inequality of her spirits; her shrinking from the very sight of chance visitors; the emotion amounting to pain, which any remarkable instance of kindness or confidence never failed to occasion her; and, above all, the many times in which, after seeming on the point of making some avowal to her kind patroness, she had drawn suddenly back: all these corroborating circumstances pressed at once, with startling distinctness, on Mrs. Villars's memory; and, full of care, she returned to the farm, to cross-question Mrs. Ashton.

Never was examination more thoroughly unsatisfactory. Mrs. Ashton was that provoking and refractory thing, a reluctant witness. First she disputed the facts of the case: "Had Mrs. Villars seen the boat? Was she sure that she had seen it? Was it actually their own green boat? Did it really contain two persons? And was the female certainly Ellen?" All these questions being answered in the affirmative, Mrs. Ashton shifted her ground, and asserted, that "if the female in question were certainly Ellen, her companion must with equal certainty be the boatman, Bob Green, 'Hopping Bob,' as he was called;" and the farmer coming in at the moment, she called on him to support her assertion, which, without hearing a word of the story, he did most positively, as an obedient husband should do—"Yes, for certain, it must be Hopping Bob! It could be no other!"

"Hopping Bob!" ejaculated Mrs. Villars, whose patience was by this time well nigh exhausted: "Hopping Bob! when I have told you that the person in the boat was a young man, a tall man, a slim man, a gentleman! Hopping Bob, indeed!" and before the words were fairly uttered, in hopped Bob himself.

To Mrs. Villars this apparition gave unqualified satisfaction, by affording, as she declared, the most triumphant evidence of an *alibi* ever produced in or out of a court of justice. Her opponent, however, was by no means disposed to yield the point. She had perfect confidence in Bob's quickness of apprehension, and no very strong fear of his abstract love of truth, and determined to try the effect of a leading question. She immediately, therefore, asked him, with much significance of manner, "whether he had not just landed from the lake, and reached the farm by the short cut across the coppice?" adding, "that her niece had probably walked towards the boat-house, to meet Mrs. Villars, and that Bob had better go and fetch her."

This question, however, produced no other answer than a long shrill whistle from the sagacious boatman. Whether

Mrs. Ashton over-rated his ability, or under-rated his veracity, or whether his shrewdness foresaw that detection was inevitable, and that it would "hurt his conscience to be found out," which ever were the state of the case, he positively declined giving any evidence on the question; and after standing for a few moments eyeing his hostess with a look of peculiar knowingness, vented another long whistle, and hopped off again!

Mrs. Villars, all her fears confirmed, much disgusted with the farmer, and still more so with the farmer's wife, was also departing, when just as she reached the porch, she saw two persons advancing from the lake to the house—her nephew, Harry Villars, and Ellen leaning on his arm!

With a countenance full of grieved displeasure, she walked slowly towards them. Harry sprang forward to meet her: "Hear me but for one moment, my dearest aunt! Listen but to four words, and then say what you will. This is my wife."

"Your wife! why, I thought you loved Miss Egerton?"

"Well, and this is, or rather happily for me, this *was* Miss Egerton," replied Harry, smiling.

"Miss Egerton!" exclaimed the amazed and half incredulous Mrs. Villars. "Miss Egerton! Ellen, that was not smart enough for Joseph—the fine lady that sent me the rose-scented note—Ellen, at the farm, the great heiress—my own good little Ellen!"

"Ay, my dear aunt—your own Ellen, and my own Ellen—blessings on that word! When we were parted on a foolish political quarrel between our fathers, she was sent, under the care of her cousin, Lady Jerminham, to Florence. Lady Jerminham was much my friend. She not only persuaded Ellen into marrying me privately, but managed to make the general believe that his daughter continued her inmate abroad; whilst Mrs. Ashton, another good friend of mine, contrived to receive her at home. We have been sad deceivers," continued Harry, "and at last Ellen, fettered by a promise of secrecy, which your kindness tempted her every moment to break, could bear the deceit no longer. She wrote to her father, and I spoke to mine; and they are reconciled, and all is forgiven. I see that you forgive us," added he, as his sweet wife lay sobbing on Mrs. Villars' bosom; "I see that you forgive *her*; and you must forgive me, too, for her dear sake. Your pardon is essential to our happiness; for we are really to live at the park, and one of our first wishes must always be, that you may continue at the great house the kindness that you have shown to Ellen at the farm."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

FORETHOUGHT IN COURTSHIP.—A late Scotch paper contains the following story, which is said to be a sketch from life:—"An elderly spinster, from the town of Paisley, who teaches the lasses tambouring, called on a clergyman not long ago, and told the maid, 'she wanted to speak a word wi' the minister by himself.' He looks at this time were full of importance, and after shutting the study door, she repeatedly whispered, 'Will naeboddy hear us?' 'No,' said the other, 'and even if there should, I suppose you have no treason to communicate.' 'Treason,' said the spinster, as if at a loss to understand the drift of the question, 'I was joust wanting, sir, to tak' ye'er advice.' 'Aweel,' said the minister, in his own homely way, 'since I see there's something weighing on your mind, sit down and tell us a' about it.' 'Weel, sir, I was gaun to tell you that I hae gotten an offer.' 'An offer, Eppy! an offer o' what?' 'Ou, sir,' smiling, 'am sure ye needna speer that; it's lang since I got an offer afore, and as I may never get anither again, I joust cam' to see whether ye think I should tak' him.' 'Oho! Eppy, I understand you now; it's the offer o' a man that's makin' ye sae canty.' 'Deed is't, sir, though I am no muckle uplifted wi't neither.' 'But ye ken, Eppy, it's my business to finish a courting by buckling the parties when they come before me, and no to interfere in the matter.' On hearing this the spinster hung her head, and then said, 'gif ye dinna like to hear me, I am sorry I fashed ye.' 'Weel, but Eppy, wha and what is this lover o' yours?' 'He's a doctor, sir.' 'A doctor! and what would a doctor have to do with the like o' you?' 'Ou, but ye dinna gie me time to tell—he's a smoke doctor.' 'A smoke doctor—that alters the case entirely. And what's his name?' 'They ca' him Steel.' 'Steel! ay steel's a hard metal, and should be true too, for ye ken when we speak of an honest man, we say he's as true as steel.' 'Ay, sir, but he's been three times married already!' 'He must be a great waster o' wives that.' 'Ay, sir, and they tell me he's in debt forbye.' 'In debt forbye! and yet he wants a fourth wife.' 'But then, sir, I'm in a pickle debt mysel'.' 'That's

a pity; but you ken what the proverb says—that twa blacks 'ill no make a white; and tho' I've kent mony a couple that did weel in the world, by joining stocks, even when they were sma', I doubt joining debts will hardly answer the same end.' At this intimation the decent spinster looked very grave, and told the minister that the matter had cost her a great deal of thought, and that even before she had seen him, she had half resolved to seat herself quietly by her own fireside, and console herself with the thought, 'that it was better to cry waes me, than waes us.' She then withdrew in better spirits than she had been at first, though most unfortunately the mischievous maid was heard *tilting*, as she passed the kitchen door,

"As Bessy sat down wi' her seam by the fire,
She thought on the time that was flying by her,
And said to herself, with a heavy heigh, ho!
A' body's like to be married but me."

A NERVOUS LADY.—Cælia is always telling you how provoked she is, what shocking things happen to her; what usage she suffers, and what vexations she meets with every where. She tells you that her patience is quite worn out, and that there is no bearing the behaviour of people. Every assembly that she is at, sends her home provoked; something or other has been said or done, that no reasonable, well-bred person ought to bear. Poor people that want her charity, are sent away with hasty answers, not because she has not a heart to part with any money, but because she is too full of some trouble of her own to attend to the complaints of others. Cælia has no business upon her hands, but to receive the income of a plentiful fortune; but yet, by the doleful tune of her mind, you would be apt to think that she had neither food nor lodging. If you see her look more pale than ordinary, if her lips tremble when she speaks to you, it is because she is just come from a visit, where Lupus took no notice of her, but talked all the time to Lucinda, who has not half her fortune. When cross accidents have so disordered her spirits, that she is forced to send for the doctor, to make her able to eat; she tells him, in great anger at Providence, that she never was well since she was born, and that she envies every beggar that she sees in health. This is the disquiet life of Cælia, who has nothing to torment her, but her own spirit. If you would inspire her with a christian humility, you need do no more to make her as happy as any person in the world. This virtue would make her thankful to God for half so much health as she has had, and help her to enjoy more for the time to come. This virtue would keep off tremblings of the spirits, and loss of appetite, and her blood would need nothing else to sweeten it.

PERIODICALS AND NEWSPAPERS.—In the city of New-York are ten daily papers, averaging one thousand eight hundred and fifty at each publication, and making a weekly aggregate of one hundred and eleven thousand sheets; seven published twice a week, of one thousand eight hundred each, or twenty-five thousand weekly; and sixteen once a week, averaging three thousand one hundred and fifty, and printing fifty-two thousand copies; making a grand total of one hundred and eighty-eight thousand sheets in a week. In the state, besides weekly and oftener, one hundred and forty. In the city, thirty-three. Total, one hundred and seventy-eight. Annuals, quarterlies, monthly, and semi-monthlies, literary, theological, medical, and miscellaneous, are not here included; nor occasional, transient, and unestablished publications. In the United States, in 1828, there were officially reported, eight hundred and twenty-five newspapers; another account gave nine hundred and seventy-four, and there is, probably, now about one thousand periodicals of every description.

A DAMPER.—A young city fop, in company with some belles of fashion, was riding into the country a pleasuring, when they saw a poor rustic-looking country lad at work by the road's side. Thinking it a fine opportunity to show his wit to the damsels, by sporting with the poor boy's ignorance, he thus accosted him: "Can you inform me, Mr. Zeb-dee, how far it is to where I am going, and which is the most direct road?" Poor Zebby, not at all daunted, but with the most sober and composed face, said, "If you are going to the gallows, it is but a short distance; if to the jail, it stands but a few rods this side; but if only to poverty and disgrace, you are now approaching your journey's end—as for the most direct road to either, you are now in it, and cannot miss the way." The dandy dropped his head and drove on.

PERSIAN METHOD OF DESTROYING TIGERS.—A good method of destroying tigers is said to be common in Persia, and towards the north of Hindostan. The device consists of a large semispherical cage, made of strong bamboos or other efficient materials, woven together, but leaving intervals throughout of about three or four inches broad. Under this

cover, which is fastened to the ground by means of pickets, in some place where tigers abound, a man, provided with two or three short strong spears, takes post at night. Being accompanied by a dog, which gives the alarm, or by a goat, which, by its agitation, answers the same purpose, the adventurer wraps himself up in his quilt, in full confidence of his safety. When a tiger comes, and, perhaps, after smelling all around, begins to rear against the cage, the man stabs him with one of his spears, through the interstices of the wicker-work, and rarely fails in destroying the tiger, which is ordinarily found dead at no great distance in the morning.

BEASTS OF PREY.—Austin, says the National Gazette, the keeper of the menagerie, near Waterloo-bridge, London, has found that if beasts of prey are kept so well fed as not to know the sense of hunger, they will live together in the same cage, in peace and harmony. But man, says a British writer, is always a restless and dissatisfied animal; as long as he is haunted by the dread of poverty, he thinks that any plan which offers him a comfortable provision and a tranquil mind, comprehends every thing in life; but let him continue so long in this state as to forget what it is to feel or to fear hunger, and he will think his mode of life insipid, and get into adventurous or rapacious action.

ARAB WOMEN.—The Arab women marry about the age of sixteen. They are allowed great liberty, visiting each other till late at night, without interruption; indeed, being in company with a female is considered the best protection. A woman is enabled to divorce her husband on very slight grounds; a bad temper on his part is a sufficient reason; and, if no serious offence can be proved against the wife, she is entitled to receive back her dowry. Every lady, when she visits, carries on her arm a little bag of coffee—this is boiled at the house where she spends the evening; thus enabling her to enjoy society without putting her friend to expense.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—An iron chain suspension bridge has lately been constructed at Avignon, which is considered a master-piece of art, and has attracted great attention from the beauty of its proportions. The total length from one buttress to the other is 500 feet; there are two stretches of 240 feet each, capable of supporting a weight of 500,000 kilogrammes. The breadth, which is the same the whole distance, is thirty feet, divided into three ways or roads; the centre one for carriages, and the two others for foot passengers. The height above low-water mark is thirty feet. A triumphal arch surmounts the centre pillar, as well as the two at the buttments of the bridge, resting on the angles. It is supported by six iron cables, by means of vertical cords, the cables being fastened to the pillars, after having passed over the triumphal arch.

THE WILD HORSE.—The following is from the "Library of Useful Knowledge." All travellers who have crossed the plains extending from the shores of La Plata to Patagonia, have spoken of numerous droves of wild horses. Some affirm that they have seen ten thousand in one troop. They appear to be under the command of a leader, the strongest and boldest of the herd, and which they implicitly obey. A secret instinct teaches them that their safety consists in their union, and in a principle of subordination. The lion, the tiger, and the leopard, are their principal enemies. At some signal, intelligible to them all, they either close into a dense mass, and trample their enemy to death, or placing the mares and foals in the centre, they form themselves into a circle, and welcome him with their heels. In the attack, their leader is the first to face the danger, and, when prudence demands a retreat, they follow his rapid flight.

EDITORS.—It is stated that of the proprietors of seventeen political journals published in Paris, at least *one-third* are noblemen, or persons of great distinction in the scientific or literary world. The proprietors of one paper, who are three in number, are said to be a duke, a count, and a baron. To be a known writer in a respectable periodical, is said to be the best passport to good society in Paris.

TRAVELLING SIXTY YEARS AGO.—An old inhabitant of Cirencester having had occasion to visit London about sixty years since, was asked by a friend if he intended to go by the coach or diligence, which at that time slowly wended its way to the metropolis, he replied, "No, I am in too great a hurry, and therefore would rather walk." He started accordingly, and actually reached the end of his journey some hours before the coach.

DIFFERENCE IN LAW.—The pacha of Egypt, a year or two since, declared that every able-bodied man twenty-one years of age and upwards, should have two wives. The law in North-Carolina is, that every man who has two wives shall be hanged. So much for the wisdom of lawgivers.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

EMILIE.

"With her, methinks, life's little hour
Passed like the fragrance of a flower;
To bridal bloom her strength had sprung—
Behold her beautiful and young."

It is the very best thing I can do; and I'll do it. Shall I not, wife?"

"Certainly, my dear, by all means, if you wish it."

Now what this best thing was, was as much a secret to the complaisant better half of good old Mr. Heyward, as it is to the reader. There she sat in an old-fashioned elbow chair, her whole soul as much occupied with her knitting as was her husband's with his schemes; and, though she occasionally regarded with much satisfaction his goodly form, arrayed in waistcoat, gown, and fine linen, all the work of her own fingers, yet she cared very little for what was passing in his brain. However, as in duty bound, she assented whenever her assent was asked, and he, "good easy man," chuckled at his own wisdom in choosing so obedient a wife, and never for a moment dreamed that she thought his plans of very little consequence, as they generally ended in nothing. This was the true reason for her want of curiosity, though it came to our ears with insinuations of great secrecy, as she was too judicious to allow her husband to suspect it.

Mr. Heyward was a farmer in one of our Yankee settlements. He was "well to do in the world," and had it not been for his generous disposition, might have acquired a store of wealth. But he prided himself upon his hospitality, a great virtue among the Yankees; and besides, the friends which he loved to see daily assemble around his table, it was the custom (in frequenting the little inn of the town) to invite such strangers as he might find there worthy of the compliment, to make his house their home as long as it might be agreeable to them. The house on the hill, therefore, soon became proverbial for the kindness of its master, and the good puddings and pies of its mistress.

This worthy couple had one child, a daughter, the youngest and sole survivor of five children. The loss of the others had thrown a gloom over the early part of their marriage, but it had passed away, and left no trace, except that their love for Emilie was deeper and more idolatrous, because it was undivided. In truth, our heroine grew up a spoiled girl, as wild and untameable as the fawn of the hills. Her parents never contradicted her; but she loved them so entirely and devotedly, that in her most frolicsome moods a look from them would render her as gentle as a dove. The gay laugh would die away, her song would be hushed, and she would glide noiselessly to her little seat by the side of her father, and gaze at him, with an expression of such arch gravity in her blue eyes, and her little mouth pursed up into a shape of seriousness so comical, that the old man would laugh till his eyes run over, and then bid her begone to her doll like a silly child as she was, and not attempt to play the woman till she should have more sense and decorum.

In this manner her years passed away, until she attained the age of fourteen. In height she was almost a woman; but as for a woman's dignity and sobriety, one might as well have looked for it in a kitten.

"She will never be a lady," said her mother; "she will be a hoyden all the days of her life."

"Unless," said aunt Martha, "we send her to a good boarding-school."

"What! part with the darling of my old age," said Mr. Heyward, "impossible!"

But second thoughts are best; and our farmer, finding that this plan, so abruptly discovered, was one upon the success of which all his "woman-kind" had long fixed their hearts, at last yielded with tolerable grace.

Indeed, the wishes of aunt Martha were seldom disputed by either Mr. Heyward or his wife, for it was shrewdly suspected that their little Emilie held a very conspicuous place in her last will and testament, duly drawn up by counsellor Ketchum. The exact amount of the old lady's wealth was not generally understood, but it was known to be sufficient to raise a girl of far less pretensions than Emilie to the rank of a belle; to boarding-school, therefore, was Emilie sent, that she might learn

"To prim and mince, to sit up straight and still,
"To bend to fashion nature's wayward will."

And here we must leave her for the present, to inquire into the cause of the exclamation of Mr. Heyward, with which we commenced our story. It has been said, that Mr.

Heyward had a good wife. She was amiable and industrious; and though demonstrating her affection rather by actions than words, yet deeply attached to him. But she had not been the object of his first love. His heart had once received a wound, from which it was long before he recovered. Indeed it was said that he was still subject to fits of melancholy. But when late in life, he gave his hand in marriage, it was with sentiments of the highest respect and esteem for his chosen partner. His judgment even preferred her to the one who still held a hallowed place in his memory, as possessing qualities more calculated to render her truly a helpmate for a man in a middle station of life. But deep in his heart there still existed a feeling of interest in the fate of the loved one of his youth, of tenderer interest than he would have been willing to acknowledge to himself. They had been brought up together. She was early an orphan, and left to the guardianship of his father. So fondly and affectionately had she always treated him, that he had allowed himself to hope, till hope became security. Unexpected by him, therefore, was the answer given to the eager disclosure of his wishes. That her affection for him could never be other than that of a sister. There was no room for hope. And when, shortly afterwards, she bestowed her hand on one who had won her heart, it gave no additional pang to the bosom of George Heyward. He had endured the worst in knowing that she loved him not; and he, perhaps, even rejoiced at an event that removed her from the home, and the scenes where with her he was obliged to remain, and where his frequent meetings with her deepened the wound which time and absence alone could heal.

The young couple settled in a village many miles distant from that home, and from that time they were strangers to the friends of their youth; but Mr. Heyward had occasionally heard of them from sources upon which he could depend: had heard that they were unfortunate in business, but happy in each other; until the death of the husband, in the fifth year of their marriage, destroyed the peace of the little family, and left Mrs. Willis with her boy to brave the sorrows of life, alone and unprotected. The remains of their little property being sold, however, proved sufficient to buy a life-annuity for the widow, which, with economy, gave her the comforts of life and the means of educating her son. He was a boy of a generous, noble disposition, and most promising talents. At the age of fourteen he was considered a good scholar. He was passionately fond of study, and so ardently desirous of a professional life, that his mother relinquished her intention of making him a farmer, and exerted all her power to fulfil his desires. She interested in his behalf the lawyer of the village, a respectable and worthy man, who consented for a moderate yearly stipend to board him in his family, and educate him for the law. The happy mother took lodgings near her son, and with the help of some friends, who furnished her with needle-work, managed to supply the deficiencies of her income, and joyfully looked forward to the time of her son's manhood and prosperity.

"Who knows," would she say to herself, "but I may one day be the mother of a judge!"

But there was one thing which escaped the memory of the good woman; it was, that we are all mortal, and that death cares not to wait till time shall have fulfilled the expectations of his destined victims. But she was soon to learn the truth; soon destined to feel the necessity of preparing for an approaching separation from life, and all that made life dear, her only son.

He had been scarcely a year with his patron, and had already made considerable progress in his studies, and obtained the esteem of his master, who prophesied his future excellence. But after the death of his mother, his prospects would be blighted, as her annuity ended with her life. Mrs. Willis, who was at heart a pious woman, felt that she could meet death with fortitude, and even joy, could she be assured of the future happiness of her son. There was but one hope, and this was to write to Mr. Heyward. She knew he was comparatively rich, and she trusted, with perhaps a little of woman's vanity, but above all, with a woman's ideas of the enduring nature of first love, that her application would not be in vain. She told him of her plans for her son, her wish that he might continue his studies, and, throwing herself upon his generosity, conjured him by the memory of past years, to transfer that friendship to her son, which he had once so warmly felt for her.

The letter reached Mr. Heyward just at evening. He had finished his daily business, and was preparing, as was his custom, to read the evening papers, and, for he was

something of a politician, to criticise the measures of government. He read the letter again and again. A thousand tender associations sprung up in his mind. He forgot the lapse of time, and for a moment returned to his boyhood. He awakened from his dream; but his heart was touched, and he determined to be a friend to the boy.

Many plans were thought of, and rejected. At last he determined to visit Mrs. Willis himself, and promise her to be as a father to her child. He expressed his determination in the words with which we introduced him to the reader, and obtained the consent of his wife before unfolding to her his scheme. When he did unfold it, she did not retract it, for the feelings of one mother seldom fail to excite interest in the bosom of another.

Mr. Heyward arrived in time to give joy to the dying mother, who expired invoking blessings on his head. It was agreed that Edward Willis should remain with his friend the lawyer, until he should arrive at the age of twenty-one, when he should obtain his license, and commence the profession for himself. Mr. Heyward took upon himself to defray the expenses till then, and bade him farewell, with injunctions to visit him once a year, that he might become attached to his future home. This was promised, and the promise was carefully kept.

His first visit secured to him the attachment of Mr. Heyward and his wife, and even aunt Martha spoke in terms of high praise of the manly deportment and handsome person of cousin Edward, for by this title did his benefactor wish him to be called. He wrote frequently when he returned, and before the close of the second visit, he was almost as great a favourite as Emilie herself.

He longed to see this cousin of his, of whom he had heard so much. At his third visit he was gratified. She was seventeen, and had been recalled from her school; the mistress of which pronounced her education finished. Aunt Martha was in raptures with her improvement; for though the spirit of mirth was not quenched, yet it was restrained by the diffidence and pride of blushing womanhood, and displayed itself only in the flashing of her eye, and the arch smile of a mouth, which cousin Edward said, was a perfect rose-bud.

It was no wonder that Edward was much pleased with his cousin, for she was certainly a pretty girl, and of so playful a disposition, and yet of such gentle manners, that she was a universal favourite. Then her name was so pretty, so soft and musical, and it glided into verse so easily, that any one might rhyme upon it. Edward was certainly not in love, but he began to love poetry and music. He made sonnets on the moon, and copied songs, and perhaps composed them, when he ought to have been studying Blackstone. His master thought him strangely altered. But asking him, one day, the meaning of some law phrase, he answered, "cousin."

"It is a cozening trade," said the witty lawyer, "but we should keep that to ourselves."

The blunder of the blushing youth had betrayed his secret, but his friend said nothing. Perhaps he thought it was all for the best.

Mr. Heyward encouraged the attachment of the young people tacitly, but he never spoke of it. But there was one trait in the character of Edward, unknown to his relations. He was proud, very proud. He accidentally learned that Emilie was an heiress, and he determined to think of her no more.

"I will not owe my fortune to my wife," thought he, "and it will be many years before I can earn one myself."

He was on his last visit to Mr. Heyward. The next winter was to see the completion of his twenty-first year, and he was then to receive his license. His behaviour to Emilie was distantly respectful. It at first mortified her; but she was quick sighted, and when she discovered the cause, it made him doubly dear to her. She had not been without admirers; one, in particular, had almost gained her affections. He had lived at her father's for many weeks. He was handsome and accomplished; and his attention to Emilie was apparently so sincere, that it made at first a deep impression. But our little heroine happened to overhear him calculating the probable contents of aunt Martha's treasury, for the amusement of a friend, and this turned the current of her feelings. It at first gave her a pang of disappointment; but the mischievous spirit delighted in the thoughts of a merry revenge, and she slowly drew the curtain of the little closet in which she sat, the only separation from the room where her lover was, as he thought, secure from interruption.

The effect was instantaneous. He caught the merry glance of her eye; heard the laugh of her ridicule at his situation, as she disappeared; and, muttering an oath, he took "French leave" of his hospitable entertainers, and was soon far distant.

This event made her cautious, and she continued to reject all offers, as aunt Martha said, for no earthly reason but mere whim.

She did not suspect, nor perhaps did her niece herself, that the image of cousin Edward occupied the secret place in her heart.

"I tell you what, niece Emilie," said aunt Martha, "you are an obstinate girl, and I have a great mind to have nothing more to do with you. Here is farmer Wilson. He is a nice young man, and rich enough to support a wife handsomely; he loves you, and positively, if you won't have him, I will adopt cousin Edward for my son, and make him my heir."

"Dear, dear aunt, I should be the happiest girl in the world."

The old lady stared at her niece, wiped her spectacles, and stared again, till at last, marking the rosy colour of Emilie's cheeks, new light broke upon her.

"Hey day! oh ho—deny it not, you love Edward, my child," said she.

The increasing blushes of her niece, and the sobs which burst from her, as she hid her face on the bosom of her affectionate aunt, alone gave the affirmation to the question.

Aunt Martha was a little romantic, and she gave full credit to the generosity of Emilie, and the nobleness of her lover.

The bells rung merrily in the village to welcome the young lawyer, and celebrate his birth-day. He received the embraces of his relations; to the astonishment of all, when it came to the turn of aunt Martha, she folded him in her arms, and called him her dear son, and the heir of her wealth.

The youth in amazement doubted the evidence of his senses. He glanced at Mr. Heyward, whose countenance beamed with approbation and pleasure. There was another, whose congratulations he had not yet received. He was by her side in an instant, and gazing in her tearful eyes, learned that the prize, for which he had not even dared to hope, was his own.

"Bless you, my child," said old Mr. Heyward; "may you be for ever happy in each other's love."

Years have passed away, and the wish has been realized. Counsellor Willis is an opulent citizen of one of our eastern states, an honour to his profession and his country; and the house on the hill, though modernized and improved, is still the abode of elegance and comfort, and its owner still welcomes the stranger with his wonted hospitality. J.

WHISKERANDOS CONFEDERATION.

MA. EDITOR—Agreeably to a notice published in your last, a large concourse of our fellow-citizens assembled in the park, for the purpose of adopting resolutions in opposition to whiskers, and of directing public attention to the alarming extent of this propensity. The meeting was composed of beardless boys, patriotic spinsters, and immense numbers of those decent and unassuming gentlemen, who were either unwilling from education, or unable by nature, to cultivate the growth of this contraband commodity. Miss Kosymouth was called to the chair, and Master Minikin was appointed secretary.

The proceedings were opened by Dr. Whiteface, of Fever-and-ague-alley. He rose with much dignity, and seemed by his very appearance, to command the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens. He had a long, pale, thin, hatchet-countenance. His hair was combed meekly down to his eyes, which glared indiscriminately upon the expectant multitude, through a pair of spectacles resembling full moons. His nose stuck out in bold relief from his face, like a triangle, garnished towards the tip with a lively tinge, evidently inclining to scarlet, and "even handed justice," had compensated him for a total deficiency of forehead with a mouth of about twice the ordinary width. His head was set rather loosely upon a neck less distinguished for grace than length, which formed a connecting link with a body as gaunt as that of Don Quixote.

Cæsar has said, "let me have men about me that are fat." Now, if the last-named gentleman had been president of the United States, no matter what station the doctor might have occupied, there can be little doubt, in all re-

flecting minds, that he would have been "turned out." He held in his long fingers a sheet of paper, apparently the draft of some highly patriotic resolutions. The meeting was all attention. Not a whisper was to be heard—not a whisker to be seen. There was to be sure some slight signs of dissatisfaction upon the appearance of an old lady's head, above the level of the crowd, upon whose upper lip there was something resembling—but as the disturbance was immediately quelled by the lovers of order and decorum, it is unnecessary to pursue this part of the subject further.

Doctor Whiteface promised, with a gentle flourish of his left hand, and laying his right reverently upon his heart,

"Friends and fellow-citizens. From my earliest boyhood I have been opposed to whiskers. Long ago I have perceived the fatal consequences to which they would lead. It is a painful, but the importance of the present crisis renders it a peremptory duty, for me to recapitulate a few of the unhappy effects with which this formerly flourishing nation has been visited." (Cries of hear him, hear him—he bowed slightly—cast down his eyes modestly and continued.) "They have given rise to the most perplexing mistakes. After a short absence, friend meets friend without recognition. The social ties are in this way rent asunder, and sheriff's officers are unable to identify those whom they are authorized to arrest. Fashion, my fellow-citizens, is a changeable and delusive goddess. She lives upon the error of human beings. She turns their caprices into ridicule, and takes advantage of their confidence in her decrees to place them not only in the most absurd, but in the most dangerous positions. When you once facilitate her progress, you cannot afterwards arrest it, and it would be impossible to conceive where her encroachments would stop. Many have already commenced to let hair grow all over their faces, and to cut it off from their foreheads. Are you not startled at the fear, lest in a few years, we may so far swerve as to shave all our heads bare, and have our faces completely hidden by those intrusive and wide spreading evils? Again, they have a very injurious influence upon our commerce. Loud applause, and cries of hear him. "Mr. Damascus, the barber, a few years ago, actually received an annual income exceeding that of the chancellor of this state." (General applause) "Now none so poor to do him reverence. He has lost all his custom. There has been a melancholy fall in razor-strops, razors, patent-paste, face-powder, &c. and several amiable and respectable soap-boilers have been ruined. These facts, my friends, are not the mere effusions of a heated imagination. They are truths, plain, practical alarming truths, to which I beg your most earnest consideration. But these are but a small part of my arguments for the exclusion of whiskers. There has been discovered."

The eloquent speaker here went on to give a succinct but lucid and affecting account of the "whiskerandos-and-mustachio confederation." At the termination of which Mr. Hungby, the broker, was visibly overcome, and young Mrs. B. fainted.

At this period, very unexpectedly to all, Captain Slashum made his appearance. He was a little man, but much celebrated in the military history of the town during the last six years. He had enlisted in Captain L.'s company as a private, where his amiable deportment and gentlemanly manners soon elevated him to the rank of corporal. The arduous and honorable duty of serving the members with notices having been executed with great credit to himself, and satisfaction to his friends, he rose by the mere force of his own courage to the captaincy, in which he has since served through rain and sunshine in a manner which entitles him to the everlasting gratitude of his country. Of course he belongs to the whiskerandons, and wore a pair of full grown entirely above comparison. The most indifferent observer must have perceived that they set all criticism at defiance. Indeed there could be no doubt upon the subject whatever. In addition to this he wore a very interesting vest of martial red—a collar of a superior cut, and a cravat tied like the gordian knot. He stretched forth his hand, and, as the chairman called the meeting to order, for his whiskers created a considerable sensation. Commenced as follows:

"I appear here, my friends, as the representative of a large concourse of my fellow-citizens. I am shocked at the calumnies which have been this day circulated. They arise from the sophistry of interested individuals. Of individuals opposed to pleasure, to beauty, to truth, and to nature. Yes, whiskers, my friends, I fearlessly pronounce to have been the intention of nature. Else why have we been created with them? They have been worn by the most distinguished of

men, in all ages. Greeks, Romans, Spaniards, Englishmen, counts, magistrates, emperors, consuls, warriors, poets, have been proud to decorate their countenances according to the plan of nature. No, my countrymen, it is not the mere question of whiskers which is here involved. This is only the first link in the great chain with which our opponents are endeavouring to fetter the rights and tastes of this nation. If they succeed in this unwarranted attempt to interfere with our privileges, they will carry on the war with increased vigour: they will prescribe the manner in which we shall cut our hair; they will turn us into crop ears; they will measure the fashion of our garments, and the phraseology of our conversation. I tremble to think of the effects. I have it, upon excellent authority, that the petition about to be presented to congress has been signed by women and boys. Women, who certainly cannot be proper judges of the matter, and boys who are thus prematurely enlisted in a cause, the merits of which they are not yet competent to determine. As for me, I hold the fact to be self-evident, 'that all men are born free and equal,' and for further proof, I shall take the liberty of reading the declaration of independence."

He read this excellent document with great effect, and several opinions were interchanged, particularly among the female portion of his auditory, that his whiskers after all were "not so bad."

There was something like applause as he sat down, and it would be difficult to decide as to the ultimate opinions of the meeting, had not professor Emptyhead, of the Greece-street-institute, made a short address, and counteracted his impression.

Professor Empty-head was a short thick set man, who had no distinguishing trait in his physiognomy, except a deep blue tinge which covered both sides of his cheeks, and the whole lower part of his face and throat.

"My friends," said the professor, "it is easy to be seen that Captain Slashum is a whiskerandonian; but I hope you will not be influenced by his shallow arguments. He speaks of nature; but I will prove to you in two minutes that he is in error. The great and learned Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, has asserted, in the thirty-ninth volume of his treatise on things in general, page two thousand six hundred and four, line seventh from the top, that nature is sometimes to be curbed. Nature has given us passions, appetites, &c.; but these are useful only under the restraint of reason; and the same nature which gave us whiskers, gave us taste to control them. The same nature which commands us to curb our passions, to shelter ourselves from the tempest, to fly from her heat and cold, also commands us to cut our nails, comb our heads, wash our faces, and cut off our whiskers. Allow me to relate to you a little anecdote. Mr. Peter Simpkins was formerly a very virtuous young man. He lent a thousand dollars to Captain Thompson, of the ship Virginia, bound for Canton, who also was a gentleman of mild disposition, and not at all addicted to whiskers. The captain left him with the promise that immediately upon his return the account should be settled. Nearly two years passed away. Simpkins became involved, grew desperate, joined the confederation, and appeared with a pair of the articles in question, of the most palpable and audacious description, and by one of those caprices which fortune loves to play, Captain Thompson also, whether from want of razors, soap, time, care, or absence from civilized society, had also suffered himself to be overgrown in such a piratical style, that human eyes never witnessed any thing more huge and monstrous. Simpkins was prosecuted upon a note for eight hundred dollars, and at this very period, Captain Thompson returned, heard of the distress of his friend, and although on the point of leaving the city upon another long voyage, for sailors are the most generous of human beings, flew to his relief. Simpkins sat in his counting-room, and Thompson entered. 'Is Mr. Simpkins in?' 'Yes, sir: my name is Simpkins.' 'Mr. Peter Simpkins, sir?' 'My name is Peter Simpkins, sir.' 'You are not the gentleman I wish to see,' said the captain very respectfully; 'is there not another Peter Simpkins in the city?' 'Not that I am aware of,' said Simpkins. 'There must be some mistake,' said the captain: 'good morning, sir.' 'Good morning,' and thus, my friends, neither recognising the other, they parted: the captain sailed on a voyage round Cape Horn, and has not been heard of since."

This address was received with general applause, and Dr. Whiteface arose for the purpose of reading his resolutions, and having obtained permission of the chair, proceeded as follows.

"Resolved—That we deem whiskers barbarous, impudent, and dangerous to the liberties of the country.

"Resolved—That we will hereafter support no man for congress, senate, or assembly of this state, governor, alder-

man, or assistant alderman, who will not pledge himself never to wear them, nor to allow them to be worn by any member of his family.

"Resolved—That we will not support any paper, the editor of which wears whiskers.

"Resolved—That professors of colleges, teachers of public schools, and private academies, be requested to educate their pupils in the fear and abhorrence of this disagreeable and savage custom.

"Resolved—That a press be established in this city to disseminate the principles of this meeting.

"Resolved—That a petition be presented to congress, that a law be passed rendering the wearing of whiskers and mustachios a sufficient ground for legal prosecution.

"Resolved—That our fellow-citizens in different parts of the states and the world, be requested to unite with us in organizing societies, establishing newspapers, disseminating pamphlets, delivering orations, and forming schools with the view of arresting the progress of this pernicious evil, so inimical to the morals of the community, and so likely to bring us to ruin.

"Resolved—That the thanks of the meeting be presented to the president and secretary, and that these proceedings be published.

Miss Rosymouth, Chairman.

"Master MINIKIN, Secretary."

The meeting then adjourned *sine die*, and the citizens dispersed quietly, without any riot as had been anticipated.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. MORRIS—I have translated, for your admirable journal, the following authentic letters of the late empress of France, from a work entitled "Memoirs of Josephine."—The first was written before her marriage, and while Napoleon was a brigadier-general; the last was addressed to the emperor after his abdication. Who can read them without being struck with the singular blindness of the man who could cast away a jewel, which, talisman-like, had raised him to and supported him on his dazzling height? Ingratitude seldom goes without its proper reward. S.

Letter from Madame Beauharnois to Madame —, previous to her marriage with Napoleon.

MY DEAR FRIEND—They desire me to marry. All the world advises me to do so. My aunt insists, my children implore. Why are you not here, to give me your advice on this important subject; to convince me, that I cannot resist a union which is to put an end to the painfulness of my present situation? Your friendship, of which I have had so many proofs, would make you clear-sighted to my best interest; and I would decide myself and follow your advice, without farther hesitation. You have often seen General Bonaparte? Well, he is the man who wishes to become father to the orphans of Alexander Beauharnois—the husband of his widow. Do you love him? you ask. Alas! no. Do you feel a repugnance to the match? no; but I am in a state of indecision, which displeases me, and which is one of the reasons why I desire your advice, which will fix the irresolution of my vacillating character. To take a decided part was always difficult, you know, for my creole nonchalance, which finds it infinitely more easy to follow the inclinations of others. I admire the courage of the general; the extent of his knowledge: on whatever topic he speaks, he speaks well; his penetrating spirit makes him comprehend the thoughts of others almost before they are uttered; but I am afraid, I confess, of the supreme control which he seems desirous of exercising over every one with whom he becomes at all connected. His scrutinizing looks have something singularly inexplicable, which even confuse our directors. You may judge, then, whether they must not intimidate a woman! And even what should delight me most, the impressive glance of his eye, when he speaks with energy, is precisely what hitherto has arrested my consent, which was several times on the point of being pronounced.

The fair resource! you say? Good heavens! It will help but little; yet still it is the only resource left to my poor heart, which grows so easily cold. Write instantly; and be not afraid even to scold, if you find me wrong. You know that every thing coming from you is welcome.

Barras assures me, that if I marry the general, he will procure for him the command of the Italian army. Yesterday Bonaparte, in speaking of this intended favour, said, "Do they believe that I want protection to attain it? Ere long they shall be happy if I give them mine. My sword is my protector, and with it I shall go far."

What do you say to this specimen of assurance? Is it not a proof of a confidence, which springs from excessive vanity? A brigadier-general our ruler! Yes; there is much likelihood indeed! I gave him no answer; and yet the ridiculous presumption of this singular man was near letting me perceive what he sometimes fancies himself.—With his eccentricity, who can tell what he will not undertake?

All of us regret your absence a thousand times, and we cannot console ourselves otherwise than by speaking eternally of you. We follow your track in the fair country, step by step; and if I was sure of finding you in Italy, to-morrow I would marry the general, on condition of his taking me there; but then our roads might cross, and so I think it more prudent to await your answer. Do hasten it, and still more your return.

Madame Tallien requests me to assure you of her tender love. She is always so graceful, so good; she employs her immense influence only in acts of mercy for the unhappy; and she dispenses her benevolence with an air of satisfaction which makes it almost appear as if she was the party obliged. Her friendship for me is tender and ingenuous. I assure you, my sentiments towards her are of the same nature as those I bear you. This may give you an idea of the affection I feel for her.

Hortensie becomes more amiable every day; her charming person develops itself every hour; and if I felt inclined, I could have a fair opportunity of making sad reflections on the waste of time, which embellishes the daughter at the expense of the mother. Happily I have other things in my head, and I pass over these disheartening thoughts to occupy myself with the future, which promises fair, as we soon shall be reunited to separate no more. Without the marriage, which causes me so much trouble, I should feel very happy, in spite of all; but, as long as things are not decided, I shall have the heart-ache. Once resolved, I shall be resigned, come what will. I have accustomed myself to sufferings, and should I be destined to experience new ones, I believe I could bear them, provided my children, my aunt, and you, will support me. Adieu, dear friend.

JOSEPHINE.

Letter from the Ex-Empress Josephine to the Emperor Napoleon, while on the island of Elbe.

Malmaison.

SIRE—It is only now that I am fully sensible of the cruel fate which dissolved our marriage-bond, and that I sigh at the recollection that I am to you no more than a mere friend. I can only weep over a disaster as great as it was unexpected.

It is not the loss of a throne for which I pity you. I know, from experience, that such a loss can be borne with patience; but my heart bleeds at the thought of the struggle it must have cost your noble nature to separate yourself from your old companions in glory; from those officers and soldiers whom you loved so ardently, and whose glorious deeds you knew so well how to appreciate. I fully participated in your feelings on that sad occasion.

You had to deplore the ingratitude of friends who forsook you, and on whom you thought you could rely. Ah, sire! could I fly to you, I would convince you that exile can frighten vulgar minds alone, and that misfortune, far from diminishing a sincere attachment, gives it new force! I was on the point of quitting France, in order to follow you, to consecrate the rest of an existence to you, which you have embellished for so long a time. One motive alone kept me back. You will guess it.

Should it be true, that notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, I am the only one who is inclined to fulfil her duty, then nothing will be able to keep me here. I will hasten where, in future, it shall be my happiness to console you, because you are deserted and alone.

Farewell, sire! a word more would be too much. It is not by words I can prove the sentiments you inspire; it is by deeds—but I must have your consent.

JOSEPHINE.

P. S. Malmaison has been respected. I am treated with the highest regard by the foreign sovereigns. But would I was not to remain here!

WHITE MAIZE.—It is stated in the annals of the horticultural society of Paris, that the white maize of China, although it produces a smaller grain than the maize of Philadelphia, which has been hitherto so much cultivated in France, yields more abundantly, and gives a much finer flour. Some Chinese maize, sown in the south of France during the present year, is stated to have turned out very well, notwithstanding the badness of the season.

THE TRAVELLER.

THE BANKER AND THE KING.

MR. MORRIS—The anecdote I am about to relate may be relied upon as a fact. I was, not many months ago, present at a convivial party, given by Mr. P—, the great Frankfort banker, at his own residence. He was in excellent spirits, and being requested to favour the company with a tale, he related the following account of his journey to Prussia. I have given it in his own words, as near as I can remember them.

"It was in the year 1805," said Mr. P—, "near twenty-five years since, that business of importance required my speedy presence at the Prussian capital. Our house had not long before been established, and as the Prussian government wanted money, I thought it expedient to see their minister myself without delay. The journey was somewhat dangerous, as the state of Germany had become rather precarious. The French had again been so polite as to pay us unasked a visit, and were not likely to look with a very kind eye on a banker who was hastening to the seat of government to lend money. However, I was young, undaunted, of a happy flow of spirits, and cared neither for Napoleon nor any of his adherents, and so I bid Anthony, who is my witness—the well embroidered footman nodded complacently from behind the chair of his master—"to make himself ready, to place some wine and a dozen pheasants in our chest, and to take his seat in the post-chaise. The pheasants were intended as a present for the Prussian finance minister. Like as I do Frankfort, my native city, I felt highly delighted when I arrived at the frontiers of Saxony, but my joy was soon to give way to other sensations. I was always fond of a good dinner and a good glass of wine; things which are rarely to be met with in Saxony. It is a wretched country, and their wine is stuff compared to which our vinçgar is nectar. I had travelled three days, and changed horses fifteen times. My bottling establishment was nearly out, when I found myself on the borders of Prussia, a vast desert of sand, where nothing grows but the hungry pine and curly-headed children; yet still they might put better dinners before respectable travellers. It is really a shame, nothing but dry veal, potatoes, and beer! You may judge, gentlemen, of my situation by the fact, that I was obliged to attack the chest, which contained the intended present for the Prussian minister, and to purloin one of the pheasants. I ordered Anthony to cook it: it was excellent, and so was my last bottle of rhenish. My appetite being satisfied, I mounted my post-chaise again, and proceeded on my journey. Our wheels ploughed through the waves of sand as deeply as a three-decker through the billows of the sea."

[Our banker had made the tour across the channel in the Calais packet, and he loved to speak of the sea.]

"My patience at length became exhausted, and being weary of looking at the sandy surface, I fell asleep. Shortly afterwards a terrible shock awakened me. I endeavoured to look round, but could not. I struggled to open my mouth—it filled with sand. My feet were fast in the carriage. I was near being killed. In short, the axle-tree of the chaise, with one of the wheels, were broken. Anthony had fared somewhat better than his master, and he relieved me from my disagreeable situation. Now, gentlemen, you may believe me, this was no joke. There I was, fifteen miles from Berlin, and two from the next village, with a portfolio containing several hundred thousand dollars in papers, and no conveyance. Presently I discovered a carriage travelling the same road. It approached. Two gentlemen occupied the seats. A footman was behind. My resolution was soon taken. I ordered Anthony to get my post-chaise repaired, and to follow me to the Brandenburg hotel as soon as possible. Thus resolved, I stepped towards the carriage, which had now come up to us.

"Gentlemen," said I, lifting my hat civilly, 'will you be so good as to afford a traveller, whose chaise you see is broken, a seat in your carriage?'

"Certainly," said the youngest; 'please to step in.'

"I did so. The first minutes were passed in surveying the strangers, with whom my happy or unhappy stars, I knew not which, had brought me in contact. I was in a military country, and I was soon convinced that my new companions were military men.

"The complaisance of these strangers soon restored me to my former good humour; and thinking it my duty to meet their politeness by similar advances, I began to enter into something like conversation with them; they, however,

were not the most talkative persons in the world. I spoke of the war which was raging between France and Austria, but I received only a nod. I went over the prospects of Prussia—no answer at all; the old gentleman was as dry as a chip, the young one as shy as a lark. I hate sullenness, especially in young men, and thinking that my subjects were perhaps disagreeable, I changed them to the state of the country. I was not very lavish of my praise, and censured the government for not repairing the roads; both gentlemen were extremely attentive, but still more reserved. I had now tried every means to bring them into conversation. At last I spoke of my fare, and of the miserable dinners provided for travellers. They smiled.

"What do you think, sir," said I, addressing the young man, "I have dined upon?" A pheasant I knew he never would guess.

"I do not know, sir."

"Well, guess then," said I.

"The young man looked significantly, and entering into my humour, returned,

"I do not know, indeed; perhaps a shoulder of mutton?"

"My hand fell involuntarily on his knee.

"Higher," said I.

"Well, then, perhaps you have dined on a goose?"

"Higher," replied I, placing my hand a second time on his knee.

"Then it was a chicken," said he.

"Higher," replied I, accompanying my word with a third slap.

"You have not, surely, dined on a turkey in so poor a country?"

"Higher, sir," returned I, striking him for the fourth time on his knee.

"Well then, it must have been a pheasant."

"You have hit it, sir; a pheasant brought from Frankfurt; and if you will do me the honour of being my guests at the Brandenburg hotel, you shall dine off pheasants too."

"Neither promised to come, but both smiled.

"After this dialogue, we rode several miles without speaking a single word, when the young man, in quite a friendly tone, said,

"Now, sir, to ask you a question, whom do you think you ride with?"

"This question was put in the usual brisk tone of a Prussian officer. I looked at the stranger a moment; he was about my age, but much taller. His dress was a plain surtout, and his head was covered with a woollen cap, strongly set in leather with a narrow gold brim. He had a good deal of the military cast.

"Well," said I, "I think I have the pleasure of being in company with a military gentleman—a captain?" added I, asking.

"Higher," said the young man, striking me in his turn on the knee.

"The old gentleman now began to laugh.

"A major, then," said I.

"Higher," repeated he, slapping me a second time.

"He understands a joke, thought I.

"So young, and already a colonel?"

"Higher," said he again, with a fourth slap.

"He is getting impudent, thought I. I looked confounded at his assurance.

"Then I have the honour to be in company with a general," said I, with a sarcastic incredulity.

"Higher," he still replied, with another slap."

"This, I thought, is the most impudent fellow I ever met with—and giving vent to my impatience, I said,

"Then you are a field-marshal?"

"We were by this time before the Brandenburg gate. I was fully persuaded that I was treated as a dupe by my companions. The young man's higher had so confounded me, that I was thunderstruck, when the hats flew off in every direction. "Gewehr aus!" shouted the multitude, and officers and soldiers rushed from the guard-house to their muskets; the drums were beating, the arms presenting; a number of carriages passed through the gate, and, in the confusion of the crowd, thronging from every side, I looked for the royal personage, to whom all these honours were paid. Our carriage whirled fast towards the Brandenburg hotel.

"Where do you wish to alight?" said the young gentleman.

"At the Brandenburg hotel, if you please," was my answer.

"There it is," said he.

"I leaped from the carriage, took my portfolio, and bowing, requested the pleasure of their seeing me at dinner."

"You shall see us," said the younger, and off they went.

"The landlord and waiters of the hotel rushed towards me as I entered the gate, bowing to the ground. The former addressed me by the title of highness.

"My name," said I, "is P——, banker, from Frankfurt. Do you know the gentleman with whom I arrived?"

"Gentleman," repeated the landlord, significantly, "it was the king."

"A good joke," said I, "the young fellow was near telling me so himself."

"Beg your pardon, banker," said the landlord, "but please to use other terms, when you speak of his majesty."

"You are not in earnest?" said I.

"But I am though: it is the king."

"The waiters, and fifty other persons who had assembled round me, pledged themselves for the truth of what the landlord had spoken.

"There was now no doubt it was the king with whom I had made so free!

"I am, gentlemen, a republican, and not afraid of any king in christendom, yet the affair might have become a serious one. I had dropped expressions which were not suited to royal ears, and which I might have kept more wisely to myself. How would he take these things? What might he think of me?—were thoughts which kept me awake for the greater part of the night.

"The next morning I began the rounds of my visits. I found the finance minister extremely tough. When I returned home, the landlord informed me, that a royal page had been at the hotel, summoning the banker P—— to the castle.

"Well, thought I, nothing can happen worse than hanging, and throwing myself into a hackney-coach, I rolled towards the royal residence of the king. The appointed hour was five. I was conducted through numberless guards into the royal apartments. When the last door opened, I beheld my young travelling companion seated on an ottoman; on his right side was a most beautiful lady; two boys and as many girls were playing in the chamber.

"A king, thought I, who can enjoy domestic happiness, cannot be a tyrant, and I stepped resolutely forward.

"This, dear Louise," said his majesty, "is the banker, who so agreeably entertained me yesterday."

"Banker P——," said the lovely queen, "we hope you will take a better opinion of our country home with you."

"She stretched out her hand, and I was permitted to kiss it.

"Nor was this all. I had to tell my whole adventure over—I, however, omitted the slapping on the knee. In short I spent the most agreeable hour in my life. The following day, I concluded my money business. The royal condescension had rather too much captivated the otherwise cool banker—I entered somewhat deeply into Prussian money matters, so deeply, that his royal majesty twelve months afterwards, had well nigh ruined me. I do not know whether I would not have forgiven him for the sake of this hour. However, Frederick William has since honestly paid me both debt and interest."

S.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Collegiate Institute at Brooklyn.—An academy, highly respectable in its patronage, and sanctioned by the approval of some of our most eminent divines and scholars, has been lately established for young ladies under this title, at the above place. The system of instruction is ample, and comprehends all the elegant as well as useful departments of physical and mental education. The institute is under the direction of Messrs. Van Doren, and, from the prospectus of their courses of instruction, we feel warranted in drawing the most favourable anticipations of their success. The proximity of this seminary to New-York, the healthful site chosen for its location, and the extensive and highly useful system of discipline and improvement intended to be pursued in it, recommend it to the serious attention and generous encouragement of this community.

American Institute of the city of New-York.—We have received a copy of the address delivered before this useful association, at their late fair, by James Lynch, esq., accompanied with a report of the fair, drawn up by a committee appointed for the purpose. The perusal has gratified us exceedingly, and furnished us with much light on the true objects of the institute. It has been generally believed that these objects were exclusively confined to the promotion of the success of manufactures. This impression, we are happy to be informed by Mr. Lynch, is altogether erroneous. Its members are arranged into four departments, to be denominated severally those of agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and the

arts. Such an arrangement is truly a wise one, and, if carried into effect, must render the society generally popular with the citizens of New-York; "it tends to soften the asperities which are created by rival interests, and mistaken notions, as to the effect of the growth and increase of any particular branch of industry, and to produce, among the members, by calm discussion and deliberation, a conviction of the necessity that private interests should sometimes yield to the public good." So far we are ready to go heart and hand with the author of the address before us. Beyond this, and when he under-values the importance of commerce to a maritime city like this, composed of so numerous and promiscuous a throng, wholly and necessarily dependent upon the pursuit of this vital branch of its resources, we must pause before we record our concurrence. It is not our intention, however, to enter upon an argument on the subject. It is better and more appropriately discussed in the newspapers. The report of the fair presents a truly flattering statement of the success which has hitherto attended the efforts of the institute.

Music type.—We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers this week, our musical department arrayed in a new and comely garb. Music, formed of moveable and separate types, has, for the most part, an unseemly and disjointed appearance; but we think this, for its elegance and distinctness, and its excellent property of joining perfectly, is unequalled by any type ever cast in this country. A little exercise of the fancy might suppose it possessed of other qualifications; and we can ourselves imagine it imparting melody to the air and harmony to the chords. It is from the foundry of Mr. George B. Lothian, of this city.

New-year's day.—We do not recollect a new-year's day so mild and pleasant as the one we have just celebrated. It was Indian summer, in its most smiling aspect. Perhaps no single day in the recent year, with the exception of Sundays, exhibited such a multitude of pedestrians in Broadway as filled it on this occasion. Of course, they were principally of the masculine gender, as the ladies were at home holding their annual levees, receiving and exchanging the compliments of the season with their male visitors, and treating them to coffee, instead of wine and punch. This is an improvement of the age that cannot be too much applauded, and will have a better effect than if the fair hostesses had all signed the roll of a temperance society.

Jared Canfield.—The following is copied, by request, from the Morning Courier and Enquirer.—No accounts have yet been received of Jared Canfield, who has been missing since the fourth of December last, from the lottery and exchange office at the corner of Vesey and Greenwich streets. We have been requested by his disconsolate relatives to give a description of his person and appearance so as to put it in the power of the humane to do a good deed if any opportunity should offer, tending to his discovery. Jared Canfield was between thirteen and fourteen years of age. His complexion, hair, and eyes were light. He was about four feet eight or ten inches in height. Any information leading to his discovery, living or dead, may be left at the corner of Vesey and Greenwich street, or at this office. Editors would confer a favour on his relatives, by inserting in their papers a notice similar to the present.

The Truth Teller.—The first number of the sixth volume of this excellent weekly journal was issued on Saturday last. A partial change has taken place in the proprietorship, and William Denman, esq. who has conducted, and with great ability, the editorial department from the commencement of the work to the present day, has become the owner. The contents of the impression before us are various, and extremely interesting, the quality of the paper good, and the typographical execution very respectable. Altogether, the Truth Teller is a credit to the press of this city, and is, beyond doubt, the best Irish newspaper ever published in the United States.

Communication.—Mr. Editor.—The following remarks in Moore's Life of Sheridan, struck me as so particularly applicable, at the present moment of unrighteous zeal, that I could not refrain from sending them to you for publication.

"Whatever may be thought of particular faiths and sects, a belief in a life beyond this world, is the only thing that pierces through the walls of our prison house, and lets hope shine in, upon a scene that would be otherwise bewildered and desolate. That believers who have each the same heaven in prospect, should invite us to join them, on their respective ways to it, is at least a benevolent officiousness, but that he, who has no prospect, or hope himself, should seek for companionship in his road to annihilation, can only be explained by that tendency in human creature, to count upon each other in their despair, as well as their hope."

HOURS THERE WERE.

AS SUNG, WITH THE MOST UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE, BY MISS PATON, AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, LONDON.

ANDANTE.

Hours there were to mem'-ry dear - er, Than the sun-bright scenes of day; Friends were fon - der, joys were near - er, But, a - las! they're fled a - way.

Oh, 'twas when the moon - light play - ing, O'er the val - ley's si - lent grove, Told the bliss - ful hour for stray - ing, With my fond, my faith - ful love.

Oh, when evening faded mildly,
O'er the wave our bark would rove;
Then we've heard the night-bird wildly,
Breathe his vesper tale of love.

Songs, like his, my love would sing me—
Songs that warble round me yet:
Ah! but where does memory bring me;
Scenes like those I must forget.

But in dreams let love be near me,
With the joys that bloom'd before;
Slumb'ring then 'twill sweetly cheer me,
Calm to live my pleasures o'er.

Then, perhaps, some hope may wake,
In this heart depress'd with care;
And like flow'rs in vale forsaken,
Live a lonely beauty there.

THE ROSE AND VIOLET.

ONE summer morn a damask fair,
Oped her soft bosom to the air,
And from her velvet casket free
Exhaled a store of fragrantcy.
Smiling in youth her form she eyed
In all the consciousness of pride,
When, dancing o'er the gay parterre,
The breeze espied the beauty there,
And stooped upon his wing to seek
A morning kiss from Rosa's cheek.
The flower perceived the sly intent,
And lithely from his greeting bent;
E'en as the gay coquet will run
From him she wishes not to shun.
As downward from the fond embrace
She hid her brightly-blushing face,
Beneath her coy averted eye
A Violet of blended dye,
Low sheltered by her leafy shade,
Her variegated charms displayed.

The rose bent back upon her stem,
And, with a consequential hom,
"What dost thou here," she rudely cried,
Reckless the queen of flowers beside?
Methinks, unmanner'd Miss, that I
Could spare thy unasked company;
For thou art born of low degree,
And all thy puny ancestry,
By certain changeless laws of birth,
Were wedded to the sordid earth.
Ah, wherefore leave thy humble sphere
To spread such little beauties here!
Since mine, sure common sense might show,
O'er thine a deepened shade would throw.
Poor thing! I truly pity thee,
That thou shouldst think to sort with me;
Oh, height of impudence and pride,
To blossom by my courted side!
But if thou think'st to gain from me
Aught that will raise thy dignity,
Bloom on, and with presumption high
Be sport for every passer-by."

The violet heard the proud address,
And looking up with gentleness,
"Tis true that I may be
A lowly flower like thee;
But I am kin, by birth,
To the lowly earth;
And my generous mind,
My simple refined,
And my true nature,
Nature's sovereign laws,
Nourish proud and high,
The smile of every eye;

'Tis thine, enchanting flower, to rest
On beauty's lawn-encircled breast:
'Tis thine to spread thy tinted wings
Within the palaces of kings:
And thine, when evening wraps the vale,
To hold the pensive nightingale,
As seated on thy budding stem
She sings the young moon's requiem.
Yet still I envy not thy state,
Nor all the smiles that on thee wait.
I own that I am courted not—
But then I am not quite forgot;
For oft with simple hues do I
Detain the poets' musing eye,
While with the proudest flowers I share
A part of nature's kindly care:
When summer shows her smile of glee,
And all is mirth and melody,
The cricket joins the general choir
And 'neath my leaflet tunes his lyre.
Cruel thy blame, since I am not
The author of my lowly lot;
Nor did I choose this near location
To profit by the situation;
No vain desires my peace can hap—
They're cradled in contentment's lap:
Kind nature in my make combined
A lowly form and humble mind,
And this my pride has aye sufficed—
To prize myself as I am prized."

Hence let the wealthy nor the wise,
The unenlightened poor despise,
But ever recollect that Heaven
To each his changeless lot has given,
And that the meanest of the mean
Coacts with him life's varying scene.

A THOUGHT.

As we look back through life
In our moments of sadness,
How few and how brief
Are its gleamings of gladness:
Yet we find, midst the gloom
That our pathway o'er-shaded,
A few spots of sunshine
Still lingering unfaded.

And memory still hoards
As her richest of treasures,
Some moments of rapture,
Some soul-thrilling pleasures.
One hour of such bliss
Is a life, ere it closes;
'Tis one drop of fragrance,
From thousands of roses!

THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

I never was a favourite,
My mother never smiled
On me, with half the tenderness
That blessed her fairer child;
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,
While fondled on her knee;
I've turned away to hide my tears,
There was no kiss for me!

And yet I strove to please, with all
My little store of sense;
I strove to please, and infancy
Can rarely give offence;
But when my artless efforts met
A cold, ungentle check,
I did not dare to throw myself,
In tears, upon her neck.

How blessed are the beautiful!
Love watches o'er their birth;
Oh beauty! in my nursery
I learned to know thy worth;
For even there, I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn;
And wished, for others wished it too,
I never had been born!

I'm sure I was affectionate,
But in my sister's face,
There was a look of love that claimed
A smile or an embrace.
But when I raised my lip, to meet
The pressure children prize,
None knew the feelings of my heart,
They spoke not in my eyes.

But oh! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect;
I saw my sister's lovely form
With gems and roses decked;
I did not covet them; but oft,
When wantonly reproved,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came—
A time of sorrow too—
For sickness, o'er my sister's form
Her venom'd mantle threw.
The features, once so beautiful,
Now wore the hue of death;
And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infectious breath.

'Twas then, unwearied, day and night
I watched beside her bed,
And fearlessly upon my breast
I pillowed her poor head.

She lived! she loved me for my care!
My grief was at an end;
I was a lonely being once,
But now I have a friend!

STANZAS.

I've sat and seen one bright wave chase
Its fellow on the strand,
Then fall away, nor leave a trace
Upon the printless sand;
Though scarce the pebbles felt their shock,
Those waves have worn the solid rock!

I've sat and seen the autumn wind
Amid the branches stray,
So softly mild, so blandly kind,
It scarcely stirred the spray;
Yet soon it bore spring's verdant birth,
To wither on its native earth.

I've sat and seen the evening sun
Sink from the golden sky,
His long, bright race of glory run,
And closed his golden eye;
So slow he passed, scarce changed the light,
And yet he left the world in night.

And like yon sea in human life;
Events like billows roll,
Moment on moment, strife on strife,
That change us, to the soul:
And joys, like autumn leaves, fall fast—
Hope sets—and being's light is past.

I've stood on earth's most daring height,
And seen the day-god rise,
In his magnificence of light
To triumph through the skies;
And all the darkness of the world
Far from his shining presence hurled.

All, too, that fades upon the earth,
Too weak to linger here,
Reblossoms with a second birth,
To deck the coming year;
Shall hope, then, man's eternal dower,
Be frailer than a fading flower?

Ah, no! like autumn leaves that die
To bloom again in spring,
Fresh joys shall rise from those gone by,
And fairer blossoms bring;
And when, like suns, hope sets in night,
Shall she not beam from worlds more bright!

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FIRST TRANSGRESSION.

My young, my loved, my only one, so early gone astray!
Ah! light has been the chast'ning rod until this mournful day;
The future rises darkly now upon my aching sight,
Gone forth 's the curse for him who leans on arm of mortal might.

When sickness paled thy infant cheek, and quell'd thy sportive glee,
Heaven heard the prayer of anguish breathed upon the bended knee;
And must I live to wait the day that gave me back my flower,
The sweet exotic, sull'd with care to beautify my bower?

'Twere better that the valley's clouds had press'd thy sinless brow,
Than see the dark unfading lines of guilt upon it now;
Better the laughing eye should close in death's eternal night,
Ere burning tears of shame had quench'd its joy-diffusing light.

Oh! holy are the thoughts which rise within a mother's breast,
When trusting in earth she lays her cherish'd one to rest;
In high and glorious temple shrouded her idol she beholds,
Beyond temptation's potent lure, or error's subtle folds.

She hears his lisping accents join in praises with the just,
He is a heavenly inmate now, not sleeping in the dust,
And can it be that thou art sent the messenger of ill,
My little page of loneliness with gloomy lines to fill?

Must I uproot the soothing hope, that when dark years prevail,
When life is but a tasteless draught, and flesh and spirit fail;
Thy love, like sunset's glowing tint, shall gild my day's decline,
And even on my grassy tomb with holy radiance shine?

"Cling not to earth," a warning voice is whispering in mine ear,
Such chilling accents pass unmark'd when sweeter tones are near;
Thy little arms are round my neck, the cheek press close to mine,
Alas! alas! this yielding heart is still delusion's shrine. ARIEL.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Thou melancholy star!
Gazing on thee what visions thrill my breast;
In thought I leave this weary world afar,
And fly to thee for rest.

I'll speak to thee of days
Long gone, of young affections all unscarred;
When earth, unto my fondly trusting gaze,
A paradise appeared.

Those days of happy youth!
Ev'n then I loved to muse upon thy beams,
Sweet star! kindling bright hopes that seemed like truth—
Alas, they were but dreams!

I've looked upon thee oft
In the lone stillness of a moonless night,
And drank the music of the winds, low, soft,
Hymning the spirit's flight.

What habitants hast thou?
The loved departed ones of earth should be
The dwellers of thy sphere—how blest were now
The thought, their forms to see!

And then what ecstasy,
With those so prized to hold communion sweet;
To hear glad voices from the far blue sky
Pledges of love repeat.

Communing with the dead!
And wherefore not? the living spirit is
Ethereal, and its wings may overspread
The phantom-land of bliss!

Come then, ye blessed ones!
Heart-treasures of life's better years, oh! come
With your familiar looks, remembered tones—
I call you from your home!

I summon ye to tell
The mysteries of your bright abode—oh! say
Do earthly hopes, and fears, and sorrows, dwell
In thy blest land away?

Ah! no—it may not be—
Wild fancy! prison-bound to earth, remain!
Like wave-tost men thrown back upon the sea,
My thoughts return again?

SECRET PLEASURES.

'There is a transport of the soul,
Which swells the heart, we know not why;—
It spurns the fetter of control,
And rises, like the buoyant sky,
In many a nameless sympathy,
That steals the path of life along,
When thought is ranging high and free,
And fancy pours her witching song.

But it were vain, the source to tell
From whence these rays of gladness come;
So gentle and unspeakable,
Like land-winds o'er the ocean's foam;—
Telling the mariner of home!
Coloured by visions, wild and high,
The spirit, cold and wearisome,
Is changed, like clouds in summer's sky.

Sometimes when the all-glorious sun
Is proudly sinking to his rest,
E're yet the twilight's pall of dun
Hath gather'd o'er the ocean's breast
Like sadness o'er a spirit blest:
Then, in that thought-enkindling hour
That spell will every scene invest
The woods of spring, the bud, the flower,
And sober autumn's yellow vest.

Give me that spell! I cannot ask
A joy so rich and pure beside,
As in that radiant light to bask
By hope and memory sanctified,
And with the o'er-bending heaven allied!
It is a talisman, whose power
We call, when restless storms betide,
And it can soothe their darkest hour. EVERARD.

POPULAR TALES.

A SWISS LEGEND.

NEAR the ruins of the old baronial castle of Wadenschwy, Petermann, a poor wood-cutter, was one day, in the heat of noon, felling wood. About twelve or fifteen years before the era of this legend, that venerable old mansion had fallen into the possession of the city of Zurich. Till then the massiveness of the building had preserved it from decay; but, notwithstanding its beautiful situation, upon a hill behind the rich and stately burgh, and its fine view of the lake of Zurich, it was at last half demolished to make way for a more commodious castle, and now it stood in dreary loneliness, raising only one turret to the sky above the surrounding wood.

The industrious Petermann had up to this day been as indifferent to the old castle as the man in the moon. He had never gone into it; nay, it is doubtful if he had ever so much as intentionally looked up to it; but, as he now chanced to be working very near it, and every blow of his axe laid it more clearly open to his view, a thought struck him, while taking a breath during his labour, and he said to himself with a sigh, "Ah! if I could get all the silver and gold which once glittered up there, I might well throw away my axe, and live comfortably all the rest of my days with my wife and children."

At this moment it seemed to the simple rustic, that something moved in a hole of the masonry wall, and as he eyed it attentively, he overheard a low whispering and rustling, which appeared to come from the opening. "Odzooks," thought he, "are the gipsies here? That would just suit me." So throwing aside his axe, he climbed up the steep acclivity to the foot of the ruins, where he found a small aperture, through which he could easily look into the interior of the tower. With some trouble he got firm footing, and applied his eye to the hole; but, good heavens! what were the feelings of the poor wood-cutter, on perceiving within the ruined walls, two figures, so tiny, so marvellous, and so enigmatical in their gestures, that his fancy had never shaped any thing like them, when the winter evening tales of goblins and gnomes circulated from lip to lip in his wife's spinning-room.

Petermann beheld two little dwarfs, in long robes of ashen gray, with silver beards descending to their girdle, talking aloud, but quite unintelligibly, and in a chirping tone, as if they spoke the bird language, and bustling about within the four walls of the ruin, which now reflected the rays of noon almost like the glow of an oven. One of the little men seemed to exercise some authority over the other; for he kept always at the same place, whilst the other moved slowly to and fro, about a kind of excavation, into which he ever and anon descended and re-appeared, bearing upon his shoulders to the light of day the most magnificent golden basins, silver cups, costly jewels; in short, all the riches which were ever conceived of in a fairy tale. Every piece was examined, and laid in order, as the superior little figure seemed to direct; and then both the dwarfs stood and

gazed upon the spectacle with an expression of complacency quite indescribable. The whole seemed to be conducted after the fashion of one of those reviews which thrifty housewives occasionally take of their furniture, in which the contents of dusty corners, store-rooms, and attics are carefully spread out before the sun.

Petermann's heart felt now all alive, like a swarm of ants; feelings of the most conflicting kind crossed and chased each other by turns—astonishment, covetousness, curiosity, awe, and terror. A wonder it was that no exclamation escaped his lips. But all at once, a soot-black raven popped his head out of a hole, and stretching out his long neck over the little dwarfs, screamed from his hoarse throat three times *rap—rap—rap*, and drew the looks of the wood-cutter to him with a sort of spell, while, at the same moment, a noise like the shutting of a door was heard, and when Petermann again turned his eyes to look on the gold and silver vessels, nothing but the barren stones met his eye; the strange jewellers, with all the magnificent exhibition, had vanished, without leaving a trace.

"Oh thou hellish raven!" at last burst from the lips of the disappointed peasant; he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, rubbed his eyes ten times over, stared again into the empty turret, and saw a few little birds and lizards running about in it, but not a vestige of the treasures which had so lately fascinated his senses.

Three days Petermann remained thoughtful, silent, and gloomy, without any one being able to conjecture what strange mischance had befallen the light-hearted woodsman. Every morning at the earliest dawn, and every evening in the latest twilight, he crept up to the old castle, where he clambered about, knocking with his pick-axe, and turning over stones and bushes, till he had thrown himself quite into a fever, in his anxiety to discover the door, which he now supposed led to the treasure-chamber of the two dwarfs.

Early in the morning of the fourth day which had elapsed since his adventure, Petermann was seated upon a stone, on the border of the wood which covered a great part of the hill where the ruins stood, plunged in deep reflection and melancholy thought, and hesitating whether to sacrifice any more of his precious time in scrambling and picking about the turret, when suddenly there sounded through the stillness of the morning, a clear, youthful voice, which, after having hastily sung a few verses at a distance, drew nearer, so that the wood-cutter recognised the following words:

Fortune's a bird too sly to take,
Cease then the fond endeavour,
As subtle as the wily snake,
To-day as false as ever.

With tiny eggs she decks her nest,
Building where it may please her;
But ah! he meets a bitter jest,
The clown that thinks to seize her.

Hark to her song: "Come take me, friend!"
But whose will pursue it,
Hot in the chase, shall miss his end,
And ever after rue it.

The voice was that of an errant-scholar, who, in a singular dress, came tripping onwards, rather beside the path than upon it, through the dewy grass. He wore a barret-cap upon his head, from his shoulders floated a wide black robe, the loose folds of which, as formed above the girdle, seemed to serve the purpose of wallets; the skirts of this robe were turned up and fastened to the girdle; his under-dress was also black, and formed a piece with his hose and shoes, the fiery-red heels of which raised the wearer almost three inches above their points.

"Ho now, good friend," said the wanderer to the wood-cutter, "why sit you there breathing melancholy abroad over the merry world, from your morning seat? You are just like the dog upon the heap of hay."

"That I am," replied the wood-cutter roughly.

"And that's being very silly," answered the scholar. "There is wealth of gold under you; but it is of just as much value to you as the heap of hay was to the dog."

Petermann gaped and stared on the stranger at these words. "An enchanter, a sorcerer, a devil's conjurer," sounded in his ears. "Hey-day, my heart," nevertheless, thought he, "this fellow comes at a right hour."

* It is the custom in the Swiss hamlets, and in some parts of Germany, for the peasantry to spend the long winter evenings alternately in one another's houses. On these occasions, one of their number sings or narrates a popular legend, while the rest diligently ply their distaff or shuttle.

"Yes," said Petermann aloud, "I know it; what a pity it is! I know perfectly well what a vast deal of riches and jewels are beneath my feet. But if I were able to look through the mountain, like your reverence, I would not be sitting here brooding in vain, if I cared at all for gold or silver."

"I, my good friend," replied the scholar, "I, for instance, don't care a farthing for it; and you, if you were wise, would care as little."

"Precious wisdom that!" murmured Petermann. "No, I am not so wise! If I could get at the gold you talk of, I would soon throw my axe aside. Your reverence has probably never tried what it is to cut wood in the forest for six burning summer days, with nothing to eat but milk and bread."

"Poh, what matters that," answered the scholar; "you are in good health, and merry withal; that stands written red as cherries upon your cheek. However, if you wish to try it, I can easily do something to give you a sight of this treasure."

"If I wish to try it!" exclaimed Petermann. "In the name of wonder, certainly I do wish to try it! Set about it instantly; open me the whole below, and with three grasps I make myself a rich and happy man!"

"Gently, gently," was the answer. "I go strait up even now to the owl's nest above us; and do you, my impatient friend, when twelve o'clock has struck, join me there, when I will see what can be done for you."

With these words the stranger took his way gaily up the steep hill, leaving the wood-cutter gaping after him with open mouth.

The honest Petermann had now some strange sensations, and already felt himself very grand. "Well," muttered he to himself, "I'll try to resume my work for a short time, that I may in future be able, during my leisure and repose, to figure to myself how stoutly I handled the axe for the last time;" and with this he rose, whistled a merry tune, took his axe, and cut away so briskly, that it was quite a pleasure to behold him.

An hour before noon he went home, eat his dinner cheerfully with his honest spouse, Salome, took a romp with his three children, and before the expiry of an hour, was again in the wood, where he made his way through thick and thin, without heeding the regular path, till he reached the old castle, and joined his friend in the black mantle.

"I have had a good deal of trouble," said the scholar. "Truly, my good friend, the treasure-keepers here below us are obstinate, cross fellows! I had hard enough work to find the door." With these words, he pointed with a long ivory wand to the weather-beaten wall; and, lo! between the rubbish, thorns, and thistles, a small gate was visible, which, in truth, Petermann had never seen before.

It struck twelve o'clock in the village. The magician placed the wood-cutter at his right hand, waved three times in the air with his wand, pointing towards the north, murmured, with much grimace, a potent spell, directed the wood-cutter to lay aside all iron or other metal that he might have about him, and then drew, with great solemnity, a three-pronged divining rod from one of the folds of his garments.

"With this instrument," said he, "be armed, my hero, and step down into the dwelling of the silent people. Three doors will open before you at its touch; cast not a single look behind you—speak not a word—touch nothing—in the last chamber you may take three grasps with both your hands at whatever your heart wishes. But remember, one word, and every thing disappears. Be prudent, the day is a rare one—the stars are propitious—all the powers of the subterranean world are tamed; go—be silent; take—be daring."

Petermann took one of the points of the rod in each hand, as the magician directed him; and stepped boldly forward over the loose rubbish till he reached the iron door. At the first touch of the rod it opened with a creaking noise, and the simple wood-cutter was nearly shouting aloud when he heard the very same sound which three days before attended the disappearance of the little dwarfs in the turret.

But his mouth was instantly shut by a spasm of disgust, when he entered a dripping, feeble-lighted chamber, full of the most horrid reptiles he ever saw; it seemed the audience hall of toads and salamanders; bats whistled like hail-showers through the air—horrid serpents and dragons crept hissing about over each other—all the spawn of poisonous nature seemed here concentrated, and crawled around the feet of the wood-cutter as if they wished to bury him in a living tomb.

Petermann, however, kept steadily on in a straight direction towards a larger door, which he saw through the

clouds of bats, directly before him at the distance of about fifty steps. He touched it, and at the second touch, it opened with a shrill clear sound like that of shivered glass, and a perfume of roses and a rosy light streamed upon his intoxicated senses. "My stars! this is something better," thought the wood-cutter. But how did he gape to behold, close upon his right hand as he entered, a beautiful lady reclining upon a splendid sofa, who raised her head covered with beautiful ringlets, threw her sparkling glances upon him as he entered, and presented him with a magnificent golden cup, brimming over with the red odorous juice of the grape. Petermann was in an ecstasy of delight and surprise, and if the lady had spoken he would certainly have answered her merrily without reflection. Her silence, however, and the solemn tranquillity of the splendid room, overawed him so much, that his tongue remained fettered, and he thus gained time to recover from his trance of pleasure. After some hesitation, and again listening, but without turning his head, he reached the third door, which was a folding one of elegant workmanship.

Here it required the third touch of the rod to open the two leaves of the door, but so gently and quietly did they move, that they seemed rather to disappear than to open. Petermann was instantly dazzled by the indescribable lustre which now met his eyes. It was not the glare of candles or of a fire, neither that of the clear sunbeams when they stream through a window, but the glitter of the heaps of treasure which produced this overpowering brilliance. Silver, gold, precious stones of every kind, mother of pearl, ivory, corals, treasures wrought and unwrought, were here heaped together in a number of chests, boxes and caskets, or placed on the table or on boards on the floor; every heap outshining another in magnificence.—In truth, the other day the two little bearded folks had got up into the sun some miserable specimens only of this imperial treasure; for here was a profusion of elegant vessels alone, which even a sturdy wood-cutter would have had trouble enough to carry above ground in thrice twenty-four hours.

A long pause of astonishment detained Petermann upon the threshold of the portal, while he felt himself deprived of the power of speech by a kind of blissful ecstasy at the sight of the treasures which lay here at his command; but at last a loud shout of astonishment, "Heavens! how much!" burst irresistibly from his lips.

Suddenly a clash of thunder was heard,—the darkness of the darkest night fell like a mountain over the subterranean treasure,—the hill trembled to its foundation, and with it shook the heart of the child of man who had ventured down into its recesses. Strength and consciousness forsook him, while he was lifted away as upon the wings of a raging whirlwind, and, during a moment of dreadful suspense, borne backward through the pitchy darkness of the resounding chamber.

When he recovered it was evening, the reddening blaze of the sky threw a cheering light into the eyes of the poor wood-cutter, as he opened them with a convulsive motion, unconscious of what had happened to him, and not daring for some time so much as to look behind him or move. The poor fellow then got his two elbows placed upon his knees, and his doubled fists applied to his ears, and sat thus like an immovable image of stone in some heathen temple. At first he began to roll his eyes, and point his ears, to try if he could recall to his recollection what had happened to him. At last he ventured to turn his head, and now remembering distinctly the errant-scholar in black robes, the magic wand, the divining rod, the iron gate, looked fearfully around him for all these objects, as they presented themselves to his memory, but in vain. Something now rustled close to him, among the bushes, and he leaped up with terror, was gently called back into the reality of his own quiet life, when his two elder children jumped out of the hazel-bushes, and behind them appeared Salome, who wished him a happy evening, in dear and well-known accents. The faithful Salome, though not so charming as the lady in the vaults of the castle, but with an expression of much greater good-will in her countenance, sat down beside him upon the fallen leaves, and placed the two children between their father and the red evening glow. "Is it not true," said she smiling, "is it not true, Petermann, that two such golden heads are worth all other treasures, and make us richer than many a king?" At this moment the sound of the errant-scholar seemed to resound from afar—

"A broad for fortune wilt thou roam?
Nay cease the fond endeavour:
She dwells at home,—and scorning home
You lose your chance for ever."

A little sense is requisite to polish the behaviour; but a great deal to polish the mind.

EXCERPTS.

THE celebrated Italian poet Metastasio was the son of a common mechanic, and used, when a little boy, to sing his extemporaneous verses about the streets. The father of Hayden, the great musical composer, was a wheel-wright. The father of the painter, Opie, was a working carpenter, in Cornwall. The parents of Sebastian Castalio, the elegant Latin translator of the Bible, were poor peasants, who lived among the mountains in Dauphiny. The Abbe Hautefeuille, who distinguished himself in the seventeenth century, by his inventions in clock and watchmaking, was the son of a baker; and Parini, the modern satiric poet of Italy, was the son of a peasant. The parents of Dr. John Prideaux, who afterwards rose to be bishop of Worcester, were in such poor circumstances, that they were with difficulty able to keep him at school till he had learned to read and write; and he obtained the rest of his education by walking to Oxford, and getting employed in the first instance as assistant in the kitchen of Exeter College, in which society he remained till he gradually made his way to a fellowship. The father of Inigo Jones, the architect, was a cloth-worker. Sir Edmund Saunders, chief justice of the court of king's bench in the reign of Charles II., was originally an errand boy at the inns of the court. Linnæus, the founder of the science of botany, although the son of the clergyman of a small village in Sweden, was for some time apprenticed to a shoemaker. The famous Ben Jonson worked for some time as a bricklayer or mason. Dr. Isaac Maddox, who in the reign of George II. became bishop first of St. Asaph, and then of Worcester, and who is well known by his work in the defence of the doctrine and discipline of the church of England, was in the first instance placed by his friends with a pastry-cook. The late Dr. Isaac Milner, dean of Carlisle and Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge, was originally a weaver—as was also his brother Joseph, the well known author of a history of the church. Of the same profession was also, in his younger days, the late Dr. Joseph White, professor of Arabic at Oxford. The celebrated John Hunter, one of the greatest anatomists that ever lived, scarcely received any education whatever until he was twenty years old.

"A page of poetry," said queen Elizabeth, "is of little matter; be it so: but of a truth I tell thee, Cecil, it shall master full many a bold heart that the Spaniard cannot trouble; it shall win to it full many a proud and flighty one, that even chivalry and manly comeliness cannot touch. I may shake titles and dignities by the dozen from my breakfast-board; but I may not save those upon whose heads I shake them from rottenness and oblivion. This year they and their sovran dwell together, next year they and their beagle. Both have names, but names perishable. The keeper of my privy seal is an earl: what then? the keeper of my poultry yard is a Cæsar. In honest truth, a name given to a man, is no better than a skin given to him: what is not natively his own, falls off and comes to nothing."

Vondel, like many of the other literary men of Holland, had begun life as a commercial man, and originally kept a hosier's shop at Amsterdam; but he gave up the management of his business to his wife, when he commenced his career as an author. He died in extreme old age, in the year 1679, after having occupied during a great part of his life, the very highest place in the literature of his country. The French mathematician, Henry Pitot, was the author of several ingenious works, and particularly of a treatise on the management of vessels at sea. This book was long adopted by the French government, as the text-book for the instruction of the navy, and being translated into English, procured the writer the honour of admission into the royal society. Yet he had reached his twentieth year before he began to pay any attention to learning.

The mind perceives, by occasion of outward objects, as much more than is represented to it by sense, as a learned man does in the best written book, than an illiterate person or brute. To the eyes of both the same characters will appear; but the learned man, in those characters will see heaven, earth, sun and stars; read profound theorems of philosophy or geometry, learn a great deal of new knowledge from them, and admire the wisdom of the composer; while to the other nothing appears but black strokes drawn on white paper.

Genoa was overrun with idle poor, till a spirited nobleman built a spacious hospital and workhouse, to which all vagrants were sent and confined; and the better to clear all places of beggars, alms were prohibited under a penalty;

every one except the infirm, who were comfortably relieved, was set to work according to his ability, and if his earnings were found to exceed the charges of his maintenance and clothing, the surplus was faithfully delivered to him.

We once knew an old gentleman, no less remarkable for his eccentricities than he was for his honesty of purpose, whose rule it was, to dismiss from his service any servant, who, on coming to his employment, "picked holes" (to use his own expression) in the work of the one whose place he was called to fill. He reasoned, and with great truth, "that the man who could be mean enough to draw a comparison, with a view of disparaging another and of elevating himself, must certainly lack moral honesty, and that the consciousness of it made him resort to the miserable trick of bolstering up his pretensions to a reputation to which he had, in fact, no just claim." He said, "You may set it down as a general rule, that a man of real merit, of genuine worth, will never stoop to build up his own fame at the expense of another."

Wycherley had this odd particularity about him, from the loss of his memory; that the same chain of thought would return into his mind, at the distance of two or three years, without his remembering that it had been there before. Thus perhaps he would write one year an encomium upon avarice, for he loved paradoxes, and a year or two after, in dispraise of liberality; and in both the words only would differ; and the thoughts be as much alike as two medals of different metals out of the same mould.

The celebrated French dramatist Moliere, could only read and write very indifferently when he was fourteen years of age. It had been intended that he should follow the profession of his father, who was an upholsterer; but upon being taken on one occasion about the time we have mentioned by his uncle to the theatre, his passion for literature was so much excited, that he would hear of nothing but going to college, to which he was accordingly soon after sent.

There is the same difference between Corneille and Racine, as there is between *un homme de génie*, and *un homme d'esprit*. Corneille has more fire than Racine, bolder strokes, and in some things is not unlike Shakspeare. Racine's tragedies are all good; and as to Corneille's, even his greatest enemies would allow six of these to be so.

It is a very easy thing to devise good laws; the difficulty is to make them effective. The great mistake is that of looking upon men as virtuous, or thinking that they can be made so by laws; and consequently the greatest art of a politician, is to render vices serviceable to the cause of virtue.

Many grounds of calculation proceeded on by celebrated writers, are little better than those proceeded on by the Emperor Heliogabalus, who formed an estimate of the immense greatness of Rome from ten thousand pound weight of cobwebs which he had found in that city.

The mind which does not converse with itself, is an idle wanderer, and all the learning in the world is fruitless and misemployed; whilst in the midst of his boasted knowledge, a man continues in profound ignorance of that which, in point both of duty and advantage, he is most concerned to know.

A prince should know how to take advantage of his ministers' talents, but he ought never to follow their counsels blindly; he may lend himself to men, but not yield himself up absolutely to them.

He who would strike out any thing novel in architecture, commits a folly in safety; his house and he may stand; but he who attempts it in politics, carries a torch, from which at the first narrow passage we may expect a conflagration.

Nothing does more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise ones.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FOSCARINI, THE PATRICIAN OF VENICE.*

A VENETIAN story, the incidents of which are mixed up with one of the frequent tumults of the city, in which, in the year 1613, Foscari, a popular patrician, falls a victim to the vengeance of one of the inquisitors. The writer is familiar with the events and recorded manners of the times—a very common qualification *now*, by the way, remarkably contrasting with the state of novel writing half a century ago; but he takes things as he finds them, without feeling the necessity of inquiry or doubt; and so, of course, the Venetian noblesse, (except the younger members,) the ancients, the inquisitors, are all of the old cast—more of them demons than men, and fitter

for melo-dramas than sober realities. The story, however, for the most part, is agreeably told, almost wholly narrative, and very little burdened with reflection; distinct and intelligible in the details generally, but too circumstantial for the particulars to be readily caught by the reader—a fault past all redemption; for the glancer of novels, of course, wishes to read as he runs, and not to be perpetually summoned to consideration, or the ascertainment of consistencies.

Foscari, the hero, is just returning from his French embassy, in company with a friend, a Venetian exile, under the disguise of his secretary and a Moorish name, Almoré; and also a page, who is really a Moor, with some mystery about him not very essential to the story. They are gliding along in a gondola, now within sight of Venice, and finding, upon a careful estimate, there is just time to tell his story to his friend, he tells it, circumstantially, up to the very minute. He, it appeared, was of the first families of Venice, and had been engaged to a lady of another distinguished family, whose face, according to a practice not uncommon in Venice, and very common in novels about Venice ladies, he had not seen, and was not to see till the bridal ceremony; and in whose features, when unveiled, he discovered a person whom he had encountered not long before, in a very equivocal position. Though in the presence of her assembled relatives, he renounced the match without explaining, in mercy to the lady, braved the family resentments, and luckily escaped their poniards. Though passionately devoted to his country, absence became desirable, and he had influence enough to get appointed ambassador to France. At Paris the young noble soon got again into difficulties, occasioned by a passionate attachment to the daughter of the Spanish ambassador, which, in spite of the jealousies and prohibitions of his government, who did not approve of foreign connexions, he determined to prosecute. The marriage day was fixed, all in secret, when suddenly, without giving a hint of the cause, the lady vanished, father and all; and the forlorn Foscari was left a second time, the victim of his too easy confidence. Recovering his good spirits, however, and his mission terminating, he was now returning to Venice, to render an account of his embassy. Scarcely landed, he discovers the Spanish jilt was at Venice, and actually the wife of her cousin, Don somebody, the resident ambassador. Though desirous of shunning her, contact becomes inevitable, especially as his page, the young Moor, some way connected with the lady's family, and not remarkable for discretion, wishes to promote an interview. The lady, too, wishes it, simply to explain, and set herself right in the esteem of her quondam admirer—to whose interests, that is, to screen him from the vengeance of the laws, which forbade foreign marriages, she had, in fact, sacrificed her own happiness. This interview, however, is not easily accomplished. Foscari has other business to occupy him; he desires to persuade the Venetians to go to war with the Spaniards, if possible, but at all events war with somebody; and at last, by the exertions of himself and his friends, war is declared against the Uscques, whose piracies were winked at by the duke of Styria, their sovereign; and notwithstanding all opposition, he himself gets the command. He was very popular with all the young nobles; and the poor ones, who were numerous, and looked with ardour to a war as a source of plunder. In this expedition, nothing could exceed Foscari's successes; but unluckily, in the very midst of them comes, in company with his page, Donna Margaretta, the Spanish lady, to the camp, where the long sought for interview at last takes place, and a full explanation follows. Conducting her back to the vessel, the whole party were seized by some Greek pirates, to the serious mortification, of course, of the gallant commander; but from this awkward position, he was rescued by another apparently untoward affair—wrecked in a storm, and thrown, without the pirates, but with the lady, on the shore. The effect of thus being thrown together, they scarcely knew where, was some little inroad upon the lady's prudence, and some soft effusions of mutual fondness, when suddenly the roar of cannon—fortunately it was his own—brought them to their senses; he returned in time to resume his command, and she proceeded to Venice.

In the meanwhile Foscari's enemies at home, political and personal, especially the old father of the lady to whom he had been originally betrothed, and who was now one of the three inquisitors, were all at work to procure his recall. They succeeded, and his return was speedily followed by disastrous consequences. The lovers again meet—a fire occurs, from which he rescues the lady, and searching for a place of refuge, accident throws him in contact with the inquisitor's daughter. Explanations here also, of course, ensue, and his suspicions prove to have been ill-placed. Her affections are

still fixed upon him, and though not returned, she still labours to serve him. Tracked now to the ambassador's house, a handle is made of this by his foes, who represent him as caballing with the enemies of the state, and he is seized and plunged into the dungeons of the inquisition. No mercy is in store for him; old Gradenigo, who wanted nothing but a decent pretence for wreaking his vengeance, resolves to despatch him. His lovely daughter appeals and exculpates in vain. The young nobles conspire—a rebellion rages—the inquisition itself is stormed—the devils within—the inquisitors, we mean, persist—and the turbulent scene ends with the death of the unlucky Foscari, the suppression of the rebellion, and the misery of the ladies, one of whom dies, and the other had long been a San Lorenzo nun, and continues so.

THE DRAMA.

THE DRAMA OF MARIE MIGNOT.

THERE is no romance so romantic as that of real life, and no materials for a work of fiction so effective as the simple truth. The drama of Marie Mignot, which is at present enjoying more vogue in Paris than any that has been produced for several years, is founded on a personal history of the most romantic description. As it is little known, we shall glance at its chief details. Marie Mignot, who was lifted from a counter to a throne, to fall thence to the lowest conceivable depth of human wretchedness, was the daughter of a linen draper of Grenoble. She was a person of very restricted intellect, of passions so limited as to be entirely under her own control, of some beauty, and gifted with a native simplicity of manner, which won all who looked upon her. She was first beloved by the private secretary of a councillor of parliament in the reign of Louis XIV., who was engaged to marry her, when an accident of the most extraordinary description, which can only be alluded to, not recounted, caused the marriage to be broken off suddenly. This rupture, and especially the immediate occasion of it, made some noise in Grenoble, and excited the curiosity of the old councillor himself to see this beauty, who had been so beloved and then deserted by his secretary. He saw her—was smitten with her charms—found fault with the folly of his secretary in losing such a treasure, and committed a greater himself, by marrying the little grisette.

The moment Marie became the wife of the councillor of parliament, she totally changed her manners and mode of life; procured instructions from the first masters in every kind of fashionable accomplishment; and was soon in a condition to receive and mix with the best society of the city. But her old husband very soon left her to enjoy her new rank by herself,—leaving behind a very handsome fortune to console his widow for his loss.

Once her own mistress, she soon bethought her of quitting a place where her low origin was so well known; she left Grenoble, and went to Paris; where, by means of a lavish expenditure of her wealth, she created a lively "sensation," and nothing was talked of for a time but the charming widow. She was soon surrounded by lovers and aspirants for her hand and fortune; among others the famous Mareschal de Hopital sought her favour—thinking with her wealth to rebuild his dilapidated fortunes. He made her an offer of marriage, and rank being what the gay widow, with all her simplicity, most sighed after, she accepted it, and they were wed. The marshal soon dissipated the fortune of the widow (which in truth was not so large as her expensive mode of living seemed to indicate), and he then died, leaving her little but rank to console her for her double loss. She had still her personal charms, however, and these served her more effectually than ever, in attracting the notice and at length the love of John Casimir, King of Poland—who, after having been first a Jesuit and then a cardinal, succeeded to the throne of Poland, married the widow of his brother Uladislav, abdicated the crown, and came to Paris, where Louis XIV. gave him the Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés.—This "king and no king" saw the charming widow of the marshal—loved, and secretly married her—not so secretly, however, but what the lady was able to cause it to be pretty well known: to which end she never spoke of the king except in the following words, "my lord the king of," (*le roi mon seigneur*.)

She had now reached the height of her fortune; and we have not space to follow her in her fall. Suffice it that she survived her royal husband many years, and was reduced to such an extremity of poverty and wretchedness that she actually became a beggar in the public streets, and was found dead of want at a church door!

* A novel in two volumes, lately published in London.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

PAINTING.

If I had the privilege of living over several lives, in one of them I should study painting. It is no mystery to me that men have devoted themselves so assiduously to this charming art. There is in it a quality of magic. It is independent of time and place. Scenes and persons distant and vanished are brought back. There are so many objects which appeal through the eye to the imagination and the heart, so many scenes abroad in the fields and woods, such bright and graceful groups of my own race, continually arrest attention, and images so fair and endearing so often glide by me, which I long to seize upon their wild flight to oblivion, that I have often wished to be a painter. I would not endure the labour of learning, the long lonely hours of vain endeavour, the sequestration from exercise and society necessary in one who means to excel; but my fancy has shaped it as some heavenly gift, free from the difficulties and imperfections which ever mingle with all human acquirements. If I had been thus blessed by nature, it were worth while to look into my gallery. Many a delicious scene would be there; and, perhaps, here and there a face which has beamed before me, as unconscious of my admiration as if it had been a star. But if you would feel the spell of the painter, wait till some being whom you loved has gone down to the dust. You have traced her from health, beauty, and pleasure, through the dark passages of disease. Day after day has only borne her deeper into the awful abyss. Her Hebe cheeks are sunken and ashy, those red lips are withered, the long motionless lashes are closed over those impressive eyes, and the silver voice is hushed for ever. You have stood by her new grave. You have heard careless men shovel the pebbly earth upon her coffin, and when the strange and dream-like ceremonies are completed, and the various crowd dispersed to the business of the world, you have gone back to the deserted dwelling, where incredulous imagination hears her step and her voice in every noise and whisper. Now look upon her picture. You will not speak. There is nothing in language to express the singular mixture of fancy and reality, of pleasure and anguish with which the mind is filled; but you gaze upon the full lips and dimpled cheeks, the eyes follow yours with the motion of life, and the curls, clustering about the familiar brow, almost wave with the stirring air. It is at such a moment that we acknowledge the mastery of the painter.

But have you ever been introduced into the room of a bad painter? All sorts of faces stare at you from the walls. The artist directs your attention to a figure perched up somewhere in a glare of light. Perhaps a human being of the male gender, in mighty fine apparel, with his hand bent, after the fashion of all paintings, over the back of the chair, and great long fingers sticking out straight, with an evident intention of appearing to the most possible advantage; or, perchance, one of the lovelier kind, loaded with magnificence, damask curtains and sky in the distance, smiles down upon you in a manner positively irresistible. Upon such a slender proof the artist perhaps asks you to select the original from the circle of bystanders. You look around hopelessly, without perceiving any face which could be twisted into a resemblance, and at length fix upon the wrong one.

Persons are much in the habit of underrating the value of a portrait. They evade the solicitations of their families to procure their likenesses with trifling replies. "What should such an ordinary mortal as I have my likeness taken for? I am not so vain. Let the young and the lovely enrich the canvass; but I have no pretensions to beauty." But is there nothing endearing but smooth and pretty faces? The eye of affection finds a sweetness in your features from their associations with mind. They do not love you for your shape and appearance. They are bound to you, heart with heart, by the invisible links of clinging recollections; and, when you are torn away, as you must be, and in all the bustle and variety, in all the merriment and anguish of human nature, they never meet you again, it is then that the canvass seems to snatch from the grave its victim, and to become fraught with a richness and a spell, which the wide universe beside could not have afforded. And the pale painter, who has stolen from the dark fury of death and time, this visible impress of what you love, seems like an enchanter, endowed with the faculties of creation.

I deem it a duty in all parents who have families of affectionate children growing up around them, to bequeath to them an inheritance of this nature. Every idle chance may terminate your existence. It is not for me to inform you

upon what a slender thread hangs the important gift of human life; nor how light a breeze may waft the beautiful and airy fabric away. Then, when the awful crisis has taken place, and dust has been consigned to dust, and ashes to ashes, be yet among them. Surely, in gazing upon those beloved features, so teeming with all the sweet and powerful associations of nature, while the throbbing bosom heaves, and the big tears swell up into their eyes, the lips of the still picture will yet speak to them. The lessons you have taught will be more deeply imprinted on their memories; and from the prostration of anguish their bereaved spirits will rise, supported almost as if in your very presence.

But the painter has yet a higher influence upon society. Portraits are individual blessings, interesting only within a contracted circle; and even those who love the departed hasten on to their own fate, disappear from the face of the earth, and the picture which has unlocked all the hidden feelings of warm and deep hearts, becomes itself as a stranger. The portrait painter, therefore, toils only for the age in which he lives. If he would aim at immortality, he must paint from history or imagination. History, in the first place, offers him an opportunity to appeal at once to the deepest and most interesting feelings of all civilized mankind. He conjures up before you the embodied scenes and persons which have been dimly floating in your curious fancy, and it seems as if you were introduced into some vast temple of time, where the old thief had arrayed in order all his stolen treasures. The age in which you live, the people who surround you, pass away from your notice, and you seem to exist in the long vanished hour, whose objects, by the skill of one individual, have been arranged so visibly before your contemplation.

I have been unconsciously led into these reflections by the sight of West's painting of Christ rejected. At first the impression was by no means so powerful; but, after having visited it several times, there appeared to be something about it more than human. It is impossible for me to enter into any description of this masterly production, nor am I sufficiently acquainted with the art to pronounce upon its scientific merits. There is a kind of gentry who find fault, of course; but the only censure which occurs to me is, that its excellence cannot be half comprehended in one visit, but breaks upon you gradually, like the dawning of day. The figure of our Saviour occupies a prominent station. We should be cautious in deciding immediately upon its merits. It requires thought, study, and a tolerably accurate knowledge of the subject, to take in the beauty and the extent of the conceptions which it embodies. The form of our Redeemer can scarcely be described. The perfection of his figure, the living, I could almost say, breathing image of elevated patience and sweetness of character and god-like contemplation. The face, pale with the extremity of anguish, the faultless brow pierced with thorns, and just stained upon the marble temple with the gushing blood, arrest the eye and the feelings. The high priest Caiaphas meets your eye next. His face expressing the gnawings of malignant and unchecked hate, he gazes upon his noble and beautiful victim with blood-thirsty and tiger-like ferocity. He appears longing to tear his flesh, and dabble in his blood. Pilate stands between, proud, offended, and commanding. There is a Roman grace and loftiness in his demeanour. He is in the act of declaring, "Take him and crucify him; but I find no fault in him." Behind Christ the notice is attracted by the athletic form of a Roman soldier, leaning his hands upon his sword, and gazing attentively at Christ. He is the centurion, who has to superintend the execution, and he seems wrapped in reflections upon the cruelty which he cannot restrain, and in which he is about reluctantly to participate. Perhaps Mr. West has in no instance discovered the taste and beauty of his imagination more than in the next image. It is that of a little girl, the centurion's daughter. She has a sweet child's face, ignorant of the stupendous events which are going on around her; her expression discovers the simplicity and artlessness of her soul, and that although the confusion of the multitude has a little awakened her timid and serious feelings, yet with her arms wound round her father's, and her cheek resting upon his hand, she feels safe and happy.

There are other objects to claim attention, but they are too numerous to be touched upon in my limits. It is to be hoped, that young Mr. West will not hasten his departure from our city, until all have had an opportunity to attend his exhibition; for, setting aside the fact that this painting is the offering of an American, its intrinsic merits entitle it to universal admiration.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE CONFESSION.

BY JOHN GALT.

My furlough had nearly expired; and, as I was to leave the village the next morning to join my regiment, then on the point of being shipped off at Portsmouth, for India, several of my old companions spent the evening with me, in the *Marquis of Granby*. They were joyous, hearty lads; but mirth bred thirst, and drinking begot contention.

I was myself the soberest of the squad, and did what I could to appease their quarrels. The liquor, however, had more power than my persuasion, and at last it so exasperated some foolish difference about a song, between Dick Winlaw and Jim Bradley, that they fell to fighting, and so the party broke up.

Bradley was a handsome, bold, fine fellow, and I had more than once urged him to enlist in our corps. Soon after quitting the house, he joined me in my way home, and I spoke to him again about enlisting, but his blood was still hot—he would abide no reason—he could only swear of the revenge he would inflict upon Winlaw. This led to some remonstrance on my part, for Bradley was to blame in the dispute; till, from less to more, we both grew fierce, and he struck me such a blow in the face, that my bayonet leaped into his heart.

My passion was in the same moment quenched. I saw him dead at my feet—I heard footsteps approaching—I fled towards my father's house—the door was left unbolts for me—I crept softly, but in a flutter, to bed, but I could not sleep. I was stunned—a fearful consternation was upon me—a hurry was in my brain—my mind was on fire. I could not believe that I had killed Bradley. I thought it was the nightmare which had so poisoned my sleep. My tongue became as parched as charcoal: had I been choking with ashes, my throat could not have been filled with more horrible thirst. I breathed as if I were suffocating with the dry dust into which the dead are changed.

After a time, that fit of burning agony went off; tears came into my eyes; my nature was softened. I thought of Bradley when we were boys, and of the summer days we had spent together. I never owed him a grudge—his blow was occasioned by the liquor—a freer heart than his, mercy never opened; and I wept like a girl.

The day at last began to dawn. I had thrown myself on the bed without undressing, and I started up involuntarily and moved hastily—I should rather say instinctively—towards the door. My father heard the stir, and inquired wherefore I was departing so early. I begged him not to be disturbed; my voice was troubled, and he spoke to me kindly and encouragingly, exhorting me to eschew riotous companions. I could make no reply, indeed I heard no more; there was a blank between his blessing and the time when I found myself crossing the common, near the place of execution.

But through all that horror and frenzy, I felt not that I had committed a crime—the deed was the doing of a flash. I was conscious I could never in cold blood have harmed a hair of Bradley's head. I considered myself unfortunate, but not guilty; and this fond persuasion so pacified my alarms, that, by the time I reached Portsmouth, I almost thought as lightly of what I had done, as of the fate of the gallant French dragon whom I sabred at Salamanca.

But ever and anon, during the course of our long voyage to India, sadder after thoughts often came upon me. In those trances I saw, as it were, our pleasant village green, all sparkling again with school-boys at their pastimes; then I fancied them gathering into groups, and telling the story of the murder; again, moving away in silence towards the church-yard, to look at the grave of poor Bradley. Still, however, I was loth to believe myself a criminal; and so, from day to day, the time passed on, without any outward change revealing what was passing within, to the observance or suspicions of my comrades. When the regiment was sent against the Burmese, the bravery of the war, and the hardships of our adventures so won me from reflection, that I began almost to forget the accident of that fatal night.

One day, however, while I was waiting in an outer room of the colonel's quarters, I chanced to take up a London newspaper, and the first thing in it which caught my eye was an account of the trial and execution of Dick Winlaw, for the murder of Bradley. The dreadful story scorched my eyes; I read it as if every word had been fire; it was a wild and wonderful account of all. The farewell party at the *Granby* was described by the witnesses. I was spoken of by them with kindness and commendation; the quarrel between Bradley and Winlaw was described, as in a picture; and my attempt to restrain them was pointed out by the judge, in his charge to the jury, as a beautiful example of loving old com-

panionship. Winlaw had been found near the body, and the presumptions of guilt were so strong and manifold, that the jury, without retiring, found him guilty. He was executed on the common, and his body hung in chains. Then it was that I first felt I was indeed a murderer—then it was that the molten sulphur of remorse was poured into my bosom, rushing, spreading, burning, and devouring; but it changed not the bronze with which hardship had masked my cheek, nor the steel to which danger had tempered my nerves.

I obeyed the colonel's orders as unmoved as if nothing had happened. I did my duty with habitual precision—my hand was steady, my limbs were firm; but my tongue was incapable of uttering a word. My comrades as they came towards me, suddenly halted, and turned aside; strangers looked at me as if I bore the impress of some fearful thing. I was removed, as it were, out of myself—I was in another state of being—I was in perdition.

Next morning we had a skirmish, in which I received this wound in the knee; and soon afterwards, with other invalids, I was ordered home. We were landed at Portsmouth, and I proceeded to my native village. But in this I had no will nor choice; a chain was around me, which I could not resist, drawing me on. Often did I pause and turn, wishing to change my route; but fate held me fast, and I was enchanted by the spell of many an old and dear recollection, to revisit those things which had lost all their innocence and holiness to me.

The day had been sultry, the sun set with a drowsy eye, and the evening air was moist, warm, and oppressive. It weighed heavily alike on mind and body. I was crippled by my wound—the journey was longer than my strength could sustain much farther—still I resolved to persevere, for I longed to be again in my father's house; and I fancied were I once there, that the burning in my bosom would abate.

During my absence in India, the new road across the common had been opened. By the time I reached it, the night was closed in; a dull, starless, breezeless, dumb, sluggish, and unwholesome night; and those things which still retained in their shapes some blackness, deeper than the darkness, seemed, as I slowly passed by, to be endowed with a mysterious intelligence, with which my spirit would have held communion but for dread.

While I was frozen with the influence of this dreadful phantasy, I saw a pale, glimmering, ineffectual light, rising before me. It was neither lamp, fire, nor candle; and though like, it was yet not flame. I took it at first for the lustre of a reflection from some unseen light, and I walked towards it, in the hope of finding a cottage or an alehouse, where I might obtain some refreshment and a little rest. I advanced, its form enlarged, but its beam became no brighter; and the horror, which had for a moment left me when it was first discovered, returned with overwhelming power. I rushed forward, but soon halted, for I saw that it hung in the air, and as I approached, that it began to take a ghastly and spectral form! I discerned the lineaments of a head, and the hideous outlines of a shapeless anatomy. I stood rivetted to the spot; for I thought I saw behind it a dark and vast thing, in whose hands it was held forth. In that moment a voice said,

"It is Winlaw the murderer; his bones often, in the moist summer nights, shine out in this way; it is thought to be an acknowledgment of his guilt, for he died protesting his innocence."

The person who addressed me was your honour's gamekeeper, and the story I have told, is the cause of my having desired him to bring me here.

English Magazine.

TITLES IN AMERICA.

"Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, Esquire."—*Shaks.*

The absurd use of titles, both prefix and suffix, has gained such strong hold in this country, that I fear something stronger than legislative enactments will be required to uproot it. Nothing can be better evidence than this that a taste for distinction is a natural desire of the human heart. And so it is: but distinctions ought to be rational ones. I would ask, then, where the rationality is of those with which our eyes and ears are so constantly offended?

The institutions of the old world call for regular gradations of rank; and much depends upon a man's title. There, respectability, and mere comfort, and the common enjoyment of life are much concerned in the fact of a man's possessing every inch of his title. We confess that we would not, under such circumstances, find fault with the assumption of something more than one's own.

When an European stranger takes up his residence in Paris, if he does not communicate to the servants of the house in which he lodges any other title, Mons. le Comte is forthwith

his appellation. And count, too, is the travelling title of all incognitos. The exiled Louis assumed it, and so did the pretenders to the throne of England. Quite as universal as that is our *esquire*. Is a man a lawyer? he is presently dubbed *esq.* Is he a gentleman of fortune, without a profession; or an acting magistrate; or, indeed, any thing else but a shopkeeper or a daily labourer? he is an *esquire*, by courtesy. And why these two last should not be called *esquire*, I know not. I remember that *squire* is a familiar address among people of the lower orders, as is, after the foreign manner, very complacently said, by some of our writers—not of the higher order.

This title is so universal, and has been so bandied about, that I was not astonished to find, the other day, one of my servant's cards with "*Mr. Jerry Bowshin, esq.*" written on it. Too much of a good thing, I have heard, is good for nothing—and thus far our title, it would seem, is but a scurvy subject. After these absurdities, let us for a moment inquire what the meaning of *esquire* is. "It is," says Doctor Johnson, "a title in dignity next below a knight." And a long string of personages is detailed to whom it is due. But Mr. Webster says, that it is bestowed at pleasure, and is *indefinite* in meaning—every thing and any thing. He adds, it is a title of respect. It would seem, however, from our motto from Shakspeare, which Johnson quotes, that he intended to ridicule it, as it is probable that it was almost as indefinite in the time of the bard of Avon as at this day.

The term *honourable*, a far more weighty and imposing title, is now, and has always been with us, much in use; but being of extremely simple etymology, it is not quite so general in its application as the other, and its inconsistency, where too glaring, would be extremely ridiculous.

In Massachusetts, particularly, it is held in much estimation, and scarcely less so in all the eastern states. And it is by no means so indefinite as the other. Besides, it is in the state just named, fixed by law, as is also the worn out *excellency*. This title of *honour* has been creeping almost imperceptibly along, until we now find it used before the names of a great many, who are not exclusively entitled to the appellation of its adjective. This is not surprising. Where titles are as plenty as blackberries, no great effort is necessary for a man to get one. This *honour* does not sound so sweetly in our ears as some other nick-names; it is too high sounding to be relished entirely, and cannot but be envied until it shall, by frequent and general use, like some other words, lose all connexion with its original meaning.

Military titles are extensively used; but I have been astonished at the paucity in numbers of the ranks below *colonel*. We seldom hear *major*, and very rarely *captain*, out of the regular service. Truly that man's ambition must be very easily satisfied, who aspires to nothing more than such small bits of honour.

General is the word, to use a miserable pun, that is most general. I am told by a friend who has travelled much, that although at home he is plain *misster*, when abroad he is *general*; this is his travelling title; and some laughable errors have occurred in consequence of his receiving letters with a tremendous prefix to his name, which the postmaster of his town never dreamed belonged to him. Another person tells me, that, travelling to the west, he got on board a steamboat on the Ohio, for the purpose of descending that river.—There were five-and-twenty gentlemen on board, belonging principally to various parts of Kentucky, Ohio, and Tennessee, and nearly all strangers to one another. At dinner the captain of the boat said, addressing one of the company he knew, "General, shall I help you to a piece of roast-beef," upon which twenty three out of the whole number replied to his civility, affirmatively or negatively. My informant was of the two silent ones. It may appear merely ludicrous, to most persons, that we are so much given to this thing; yet I cannot but wish that it were not so. I think that it detracts from the national character, and sinks us in the eyes of the world. It deprives simple republicanism of its boasted plainness; is a contemptible commentary on our written constitution, and shows us the creatures of a desire which must be satiated even at the expense of belying our most solemn declarations.

This folly has penetrated too deeply into the body politic, not to need sound minds and strong minds too, to erase—to purge it out. Men begin to think that they are entitled to those petty distinctive appellations, and feel offended if they are not given in addressing them.

It is not yet the practice to call a man, to his face, *honourable*, when addressing him in the first person, but it may not be long before even this is done; for it is uniformly practised in our legislative halls in the third person.

As a moment's reflection must convince every man, of the utter ridiculousness of this mimicry of monarchical institutions, every sound republican, every lover of his country and its customs; all who would wish to preserve pure and undefiled the national manners and conversation, ought to set themselves against these things, and prove by their own practice that they know how to appreciate the flimsy heads and tails that are applied to them—musty relics of feudal times; monarchical contrivances. Let all those enjoy titles to whom they are legitimately due—and so long as they are entitled to them—and no longer.

Washington Chronicle.

WALKING.

Since the commencement of our journal, we have taken frequent opportunities to set forth the necessity of daily exercise for the preservation of health. We have endeavoured to show, that it is in vain the air expands the lungs, and the heart propels the blood to the different parts of the body, if their efforts are not seconded by regular bodily exercise. Those who neglect the latter, though they may for a period drag out a species of existence, can scarcely be said to enjoy life; weak and effeminate, they languish for a few years, and then drop into an untimely grave. Our observations have heretofore been only of a general character. We propose now to commence the consideration of the various species of exercise, and their comparative advantages: premising, however, one or two rules, an observance of which is essential, in order to derive from either species the desired results. In the first place, exercise must be regular. It is a very great mistake to suppose that occasional efforts will repair any part of the mischief which habitual indolence produces. A celebrated physician has said, that the weak and valetudinary ought to view regular exercise as one of their moral duties. It should be so, in fact, with all. There is no one, not actually labouring under disease, who should not consider it a duty to appropriate a certain portion of every day to active exercise in the open air. It would be important, also, could this exercise be connected, always, with some pleasing occupation or pursuit. The mere movement of the limbs, as a *stated task*, will have a far less beneficial effect upon the health of the system, than if the mind be at the same time pleasantly, but not too intensely, occupied. Hence to those who are able to command the time and means, botanical pursuits, or the cultivation of a garden; and to all, various mechanical occupations, or any innocent recreation, will be a means of increasing, very considerably, the salutary effects of bodily exercise.

Secondly: No kind of exercise should be carried so far as to produce undue fatigue. All extremes are injurious to the system, and over-exertion is not less capable of producing bad effects, though of a different kind, than constant inactivity.

Thirdly: Many persons are in the habit, after having increased the warmth of their body by exercise, of throwing off a portion of their clothing, or of sitting in a draught of air, in order to cool themselves. From this practice very serious consequences are apt to result. It would be better, particularly in the milder seasons of the year, to partake of active exercise in a dress lighter than that usually worn, resuming some additional clothing immediately upon the exercise being suspended; or, in summer, to rest in a place free from damp or a current of air; and in winter, in a moderately warm apartment.

Fourthly: Exercise should not be entered upon immediately after meals, as it is liable to give rise to heart-burn, and other disagreeable sensations in the stomach. The instinct of the inferior animals confirms the propriety of this rule; for they all indulge themselves in rest after food. Whenever it is possible, therefore, exercise should be delayed for at least two hours after a hearty meal.

It may be here objected, that we often observe labourers in the country return, after a full meal, to their work, without any apparent inconvenience. We admit the fact, but warn those who would follow the practice, to be certain first that they possess the countryman's vigorous body and powers, and imitate, in other respects, his regularity of life. But after all, do we not observe these very labourers leave their tables with reluctance; and work with less activity and cheerfulness than they did when they entered the field in the morning? The necessity of rest after dinner, even among the labouring classes, seems to be established in warm climates, as in Southern Europe, by the labourers in the field, who are out at the dawn of day, requiring an hour or two at noon for their siesta, or after-dinner nap.

Exercise has been divided into active and passive. The first class, including walking, running, leaping, dancing, gal-

dening, and various mechanical occupations, &c. While the latter class comprehends sailing, swinging, and riding in carriages or on horseback. The last of these is, however, of a mixed nature, and is in some measure active as well as passive. We propose to consider each of these in order.

Walking is undoubtedly one of the most natural, gentle, and beneficial of the active species of exercise. As it is within the power of every individual, possessing the free use of his limbs, no one can have any valid excuse for neglecting it.

In walking, it is all important that the body be held as upright as possible; the shoulders being kept back and the breast projected somewhat forwards, so as to give to the chest its full dimensions; the lungs being by this means allowed sufficient room to expand fully, breathing is rendered free and easy, and every vital action is performed with vigour and regularity. The attitude thus assumed in walking, places, in fact, all the organs of the body in their most natural position, and frees them from all constraint. Hence to the sedentary, whether student, artist, or mechanic, a brisk walk is one of the most effectual antidotes to those injuries, so liable to result from the bent and fixed position in which their bodies are held for the greater part of the day. Females, likewise, would do well to devote some hours out of the twenty-four to this species of exercise. In the more opulent classes of society, in particular, they are too apt to fall into an unpardonable neglect of this important means of preserving health. "We find them," says a pleasing writer, "just like so many divinities of Epicurus—not indeed basking upon clouds in the mild empyreal warmth of heaven, but fixed almost as immovably upon well-cushioned chairs and sofas, in hot and close apartments." We regret our duty should oblige us to say that to them, even the little exercise they take in the open air is deprived of its health-imparting effects by tight-lacing, on the one hand, and by shoes of too narrow dimensions, or improper materials, on the other.

In a former number we pointed out to the studious the importance of alternating mental application with bodily exercise. Let us again invite them to lay by their books, at short and regular intervals, and enjoy

"The rural walk,
O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink:"

reminding them of the maxim of Plato, that "he is truly a cripple, who, cultivating his mind alone, suffers his body to languish through sloth and inactivity."

Walking in the open air, by increasing the circulation of the blood, communicates an equable glow over the whole body, which tends greatly to prevent that sensation of chilliness which, during the winter, renders weakly and delicate persons incapable of pursuing any occupation out of a close and heated apartment.

A respectable individual, Josiah Walker, who resided a few years since in the state of Connecticut, in the ninety-ninth year of his age, with his natural and intellectual faculties but little impaired, attributed the preservation of such unusual health and vigour to so advanced a period of life, not only to his temperate habits, but also to his "having always preferred walking to riding on horseback or in a carriage." Even on the verge of his hundredth year, he was accustomed to walk every day, and with as much sprightliness as many men in the meridian of life." Indeed most of those who have attained to an advanced age were celebrated as great walkers. *Jour. of Health.*

SEA SICKNESS.

The Medical Journal intimates, that forty-five drops of laudanum is a sovereign specific against sea sickness; and we have only to say, that if it be true, the discoverer of the remedy should and will be immortal. Harvey, who first found out the circulation of the vital fluid, and Jenner, who taught mankind a preventive of that most loathsome and disgusting of human maladies, the small pox, were both mere sciolists and nostrum mongers, compared with the illustrious Grenville, to whom is ascribed the heaven-born discovery we have just mentioned. The man who can cure or prevent a sea sickness, has already squared the circle! We had rather be that man than to have found out the longitude. Indeed, it strikes us, that diseases of all sorts, (except perchance the king's evil and the malady of disappointed office seeking) are as good as banished from the world, if Dr. Grenville has really invented a cure for sea sickness; for we should like to know what a man could not cure who had wrestled successfully with that villainous "monster of the deep." Didst thou ever take a sea voyage, gentle reader? If thou hast, thou art ready to agree with us in immortalizing the doctor; and if thou hast not, set thyself down and be contented, as a highly favoured mortal, albeit

thou hast had small pox, plague, leprosy, and fevers of every type mentioned in the books, of every colour of the rainbow, black, scarlet, sea-spotted and yellow. 'Tis only he who has been sea sick that has the proper insight of human calamity. He who has gone to the ship's side, to square certain unsettled accounts with his stomach, while "the green and yellow" wave glided by his giddy and bewildered vision, till it seemed to the sufferer one vast ocean of nausea and of death!—he who has lain in his berth, sweating in all the agonies of ten thousand aggregated qualms, till he would feel grateful to any kind-hearted sailor who would throw him overboard, has seen that sailor offer him the consolation of raw pork and molasses!—he who has seen and felt all this, has a right to say he knows something! But let no other man presume for one moment to suppose that he has any acquaintance with sublunary troubles. He may have been in the galleys, or under the tortures of the inquisition; nay, he may have been hanged and brought back to life by a galvanic battery, but he knows nothing of genuine affliction, if he never was sea sick.

Monthly Magazine.

INFORMAL DIVORCES.

And this divorce shall be as truly kept
As if in thronged court a thousand years
Had heard it, and a thousand lawyers' hands
Sealed to the separation.—*Vittoria Corombona.*

I do not know what the author of the essay on government might say on the matter; I do know what all the young person's female acquaintance would say of it; I am quite settled in mind as to what the good, the young, and the kind-hearted will think of it, and yet I dare not commit myself by an opinion. Let my reader take the circumstances of the case, and judge for himself.

Mr. Discon Trollop (the reader will excuse my sentimental name) loved, as sincerely as a middle-aged gentleman of four feet eleven or thereabout could be expected to do, a young lady of great beauty, accomplished, of course, of moderate fortune, treasured up like one of her own natty new Leghorns in a little trelliced, balconied, and woodbined bandbox of a cottage near Kensington. There had been, previous to the onslaught of Mr. Trollop's love-making, a rumour of a previous attachment—a sort of mere school-girl fancy, it was said, between Racilia —, the lady in question, and a young artist, too talented to be the inheritor of wealth, too young to be the possessor of it, too mere a novice in his profession to be within even whooping distance of fame or eminence. Mr. Wilderming and Racilia would have soon come to an understanding on the matter, but the old story, friends averse and noble relatives, prevented the wishes of the lovers. An unsuccessful attempt at an elopement gave the *coup de grace* to Wilderming's hopes. An upper room and a "not at home," became the standard order; and after a world of vows, and tears, and kisses, not loud, but sweet, Wilderming and the lady separated—he to study the old sheets of canvass in Italy, she to pine the while in solitude at home.

The worthy young artist became so enamoured of the counterfeit, though unfading beauties of his Italian masters, that he completely forgot his English love affair. No letters were received from him. The young girl became a blooming woman. Mr. Discon Trollop saw her somewhere or other, and made love to her. She rejected the little fellow without a reason; he addressed the parents, and was accepted with a very good reason, which was to be found in a handsome equipage, and a seat in the country.

I was discussing the merits of a little pot of shrimps one sunshiny morning, when a servant entered the room with a pair of kid gloves, and a letter. Knowing as I did the circumstances in which the bride had been so deeply concerned two years before, I started on finding that such a walking automaton as Trollop should have found favour in her sight, while poor Wilderming's portrait hung in her apartment. I had seen it there but a week before. Very well, thought I, such is human nature after all; and, perhaps, if we consider rightly of the matter, it is well for society that human nature is such, and that the fate which divides for ever the fortunes of its members, should have also the power to sunder that fine connecting link between heart and heart which makes either still dependent on the other, though Providence, circumstance, and worldly wisdom, cry out they shall not mingle.

But my philosophy was quite at fault. No such separation had been effected; distance of time and place had "lengthened the chain," but not attenuated or weakened it. Pale, drooping, and agitated, I beheld the neglected and persecuted being, supported by her well-meaning, but rather thick-

headed father, and followed by her quite unmeaning and very thick-headed bridegroom, through a vista of glancing favours and smirking lips, and pensive matrons and envious maidens, old and young, into the church. I heard the hoarse tone of despair with which she gaped forth the awful "yes," and I saw the wildered look of utter despondency which she cast on all around her, when the irrevocable ceremony had concluded. Yes, honest peruser, I am aware of the difficulty into which it throws me, but the truth must be told; the ceremony did conclude, and the sweet Racilia of my little fireside romance became—Mrs. Discon Trollop!

Of course as an intimate acquaintance of one of the parties, I was to spend the evening with the wedding party. In compliance with some whim of the old gentleman's, the old fashion of a feast, with music, dancing, &c. at his cottage was agreed upon, and the bridegroom was not to carry away his prize until the next day. I was strolling slowly down one of the wooded lanes leading to the scene of rejoicing, turning over some very fine reflections upon the matter in my mind, when a sun-burnt, dark-haired, black-eyed young man turned quick upon me at a corner and passed my arm; I stared, and looked upon him.

"You are one of the guests," he ran on almost breathless and wild with passion. "I know you—I remember you—your name is—is—no matter—you remember me—bring me into the house—at once—say I am a friend of yours—I am changed—they will not know me—pahaw! don't speak—I want no remonstrances—I am late I know—'tis folly—but I want to see her—I would die to see her—I will see her."

And he was darting off when I caught him by the arm—and (seeing the perfect inutilty of any thing like reasoning) acceded to his request.

The uproarious fun of the evening, for it was quite a meeting after the school of our fathers, was favourable to my honest friend's incognito. Nobody minded any body, and it was with an emotion almost of regret that I perceived the countenance of the bride herself occasionally lighted up with an expression of satisfaction. This, however, disappeared, and gave place to sullen dejection whenever her attention was drawn to her spouse, who, poor insignificant little booby, sat behind the door, looking, to use a very expressive though vulgar illustration, like a figure of 1 on a sheet of paper. You would have thought it a charity to hang him.

Several songs were sung—some merry—some sad—some sentimental—some half wicked—when, at length, a round, rich, and manly tenor took up the key, and gave in a style of exquisite pathos one of the most pathetic airs in *Il Taccu*, one which I had frequently heard the bride play and sing to her harp, though I knew not at the time that she had to dwell upon the *aria*. As the singer proceeded, I observed her change colour—and as he concluded the stanza with a thrilling burst of real or illusive grief—

"E dovro sempre vivere
Nel pianto e nel lod!"

She sunk with a gush of tears upon the shoulder of her mother who sat next her. The alarm spread round the room—"the bride is ill," was whispered from lip to lip—the song had concluded—the singer disappeared—but the bride did not recover her composure. The bridegroom stared and wondered. Every body was at fault but the lady and her historian. Her indisposition seemed rather to increase than cease, as the company dropped away—and she felt herself compelled to echo in her mother's ear the delicate request of the unhappy Juliet:

"I pray thee leave me to myself to-night,
For I have need of many orisons,
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which well thou know'st is cross and full of sin."

Poor Trollop had no objection, and Racilia for the last time found herself alone in her apartment. A large wyatt window opened on the lawn, and a vine tree clustered about the frame. It was open. She had been sitting for an hour in a lounging chair drawn close to it, and gazing upon the white light that glanced upon her through the branches, when they were suddenly parted by a man's hand, and an old friend stood before her. I don't know how to account for it, whether it is that there exists a prescience in love—that what we wish, we do not fear—or that a possibility will often take the hue of certainty to an impassioned mind; but it is true enough that although she started, and blushed, and turned pale at this sudden apparition, Racilia did not scream nor even appear greatly amazed. The window was only a few inches from the ground; but one glance from her was sufficient to deter him (I am not sure if he intended it) from entering the room. He stood holding the vine branches in one hand, gazing on her with intense interest, and extending the other towards her. She hung back reproachfully.

You have, no doubt, reader, often admired the art of the actors in our theatres in very difficult situations. When a crisis of a peculiar nature is induced, and a picture formed on the scene which it would be very injurious to the general effect to dispart or break up; in short, when the dramatist has brought his principal characters into a situation so nice that his invention fails him, or certain venerable rules will not allow him to write them out of the dilemma, the aid of the house carpenter is called in; he blows a whistle; two long-legged fellows in red velvet wheel out a couple of scenes, which close on the *tableau* amid the applause of the admiring audience. As I feel a desire to calculate upon the imagination of my reader in the present instance, perhaps they will suffer me to blow my little whistle, and get over the mere words of the scene that ensued. There was a passionate entreaty—mur-murs of disregarded rites—still more earnest remembrances of holier vows, vowed in the sight of heaven—more solemn—more binding—because the heart and the soul were on the lips that uttered them; all this, and more than mere prose has any business to tell, ended in the eager youth leading the trembling bride forth through the window—down the lane—into a chaise and four—and—where neither have been heard of since. It was a scene for John Fletcher to write, and for one whom I would, if I dared, name to fascinate an audience with.

Poor Trollop was greatly surprised when he found that he had been divorced without his consent. He opened his eyes, shook his head three times, but his noddle was empty. To this day he can make nothing of it.

NEW JOURNALS.

New political and new literary journals are addressed to us from the principal cities of our country, and we perceive that they are recommended to the public in several of the daily prints. Without feeling the least professional jealousy or apprehension, we shall express the opinion, that the utility of them is quite problematical. It is desirable that the patronage of the nation should be confined to the older periodical works, which are sufficiently numerous, and which, if they should be liberally fostered, might be improved to a condition and character far superior to what the new undertakings of the kind are likely to attain. The subdivision of patronage leaves all in a comparatively meagre and inefficient state; the ready, undistinguishing adoption of mere novelty represses zeal, damps resolution, and prevents systematic and comprehensive effort, that looks to durable and increasing success. Incapacity and presumption, too, are thus encouraged; they enter the lists as they would embark in a lottery, knowing that the prizes are not reserved for talents, experience, and knowledge.

A morbid love or habit of expedition is remarked in the Americans; there is likewise an excessive, inconsiderate readiness for novelty. We have observed the prevalence of the latter, in relation even to the shops and trades. Custom is often suddenly withdrawn from superior artisans and old establishments, to be given to new, merely as such; without reflection upon long continued endeavours to please and provide, or upon the capital and hopes invested, or upon all that is due to kind and reciprocal dealings for a considerable period. We would not preclude fair competition, nor discourage improvement; but the abandonment or neglect of what is already good, and would, with enlarged patronage, be better, for what is simply new and unlikely to excel at any time, cannot be commended as just in itself, profitable to the individuals on either side, or beneficial for the country. The tolerance or support of more journals, for instance, than are needed in a community, is a positive evil in various respects. That kind of editorship which the public most wants and ought to covet—educated, sagacious, discriminating, decorous, and in-trepid—cannot be procured or long retained by a small stipend, or a general indifference—a paltry gain or slight interest will satisfy common-place mediocrity or manual industry alone.

Besides, there can be no real independence of the press where patronage is much subdivided, or indiscriminately bestowed, or given, preferably, to mere party-prejudices and designs. The situation of the conductor is too precarious to admit of an unreserved discussion of all questions of national or municipal concern—of the indication of all abuses, and full resistance to all irregular or inordinate schemes or wishes. Several of the most important topics are *taboo*: it would be in vain for him to reason—the more forcibly and honestly he should argue, the more certainly would he be immolated. No journals are less entitled to be called free than those which acknowledge the epithets *administration* or *opposition*; if they do not exist through funds contributed to maintain them in

a prescribed or stipulated course of doctrine and action, they studiously minister to the aims of particular men or associations; they push aside truth and right, as they eagerly contend for party objects. We do not hesitate to say, that the only real freedom of the press, at this time, is enjoyed in London and Paris. The editors and writers of the principal papers in those capitals have nothing to fear from individuals or combinations—owing to the peculiar manner in which the papers are spread and paid, their pecuniary interests are safe; they possess all the scope, moral and physical, and all the consideration and authority, which they can require for their purposes; and in them scholarship, information, taste, vigour, style, are indispensable. We might cite, as examples, the London Morning Chronicle and the Paris *Journal des Debats*; how bold and elevated their tone, how deep and ample their disquisitions, how keen and comprehensive their vigilance and notice! The articles which we copy from time to time from the Chronicle, may be taken as specimens. A similar journal, upon a broad scale, raised above individual or sinister influences, directed to the general good alone, and supplied by competent politicians, critics, and moralists, would be a signal blessing to this country, the value of which could not fail, we think, to be ere long duly appreciated, notwithstanding the clamour, alarm, prejudice, antipathy, calumny, jealousy, which the courage of its strictures, doubts, or investigations, the impartiality of its decisions, the range of its observation, and the general merits of its texture might create during the first months or years of its powerful actions.

In opening just now the National Intelligencer, of Thursday, we find among the toasts given at the late public dinner of the Columbia Typographical Society, the following, by an ex-editor, which coincides with the sentiments we have ventured to express:

"The periodical publications of our country—may we hear less of their freedom, and see more of their independence."

We hear, indeed, of the thing, to satiety; all the changes were rung upon it at this very dinner; but the reality of the case does not warrant the boasts, nor harmonize with the genius of our political institutions.

National Gazette.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Moore's Life of Byron.—Public curiosity is alive to devour this long promised and now forthcoming biography. The intimate relations of friendship subsisting between the author of the Corsair, and his biographer, must invest his sketch of the noble bard with peculiar and thrilling interest, and impart to his opinions and facts an authenticity and character, independently of the inherent attractions of his composition, which could not be hoped for from any other hand. A part of the work has already reached the press of those untiring literary caterers, the Harpers, and the whole will be issued as soon as the remainder arrives. Numerous letters, and occasional original poems of Byron, which have never yet met the eye of the public, and which are reported to be not inferior to his best published productions, will appear in these volumes, and a portrait, engraved from an approved original picture, will give them an additional claim to notice.

The Daily Sentinel.—A prospectus for a new paper under this title, has been lying for some time on our table. Its professed object is to sustain the interests, and promote the moral and general advancement of the mechanic classes. It is to be conducted by Messrs. James G. Brooks, late of the Courier and Enquirer, and Edward V. Sparhawk, formerly of the Morning Herald. Of the propriety or probable success of an additional daily journal, it is impossible for us at this time to express any very decided opinion. Thus much, however, we feel warranted in asserting, that if talent and industry can accomplish its success, the new journal has secured it in the services of the very gifted gentlemen announced as its editors.

The New-York Medical Inquirer.—We have read with attention and with pleasure the first number of this magazine, and conscientiously recommend it to public patronage. A work of this kind cannot but prove useful in every family, for in addition to facts and speculations relating exclusively to medical science, and therefore likely to benefit the professors of that science only, it is the intention of the editors to disseminate in their columns matters of more general interest. To heads of families, and particularly to mothers, it will be found peculiarly valuable; for in it they will find remedies of easy and simple application, for all the ordinary casualties and diseases to which children are subject, and what is of still greater importance, sound advice and sensible suggestions for their mental as well as physical government.

Williams's Annual Register.—We have seen the table of contents of a new work, now in the press, entitled "The New-York Annual Register, for 1830," edited by Edwin Williams, of New-York. This work, which will be condensed into a duodecimo volume of about three hundred pages, and is offered at the moderate price of one dollar bound, will contain a body of statistical and other information relative to this state, constitutions, public officers, attorneys and counsellors, clergy, counties, towns, colleges, academies, banks, and various useful tables of information relative to the government of the United States. It will be issued from the press of Jonathan Leavitt, about the twentieth instant; and should this effort be crowned with success, it will be published annually, with many improvements. Such a work is much wanted.

The possessive case.—Among the numerous violations of grammatical rules, which are every day met with in our public papers, that of the possessive case, in singular words ending with an *s*, is the most common. For instance, in the prospectus of the New-York Annual Register, now before us, it is printed, "Williams' Register;" whereas, it should be written and spoken "Williams's," in three syllables. So we have seen, "Boreas' breath is rude," instead of "Boreas's;" "a man fit to bear Atlas' burden," instead of "Atlas's," &c., although the same writer would not say "A Scottish lass' breast-knot," but would place an *s* after the apostrophe. And so they ought in all cases, unless the word be in the plural number, as "Ladies' Gazette," "Misses' Magazine," &c. But even in such instances, errors are often committed: for the above words should always be written in the singular number, whenever they are qualified by a preceding adjective. Thus: "The reading, or the studious Lady's Gazette;" "The fashionable gentleman's shoe-maker;" "The young man's companion;" "The young lady's monitor;" "The industrious mechanic's bank," &c. It is a pity that good grammarians are so careless in this respect; we say careless, because every school-boy knows the rule.

The New York City Dispensary.—This new edifice, lately erected for the accommodation of this very laudable institution, has been completed, and was regularly opened on Monday last. On this interesting occasion the annual report was read, and an appropriate address delivered, by the Rev. Mr. Schroeder, to a highly respectable and gratified audience. We shall advert hereafter to these documents. Of the general merits of this institution and its claims to support, we have repeatedly expressed our opinions in the strongest terms; and we avail ourselves of the present rigorous season, to renew our solicitations in behalf of its claims. The number of persons who obtained relief from it last year was nearly eleven thousand.

Literary premiums.—Elisha J. Roberts, esq., editor of the Craftsman, a very interesting paper published at Rochester, in this state, has offered the following premiums for contributions adapted to his journal:

For the best address to the people of the United States, on the subject of popular commotions, based upon the prevailing excitement in the western district of New-York, and other parts of the Union, embracing historical facts connected with the masonic institution, space unlimited, fifty dollars.—For the best original tale, founded on facts connected with the history of America, forty dollars.—For the second best, twenty dollars.—For the best poem, not exceeding two hundred lines, thirty dollars.—For the second best, fifteen dollars.—A competent committee will decide upon the merits of the various articles offered, and award the premiums.

Offers for the prizes must be made previous to the first day of February, 1830. The successful articles for the first premiums, unless of too great length, will be inserted in the first number of the second volume, which will be published on the second Tuesday in February; and those for the second will follow them in regular succession.

East River Bridge.—We believe the project of building a bridge across the East river has been abandoned. Bridges are beautiful ornaments to cities situated on narrow streams; but to bind the noble East river with one, would be to render a really useful object insignificant; besides, we think a bridge to Boston would be as profitable to the proprietors as a bridge to Brooklyn.

View of the Bowling-green.—The next number of the Mirror will contain this long promised engraving. Our subscribers will find themselves amply compensated by its excellence for the delay which has attended its appearance.

The music.—Will our readers have the kindness to examine the music on the last page? We think we have never before seen any thing in type so perfectly beautiful.

WILT THOU MEET ME THERE, LOVE!

SPRITOSO.

Where, as dew - y twi - light lin - gers, O'er the bal - my air, love, Harps seem touch'd by fai - ry fin - gers, Wilt thou meet me there, love? While the ra - pid

Ad Lib.

swal - lows fly - ing, And each dis - tant mur - mur dy - ing, Leaves a - lone a - round us sigh - ing, Wilt thou meet me

Tempo.

there, love? Where, as dew - y twi - light lin - gers, O'er the bal - my air, love, Harps seem'd touch'd by fai - ry fin - gers,

8va

P

Loco.

Wilt thou meet me there, love? Wilt thou meet me there, love? Wilt thou meet me there, love?

Second verse.

Where soft gales, from beds of flowers,
Fragrant incense bear, love,
Sweet as eastern maiden's breath,
Wilt thou meet me there, love?
Where soft gales,
While the bird of love is singing,
Liquid notes around us ring,
Rapture to the full heart bring,
Wilt thou meet me there, love?
Where soft gales,

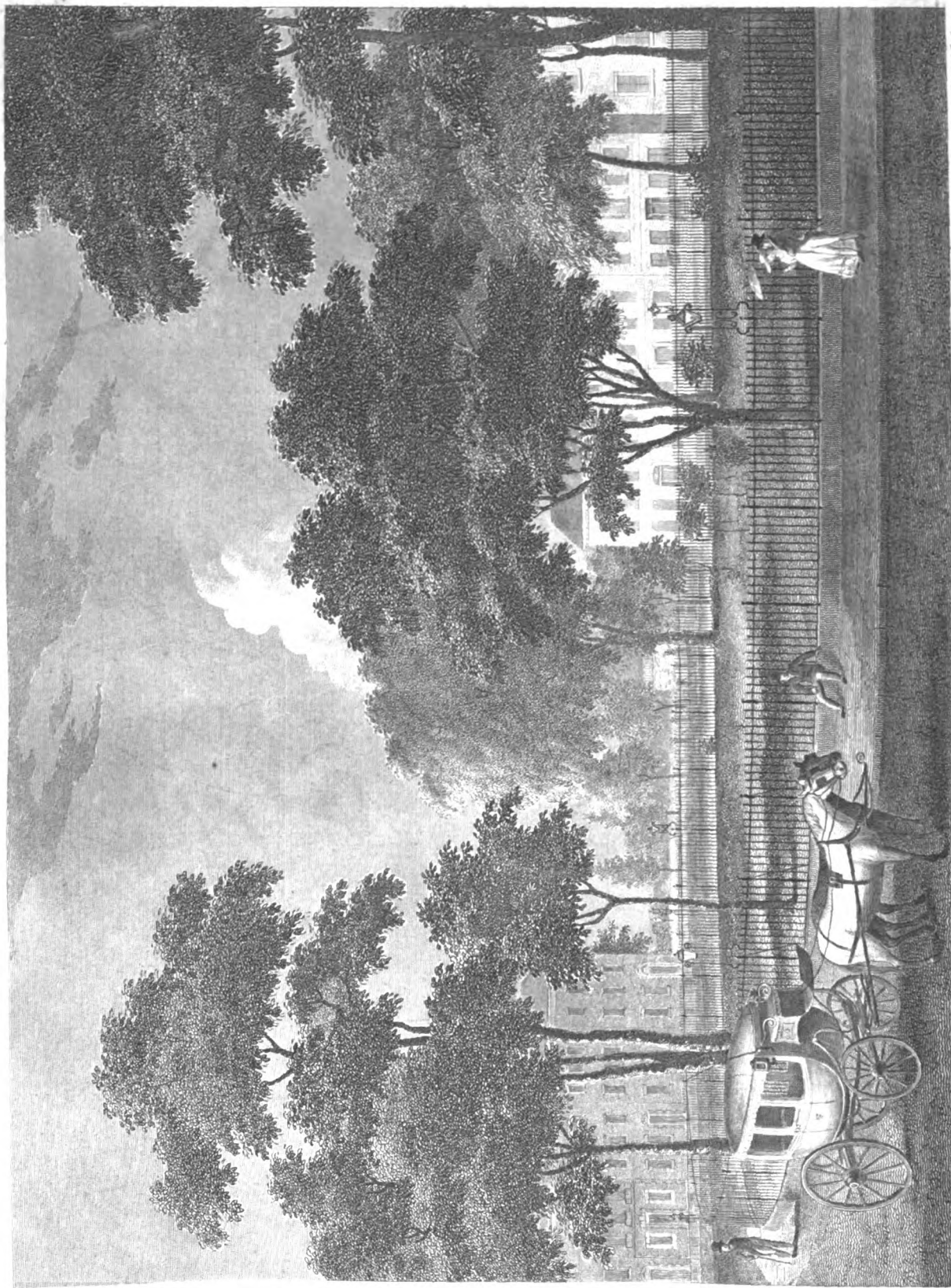
TO MY BROTHER.

A STRANGE dull weight is on my heart,
A heaviness I cannot quell,
I cannot bid it hence depart;
Whate'er its source, nought can dispel
The deep and utter weariness
Which doth my hopeless heart oppress.
All things upon it fall like lead—
Grief hath no sting and joy no gladness—
Alike to every feeling dead—
To hope or fear, delight or sadness.
'Tis true there is a troubled sense
Of something painful which doth throw
Its gloomy shadow, dark and dense,
O'er all around; but 'tis not woe—
For sorrow's keenly piercing dart
Can never reach again my heart,
And for delight, what now is left
To me of hope or gladness here?
Already is my life bereft
Of all that would have made it dear!
I look around and cannot see
Aught that can bring one pleasant thought,
One thrill of hope or joy to me;
With gloom is each remembrance fraught,

Save one sweet thought—there still is one
Which fate is powerless to destroy—
One thought I yet can dwell upon
With melancholy joy!—
My brother! though my heart is tame
And cold to what 'twas wont to be,
Still to the music of that name
Vibrates one chord, which yet is free
From the benumbing influence
Which hath in torpor wrapped each sense,
The only heart that ever turned
With undiminished love to mine,
Which never my affection spurned,
Which loves me still is thine!
And oh! how sweet to know that yet
In this cold world is beating still
One heart which will not mine forget,
Though darkly rise the clouds of ill!
Nor would I heed the gathering gloom,
Nor at my wayward fate repine,
My brother, had my evil doom
But nought to do with thine:
Alas! and must thou share a fate
So dreary and so desolate?
Yes! even in life's morning, we
Are doomed to see our prospects fade,

To deeply feel the vanity
Of which this world is made.
Already that young lip of thine
Hath caught my own desponding tone—
The dreary lot which must be mine,
Would it were mine alone!—
The spirit's early hopelessness,
The grief which none will soothe or share,
I know that I was born for this,
And this I yet might learn to bear;
But thou, my brother, thou, whose path
A sister's fondness deemed would be
Free from the sullen gloom which hath
Long o'er her own formed heavily;
The promise of whose gifted mind
I've marked with all a sister's pride,
Deeming the riches there enshrined,
Would mock thy power to hide;
That yet around thy cherished name
Some future day of pride should see
The fresh and fadeless wreath of fame
Entwined eternally—
Oh, must these dreams be vain, and thou
Be doomed to share so dark a fate,
And thy aspiring spirit bow
And droop beneath misfortune's weight?

Must thou too wear
The sullen light
And see thy days
In bitterness
Ah, no! a sister
A brighter life
Thou shalt see
Whate'er
If bright
Few look
For I am one
Soon dies within the heart
I care not, it is nought to me
So I but live within
When taken
If
From
Oh
Up
A
I
?



VIEW OF THE BOWLING GREEN, BROADWAY.

The American Engraver for the Year 1840

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOLUME VII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1880.

NUMBER 29.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

I LOOKED on the face of the summer-deck'd earth,
With its gorgeous herbage, its bright-hued flowers;
And it smiled as fair as when first its birth
Mark'd young creation's hours:
But a cloud passed over the sunny sky,
And the wind arose with a wailing cry;
Like a feeble infant's half-uttered moan,
Yet gathering its strength as it speeded on;
Till the trees that lifted their trunks on high,
Like columns supporting the vaulted sky,
Were borne like gossamer by on the blast,
And earth was laid bare as the storm swept past.

I looked on the ocean—each little wave
Leapt gladly up 'neath the sunny ray;
And the music hid in each secret cave
Awoke with its magic lay.
The tempest arose, with its voice of might;
It summoned the waves to a fearful fight.
Like evil spirits the dark clouds came,
Each hurling its red bolt of living flame.
Then wildly to combat the elements rushed,
Till spent with its fury, the tempest was hushed;
Nor left one trace of its madness behind,
Save the throb of the ocean, the wail of the wind.
I turned to look on a nobler sight—
The glorious tablet of manhood's brow
Still marked with the impress of heaven's own light,
Though earth-stained and faded now.
That brow was writhed with its thoughts of pain,
And passion had swollen each starting vein.
More fearful the light of that lurid eye
Than the flashing of swords as they gleam on high;
Till passion, tamed by itself, grew mild,
And the strong man wept like a wayward child.
Oh what is the madness of earth and of seas
To the fearful fury of storms like these:
The tempests of nature at length find rest,
But when sleep the storms of the human breast?

LANTHE.

"VAIN THE WATERS."

Vain the waters roll between us,
Cherished of my soul so long;
Sunny days in bliss have seen us—
Still the silken tie is strong;
Other links are round me twining,
Other lights in love are shining;
But in vain their witchery,
As remembrance circles these.
When the bright moon through yon azure
Tracks her way in pathless light,
When to music's sybil measure
Pleasure wakes the revel night,
Still one thought, in fancy gloaming,
Flutters in the moon's pale beaming,
Or amid that festal glee
In remembrance circles thee.
Never on my path is springing
One fair bloom of summer hours,
But to thee its leaves are flinging
Memory of our childhood's bowers;
Still the red rose there is blushing,
Still the crystal wave is gushing,
And one bliss awakes for me
As remembrance circles thee.

NORNA.

GLORY.

There is a leaf whose life is fed,
Not by the dew of heaven,
Not by the sunlight nourished,
Not by the shades of even;
It springs not by the green-wood tree,
Nor by the valley stream:
Soldier, the leaf is bright for thee,
And for thy spirit's dream;
Soldier, the wreath is twined for thee,
But oft in bitter mockery.
It comes but as the starry light,
Upon the wild and desert gloom;
A sun-beam o'er the midday blight,
To paint yet not to revive its bloom.
What is it that the brow is crown'd
With the fresh green leaf of victory?
What is it that the shield is bound
With the bloom of the olive tree?

'Tis strewing o'er an aching breast,
The mockery of the laurel's green;
With the tell-tale swell of the sensa at rest,
Where the tempest-blast has been.
'Tis placing on a withered stem
The spring-flower's young and opening bloom;
'Tis gathering the mountain gem
To sparkle on the lonely tomb.

HINDA.

GREECE.

Land of the pencil and the lyre,
The marble and the dome!
Whose name is to the muse a fire,
Whose temples are a home:
Clime of a wealth unbought!
Where genius long enshrined
His treasury of thought,
The Peru of the mind!
Land of that forgotten fow:
The breathing rampart-rock
That towered a Pelion to the view,
When burst the battle shock!

Chime of the fair and brave!
When will the tale be o'er,
Of warriors in the grave?
Of maidens in their gore?

Land of the fettered slave!
Thy bonds shall burst asunder—
Freedom is on the wave—
Hark to her echoing thunder!
The red-cross banner gloaming—
And Gallia's white-field streaming—
And the black-eagle screaming—
Sweep o'er th' Aegean sea;
The Moslem horde is shrinking—
The crescent's glory sinking—
And the land of song is free!

LINES TO A LADY,

On hearing her sing "Araby's Daughter," accompanied by the piano.

Once more—that strain once more,
Lady, in thy soft kindness repeat—
Than sleep to wearied nature far more sweet,
When day's stern toils are o'er.

Still midst the ivory keys
Fling thy light fingers in their magic power,
And on my raptured spirit richly shower
Those heaven-caught melodies.

It is a praise to be
The humblest captive to thy hallowed art,
Yielding in child-like gentleness of heart,
All liberty to thee.

Thy voice is like the play
Of evening zephyrs in the summer bowers,
That give a freshness to the sleeping flowers,
Which drooped beneath the day.

Thus when thy passing skill
The hidden depths of harmony reveals,
From my young heart an unknown joyance steals
Each thought of future ill.

The world has then no chain
Can hold the spirit from its joyous flight,
For, springing upward in its native might,
It breaks each link in twain.

Oft in the night's still reign,
Borne on imagination's daring wing,
I've heard the dancing spheres in concert sing,
And thine is like their strain.

Then, lady, sing once more
Thy flying fingers mid the ivory keys,
And still sweet tones of seraph melodies
O'er my rapt spirit pour!

PROTEUS.

CHILDE HAROLD.

He was a dreamer!—on his way
He went—a melancholy man;
Joy's sunbeams round him did not play
After his pilgrimage began;
With kindling thought he passed along,
And darkening sorrow o'er him hung
A gloom that woke his lyre to song,
And woke sad tones its chords among.
Yet he was not a loved one here;
Pleasures and kindred passed away;
He pour'd no sigh—he shed no tear
Above their cold and wasting clay;
He bowed not to the gloomy blast
That gathered round his upright form,
When wind and cloud and tempest past,
Midst the stern glories of the storm.
He bowed not, when the foaming wave
Upheaved his bounding bark beneath;
When the sea oped its yawning grave,
Like the appalling jaws of death;
And when Italia's sunny skies
Bent sweetly o'er his wanderings,
A vacancy was in his eyes,
And sadness on his wild harp strings.
Young hope had flown him—and his cheek
With "cadent tears" and grief was worn,
With sorrows that he would not speak,
Though his heart's finest chords were torn—
Affections crush'd, and deep vows broken,
Had to his wayward lot been given;
And time had stolen each gentle token
That blessed his childhood's cloudless heaven.
These had been his—and on his brow
The shade of deep emotions fell,
As, leaning o'er his vessel's prow,
He mark'd the blue waves rise and swell;
As on his dim and tearful sight
Sad fading in the distant blue,
Albion's pale cliffs, all glimmering white,
Pierced the far haze in glory through.
But now he sleeps—and in that sleep
No tongue may tell what dreams have come!
But fame and grief their vigils keep
Above his last and silent home.
His wandering feet shall press no more
The thorny paths they once have trod;
His fitful pilgrimage is o'er:
Leave the calm sleeper to his God.

EVERARD.

TO THE CRITICS.

Who seeks for spots in Sol, must gaze
Through mediums that obstruct his ray;
So jealous envy's jaundiced eye
Hides beauties, trivial faults to spy.
We own our work has some defects,
'Tis what each candid mind expects;
But has it marks of taste and talents:
In mercy let that strike the balance.

VIEWS IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

THE BOWLING-GREEN.

A RAPID increase of population, the natural consequence of great commercial prosperity, has left but few green spots to cheer the eye amid this artificial wilderness of brick and marble. Of these, the Battery, the Bowling-green, and the Park, are the most conspicuous and ornamental. The peculiar beauties and attractions of the Battery, heightened as they are by local circumstances, are familiar to all our citizens, and daily become a theme of eulogium in the mouth of every stranger, especially of such as approach the city by water; and its history is too intimately connected with that of our revolutionary struggle, to require a single remark. But the modest Bowling-green, (with a view of which the present number of the Mirror is embellished) is involved in somewhat more obscurity, from which it is our present purpose to rescue it; a task in which we feel the more interest, as there is some reason to believe that it will one day become the site of a magnificent national monument, the ornament and pride of that section of the city.

Historians inform us that in the year 1620, king James I. gave the Dutch permission to build some cottages on the banks of the Hudson, for the convenience of their vessels engaged in trade with Brazil; and that, under this licence, they settled a colony, and erected a strong fort on the south-western point of the island Manhattan. This fortress was called Fort Amsterdam, which was indeed the name given by these first settlers to the whole island. But more than half a century afterwards, when the English had by treaty obtained permanent possession of the country, the name of the colony was changed to New-York, in honour of the original patentee, the duke of York, brother to Charles II. Whether the fort was altered, improved, or entirely rebuilt, by the English, we are not informed; but early in the reign of George I. we find a fortress, on the same site, denominated Fort George, within the walls of which was the governor's residence, the secretary's office, and a house of worship, called the King's Chapel; which buildings, together with an extensive range of barracks and stables outside the walls, were all destroyed by fire at the commencement of the celebrated negro plot, in the year 1741.

Fort George, as our readers are probably aware, stood at the lower extremity of Broadway, on a commanding eminence, which has since been levelled; its former site being now partially occupied by a row of handsome brick buildings, south of the Bowling-green, and fronting on State-street. The original position of the south-west bastion of this celebrated citadel was designated, only a few years since, by a marble monument, erected for that purpose, near the center of the Battery promenade. Why a landmark of so much interest to the antiquary and historian has been since removed or destroyed, we are at present unable to say; we only know that "it was, and is not."

In front of the fort was an open field, where the colonial soldiers used to parade, and which, from its proximity to a market, was subsequently denominated "Market Field." Hence the derivation of Marketfield-street, recently and more appropriately changed, by the corporation of this city, to that of Battery-place. This field was first enclosed with a plain pale-fence, of irregular oblong figure; which, lying directly in front of the fort, was any thing but an ornament to the eye of those who approached the governor's mansion within the walls. A part of this field now constitutes the Bowling-green, which derived its appellation from having been appropriated, as a place of amusement, to the game of "bowls," more commonly called "nine-pins."

During the riotous proceedings which took place in almost every part of the country, in opposition to the celebrated stamp-act, this spot was selected by the whigs of New-York for the scene of one of their patriotic achievements. On the first of November, in the year 1765, the day on which the noxious act was to go into operation, a great concourse of people assembled in the evening, proceeded to fort George, took out the governor's carriage, and after drawing it through the principal streets, marched to the Common (the present Park) where a gallows had been previously erected, on which they suspended his effigy, having in his right hand a stamped bill lading, and in his left a figure intended for the devil.

had hung for a considerable time, they carried it, together with the appendages and the gallows, in procession, the carriage preceding, to the gate of the fort, and from thence to the Bowling-green; where, under the very muzzles of the guns of the fort, they burnt the whole, amidst the acclamations of some thousands of spectators. Ten boxes of stamps, which arrived afterwards, were committed to the flames, on the same spot, by the indignant populace.

In the year 1771, the present ellipsis was laid out, and enclosed with an iron railing; which, on regulating the streets, after the revolution, was elevated with its stone foundation, about eighteen inches. The railing is said to have cost eight hundred pounds, or two thousand dollars, which, in those days of simplicity and economy, was no inconsiderable sum. The original design of this enclosure was the protection of an equestrian statue of George III. made of bronze and gilt; which, four days after the declaration of independence, was prostrated by the boisterous patriots of those times. The pediment of Rhode Island marble, with its defaced inscription, remained on the spot until within a few years. This beautiful area is highly susceptible of improvement and embellishment, and must, sooner or later, claim the attention of our corporation to that end. While the royal statue occupied its centre, it was justly considered a great ornament to that part of the city. May we not hope to see the deficiency supplied by an equestrian statue of the father and saviour of his country?

In the view which accompanies this number of the Mirror, is included part of Broadway, on the right, and the buildings, before alluded to, on the left. Between these is seen a small section of the Battery and a bird's-eye glimpse of the bay in the distance. We think it will be acknowledged a faithful delineation, and highly ornamental to the present volume.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE SCEPTIC—AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

THE first time I ever met Charles Annesley was on the day that I first entered a public school. He was just of my age, and I still recollect the envy with which I looked upon his fine countenance and well-knit frame, as contrasted with my own delicate and sickly appearance. He was, like myself, the only son of a widow; but, while I was the spoiled and petted heir to a princely fortune, he was entirely dependent upon the labour of his mother, who, by the most unremitting exertions, could procure for him that education which she was so proud to bestow. Though differing so widely in fortune, and still more in character, (for Charles was gifted with intellect of the highest order,) yet we soon became intimate friends. The natural propensity which ever induces the strong to tyrannize over the weak, rendered a protector necessary to one who, like myself, had been an invalid from childhood, and that protector I found in Charles Annesley; while the ambition which I felt to distinguish myself for mental, since I could not for corporeal, endowments, enabled me to keep pace with him in our various studies. He was one of those frank and joyous beings who seem to shed the sunshine of their own spirits upon every surrounding object, and to live in an atmosphere of perpetual enjoyment. Full of high-toned and honourable feeling, the idea of a base or mean action never entered his thoughts, and he looked forward with undoubting hope to the day which would enable him to repay, with something more than gratitude, the exertions of his inestimable mother. Such was Charles Annesley, as I then knew him. But the years of our boyhood soon passed away, and we entered the world by such different paths that it was no longer possible to continue our intimacy. Charles retired to a distant part of the country, where his profession might enable him to procure a subsistence, while I sought, in the more genial climes of France and Italy, to gain that health which had been denied me from my cradle. Separated so widely, it was impossible to communicate with each other even by letter, and we soon became strangers.

It was not until after a lapse of ten years that I again beheld my old school-fellow, during which time I had visited most of the countries of Europe, and finally taken up my abode in London. One day I had just completed my toilet, and was preparing for a morning lounge, when my servant announced Mr. Annesley. I started at the name; but had it not been for the warm pressure of the hand and the exclamation, "Edward, have you forgotten your friend Charles?" I should never have known it. He was mutual; for it was as difficult for him to recognize me, in my thin and pale visage of the sickly student, as it was for me to identify

the attenuated figure and sharpened features of the person whom I now beheld, with the healthful and joyous being whom I had known and loved in early years. Our interview was long and interesting. I had been a wanderer by sea and land, and I gave Charles a full and frank detail of my adventures; but when it became his turn to narrate, I observed an evident embarrassment, and an apparent wish to avoid minute investigation. In a very hurried manner he told me that soon after his settlement in ———, he had married; that his children had all died in infancy, and that he had now visited England to take possession of a large fortune, bequeathed to his wife by a long-forgotten uncle, who had been a flourishing London tradesman.

"But your good mother, Charles," said I, "where is she?"

An indefinable expression of anguish dwelt for a moment upon his features as he replied,

"She is dead!"

"Alas!" said I, "she should have lived to witness your prosperity; to reap the reward of her more than maternal affection."

He started up, his countenance filled with an almost maniacal expression of horror and agony; but restored to himself by my look of astonishment, he said,

"Pardon me, Edward, there are circumstances connected with the death of my mother upon which I dare not dwell; and any allusion to the subject almost drives me to madness."

He extended his hand, I pressed it warmly; for I respected even the extravagance of filial grief; and soon after we parted.

The next evening I visited him by appointment. I was extremely anxious to behold his wife—the elegant, the gifted, the intellectual woman, who alone (as I supposed,) could have won the heart of my fastidious friend; and it was with no small degree of disappointment, therefore, that I looked upon the lady to whom he now presented me. She possessed a face of infantine beauty, manners of infantine simplicity, and, as I soon found, a mind of infantine weakness. Her attire was exceedingly rich; but I could not avoid thinking that she looked very like a child which had been "dressed up for company" and told to "sit still and behave prettily," for she was continually smoothing the folds of her silk dress, tightening the clasps of her bracelets, playing with her rings, and showing off all those awkward little airs which, to a practised eye, so soon betray the "uninitiated of fashion."

During the course of a long evening, I had still more reason to wonder at my friend's choice. Her intellect was evidently of the lowest order; it was impossible to find any subject which might come within the limited range of her ideas, and at last, in utter despair of making any remark suited to her incapacity, I asked whether she had yet visited any of the churches of the metropolis?

"O no," was her reply, "we never think of going to such places; since Charles joined the deists, as my father calls them, we have never been to church."

"The deists!" exclaimed I, involuntarily.

"Yes," said she, "that is the name which prejudiced people have given them, but their true name is 'freethinkers.' I can tell you, Charles is a great man among them; he is one of their best lecturers, and"—

A look of scarce-suppressed rage, from Charles, suddenly silenced her voluble communications; she hung her head like a faulty child, and, retreating to a corner of the room, could not again be induced to join in the conversation.

When I left them, and had leisure to reflect on all that had passed; on the vague hints thrown out by Charles; on the information afforded me by his wife respecting the change in his principles, and on the horror evinced by him when I alluded to his mother, I could not avoid believing that some fearful secret was preying on his heart. The more frequently I saw him, the more strongly I was confirmed in this belief. Some times he was exceedingly moody and melancholy, at others, full of reckless and extravagant gaiety; and I soon found that the greater part of his time was consumed in the wildest dissipation. In vain I exerted all the privileges of friendship; in vain remonstrated and reasoned; he at length told me, and never shall I forget his countenance then, that he was a confirmed sceptic.

"For," said he, grinding his teeth as if in agony, "I should go mad if I were convinced that I am in error."

Shortly after this he left London, and all communication between us again ceased. By accident I learned that Charles Annesley stood foremost in the ranks of the profligate of Paris, and was especially noted for his connexion with a set of men who had established what they termed "a school of philosophy." Of this new sect Charles was the chief, the modern Epicurus; nor was there wanting a Leontium in the person

of the beautiful but depraved Madame Zulani, who had long figured as an actress on the Parisian stage.

About six years after our last meeting, as I was one day passing by one of the courts of justice, I observed a great crowd collected about the door; and what particularly struck me was the number of well-dressed and genteel-looking persons who mingled with it. Impelled by curiosity, I pushed my way through the throng, and entered the court. The case was one of life and death. The prisoner, according to the evidence given, had quarrelled with his more fortunate antagonist at the gambling-table, and in a fit of passion, stabbed him with a small dirk which he wore concealed in his bosom. Though the murder had been committed from the momentary impulse of passion, yet the previous bad character of the prisoner, whom they addressed by the name of William Annesley, and the fact of his wearing a concealed weapon, were circumstances that went very far towards convicting him. After a long and patient investigation, the jury pronounced him *guilty of murder*. The criminal had hitherto sat with his face buried in his hands, and his whole figure concealed by a loose great-coat; but when he heard the words "guilty of murder," he started up, and in a low, deep voice, which was distinctly heard by every one present, and seemed to pervade every corner of the room, exclaimed "murder!" then sinking back into his former position, seemed as motionless as if turned to stone. The transient glance which I obtained of his figure, thrilled me with horror; for I could scarcely avoid believing that in the miserable being who now appeared to answer for the life of a fellow-creature, I beheld my misguided friend. But when, on being asked what he had to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, he arose; and, drawing up his tall figure to its full height, looked with unquailing eye on the face of the judge, as he replied, "Nothing—I am guilty of murder!"—then I could no longer doubt that I beheld the wretched Charles Annesley. I stood as if spell-bound, while the judge put on the fatal cap, and commenced the sentence which was to doom him to an ignominious death; but my heart grew sick, my brain reeled, and scarcely conscious of what I did, I hurried from the court.

Early next morning I was at the prison. Charles instantly recognised me; but it was long before I could induce him to lay aside his sullen moodiness and look on me still as a friend. Even after I had somewhat conquered his reserve, he still remained silent with regard to every thing connected with himself, and during the succeeding days, though he knew me to be striving to obtain his pardon, he never betrayed the least interest, or evinced the least anxiety as to the result. At length it was hinted to me that he would be pardoned; but that, in order to inflict something approaching to an adequate punishment, his pardon would be granted only at the foot of the gallows. To this information was added an injunction against affording the slightest hope to the criminal; and with these terms I was compelled to remain satisfied. During all this time Charles had appeared absorbed in thought and utterly regardless of what was passing, and it was not until the night before the day appointed for his execution that he thus addressed me:

"You have expressed much anxiety, my dear Edward, to become acquainted with the events of my life, and I would not willingly repay your kindness with ingratitude; but my time is short, and I must be brief."

He then told me of many apparently unimportant circumstances which had led to the change in his principles; and as I listened to the detail of the trivial occurrences which had produced so awful a result; as I traced the first errings of one whose "heart was formed for virtue, warped to wrong," I felt more strongly, than I had ever done before, the imperative duty of checking the slightest deviation from the path of rectitude. Alas! how can the first leanings towards error fail of being fatal to such natures as ours, where

"Right and wrong so close resemble,
That what we take for virtue's thrill
Is often the first downward tremble
Of the heart's balance into ill."

Like all new converts, Charles had been desirous of making proselytes; and his wife and mother appeared to him the fittest subjects for his experiment. The weak-minded creature whose beauty had awakened his passion, and whose ignorance and simplicity had seemed to him her surest safeguards, soon became the willing disciple of her husband's convenient doctrine; but with his mother he found more difficulty. She was a woman of strong mind, and under any other circumstances, would probably never have yielded up her faith; but Charles was her idol; and how could she oppose his fine-sounding reasons, his unanswerable arguments, especially when aided by his earnest and affectionate eloquence?

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOLUME VII.

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NUMBER 29.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

I LOOKED on the face of the summer-deck'd earth,
With its gorgeous herbage, its bright-bued flowers;
And it smiled as fair as when first its birth
Mark'd young creation's hours:
But a cloud passed over the sunny sky,
And the wind arose with a wailing cry;
Like a feeble infant's half-uttered moan,
Yet gathering its strength as it speeded on;
Till the trees that lifted their trunks on high,
Like columns supporting the vaulted sky,
Were borne like gossamer by on the blast,
And earth was laid bare as the storm swept past.

I looked on the ocean—each little wave
Leapt gladly up 'neath the sunny ray;
And the music hid in each secret cave
Awoke with its magic lay.
The tempest arose, with its voice of might;
It summoned the waves to a fearful fight.
Like evil spirits the dark clouds came,
Each hurling its red bolt of living flame.
Then wildly to combat the elements rushed,
Till spent with its fury, the tempest was hushed;
Nor left one trace of its madness behind,
Save the throb of the ocean, the wail of the wind.

I turned to look on a nobler sight—
The glorious tablet of manhood's brow
Still marked with the impress of heaven's own light,
Though earth-stained and faded now.
That brow was writhed with its thoughts of pain,
And passion had swollen each starting vein.
More fearful the light of that lurid eye
Than the flashing of swords as they gleam on high;
Till passion, tamed by itself, grew mild,
And the strong man wept like a wayward child.
Oh what is the madness of earth and of seas
To the fearful fury of storms like these:
The tempests of nature at length find rest,
But when sleep the storms of the human breast?

LANTHE.

"VAIN THE WATERS."

Vain the waters roll between us,
Cherished of my soul so long;
Sunny days in bliss have seen us—
Still the silken tie is strong:
Other links are round me twining,
Other lights in love are shining;
But in vain their witchery,
As remembrance circles thee.

When the bright moon through yon azure
Tracks her way in pathless light,
When to music's sybil measure
Pleasure wakes the revel night,
Still one thought, in fancy gleaming,
Flutters in the moon's pale beaming,
Or amid that festal glee
In remembrance circles thee.

Never on my path is springing
One fair bloom of summer hours,
But to thee its leaves are flinging
Memory of our childhood's bowers:
Still the red rose there is blushing,
Still the crystal wave is gushing,
And one bliss awakes for me
As remembrance circles thee.

NORNA.

GLORY.

There is a leaf whose life is fed,
Not by the dews of heaven,
Not by the sunlight nourished,
Not by the shades of even;
It springs not by the green-wood tree,
Nor by the valley stream:
Soldier, the leaf is bright for thee,
And for thy spirit's dream;
Soldier, the wreath is twined for thee,
But oft in bitter mockery.

It comes but as the starry light,
Upon the wild and desert gloom;
A sun-beam o'er the mildew-bligh,
To paint yet not revive its bloom.
What is it that the brow is crown'd
With the fresh green leaf of victory?
What is it that the shield is bound
With the bloom of the olive tree?

'Tis strewn o'er an aching breast,
The mockery of the laurel's green;
With the tell-tale swell of the seas at rest,
Where the tempest-blast has been.
'Tis placing on a withered stem
The spring-flower's young and opening bloom;
'Tis gathering the mountain gem
To sparkle on the lonely tomb.

HINDA.

GREECE.

Land of the pencil and the lyre,
The marble and the dome!
Whose name is to the muse a fire,
Whose temples are a home
Clime of a wealth unbought!
Where genius long enshrined
His treasury of thought,
The Peru of the mind!

Land of that unforgotten few!
The breathing rampart-rock
That towered a Pelion to the view,
When burst the battle-shock!

Clime of the fair and brave!
When will the tale be o'er,
Of warriors in the grave?
Of maidens in their gore?

Land of the fettered slave!
Thy bonds shall burst asunder—
Freedom is on the wave,
Hark to her echoing thunder!
The red-cross banner gleaming—
And Gallia's white-field streaming—
And the black-eagle screaming—
Sweep o'er the Aegean sea;
The Moslem horde is shrinking—
The crescent's glory sinking—
And the land of song is free!

LINES TO A LADY,

On hearing her sing "Araby's Daughter," accompanied by the piano.

Once more—that strain once more,
Lady, in thy soft kindness repeat—
Than sleep to wearied nature far more sweet,
When day's stern toils are o'er.

Still midst the ivory keys
Fling thy light fingers in their magic power,
And on my raptured spirit richly shower
Those heaven-caught melodies.

It is a praise to be
The humblest captive to thy hallowed art,
Yielding in child-like gentleness of heart,
All liberty to thee.

Thy voice is like the play
Of evening zephyrs in the summer bowers,
That give a freshness to the sleeping flowers,
Which drooped beneath the day:

Thus when thy passing skill
The hidden depths of harmony reveals,
From my young heart an unknown joyance steals
Each thought of future ill.

The world has then no chain
Can hold the spirit from its joyous flight,
For, springing upward in its native might,
It breaks each link in twain.

Oft in the night's still reign,
Borne on imagination's daring wing,
I've heard the dancing spheres in concert sing,
And thine is like their strain.

Then, lady, fling once more
Thy flying fingers mid the ivory keys,
And still sweet tones of seraph melodies
O'er my rapt spirit pour!

PROTEUS.

CHILDE HAROLD.

He was a dreamer!—on his way
He went—a melancholy man;
Joy's sunbeams round him did not play
After his pilgrimage began;
With kindling thought he paced along,
And darkening sorrow o'er him flung
A gloom that woke his lyre to song,
And woke sad tones its chords among.

Yet he was not a loved one here;
Pleasures and kindred passed away;
He pour'd no sigh—he shed no tear
Above their cold and wasting clay;
He bowed not to the gloomy blast
That gathered round his upright form,

When wind and cloud and tempest past,
Midst the stern glories of the storm.
He bowed not, when the foaming wave
Upheaved his bounding bark beneath;

When the sea oped its yawning grave,
Like the appalling jaws of death;
And when Italia's sunny skies
Bent sweetly o'er his wanderings,

A vacancy was in his eyes,
And sadness on his wild harp strings.
Young hope had flown him—and his cheek
With "caden's tears" and grief was worn,

With sorrows that he would not speak,
Though his heart's finest chords were torn—
Affections crush'd, and deep vows broken,
Had to his wayward lot been given;

And time had stolen each gentle token
That blessed his childhood's cloudless heaven.
These had been his—and on his brow
The shade of deep emotions fell,

As, leaning o'er his vessel's prow,
He mark'd the blue waves rise and swell;
As on his dim and tearful sight
Sad fading in the distant blue,

Albion's pale cliffs, all glimmering white,
Pierced the far haze in glory through.

But now he sleeps—and in that sleep
No tongue may tell what dreams have come!
But fame and grief their vigils keep
Above his last and silent home.

His wandering feet shall press no more
The thorny paths they once have trod;
His fitful pilgrimage is o'er:
Leave the calm sleeper to his God.

EVERARD.

TO THE CRITICS.

Who seeks for spots in Sol, must gaze
Through mediums that obstruct his rays;
So jealous envy's jaundiced eye
Hides beauties, trivial faults to spy.
We own our work has some defects,
'Tis what each candid mind expects;
But has it marks of taste and talents:
In mercy let that strike the balance.

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THE BOWLING-GREEN.

A RAPID increase of population, the natural consequence of great commercial prosperity, has left but few green spots to cheer the eye amid this artificial wilderness of brick and marble. Of these, the Battery, the Bowling-green, and the Park, are the most conspicuous and ornamental. The peculiar beauties and attractions of the Battery, heightened as they are by local circumstances, are familiar to all our citizens, and daily become a theme of eulogium in the mouth of every stranger, especially of such as approach the city by water; and its history is too intimately connected with that of our revolutionary struggle, to require a single remark. But the modest Bowling-green, (with a view of which the present number of the Mirror is embellished) is involved in somewhat more obscurity, from which it is our present purpose to rescue it; a task in which we feel the more interest, as there is some reason to believe that it will one day become the site of a magnificent national monument, the ornament and pride of that section of the city.

Historians inform us that in the year 1620, king James I. gave the Dutch permission to build some cottages on the banks of the Hudson, for the convenience of their vessels engaged in trade with Brazil; and that, under this licence, they settled a colony, and erected a strong fort on the south-western point of the island Manhattan. This fortress was called Fort Amsterdam, which was indeed the name given by these first settlers to the whole island. But more than half a century afterwards, when the English had by treaty obtained permanent possession of the country, the name of the colony was changed to New-York, in honour of the original patentee, the duke of York, brother to Charles II. Whether the fort was altered, improved, or entirely rebuilt, by the English, we are not informed; but early in the reign of George I. we find a fortress, on the same site, denominated Fort George, within the walls of which was the governor's residence, the secretary's office, and a house of worship, called the King's Chapel; which buildings, together with an extensive range of barracks and stables outside the walls, were all destroyed by fire at the commencement of the celebrated negro plot, in the year 1741.

Fort George, as our readers are probably aware, stood at the lower extremity of Broadway, on a commanding eminence, which has since been levelled; its former site being now partially occupied by a row of handsome brick buildings, south of the Bowling-green, and fronting on State-street. The original position of the south-west bastion of this celebrated citadel was designated, only a few years since, by a marble monument, erected for that purpose, near the center of the Battery promenade. Why a landmark of so much interest to the antiquary and historian has been since removed or destroyed, we are at present unable to say; we only know that "it was, and is not."

In front of the fort was an open field, where the colonial soldiers used to parade, and which, from its proximity to a market, was subsequently denominated "Market Field." Hence the derivation of Marketfield-street, recently and more appropriately changed, by the corporation of this city, to that of Battery-place. This field was first enclosed with a plain pale-fence, of irregular oblong figure; which, lying directly in front of the fort, was any thing but an ornament to the eye of those who approached the governor's mansion within the walls. A part of this field now constitutes the Bowling-green, which derived its appellation from having been appropriated, as a place of amusement, to the game of "bowls," more commonly called "nine-pins."

During the riotous proceedings which took place in almost every part of the country, in opposition to the celebrated stamp-act, this spot was selected by the whigs of New-York for the scene of one of their patriotic achievements. On the first of November, in the year 1765, the day on which the noxious act was to go into operation, a great concourse of people assembled in the evening, proceeded to fort George, took out the governor's carriage, and after drawing it through the principal streets, marched to the Common (the present Park) where a gallows had been previously erected, on which they suspended his effigy, having in his right hand a stamped bill of lading, and in his left a figure intended for the devil. After it

had hung for a considerable time, they carried it, together with the appendages and the gallows, in procession, the carriage preceding, to the gate of the fort, and from thence to the Bowling-green; where, under the very muzzles of the guns of the fort, they burnt the whole, amidst the acclamations of some thousands of spectators. Ten boxes of stamps, which arrived afterwards, were committed to the flames, on the same spot, by the indignant populace.

In the year 1771, the present ellipsis was laid out, and enclosed with an iron railing; which, on regulating the streets, after the revolution, was elevated with its stone foundation, about eighteen inches. The railing is said to have cost eight hundred pounds, or two thousand dollars, which, in those days of simplicity and economy, was no inconsiderable sum. The original design of this enclosure was the protection of an equestrian statue of George III. made of bronze and gilt; which, four days after the declaration of independence, was prostrated by the boisterous patriots of those times. The pediment of Rhode Island marble, with its defaced inscription, remained on the spot until within a few years. This beautiful area is highly susceptible of improvement and embellishment, and must, sooner or later, claim the attention of our corporation to that end. While the royal statue occupied its centre, it was justly considered a great ornament to that part of the city. May we not hope to see the deficiency supplied by an equestrian statue of the father and saviour of his country?

In the view which accompanies this number of the Mirror, is included part of Broadway, on the right, and the buildings, before alluded to, on the left. Between these is seen a small section of the Battery and a bird's-eye glimpse of the bay in the distance. We think it will be acknowledged a faithful delineation, and highly ornamental to the present volume.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE SCEPTIC—AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

THE first time I ever met Charles Annesley was on the day that I first entered a public school. He was just of my age, and I still recollect the envy with which I looked upon his fine countenance and well-knit frame, as contrasted with my own delicate and sickly appearance. He was, like myself, the only son of a widow; but, while I was the spoiled and petted heir to a princely fortune, he was entirely dependent upon the labour of his mother, who, by the most unremitting exertions, could procure for him that education which she was so proud to bestow. Though differing so widely in fortune, and still more in character, (for Charles was gifted with intellect of the highest order,) yet we soon became intimate friends. The natural propensity which ever induces the strong to tyrannize over the weak, rendered a protector necessary to one who, like myself, had been an invalid from childhood, and that protector I found in Charles Annesley; while the ambition which I felt to distinguish myself for mental, since I could not for corporeal, endowments, enabled me to keep pace with him in our various studies. He was one of those frank and joyous beings who seem to shed the sunshine of their own spirits upon every surrounding object, and to live in an atmosphere of perpetual enjoyment. Full of high-toned and honourable feeling, the idea of a base or mean action never entered his thoughts, and he looked forward with undoubting hope to the day which would enable him to repay, with something more than gratitude, the exertions of his inestimable mother. Such was Charles Annesley, as I then knew him. But the years of our boyhood soon passed away, and we entered the world by such different paths that it was no longer possible to continue our intimacy. Charles retired to a distant part of the country, where his profession might enable him to procure a subsistence, while I sought, in the more genial climes of France and Italy, to gain that health which had been denied me from my cradle. Separated so widely, it was impossible to communicate with each other even by letter, and we soon became strangers.

It was not until after a lapse of ten years that I again beheld my old school-fellow, during which time I had visited most of the countries of Europe, and finally taken up my abode in London. One day I had just completed my toilet, and was preparing for a morning lounge, when my servant announced Mr. Annesley. I started at the name; but had it not been for the warm pressure of the hand and the exclamation, "Edward, have you forgotten your old friend Charles?" I should never have known him. Our surprise was mutual; for it was as difficult for him to recognise the slight frame and pale visage of the sickly boy in the robust form and bronzed cheek of the man who now stood before him, as it was for me to identify

the attenuated figure and sharpened features of the person whom I now beheld, with the healthful and joyous being whom I had known and loved in early years. Our interview was long and interesting. I had been a wanderer by sea and land, and I gave Charles a full and frank detail of my adventures; but when it became his turn to narrate, I observed an evident embarrassment, and an apparent wish to avoid minute investigation. In a very hurried manner he told me that soon after his settlement in —, he had married; that his children had all died in infancy, and that he had now visited England to take possession of a large fortune, bequeathed to his wife by a long-forgotten uncle, who had been a flourishing London tradesman.

"But your good mother, Charles," said I, "where is she?"

An indefinable expression of anguish dwelt for a moment upon his features as he replied,

"She is dead!"

"Alas!" said I, "she should have lived to witness your prosperity; to reap the reward of her more than maternal affection."

He started up, his countenance filled with an almost maniacal expression of horror and agony; but restored to himself by my look of astonishment, he said,

"Pardon me, Edward, there are circumstances connected with the death of my mother upon which I dare not dwell; and any allusion to the subject almost drives me to madness."

He extended his hand, I pressed it warmly; for I respected even the extravagance of filial grief; and soon after we parted.

The next evening I visited him by appointment. I was extremely anxious to behold his wife—the elegant, the gifted, the intellectual woman, who alone (as I supposed,) could have won the heart of my fastidious friend; and it was with no small degree of disappointment, therefore, that I looked upon the lady to whom he now presented me. She possessed a face of infantine beauty, manners of infantine simplicity, and, as I soon found, a mind of infantine weakness. Her attire was exceedingly rich; but I could not avoid thinking that she looked very like a child which had been "dressed up for company" and told to "sit still and behave prettily," for she was continually smoothing the folds of her silk dress, tightening the clasps of her bracelets, playing with her rings, and showing off all those awkward little airs which, to a practised eye, so soon betray the "uninitiated of fashion."

During the course of a long evening, I had still more reason to wonder at my friend's choice. Her intellect was evidently of the lowest order; it was impossible to find any subject which might come within the limited range of her ideas, and at last, in utter despair of making any remark suited to her incapacity, I asked whether she had yet visited any of the churches of the metropolis?

"O no," was her reply, "we never think of going to such places; since Charles joined the deists, as my father calls them, we have never been to church."

"The deists!" exclaimed I, involuntarily.

"Yes," said she, "that is the name which prejudiced people have given them, but their true name is 'freethinkers.' I can tell you, Charles is a great man among them; he is one of their best lecturers, and"—

A look of scarce-suppressed rage, from Charles, suddenly silenced her voluble communications; she hung her head like a faulty child, and, retreating to a corner of the room, could not again be induced to join in the conversation.

When I left them, and had leisure to reflect on all that had passed; on the vague hints thrown out by Charles; on the information afforded me by his wife respecting the change in his principles, and on the horror evinced by him when I alluded to his mother, I could not avoid believing that some fearful secret was preying on his heart. The more frequently I saw him, the more strongly I was confirmed in this belief. Some times he was exceedingly moody and melancholy, at others, full of reckless and extravagant gaiety; and I soon found that the greater part of his time was consumed in the wildest dissipation. In vain I exerted all the privileges of friendship; in vain remonstrated and reasoned; he at length told me, and never shall I forget his countenance then, that he was a confirmed sceptic.

"For," said he, grinding his teeth as if in agony, "I should go mad if I were convinced that I am in error."

Shortly after this he left London, and all communication between us again ceased. By accident I learned that Charles Annesley stood foremost in the ranks of the profligate of Paris, and was especially noted for his connexion with a set of men who had established what they termed "a school of philosophy." Of this new sect Charles was the chief, the modern Epicurus; nor was there wanting a Leontium in the person

of the beautiful but depraved Madame Zulani, who had long figured as an actress on the Parisian stage.

About six years after our last meeting, as I was one day passing by one of the courts of justice, I observed a great crowd collected about the door; and what particularly struck me was the number of well-dressed and genteel-looking persons who mingled with it. Impelled by curiosity, I pushed my way through the throng, and entered the court. The case was one of life and death. The prisoner, according to the evidence given, had quarrelled with his more fortunate antagonist at the gambling-table, and in a fit of passion, stabbed him with a small dirk which he wore concealed in his bosom. Though the murder had been committed from the momentary impulse of passion, yet the previous bad character of the prisoner, whom they addressed by the name of William Annesley, and the fact of his wearing a concealed weapon, were circumstances that went very far towards convicting him. After a long and patient investigation, the jury pronounced him *guilty of murder*. The criminal had hitherto sat with his face buried in his hands, and his whole figure concealed by a loose great-coat; but when he heard the words "guilty of murder," he started up, and in a low, deep voice, which was distinctly heard by every one present, and seemed to pervade every corner of the room, exclaimed "murder!" then sinking back into his former position, seemed as motionless as if turned to stone. The transient glance which I obtained of his figure, thrilled me with horror; for I could scarcely avoid believing that in the miserable being who now appeared to answer for the life of a fellow-creature, I beheld my misguided friend. But when, on being asked what he had to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, he arose; and, drawing up his tall figure to its full height, looked with unquailing eye on the face of the judge, as he replied, "Nothing—I am guilty of murder!"—then I could no longer doubt that I beheld the wretched Charles Annesley. I stood as if spell-bound, while the judge put on the fatal cap, and commenced the sentence which was to doom him to an ignominious death; but my heart grew sick, my brain reeled, and scarcely conscious of what I did, I hurried from the court.

Early next morning I was at the prison. Charles instantly recognised me; but it was long before I could induce him to lay aside his sullen moodiness and look on me still as a friend. Even after I had somewhat conquered his reserve, he still remained silent with regard to every thing connected with himself, and during the succeeding days, though he knew me to be striving to obtain his pardon, he never betrayed the least interest, or evinced the least anxiety as to the result. At length it was hinted to me that he would be pardoned; but that, in order to inflict something approaching to an adequate punishment, his pardon would be granted only at the foot of the gallows. To this information was added an injunction against affording the slightest hope to the criminal; and with these terms I was compelled to remain satisfied. During all this time Charles had appeared absorbed in thought and utterly regardless of what was passing, and it was not until the night before the day appointed for his execution that he thus addressed me:

"You have expressed much anxiety, my dear Edward, to become acquainted with the events of my life, and I would not willingly repay your kindness with ingratitude; but my time is short, and I must be brief."

He then told me of many apparently unimportant circumstances which had led to the change in his principles; and as I listened to the detail of the trivial occurrences which had produced so awful a result; as I traced the first errings of one whose "heart was formed for virtue, warped to wrong," I felt more strongly, than I had ever done before, the imperative duty of checking the slightest deviation from the path of rectitude. Alas! how can the first leanings towards error fail of being fatal to such natures as ours, where

"Right and wrong so close resemble,
That what we take for virtue's thrill
Is often the first downward tremble
Of the heart's balance into ill."

Like all new converts, Charles had been desirous of making proselytes; and his wife and mother appeared to him the fittest subjects for his experiment. The weak-minded creature whose beauty had awakened his passion, and whose ignorance and simplicity had seemed to him her surest safeguards, soon became the willing disciple of her husband's convenient doctrine; but with his mother he found more difficulty. She was a woman of strong mind, and under any other circumstances, would probably never have yielded up her faith; but Charles was her idol; and how could she oppose his fine-sounding reasons, his unanswerable arguments, especially when aided by his earnest and affectionate eloquence?

"My wife," continued Charles, "is now the guilty companion of my French valet; but, my mother—how can I tell you the horrible tale!"

He turned away, and his frame shook as with a strong convulsion; then, by that almost fearful self-command which he could so well exert, he recovered himself, and I recognised the same low deep voice which had thrilled me with horror in the court-room as he resumed,

"My mother became like myself a sceptic; but she had many terrible misgivings of conscience, and these so agitated her feeble frame, that she was soon laid upon her dying bed. Then began my punishment. Hour after hour she lay moaning and writhing in mental agony; and though she uttered not a word of reproach, yet well could I understand the looks which she constantly turned upon me. One night after the most frightful agitation, she had fallen into a deep sleep; I stood gazing on her, for a sort of fascination seemed to chain me to her bed-side, when I beheld a fearful change come over her face; terrible convulsions shook her frame, and she again lay apparently exhausted. Some person spoke to me; I answered I know not what; but the sound of my voice aroused her; she opened her eyes wildly, and with almost supernatural strength started up, and shrieking, 'Charles, give me back my hope of heaven!' flung herself frantically forward and fell upon my bosom in the agonies of death! They tried to loosen her hand from my neck; but the stiffening fingers held me with a death-grip—the dead face lay like a mountain on my breast—O God! that I could but forget that moment!"

He dashed himself on the floor of the cell, writhing like a crushed worm as he cried out, in a voice of agony,

"My mother! you have made me an outcast on the face of the earth—that dying cry I have never ceased to hear—eternity—oh, can there be an eternity? must I listen to that awful cry through countless ages?"

Exhausted by his anguish, he fell in utter senselessness, and summoning the jailer to his assistance, I left him; for my own heart was too horror-stricken to offer consolation.

The next day had been fixed upon for the execution. Determined not to witness his degradation, I had concerted with one of the principal officers that after the farce of a pretended punishment was over, Charles should be conducted to his residence where I would meet him and provide for his departure from the country. At an early hour I was at the officer's house, but the appointed time passed by and they came not. At length, about two hours later, I heard a bustle in the street; but I remarked that there were no outcries, no shouts, such as are usually heard in a London mob. Fearful of beholding the ignominy of my misguided friend, I remained fixed to my seat, not daring even to turn my eyes towards the window, when I heard a great hurrying to and fro, and directly heavy steps ascended the stairs. I listened with almost breathless anxiety—the door opened and two men entered bearing the lifeless body of my friend. The shock was too great, and I sunk fainting on the floor. When I recovered I learned that he had been brought to the gallows, had ascended the scaffold, the fatal cord was adjusted, and the crowd were hushed in awful silence awaiting the final ceremony when the pardon was suddenly produced—but it was too late! He was yet unsullied by the touch of the executioner, but the springs of life had been too rudely jarred—the retribution of heaven had been more speedy than the justice of man; and a lifeless corpse was all that remained of the gay, the gifted, the misguided Charles Annesley.

IANTHE.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FRIDAY.

ALTHOUGH the idea of Friday being an unlucky day, is supported by respectable authority, both among the ancients and moderns, we still feel inclined to be a little sceptical on the subject. It is true that we read of a monarch and a warrior, who would never commence any enterprise of importance on a Friday, or on the thirteenth of January, which he considered equally unfortunate. But a fortunate friend of ours was born on Friday, the thirteenth of January; and one of the most auspicious events of his life had its origin on a Friday. But we have still stronger reasons for our infidelity as respects this proverb. The first human being was created on Friday, or the sixth day of the week. Whether his unlucky helpmate was created on the same day, we are not positively informed; but it may be reasonably inferred from the assertion that immediately follows, "male and female created he them." A double portion of manna was given on Friday to the Hebrew pilgrims, while they sojourned in the wilderness; and whoever has seen West's celebrated pic-

ture, will acknowledge that the whole human race were once infinitely benefited on a Friday. Why, then, should the sixth day of the week be stigmatized as unlucky? The day on which man was created, and the day also, on which he was redeemed? The present year commenced on Friday, and may it prove a prosperous and happy one to all the readers of this paragraph.

W.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

"The sweetest spirit of a lovely sound."—Byron.

Harp of the winds of heaven!
Fanned by their thousand wings,
What spirit's breath is kissing now
Thy faintly murmuring strings?
That wild and wailing music
It hath no earthly tone,
Its strange and solemn melody
Earth may not call her own.
Is it the wild winds sighing,
Which that sad air composed?
Or some imprisoned Ariel,
Within thy frame enclosed?
Which breathes its mournful freedom
In that low plaintive strain—
Splices of broken melody
Poured on the ear in vain?
Is it thy voice, sweet spirit!
Whose breath now hushes these strings,
Which waits in that low mournful sound
The doom of earthly things?
Wails for the loved and lovely,
The dark cold earth beneath;
And pours its requiem, wild and sweet,
Over the dead of death.
And yet a deeper sadness
For those who still live on,
Who bear the burden still of life
When all its soul is gone!
Low, distant, and unearthly,
In silence dies the strain;
And now a richer melody
Flows on the air again.

Like some aerial chorus
Of spirits floating near,
A full rich flood of harmony
Swells on the rapturous ear.
If aught of earthly music
Is e'er in sounding there,
Methods that all things beautiful
And good, and rich and rare;
And all of high and holy
That on this earth is found,
Send up to heaven their grateful breath
Of praise in that sweet sound!
Thou wind, whose gentle breathings
So softly sweep these strings,
Art thou the same impetuous one
Which oft destruction brings?
Which on the stormy ocean
Tells of impending doom,
And bids the shrieking mariner
Find in the deep, a tomb?
Thy voice, which now breathes music,
Hath then a sadder tone,
And wails no thrill of deep delight
But wails alone.
Alas! how slight and viewless
A line may separate
All that we hope and wish and love,
From all we dread and hate.
And from joys swiftest sources
Too often sorrow springs;
Oh world! thou art a mystery,
And full of wondrous things!

THYRA.

REVOLUTIONARY RECOLLECTIONS.

It is matter of deep regret, that so many of the facts of a subordinate though highly interesting nature, to which this mighty event gave birth, are for ever lost. If a judicious collection could be made of only a small portion of the numerous instances of enterprise, bravery, fortitude, and privations, which are well known to have taken place, it would be one of the most entertaining, instructive, and useful bequests that could be given to posterity. It is doubtful if any other event in the history of nations called forth so many heroic deeds, so many noble virtues, and so many sublime sentiments. All the prominent transactions, and many of the painful vicissitudes of that eventful period, are faithfully recorded by the historian, and they will be cherished in everlasting remembrance, and form the proud trophy of every succeeding generation. There yet survives a remnant of that noble band of patriots, whose blood, and long and faithful services, and numerous and severe sufferings, were the price of our liberty. These holy fathers are wont to describe some of the interesting scenes to which they were eye-witnesses and in which they partook; and in listening to these details, how often has my blood been made to thrill and the tear to start involuntarily into my eye. Neither the dignity of history, nor the limits which the historian must always prescribe to himself, will admit of descending to minutiae; and yet no reader was ever found who was not interested in the perusal of those simple annals which portray individual character, and paint the noblest virtues of the human heart in colourings which are true to nature. Would it not repay any man of competent abilities to collect and arrange such unrecorded facts as are still treasured up by those veterans, who have such strong claims upon us, and who have such deep hold upon our affections and our sympathies? It could scarcely fail to reward the undertaker very liberally, whilst it would be in a high degree honourable to our country. A circular addressed to the surviving officers of the army and others who took an active and zealous part in the revolutionary struggle, would be the means of preserving from oblivion some of the most interesting transactions that ever took place, and such as were among the important agencies and efficient means to insure our independence.

I shall here record a fact that happened during one of those fierce conflicts which shed so much lustre on the American arms. Perhaps no other was more strikingly characterized by daring bravery and firmness of spirit than the celebrated battle of Bennington. It was here that the immortal STARK made his memorable declaration to his brave companions, and which has been so charmingly described by our inimitable poet Halleck.*

Colonel F., I believe a native of Vermont, who resided many years in New-York, but whose noble spirit long since fled to

* When on that field his band the Hessians fought,
Briefly he spoke before the fight began—
"Soldiers! those German gentlemen are bought
"For four pounds ten and seven pence per man,
"By England's king—a bargain, as 'tis thought.
"Are we worth more? Let's prove it now, we can—
"For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,
"Or Mary Starke's a widow!"—It was done.

happier realms, performed the duty of adjutant on that occasion. He related to the writer the following fact, of which he was an eye-witness, and which I believe is without any parallel in the records of battles:

Major W. H., an officer who was distinguished for his bravery and gallant spirit, had under his command about three hundred "green mountain boys"—a most significant appellation in those days—all of whom were sharpshooters, accustomed to the field, and strangers to fear. This corps was posted on an advantageous piece of ground, partly concealed by bushes. The enemy were duly apprised of their position, and it was deemed important to dislodge them. Accordingly a formidable detachment, estimated at about five hundred strong, was ordered to march against them. They advanced upon a charge, thinking to decide the contest without much loss and with little difficulty. The Americans, undismayed, were prepared to receive them. Major H. gave peremptory orders to his troops to reserve their fire until the word of command; the enemy, therefore, rushed on without interruption until they had approached within a few rods of this Spartan band, when, pursuant to order, so deadly a fire was poured into their ranks, that those who escaped retreated in dismay and confusion. The surviving officers, and they were few in number, soon rallied their forces, and brought them a second time to the charge, advancing to the line of their comrades who had fallen, when they received a second fire not less destructive than the first. The enemy were completely panic struck, and fell back in wild disorder. The few remaining officers, however, who behaved with dauntless bravery, and probably thirsting for vengeance, rallied their troops once more, although but few were left, and brought them a third time to the charge. The issue of this attempt was not less fatal than the others; for after receiving the third fire, the survivors fled in terror and despair, and soon surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Their astonishment was past utterance, when they found that out of the whole force with whom they had been associated, no more than thirty-six remained! The others lay stretched upon the field in mute silence, presenting a terrible memento of the power and unyielding spirit of freemen, when summoned to battle in defence of their invaded rights.

Immediately after the issue of the engagement, my informant repaired to that part of the field which had been attended with such fatal consequences to the enemy. He was horror-struck on witnessing the scene that presented itself to his view. And his declaration to the writer of this article was, "I never beheld so awful a spectacle as here greeted my eyes. It was a winnow of dead men from one end of the line to the other!" The contrast of the "green mountain boys" was scarcely less striking, as but few of them were injured.

It may not be improper to add, that Major H., whose enterprising and chivalrous spirit was well known to the Canadians and Indians, was long the object of incessant watchfulness; and a farther incentive was given by the diabolical baseness of the Canadians, who offered a considerable bounty for his scalp. Unhappily they succeeded too well in their schemes. Major H., in company with a small party of his companions in arms, fell into an ambush, where most of them were killed. He was butchered in a dreadful manner, and his scalp borne off to Canada. A surviving officer, who was severely wounded, but whose life was spared, witnessed the horrid transaction. Major H. was not less distinguished for private worth and for the exercise of all the manly virtues, than for his noble conduct in the field. His death occasioned unspeakable regret to every person who knew him, and particularly so among the officers of the northern army, by whom he was universally and most deservedly esteemed.

H.

BRIDAL RETORT.

Richard Dickinson, or, as he was familiarly called for shortness, Dick Dick, was a wild chap, who had fooled away a handsome patrimony before he was twenty-five years of age. About this time his old maiden aunt—Rose Dickinson—from whom he had some "golden expectations," took it into her head to marry a young Irish fortune-hunter, named Manners, who, in his turn took good care that Dick should not handle a farthing of the old lady's fortune. On the morning after the wedding, the young escape-grace called on his aunt to offer his congratulations on the auspicious event, which he did in the following words: "Your grateful nephew hopes to see the young bride well, however he may detest the Manners of an Irish groom." To which address the blushing bride promptly replied: "My grateful nephew will doubtless see the old Bridewell, unless he mend his manners, and associate less with stable grooms." Dick turned on his heel and whistled "Coal-black Rose."

P.

We have been led into these remarks by the neglect and scorn which, for years, American genius has met from Americans. We have observed, with shame, that we have never appreciated nor rewarded the breathings of the American muse, till English critics had pointed out their beauties, and *commanded* us to admire their genius. We should be mentally, as we are politically, free from foreign thralldom. It is a blot on our escutcheon, that we should await the decision of *foreign* critics, and be guided by their verdict, regarding the works of our own writers. Why should we import opinions, who have the same ability to judge as the most favoured nations under the sun? It is high time that we should arouse ourselves from this lethargy, and learn to judge in matters of taste, as well as in those of weightier import. We have had, and still have, names that future ages will look back to with pride, and glory that they were Americans; but with how much more satisfaction would posterity cherish their memories, if this generation extended to them that protection and support, which would enable them to prosecute with ardour the bent of their genius; that they might bequeath to future ages, works that would be a monument of their time, and names that would "notch the centuries" of our republic in the memory of succeeding generations?

After these preliminary remarks, we shall now come to the subject of our sketch.

MARY ELIZABETH AIKIN, eldest daughter of the late John Aikin, of Dutchess county, was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., the capital of that county, as near as we can learn, about the year 1807. Her father, who was descended from an ancient Scottish family, after passing with great credit his elementary studies, entered Yale college, where he graduated in 1798; and as a reward for his scholastic attainments, was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa. On leaving college, Mr. Aikin commenced the study of law, in which profession, his talents, his industry, and his courteous demeanor, soon elevated him to the head of the bar in Dutchess county. He was a partner of Stephen Hoyt, esq. who is now a resident of this city. Mr. Aikin lived esteemed and respected, and died several years ago, deeply regretted, and his memory is still cherished by a large portion of his native state. In early life, Mr. Aikin married Miss Cooke, daughter of the late Mr. Cooke, of Fishkill, Dutchess county, N. Y., a gentleman farmer, of large property. In those days a gentleman farmer was as proud a title as a baron of the olden time. Mr. Cooke was liberal and kind-hearted even to a fault; the oldest and proudest families in the state still remember his hospitable mansion, and the late Colonel De Veaux used to call him "the only hospitable man in Dutchess county." During the revolutionary war, Mr. Cooke was a staunch tory. He was an advocate of the royal cause; and to the last hour of his life, many years after our national independence was achieved, he never omitted a day, to pray for king George III. His daughter, Mrs. Aikin, now resides in Gorham, Ontario county, N. Y. Her family consists of Mary Elizabeth, the subject of this sketch; William, who has just been admitted to the practice of medicine at Gorham, and Sarah, whose writings, under the signature of HINDA, have been so universally admired.

Of the early history of Mrs. Brooks, we know little or nothing. There is, we presume, little to know. Her infantine years were doubtless passed, as the days of childhood are generally passed by those of her sex—in study and seclusion. At a very early age, as we have been informed, Mrs. Brooks evinced a great partiality for reading, especially books of poetry, and every amusement of infancy was neglected to pore over "the songs of other years." At what age she commenced "the rhyming mood," we have not been informed. The first production of her muse which she considered worthy of publication—and which came under the review of the writer of this—was a beautiful poem, entitled "*A Romance*," which appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, on the nineteenth of August, 1826, under the signature of NOBNA. Anonymous as it was, its great poetic beauty called forth from the editor a warm eulogium. On the twenty-sixth of the same month, another poem, entitled "*Histories*," was also published; and week after week she continued to contribute to that paper. Her writings daily improved in sweetness and in beauty, and the productions of her genius elicited much applause. Though many inquiries were made to discover the author's name, still none but her sister HINDA, was privy to her secret, till long after her signature became distinguished, when by a chance, unnecessary to relate here, her name became revealed to the editor and one or two of his most intimate friends. She still continued a constant contributor to the *Literary Gazette*, and after its discontinuance, to the *Morning Courier*. Her poetry, as beautiful and varied as her own fancy-thoughts, was extensively copied throughout

the Union, and nearly every paper, of literary reputation, joined with the *Morning Courier*, in awarding to NOBNA almost unbounded applause, for her numerous and elegant productions.

On the twenty-third of January 1829, Mary Elizabeth Aikin was married, in New-York, to James G. Brooks—a writer as universally known as he is highly appreciated. We need not pass a comment upon his writings here; for in the *Lives of the Poets*, published with portraits in the *Mirror* of the twenty-sixth of January 1828, Mr Brooks's likeness and name bore a conspicuous place. He was one of the original founders and editors of the *Morning Courier*, from which journal he voluntarily retired soon after its junction with the *Enquirer*, and is now to be senior editor of the *Daily Sentinel*, a paper on the eve of appearing in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, shortly after their marriage, published a volume of poetry, entitled "*The Rivals of Este*, and other poems." *The Rivals of Este*, from which the book takes its title, with many minor poems, occupying one hundred and twenty-seven pages, are from the pen of Mrs. Brooks: a poem, entitled *Genius*, with many minor productions, most of which were published several years ago, under the signature of Florio, are from the pen of Mr. Brooks, and occupy the remainder of the volume.

Since the publication of that volume, Mrs. Brooks has written much, and many of her productions have been published in the daily papers of this city.

In this place we deem it fitting to give a short sketch of Mrs. Brooks's studies and accomplishments, since she appeared before the world as a poetess, and also to express our estimate of her genius.

Of unobtrusive and retired habits, Mrs. Brooks delights more in the seclusion of her study, than in seeking display or admiration in the busy rounds of society. Her time is passed in improving her mind, and in giving the forms of things unknown, a shape, a local habitation, and a name. It is natural to suppose that the congeniality between her mind and that of her husband, makes her delight in the eagle-soarings of the muse, and she indulges her mood in strains that continue to charm every one capable of admiring the flowers of poesy. We understand that since she wrote the *Rivals of Este*, and *La Verna*, the two longest productions before the public, she has completed one or two other poems of length, and in proper time will doubtless give them to the world.

Notwithstanding the time that Mrs. Brooks devotes to her favourite pursuit, she still finds leisure to improve herself in the graver, as well as in the lighter studies and accomplishments of a lady. She is a proficient in the French and Latin languages; she is thoroughly versed in music, and touches the piano with science, taste, and skill; her paintings (in water colours) of landscapes and flowers have claimed much admiration—and her deep knowledge of botany, has enabled her, by her own pencil, to arrange the rarest and most beautiful flowers in a large volume to which she has given an appropriate title.

Her course of general reading has been extensive. She delights more in history, travels, biography, and poetry, than in the imaginative novel or romance; in one word, from what we have heard, and from what we know, we are convinced that there is not in the city, nay, in the Union, a lady of her age, who better deserves the title of scholar, than Mrs. Brooks. We admire her the more for her attainments, because she is free from a *bluish tinge*; she never aims at a display of knowledge, and even those most intimately acquainted with her, never hear from her lips a word breathed of her own productions.

Before we pronounce any one a poet, we should first know what constitutes poetry—this is perhaps a truism—there are few who do not feel the charm of poetry, but who can give a proper definition? We have read many, but none correspond with our estimate. Burke has given it the most poetical; he says, "poetry is the art of substantiating shadows, and lending existence to nothing." We would define it thus: poetry is a description of animated or external nature, told in figurative, impassioned, yet natural language: rhyme is an attribute, not an essential of poetry. Let either of these definitions be correct, Mrs. Brooks is a poetess. There is a delicacy of feeling, a refinement of sentiment, a deep and impassioned tone, in all her writings, that denote a mind full-fraught with poesy. In her style there is no redundancy, no seeking of round about expressions for the sake of the rhyme, and her rhythm flows "as regular as rolling water;" her thoughts breathe, as it were, spontaneously, like the richest and rarest flowers that beautify the banks of Helicon. There is a splendour in the drapery with

which she adorns her pictures—an ease, a felicity of touch, and a skillful blending of light and shade; yet the drapery, the touch, and the colouring, sometimes render her unmindful of the theme, which is thereby occasionally wrapped in obscurity, and makes the reader anxious to move aside the gorgeous folds, so much is he charmed by the glimpses he obtains of the story.

Her thoughts partake more of a metaphysical than a descriptive character; she indulges not so much in the portraiture of external nature as in the delineation of human passions. Her descriptions of pride, revenge, ambition, love, and hate, are strongly drawn; and in these more, perhaps, than in any other of the passions, she has indulged. For one of her years, it is a matter of wonder that she has been able to strike with so much force and skill many of the most secret chords of the heart.

Though she has not indulged much in description, yet her similes are often drawn from the field and forest; and the taste and beauty with which she has used them, to illustrate and adorn her writings, mark hers a mind of uncommon force and vigour, and show that she has an eye for the bright and beautiful.

Mrs. Brooks's pictures of love are not in the mawkish and lack-a-daisical tone, so fashionable now-a-days, which is a great recommendation; in her lay they are breathed forth in a noble and dignified strain, such as becomes the holiness of the passion. The poetic character of this age is emphatically that of passion—description has tired, the pastoral no more delights, and the elegiac is too grave. The hundreds of poetasters who have sprouted up in this country as well as in England, describe passion, not as it is in nature, but as they see it through the medium of their jaundiced sight, or as they judge of it with their morbid feelings. In this class we rank Miss Landon. With some few bright exceptions, this is the age of the affectation of passion, not of passion's genuine self—and in the exceptions we embrace Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Brooks.

In many of her poems, Mrs. Brooks has shown a strength and nerve beyond the usual power of her sex; her pictures of blood and battle are sometimes startling, from their vividness, their force, and truth; in short, she has written many passages that the brightest of the train of song might be proud to acknowledge; yet again, in others, she has shown a feebleness that, compared with herself, are unworthy of her muse. Her faults, and they are principally to be found in the writings that preceded the publication of the *Rivals of Este*, are a carelessness of construction and an inelegance of style, a too frequent use of adjectives and adverbs to qualify her nouns and verbs, which lead us to believe that she was in the habit of writing rapidly, and bestowing no labour afterwards, in revision or correction. These faults, however, have, with a few exceptions, been avoided in her later productions. We may apply to her mind her own beautiful couplet:

"Sparkling as ocean wave; yet deep
As things beneath its surface sleep."

We may add here, that her poems have been copied extensively in England; and the applause with which they have been received by English critics, has even exceeded the approbation bestowed upon them in her native land. More than one of the first poets of England have written to this country their exalted opinion of her genius. Several of her songs, too, have been set to music; and we believe there are few ladies who will not find on their pianos the beautiful song of "*O come, my love, along the sea*:" the melody is by Norton.

Thus far we have regarded Mrs. Brooks only as a poetess; but she has written many beautiful sketches in prose; these were principally published in the *Morning Courier*, under the signature of N—a. They claimed much admiration, and like her poetry, were extensively copied. We remember them as bright, fanciful, and racy compositions, but not being before us in a tangible shape, we are unable to speak of them more critically. This subject, interesting to us, as doubtless it will be to our readers, has already occupied so much space, that we are unable to give extracts as copious as we could wish, to prove the correctness of our verdict—to show that our praise does not exceed her merit—but we shall find room for a few passages.

As a specimen of the sublime, a quality seldom seen in poetry at the present day, the following Hebrew melody equals the best of Byron's or Moore's:

Jeremiah, x. 17.

From the halls of our fathers in anguish we fled,
Nor again will its marble re-echo our tread;
For a breath like the siroc-hawblasted our name,
And the frown of Jehovah has crushed us in shame.

His robe was the whirlwind, his voice was the thunder,
And earth at his footstep was riven asunder;
The mantle of midnight had shrouded the sky,
But we knew where He stood by the flash of his eye.
Oh, Judah! how long must thy weary ones weep,
Far, far from the land where their forefathers sleep;
How long ere the glory that brightened the mountain
Will welcome the exile to Siloa's fountain?

To support our position, that she has shown a strength and nerve beyond the usual power of her sex, we quote the two following verses from one of her minor poems:

Rush on, rush on, thou fathomless, thou deep and timeless flood,
Thou gush of passions, hopes, and fears, rush on to ill or good;
Fain would I woo the apathy, more icy than the chain
That only flings its fetters o'er the surface of the main.

But no; go ask the torrent why it holds its fierce career,
Ask the red bolt that cleaves the sky, what points its pathway here;
Then ask that chainless tide of heart, in its first gush warm and free,
What sweeps its wild and wayward course to the wave of Eternity.

To the third stanza of "*The Rivals of Este*," which gives a fanciful description of Italy, we refer, for the beauty of her colouring and the felicity of her touch. We recommend our readers to the volume; we have no room to copy it.

The description of the fight between Este and his rival, is in forcible and impassioned language; it is a picture of blood and battle.

Yet see! what sabre sweeps before him,
What eye of fire is flashing o'er him?
Borne on the fury of the fight,
With hostile front they near unite—
It was the grapple fierce and strong,
Of deep and unforgiven wrong;
The clasp of injury and hate,
Above the ruins they create;
With arm to arm, and breast to breast,
Unyielding, motionless they rest—
But frowning brow, and swelling vein,
The close, more close, convulsive strain;
The lip compressed, the gathering glow
Told struggle, desperate below—
Nor shout, nor shriek, nor taunting word,
Nor curse, nor agony was heard;
Till wavering, reeling to and fro,
Together bound, down, down they go,
Heading upon the ground below.
More furious grew the combat then,
As either strove to rise again;
The sabre steel flashed quick between,
Skillful to fathom or to screen;
Till false for once—and from the side
Of Este gushed the crimson tide.
"Now yield!"

"No, never!"—Este said—
And as the sullen words he sped,
His nerveless hand essayed to grasp
The steel that trembled in his clasp.

The following is a beautiful and pathetic passage; it is spoken by the love-sick nun in *La Verna*:

My life has been one fevered sweep
Of passion o'er my soul;
While phantoms in that sullen keep,
Uproused them from their fitful sleep,
And reason's stern control;
Yet chide me not; the wildest wave
Finds in the ocean depths a grave,
Perchance it sought before;
And Time as fierce a flood will see
Slumber in voiceless apathy;
Peace to the torrent o'er!
I look upon the days gone by,
And thought is weariness;
They brought for me no smile nor sigh,
But one intensest agony.
Hath stolen their power to bless:
For aye was phrensy in the dream,
For ever burning in the beam!
Father, we parted! he, to wrong
The heart that loved so well, so long;
And I, in holy shades to rear
A pang; at last it triumphs here.

The following is one of the many poems which have appeared in the daily papers, since this volume was published. It will appeal forcibly to many a heart:

STANZAS.

"Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one."—Byron.

I trod my own bright home last night;
The breeze was fresh, the floweret fair;
All stood enwrapped in fairy light—
Thou wast not there.

Soft woke my childhood's careless chord,
And wreaths we did together twine,
And deep, sweet murmuring voices poured—
All, all but thine.

The merry lights flashed sunshine then,
And hearts were there in primal glee;
I heard the thrilling notes again,
And turned for thee.

There gushed the stream, there blushed the grove,
All bright affection's hallowed spot,
And bound with thousand links of love—
But thou wast not.

Oh, parted far! yet fancy's chain
Clings close through many a cloud and care;
And when my night home wakes again,
Oh meet me there!

We cannot find further space for extracts of length; we shall now content ourselves with a few detached thoughts, selected from her volume—they are sparkling gems.

"He stood, the only thing of breath."
"Breathless as fond affection keeps
Her silent watch where childhood sleeps."
"Many a bright and laughing morrow
"Cradling in the sigh of sorrow."

"Scarce one light echo woke to sound."
"And steps as light as music fall
"To catch the voice of love."
"It comes, when summer skies are bright,
"On the hush of the morning breeze.
"And eyes are dim, and furrows now
"Have cradled many a care;
"And light flash sunshine on the brow,
"To wake but shadows there."
"Come when the ocean wave, fiercely driven,
"Meets the red bolt ere launched from its heaven."
"So still, and pale, and beautiful,
"Even as the visioned phantasy
"Crowning the weary heart to cull
"A poppy wreath for memory."
"Life is for me a broken tone."

Without much pains we might go on and multiply such passages of surpassing beauty, till the taste pall with very richness, but we desist, recommending, in the strongest terms, those who have not yet read Mrs. Brooks's poems to hasten to the mental banquet which she has spread for them.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

We trust we are pardonable for feeling a little self-complacency on presenting the present number of the *Mirror* to our readers. It is original throughout; for even Horn's beautiful melody, which enriches the last page, is now published for the first time.

Absence of mind.—It is a generally received opinion, that absence of mind is a frailty attending profound knowledge, or uncommon genius. We do not intend to discuss the question in this place; but will, nevertheless, venture an opinion, that it is more frequently the result of a weak understanding, or a long seclusion from active life. Many of the greatest scholars have undoubtedly had their eccentricities, but these have been much exaggerated; or, if they have ever actually occurred, have probably taken place in the history of less wise and distinguished persons. Newton has been saddled with many a dunce's blunders. It is said, that having a favourite cat, who was in the habit of coming into his study, he cut a large hole in the door in order to save himself the trouble of rising to admit her; but, remembering afterwards, that she had a couple of kittens, he added two little holes for their especial accommodation. He also called upon his servant to move back the grate when the fire became too warm for his convenience; and it is related that once, while apparently listening to the remarks of a lady, he took her hand very gravely, as if about to pop the tenderest of questions; but, instead of placing it upon his heart, or pressing it to his lips, he proceeded forthwith to introduce her little finger into his pipe, for the purpose of knocking out the ashes. But these are idle reports. The biographer of Sir Isaac Newton states, that "notwithstanding his anxious care to avoid every occasion of breaking his intense application to study, he was at a great distance from being steeped in philosophy; on the contrary, he could lay aside his thoughts, though engaged in the most intricate researches, when his other occupations required it; and, as soon as he had leisure, resume the subject at the point where he had left off."

In 1696 he obtained, through the influence of his friends, the office of warden of the mint, and, three years after, was appointed master; he applied himself promptly to the duties of his occupation, and was of signal service when the money was called in to be re-coined. He was not distinguished by any eccentricities, but was in company affable and candid, and thought neither his merit nor his reputation sufficient to excuse himself from the duties of social life. How much credit, therefore, these idle stories deserve, every reader can judge; but there is one related of Kant, the German philosopher, which is amusing, and tolerably well authenticated. From all accounts, he must have been a singular personage. He has written, "like brave men, long and well," but in a style so entirely original, that a dictionary was published in Germany, exclusively to illustrate the meaning of his expressions.

He was walking to and fro one night at Leipsic, wrapped in profound cogitations. The bright moonlight streamed down through the trees, and cast their long distinct shadows across the path. The company observed the professor striding along, inattentive to all surrounding circumstances. While his course lay on the plain, which was bright in the moonshine, he moved very much in the method of the rest of his fellow-creatures, but whenever he crossed the shadow of a tree, he leaped over it, with much exertion. "Why, man," said one of his friends, "what are you jumping about here for, at such a rate?" "I cannot conceive," replied Kant, "how you pass over these ditches with so much ease."

The Revised Statutes.—We have heard much talk respecting the "Revised Statutes." The clerks of the different courts wear rather grave faces at the mention of the "Revised Statutes." The ward court justices move with the slowness becoming all great bodies, and may be seen behind their desks, diving into the "Revised Statutes;" and the lawyers profess that they positively do not know, for they have scarcely looked through the "Revised Statutes." Landlords inquire how they are to collect their rent by the "Revised Statutes;" and a poor man gravely asked us, the other day, if proceedings of courts, imprisonment for debt, lottery-offices, and lawyers, were not pretty much abolished by the "Revised Statutes."

Great alterations have certainly been effected; and for the benefit of those who have not had an opportunity of giving them an attentive perusal, we enumerate a few of the leading acts. The ladies are hereafter to be admitted to equal privileges with the men, and may vote and hold all offices. Whiskers are abolished, except as hereinafter provided; any person wearing the same shall execute a bond to the congress of the United States, in the penalty of a hundred thousand dollars, conditioned that such person is tame and will not bite. The Indians are to be invited to erect a settlement in this city, and all that part of New-York lying south of Canal-street and Chatham-square, and between the North and East rivers, is to be appropriated to their accommodation. An university is to be established for the purpose of educating children by steam, for which a patent has been granted to professor Fire-Engine. It is now placed beyond a doubt that the course of all the arts and sciences with all the polite accomplishments, may be effected by the time they arrive at the age of seven years. The great well is to be dug in Thirteenth-street, until it comes out on the other side of the globe, in which case a communication is to be established by means of buckets and air-balloons with the inhabitants of Russia in Asia, by which it is confidently expected a glorious supply of water will be obtained from the Pacific ocean, and several ships of the line have been despatched for the purpose of negotiating a treaty with the emperor of China.

The late Mr. Gilfert.—Every one knows the immense difference between the estimation in which a tenth-rate author's works are held by himself and by the public; but this different way of viewing the same subject is, perhaps, never exhibited with so much dramatic effect as between the author of a play and the manager of a theatre. One of this species of writers presented a sort of a tragedy to the late Mr. Gilfert, who, though a man of great talent in his way, believed one opera at any time better than ten tragedies, looked upon Mozart as a greater man than Shakspeare, and liked the "poetry of sound" better than any other poetry whatever. The author examined the bottom of the bills every morning, expecting to see his play announced as forthcoming with "new scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations," but looked in vain. Time rolled on, till at last waxing impatient, he called at the Bowery theatre, asked to speak with Mr. Gilfert, and inquired if his piece was in a state of forwardness? "What piece?" said Mr. G. The author gave the name, when Mr. G. looking at him over his spectacles, said he knew nothing about it; but added, by way of consolation, that he believed it was lost. "Lost!" exclaimed the author, who expected some dreadful convulsion of nature would attend such a catastrophe as the loss of his tragedy; "lost! my tragedy lost! impossible." Mr. G., who thought it was no such serious matter, seemed rather surprised by this burst of tragic passion, and by way of allaying it, beckoned the author into his private room, where, acting upon the supposition that one play was just as good as another, he pointed to a pile of about fifty unread or rejected dramas, and as a compensation, requested the author, as he expressed it, to "take his pick!" This only made matters worse, when Mr. G., desirous of terminating the business handsomely, made what he thought a most generous offer, by desiring him to accept a five-act in return for his three-act play, "or by —," continued he, using an exclamation not proper to be repeated, "you may take two of them!" The author, who had an elevated opinion of himself, and thought "his words were sparks of immortality," was about to reply in high dudgeon, when, on turning them over, the name of his own piece met his view. He took it up, put it in his pocket, buttoned his coat, looked supercilious, hemmed, and wished Mr. G. a good morning. "Baron Von Carlos," as Gilfert was frequently called, returned the salutation, expressing, at the same time, his surprise, that any gentleman should be foolish enough to neglect the opportunity of getting so good a bargain as two tragedies for one.

MELODY.

AS SUNG BY MRS. SHARPE—COMPOSED BY C. E. HORN—NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

ALLEGRETTO CON-MOTO.

Where sor - row spreads the ve - nom'd dart, And rends the love lorn mai - den's heart,

And rends the love lorn mai - den's heart, Soft mu - sic, with her sil - ver sound, Can lull the pain, and

heal the wound; Then dwell with me, me - lo - dy, sweet me - lo - dy, dwell with me me - lo - dy, sweet me - lo - dy.

Lo. co.

When pleasure beams, and hope is bright,
How light the joyous moments fly;
Soft music lends her dearest aid,
To sooth and cheer the lovelorn maid.
Then dwell with me, &c.

THE DRAMA.

THE Christmas holidays spread cheerfulness and festivity over private circles, and created dulness and desertion in public places, the theatres especially. Good eating and drinking, and bad vocal, and worse instrumental music are prevalent all around, and their united attractions are too powerful for the sons and daughters of Thespis to make head against. For these two or three weeks past, when we have stepped into the Park on an evening, nothing worthy the name of an audience has been visible. A few friendless, invitationless-looking individuals, to be sure, were gathered together, or rather distributed around, like angels' visits, or plums in a boarding-school pudding, "few and far between." The performers seemed to feel the unkindness of the public; Mrs. Sharpe's laugh had lost its gaiety, and Mr. Woodhull stormed and swore in a more modulated tone of voice than is his wont when a full house witnesses his misdeeds; Mr. Barnes twisted his face but once where he used to twist it twice, and Mr. Barry's pleasant smile withered to a sardonic grin. Mr. Richings was the only one whose spirits seemed untouched, and his action was as impressive, and his emphasis as correct as ever. (By the way, Richings is improving wonderfully in comedy—his tragedy is still a very destructive business.) The serious parts of the play went off very naturally, but in the comic scenes it was hard work to be facetious and merry. The audience evidently sympathized with the actors, and took a melancholy interest in

what was going on; a feeling of desolation weighed down their spirits, and many gentlemen sought relief in tobacco. They laughed not, neither did they applaud; for applause would have seemed an insult, and laughter a mockery. One person indeed once, and once only, broke the solemn silence by unthinkingly clapping his hands together; but it sounded so abrupt and startling, and reverberated so dolefully through the empty boxes, that he looked a good deal alarmed and a little ashamed of what he had done. Two or three critics were lounging discontentedly about the lobbies with their hands in their pockets; and of the two door-keepers, one was asleep, the other buried in profound reflection.

Even the regular actors of the theatre, old and deserved favourites with the public, have for the most part made their annual appeal in vain. Mrs. Sharpe, who deserves a real benefit, if ever woman deserved one, though not neglected, was by no means patronized to the extent she merits, although Shakespeare and Forrest were put in requisition to furnish a rational evening's amusement. The only thing that has been decidedly encouraged was Mr. Barnes's goose; and this actor really deserves much credit for his profound insight into human nature. Deeply impressed with the truth of that truest of all proverbs, that "birds of a feather flock together," he produced on the stage a goose of extraordinary dimensions, which attracted to the theatre a numerous assemblage of friends, admirers, and relatives of that interesting bird; thus adding one more to the many examples of the uncommon soundness of the above adage.

The fact is, the drama is invariably at a low ebb every year about this time. Theatricals in New-York depend more upon strangers than those of any other city in the Union, and this is the season when scarcely any are present. The country merchants have taken up their winter quarters in their respective villages, and the southern belles, beaux, and men of business, have, like birds of passage, passed on to milder latitudes. The inhabitants too, have been busily employed with balls, concerts, and private parties, and thus the theatre is deprived of its principal means of support. The worst of the season is, however, over, and a visible change for the better is now taking place. Mrs. Austin has commenced a short engagement, and no one is more deservedly a favourite with the public than this delightful songstress. To say that Mrs. Austin warbles like a night-ingale, would not now convey any definite idea, for the same thing is said of every singer that makes a noise; but the expressive word warble is peculiarly applicable to the rich combination of sounds that this lady occasionally pours forth, and some of her notes are in truth most mellifluous and bird-like. The spring campaign, it is said, will be opened with more than ordinary vigour. C.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

From a prose translation of Sir William Jones.

THE blushing morn, with roses veiled,
Advances from her eastern bower,
And dew-drops, by her breath exhaled,
Tremble like pearls upon each flower.

Haste, loved companion! bring the wine,
And breathe with me the ambrosial air,
(A gale from paradise divine)
While we the crystal goblet share.

The rose upon her emerald throne
Reigns in that bower to lovers true;
Let then our chalice be o'erflown,
With liquor of her ruby hue.

Why at the banquet still abide?
Dost thou not view the dawning day?
Open thy gates, oh keeper, wide!
Companion, why so long delay?

Oh, youth beloved, pour to thy fair,
And bid the bright libation flow;
And, wise one, let thy evening prayer
Spread like the vine, and fervid glow.

Like Hafiz, seize the kiss divine,
From the pure lips of maid most dear;
'Tis sweet as is the balmy wine,
More precious than a peri's tear.

ELOISA.

STANZAS.

There's ne'er a flower that lifts its head
O'er fragrant wild, or garden bed,
That tells not with its sweetest breath
And freshest hue, of life and death!

The day that has the sunniest morn,
With song of birds, and perfume born;
Oh! what avails its joy and light?
It rises but to set in night!

And fairest hope, and gayest thought,
Though with youth's sweetest fancies fraught;
Who, who but owns how short their stay?
They flatter, shine, and pass away!

And thou, my boy, on whose fair brow
Exultingly I gaze e'en now;
With my fond smile is breathed a sigh,
To think that thou wert born to die!

And those, at whom I do not gaze,
For these are not as former days!
What need I more than think of thee,
To know that joy must cease to be?

Oh, wo! to feel in early youth,
With fullest force the solemn truth,
That quickly fades life's dearest part—
The saddest fastens on the heart!

ISABEL.

RESEMBLANCE.

I cannot love her—every tress
Which o'er her forehead strays,
Stamps on my soul with deeper stress,
The dream of other days;
Yet o'er that brow I've fondly gazed,
And o'er that golden hair,
And pressed its threads with lips that praised—
It seemed like Ida's there.

I cannot love her—cold and mute
My heart to passion's spell,
Yet I have listened to her lute,
As though I loved her well;
And whispered 'twas a peri's tone
Which melted on her tongue;
And every word was rapture's own—
'Twas thus that Ida sung.

I cannot love her—every glance
Her eye hath on me cast,
Serves but to strengthen and enhance
The memory of the past.
Yet I have told her stars ne'er set
In such deep lustrous blue,
And prayed her gaze one moment yet—
Ah! it was Ida's too.

I cannot love her—thus I'd said,
And coldly turned away—
When first her brow she meekly laid,
Where erst another's lay;

But oh! while bending o'er that cheek,
Meet for a spirit's shrine,
I could not turn—I could not speak—
Ida, 'twas so like thine.

Quench—quench this meteoric gleam,
Mocking a planet's light.
Enough! 'tis past—'twas but a dream—
Welcome oblivion's night!
I do not love her—'twere a spot
Upon affection's sun;
I love but one—and she is not—
I cannot love but one.

HARP OF THE ISLE.

TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER EMILY.

Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart,
When last I saw thy young blue eyes, they smiled,
And then we parted, not as now we part,
But with a hope.—*Child Harold.*

Earliest pledge of my affections,
Promise of my future days,
Object of my soul's reflections,
Idol of my prayers and praise;
While, last night, you smiling slumbered,
On my bosom lay thy head;
Ah! how many must be numbered
Ere again you share that bed?

And this parting morn thou'st feasted,
Pillowed on thy father's knee;
Many a tear-cup must be tasted
Ere such joy return for me.

When thou wakest on the morrow,
Heaved o'er ocean's deep abyss,
Wilt thou not, in wondering sorrow,
Seek thy father's morning kiss?

But no! my parting words can only
Sadness o'er thy features roll;
Leave we then for scenes more lonely,
Themes too dark for thy young soul.

Yes, I waive a father's duty
Sooner than, with sorrow's sign,
Dim one feature of that beauty,
Praised by other lips than mine.

For thou'rt full of lovely childhood,
Fair as heaven's expanded bow,
Glad as lark in summer wildwood,
Mayst thou long continue so!
There's a weary path before thee,
Full of thorns and full of tears;
But thou'rt a loving mother o'er thee,
To direct thy future years.

Come! receive thy father's blessing,
Daughter of my hope below;
Come! 'tis all that's worth possessing,
Which that father can bestow!

May the God of power direct thee
O'er the Atlantic's broad abyss!
May the God of love protect thee
From such trying hour as this!

May the path that leadeth ever
Heaven-ward, by thy step be trod,
Till thou reachest Siloa's river,
Flowing by the throne of God.

ALPHA.

AUTUMN REFLECTIONS.

Come to me, from the vistas of the past,
Ye countless hopes that beckoned me along;
Come with your glories that so briefly last,
With the sweet richness of your treacherous song;
The twilight hour is here—the solemn breeze
Wakes its revelation of the autumnal hour;
The leaf is sinking from the yellow trees,
The glow departeth from the leafless bower.

And here with leaves and mournful streams around,
Choked with the honours from the forest cast;
Here, listening to the melancholy sound
Of the innumerable boughs, in hidden blast;
Here throng my memories back, a mournful train,
To springs of other years—to dreams that now
Seem but the echo of the wind-harp's strain,
Stirring the heart and shadowing the brow.

Where are these glories? where, at this lone hour,
Are the glad hopes of my departed years?
Each dream unfolded, like a matchless flower,
Till leaf and odour passed away in tears!
And still I weep not: for upspringing yet
From the deep chambers of my restless heart,
Come the fond visions I may ne'er forget,
While babbling memory can her spells impart.

EVERARD.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Oh, heavenly Father! by that name
Which thou hast chosen, e'en above
Those which thy boundless power proclaim;
That name of mercy and of love,
Which bids us all our wishes speak,
Our woes impart, our wants declare,
Let me address thee now, and seek
To utter thus a mother's prayer:

Grant, heavenly Father, to my child,
A heart submissive to thy will;
Thankful for good, and reconciled
By love to every seeming ill;
Still may it feel and understand
That all alike thy love declare,
The cheering smile, the chast'ning hand;
Oh, answer thus a mother's prayer.

Guide, heavenly Father, guide its feet
Far from ambition's dangerous height;
The throne where virtue keeps her seat,
Be this its homage and delight:
Preserve its steps, in thoughtless youth,
From pleasure's flower-concealed snare;
Direct them to the paths of truth,
In answer to a mother's prayer.

Keep, heavenly Father, keep its heart
Pure, humble, ardent, and sincere;
Teaching the hand when to impart,
The eye to shed the pitying tear;
With virtuous fortitude supplied,
Undazzled by the tinsel glare
Of fashion, folly, and of pride—
Oh, answer thus a mother's prayer.

Spared, heavenly Father, may I be,
To mark awhile its rising sun,
If so it seemeth good to thee,
If not, thy better will be done.
This, then, the only boon I crave,
Grant that my child these gifts may share,
And thank thee, on a mother's grave,
For answering a mother's prayer.

J. J. II.

POPULAR TALES.

THE BACHELOR'S BRIDAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN."

It is perhaps the most natural, as well as most powerful excuse that can be offered for the shade of misanthropy which is apt to creep, with advancing years, over the best and kindest spirits, that they have read in their pilgrimage through life so many bitter commentaries on the errors or vices of humanity. Youth hears of injustice, infidelity, and treachery. It neither believes nor understands, and goes on its jocund way unsaddened and unwarned. But the man of declining years has seen their harrowing traces on the brow of worth and the cheek of beauty, and conviction is reluctantly forced upon him. Out of very pity for one brother of his species, he begins to despise, if not to hate, another; and under the strong abhorrence of individual falsehood, is even heard to say in his haste, "all men are liars!"

If there be among the children of deceit or levity, a character more fitted than another to give rise to this uncharitable feeling, it is surely that of the man who, having set himself in sober sadness, and with all the energies of a perhaps powerful and commanding intellect, to win and monopolize the affections of a fair woman, his equal in birth and station, conceives himself warranted by any change, short of personal unworthiness in the object of this well-assorted connexion, to withdraw his promise, and make shipwreck of her happiness! And if the cause be, as is too often the case, sordid love of gold, or diminution of worldly advantages, is there a term base enough to characterise so ignoble a breach of plighted faith? Oh! that the broken hearts and ravaged minds of hundreds of the noblest, and loveliest, and most innocent of heaven's creatures could suffice to brand, with inexpiable infamy, a crime, whose toleration amongst us is a disgrace to civilized society! Theoretically, I ever abhorred it "with a perfect hatred," till I gathered from the lips of him whose peace the stroke had shattered, even at the rebound; the history of one of the many hearts broken

by the perfidy of the world's "honourable men." I will give it in the words of the narrator, a brave and high-minded officer, on whose manly frame grief and disappointment had done the work of a hundred battles, and whose blighted hopes and joyless existence, formed a living commentary on the text of which I have made choice.

"It was after a residence of nearly fifteen years in India," said Colonel Merton to me, when months of silent sympathy had entitled me to confidence, "that I felt, for the first time during an interval of intense professional excitement, the wish to revisit my native country. It was no sooner formed than it became irresistible. I fancied my health affected by every moment's delay, and looked on the monotonous objects around, with hourly and increasing disgust. Leave of absence, after such a period of active service, was readily granted; but its limited nature (for I was in the king's service) and an impatience to enjoy European scenes and associations, combined to make me prefer, to some months' imprisonment on ship-board, the harassing journey over land, across the desert. It was performed with its usual unvarying features of discomfort, privation, and fatigue. These, a soldier can despise: when there is something to be done, he is always ready to suffer; but the passive endurance of solitude is not his forte.

"I need not enlarge, to any one who has ever felt the vivid pleasures of contrast, on the bliss it was to tread, after the purgatory of an Alexandrian merchantman, and the still more annoying confinement of a Maltese lazaretto, the delicious shores of Naples! I did not think it had been in my harassed soldier-frame, and languid toil-worn spirit, to feel so happy; and I hailed my long-forgotten sensations as an earnest of enjoyments even more heartfelt and consoling. The only drawback on my present satisfaction, was the want of a companion; though the sense of solitude, which weighed so heavily amid the bustling myriads of the Toledo, was often welcome when treading the lone shores of Baiæ and the silent tombs of Pompeii.

"I had spent one bright and balmy spring-morning amid the latter unspeakably interesting remains, and had identified myself so completely with their ancient inhabitants, as to feel absolutely startled to find (on looking in, for a second time, on what is termed the Basilica) its verdant area occupied by a gay group of English travellers; for whose mid-day repast, fallen pillars, and their yet unfinished capitals (for Pompeii when overwhelmed was but breathing from the ravages of an earthquake) furnished classical accommodations.

"I began by feeling angry at the intrusion, and ended by envying the intruders—so very sociably did they seem to enjoy their frugal banquet, in a spirit of subdued and tranquil cheerfulness, which did not in the least degree outrage the sanctity of a people's sepulchre. I really longed to join them, and felt convinced I should have been made welcome; but the frank, fearless spirit which, on the banks of the Ganges, would have prompted the proposal, shrunk abashed before the chilling influence of my native Thames; and I sat down quietly, behind a yet erect column, to contemplate the pleasing spectacle of domestic enjoyment, and listen to the sound of my country's language—now, for the first time, saluting my ear from many a cheerful and almost familiar voice.

"In this pleasant group was one, whose peculiar sweetness of tone thrilled at once upon my heart, and came in at intervals, with its rich mellow tenor, between the shrill youthful treble, and deep bass of the family dialogue, just as the speaker herself—a graceful, elegant woman, of about eight-and-twenty—formed, as it were, the connecting link between a pleasing-looking couple advanced in life, and young people of various ages, from ten to twenty. I was just thinking that I would have given the world to hear this lady sing, when one of the youngest of the group—a slender, fair-haired girl—hung coaxingly around her, and with privileged importunity, seemed to anticipate my wishes, by entreating for a song. A guitar was soon brought from the carriage; and never, surely, did the appropriate airs from "*L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompeii*," find their way more resistlessly to the heart. They were sung with taste, and skill, and science; and thus I had heard them at San Carlos the night before. But what were taste, skill, and science behind a row of stage lamps, and amid the thunder of an orchestra, compared with the feeling and pathos which now woke the desolate echoes of Pompeii, and commemorated, upon its site, a city's overthrow! I listened in breathless ecstasy, and felt as if I had never understood till then why I was surrounded by roofless edifices and tenantless dwellings!

"The song ceased—the spell was broken; and the party, warned by the lengthening shadows, arose to depart. I looked on their preparations with indefinable interest, although with the feeling that I should, in all probability, never see them again; and I felt a childish pleasure in moving, when they were gone, to the spot which they had so recently occupied. Here, among the debris of their miscellaneous repast—half hid beneath orange-peel, sandwich papers, and empty wine flasks, my eye was soon attracted by a red morocco volume, apparently a sketch-book, forgotten by one of the party. I snatched it up, in the joint hope of being yet in time to restore it, and of getting, perhaps, a soft word of thanks from the delightful mezzo soprano—when the songstress herself, aware of her loss, re-entered the Basilica to recover it.

"As I walked towards her with the book, I read, inscribed on its cover, the letters 'Louisa Ormond;' and their talismanic power as effectually transported me back some dozen of years, to the bloody field of A—, as the surrounding objects had before carried me a couple of thousand, to the fall of Pompeii. Encouraged by the sweet smile and slight blush, with which the property was claimed and received, I found voice to ask if indeed I had the unexpected pleasure of speaking to Miss Ormond, of F— Hall?

"The same," answered the fair artist, with a flush of surprise, and quickness of expression foreign to her general manner: 'does any one here know me?'

"I was unaware," replied I, 'till this moment, that one, for whom I am entrusted with a sacred commission, was within my reach. May I be permitted to acquit myself of a long cherished duty, by waiting upon you when it may suit your convenience to receive me?' So saying, I handed her my card, and received one in return, indicating the name of the friends with whom she was residing, at a well-known hotel on the Chiaï.

"Just at that moment, one of her young companions came back in quest of her. I resigned her to his privileged guardianship, and stood routed to the spot, pondering on the marvellous coincidences which, in real life, laugh to scorn the timid contrivances of fiction. Twelve years ago, on the banks of the Ganges, I had received a packet, to be delivered, should I return alive, to a young lady in England; and lo! on this identical person I had stumbled amid the ruins of Pompeii, when, but for a song, I should never have thought about her, and but for a lost scrap of paper, should never have found her out! Of course, I thought now about her, quite as much as such a concatenation of circumstances warranted; that is to say, all night, and all next day, till it was time to go and call upon her.

"On arriving at the Albergo delle Croalle, the handsome suite of apartments occupied by the family, I was introduced to the head of it—a benevolent, sensible looking man, whose frankness at once informed me why the task of receiving me had in the first instance devolved upon him.

"Your absence from your native country, Colonel Merton, has probably kept you ignorant of some painful circumstances in Miss Ormond's history, which induce her partial friends to shield her from every possible source of sudden agitation. Her health is at all times delicate, and her spirits are only recovering from a shock of the severest kind. This being the case, you will perhaps allow me the parent's office, of judging how far the communication you alluded to yesterday may safely be hazarded. If it comes from one quarter, I could almost take upon me to say, it is equally ill-judged and fruitless."

"It comes from one, sir," said I, 'long removed, by death, from the possibility of offending, and who, I am sure, would gladly have forfeited life to avert from Miss Ormond the shadow of pain or displeasure. Did you ever hear her speak of her cousin, Edmund Lyttelton?'

"Often. She regarded him with sisterly affection, and was much affected by his untimely fate."

"It was with more than fraternal feelings that poor Edmund remembered his fair cousin," said I, with a sigh. "Living, she shared his youthful heart with glory; and his dying words were of her alone. Could she, do you think, without danger, afford me the melancholy satisfaction of consigning to her own hands tokens of boyish affection, endeared by youthful associations, and hallowed by the early grave of him by whom they were treasured?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Owenson, with the air of one relieved from secret uneasiness. "My dear young friend, whose feelings have been wounded in the tenderest point by unkindness, can only, I think, be soothed by testimonials of innocent attachment from one whose memory she cher-

ishes, but to whose loss she has long been resigned, I will, however, just prepare her, if you will excuse me—

"But ere the good man had time to leave the room, Miss Ormond entered it, with somewhat of the hurried manner of one who anticipates a scene, and wishes it over.

"My dear Louisa," said Mr. O., 'this gentleman is from the East Indies, and was the commanding officer and intimate friend of poor Edmund. He has a message from the dear fellow, to deliver to his cousin Louy. I am sure it will be welcome, as well as its bearer. You will look in upon us frequently, sir, I hope,' added he, as he left the room. 'Any friend of Edmund Lyttelton's I shall ever be proud to see.'

"Miss Ormond," said I, when alone with the lovely woman, whose slight air of absence and pre-occupation convinced me more than words, that there were no overwhelming feelings connected with her cousin's memory, 'I need not tell you that there never beat in human bosom, a braver or a softer heart than Edmund Lyttelton's! That heart, from very childhood, was yours; and a passion, too boyish, probably, to excite in your breast any corresponding feelings, kept its hold of his while life remained. If he loved glory, and ardently pursued it, it was to become more worthy of you: he sacrificed life in the pursuit, and his last words to me were, "When you go to England—no matter when—find out Louisa Ormond. I would fain see she should one day know, that it was for her Edmund Lyttelton lived and died! Here are two memorials of her, which it was sweet to me to steal in secret as her lover, because I feared she would have given them but too readily to her cousin—a lock of her dark brown hair, and the unfinished purse she was netting the night I left home. It is an emblem of my own brief, incomplete career. Perhaps she may live to finish it yet, for Edmund's sake, and we may meet at length where all is perfect and as it should be!"'

"Soft, quiet tears began to glide down Miss Ormond's pale cheek; and I said, 'I do not wonder you should be moved at such an affecting proof of constancy in one so young.' 'Constancy!' repeated she after me, as if it were a word of whose meaning she was doubtful, or had never heard—'Poor Edmund! there are few like him.'

"I began to feel that the scene had gone quite far enough, and to long for a diversion. It was opportunely afforded by the entrance of some of the children; and I hurried away, promising to repeat my visit ere long.

"An invitation from the kind Mr. O. anticipated my intentions. We suited each other; and I became an almost daily guest. Louisa Ormond, whose temporary agitation soon subsided into her wonted sweet serenity, behaved to me with an engaging frankness that quite won my heart, and talked to me so amiably of her lost cousin, that I soon ceased to wonder at his boyish adoration. I was past the age of romance; but not beyond the sphere of its widely spreading influence—and not Edmund himself, in the devotion of eighteen, could soon have outdone his veteran comrade in arms, in his admiration of Louisa Ormond.

"Women in India—idols as they are often made—have a sort of artificial existence, which always acted on me as a repellant. Condemned by the climate to much of the inaction of eastern sultanas, they often seem to emulate their listless inanity. They do not lend, as in England, a charm and a grace to a thousand little domestic duties; nor are there in a monotonous country, and burning climate, external objects to draw forth the sympathies of a cultivated mind. When I roamed with Louisa Ormond to the tomb of Virgil, or the villa of Cicero, I had but to look in her face to see the moral spirit of the scene; its natural beauty reflected both these, and I felt as if I had for the first time, an adequate notion of what a woman might or should be.

"I was soon a lover, and a doting one. All saw it, save Louisa, and all saw it with seeming satisfaction. That of Owenson was open and undisguised, like all his sentiments; but when, at length, I burst the bonds of reserve so natural to a lover of six-and-thirty, and asked him, with faltering voice, and downcast eyes, what hope he could honestly give me of success—he shook his head, and said—"Merton! I wish I could flatter; but it is not my way, and truth is kindness. Louisa Ormond will never love again. Her heart has been crushed and blighted irrecoverably, by the infamous conduct of a villain—but she has affections left, as I and mine can testify, richly worth cultivating; and with time and perseverance, I doubt not her esteem and hand may be yours. If this will content you, my best efforts shall be used to promote your views; but if you insist on more, I advise you to leave Naples without delay. Names and particulars I have solemnly promised never to divulge;

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

indeed, why should I, when all has long since been irrevocably at an end, and the destroyer of her peace married to another? Suffice it that Louisa was engaged to one, base enough to desert her when, from an opulent heiress, she became the orphan of a ruined man! She is too meek to hate—she despises and forgives him—but she does not forget! There are things in life not to be forgotten—and a five years' betrothment to one of the most fascinating of men, even ingratitude and infamy cannot cancel like a dream. But my wife and myself have always said, there might be a balm even for such wounds, in a rational, well-placed attachment; and with you, even *we* hope Louisa may yet be happy. Give her time—allow for natural repugnance to revive bitter recollections—and all, I trust, will yet be well!

"I shrink from inflicting on myself the torture of describing how all this gradually took place. Why should I? I am not the first who has mistaken gratitude for affection, and the torpor of death for the wholesome slumbers of returning health. Louisa, first shocked, then softened by my importunities, slowly gave way before the sincerity of my affection, the silent participation of her friends, and the forgotten luxury of being understood, appreciated, and idolized. It was amid the delicious exuberance of an Italian spring, that my blossoms of hope slowly expanded; and having lingered at Naples till the heats of summer surprised us, we agreed to pass the sultry season at Sorrentum, and return early in autumn to England, where the claims of relations, and professional business, imperiously demanded my presence.

"I would fain have persuaded Louisa to be mine in Italy—to let the sunny region which had witnessed our first strange meeting, be the scene of our blissful union; but I urged in vain; and with something of superstitious horror she always answered, 'I cannot be married in Italy.' Her friends, like myself, regretted this; as, like me, they had misgivings about her return to England, which they could have wished her to revisit under happier auspices, and a husband's protection; but her reluctance was so deep and unfeigned, that it was impossible not to give way.

"The convenience of transporting the very large family of Mr. O., and the delicacy of Louisa's health, to whom the confinement of a carriage was peculiarly distressing, induced us to resolve on proceeding to England by sea. A large English merchantman was about to sail from Naples, which proved an additional temptation, and we all embarked under the most favourable auspices. The season, however, was somewhat advanced, and the tempests of the Mediterranean are as sudden as violent. One overtook us ere we could clear the Italian coast; and after some days of imminent peril, the captain was glad to find shelter (though far out of his destined course) in the bay of Genoa. My alarm during the storm had been cruelly embittered by the idea of perishing without having received the hand of Louisa, and I flattered myself she too—though serene amidst tempest as at all other times—would have clung to me yet more confidently had our mutual vows been exchanged. At last, I guessed it was so; for when, on a trifling delay seeming likely to occur at Genoa, for repairs to the ship, I again urged our landing, and being married, (should there be an English clergyman in that city,) she ceased to oppose; but with a look of mild resignation, which has haunted me ever since, said, 'It is of no use to struggle, since it is to be.'

"We went ashore the moment the subsiding waves permitted; and almost thought Naples eclipsed by the less extolled magnificence of the site of *Genoa la Superba*. To me it was all one bright enchanted palace! for there my vows were to be ratified, and my happiness placed beyond the power of fortune and the elements. O vain and foolish mortals! not the fairy castles of an Italian summer heaven, are more false and fugitive than your base projects, and short-sighted hopes!

"I flew to the house of the consul, where, when a clergyman can be procured, English service is performed; and learned with transport, that after a considerable *interregnum*, there was now an officiating minister, in the person of a beneficed clergyman, travelling for his health, and a temporary resident in Genoa. I acceded (although with the stipulation of absolute privacy) to the consul's polite request that I would, as is customary, use the sanction of his roof for the ceremony. The next day but one was named, and the dean of — duly requested to officiate.

"People talk of presentiments! but to me, elation of mind will ever be the most fearful of presages. I should shudder even yet to see any one so blindly, madly happy,

as I was when I had made all these arrangements, and extorted Louisa's sweet, yet reluctant acquiescence in them.

"Those who deal in omens, might have drawn auguries in favour of their belief, from one slight circumstance, which disturbed me. On joining, about ten minutes before the time fixed for the ceremony, the assembled family in the *saloon* of our inn—a close, ill-aired apartment—I found Louisa, who was too superior to all affectation to feign petty inconvenience, evidently suffering from more than mental agitation, indeed, just recovering from a fainting fit. Seeing me alarmed, she smiled, and assured me her illness had proceeded from a very trifling cause, and was merely occasioned by the overpowering scent of the huge bouquet of orange flowers which the dear children had provided, as indispensable at all continental marriages. We made light of this trifle; but 'trifles light as air' sink into the mind with leaden pressure, when misfortune drives them home!

"The carriage came to the door—I put in Louisa; we both trembled; hers was the chill, nervous anticipation of impending evil; mine, the feverish tremor of hope deferred. My beloved was enveloped in one of the graceful *mezzaros* of the Genoese ladies, the texture of which, although the finest to be procured, was sufficiently thick to prevent her distinguishing objects, had she even been disposed to look around her. Her thoughts were otherwise occupied at this solemn moment—after silent greetings from the consul's family, we ranged ourselves before the handsome, imposing looking dignitary, whose frigid, aristocratic exterior, inspired me with no great prepossession in his favour. I half regretted my impatience, and grieved that it had defrauded my own venerable white-haired tutor in England, of his sacred office—but it was too late! The ceremony began—it ended! Ere a sentence was accomplished, Louisa lay motionless, and to all appearance, dead, in my arms. The dean of — was the faithless lover, whose perfidy had produced such overwhelming effects upon her mind. That mind was a second time his victim! and I am for life, a sad, solitary bachelor!"

LITERARY NOTICES.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

THE publication of a further portion of the Letters of Mrs. Montague, of which four volumes have already appeared, will shortly be resumed, under the editorial care of her near relation, Mathew Montague, esq. They will embrace a correspondence with Dr. Johnson, Burke, Malone, George Stevens, Arthur Murphy, Oliver Goldsmith, Windham, Garrick, Young the poet, and most of the wits and critics of the time in which Mrs. Montague lived.

The Garrick papers and letters, from which some interesting extracts have already appeared, will, we are happy to understand, be published in a few days. The most curious, and indeed most valuable portion of the letters, have never yet seen the light. They consist of familiar and critical epistles from Dr. Johnson, and other eminent and highly influential persons, who were contemporaries with the English Roscius. They will be illustrated with notes by a gentleman well acquainted with the literature and the arts of that period.

Allan Cunningham's History of the British Painters, is entirely out of print, nearly ten thousand copies having been sold. The freedom taken with the works of certain artists, and the spirit of independence, manifested in favour of art generally, has occasioned the work to be extremely popular.

The value of the copyright of dramas has been exceedingly diminished within the last twenty years. Formerly five hundred pounds, and, in one or two instances, nearly a thousand pounds, have been given by a bookseller for a successful play; and in those days three hundred pounds was the *minimum* price. Now, there is scarcely an instance where a bookseller has been bold enough to give fifty pounds, that the result of the sale has not terminated in a loss.

Richard Lander, the faithful attendant of the late lamented Captain Clapperton, during his last African expedition, has been ever since his return sedulously engaged in preparing for the press, an account of his own wanderings and personal adventures in that inhospitable clime, which are reported to be of a very novel description. With what intensity the spirit of enterprise and travel animates the heart of this young man, may be conceived from the fact that, though he was the only survivor of the expedition under Captain Clapperton, he has just undertaken a commission from government to proceed again to the same mysterious and perilous region, on a mission to explore the course of the Niger.

A third edition of the *Laconics* is in the London press, and will soon be published.

LESLIE.—In Blackwood's Magazine for December, there is a review of the London Annuals for the present year, in which the fine print of our countryman Leslie, in the Amulet, is noticed as follows:—"Is this from some divine picture of one of the inspired masters of old, the Sisters of Bethany? No: the picture is by a living power—one who will take his place among the immortals; for the name of Leslie will never die while genius is hallowed on earth, and held in reverential remembrance. We wish that we—even we—had been asked to try to express some of the emotions that flow back and forwards in our soul, to and from that holy conception, so holily realized; yet, perhaps, it is better not, for feeling with us has not always words at will; and the sight of the Saviour addressing Mary and Martha has touched a chord in a female heart that gives forth excellent music—though music from no mortal lips can worthily hymn the benignity imagined there."

GLASS.—Professor Farady, of London, continues to make progress in bringing his method of manufacturing glass for optical purposes to perfection. It is one of the most important advantages of his plan, that he can make his new glass free from flaw with greater certainty in large pieces than in small. He has just finished two disks of the largest size his present furnace will allow, viz. seven inches square. One of these is about to be ground and fitted to a telescope of twenty-five feet tube; and he is preparing to construct a larger furnace, that will furnish pieces of perfect flint glass of still larger dimensions.

National Gazette.

THE RAIL ROAD.—The rail road from Pratt-street to the Carrollton viaduct presented on Saturday a scene of enlivened and animating interest. A vast crowd of persons, attracted by the beauty and mildness of the day, and a number of members of congress, including several members of the committee on internal improvement, visited the road, and enjoyed the pleasure and novelty of a ride in the cars. The members of congress, accompanied by several of the directors of the rail road company, making a party of about twenty persons, were conveyed from the commencement of the road to the bridge in about seven minutes. The distance between the bridge and the road was traversed by the car, on its return, with an increased number of passengers, in exactly five minutes. This is computed to have been at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. A train of four carriages, containing from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and thirty-five passengers, and making an aggregate weight of twelve tons and a half, was then drawn to the bridge by a single horse, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. We extract from the American of this morning the following further particulars:—When the members arrived on the ground, the carriages were absent on a trip to the viaduct. This afforded them an opportunity of examining the road, and the manner in which the rails are laid; and by the time these examinations were concluded, the carriages returned in handsome style, the first two containing about sixty passengers, drawn by one horse, and the remaining three, also drawn by one horse, with about eighty passengers. The great ease and rapidity with which these trains were seen to move, excited admiration and even astonishment in the minds of the spectators; and, in the language of some who had not before personally witnessed the advantages possessed by rail roads, tended more directly to establish the fact of those advantages by this single practical exhibition, than whole volumes of theory. An active business was done by the carriages on Saturday, the number of persons who were present in the afternoon alone being upwards of a thousand. Of course, many who went for a ride were obliged to return without being gratified.

Baltimore Gazette.

STEAM CARRIAGES.—Even with a velocity of thirty miles an hour, journeys would be performed with a rapidity, the very thought of which makes the head giddy. In the latitude of St. Petersburg or Stockholm, a person starting at sunrise in June from the western part of Europe, and travelling at this rate westward, would add one hour to his day! Supposing the vehicle to proceed at half the velocity during the night, six hundred miles could be passed over in twenty-four hours. Three days would thus carry the traveller from Calais to Constantinople; and four days would suffice to transport him from the midst of civilization in Amsterdam, to a Tartar horde on the banks of the Wolga! Mr. Gurney has not entered into any specific contract as to the time for "the entry" of his steam-coaches on any line of road. We have heard that a stage waggon is now constructing on the same principle, which will carry fifteen tons, and go at the rate of six miles an hour.

THE RAMBLER.

AN HOUR AT THE READING-ROOM.

—“Got thee glass eyes,
—And like a scurvy politician, seem
—To see the things thou dost not.”

THE press—the newspaper press—is a very fine thing; there is no denying that. It says itself that it is a “great moral engine,” the “destroyer of darkness and despotism,” the “disseminator of light and knowledge,” the “nurse of freedom,” in fact, the sovereign remedy for the numerous disorders to which this incurable old world is and has so long been subject; and it surely ought to know, for it lays claim to much infallibility. But, in simple truth, it must be owned that these “moral engines” do at times contain a little more roguery, quackery, calumny, sycophancy, amazing impudence, and monstrous misrepresentations, than is to be found anywhere else in a printed shape; but at the same time the press does not consider this as in any way detracting from the high character to which it coolly lays claim. Shakspeare, emphatically enough, uses the term “measureless liar;” but in our day to say that a man “lied like a newspaper at election time,” would be more emphatic still. No derelictions from truth can possibly exceed in variety and monstrosity the editorial department at this sinful period; and no lover ever more willingly believed his mistress against the evidence of his senses, than do political partisans their favourite journals on such occasions. Common sense is at discount, and its quiet appeal stands but a slender chance of being heard amid the hectoring, bullying tumult of popular commotion; while reason and reflection go together to the bottom in the storm of roaringrodomontade and furious declamation, which is raging all around. But the most decidedly amusing thing is, after all is over, the fools duped and the rogues rewarded, the way in which the different journalists come forward and declare, with an air of virtuous sincerity, that “the conduct of the press, during the late election, has been highly disreputable, and cannot fail to prejudice the country in the eyes of foreign nations!”

In England there prevails a custom to a much greater extent than here, which considerably heightens the ridiculous on those occasions, namely, of affixing mottoes to the head of the several prints. These, for the most part, consist of trite and moderate truisms, and nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the political text at the beginning, and the comment upon it in the body of the journal. For example, one of the most violent party papers in the united kingdom is headed, “party is the madness of many for the gain of a few!” Another, “open to all parties and influenced by none,” when it is notorious that it is pledged to support a certain faction and their doctrines, right or wrong. But the most inappropriate of all with which to preface these lying vehicles, is at the same time the most common, to wit, “truth is mighty and will prevail!” The force of contrast can go no further.

Whatever be the evil of newspapers, they are, however, a thousand fold overbalanced by the good of which they are productive. Here, on one small table, lies the daily history of this busy world! In the olden times, years elapsed before the most important events travelled beyond the narrow bounds of the country in which they occurred; and a pilgrim from the Holy Land was the only gazette from which our forefathers could ascertain the list of killed, wounded, and promotions. Now, all that passes on earth or ocean is assiduously gathered into these little sheets, and placed before a man every morning as regularly as his breakfast: at least it is so in this part of the globe. Further westward they are subject to greater vicissitudes, and the stream of knowledge is there withheld from the thirsty inhabitants for reasons the most ludicrous and contradictory. At one time the conductor of a paper has no paper on which to print his paper, or no money, or his family is sick, or his journeyman is drunk, or he has to get in his crop of hay, or plant his field of corn, and a hundred other excuses that sound very strange to the denizens of crowded cities. An Ohio editor, a little while ago, quietly informed his subscribers that he had taken unto himself a wife, and that his wife insisted upon a jaunt into the country, consequently no paper could be published until his return; and the world and its concerns were actually brought to a stand-still with the inhabitants of this district until the hen-pecked editor got through his honey-moon. Another, in Indiana, took the judicious precaution of telling his patrons that “he could not promise regularity,” but pledged his word that his paper should be published “now and then!” Indeed, it seems they there make newspapers just when and how they please, and the proprietors “trade them out” so much news for so much pork, or anything else they may want in the way of household

necessaries. The number of different journals in these states is often boasted of as a matter of pride, though if two-thirds of them were swept away, and the remainder circulated three times the number of copies each, a much more respectable and independent press would be the consequence. Numbers of them are worse than nothing; and the public patronage is divided into so many channels that the conductors of each have to fight and wrangle, and beg and pray, for their several shares, in a most unseemly manner; and many of them are so afraid of offending (in local matters especially,) and losing what little they have, that they write not what they think, but what they think will please; thus sacrificing integrity to interest in a way by no means honest or creditable, or reconcilable with the tremendous noise they make about their independence.

This has been called the “age of bronze,” the “age of cant,” the “age of quackery,” and a number of ages besides, but the “age of magazines and newspapers” is perhaps as characteristic a title as any other; and they, together with novels, light literature, quotation dictionaries, and “learning-made-easy” works in every branch of science, are certainly exercising a wide influence over the public such as it is. The fact is, the world is getting very wise. The springs of knowledge are opening on every side; and it is the opinion of many that in a short space of time, there will be no such thing as a foolish person on the face of the earth. The old heathen fable of the goddess of wisdom springing fully armed and matured from the head of Jupiter, is a type of the present times; and it is really astonishing to mark the preternatural acquisition of wisdom going on all around. Study is unnecessary, and time and labour are almost annihilated. You will meet people who are perfect dunces at the latter end of January, and before the middle of March they are poets, philosophers, metaphysicians, literary lions, or what not. The process is simple: it is only necessary to attend two or three courses of popular lectures, read a few of the latest fashionable novels, the reviews, the magazines, and you are straightway one of the wise men of the year 1830. It might be thought that there is something superficial in all this; but the confidence with which every one supports his own opinions, and the contempt he evinces for all who lived before him, or differ from him, is the best proof of the solidity and superiority of his own intellectual endowments. Many, indeed, think themselves wiser than either Solomon or Shakspeare, for the excellent reason that these two worthies knew nothing of gas or steam-boats; and they have a way of considering all the inventions of the age as adding so much to their individual merits; at every new discovery exclaiming, “astonishing! what wonderful fellows we are!” If there is any truth in the line—

“A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,”

these are truly awful times. No one is totally destitute, and the mystery of making a little go a great way was never so thoroughly understood, or so universally practised as now. Literary men who associate only with their equals, know nothing about the quantity of superficial information and genuine ignorance afloat in general society; and the manner in which hundreds without an original and scarcely an acquired idea, contrive to pass for well-informed people, is truly mysterious. The neglect of all but living authors is astonishing; and if any young man, along with the current literature of the day, has contrived to peruse Pope's Essay on Man, Goldsmith's Deserted Village, Gray's Elegy, Young's Night Thoughts, and Thomson's Seasons, he is looked upon as a “little superior to any thing going,” in the literary way, a “real smart fellow,” and a great reader. To say nothing of the graver works of history, which it is the duty of all to make themselves familiar with, there are hundreds, with no very modest pretensions either, who know no more of Dryden than his “Alexander's Feast,” and that only because it forms a component part of almost every school-book; or of Pope, further than his Essay, which for some reason or other has acquired a more extended reputation than that of his other works; or Swift or Butler; and of such poets as Massinger, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, they are completely ignorant. Even Shakspeare is little known amongst this class except by his acting plays, and of these I have heard some quote with great satisfaction, passages as worthy of particular admiration, which, after all, were only the interpolations of Tate and Cibber. Notwithstanding this, they will spend time enough in devouring every new production, good, bad, or indifferent, that is issued from the press, though it might, perhaps, be rather difficult to tell wherein consists the superior profit and pleasure to be derived from Devereux and Horace Smith, in preference to Sterne, Fielding, and Smollett. It has become a case of necessity for those who desire to maintain or acquire any sort of a book-reading reputation to peruse every Waverley novel on its

first appearance; yet it is to be doubted if these immortal works are by great numbers more than half appreciated; at least it is very amusing to hear the common remark, that “they like all the Waverley novels *excepting the Scotch*,” and to observe the preference almost invariably given to *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, and those written in pure English. Poor Burns is another, it is to be feared, more talked of than read; at least there are hundreds that chatter about his being a great poet, who, when asked what he has written, will answer, “Auld lang syne,” and “Bruce's Address,” and beyond this they know little, and care less. One gentleman in particular I knew, who on the strength of having read his “Cotter's Saturday-night” through, pretended an overweening admiration for him, and affirmed (truly enough) that his songs were the best of songs; yet on afterwards hearing repeated the following lines from perhaps the finest of them, breathing as it does the very soul of delicate, impassioned tenderness and mournful recollection—

“How sweetly bloomed the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie,
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary,”

he very innocently inquired, “whose is that?” Perhaps the beautiful address of Halleck to the wild rose of Alloway, has done more for the fame of Burns in this country with thousands, than the glorious works of the poet himself.

Altogether, the publications of the day are in a great degree sought after and read, to the exclusion of the approved and standard authors of former times; and though many of them are well deserving attention, perhaps of all the host of clever authors that have sprung up in England within the last twenty years, the works of Scott, Byron, Moore, Wordsworth, and Campbell, will alone be familiar in the mouths of succeeding generations. Coleridge is indeed a splendid poet, but the “Ancient Mariner” and “Cristabel,” though replete with passages of wonderful power, will never, it is to be feared, be popular poems. C.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

EXTRACT FROM A JOURNAL.

NATURE is full not only of beauties but of wonders. She has common charms to strike every eye whenever the understanding is sufficiently matured to remark ordinary appearances. The spirit of the observer finds itself in a vast arena decorated by an invisible hand with sweet, impressive, and sublime splendour. His imagination can frame nothing beyond. But study lends him new faculties. It enlarges his comprehension. It multiplies and expands his capacities, and he is led on from this spacious temple of glory, into others deeper, wider, more magnificent. He penetrates into the inner regions of her system, and becomes acquainted by means of scientific calculations and instruments, with her forms, causes, and elemental structure. There is a singular satisfaction in the belief that every thing around, being the production of a mighty intelligence, possesses mysteries and value unseen by the common eye. These discoveries render the progress of knowledge a continual series of triumphs. In the shaded light and unbroken quiet of his closet, enterprises are formed by the student, and brought into operation to explore the undiscovered worlds in science. Labour is endured, arduous struggles continued, and victories at length accomplished.

One accustomed to this species of reflection, finds companionship in the most solitary ramble. The objects and incidents of the country, the trees and various plants of the wood, the animals and insects which cross his way, have all a meaning. He communes with nature in a kind of language in which she continually unfolds to his comprehension some pleasing secret, some cunning and admirable purpose, some soft beauty, or wonderful and perfect machinery. She is full of treasures—beautiful and hidden treasures. The accidental fracture of a stone reveals the pure flashing crystal embodied in the coarse fragment. I remember one mellow summer afternoon, how delighted I was during a long perambulation upon this island. I had become fatigued with exertions, and the bustle and confinement of business produced a feverish excitement, which I suddenly resolved to soothe by treating myself to a holiday. In a little time I had left the brawling crowd with its rushing, thundering, and discordant tumults far behind, and my very soul rested in the dear and grateful quiet and freshness of nature. The hum of the great city came sometimes with the breeze, but

it was mingled into a drowsy and subdued murmur, which pleased me like music. On I went, over hill and dale, seeking out the loneliest spots; sometimes crossing the shadows of a forest, and again tracing the silvery windings of a brook. A release from hateful restraint had given my mind an impulse verging, perhaps, to the opposite extreme. I was dreamily disposed to put the cold thoughts of the world to sleep, and yield myself to the influence of imagination. I was therefore at no pains to correct the errors of fancy, but believed for the time that the voice of the waters told of conscious mirth and purity, that the stirring branches were agitated with an emotion of enjoyment, that the speckled fish, glistening through the stream, darted with the joy of careless bliss and beauty, and that the motions every where perceptible around, sprang from feelings similar to those of human beings. A large bee swept by me upon murmuring wings. What a beautiful creature! His gorgeous apparel might shame a king; and what a poet's life is his! To extract the distilled and precious juices from the bosom of fresh flowers—to be for ever among purling brooks, velvet leaves, and fragrant places. Then along the water I observed strange plants fringing its borders. Many of them are considered worthless. I recalled the lines of the friar in *Romeo and Juliet*, which I had read a hundred times with never-tiring pleasure.

"The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must fill up this orier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
Many for many virtues excellent;
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good do give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse;
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by actions dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will.
And where the worse is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up the plant."

These lines passed through my mind as I gazed along the range of various plants with whose properties I was unacquainted, and the rough fragments of rock which had probably lain there uninterruptedly for thousands of years, since they had been thus scattered about by some vast convulsion. And as I remembered all the fair essences, the rich sweets, the ripe delicious fruits, which were distilled out of the coarse earth and invisible air by the ordinary operation of nature, I could not but indulge the idea that the time would perhaps arrive when new and more precious juices would be extracted from the materials now trodden carelessly under foot. Fragrance to shame myrrh and frankincense, wines of more exquisite flavour and refined exhilaration, and medicines to diminish the benumbing and awful diseases which prey upon my fellow-creatures, and thus to contract the extent of the dominion which anguish now exercises over the world.

The sun was setting. He had been obscured by several dark blue clouds, edged with a line more brilliant than silver. Gradually they changed into fantastic forms and burning tinges, till as his golden orb emerged from the heavy masses, his crimson floods streamed through the trees upon the level sward. The sky reddened with his expiring splendour, which touched even the distant east with dashes of rosy painting, then slowly descending, his dazzling disk disappeared calmly as a high immortal spirit bowed in death.

Light is a mystery, as well as a beauty. Whether it is a fluid in itself, or only the vibration of another ethereal matter, has been the subject of discussion among the learned; yet they have detected many of its extraordinary properties, sufficient to increase their wonder to a very high degree. With its visible and ordinary qualities all are acquainted. They have watched it sleeping upon the blue ocean, and filling the great circle of the sky; the rainbow, the leaf of the flower, the unfolding hues of the cataract, the capricious flashes of the diamond, are so common as to be no longer the topics of remark, scarcely of notice. But suppose some being created upon a summer night, with developed faculties, wondering at himself and all around, with what sensations would he witness this beautiful wonder breaking over sky and earth. What an incomprehensible essence; how divine in its shape and attributes. Is it not a gift worthy of a God? It comes upon the heavens like

the messenger of a Deity, a sign of his existence, and a token of his nature. It is a language in which the universe is revealed. But a closer examination unfolds new subjects of astonishment. How delicately are its secret rays interwoven with each other; how they are blended in innumerable and ever-varying combinations; how fine must each particle be. A single fact will partially illustrate my meaning. By the aid of the microscope you discover that many atoms of matter are themselves worlds for other living, breathing beings. Millions of them together would not form a point visible to the naked eye. Each one of these is organized as perfectly as an elephant, with the various corporeal members necessary for the common functions of life; a heart beats in his bosom, and veins conduct the blood through the different parts of his body. The blood which circulates through his system is a fluid. Science teaches that a fluid is composed of balls which must be to the creature itself nearly as a grain of sand is to the world. Yet this fluid is transparent, and consequently through the interstices of these particles the rays must pass, each being composed of seven different rays, and each of those subject to different degrees of refraction.

The motion of this singular body is in the opposite extreme, and where the other perplexes the mind with an idea of minuteness difficult to comprehend, this astonishes by the conception of vastness which it occasions. Nature works equally with unlimited power upon a large or small scale, and conceals prodigies as extraordinary in the portion too small for sight, and in that too great and distant. The motion of the earth is startling, and it is difficult to realize the idea that we revolve around her axis at the rate of a thousand miles an hour. Her course around the sun is yet more incomprehensible, as she advances nineteen miles upon her orbit in one second, or, sixty-eight thousand miles an hour. But this is the pace of a snail compared with the velocity of light, which traverses one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in one second, or, one billion three hundred and eighty-eight millions, eight hundred and eighty thousand miles in two hours! The reader, unless accustomed to numbers, cannot realize the amount of a billion by the mere mention of the name. If a person were to count one hundred every minute, and to continue at work ten hours each day, he could not reckon a million in less than seventeen days. It would take him forty-five thousand years to count a billion, and mathematicians tell us if we suppose the whole earth to be peopled as Britain, and to have been so from creation, and that the whole race of mankind had constantly been telling from a heap of a quadrillion of dollars, they would have scarcely yet reckoned the thousandth part of that quantity. Yet light, moving at the rate of more than a billion of miles in two hours, strikes the eye, "the softest and the frailest thing" in nature; for whose sensibility there is no name, and is thus reflected with a touch so delicate as to occasion only a pleasure. A ray of light comes from the nearest fixed star in a year. There are others from which it travels in a million of years, and here the region of human ken terminates. Nothing can penetrate the immense void beyond but imagination. From these stupendous regions how strange it is for the human being to picture himself "crawling between heaven and earth," moved with anger, hate, envy, and pride. To come back again to the little difficulties, the vain triumphs, the brief small circumstances of life, to converse with a coquette, a fop, a "dog in office," to mingle with the promiscuous crowd of creatures who call themselves lords of creation.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

IRISH ANECDOTE.

In the autumn of 1825, some private affairs called me into the sister kingdom; and as I did not travel, like Polyphemus, with my eye out, I gathered a few samples of Irish character, amongst which was the following incident.

I was standing one morning at the window of "mine inn," when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in front, sat a solitary outside passenger, a fine young fellow, in the uniform of the Connaught rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man, and a younger woman, sister or sweetheart; and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from his seat on the coach.

"Come down wid ye, Thady," the speaker was the old woman. "Come down now to your ould mother. Sure it's

flog ye they will, and strip the flesh off the bones I giv ye. Come down Thady, darlin'!"

"It's honour, mother," was the short reply of the soldier; and with clenched hands and set teeth, he took a stiffer posture on the coach.

"Thady, come down—come down now ye fool of the world—come along down wid ye!" The tone of the present appeal was more promptly and sternly pronounced: "It's honour, brother!" and the body of the speaker rose more rigidly erect than ever on the roof.

"O Thady, come down! sure it's me, your own Kathleen, that bids ye. Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jewel; come down, then!" The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward, that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before.

"It's honour, honour bright, Kathleen!" and, as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus, with the same answer.

"Come down, Thady, honey!—Thady, ye fool, come down!—O Thady, come down to me!"

"It's honour, mother!—It's honour, brother!—Honour bright, my own Kathleen!"

Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public, that I did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particulars of the distress. It appeared that he had been home on furlough, to visit his family, and having exceeded, as he thought, the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the furlough expired.

"The first of March, your honour—bad luck to it of all the black days in the world—and here it is, come sudden on me like a shot!"

"The first of March!—why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare then—the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is leap year, and February has twenty-nine days."

The soldier was thunder-struck. "Twenty-nine days is it!—You're sartin of that same!—Oh, mother, mother!—ill luck fly away wid yere ould almanack—a base cratur of a book, to be deceaven one, after living so long in the family of us!"

His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap, with a loud hurrah! His second was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen, and the third was to wring my hand off in an acknowledgment.

"It's a happy man I am, your honour, for my word's saved, and all by your honour's means. Long life to your honour for the same! May ye live a long hundred—and leap-years every one of them!" Hood's Comic Annual.

SATIRE ON EMIGRATION.

"Squampash Flats, 9th November, 1827.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Here we are, thank heaven, safe and well, and in the finest country you ever saw. At this moment I have before me the sublime expanse of Squampash flats—the majestic Mudiboo winding through the mist—with the magnificent range of the Squab mountains in the distance. But the prospect is impossible to describe in a letter! I might as well attempt a panorama in a pill-box! We have fixed our settlement on the left bank of the river. In crossing the rapids we lost most of our heavy baggage, and all our iron work: but by great good fortune we saved Mrs. Paisley's grand piano and the children's toys. Our infant city consists of three log-huts and one of clay, which, however, on the second day, fell in to the ground landlord. We have now built it up again; and, all things considered, are as comfortable as we could expect, and have christened our settlement New London, in compliment to the old metropolis. We have one of the log-houses to ourselves—or at least we shall have when we have built a new pig-sty. We burnt down the first one in making a bonfire to keep off the wild beasts, and for the present the pigs are in the parlour. As yet our rooms are rather usefully than elegantly furnished. We have hollowed the grand upright, and it makes a convenient cupboard; the chairs were obliged to blaze at our bivouacs, but, thank fortune, we have never leisure to sit down, and so do not miss them. My boys are contented, and will be well when they have got over some awkward accidents in lopping and felling. Mrs. H. grumbles a little, but it is her custom to lament most when she is in the midst of comforts. She complains of solitude, and says she could enjoy the very stiffest of

stiff visits. The first time we lighted a fire in our new abode, a large serpent came down the chimney, which I looked upon as a good omen. However, as Mrs P. is not partial to snakes, and the heat is supposed to attract those reptiles, we have dispensed with fires ever since. As for wild beasts, we hear them howling and roaring round the fence every night from dusk till daylight, but we have only been inconvenienced by one lion. The first time he came, in order to get rid of the brute peaceably, we turned out an old ewe, with which he was well satisfied; but ever since he comes to us as regular as clock-work for his mutton; and if we do not soon contrive to cut his acquaintance, we shall hardly have a sheep in the flock. It would have been easy to shoot him, being well provided with muskets; but Barnaby mistook our remnant of gunpowder for onion seed, and sowed it all in the kitchen garden. We did try to trap him into a pit-fall, but after twice catching Mrs. P. and every one of the children in turn, it was given up. They are now, however, perfectly at ease about the animal, for they never stir out of doors at all; and, to make them quite comfortable, I have blocked up all the windows and barricaded the door. We have lost only one of our number since we came; namely, Diggory, the market-gardener, from Glasgow, who went out one morning to botanise, and never came back. I am much surprised at his absconding, as he had nothing but a spade to go off with. Chippendale, the carpenter, was sent after him, but did not return; and Gregory, the smith, has been out after him these two days. I have just dispatched Mudge, the herdsman, to look for all three, and hope he will soon give a good account of them, as they are the most useful men in the whole settlement, and, in fact, indispensable to its existence. The river Mudiboo is deep and rapid, and said to swarm with alligators, though I have heard but of three being seen at one time, and none of those above eighteen feet long; this, however, is immaterial, as we do not use the river fluid, which is thick and dirty, but draw all our water from natural wells and tanks. Poisonous springs are rather common, but are easily distinguished by containing no fish or living animal. Those, however, which swarm with frogs, toads, newts, eels, &c. are harmless, and may be safely used for culinary purposes. In short, I know of no drawback but one, which, I am sanguine, may be got over hereafter, and do earnestly hope and advise, if things are no better in England than when I left, you, and as many as you can persuade, will sell off all, and come over to this African paradise. The drawback I speak of is this; although I have never seen any one of the creatures, it is too certain that the mountains are inhabited by a race of monkeys, whose cunning and mischievous talents exceed even the most incredible stories of the tribe. No human art or vigilance seems of avail; we have planned ambuscades, and watched night after night, but no attempt has been made; yet the moment the guard was relaxed, we were stripped without mercy. I am convinced they must have had spies night and day on our motions, yet so secretly and cautiously, that no glimpse of one has yet been seen by any of our people. Our last crop was cut and carried off with the precision of an English harvesting. Our spirit stores (you will be amazed to hear that these creatures pick locks with the dexterity of London burglars) have been broken open and ransacked, though half the establishment were on the watch; and the brutes have been off to their mountains, five miles distant, without even the dogs giving an alarm. I could almost persuade myself at times, such are their supernatural knowledge, swiftness, and invisibility, that we have to contend with evil spirits. I long for your advice, to refer to on this subject. I am, dear Philip, your loving brother. AMEROSÉ MAWE.

"P.S.—Since writing the above, you will be concerned to hear the body of poor Diggory has been found, horribly mangled by wild beasts. The fate of Chippendale, Gregory, and Mudge, is no longer doubtful. The old lion has brought the lioness, and the sheep being all gone, they have made a joint attack upon the bullock-house. The Mudiboo has overflowed, and Squampash flats are a swamp. I have just discovered that the monkeys are my own rascals, that I brought out from England. We are coming back as fast as we can." Ibid.

THE STEAM ENGINE.

The following animated description of the powers of the steam engine is from the pen of Dr. Arnolt, in his work on the Elements of Physics.—"In the present perfect state of the steam engine, it appears a thing almost endowed with intelligence. It regulates with perfect accuracy and uniformity the number of its strokes in a given time, and counts or records them, moreover, to tell how much work it has done, as a clock records the beats of its pendulum; it regulates the quantity of steam admitted to work; the briskness of the fire;

the supply of the coals to the fire. It opens and shuts its valves, with absolute precision as to time and manner; it oils its joints; it takes out any air which may accidentally enter into parts that should be vacuum; and when any thing goes wrong, which it cannot of itself rectify, it warns its attendants by ringing a bell! Yet, with all these talents and qualities, and even when possessing the power of six hundred horses, it is obedient to the hand of a child. Its aliment is coal, wood, charcoal, or other combustible materials; it consumes none while idle; it never tires, and wants no sleep; it is not subject to malady when originally well made, and only refuses to work when worn out with age. It is equally active in all climates, and will do work of any kind—it is a water-pumper, a miner, a sailor, a printer, a cotton-spinner, a weaver, a blacksmith, a miller, &c.; and a small engine, in the character of a steam-pony, may be seen dragging after it on a rail-road a hundred tons of merchandise or a regiment of soldiers, with greater speed than that of our fleetest coaches. It is the king of machines, and a permanent realization of the genii of eastern fable, whose supernatural powers were occasionally at the command of man."

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

To illustrate the beneficial effects produced on muscular strength, on health, and on the animal spirits, by temperance and exercise, reference is made to the system of training which is practised in Europe, to prepare men for boxing. The results attributed to this system are almost incredible.

"The period of daily exercise abroad is at least four hours, and within doors at least two hours. A prominent object is to keep the body and mind constantly occupied through the day. No ardent spirits are allowed. The food is small in quantity. Eight hours of sleep are allowed; and temperance in all things strictly enjoined. By these means, it is said, the appetite becomes uniformly good, the mind cheerful, the strength astonishingly increased, and the sleep sound and refreshing. The lungs become strong, the skin smooth, and the spirits lively. The bones become hard like ivory, and not easily broken. The form is improved, the movements are graceful, and life itself much prolonged."

However exaggerated the effects which are thus ascribed to the system of training, may appear to those who have paid no attention to the subject, we are perfectly convinced that were the same plan which is pursued with the view of fitting individuals for a demoralizing exhibition of brute force, to be generally adopted as a means of improving the health and vigour of the constitution, man would be in a great measure emancipated from physical suffering, and his existence, with the full possession of his active powers, prolonged far beyond what is now esteemed the utmost bounds of human life. Frost.

LETTER WRITING.

Pope's letters, though extremely elegant, are failures as letters. He wrote them to the world, not to his friends; and they have therefore, very much the air of universal secrets. Swift has recorded his own sour mind in many a bitter epistle; and his correspondence remains a stern and brief chronicle of the time in which he lived. Cowper has unwittingly beguiled us of many a long hour, by his letters to Lady Hesketh, and in them we see the fluctuations of his melancholy nature more plainly than in all the biographical dissertations of his affectionate editor. But we must not make catalogues, nor indulge longer in this eulogy on letter writing. We take a particular interest, we confess, in what is thus spoken aside, as it were, and without a consciousness of being overheard; and there is a spirit and freedom in the tone of works written for the post, which is scarcely ever to be found in those written for the press. We are more edified by one letter of Cowper than we should be by a week's confinement and hard labour in the metaphysical Bridewell of Mr. Coleridge; and a single letter from the pen of Gray is worth all the pedler-reasoning of Mr. Wordsworth's Eternal Recluse, from the hour he first squats himself down in the sun, to the end of his preaching. In the first, we have the light, unstudied pleasantries of a wit and a man of feeling—in the last, we are talked out of all patience by an arrogant old proser, and buried in a heap of the most perilous stuff and the most dusty philosophy. Edin. Rev.

NAPOLEON AND ISABEY.

I called one morning on Isabey to see his fine collection of portraits, which have now, in a great measure, become historical. I found him in his atelier, working upon that splendid picture which is destined to connect the name of the artist with most of the distinguished characters of his

day.* In a moment I found myself surrounded by the almost living likenesses of all the celebrated men and beautiful women at that time assembled in Vienna. I saw the portrait of young Napoleon, which Isabey was just finishing, when I first met him at Schœnbrunn; also a likeness of the prince de Ligne, animated by all the fine expression of the original, and a full-length of Napoleon himself, walking in the gardens of Malmaison. "Then he really had the habit of walking with his arms crossed in this manner?" said I. "Unquestionably," replied Isabey; "and that together with his other remarkable habit of stooping his head, at one time, well nigh proved very fatal to me. During the consulate, I had been dining one day with some of Bonaparte's young aides-de-camp at Malmaison. After dinner we went out on the lawn fronting the Chateau, to play at leap-frog, you know that was a favourite college game of ours. I had leaped over the heads of several of my companions, when a little further on, beneath an avenue of trees, I saw another, apparently waiting for me in the requisite position. Thinking I had not completed my task, I ran forward, but unfortunately missed my mark, springing only to the height of his neck, I knocked him down, and we both rolled along the ground to the distance of at least six yards. What was my horror on discovering that the victim of my unlucky blunder was no other than Bonaparte himself! At that period he had not even dreamed of the possibility of a fall; and this first lesson was naturally calculated to rouse his indignation in the utmost degree. Foaming with rage, he rose and drew his sword, and had I not proved myself a better runner than a leaper, I have no doubt but he would soon have made an end of me. He pursued me as far as the ditch, which I speedily cleared, and, fortunately for me, he did not think fit to follow my example. I proceeded straight to Paris, and so great was my alarm, that I scarcely ventured to look behind me until I reached the gates of the Tuileries. I immediately ascended to Madame Bonaparte's apartments, for the persons of the household were accustomed to admit me at all times. On seeing my agitation, Josephine at first concluded that I was the bearer of some fatal news. I related my adventure, which, in spite of my distress, appeared to her so irresistibly comic, that she burst into a fit of laughter. When her merriment had somewhat subsided, she promised, with her natural kindness of heart, to intercede with the consul in my behalf. But knowing her husband's irascible temper, she advised me to keep out of the way until she should have an opportunity of appeasing him, which to her was no very difficult task, for at that time Napoleon loved her most tenderly. Indeed, her angelic disposition always gave her a powerful ascendancy over him, and she was frequently the means of averting those acts of violence, to which his ungovernable temper would otherwise have driven him.

"On my return home, I found lying on my table an order not to appear again at the Tuileries: and it was during my temporary retirement, that I finished the portrait you were just now looking at. Madame Bonaparte, on presenting it to the consul, obtained my pardon and my recall to court. The first time Bonaparte saw me after this affair was in Josephine's apartments, and, stepping up to me good-naturedly, he patted me on the cheek, saying, 'Really, sir, if people will play tricks, they ought at least to do them cleverly: 'oh heaven!' said Josephine, laughing, 'if you had seen his look of terror, when he first presented himself to me, you would have thought him sufficiently punished for his intended feat of agility.'"

Isabey related this anecdote with all his peculiar animation and drollery; and he accompanied the story with such expressive gestures and attitudes, that he seemed to bring the whole scene visibly before me. I could imagine I saw Napoleon rising from the ground, to vent his rage, like angry Jupiter hurling his thunderbolts. Trar. Jour.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

This expression is familiar to us all, and is even habitually used in governments where the press, so far from being free, is under a strict *imprimatur*, a vigilant censorship, and an unqualified veto of the lordlings of the land, as to the matter of publication, whether of a theological, political, or moral character. Yet there they talk, print, and even boast of the liberty of the press. On the other hand, some suppose, and even assert, through the medium of its columns, that their press is free, because the editors with impunity indulge in the most

* This picture is now almost generally known through the medium of the engraving. It represents the hall of the congress, at the moment when the duke of Wellington was introduced by prince Metternich.

licentious course, and pour on the government or heads of individuals, the grossest abuse and unqualified scurrility. They are in both instances mistaken. The liberty of the press is not to be found in a state of servility to government or party, or in that licentiousness which dashes its venom in the face of all whom it exposes or dislikes, without legal restraint or moral inhibition.

To convince a sensible man of disinterested feelings, therefore, that either the one or the other should be termed freedom of the press, would be impossible; as much so as to make an effort to snatch the sun from the firmament, to chain the foaming torrent on the brink of a precipice, or Canute-like, bid the sea retire. Nor is a free press to be found in any supposed medium between these extremes. There is no medium where all is error; consequently, where both principles are wrong entirely, no right can grow out of either. But what we term the freedom of the press, is, a dignified and honourable impartiality in every emanation from it, whether concerning the government, or parties, or individuals, by its editor; whether approbation or offence follows, having a due regard to the interest of the country, to the feelings of individuals, to chasteness of language, and to truth. A press conducted upon these principles, is free, and valuable indeed. *Norfolk paper.*

SOUTHEY.

It is not easy to estimate the effects which the example of a young man, as highly distinguished for strict purity of disposition and conduct as for intellectual power and literary acquirements, may produce on those of similar pursuits and congenial minds. For many years my opportunities of intercourse with Mr. Southey have been rare, and at long intervals; but I dwell with unabated pleasure on the strong and sudden, yet, I trust, not fleeting, influence which my moral being underwent on my acquaintance with him at Oxford, whither I had gone at the commencement of our Cambridge vacation, on a visit to an old school-fellow. Not, indeed, on my moral or religious principles, for they had never been contaminated; but in awakening the sense of the duty and dignity of making my actions accord with those principles both in word and deed. The irregularities nearly universal among the young men of my standing, which I always *knew* to be wrong, I then learnt to feel as *degrading*; learnt to know that an opposite conduct, which was at that time considered by us as the easy virtue of cold and selfish prudence, might originate in the noblest emotions, in views the most disinterested and imaginative.

Coleridge.

WEST INDIA LADIES.

When the young ladies in the West Indies fancy themselves too much tanned by the scorching rays of the sun, they generally scrape off the thin outside of the stone belonging to the cashew tree, and then rub their faces all over with it. Their faces immediately swell and grow black; and the skin being poisoned by the caustic oil of the nut, will, in the space of five or six days, come entirely off in large flakes, so that they cannot appear in public in less than a fortnight; by which time the new skin looks as fair as that of a new-born child.

TURKISH BEAUTIES.

The face of a Turkish woman must not be seen in public; if a man meets one in the streets unveiled, he turns his face towards the wall till she has passed; so strong is the force of custom, that I one day saw the *disdar aga* turn his back upon his own daughter, a young girl of exquisite beauty, as she walked unveiled up the steps of the *proylea*. These ladies, however, are not so squeamish when out of observation, as I myself afterwards found. Copying inscriptions one afternoon in the court yard of *Lusierta*, whilst that worthy signor was enjoying his *siesta*. I heard a gentle knocking at the outer gate, which I immediately opened, and discovered to my great surprise about twelve or fifteen Turkish ladies covered with long white mantles, reaching from head to foot. Having let them enter, I endeavoured to understand, by signs, the object of their visit. They were the clock, with musical chimes, that I had ordered to be sent to the city of Athens, as if to the Parthenon, every hour to be struck. They were slowly in perfect silence, and I was placed, but I was to give and receive through the scheme of the clock.

a sight. I may have seen a handsomer woman, perhaps, than any individual among them, but never did I see such a combination of beauties, such beaming eyes and silken lashes, or such dazzling complexions; they appeared like a legion of hours sent express from the paradise of Mahomet. The lovely creatures seemed to enjoy my astonishment, and to triumph in the effects of their charms; encompassing me in a circle, they gently pushed me towards the clock, that I might show them its mechanism. This I had no sooner done, than with a shout of joy, they seized the wire, and rung such a peal upon the chimes, that the Italian awoke from his nap, and running to the spot in his gown and slippers, began to chide them in so severe a strain, that the laughter immediately ceased, silence restored, the veil drawn again over their faces, and, in the slow and solemn step with which they entered, the whole party moved off the premises, leaving me in the state of a person just awakened out of a most extraordinary dream. *Travels in Greece.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The following lines were written by Sir Walter Scott when between ten and eleven years of age, and while he was attending the high school at Edinburgh. His master there had spoken of him as a remarkably stupid boy, and his mother with grief acknowledged that he spoke truly. She saw him one morning in the midst of a tremendous thunder-storm standing still in the street, looking at the sky. She called to him repeatedly, but he remained looking upwards, without taking the least notice of her. When he returned into the house, she was very much displeased with him. "Mother," he said, "I could tell you the reason why I stood still, and why I looked at the sky, if you would only give me a pencil." She gave him one, and in less than five minutes he laid a bit of paper on her lap with these lines on it:

"Loud o'er my head what awful thunders roll!
What vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole!
It is thy voice, my God, that bids them fly;
Thy voice directs them through the vaulted sky;
Then let the good thy mighty power revere,
Let harden'd sinners thy just judgments fear."

The old lady repeated them to me herself, and the tears were in her eyes; for I really believe, simple as they are, that she values these lines, being the first effusion of her son's genius, more than any later beauties which have so charmed all the world besides. *Extract of a Letter.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The next engraving.—In the course of a few weeks we shall again present our readers with another highly-finished engraving. It will comprise accurate views of the Middle Dutch church, in Nassau-street; the North Dutch church, in William-street; the South Dutch church, in Exchange-street; the first Presbyterian church, in Wall-street; the Reformed Presbyterian church, in Murray-street; and the Brick-Meeting, in Beekman-street, all tastefully arranged in the picture. The drawings are by Davis—the engraving will be from the burin of Smith.

Correct reading.—Why is not every good scholar a good reader also? Because our school-masters teach almost every thing except the art of reading; which not one in ten is capable of doing. This is a fact, however harshly it may sound. A good reader is one who perfectly comprehends and readily enters into the feelings of his author. Consequently he is one who has learned to think, a special privilege seldom taught in our schools. He is one who is capable of expressing his own feelings in genuine language.

justly obnoxious to censure and expostulation; and he or she ought to be accounted a true friend, who ventures on the painful and hazardous task of applying them. But the task would not be thus repulsive, were we always to receive such admonitions, as we ought to, in a spirit of gentleness and even gratitude; especially on occasions when we have every reason to be certain that they are meant in kindness. Pride, however, in most bosoms, is so sensitive, and so quick to take the alarm, on the gentlest approach of what she willfully mistakes for an enemy, that every avenue to the moral citadel is instantly closed by her officious hand; instead of smiling hospitably, she resorts to frowning hostilities, which generally results in a barbarous sally, that for ever silences the friendly visitor. Many persons, and those too who rank among the amiable and the virtuous, are so restive under the gentlest language of reproof, that they cruelly retort wounds for words, and scorpions for whips. There are some husbands—(and oh! how much they mistake the path to happiness!)—to whom these remarks are unfortunately but too applicable. One might be singled out, who is almost daily referred to as a model of conjugal affection and tenderness, and who is blessed with an angel of a wife. He is an amiable man, a good citizen, and is highly respected by all classes of the community. But he is a son of Adam, and is consequently not perfect. There was a time when his wife, clasping him in her affectionate arms, and pressing him to her faithful bosom, would breathe into his ear the language of reproof. But alas! for the moment this act of kindness and duty changed the sunny smile of a husband to the dark frown of a tyrant—she dared not repeat the experiment, and though they are still celebrated for conjugal felicity, his sweet monitor is for ever silenced, and the husband mistakes this silence for tacit approbation. The consequence is, a continuance in many trifling errors and faults, of which he is, perhaps, scarcely conscious, but which his better half secretly and sincerely laments.

Mrs. Edward Knight.—This lady has retired from public life, and taken up her permanent residence in this city, as a teacher of music. That she has left the stage, we are unaffectedly sorry, for she was an ornament to it, not only as a vocalist, but as an actress; but that she has made this city her home, we are glad, inasmuch as we think it will be beneficial both to herself and the musical public. To Mrs. Knight's abilities we have so often borne testimony, that we can only now repeat what we have frequently said before. In tender and plaintive, or arch and spirited ballads, she is eminently successful; and not in those only, but also in more elaborate pieces of music. Her fine natural qualifications have been improved by a correct taste and a first-rate musical education under the celebrated Cooke the composer; and she is not only a sweet, but what is more, a sensible singer, evidently understanding the meaning of what she utters. As a teacher of music, we have no doubt of her success, her best songs being precisely such as an intelligent lady would wish to sing in a private circle. She has our best wishes.

Fashionable boots.—A few days since, business called one of our exquisites on board a small sloop, in the East river. While there the captain's son, a "knowing chap from down east," just arrived at the city for the first time, to "look about," discovered the square-toes of our dandy. After eyeing them for a moment, with an air of surprise, the lad ran to his father, exclaiming, "Why daddy, daddy, just look at that 'ere fellow's boots; they're all smashed in!"

A London fog.—A horrible fog settled upon London during nearly the whole of two days. Many accidents occurred. A drummer in the guards was drowned near Blackfriars bridge; and a stone mason near Wandsworth. One of the Kennington coaches, though attended by hulk boys, was overturned by going on the footpath; all the passengers were more or less bruised, and some had broken ribs.

The French theatre.—A drama has been performed at which turns on a law that will be new to most readers, namely, that in a small principality of Germany, every gallant who gives a kiss to any woman, young or old, was by law sentenced to make her his wife.

music in our last.—We were under the impression that the music which appeared in the last number of the Mirror, had never been previously published. We were, that we were in error. It was composed by a lady, and sung by that lady on the London stage. The music was afterwards sent to this country, and the knowledge of the fact was not known until it was too late.

O WELL DO I REMEMBER.

SUNG BY MR. PEARMAN.

ANDANTINO GRASIOZO.

O well do I re-mem-ber that lone but love-ly hour, When the stars had set, and the dew's had wet Each gen-tly clos-ing flow'r, When the

moon-lit trees wav'd in the breeze A-bove the sleep-ing deer, And we fond-ly stray'd thro' the green-wood shade, In the spring-time of the year.

31—When all was still beneath the bright moon's chaste and quiet eye,
Save the ceaseless flow of the stream below,
And the night wind's fragrant sigh,
Which brought the song of the distant throng so plainly to my ear,

As we fondly stray'd through the greenwood shade,
In the spring-time of the year.
32—O like an infant's dream of joy was that sweet hour to me,
As pure as bright, as swift in flight,

From care, from fear as free!
And from my heart the life must part which now the pulse doth cheer,
Ere the thought shall fade of that greenwood shade,
In the spring-time of the year.

A MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE.

MR. MORRIS.—It is now some years since a traveller, on his journey through the northern counties of England, found himself obliged to pass a night at the little village of N. The annual fair had commenced on the very day of his arrival, and in consequence, the only inn the village had to boast, was crowded with sturdy farmers, butchers, and graziers, to such a degree, that all the ingenuity of the landlord was insufficient to enable him to disguise from the wayfarer the fact that accommodation in his house was absolutely impossible. Our traveller was a man whom long experience had taught to meet a *contre-temps* like this, not with useless anger or uncomfortable grumbling, but with cheerful resignation, and with the prompt adoption of the practicable means to overcome it. His only answer, therefore, to the melancholy intelligence of mine host, was an inquiry as to the practicability of effecting a lodgment in some private habitation. The curate of the parish was described as having a spare bed-room, a cellar well supplied with good old ale, and a hospitable soul. A messenger was immediately despatched with the stranger's compliments, and a statement of the disagreeable dilemma in which he found himself; and the answer was most favourable.

It is not necessary or expedient to describe particularly the reception accorded by the charitable curate to his guest, or the materials or incidents of their evening meal. But I must describe the entertainer. He was a meek and guileless man of fifty, or perhaps fifty-five, and a bachelor; his whole life had been spent among the villagers, over whose consciences he held sway, and it is even recorded of him that he had but once during that life, been without the bounds of his parochial jurisdiction. It is easy to imagine, therefore, that his knowledge of the world was neither accurate nor extensive. His learning was sound, but antiquated; his wishes extremely moderate, and his penetration limited.

The stranger easily remarked that some engrossing subject appeared to occupy the thoughts of his entertainer; he was often silent and *distrait*, and once or twice an exclamation escaped him that seemed to indicate astonishment. Politeness for a time subdued, or rather restrained, the curiosity of the traveller; but at length it rose to such a pitch as to overcome his scruples, and he frankly asked his host whether he should be guilty of impertinence in asking for the solution of his demeanour?

"Not in the least," replied the curate; "but I was not aware that I had suffered any indications of the surprise, which I actually feel, to be perceptible. Its cause is no secret, and if you will take a pipe and a glass of ale, I will tell you my little story.

The proposition was cheerfully accepted; and the conditions being first scrupulously fulfilled, the curate thus began:

"You have remarked in me some appearances of astonishment; the cause is an adventure which has happened this very day. I received last night a note, without signature, requesting me to be in attendance at my church this morning at the dawn of day, to perform the ceremony of marriage; and in compliance with the request, I was ready at the altar, with my clerk, at the appointed hour. Some minutes elapsed, but no person appeared, and I began to apprehend that an accident had occurred to prevent the attendance of the parties. My clerk would fain have persuaded me that the summons was but an idle joke; but as he was speaking, a carriage drove rapidly to the door, from which a lady alighted, and entered the church. She was young, exceedingly beautiful, and richly habited, but she was alone. Her countenance was singularly sweet in its expression, and the tones of her voice, when she addressed me to inquire if I were ready to perform the ceremony, were soft and pleasing beyond any that I have ever heard. The question, indeed, appeared somewhat singular, for I saw no bridegroom; but before I had time to express my wonder, another carriage was driven up, and from it descended a comely youth, but meanly dressed, and of a sad and fearful countenance. The moment he appeared, an expression of fierce disdain flashed across the features of the lovely lady, and in a voice that made him visibly shudder, she bade the youth advance; he obeyed with seeming alacrity, but with an air of terror; and when I took his offered hand, it trembled. I hesitated to commence the marriage rite, for I feared that there was something wrong between the ill-matched pair, and I doubted of the propriety of uniting them. But the lady commanded me to proceed, with a voice that would not be disputed. She produced a special license also, so that I could not raise a valid objection, and I obeyed. In making the responses, the bridegroom's words were scarcely audible, and his eyes were fixed upon the earth; but she spoke boldly, and her looks were rivetted upon his face with that same fierce and scornful expression that had marked them on his entrance. Once only did it change, and then the contrast

was most wonderful; for the look that she assumed was one of love and tenderness, and almost pity, and I thought I could perceive a tear glistening beneath the long silken lashes that veiled her large bright eyes. But it was only for a moment, and as I pronounced the nuptial benediction, they blazed again with a gleam of hatred so intense, so withering, that I, too, could not but shudder in my turn. The ceremony ended, she demanded of me a certificate, and having received it, turned towards the door. Her husband, raising for the first time his eyes from the ground and casting a fearful and hasty upward glance upon her face, advanced a step as if to hand her to her carriage; but she stopped, gave him a look that seemed to freeze his very soul, and with a proud and stately step proceeded alone. She was upon the point of entering her carriage, when a thought appeared to strike her, for she paused, and, turning to her husband, who still stood motionless upon the spot where she had left him, she pointed to the carriage in which he had come. Starting, he obeyed her gesture, and entered the vehicle which was instantly driven off; while she ascended her own, and was with equal rapidity whirled away in the opposite direction. Is not this a singular incident?"

"Rather," replied the traveller; "from the haste with which they parted, I should call theirs a runaway match."

"Perhaps so," answered the curate, who never understood or uttered a pun in all his life.

NOTE. The incident which, with a little exaggeration, is described above, was related to the writer some three years since, by an English clergyman, who vouched for the truth of the story. It had happened to his father.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

Altogether thirty-two thousand copies of the new edition of *Waverley* have been printed and sold—a fact or a circumstance which we hold to be unparalleled in the history of literature. Supposing the new edition of the work in question should extend, as it is expected, to forty volumes, at least thirty thousand reams of paper will be required, the value of which, at thirty shillings per ream, will amount to the astonishing sum of forty-five thousand pounds sterling. Forty volumes at five shillings will cost exactly ten pounds, and supposing, for the sake of speculation, that the whole should prove as successful as *Waverley*, the money put in circulation altogether will amount to the enormous sum of three hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling.

Published every Saturday.—Terms, four dollars per annum.

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AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO S. J.

If heaven to one of mortal kind did e'er its nature give,
Or bade within a human heart its own meek spirit live;
If e'er to earthly heart was given its blest tranquillity,
Surely these gifts, thou gentle girl, have been bestowed on thee.

Thy walk through life seems one in which all pleasant things are met,
But who can tell the hidden thorns which may thy path beset?
For thou art one who wouldst endure, howe'er severely tried,
With meek and patient gentleness, thy lot, whate'er betide.

We love to gaze upon thy face, not for the beauty there,
The brow so richly shaded by thy clustering auburn hair,
Not for the mellowed radiance that fills thy soft dark eyes,
Nor e'en the charm which in thy lip's sweet smile and motion lies.

But to behold the frequent blush flit swiftly o'er thy face,
The eye that droops beneath its lid in mild retiring grace,
To listen to thy soft sweet voice whose slightest accents tell
The kindness and the gentleness which in thy bosom dwell.

'Tis these that bid thy presence charm, 'tis these that give thee power
To soothe to rest the sense of pain, and speed the passing hour;
One look upon thy calm sweet face it needs but to impart
Assurance of thy gentle mind, thy pure and sinless heart.

All earthly passions seem in thee so chastened and subdued,
Methinks that no unquiet thought may in thy heart intrude;
An angel's nature is thine own, though shrouded now in clay—
Oh! take not thou an angel's wings and flee from us away. THYRA.

SONG.

Haste with the song thou hast murmured in childhood,
Haste to the home of the flower and bee;
The first tints of morning gleam over the wildwood,
Haste, for its breaking is waiting for thee.

The fountain is dull, for thou hast not gazed on it,
The bower is sunless and lonely to see;
The bird of the matin is silent upon it,
Haste, for their offering is waiting for thee.

Come, for the morning light sleeps on the mountain,
The morning breath stirs not on blossom or tree;
The life spirit dreams on the breast of the fountain,
Come, their awak'ning is waiting for thee.

Come with the spell of thy beauty upon thee,
Come with the song thou hast warbled to me;
Come with the power thy brightness has won thee,
Come, for the life-charm is waiting for thee. HINDA.

THE SUN.

"That I can yet feel gladdened by the sun."—Byron.

Thou of the free and radiant smile!
Oft as thy kindling beams appear,
The laughing eye is turned awhile
To gaze upon thy proud career.

There is no shadow on thy brow,
Save when the envious clouds impart
A pall to thee and earth below,
Like fears upon the human heart.

How many restless fancies play
About thy path, thou golden sun!
Thou mad'st the grave of yesterday,
With thee the swift to-day begun;
And still from yon mysterious heaven
Looks forth thy broad and restless eye,
Unclosed, until dull time is given
To thee, thou deep eternity!

The shadowy deeds of curtained night
Here breathed through many a rich romance;
What time the moon-beam's struggling light
Play'd o'er the ocean's vast expanse;
When clouds o'er some high castle's wall
Pass'd slowly, like a funeral train;
And the red lightning's coronal
Wreathed the dark land and heaving main!

And bards, full oft, have offered up
Their pure devotion to the moon,
When all the pearls in pleasure's cup,
And joy's fresh buds were wasted soon;
And in the soft and tranquil night,
When strains of heartfelt song have poured
O'er dreams that faded on the sight,
And left their glories unrestored!

And the rapt lover too hath knelt
In blessedness that brings, brings,
When hearts in early passion melt,
And time hath beauty on his wings:
He too hath blessed the night's sweet hour
That witness'd his idolatry,
When bending humbly to thy power,
Mysterious love! he worshipp'd thee!

These are the scenes which hallow night—
But who would yield them for the day
That pours a pure and peerless light
Where lands are green and sea-waves play?
Arousing from their cradled rest
Childhood and youth, with lisping words,
And waking gladness in the breast
By the rich melody of birds.

Thou hast a radiant smile, oh sun!
A glorious and uplifted brow;
The ray that streams my page upon,
Is from thy blessed presence now;
And when the fever'd couch yields not
The rest which man had long'd to find,
How are its restless hours forgot
In thee, Bethesda of the mind! EVERARD.

THE HUNTER TO HIS LOVE.

And wilt thou fly with me, sweet maid,
Far from the bustling scenes of men,
Where blooming honeysuckle's shade
Sleeps sweetly in the woodland glen?

We'll build our cot beside the rill,
That ripples o'er some grotto's edge;
Where the wild rose and harebells fill
Each crevice in the mossy ledge.

Oft arm in arm we'll leave the glen,
And climb the mountain high and hoar,
To gaze upon the toils of men,
And learn to love our cot the more.

And oft when noon's effulgence throws
A glory o'er the stilly air,
We'll sit beneath the birchen boughs,
And I will sing my chase-song there.

And when the day's last beam has flown,
And squirrels leave the nut-stored bur,
Our torch shall be the pine-tree's cone,
Our couch the marten's downy fur.

No fearful sound will harm our dreams,
When sleeping in the sylvan glade;
But softly murmuring mountain streams
Shall be our ceaseless serenade.

The jay shall call me forth at morn,
To hunt for thee the bounding deer;
And sweet shall sound the echoing horn
Of thy returning mountaineer.

And he will bring thee flowers to grace
The ringlets of thine auburn hair;
Or flourish in the ashen vase,
Attended by thy fostering care.

Wild fruits, that man's best culture shame,
Free to the forest dwellers cast;
With choicest of the forest game,
Shall form our evening's rich repast.

When thou from childhood's haunts shall roam,
I know the tear will gem thine eye;
But then this heart shall be thy home,
Where thou mayst store each rising sigh.

If thou the hunter's faith should prove,
Thou wilt not grieve a parent's breast;
Nor sacrifice a brother's love,
Nor harm a kindly sister's rest.

They sleep beneath yon cypress shade,
In dreamless beauty, side by side;
Then come, my loved, my orphan maid,
And reign the youthful hunter's bride! PROTEUS.

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN SUMMER.

"On Susquehannah's side."—Roll on in pride,
Thou classic stream, for not unknown to fame
Art thou; the bard of hope hath sung thy name
In numbers flowing as thy silver tide.

So peacefully thou glidest on thy way,
Murmuring thy songs of pleasant harmony,
That e'en the sullen hills their frowns cast by
And smile to see thy frolic waters play.

Ah! gentle stream, apt emblem thou of life!
Our bark may float as gracefully at rest,
As yonder shallop on thy waveless breast—
Yet both shall know the hour with tempests rife;

Thou pay'st the mighty ocean tribute, we
Are rushing on to mingle with a mightier sea!

THE WORLD OF DREAMS.

The world of dreams—the world of dreams!
Where the glorious visions play!
It bath happier people and sweeter streams,
And holier bowers and brighter beams,
Than the world we walk by day.

The world of dreams—the world of dreams!
To the fields of the mimic dead,
A thousand bright creations come,
Like armies called by the gathering drum,
Ere the first hot blood be shed.

The world of dreams—the world of dreams!
I love the night's fond sway;
For she leads us on to that spirit land,
Where we may wander, hand in hand,
With those who are far away.

The world of dreams—the world of dreams!
Few sorrows can enter there;
There's food in its bowers, there's health on its hills,
There's music and wine in its sparkling rills,
And gladness in its air.

The world of dreams—the world of dreams!
When up the morning springs,
It dies like the bird on the winter's plains,
But the golden plumage-hue remains
Unshadowed upon its wings.

Thus, world of dreams—sweet world of dreams!
Thy glory liveth on;
And oft mid the toilsome noontide hours
I'll fancy I walk thy fairy bowers:
So linger my love and my thoughts upon
Thy memory's light, though thou art gone. ALPHA.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE.

Amir Khan, and other Poems: the remains of Miss Lucretia Maria Davidson, who died at Plattsburgh, New-York, August 27, 1825, aged sixteen years and eleven months. With a Biographical Sketch. By Samuel F. B. Morse. A. M. New-York: 1829.

MISS LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON was born September 27, 1808, at Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain. She was the second daughter of Doctor Oliver Davidson and Margaret his wife. Her parents were in straightened circumstances, and it was necessary, from an early age, that much of her time should be devoted to domestic employments; for these she had no inclination, but she performed them with that alacrity which always accompanies good will; and, when her work was done, retired to enjoy those intellectual and imaginative pursuits in which her whole heart was engaged. This predilection for studious retirement she is said to have manifested at the early age of four years. Reports and even recollections of this kind are to be received, the one with some distrust, the other with some allowance; but when that allowance is made, the genius of this child still appears to have been as precocious as it was extraordinary. Instead of playing with her school-mates, she generally got to some secluded place, with her little books, and with pen, ink, and paper; and the consumption which she made of paper was such as to excite the curiosity of her parents, from whom she kept secret the use to which she applied it. If any one came upon her retirement, she would conceal or hastily destroy what she was employed upon; and, instead of satisfying the inquiries of her father and mother, replied to them only by tears. The mother, at length, when searching for something in a dark and unfrequented closet, found a considerable number of little books, made of this writing-paper, and filled with rude drawings, and with strange and apparently illegible characters, which, however, were at once seen to be the child's work. Upon closer examination, the character's were found to consist of the printed alphabet; some of the letters being formed backwards, some sideways, and there being no spaces between the words. These writings were decyphered not without with difficulty; and it then appeared that they consisted of regular verses, generally in explanation of a rude drawing, sketched on the opposite page. When she found that her treasures had been discovered, she was greatly distressed, and could not be pacified till they were restored; and as soon as they were in her possession, she took the first opportunity of secretly burning them. For it had not been in fear of discouragement or prohibition from her parents that

she had concealed her childish compositions; but because there is a sensitiveness in true genius, which shrinks at first, as if instinctively, from exposure. Where there is no indication of this intellectual modesty, there is but too much reason for apprehending that the moral sense to which it is akin, is wanting also.

These books having thus been destroyed, the earliest remaining specimen of her verse is an epitaph, composed in her ninth year, upon an unfledged robin, killed in the attempt at rearing it. The editor has not thought proper to insert it: such things are invaluable, as relics, to those who knew and loved the departed; but, from public curiosity, it is always better that they should be withheld. When she was eleven years of age, her father took her to see the decorations of a room, in which Washington's birth-day was to be celebrated. Neither the novelty nor the gaiety of what she saw attracted her attention; she thought of Washington alone, whose life she had read, and for whom she entertained the proper feelings of an American; and as soon as she returned home, she took paper, sketched a funeral urn, and wrote under it a few stanzas, which were shown to her friends. Common as the talent of versifying is, any early manifestation of it will always be regarded as extraordinary by those who possess it not themselves; and these verses, though not otherwise remarkable, were deemed so surprising for a child of her age, that an aunt of hers could not believe they were original, and hinted that they might have been copied. The child wept at this suspicion, as if her heart would break; but as soon as she recovered from that fit of indignant grief, she indited a remonstrance to her aunt, in verse, which put an end to such incredulity.

Proud as her parents were of so hopeful a child, they never attempted to impede her in her endeavours to improve herself; and all the time that could be spared from her indispensable domestic avocations was given to reading. We are told that before she was twelve years of age, she had read most of the standard English poets—a vague term, excluding, no doubt, much that is of real worth, and including more that is worth little or nothing, and yet implying a wholesome course of reading for such a mind. Much history she had also read, both sacred and profane; "the whole of Shakspeare's, Kotzebue's, and Goldsmith's dramatic works," (oddly consorted names,) "and many of the popular novels and romances of the day;" of the latter, she threw aside at once those which at first sight appeared as worthless. As for what is called "directing the taste" of youthful genius, this is so much more likely, (we had almost said so sure) to be injurious rather than useful, that in a case like this it is fortunate when an ardent mind is left to itself, and allowed, like the bee, to suck honey from weeds and flowers indiscriminately. The vigorous mind, like the healthy stomach, can digest and assimilate coarse food. The girl is said to have observed every thing; "frequently she had been known to watch the storm, and the retreating clouds, and the rainbow, and the setting sun, for hours."

An English reader is not prepared to hear of distress arising from straitened circumstances in America—that land of promise, where there is room enough for all, and employment for every body. Yet even in that new country, man, it appears, is born not only to those ills which flesh is heir to, but to those which are entailed upon him by the institutions of society. Lucretia's mother was confined by illness to her room and bed for many months; and this child, then about twelve years old, instead of profiting under her mother's care, had in a certain degree to supply her place in her business of the family, and to attend, which she did dutifully and devotedly, to her sick bed. At this time, a gentleman, who had heard much of her verses, and expressed a wish to see some of them, was so much gratified on perusing them, that he sent her a complimentary note, enclosing a twenty dollar bank bill. The girl's first joyful thought was, that she had now the means, which she had so often longed for, of increasing her little stock of books; but, looking towards the sick bed, tears came into her eyes, and she instantly put the bill into her father's hands, saying, "Take it, father; it will buy many comforts for mother; I can do without the books."

To relate this anecdote as an extraordinary instance of duty or sensibility, would be as unfitting as to leave it untold. If there had been no such outward manifestation, the inward grace must have been wanting; but it may well be conceived how these parents must have doated upon such a child, whose person, moreover, was as beautiful as her disposition and her mind. Yet there were friends, as they are called, who remonstrated with them on the course they

were pursuing in her education, and advised that she should be deprived of books, pen, ink, and paper, and rigorously confined to domestic concerns. Her parents loved her both too wisely and too well to be guided by such counselors, and they anxiously kept the advice secret from Lucretia, lest it should wound her feelings—perhaps, also, lest it should give her, as it properly might, a rooted dislike to these misjudging and unfeeling persons. But she discovered it by accident, and its effect upon her was such as could little have been foreseen; instead of exciting resentment, it produced acquiescence in the prudential reasons which had been urged, and a persevering effort of self-denial, the greatest which could be made. Without declaring any such intention, she gave up her pen and ink, and applied herself exclusively to household business for several months, till her body as well as her spirits failed. She became emaciated, her countenance bore marks of deep dejection, and often, while actively employed in domestic duties, she could neither restrain nor conceal her tears. The mother seems to have been slower in perceiving this than she would have been had it not been for her own state of confinement; she noticed it at length, and said, "Lucretia, it is a long time since you have written any thing." The girl then burst into tears, and replied, "O mother, I have given that up long ago." "But why?" said her mother. After much emotion, she answered, "I am convinced from what my friends have said, and from what I see, that I have done wrong in pursuing the course I have. I well know the circumstances of the family are such that it requires the united efforts of every member to sustain it; and since my eldest sister is now gone, it becomes my duty to do every thing in my power to lighten the cares of my parents." On this occasion, Mrs. Davidson acted with equal discretion and tenderness; she advised her to take a middle course, neither to forsake her favourite pursuits, nor to devote herself to them, but use them in that wholesome alternation with the every-day business of the world, which is alike salutary for the body and the mind. "She, therefore, occasionally resumed her pen, and seemed, comparatively, happy."

Let no parent wish for a child of precocious genius, nor rejoice over such a one without fear and trembling! Great endowments, whether of nature or of fortune, bring with them their full proportion of temptations and dangers; and, perhaps, in the endowments of nature the danger is greater, because there is most at stake. In most cases it seems as if the seeds of moral and intellectual excellence were not designed to bring forth fruits on earth, but that they are brought into existence and developed here only for transplantation to a world where there shall be nothing to corrupt or hurt them, nothing to impede their growth in goodness, and their progress towards perfection. This is a consideration which may prepare the parent's heart, or console it. Such a plant was Lucretia Davidson. Under the most favourable circumstances, and with the most judicious culture; it seems hardly possible that she could have been reared; an intellectual fever seems to have gathered strength with her growth, and all things tended unhappily to feed rather than to allay it; privations and difficulties on the one hand, indulgence and excitement on the other; an indulgence not to be censured, and if yet to be blamed, excusable, because it was the only indulgence that could be shown her; and an excitement less the effect of misjudging kindness, than of causes over which prudence could have no control. If there had been some who would have debarred her from all intellectual pursuits, and have brought down her spirit, her hopes and aspirations, to the low level of her condition in life, there were (and could not but be) others who wondered at her as a prodigy, and took pleasure in encouraging her to the exertion and display of her gift of verse. How this operated may be seen in some lines, not otherwise worthy of preservation than for the purpose of showing how the promises of reward affect a mind like hers. They were written in her thirteenth year.

"Where'er the muse pleases to grace my dull page,
At the sight of reward she flies off in a rage;
Prayers, threats, and entreaties I frequently try,
But she leaves me to scribble, to fret, and to sigh.
She torments me each moment, and bids me go write,
And when I obey she laughs at the sight;
The rhyme will not jingle, the verse has no sense,
And against all her insults I have no defence.
I advise all my friends who wish me to write,
To keep their rewards and their gifts from my sight;
So that jealous Miss Muse won't be wounded in pride,
Nor Pegasus rear till I have taken my ride."

Let not the hasty reader conclude from these rhymes that Lucretia was only what any child of early cleverness might be made, of forcing an injudicious admiration. In our own

language, except in the cases of Chatterton and Kirke White, we can call to mind no instance of so early, so ardent, and so fatal a pursuit of intellectual advancement.

"She composed with great rapidity; as fast as persons usually copy. There are several instances of different subjects, and containing three or four stanzas each, written on the same day. Her thoughts flowed so rapidly, that she often expressed the wish that she had two pair of hands, that she might employ them to transcribe. When 'in the vein,' she would write standing, and be wholly abstracted from the company present and their conversation. But if composing a piece of some length, she wished to be entirely alone; she shut herself into her room, darkened the windows, and in summer placed her æolian harp in the window;" thus, by artificial excitement, feeding the fire that consumed her. "In those pieces on which she bestowed more than ordinary pains, she was very secret; and if they were, by any accident, discovered in their unfinished state, she seldom completed them, and often destroyed them. She cared little for any of her works after they were completed; some, indeed, she preserved with care for future correction; but a great portion she destroyed; very many that are preserved, were rescued from the flames by her mother. Of a complete poem in five cantos, called 'Rodri,' and composed when she was thirteen years of age, a single canto, and part of another, are all that are saved from a destruction which she supposed had obliterated every vestige of it.

"She was often in danger, when walking, from carriages, &c. in consequence of her absence of mind. When engaged in a poem of some length, she has often forgotten her meals. A single incident, illustrating this trait in her character, is worth relating. She went out early one morning to visit a neighbour, promising to be at home to dinner. The neighbour being absent, she requested to be shown into the library. There she became so absorbed in her book, standing, with her bonnet unremoved, that the darkness of the coming night first reminded her that she had forgotten her meals, and expended the entire day in reading."

She was peculiarly sensitive to music; there was one song (it was Moore's farewell to his harp) to which she "took a special fancy;" she wished to hear it only at twilight—thus, with that same perilous love of excitement which made her place the wind harp in the window when she was composing, seeking to increase the effect which the song produced upon a nervous system, already diseasedly susceptible; for it is said, that whenever she heard the song, she became cold, pale, and almost fainting; yet it was her favourite of all songs, and gave occasion to these verses, addressed, in her fifteenth year, to her sister:

"When evening spreads her shades around,
And darkness fills the arch of heaven;
When not a murmur, not a sound,
To fancy's sportive ear is given;
When the broad orb of heaven is bright,
And looks around with golden eye;
When nature, softened by her light,
Seems calmly solemnly to lie:
Then, when our thoughts are raised above
This world, and all this world can give,
Oh, sister! sing the song I love,
And tears of gratitude receive.
The song, which thrills my bosom's core,
And, hovering, trembles half afraid;
Oh, sister! sing the song once more,
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.
'Twere almost sacrilege to sing
Those notes amid the glare of day;
Notes borne by angels' purest wing,
And wafted by their breath away.
When, sleeping in my grass-grown bed,
Shouldst thou still linger here above,
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,
And, sister! sing the song I love?"

The extreme sensitiveness of her frame might have occasioned sufficient apprehension for the probable consequence, even if it had not been dangerously excited both by her own habits, and the attention of which she was the conscious as well as constant object. She complains thus, in her fifteenth year, of frequent and violent head-aches:

"Head-ache! thou bane to pleasure's fairy spell!
Thou fiend! thou foe to joy! I know thee well:
Beneath thy lash I've writhed for many an hour:
I hate thee, for I've known and dread thy power.
Even the heathen gods were made to feel
The aching torments which thy hand can deal:
And Jove, the ideal king of heaven and earth,
Owned thy dread power, which called stern wisdom forth.
Wouldst thou thus ever bless each aching head,
And bid Minerva make the brain her bed;
Blessings might then be taught to rise from woe,
And wisdom spring from every throbbing brow.
But always the reverse to me, unkind,
Folly for ever dogs thee close behind:
And, from this burning brow, her ear and bell
For ever jingle wisdom's funeral knell."

"Her desire of knowledge increased as she grew more

capable of appreciating its worth;" and she appreciated much beyond its real worth the advantages which girls derive from the ordinary course of female education. "Oh!" she said one day to her mother, "that I only possessed half the means for improvement which I see others slighting! I should be the happiest of the happy." A youth whom nature has endowed with diligence and a studious disposition has, indeed, too much reason to regret the want of that classical education which is wasted upon the far greater number of those on whom it is bestowed; but, for a girl who displays a promise of genius, like Lucretia, and who has at hand the bible and the best poets in her own language, no other assistance can be needed in her progress than a supply of such books as may store her mind with knowledge. Lucretia's desire of knowledge was a passion which possessed her like a disease. "I am now sixteen years old," she said, "and what do I know? Nothing! nothing compared with what I have yet to learn. Time is rapidly passing by: that time usually allotted to the improvement of youth; and how dark are my prospects in regard to the favourite wish of my heart!" At another time she said—"How much there is yet to learn!—If I could only grasp it once!"

In October, 1824, when she had just entered upon her seventeenth year, a gentleman, then on a visit at Plattsburgh, saw some of her verses—was made acquainted with her ardent desire for education, and with the circumstances in which she was placed; and he immediately resolved to afford her every advantage which the best schools in the country could furnish. This gentleman has probably chosen to have his name withheld, being more willing to act benevolently than to have his good deeds blazoned; and yet, stranger as he needs must be, there are many English readers to whom it would have been gratifying, could they have given to such a person "a local habitation and a name." When Lucretia was made acquainted with his intention, the joy was almost greater than she could bear. As soon as preparations could be made, she left home, and was placed at the "Troy Female Seminary," under the instruction of Mrs. Willard. There she had all the advantages for which she had hungered and thirsted; and, like one who had long hungered and thirsted, she devoured them with fatal eagerness. Her application was incessant; and its effects on her constitution, already somewhat debilitated by previous disease, became apparent in increased nervous sensibility. Her letters at this time exhibit the two extremes of feeling in a marked degree. They abound in the most gloomy speculations, bright hopes, and lively fancies, or despairing fears and gloomy forebodings. In one of her letters from this seminary, she writes thus to her mother:—"I hope you will feel no uneasiness as to my health or happiness; for, save the thoughts of my dear mother and her lonely life, and the idea that my dear father is slaving himself, and wearing out his very life, to earn a subsistence for his family—save these thoughts (and I can assure you, mother, they come not seldom) I am happy. Oh! how often I think, if I could have but one half the means I now expend, and be at liberty to divide that half with mamma, how happy I should be!—cheer up, and keep good courage." In another, she says—"Oh! I am so happy, so contented now, that every unusual movement startles me. I am constantly afraid that something will happen to mar it." Again she says—"I hope the expectations of my friends will not be disappointed; but I am afraid you all calculate upon too much. I hope not, for I am not capable of much. I can study and be industrious; but I fear I shall not equal the hopes which you say are raised." The story of Kirke White should operate not more as an example than a warning; but the example is followed, and the warning is overlooked. Stimulants are administered to minds which are already in a state of feverish excitement. Hotbeds and glasses are used for plants which can only acquire strength in the shade, and they are drenched with instruction, which ought to "drop as the rain and distil as the dew—as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the shower upon the tender grass."

It is to be wished that Mr. Morse had inserted part of her letters in these Remains, and to be hoped that he will do so in a future edition. During the vacation, in which she returned home, she had a serious illness, which left her feeble and more sensitive than ever. On her recovery, she was placed at the school of Miss Gilbert, in Albany; and there in a short time a more alarming illness brought her to the very borders of the grave. Before she entered upon her intemperate course of application at Troy, her verses show that she felt a want of joyous and healthy feeling—a sense

of decay. Thus she wrote to a friend, who had not seen her since her childhood:

"And thou hast mark'd in childhood's hour
The feverish beatings of my breast,
When fresh as summer's opening flower,
I freely frolic'd and was blis'd."

Oh say, was not this eye more bright?
Were not these lips more wont to smile?
Methinks that then my heart was light,
And I a fearless, joyous child

And thou didst mark me gay and wild,
My careless, reckless laugh of mirth;
The simple pleasures of a child,
The holiday of men on earth.

Then thou hast seen me in that hour,
When every nerve of life was new;
When pleasure's fann'd youth's infant flower,
And hope her witcheries round it threw.

That hour is fading; it has fled;
And I am left in darkness now,
A wanderer to a lowly bed,
The grave, that home of all below."

Young poets often affect a melancholy strain, and none more frequently put on a sad and sentimental mood in verse than those who are as happy as an utter want of feeling for any body but themselves can make them. But in these verses the feeling was sincere and ominous. Miss Davidson recovered from her illness at Albany so far only as to be able to perform the journey back to Plattsburgh, under her poor mother's care. "The hectic flush of the cheek told but too plainly that a fatal disease had fastened upon her constitution, and must ere long inevitably triumph." She, however, dreaded something worse than death—and while confined to her bed, wrote these unfinished lines, the last that were ever traced by her indefatigable hand, expressing her fear of madness:

"There is a something which I dread,
It is a dark and fearful thing;
It steals along with withering tread,
Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour
Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness;
'Tis not the dread of death—'tis more,
It is the dread of madness.

Oh! may these throbbing pulses pause,
Forgetful of their feverish course;
May this hot brain, which burning glows
With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still,
A tenant of its lowly bed;
But let not dark delirium steal—"

The stanzas with which Kirke White's fragment of the "Christiad" concludes, are not so painful as these lines. Had this, however, been more than a transient feeling, it would have produced the calamity which it dreaded; it is likely, indeed, that her early death was a dispensation of mercy, and saved her from the severest of all earthly afflictions; and that same merciful providence which removed her to a better state of existence, made these apprehensions give way to a hope and expectation of recovery, which, vain as it was, cheered some of her last hours. When she was forbidden to read, it was a pleasure to her to handle the books which composed her little library, and which she loved so dearly. "She frequently took them up, and kissed them, and at length requested them to be placed at the foot of her bed, where she might constantly see them," and anticipating a revival, which was not to be, of the delight she should feel in re-perusing them, she said often to her mother, "what a feast I shall have by-and-by." How these words must have gone to that poor mother's heart they only can understand who have heard such like anticipations of recovery from a dear child, and not been able, even whilst hoping against hope, to partake them.

When sensible, at length, of her approaching dissolution, she looked forward to it without alarm; not alone in that peaceful state of mind which is the proper reward of innocence, but in reliance on the divine promises, and in hope of salvation, through the merits of our blessed Lord and Saviour. The last name which she pronounced was that of the gentleman whose bounty she had experienced, and towards whom she always felt the utmost gratitude. Gradually sinking under malady, she passed away on the 27th of August, 1825, before she had completed her seventeenth year. Her person was singularly beautiful; she had "a high, open forehead; a soft, black eye; perfect symmetry of features; a fair complexion; and luxuriant dark hair. The prevailing expression of her face was melancholy. Although, because of her beauty as well as of her mental endowments, she was the object of much admiration and attention, yet she shunned observation, and often sought relief from the pain it seemed to inflict upon her, by retiring from the company."

"That she should have written so voluminously as has been ascertained," says the writer of these Remains, "is

almost incredible. Her poetical writings, which have been collected, amount in all to two hundred and seventy-eight pieces of various lengths: when it is considered that among these are at least five regular poems of several cantos each, some estimate may be formed of her poetical labours. Besides, there are twenty-four school exercises, three unfinished romances, a complete tragedy, written at thirteen years of age; and about forty letters in a few months, to her mother alone. To this statement should also be appended the fact, that a great portion of her writings she destroyed. Her mother observes:—"I think I am justified in saying that she destroyed at least one-third of all she wrote."

"Of the literary character of her writings," says the editor, "it does not, perhaps, become me largely to speak; yet I must hazard the remark, that her defects will be perceived to be those of youth and inexperience, while in invention, and in that mysterious power of exciting deep interest, of enchainning the attention and keeping it alive to the end of the story; in that adaptation of the measure to the sentiment, and in the sudden change of measure to suit a sudden change of sentiment—a wild and romantic description—and in the congruity of the accompaniment to her characters, all conceived with great purity and delicacy—she will be allowed to have discovered uncommon maturity of mind, and her friends to have been warranted in forming very high expectations of her future distinction."

This may seem high praise; yet in these "immature buds, and blossoms shaken from the tree, and green fruit," there was as fair promise of future excellence as ever genius put forth. But it is not from the intrinsic value of these poor remains that the interest arises with which this little volume cannot but be perused. We have entered into no account of the longer poems which it contains, nor selected from the smaller pieces any except a few of those which are transcripts of the authoress's individual feelings; for youthful poetry must always be imitative, and that which is least faulty is far from being the most hopeful. Indeed, wherever imitative talent exist in the highest degree, creative genius has rarely, if ever, been found to co-exist. In these poems there is enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patron, and the friends, and parents of the deceased could have formed; nor can any person rise from the perusal of such a volume, without feeling the vanity of human hopes. But those hopes are not vain which look beyond this world for their fulfilment. Knowing, as we know, that not a particle of matter can be destroyed, how surely, then, may we conclude that this which is demonstrated in material existences is true of spiritual things: that love, and generous feelings, and noble thoughts, and holy desires, are not put off when we put off mortality: but that, inhering in our immortal nature, they partake its immortality, and constitute in their fruition a part of that happiness which our almighty and all merciful Father has appointed for all his creatures who do not wilfully renounce their birthright! This is a consolation which reason suggests, which philosophy approves, which scripture warrants, and on which the understanding and the heart may rest.

London Quarterly Review.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA.—The following is from the Southern Patriot, one of the most ably conducted papers in the country:

"We have looked at the contents, generally, of the second volume of this work, and think it merits the encomiums which have been bestowed on it in the northern papers. It continues to be particularly rich in the departments of biography and natural history. When we look at the large mass of miscellaneous knowledge spread before the reader, in a form which has never been equalled for its condensation, and conveyed in a style that cannot be surpassed for propriety and perspicuity, we cannot but think that the American Encyclopedia deserves a place in every collection, in which works of reference form a portion."

JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE IN LONDON.—The Boston papers announce the following publication: A Journal of a Residence during several months in London; including excursions through various parts of England; and a short tour in France and Scotland, in the years 1823 and 1824; by Nathaniel S. Wheaton, A. M., of Hartford, Connecticut.

The "Letters from New-York," which have lately appeared in the London New Monthly Magazine, are said to be the production of Mr. Galt.

THE RAMBLER.

STEAM.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.—Byron.

Modern philosophy, anon,
Will, at the rate she's rushing on;
Yoke lightning to her railroad-car,
And, pointing like a shooting star,
Swift as a solar radiation
Ride the grand circuit of creation!—Anon.

I HAVE a bilious friend, who is a great admirer and imitator of Lord Byron, that is, he affects misanthropy, masticates tobacco, has his shirts made without collars, calls himself a miserable man, and writes poetry with a glass of gin-and-water before him. His gin, though far from first-rate, is better than his poetry; the latter, indeed, being worse than that of many authors of the present day, and scarcely fit even for an album; however, he does not think so, and makes a great quantity. At his lodgings, a few evenings ago, among other morbid productions, he read me one entitled "Steam," written in very blank verse, and evidently modelled after the noble poet's "Darkness," in which he takes a bird's-eye view of the world two or three centuries hence, describes things in general, and comes to a conclusion with, "Steam was the universe!" Whether it was the fumes arising from this piece of "written" vapour, or whether I had unconsciously imbibed more hollands than my temperate habits allow of, I cannot say, but I certainly retired to bed like Othello, "perplexed in the extreme." There was no "dreamless sleep" for me that night, and Queen Mab drove full gallop through every nook and cranny of my brain. Strange and fantastical visions floated before me, till at length came one with all the force and clearness of reality.

I thought I stood upon a gentle swell of ground, and looked down on the scene beneath me. It was a pleasant sight, and yet a stranger might have passed it by unheeded; but to me it was as the green spot in the desert, for there I recognised the haunts of my boyhood. There was the wild common on which I had so often scampered "frae mornin sun till dine," skirted by the old wood, through which the burn stole tinkling to the neighbouring river. There was the little ivy-covered church with its modest spire and immovable weathercock, and clustering around lay the village that I knew contained so many kind and loving hearts. All looked just as it did on the summer morning when I left it, and went a wandering over this weary world. To me the very trees possessed an individuality; the branches of the old oak (there was but one) seemed to nod familiarly towards me, the music of the rippling water fell pleasantly on my ear, and the passing breeze murmured of "home, sweet home." The balmy air was laden with the hum of unseen insects, and filled with the fragrance of a thousand common herbs and flowers; and to my eyes the place looked prettier and pleasanter than any they have since rested on. As I gazed, the "womanish moisture" made dim my sight, and I felt that yearning of the heart which every man who has a soul feels—let him go where he will, or reason how he will—on once more beholding the spot where the only pure, unsullied part of his existence passed away.—Suddenly the scene changed. The quiet, smiling village vanished, and a busy, crowded city occupied its place. The wood was gone, the brook dried up, and the common cut to pieces and covered with a kind of iron gangways. I looked upon the surrounding country, if country it could be called, where vegetable nature had ceased to exist. The neat, trim gardens, the verdant lawns and swelling uplands, the sweet-scented meadows and waving corn-fields were all swept away, and fruit, and flowers, and herbage, appeared to be things uncared for and unknown. Houses and factories, and turnpikes and railroads, were scattered all around, and along the latter, as if propelled by some unseen, infernal power, monstrous machines flew with inconceivable swiftness. People were crowding and jostling each other on all sides. I mingled with them, but they were not like those I had formerly known—they walked, talked, and transacted business of all kinds with astonishing celerity. Every thing was done in a hurry; they eat, drank, and slept in a hurry; they danced, sung, and made love in a hurry; they married, died, and were buried in a hurry, and resurrection-men had them out of their graves before they well knew they were in them. Whatever was done, was done upon the high-pressure principle. No person stopped to speak to another in the street; but as they moved rapidly on their way, the men talked faster than women do now, and the women talked twice as fast as ever. Many were bald, and on asking the reason, I was given to understand they had been great travellers, and that

the rapidity of modern conveyances literally scalped those who journeyed much in them, sweeping whiskers, eyebrows, eye-lashes, in fact, every thing in any way moveable, from their faces. Animal life appeared to be extinct; carts and carriages came rattling down the highways horseless and driverless, and wheelbarrows trundled along without any visible agency. Nature was out of fashion, and the world seemed to get along tolerably well without her.

At the foot of the street my attention was attracted by a house they were building of prodigious dimensions, being not less than seventeen stories high. On the top of it several men were at work, when dreadful to relate, the foot of one of them slipped, and he was precipitated to the earth with a fearful crash. Judge of my horror and indignation on observing the crowd pass unheeding by, scarcely deigning to cast a look on their fellow-creature, who doubtless lay weltering in his blood, and the rest of the workmen went on with their several avocations without a moment's pause in consequence of the accident. On approaching the spot, I heard several in passing murmur the most incomprehensible observations. "Only a steam-man," said one. "Won't cost much," said another. "His boiler overcharged, I suppose," cried a third, "the way in which all these accidents happen!" and true enough, there lay a man of tin and sheet-iron, weltering in hot water. The superintendent of the concern, who was not a steam-man, but made of the present materials, gave it as his opinion that the springs were damaged, and the steam-vessels a little ruptured, but not much harm done, and straightway sent the corpse to the blacksmith's (who was a flesh-and-blood man) to be repaired. Here was then at once a new version of the old Greek fable, and modern Prometheuses were actually as "plentiful as blackberries." In fact, I found upon inquiry, that society was now divided into two great classes, living and "locomotive" men, the latter being much the better and honest people of the two; and a fashionable political economist of the name of Malthus, a lineal descendant of an ancient, and it appears rather inconsistent system-monger, had just published an elaborate pamphlet, showing the manifold advantages of propagating those no-provender-consuming individuals in preference to any other. So that it appeared, that any industrious mechanic might in three months have a full-grown family about him, with the full and comfortable assurance that, as the man says in Chrononhotonthologos, "they were all his own and none of his neighbours."

These things astonished, but they also perplexed and wearied me. My spirit grew sick, and I longed for the old world again, and its quiet and peaceable modes of enjoyment. I had no fellowship with the two new races of beings around me, and nature and her charms were no more. All things seemed forced, unnatural, unreal—indeed, little better than barefaced impositions. I sought the banks of my native river; it alone remained unchanged. The noble stream flowed gently and tranquilly as of yore, but even here impertinent man had been at work, and pernicious railroads were formed to its very verge. I incautiously crossed one of them, trusting to my preconceived notions of time and space, the abhorred engine being about three quarters of a mile from me, but scarcely had I stepped over, when it flew whizzing past the spot I had just quitted, and catching me in its eddy, spun me around like a top under the lash. It was laden with passengers, and went with headlong fury straight towards the river. Its fate seemed inevitable—another instant and it would be immersed in the waves, when lo! it suddenly sunk into the bosom of the earth, and in three seconds was ascending a perpendicular hill on the opposite bank of the river. I was petrified, and gazed around with an air of helpless bewilderment, when a gentleman, who was doubtless astonished at my astonishment, shouted in passing, "What's the fellow staring at?" and another asked "if I had never seen a tunnel before?"

Like Lear, "my wits began to turn." I wished for some place where I might hide myself from all around, and turned instinctively to the spot where the village ale-house used to stand. But where, alas! was the neat thatched cottage that was wont so often to

"Impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart?"

Gone! and in its place stood a huge fabric, labelled "Grand Union Railroad Hotel." But here also it was steam, steam, nothing but steam! The rooms were heated by steam, the beds were made and aired by steam, and instead of a pretty, red-lipped, rosy-cheeked chambermaid, there was an accursed machine-man smoothing down the pillows and bolsters with mathematical precision; the victuals were

cooked by steam, yea, even the meat roasted by steam! Instead of the clean-swept hearth

"With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,"

there was a patent steam-stove, and the place was altogether hotter than any decent man would ever expect to have anything to do with. Books and papers lay scattered on a table. I took up one of the former; it was filled with strange new phrases, all more or less relating to steam, of which I knew nothing, but as far as I could make out the English of the several items, they ran somewhat thus:

"Another shocking catastrophe.—As the warranted-safe locomotive smoke-consuming, fuel-providing steam-carriage Lightning, was this morning proceeding at its usual three-quarter speed of one hundred and twenty-seven miles an hour, at the junction of the Hannington and Slipsby railroads it unfortunately came in contact with the steam-carriage Snail, going about one hundred and five miles per hour. Of course both vehicles with their passengers were instantaneously reduced to an impalpable powder. The friends of the deceased have the consolation of knowing that no blame can possibly attach to the intelligent proprietors of the Lightning, it having been clearly ascertained that those of the Snail started their carriage full two seconds before the time agreed on, in order to obviate in some degree, the delay to which passengers were unavoidably subjected by the clumsy construction and tedious pace of their vehicle."

"Melancholy accident.—As a beautiful and accomplished young lady of the name of Jimps, a passenger in the Swift-as-thought-locomotive, was endeavouring to catch a flying glimpse of the new Steam University, her breathing apparatus unfortunately slipped from her mouth, and she was a corpse in three quarters of a second. A young gentleman who had been tenderly attached to her for several days, in the agony of his feelings withdrew his air tube and called for help; he of course shared a similar fate. Too much praise cannot be given to the rest of the passengers, who, with inimitable presence of mind, prudently held their breathing-bladders to their mouths during the whole of this trying scene," &c. &c.

A Liverpool paper stated that "The stock for the grand Liverpool and Dublin tunnel under the Irish channel, is nearly filled up." And a Glasgow one advocated the necessity of a floating wooden rail-road between Scotland and the Isle of Man, in order to do away with the tiresome steamboat navigation. I took up a volume of poems, but the similes and metaphors were all steam; all their ideas of strength, and power, and swiftness, referred to steam only, and a sluggish man was compared to a greyhound. I looked into a modern dictionary for some light on these subjects, but got none, except finding hundreds of curious definitions, such as these:

"Horse, s. an animal of which but little is now known. Old writers affirm that there were at one time several thousands in this country."

"Tree, s. vegetable production; once plentiful in these parts, and still to be found in remote districts."

"Tranquillity, s. obsolete; an unnatural state of existence, to which the ancients were very partial. The word is to be met with in several old authors," &c. &c.

In despair I threw down the book, and rushed out of the house. It was mid-day, but a large theatre was open, and the people were pouring in. I entered with the rest, and found that whatever changes had taken place, money was still money. They were playing Hamlet by steam, and this was better than any other purpose to which I had seen it applied. The automaton really got along wonderfully well, their speaking faculties being arranged upon the barrel-organ principle greatly improved, and they roared, and belled, and strutted, and swung their arms to and fro as sensibly as many admired actors. Unfortunately in the grave scene, owing to some mechanical misconstruction, Hamlet exploded, and in doing so, entirely demolished one of the grave-diggers, carried away a great part of Laertes, and so injured the rest of the dramatic personæ that they went off one after the other like so many crackers, filling the house with heated vapour. I made my escape, but on reaching the street, things there were ten times worse than ever. It was the hour for stopping and starting the several carriages, and no language can describe the state of the atmosphere. Steam was generating and evaporating on all sides—the bright sun was obscured—the people looked par-boiled, and the neighbouring fisherman's lobsters changed colour on the instant; even the steam inhabitants appeared uncomfortably hot. I could scarcely breathe—there was a blowing, a roaring, a hissing, a fizzing, a whizzing going on all around—

fires were blazing, water was bubbling, boilers were bursting—when, lo! I suddenly awoke and found myself in a state of profuse perspiration. I started up, ran to the window, and saw several milkmen and bakers' carts, with horses in them, trotting merrily along. I was a thankful man. I put on my clothes, and while doing so, made up my mind to read no more manuscript poems, and eschew gin-and-water for the time to come.

THE ESSAYIST.

CAMPBELL AND SHAKSPEARE.

WE have given insertion to an admirable article on the sonnets of Shakspeare from the New Monthly Magazine. It is subscribed with the initials of our unrivalled Thomas Campbell; and indeed through every line of this exquisite and delightful criticism, the master of the modern lyre—not one moment to be mistaken in his sympathies—delivers his judgment *ex cathedra*. It appears that a friend of Mr. Campbell had furnished a paper to the magazine in which he had laboured with great, though perverted ingenuity, to prove that much light is reflected upon Shakspeare's habits and occupations, from the sonnets of the immortal bard. The fanciful and chimerical notion seems to have originated with no less renowned a critic than Augustus Wilhelm Schlegel, the celebrated commentator on Shakspeare; but it is overturned by Campbell in one of the most charming essays with which our periodical literature has for many a year been enriched. We will not do injustice to it, nor deprive our readers of their perfect pleasure, by any attempt to analyse its argument here; but we shall content ourselves with saying that it is equally honourable to Shakspeare and to Campbell. Lond. Even. Star.

THE SONNETS OF SHAKSPEARE.

I am frequently obliged to decline communications transmitted to this periodical, from their containing paradoxical opinions which I have no desire to promulgate. It is not always, however, without reluctance, that I take my leave of those unsuitable productions. In some of them there is such an amusing vein of perverted ingenuity, that, but for my aversion to be responsible for other men's eccentricities, I should be tempted to publish them.

A paper completely answering to this description has been lately supplied to me by a friend, who is lucid on every subject in the world excepting one, but on that one, which is Shakspeare, the zeal of God's house has eaten him up. My friend has discovered, as he imagines, in Shakspeare's sonnets, a clue to the entire history of the poet's life; and he hails these poems as a rich mine of information, which, by a folly, little short of fatality, has been hitherto neglected by all the poet's biographers. Happy discovery, could he only make good his words. How blessedly it would save us from repeating the stale truth, and lamenting the irremediable misfortune, that we know so little of our Shakspeare's private history. For who can pardon the genius of biography that she neglected the poet in his own days, and consigned not his living picture to her tablets—that she has told us everything about ordinary men, and almost nothing about the prodigy of nature—that she has embalmed so many dwarfs of our literature, and buried its colossus in oblivion?

But to return to my sanguine friend. After he has lustily belaboured George Stevens, for daring to say that the strongest act of parliament would not be strong enough to enforce the popular reading of Shakspeare's sonnets, and even bestowed some flagellation on Mr. Malone for having so weakly defended them, he proceeds to dig up, and, in his own words, to exhaust the discovered mine of Shakspearian biography. Alas! it is but a poor Potosi, and very easily exhausted; and his golden hopes turn out like the generality of modern mining speculations. I was less surprised, however, that my friend should have fallen into a fit of exaggeration on any subject connected with Shakspeare, than that this erroneous over-estimate of the light derivable from these poems respecting the poet's history, should have apparently originated with one of the most brilliant and acute spirits of the age—I mean Augustus Wilhelm Schlegel—he is an excellent and eloquent critic. But with all my respect for Schlegel, I cannot help thinking that he had not exactly weighed the force of his words, when he made the following remark in his dramatic lectures. "It betrayed," he says, "no ordinary deficiency of critical acumen in the commentators of Shakspeare, that no one of them has ever thought of availing himself of his sonnets for tracing the history of his life. These sonnets paint, most unequivocally, the actual situation and sentiments of the poet, and they enable us to become acquainted with the

passions of the man. They even contain the most remarkable confession of his youthful errors."

Now, if Shakspeare's commentators were to make new discoveries in the poet's biography, it must have been in one of two ways—either by the facts and traditions otherwise existing respecting his life, receiving illustrations from the contents of the sonnets, or from additional intrinsic facts being found in those poems themselves. Looking at either or both of those modes of investigating Shakspeare's life, I can see no glaring proof of deficient acumen in commentators on their failing to biographize him by the help of his sonnets; and I should have pitied Schlegel himself if he had been condemned, with all these poems about him, as reflecting telescopes, to make the history of Shakspeare importantly more distinct. What were the commentators to discover in these sonnets?—I mean, what clear and circumstantial facts—for it is too bad to blame biographers for not tracing the history of a man's life by the aid of documents that furnish only conjectures and surmises. I venture to say that the facts attested by the sonnets can be held in a nutshell—that they do not unequivocally paint the actual situation of the poet, or in all instances give us a draught of his sentiments that is to be literally interpreted—that they do not make us acquainted with his passions, so as to throw any new light upon his history which can be called, in the slightest degree, important or satisfactory—and, that they do not contain any confession of the most remarkable errors of his youthful years.

The addition which these sonnets afford to our knowledge of Shakspeare, is insignificant as an index to his biography, and I shall not feel the assertion falsified, though I should see persons of more ingenuity than I can pretend to, eliciting many brilliant conjectures from their contents. I can only say that I have outlived all taste for conjectural biographies, and that the truths brought to view by these effusions seem to be neither numerous nor momentous. We learn from them that Shakspeare had a friend, to whom he was devotedly attached, (the nature of his language to that friend I shall by and by consider,) and a poetical mistress, who, not satisfied with inroads on the poet's heart, carried her conquests even to that of his friend, and made Shakspeare sonnetize on his jealousy of too much tenderness subsisting between them. It appears, however, that he never broke with his friend on this account, so that his love-passion must have been a humbler sort of lodger in his heart that could put up without either the whole or the best of its apartments. Other casual moods of his mind are expressed with an air of sincerity, which I deny not to be interesting as insulated records of his feelings, though I still refuse them the character of new or indicative importance as to his history. He speaks to his friend, in certain passages, with extreme modesty as to his own poetical merit, and alludes, with an admiration that is beautifully unenvious, to some other poet of the time who had won the favour of his friend. He writes on one or two occasions in apparent dejection under the frowns of fortune, and in one sonnet, distinctly laments being obliged to live by the vocation of a player. If there be any other interesting allusions in these sonnets to his personal circumstances, it is from want of memory that I have unintentionally omitted them.

I am making no hair-splitting distinction when I would emphatically distinguish the general, and even vague, but still actual pleasure, which we enjoy in these sonnets, from hearing the welcome voice of Shakspeare express his casual and transient feelings, and the falsely imagined pleasure that he is telling us something new about himself, which tradition, or his other poems, had not told us, and which may consequently be regarded as new testimonies for tracing his life. We learn from a hundred sonnets that he was a devoted friend, but if we possessed not one of these, would it ever enter into our suspicions that he was cold-blooded in friendship? We find him, in effusions of the same sort, confessing to the influence of the softer flame; and will those who have ever felt to their heart's core his power in the drama of describing love, pretend that they would have repudiated their sympathy, if they had suspected that he had drawn his amatory experience from the admiration of any other woman than his own good old Anne Hathaway? Some of the sonnets indicate that he was subject to casual misfortunes; and what ghost or sonnet was required to make us believe as much? It may be alleged that these complaints seem to contradict the general prosperity which is attributed to the course of his life, on the supposition of which Dr. Johnson, using the bard's own beautiful simile, says, that he seems to have shaken off the difficulties of fortune like "dew-drops from the lion's mane!" But what man, even the most prosperous, were he to journalize his feelings in sonnets, would not record himself a thousand times poorer, and more unhappy on one day than another?

He praises one of his contemporaries in the sonnets, and he could well afford to do so. Drummond's account of him supersedes the necessity for any other proof that he was gentle, good natured, and amiable. He speaks very humbly of himself in certain passages. This leads us, however, to no discovery that he was blind to his own mighty endowments; for in other passages he freely paraphrases, and applies to himself the "exegi monumentum" of Horace. The only very striking phenomenon in the sonnets is, that he predicts immortality to himself from those effusions, and not from his dramas—an opinion which the world has thought proper to falsify. Lastly, the sonnets allude to his being a player, and to his disliking the profession—had they told us the reverse, there would have been some novelty in the information. Only twenty-two of these sonnets are addressed to a lady, whose name has not even been guessed at; and of whom, if we except what the poet himself calls his "mad slanders," nothing is known, but that she had dark eyes, dark hair, and played the virginal. More than one hundred of his sonnets are addressed to his male friend, of whom still less, if possible, is discoverable. We may be told, perhaps, that these poems are, nevertheless, the record of a deep and strong personal friendship, and that if you divest those effusions of an exaggerated amatory garb, the mere fashion of the age, in Shakspeare's language to a male friend, they illustrate the strength of his friendly attachment. I believe that they record a very strong and pure friendship, but I deny that they unequivocally paint his passions, and the true character of his sentiments. Of the love sonnets to the lady let us think as literally as we please—but to take his friendship sonnets according to the letter of their phraseology, I should be very sorry. Those friendship sonnets are not the work of Shakspeare writing in his own unaffected character, how sincere soever the friendship itself may have been, but the fantastical language of a friend in poetical masquerade, exaggerating friendship into love, and painting his sentiments in hyperbolic colours. This is surely not the unequivocal language of passion. That the fashion of the age makes Shakspeare's real sentiments unblameable, is unquestionable; for persons of the same sex, in those days, wrote downright erotic sonnets to each other most innocently, and a man subscribed himself "your lover," meaning no more than at present the means by "your humble servant." But keeping the poet's own real sentiments in unquestioned sincerity apart—the poems themselves are tinged by the chartered hyperbole of the age, with a jealousy and misery in the sentiment of friendship which are foreign to its nature. The great heart of Shakspeare, when it bestowed its friendship, must have bestowed it largely; but, believing this as I do, I would rather refresh my deep and sacred impression of the belief by a repudiation of his other works, than of some of these sonnets, in looking to which it is one thing to abjure most solemnly and sincerely any moral blame of him for his exaggeration, and another thing to admire the hyperbolic as a matter of taste, or to admit it as an index to the history of his life. As a guide to the history of his life, those sonnets to his male friend are indeed but faint scintillations. It seems impossible to make out to whom they were dedicated. Dr. Drake very plausibly, but by no means, I think, conclusively, contends that their object was Lord Southampton. If this be the fact, it is rather odd to find the poet calling a peer of the realm "his sweet boy," at a time when his lordship must have been thirty-six years of age. Mr. George Chalmers, whose ingenuity always repays its errors, by giving ample occasion for a laugh, insists that they were addressed to queen Elizabeth. What must her majesty have thought of the twentieth sonnet?

Considering these sonnets merely as poems, without reference to their biographical importance, it is manifest that some of them lack an important characteristic of true poetry, namely, their being genuine draughts of the poet's mind; for when he extols the personal charms and complexion of his friend, we recognise only an assumption of a fictitious character, borrowed in moments of thoughtless accordance from the capricious rudomontade of the times. To take the fashion of the age, and its unmeaning license of language into allowance, would be but justice to him if he were the commonest sonneteer, emphatically it is due to his hallowed memory as the master of the human heart. Still, at the same time, that very allowance leaves his language to be held unmeaning, and therefore, in several passages, uninteresting. Many of the sonnets, nevertheless, express an unexaggerated friendship that is truly Shakspearian and endearing; and the fancy, harmony, and diction of the greater portion of the whole collection betoken the hand of a master. They are, altogether, the best of our sonnet poetry anterior to that of Drummond; for George Stevens's comparison of them with-

Waller's productions is unworthy of an answer. If the same commentator's question, "What have truth and nature to do with sonnets?" deserve any reply, we may simply extinguish it, by telling him that they have as much to do with the sonnet as with any other short species of poem. It is very true, that any long series of effusions, clothed in uniform metre, inspired with slightly varying sentiments, and devoted to the same subject, will produce, when collectively read, a certain monotonous effect, from which I cannot deny that these sonnets are totally free any more than those of Petrarch. It is delightful to take a short walk through side-rows of sweet briars and honeysuckles; but it would tire us to make a day's journey through interminable alleys of them. There is no necessity, however, for our making a toil of a pleasure in reading either the sonnets of Shakspeare or Petrarch, for the character of tedium belongs not to those pieces individually any more than the pressure of a crowd belongs to the presence of a single person. To say that these sonnets add but little to Shakspeare's fame, is as excusable as to say that a considerable rock might appear but as a pebble if it were piled on the top of Olympus. But in many of them all the majesty and grace of Shakspeare is as distinct, and impress us with that peculiar aspect, as if thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers were the spontaneous respirations of his mind. I was beginning to enumerate the more exquisite portion of his sonnets, such as the 8th, the 30th, 123d, and others, but let me spare the reader the officious aid of a cicerone, where he may so easily judge for himself. I will not preach to his taste and ear by commenting on the exquisite richness of music and meaning in the following lines:

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Amidst impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds—
Or bends with the remover to remove;
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks;
But bears it out on to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, and no man ever loved.

T. C.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

POLITICAL PARROTS.

A TRAVELLER gives an account of two parrots, which he saw at Cincinnati, and one of which cried out "hurra for Jackson," while the other screeched "hurra for Adams," each laughing heartily at the end of the refrain. He calls them *political* parrots. This is known to be a common species in the republic, and had already been noticed in political ornithology. They sometimes get into public offices and legislative assemblies, where they contrive, occasionally, to pass for birds of wisdom, though they continue merely to repeat what they hear. As for the laugh or chuckle, it proceeds, now from heedless folly, anon from conscious knavery. Apropos of parrots: Shakspeare has well described, in the Merchant of Venice, two kinds of designing politicians:

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And others of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable." National Gaz.

CLIMATE.

Whoever of our fellow-citizens attaches much importance to climate, will find reason to be satisfied with his position, when he compares the weather which we have enjoyed for some months past, with that which was experienced in London during October, November, and December. It was necessary to refer to the poets for ideas of a golden sun and azure heaven. Some of our readers may recollect Lord Byron's farewell to England, in Beppo:

"I like the taxes, when they are not too many;
I like a sea coal fire, when not too dear;
I like a beef steak too, as well as any;
Have no objection to a pot of beer;
I like the weather, when it is not rainy;
That is, I like two months of every year." Ibid.

DANCING.

Dancing, under proper limitations, is a highly salutary species of exercise; but when too long continued, or too violently performed, it may be attended with very pernicious effects. The exertion of so many muscles as is required in dancing, and the quick inspiration of a warm vitiated atmosphere, in a crowded room, excite the circulation of the blood to as great an extent almost as in a fever. When to this is added the

use of liquors and cordials of a heating nature, which augment still more the motion of the heart; or of ices and iced drinks, which suddenly chill the system, together with exposure in a state of perspiration, and an insufficient clothing, to the cold damp night air—and that unnatural excitement by which sleep is banished at the very period when nature calls for repose, we need not be surprised that spitting of blood and consumption of the lungs should be frequent among the votaries of the ball-room or the midnight assembly.

We have said that dancing, in moderation, is a salutary exercise. But it is so only when every limb and muscle is allowed to participate naturally and without constraint in the motion thus communicated to the body. When, on the contrary, dancing is performed in a dress by which this is prevented, to say nothing of the total absence of all grace, injury, and that of a very serious character, is extremely liable to result.

Foreign Magazine.

SCOTTISH EDITORS.

It is worthy of notice how many of the best periodicals at present in existence are edited by Scotchmen. There are, in the first place, our two leading reviews, the Quarterly edited by Mr. Lockhart, and the Edinburgh, edited at first by Mr. Jeffrey, and now by Mr. Napier. Then there are two Foreign Quarterly Reviews, edited, the one by Mr. Gillies, and the other by Mr. Fraser, both Scotchmen. Then comes the magazines; and first of all Blackwood's, the sheet anchor of which is Professor Wilson—then the New Monthly, at the head of which is Campbell the poet—and Sharpe's London Magazine, started and supported by Allan Cunningham. Then we have two philosophical journals, under the auspices of two Scotchmen eminent in science—Dr. Brewster and Professor Jamieson. If we next turn to the weekly publications, we have the Literary Gazette, so popular both in London and out of it, edited by Mr. Jerdan; we have the Atlas, the largest paper in England, edited by Mr. Bell; and we have the Spectator, edited by Mr. Rintoul. As to the newspapers, they are too numerous to particularise; but is there not Mr. Stoddard of the Times, Mr. Stuart of the Courier, and Mr. Alexander of the Morning Journal—three of the most influential of any published in the metropolis? Many other Scotch editors are scattered over England, whilst we are not aware of a single English editor in Scotland.

Edin. Lit. Jour.

MAGISTERIAL INTERFERENCE.

We do not see how it falls within the province of the legislator or the magistrate to prescribe for the moral government of individuals. Our vices only come within the province of the magistrate, when others suffer inconvenience from them. Wherever a faculty is given, that faculty may be abused. A man who can read, may read noxious books. The privilege of publishing without restraint may be used to the dissemination of erroneous doctrines, and false views. Whoever possesses the means, may indulge to excess in the pleasures of the table. The rich man may drown his senses in wine, and the poor man in gin. The wise will be moderate in their enjoyments, and the imprudent immoderate. We know of no means by which excess can be guarded against, except the dispositions of individuals, which it is the business of instruction and not laws to improve. Of this, however, we are certain, that no men are entitled to erect themselves into judges of what indulgences ought to be allowed to others. We protest, therefore, against all reformations effected by magisterial interference. Who shall draw the line of distinction between what is beneficial and what is hurtful? And why should difficulties be thrown in the way of those who wish a cup of wine, because some may avail themselves of the facilities to drink to intoxication? The rubicund complexions of half the people in easy circumstances you meet in the streets, are a proof of their drinking as well as eating more than is strictly necessary for their health; but they would resent all attempt to regulate their indulgences according to any standard fixed by others. The poor people are entitled to the same liberty as the rich. When they violate the laws, punish them; but do not punish them by sumptuary laws.

Blackwood.

ACCIDENT TO MAJOR SNOW.

As the sixty-seventh regiment was returning from field drill, by some accident Major Snow was thrown off his horse with considerable violence. Happily, however, although he is a remarkably tall and heavy man, he escaped without injury. He afterwards made the accident the subject of a humorous *equivoque*, by assuring a brother officer who rejoined the regiment a day or two afterwards, that there had been a very heavy fall of snow during his absence.

Age.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

EFFECT OF WARMTH ON ANIMAL LIFE.—Among animals—says Dr. Arnott—the effects of heat are remarkable. The dread silence of winter, for instance, is succeeded in spring by one general cry of joy. Aloft in the air the lark is every where caroling; and in the woods and shrubberies, a thousand little throats are similarly pouring forth their songs of gladness—during the day, the thrush and blackbird near our dwellings, are heard above the rest, and with the evening comes the sweet nightingale; for all of which it is the season of love and of exquisite enjoyment. And it is equally so for animal nature generally; in England, for instance, in April and May the whole face of the country resounds with lowings and bleatings and barkings of joy. And even man, the master of the whole, and whose mind embraces all times and places, is far from being insensible to this change of season. His far seeing reason of course draws delight from the anticipation of autumn, with its fruits; and his benevolence rejoices in the happiness observed among all inferior creatures; but independently of these considerations, on his own frame the returning warmth exerts a direct influence. In early life, when the natural sensibilities are yet fresh and unaltered by the habits of artificial society, spring to man is always a season of delight. The eyes brighten, the whole countenance is animated, and the heart feels as if new life were come, and has longings for fresh objects of endearment. Of those who have passed their early years in the country, or among the charms of nature, as contrasted with the arts of cities, there are few who, in their morning walks in spring, have not experienced without very definite cause, a kind of tumultuous joy, of which the natural expression would have been, how good the God of nature is to us! Spring is a time when sleeping sensibility is roused to feel that there lies in nature more than the grosser sense perceives. The heart is then thrilled with sudden ecstacy, and wakes to aspirations of sweet acknowledgment.

THE PHENOMENA OF LIGHT.—A certain intensity of light—observes the same author—is necessary to distinct vision, but the degree varies with the previous state of the organ. A person passing from the bright day into a shaded room, for a time may fancy himself in total darkness; and to persons sitting in the room and becoming accustomed to the less light so as to see well with it, he will appear to be almost blind. The dawn of morning after the darkness of night appears much brighter than an equal degree of light in the evening. When, as the night falls, our lamps or candles are first introduced, the glare is often for a time offensive; and the same feeling is still stronger on opening, in the morning, bed-room window-shutters or close drawn curtains. After the repose of night, the sensibility of the eye is such that the globules of blood in the capillary vessels of the retina produce the impression on it of little globes of light crossing among each other as the tortuous vessels do. To a prisoner after long confinement in a dark dungeon, the light of the sun is almost insupportable. And a dungeon, which to common eyes is utterly dark, still to its long held inmate has ceased to be so. There are various instances in the records of the barbarous ages, of prisoners confined for years in utter darkness, who at last could see and make companions of the mice which frequented their cells. The darkness of a total eclipse after bright sunshine appears much more deep than that of midnight, because of the contrast. The long polar night of months ceases to appear very dark to the polar inhabitants. If an eye be directed for a time to a black wafer laid on a sheet of white paper, and afterwards to another part of the sheet, a portion of the size of the wafer will appear brilliantly illuminated; for the ordinary degree of light from it appears intense to the part of the eye lately receiving almost none. An eye directed long and intensely upon any minute object—as when a sailor watches a speck in the distant horizon, supposed to be a ship, or when a hunter on the brown heath keeps his eye fixed on some game nearly of the colour of the heath, or when an astronomer gazes long at a little star—has the sensibility of its centre at last exhausted, and ceases to perceive the object; but on directing the axis of the eye a little to one side of the object, so that an image may be formed only near the centre, the object may be again perceived, and the centre in the mean time enjoying repose, will recover its power.

But the most extraordinary fact connected with the sensibility of the retina is, that if part of it be strongly exercised by looking for a time at an object of any bright colour, on then turning the eye away or altogether shutting it, an impression or spectrum will remain of the same form as the object lately contemplated, but of a perfectly different colour. Thus if an eye be directed for a time to a red wafer laid on white paper,

and be then shut or turned to another part of the paper, a beautifully bright green wafer will be seen, and *vice versa*, a green wafer will produce a red spectrum, an orange wafer will similarly produce a blue spectrum, a yellow one a violet spectrum, &c.; and a cluster of wafers will produce a similar cluster of opposite colours. If the hand be then held over the eyelids to darken the eyes and prevent entirely the approach of light, the spectrum of the bright parts will be luminous, surrounded by a dark ground, and when the hand is again removed, the contrary will be true. Again, if the eye be in a degree fatigued by looking at the setting sun, or even at a window with a bright sky beyond it, or at any very bright object, on then shutting it, the lately contemplated forms will be perceived, first of one vivid colour, and then of another, until, perhaps, all the primary colours have passed in review. These extraordinary facts prove that the sensation of light and colour, although excitable by light, is also producible without it. This truth gave occasion to Darwin's ingenious theory, that the sensation of any particular colour, of red, for instance, is dependent upon a certain state of contraction of the minute fibres of the retina, as the sensation of a particular tone depends on a certain frequency of vibration of some part of the ear—and that the fibres, when fatigued in that condition, seek relief when at liberty, by throwing themselves into an opposite state—as a man whose back is fatigued by bending forwards, relieves himself not by merely standing erect, but by bending the spine backwards—which new condition, whether produced by light or any other cause, gives the sensation of green. He applied his explanation similarly to all other cases of colour. It is remarkable that the colours which thus appear opposite to each other in kind, are those which when the solar spectrum produced by a prism is painted round a wheel or circle, are opposite to each other in place.

SILK-WORMS.—It is stated in a memoir published by the royal agricultural society of France, that the use of the chloruret of lime, for the purpose of purifying the air in places where silk-worms are kept in large numbers, is found to be very beneficial. The mortality so common in this insect from the miasma of the atmosphere is thus prevented.

BET-ROOT SUGAR.—The manufacture of sugar from beet-root is still making way rapidly in France, with almost daily improvements. Within the last fortnight a manufacturer near Paris has taken out a patent, by which he undertakes to diminish the time hitherto required for completing the process at least one-third.

DANNECKER.—A colossal statue of our Saviour, executed in marble, by Dannecker, of Stuttgart, and which is considered as one of the finest specimens of modern sculpture, has been transported to Tzarakoie-Celo, in Russia, and placed on a pavilion, erected for its reception in the imperial garden.

ANOTHER NEW INVENTION.—A carriage has been invented in England, which is propelled by two persons, inside, turning a windlass. It moves with surprising rapidity.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

THE business of this house appears to be gradually improving, but the experiment of re-opening the Bowery has so far been attended with but little success. The managers, to be sure, even in opposition to the intense frost of Saturday last, succeeded in deluding a few individuals thither, and set Messrs. Barnes and Hackett to try to make them laugh: two or three actually attempted to do so, but it was too cold to make a joke of, and they desisted forthwith. At the Park, two new pieces have been brought out. One of them a tolerable farce, entitled "Thirty-three John-street," whose greatest merit is a scene always gratifying to an English or an American audience, namely, a man in a desperate state of intoxication. When naturally played, we never recollect to have seen a portrait of this kind fail in eliciting the warmest approbation of both. We presume it "comes home to the bosoms and business of all." The other was a sprightly, pleasant little opera, called "Music and Prejudice." It contains some charming melodies, which were as charmingly sung by Mrs. Austin, particularly the last ballad, "Upon the hill he turned." The skeleton of Shakspeare's "Tempest," was also exposed to the public, during the last week; and notwithstanding the cruel ingenuity exercised in hacking and mangling that wonderful production, glimpses of the superhuman power and beauty

of the original, were occasionally visible. It was said, and truly said, by a clever writer—that Shakspeare's plays lost more by stage representation, than those of others gained by it; the one being "like an apprentice dressed in his Sunday clothes, the other like Apollo tricked out by a tailor." Barry delivered many of the speeches of Prospero well, particularly the concluding one, and Hilson, Barnes, and Placide deserve praise as Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo. Mrs. Austin's Ariel is decidedly the best we have ever seen: it is more ethereal. Her slight, finely moulded form, and rich mellow voice, unbroken by a particle of harshness, render her as apt a representative of the "dainty Ariel," as can well be imagined. The lively opera of the "Caliph of Bagdad" has also been twice performed during her engagement. Of this we have before spoken: the only change that has taken place, is, that Mr. Richings has been promoted to the part of the Caliph, vice Mercer removed; he resigned his former character of Abdallah to Mrs. Wallack, but retained the splendid pair of green trowsers that used formerly to glorify the person of that gentleman, for the service of the Caliph. Neither the opera nor the trowsers suffered by this arrangement. C.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

American periodicals.—Reviews have now become an integral portion of the literature of every enlightened nation in Europe and America. And while by the talent, learning, and critical taste evinced in their pages, a pretty fair estimate may be formed of the intellectual advancement of a people, their generous support may be fairly assumed as an evidence of a general thirst for knowledge. To those classes more especially, who cannot command leisure for minute and detailed reading, they serve as so many labour-saving machines, to which odious improvements they are so far dissimilar, that instead of destroying the absolute necessity for the labour and employment, whose indispensable diminution they supply, they both increase the demand, and furnish the materials for its more extensive and liberal encouragement. In the United States we possess three quarterly reviews, which need not fear comparison with the best conducted in Great Britain and France, in talent, comprehensive and useful information, and moral and political loftiness and independence of tone. As a fair specimen of each, the last numbers may be referred to with pride and confidence. The articles of which they treat are interesting and valuable, their disquisitions carried on in the most liberal and impartial manner, their zeal for the advancement of knowledge and the promotion of letters overflowing, and their execution unexceptionable, frequently spirited, and always rising above mediocrity.

The North American contains an elaborate, and, as we think, enlightened and impartial discussion on the engrossing subject of the policy proper to be pursued by our government towards the aborigines of the country, and well calculated to soothe existing animosities and reconcile sectional discrepancies. A continuation of the history of Bolivar and his coadjutors in Colombia, furnishes another interesting article. A review of Hoffman's legal work, speaks in the highest terms of praise of that useful and successful production.

The American Quarterly is not less happy than its more ancient contemporary in the choice of its subjects, and the manner in which it recommends them to public notice. The defence of classical studies, which has formed so prominent and dazzling a theme of the scholar who conducts this periodical, continues to elicit fresh talent in its so much despised cause, and to furnish new and unanswerable arguments in its claims to universal diffusion. Pitkin's history of the United States, an invaluable repository of facts, and La Fayette's tour through this country, written by Le Vasseur, are among the other articles entitled to commendation.

The Southern Review, the youngest, but by no means the least vigorous of the three competitors for literary trimestrial reputation, is uncommonly attractive this time. Its review of Hall's travels is decidedly the most spirited and happily conceived of any which have yet appeared in either hemisphere. A very just and unimpassioned judgment is passed upon the military and would-be scientific traveller. The review of Devereux is not less successful than the notice of the previous works of the same popular author. All the articles come recommended to the reader by the usual animation of style, and high moral tone which have characterised this journal from its commencement.

Rev. Mr. Schroeder's address at the opening of the New-York City Dispensary.—Seldom have we risen from the perusal of any discourse which breathed forth a more hu-

mane and liberal spirit. Adorned with the most pertinent and chaste figures of rhetoric, it speaks, nevertheless, in the most impressive and unfeigned accents of imploring clemency for the sick and poor. No extraneous assistance was in fact needed to commend the claims of an institution which can boast of dispensing efficient aid annually to ten thousand destitute sick persons, and of thus directly relieving the public burden, which might have else been charged with their support. The address of Mr. Schroeder does himself credit as a man and a philanthropist, and cannot be too widely circulated.

The Evening Journal.—Few newspapers have ever met with such decided marks of public support and favour as this unpretending but useful sheet, published in the Bowery. It is the third on the list of the most extensively circulated journals in the city. Its price, accommodated to the means of a large portion of the community, does not indicate any proportionate want of the ability or information possessed by its numerous contemporaries. It displays, on the contrary, an abundant share of talent in the editorial department, and its communicated articles, with a few exceptions, have been of a popular and interesting character. We refer to the essays which have occasionally appeared, treating lightly of subjects beyond the province of any daily paper, and which can never be approached with sufficient caution and delicacy. The Evening Journal would, we think, be seriously improved in its general aspect, if it left these topics untouched. In offering this suggestion, we are solely actuated by an honest desire of seeing the enterprising conductor completely prosperous in the arduous career in which he has embarked, and by what we deem essential to the preservation of public order and private virtue. With the editorial ability and tact of the Journal, every one conversant with its columns must be fully satisfied.

A literary lounge.—Such of our readers as are fond of indulging in an occasional lounge among the muses, could not spend a leisure hour more profitably than at the literary emporium of the Messrs. Carvill, Broadway. The rich treasures of science and the fine arts which have been amassed by these indefatigable caterers for the public taste, are truly delightful, and in many respects astonishing. Their capacious store is an intellectual repository, which, in a great measure, supplies the want of a public library. A foreign department has been lately added and arranged, under the directions of Mr. De Behr, comprising the classical works of all nations, both ancient and modern; viz.—German, French, Spanish, Italian, Latin, Greek, and even Hebrew: also, the operas of the immortal Mozart, with Italian words. But it is useless to attempt a description of the various attractions of this resort. To be duly appreciated, they must be visited and inspected.

Our fair correspondent Thyra.—Where praise is so well deserved and so entirely gratuitous, as the following tribute from the Courier and Enquirer, of the twenty-ninth ultimo, we cannot refrain from giving it insertion:

"We have often observed the signature of Thyra in the columns of the New-York Mirror, and have always read her effusions with pleasure. We judge the writer to be a lady only from the signature. Thyra's productions bespeak a cultivation of mind, a vividness of imagination, and a refinement of feeling far above the common pitch. With perhaps two or three exceptions, she will not suffer by a comparison with the many lady poets of whom our country boasts. Why does she continue incognita? She need not fear to disclose her name."

A brave girl.—The daughter of a respectable citizen in North Second-street—says a Philadelphia paper—had passed the evening out at a party, and returning late, had thrown herself on her bed, without changing her dress, to recover from a momentary fatigue. After relapsing into a kind of slumber, she was startled by feeling a breathing of some person near her, and on looking around, discovered, by the faint light of the window, the figure of a man standing beside her. She immediately seized him by his waist, and held him so firmly as to be drawn from her posture, by his struggling to free himself; and on his effecting this, and escaping to the stairs of the upper story, she retained a hold of his garments. During this she repeatedly called to her parent below—"Father, father; haste, haste; I have caught a robber!" The father was too much confused by the sudden and uncommon call to arrive in time to secure the villain, who escaped through the garret scuttle, and descended by the roof of the adjoining building.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS!

COMPOSED BY W. H. PHIPPS.

MODERATO ENERGICO.

The high - lands! the high - lands! O gin I were there, Tho' the moun - tains and moor - lands be rug - ged and bare, Tho' bleak be the clime and but

scan - ty the fare, My heart's in the high - lands, O gin I were there. The high - lands! the high - lands! my full bo - som swells, When I

think o' the streams gush - ing wild through the dells, And the hills tow'ring proud - ly, the lochs gleam - ing fair! My heart's in the high - lands, O gin I were there!

The highlands! the highlands! far up the grey glen, || And a deess at the door wi' my auld mither there, || The highlands! the highlands! O gin I were there, || Tho' bleak be the clime, and scanty the fare,
Stands a cozy wee cot wi' a but and a ben, || Crooning hastes ye back Donald and leave us nae mair. || Tho' the mountains and moorlands be rugged and bare, || My heart's in the highlands, O gin I were there.

VARIETIES.

LIVY.—When there was that great fire in the seraglio, at Constantinople, about fifty years ago, a large portion of the furniture, and among the rest, several books were flung into the street. The secretary of the French embassy then at the porte, happened to be walking that way, and as he was getting as well as he could through the crowd, he saw a man with a large folio volume, which he had opened, but could not tell what to make of it. The secretary saw it was a manuscript of Livy, and on turning over the leaves a little further, found that it had the second decade as well as the first, and probably might have all that is lost to us. He offered the man a handsome reward if he would keep the book under his long robe, and follow him with it to his lodgings. The man agreed to it, and followed him; but the crowd and confusion increasing, they were separated, and so the secretary lost the opportunity of recovering so great a treasure as this would have been to the learned world.

EXPERIENCE.—At a certain age, experience removes the bandage which has hitherto prevented us from seeing reality. This is done by degrees; the illusion does not vanish all at once, but grows weaker, and at length wholly disappears. Fatigued by a vain chase after good, through tortuous paths, strewn with both thorns and flowers, along which the impulse of example and the fever of the passions hurry our steps, we pause; and soon we recall to our recollection

a straight and even path, not before tried, that of repose; we seek it, find it, follow it, and attain our object. Such is the usual progress of human life; and the habit of achieving great things does not make us cease to be men.

ANOTHER SINGER.—A new singer has excited some sensation at Vienna, and it is said that she will probably make as much noise in the musical world as Sontag. She is about eighteen years old, and is the daughter of Madame Grunbaum, the vocalist. The young lady in question has just made a very successful *début*, and attracts the *dilettanti* no less by her beauty than by her singing. This is the third or fourth lady who has been announced in Germany as likely to replace Sontag, without fulfilling that expectation.

THE RULING PASSION.—It is related in a recent biography of Lambert, the astronomer, of Mulhausen, that on being asked how he liked an opera at Berlin, to which he had been taken by some of his friends, he replied, that he had not seen it, as he had been occupied during the entire evening in calculating the refraction of light from the lustre.

HORSE RADISH.—Horse radish cut into small pieces, and chewed in the mouth, is an excellent remedy for hoarseness, coughs, colds, and cases of incipient consumption. Several cases of its successful application have come within our knowledge.

CITY OF WASHINGTON.—The population of Washington city is estimated at nineteen thousand three hundred and nineteen. There were erected one hundred and forty-eight

dwellings in 1839. The total number of dwellings is three thousand and fifty.

Lord Peterborough, after a visit to Archbishop Fenelon, said, "he was cast in a particular mould, that was never used for any body else; he is a delicious creature! but I was forced to get away from him as soon as I possibly could, for else he would have made me pious."

Pertinacity in opinion more frequently arises from a partial view of a subject than from a full comprehension of it, and is not of itself any proof of rectitude of judgment.

When the English were good catholics they usually drank the pope's health in a full glass after dinner; *au bon pere*, whence your bumper.

If the mind be not cultivated in early life, we lose an opportunity of intellectual improvement which no study in a later period can repair.

To attempt to civilize or moralize a people who are in a state of want, as to subsistence, has always proved a forlorn hope.

Coercion, though it may form habits, never forms principles—the only security for their permanency.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

ADORA TE SUPPLEX.

BACK—back again to their holy fount,
The dreams of being run :
From the skies kindled, they remount
As the eagle to the sun.
As the pure flame burns towards the heaven
In its intensity,
Is there a power which thou hast given,
That should not rise to thee?
Oh stronger is that eagle's gaze
When his was high in air,
And purer glow the living rays
When their light is kindled there.
And the spirit is brighter when its thought
Is lit from the shrine of heaven,
The prophet fire is o'er it brought,
And the prophet mantle given.
We sip of the bubbles by passion led,
As they flash delusively,
But the thirst of the spirit is only fed
By living waves from thee.

HINDA.

A DREAM.

High sounds of festal glee
Broke forth upon the midnight air;
And in the throng I wandered there,
Thy form to see.
I saw thee not that hour!
Soft music's voice was on the wind,
All eyes were bright, and hearts were kind—
I felt their power.
I heard the joyful laugh;
The flashing cup like jewels beamed,
And every drop with pleasure teemed—
I could not quaff!
The rose and leaf were there,
With freshest violets entwined,
In many a beauteous wreath to bind
The fair-one's hair.
The merry dance went by,
And woman seemed a spirit fled;
A happy thing from heaven sped,
With man to vie.
The song was heard no more—
The harp unstrung—its echoes spent—
Methought all steps were homeward bent—
The feast was o'er.
I was alone and spoke!
I call'd aloud thy cherished name,
Then trembling, forth thy spirit came!
I wept! I woke!

LARA.

THE MAIDEN'S ANSWER.*

And wherefore should I linger here,
Like summer's latest rose,
Where every object wakes the tear
From memory's urn that flows?
The friends that made life's vernal day
All music to my mind,
Have passed like autumn birds away,
And left no note behind.
Home, with thy free, unsullied mirth,
How sadly changed art thou!
The voices of thy household worth,
Where may I list them now?
I wander to the narrow bed,
In dreams to catch them there;
But silence, as if earth were dead,
Awakes me to despair.
Lead on—lead on—I follow thee,
Friend of my wintry day!
And though from home my path shall be,
I will not longer stay.
Thou too shalt go, lone, grave-grown rose,
In thee my soul shall find
A fit memorial of those
Left blighted here behind.
Scenes of my youth's unclouded years,
I break your binding spell;

Ye have my last best gift, my tears,
Therefore in peace farewell;
To the uncharnelled woods afar,
With my last friend I flee,
His love the only guiding star
That hope has left to me.
Flowers—that have grown beneath my hand,
Bowers—of the woodbine shade,
Lake—by the summer rainbow spanned,
Lawn—where my free foot strayed;
Birds—of the sweet familiar voice,
Elms—where the zephyrs dwell,
Home—of my heart's remembered joys,
Graves—of my kin—farewell!
Now to the forest's shadowy depths,
By thy fond side I'll roam;
Yet chide not, love, her faltering steps,
Who leaves her childhood's home:
And chide thou not the gushing tear,
That dims her parting gaze;
When grief's dark shower has passed, more clear
Love's bosom light shall blaze.

PROTEUS.

ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

THE REFORMATION.

A FACT.

ABOUT a century ago—I think I am not much out of the way as to the time, for it was in the "honey-years" of my good great grand parents—I say "honey-years," for, in those primeval days, people, even of the first society, were in the habit of numbering by years, and not as now by moons, that blissful season of marriage, when all is as new and creative of joy to the happy pair, as the genial opening of spring is to the tuneful nightingale and his confiding mate. It was in those happy days then that there came to New Town, a village not far from this city, a stranger from "the mother country;" he was a young man, uncommonly handsome in person, and of prepossessing manners, and his complexion was so dazzlingly white, that he was called Fair James by all the inhabitants far and near. As to his sir-name, that was a secret none could ever persuade him to reveal. His education was so far above his avowed calling of "wool-comber," that he was generally supposed to be a wandering prodigal son of genteel parentage.

Dressed in a white fleecy habit, with his hat slouched upon his temples, he went from farm to farm pursuing his occupation with great industry, and would, after a day of hard labour, pocket at sun-set his copper pence with perfect sang froid, to tell them out at evening in a very different humour to the tune of the potent mug—and he could not choose but feel its influence, for then

"The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!"

and again and again it was replenished, until his wits began to turn.

And love too, was in the cup when mingled and presented to him by the hand of Nannette, the pretty bar-maid; there was something so attractive, he said, in the little toss of her head—one of the finest in the world—and in the ingenuous expression of her dark eyes when she staid the cup to entreat the young wool-comber to beware of the spectre at the bottom, which Halkin, the witty publican, had graven there in rude device to prevent Susan, his tasteful spouse, from sipping too deeply.

But of small avail was Nannette's gentle counsel to James; for the oftener he saw her, and tasted the seductive beverage, the dearer he loved the one, and the deeper he quaffed the other; altogether regardless of the frightful spectre, till weary and overcome, he would sometimes sink to sleep with his head against the counter. It was then that Nannette could contemplate, without embarrassment, the beauty of his features and complexion, and the dark luxuriant curls which surmounted his high and polished forehead; and often too, she would draw near that she might look upon the silken lid wherein an eye rested that could open to the morning brilliant as its own beam.

This contemplation, though one of great interest, conveyed no hearts-ease to the simple, yet amiable Nannette. She sighed to think that so fine a specimen of human nature should be so lost to the virtue and charms of sobriety. That he had

manly graces and a superior mind, she had early discovered, for Nannette was in no way deficient in observation; and her kind heart tenderly pitied, but she meant not to love James. Nannette was not the lawful inheritor of the title of bar-maid—she was the daughter of a French officer, a prisoner of war, who had died and left his accomplished child to poverty and the care of heaven.

But Nannette was as amiable as she was lovely, and anxious to make herself useful where she was dependent. She was grateful too, for the gratuitous attentions paid to her departed father by the worthy pair with whom she resided; and, with all humility and cheerfulness, she gave the sparkling cup to each new-comer through the week, and cast up the scores on Saturday-night to the perfect delight of Halkin, who would rub his hands and cry, "dear me, what a fine creature! pity it were not a boy, to look to my out-door affairs too."

On Sundays Nannette shone the star of the morning, for then her attendance at the bar was dispensed with that she might go to church to lay in a stock of edification to fortify her young heart against the machinations and assaults of the evil one, to which her exposed situation might render it a prey; and Nannette continued to walk in piety and purity of conduct, (a refined nature is not easily perverted) notwithstanding the many toils she had to encounter.

Nor was Halkin and his good wife losers by the protection they extended to the beautiful orphan; for half their custom was drawn thither by the light of her countenance. She was the real sun of which their gilded sign presented only the fainter rays. Nannette was intellectual too, in spite of the bar; for even amidst her daily avocations, so entirely mechanical, there was little to disturb the workings of fancy; and if "the proper study of mankind is man," she had certainly an opportunity of acquiring knowledge. Indeed it was surprising to observe how she would turn all things to good account; even the spectre at the bottom of the mug conveyed to her mind a deeper lesson than was intended by the artist. And she profited much more by the moral than did many of those who examined more frequently the singular device—justly eliciting the approbation of the aged and thinking part of the little world around her.

As for lovers, they came in swarms—many vowed eternal faith, a few offered marriage, and all sighed from the bottom of their hearts. Even the young clergyman of the village would lay greater stress upon "heaven be with you!" and pray with more fervour whenever Nannette graced the church with her presence. And there was the wiser son of Æsculapius too, who would oftener than need, bare her beautiful arm and feel her healthy pulse, that he might judge with more certainty of the improvement of his patients; and then he would pat her soft and rosy cheek, and marvel how the crimson current could flow so readily there.

But all these things made little impression upon the heart of Nannette. In fact, she forgot them the next moment. But, in regard to James, it was not so. She could well remember whatever he said or sung, for he was musical as well as literary, and to every look and action of his, her bosom bore record. There was something, she thought, so novel in his appearance, so superior in his person and manners to any one she had seen—he was so gentle and persuasive in his language—had such depth of feeling, that, in spite of his failing, she felt greatly interested in his happiness. Then he was a stranger, an offcast of fortune, like herself, and had a claim upon her sympathy—therefore she could not but pity him very sincerely—and very sincerely, too, did she love him; but more of that hereafter.

At this juncture she was sorely disturbed by his increasing inebriety. Each successive night (Sundays only excepted) beheld him still the insatiate votary of the odious mug, while the hideous figure at the bottom, instead of repulsing him, seemed to have acquired the fascination of an angel. And when a friend kindly interfered to admonish and warn him of his ruin, he would gaily answer, "nay, now, why bid me despair when there are but twenty-nine lives between me and a title, a time-honoured name, and a large estate?" This was often repeated by James in his hours of delirium, but small respect was paid to his pretensions by the motley groups that gathered nightly about him, while all pronounced him to be a lost man.

* See the "Hunter to his love," published in the last number of the New-York Mirror.

Nanette alone cherished the only glimpse of his reform. She had observed that on the Sabbath day he invariably forbore to taste the alluring cup. Dressed in a clean suit of lambs-wool, he would, on those days, attend her to church, and while there, the decency of his devotion, being with all humility, and the fervency of his response, formed a singular contrast with his free libations during the rest of the week; while the evening of each sacred day witnessed their vows of love and faith. Seated beneath the broad spreading willow, at the back of the church, many an hour was spent in improving conversation, and an interchange of affections. The murmuring of the little brook at their feet filled the pauses love made, and banished from the hum of noisy insects that monotony of sound which is too apt to pervade the retreats of wood and grove, while the moon looked down upon their beautiful and holy intercourse—and seldom has her beams illumined fairer countenances, or forms more perfect from the hand of heaven.

Thus, between piety and love, was each first day hallowed by the youthful pair; but the remainder of the week was, to him, a blank of time, and to her, a period of severe trial.

Weeks and months passed away, and the hateful mug was for ever at his lips. In vain Nanette sighed and gently re-proved; no amendment was visible in the conduct of James; on Sundays only did his countenance bear the perfect stamp; then, indeed, it was radiant with beauty and intelligence. One evening James had taken an inordinate measure, and lay extended along the bench of the inn; the good hostess, who was busy in preparing for a public parade, found the unfortunate youth very much in her way, and, with little ceremony, ordered her servants to convey the intemperate wretch to the porch, and lay him by the side of Keeper, the dog, as a fit companion for brutes only. The injunction was instantly obeyed, and he was borne into the porch, incapable of making the least resistance, yet perfectly sensible of his degraded condition, and stung to the soul by the severe reproof.

The faithful Keeper, now his only friend, as if in sympathy with his sufferings, began to lick his hands and face, which kindness James endeavoured to prevent, but found that he had not power to move a limb; and, in the anguish of his wounded feelings, he exclaimed,

"Gracious heavens! am I indeed so lost? Shall I be henceforth a thing for men to buffet—to scoff and jeer at? A prodigal, fit only to herd with swine! Thou, Keeper, art too good a dog for such a one!"

The morning of the following day the young wool-comber was no where to be found. Inquiry was made at the different farm houses, but to no purpose; it was supposed that he had left the town during the night of his mortification. The pretty Nanette was no longer visible at the inn, while the story of their flight soon spread through the village and became at least a nine day's wonder among the inhabitants.

Many years had passed away, and the loves of James and Nanette was an affair almost forgotten, when judge H., a wealthy farmer of New Town, was tempted by business or pleasure, to cross the uncertain wave, and visit home, "the mother country." (Thus was the favoured isle denominated by the English-Americans even to the period of our division.)

Having accomplished the objects of his voyage, he bade adieu to the great metropolis, and took post chaise for the nearest sea-port town, from whence he purposed to sail for America in a few days. He had not driven far from London when a coach and four attempted to pass him on the road. Some difficulty occurred to prevent its progress, owing to the awkwardness of the post-boy. The gentleman in the carriage looked from the window to give orders to his attendants, and his eye met that of judge H., who also had leaned forward that he might observe how matters were about to be arranged. In a moment a smile of joyous recognition lighted up the features of the stranger, whose dress and manners comported well with the splendour of his vehicle.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "is not this my friend H. of Long Island? Surely it is he;" and in the next moment he was at the side of the chaise.

"You have pronounced my name, most certainly," replied the worthy farmer; "but how you could have known it, is to me a riddle."

"Look well at me, I pray you," and the stranger drew himself up to his full height, and raising his hat, continued, "examine my features carefully—are they not familiar to you?"

"They are not indeed, sir," replied H., after a few moments' intent survey of the noble and graceful figure before him. "I do assure you that to my knowledge I never saw you till this hour, or my memory is unusually treacherous," he then murmured out something of the unmerited honour, &c., and bidding a "good morrow," was about to drive off.

"Stay, sir," cried the stranger; "can it be possible that you have forgotten James, the unfortunate wool-comber, who, but ten years since, sought a living through your town?"

"Who? What? This James, who disgraced himself at Halkin's by his intemperance? and finished by stealing away the sweetest flower that ever blossomed in our soil! Do my eyes—my ears hear aright?" and the good farmer raised his hands in utter astonishment.

"I perceive you are greatly surprised at the change in my appearance and circumstances, and very naturally; but do you not remember I used often to tell you that there were but twenty-nine lives between me and a title with a large estate? Time has swept away those barriers, and I am now in quiet possession of a fortune more than sufficient for one that early knew the most trying vicissitudes of life. She, of whom you spoke, the dear, the lovely Nanette, the partner and soother of my sorrows, is now the sharer of my prosperity—the happy wife and mother. Come home with me—my estate lies not far from this, and you may then have it in your power to convey to the good people of Long Island a just idea of the improved fortunes of Fair James the wool-comber, and the pretty Nanette the bar-maid."

P. J.

LITERARY NOTICES.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.—The genius of Walter Scott knows no bounds. Not satisfied with having furnished the world with the most captivating series of fictitious histories, he resumes his pen in his advanced age, to improve their general appearance, to illustrate their obscure points, and supply such deficiencies as the haste of composition, urged by the unceasing and untiring demand from the groaning press had allowed to enter, insensibly to himself and the millions of his readers, into their composition. Additional prefaces, expository anecdotes, and corrections of the main text, are the fruits of this laudable determination. The new edition of the Waverley novels thus improved, has scarcely been announced before its first volumes are already re-published in this country. Such is the eager and enlightened zeal entertained by booksellers in the United States to gratify a literary taste, diffused far and wide among the people. And yet narrow minds love to indulge in ill-natured and petty sarcasms upon the absence of taste for letters in this country! Such pitiful insinuations betray at once the humble rank and limited knowledge of those who delight in their flippant utterance. The re-publication of the invaluable new edition, so fresh from the hands of the great author, has been undertaken in Boston, and will compare favorably, in typographical execution, with its great British prototype. We have received a copy of the work, as far as printed, from Mr. C. S. Francis, Broadway—at whose well furnished Parthenon bookstore and reading room, it may be had at a very moderate price.

AN AMERICAN COMIC ANNUAL.—Finn and Johnson, of Boston, have clubbed together to produce a comic annual for the next season of gift books. "Johnson," says the Evening Post, "has been called the Cruikshank of the country, and Finn is no less our Hood. The two together will doubtless be able to concoct a book that shall force the most grave and melancholic reader to smile."

JEFFERSON'S WORKS.—A second edition of the works of Thomas Jefferson will shortly be put to press by the brothers Carvill, of this city, and Messrs. Gray and Bowen, of Boston.

THE DEFORMED.—A new drama, under this title, written by Richard Penn Smith, has been produced in Philadelphia. It was entirely successful.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

BAD HABITS.

ONE of the most thoughtless habits a man can fall into, the most senseless and indefensible that any person, allowed the use of a pen can indulge, and one which we would think altogether inconsistent with the manners of a gentleman, is the too common practice of *throwing ink about the floor when writing*, at every dip of the pen; the greatest part of the indelible liquid being appropriated to the benefit of the clothes, the furniture, or the carpets, and the remainder applied to the proper use and end of the dye, in colouring the paper. The excuse of some for this careless and indelicate custom is, that their attention is so completely engrossed by the magnitude or intense interest of the object on which their mind is employed, that they know not whether their ink is dropt on their paper or thrown upon their neighbour's clothes. But in such cases one should write where the shoe-black cleans boots, where the blacking he scatters about can do no

injury, or in some place prepared for such usage. Still the abominable habit acquired in the office will follow insensibly into the parlour, and the slovenliness of the lawyer render the student a nuisance wherever he finds a pen and ink to *flirt* with. (Could not a pen that would deliver a certain quantity of ink only, be invented for the use of these ink throwers!) I know a clerk in a certain office, who has become so notorious for this habit, after spotting a dozen garments for his fellows, that they retire from him as instinctively as from a cuttle-fish, and give him elbow and spatter-room whenever he sits down to write. How many lady's dresses have been disfigured or spoiled by this practice, I cannot name. But this I know, that my carpets, my floors, and every thing about my house, owe their inky *nebula* to the hands of friendly visitors who have had occasion to write in my premises, and with all my habitual care to prepare and keep my writing materials, have thrown more ink about them than they put on their paper. I had escaped, however, almost harmless for some years, and had often congratulated myself on running scot-free so long, when my good fortune was interrupted, the other day, by a black and sinister occurrence, in spite of all my precautions to the contrary. A young acquaintance, who sometimes visits my family, and whose good sense and accomplishments forbade the suspicion of any such fault, called at my house in my absence, and, being possessed of handsome literary acquirements, was requested by one of my daughters to write a piece in her album. He complied accordingly, and left in the book a specimen of respectable poetic talents, but on the floor a memento of the most detestable habit I am exposing. The carpet, being of a dark hue, sustained no visible damage; but the floor, uncovered in the recess of the window, received marks that will remain as long as the wood, to remind us of an unwelcome guest, and caution against him in future. The encomiums on his conduct he received, from both the male and female part of my family, he may imagine, on recollecting the remarks he heard on the bad pens and slovenly writing by which some gentlemen had displayed their neatness and taste in the book. I hope he will take a hint from this representation, leave the offensive practice with his bachelorship in the office, and take good care, as he values the good wishes of the girls for his agreeable society, or the good will of their parents, in countenancing such ink-spirits, wherever he goes, to sink the character of the lawyer, quidnunc, or philosopher, and be sure that he does not, in so durable and undesirable a manner, leave his mark behind him. H.

ANACREON MOORE.

As this inimitable poet subsequently atoned, in a voluntary and handsome apology, for his boyish libels on American character and manners, in the year 1801, we have freely forgiven him, although we cannot forget the repeated prostitution of his fine talents in thus satirizing his hospitable entertainers. We therefore select one passage, from his eighth epistle, addressed to Spencer, which we think will not be uninteresting to our readers. In his beautiful apostrophe to Mr. Dennie, then editor of the Port Folio, and a little circle of literary friends, to whom the latter had introduced the young poet, we find the following lines:

"Oh! if America can yet be great,
If neither chain'd by choice, nor damn'd by fate
To the mob-mania, which imbrutes her now,
She yet can raise the bright but temperate brow
Of single majesty—can grandly place
An empire's pillar upon freedom's base,
Nor fear the mighty shaft will feelbler prove
For the fair capital that flowers above!
If yet, relieved from all that vulgar throng,
So vain of dulness, and so pleased with wrong,
Who hourly teach her like themselves to hide
Folly in froth, and barrenness and pride—
She yet can rise, can wreath the attic charms
Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,
And see her poets flash the fires of song,
To light her warriors' thunderbolts along!
It is to you—to souls, that favouring heaven
Has made like yours—the glorious task is given."

However sincerely we regret the narrow political prejudices of the youthful poet, at this early period of his brilliant career, we have no objection to the foregoing compliment to Mr. Dennie and his friends. The talented and accomplished editor of the Port Folio was the successful pioneer who gallantly led the way in the march of American literature. Our country owes him much, and every liberal and enlightened mind is happy to acknowledge the obligation. To his genius and talents we are indebted, in no small degree, for having already realised the semi-prediction contained in the above extract. Stimulated by his example and success, other and more youthful adventurers have taken the field, and reaped rich harvests of laurels. Experience has convinced us, that the pillar of freedom is not rendered more feeble by the flowery capital of polite

literature, which now surmounts it. Columbia has "wreathed the attic charms of soft refinement round the pomp of arms." She has, in more instances than can be readily enumerated, "seen her poets flash the fires of song to light the thunderbolts of her warriors." And what is more, she has (since the first publication of the satirical epistle, from which the foregoing extract is made) by her progress in the arts and sciences, and her feats in arms, secured the friendship, elicited the admiration, and commanded the respect of every civilized nation on the globe. W.

ORIGINAL EPILOGUE.

The following epilogue, written at the request of the author of a new melo-drama, lately produced at the Park theatre, founded on Cooper's last novel, entitled the "Wept-of-Wish-ton-wish," was spoken at the conclusion of the play by Mrs. Sharpe, in the character of Narra-Mattah, and received with reiterated bursts of applause. Whether the epilogue saved the play, or Mrs. Sharpe saved the epilogue, it is not ours to say; perhaps "a little of both." At any rate, this publication of the poetry will not blight a single leaf in the laurel chaplet of its author, Samuel Woodworth, esq.

Narra-Mattah enters, speaking to herself.

The curtain's down—and while they're all behind
Doffing their pilgrim dresses—I've a mind
At the gay modern world to have one peep,
And just say "how d'ye you?" before I sleep.

(Looks round the boxes.)

But how is this? am I to understand
That these are the descendants of that band
Of pious plain-clad pilgrims, who came o'er
To seek for freedom on this western shore?
Why—where's the plain mob cap? the russet gown?
The puritanic coat? the close-cropt crown?
Where's all that neat simplicity of dress
Which marked the puritans? Egad! I guess
I won't alone—more of them must have wed
With native chiefs, and mingled white and red;
Else why this taste for feathers, beads, and shells,
In their descendants? Why do modern belles
Paint their sweet faces, and from either ear
Suspend those sparkling trinkets? And then here,

(touching her own arm.)

So modestly to bury half their charms,
In those huge silken bags that hide their arms!
O there's red blood in some of your blue veins,
And so there is in yours, ye dapper swains,
Or what's the meaning of those dandy chains
Extending from your bosoms to your pockets?
I wonder if you modern beaux wear lockets!
Nay, hope not to escape me—you will fail,
Those treacherous square-toes, *(laughing)* I shall know
your trail. *(looks at the second tier.)*

I see you there, but I won't tell your name,
He with the whiskers—yes—that's him—the same;
A mighty chief of some great tribe, no doubt,
You need not tell me—I shall make it out:
Yes, yes—I see—it plainly now appears,
Those artificial whiskers hide long ears!
But he with that blue blanket on one shoulder,
And feathered lip, must be a chief still bolder;
Perhaps a sachem, sagamore, or scribe,
O, I perceive, he's of the cockney tribe.

But what is that thing?—yonder—up above?
He with the eye-glass? There! he's dropt his glove;
What tribe claims him—or it—that taper shape?
I've strong suspicions it must be the ape!

You needn't smile, here, in the pit, below,
For I've a word with you before I go.
Yes, do smile! In mercy don't look grave,
For 'tis your tribe must either damn or save
The little bantling just gone off the stage.
Forget its faults, but not its tender age.
What if it be a little rude and wild,
Remember that a parent loves his child:
And I'll be sworn he's somewhere here to-night,
With feelings none can know but they who write.
So be good-natured, now, ye critic tribe;
Nay, do not frown—can I not name some bribe?
Yes, here it goes—don't let the new play fall,
And Narra Mattah vows to kiss you all.

'Tis safe! 'tis safe! your generous hands decide it; [it.
There, *(kissing her hand)* take a kiss among you, and divide

A good man's piety and virtue are not distinct possessions; they are himself, and all the glory which belongs to them belongs to himself. What is religion? Not a foreign inhabitant, not something alien to our nature, which comes and takes up its abode in the soul; it is the soul itself, lifting itself up to its Maker. What is virtue? It is the soul listening to, and revering and obeying, a law, which belongs to its very essence, the law of duty. We sometimes smile when we hear men decrying human nature, and in the same breath exalting religion to the skies, as if religion were anything more than human nature, acting in obedience to its chief law. Chaanning.

THE TRAVELLER.

SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

THE avidity with which all classes of readers seek after details of the peculiarities and private habits of celebrated individuals, is one of the prominent characteristics of the present reading age; and is, perhaps, a sufficient apology for the insertion of the following sketch in the columns of the Mirror, a miscellany expressly designed

"To show the manners living as they rise"

The distinguished character who forms the subject of this article has, for many years, held an elevated position among his fellow-citizens. His actions and his talents have been subjected to no "gentle" species of criticism, and every anecdote respecting him has eagerly been sought after by the conductors of the "press," to gratify the curiosity of their readers. His fame also has reached the other hemisphere; nor do we fear a refutation when we assert, (from actual observation,) that the name of John Randolph is as familiar in Europe, and more particularly in Great Britain, as the most celebrated living American.

It was our good fortune, some few years since, to make a passage from Liverpool to New-York with this extraordinary man, and the impression made on us by his varied talents, his deep, but sarcastic remarks on men and things, and his peculiar original character, has been so vivid and lasting, that we have ventured to give to the public some of the incidents connected with that intercourse, in the hope that the detail will not be considered uninteresting.

It is generally acknowledged, that men are seen in their true natural guise during a sea voyage. The man of the world may at first incase himself in reserve, or the designing may spread the lures of blandishment or courtesy to disguise the infirmities they know themselves the possessors of; but the monotony and the tedium of their situation soon dissolve these safeguards, and the "natural man" stands confessed,

"With all his imperfections on his head."

Our party consisted of seven in number, all males. Mr. Randolph and a young Carolinian were the only Americans. The remainder were from different parts of Europe, and all considerably junior in years to our distinguished fellow passenger. It may consequently be supposed that the post of honour, and other like courtesies, were awarded to Mr. Randolph with that readiness which the young are ever willing to concede to acknowledged celebrity under any circumstances which bring them in collision. This willingness on our part to conciliate his good opinion, appeared to gratify him exceedingly, and we were not the losers by our just and well timed civility; for he gradually unbended from his rather aristocratical reserve, and became at once free and communicative; nor did one misunderstanding, or harsh expression occur among us during the whole unusually long passage. We mention this circumstance, as it is generally supposed that Mr. Randolph is no very pleasant companion on a sea voyage; on the contrary, with us he was in an eminent degree agreeable and conciliating. He quickly ascertained our several positions in society, and finding we possessed claims to respectability, those claims were readily allowed, and an equal footing of intimacy was the immediate result.

We shall not attempt to detail his many shrewd observations, noted at the time, nor shall we delineate the numerous peculiarities, so strikingly characteristic, our limits will not admit of such an elaborate undertaking; a brief sketch of a few of the more prominent must suffice for this article.

The rather singular appearance of Mr. Randolph, and his peculiarly constructed organs of speech, are facts known to all who have ever seen and heard him. On foreigners these singularities make perhaps a more forcible impression than on his countrymen. "Can it be possible that this is the celebrated man, whose eloquence arrests the attention of a listening senate, and keeps alive the interest for hours undiminished?" is a question I have heard foreigners frequently put. But once under the influence of his conversational powers, and the surprise speedily vanishes. The comprehensive mind is soon developed, the close observer of human nature is quickly perceptible, and the refined scholar stands before you, united with the polish of the gentleman and the experienced man of the world.

The somewhat aristocratical notions of Mr. Randolph have frequently exposed him to the attacks of his antagonists. It is true these feelings are predominant with him; they are, as it were, incorporated with his character, and form perhaps the basis of that unyielding and uncompromis-

ing consistency which has marked his political career. It was his boast with us, that he "had, on nearly all occasions, divided with a minority" and that, during a long public life, he had never departed from the principles adopted in the commencement of his career. His attachment to a monarchical form of government has also been urged against him. During a daily intercourse of several weeks, we never detected this predilection, although the conversation turned on subjects which naturally would have elicited such an expression of his sentiments, did they exist, for he was in all his communications open in the extreme; and whenever the relative merits of a monarchical, or republican government were discussed, he openly and unequivocally declared his preference to republican institutions. He had, during his late visit to the United Kingdom, travelled through Ireland, then in an extremely disturbed state. In reply to a remark of the writer, respecting that unhappy appendage to the British dominions, he said, "Sir, Ireland is a melancholy proof of the effects of monarchy, and its attendant evils. In America, such a state of moral and civil degradation could not exist. I cannot conceive it possible for the human species to fall lower in the scale of degradation than Ireland exhibits them." "May not the indolence of the national character have some part in this state of things?" was the rejoinder of the writer.—"No sir," was the reply, "the government, constituted as it is, is the sole cause. In America we have no slaves, but such as the institutions we escaped from has bequeathed us as a curse: there every man works for himself, not for an overpampered aristocracy—and the consequence is, every man may become independent by patience and industry." This naturally led to a review of that anomaly in the constitution of American government, the first act of which declared "all men free and independent." This proved rather a sore subject to the great Virginian proprietor. "Look," said he to an Englishman, who ventured a remark on the slave-holding states, "at your West India possessions, manumize the thousands of slaves there before you attack us for similar injustice.—Our participation in this reprobated violation of the rights of man, has been the act of Great Britain; she left us the curse, which it will take ages to disincumber ourselves from," and then returning to the state of Ireland, he said,—"our slaves, degraded as they may be, are far preferable in their situation to the poor of that unhappy country." H.

[To be concluded in our next.]

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

STATUE OF CLINTON.—The directors of Clinton-hall association, some time since, applied to Mr. Hughes, the sculptor, for the model of a projected statue of our late governor, intended for the front of Clinton-hall. This model has been completed, and the exquisite accuracy of its execution has so fully satisfied the directors that they have ordered one of marble, larger than life, for the embellishment of the front of that magnificent edifice. Mr. H. was the pupil of the celebrated Flaxman, and we hazard little in saying, that this single specimen of his talents will establish for him a reputation that will reflect new honour on his preceptor. Although Mr. Hughes never saw De Witt Clinton, he has still, by the aid of prints and portraits, produced the most perfect and accurate delineation of the imposing features which distinguished that profound statesman that we have ever seen. The lofty brow,

"The front of Jove himself,
"An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,"

are all there, and admirably expressed. A statue made from this model, will be a rich embellishment for the front of the building for which it is intended.

PATENTS.—The Washington annual report of patents comprises four hundred and forty-seven claims to inventions, &c. Of these four hundred and forty-seven inventions, the state of New-York has contributed one hundred and fifty-seven—more than a third of the whole number. Massachusetts has produced fifty-nine, the next highest number. Forty-six patents have been taken out by persons resident in Pennsylvania, forty-five by persons resident in Connecticut, and fifty by persons resident in Ohio. Delaware, Illinois, and Mississippi have contributed no inventions this year.

GLASS CLOCK.—A clock, composed almost wholly of glass, has lately been presented, among other curious pieces of mechanism, to the London society of arts.

STEAM-ENGINES.—There are now three complete and extensive establishments in Baltimore for making steam-engines.

STEAM MILL.—A steam mill, for the manufacture of rice flour, is now in full operation near the "city block," Baltimore

THE RAMBLER.

AN EVENING AT THE THEATRE.

IT is a pleasant thing for any one who is fond of plays and players, after the cares and business of the day are satisfactorily over, to find himself snugly ensconced in a quiet and comfortable corner of a box five minutes previous to the rising of the curtain, with a fair prospect of three or four hours' rational amusement before him. An evening so spent is good for the health, spirits, and understanding, and leaves the morals just about where it found them, neither much better nor worse, except, indeed, as they are improved through the medium of the understanding. The stage, like every thing that has been made much the subject of controversy, has been greatly over-rated, both for good and for evil, especially in regard to the impression it makes upon a gentleman's virtue. Its opponents have accused it of clearing a man's morals out of him in the most wholesale and expeditious manner; not in fact leaving him whorewithal to save him from the gallows; while its advocates, in the opposite extreme, contend that it possesses the singular property of filling a person with as much morality as he can well hold; and rather more, indeed, than he can decently and profitably get along with, as this world is constituted, without injuring his wife and family, and being obliged to "eat his mutton cold." The truth is, that both parties have told a great many lies about the matter, and written more nonsense than it is wholesome to read; and both have volunteered much solemn foolishness and ill-tempered declamation in their zeal to serve the cause of truth. The one will gravely cite, as an argument, and a case in point, that "the three young men who lately robbed their employers to a considerable amount, were very frequently in the habit of attending the theatre;" to which they might, with equal propriety and sagacity, have added, that these three young men were regularly in the habit of eating their dinner, and that the greatest depredator had long evinced a strange and suspicious partiality for roast pig; the one instance being just as logical a deduction of effects from causes as the other. Then the Solomons, on the opposite tack, balance this by quoting certain cases, where

"Guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions;"

as if a chance word spoken in a church or a tavern, a hay-field, or a fish-market, might not just as easily have touched the tender point, and awakened

"That power within the guilty breast
On vanquished, never quite suppressed,
That unobdurate and lurking lies
To take the felon by surprise,
And force him, as by magic spell,
In his despite his guilt to tell."

Another favourite argument with those who denounce the stage is, that vice is often not sufficiently punished or virtue rewarded. But does this never happen in real life? and who is then to blame? It certainly does, and much more frequently off the stage than on; for dramatic authors, in general, make no scruple of sacrificing both probability and possibility in their zeal to mete out poetical justice to the misbehaved persons of the drama. That man's principles must be very weak and wavering that can be swayed either one way or the other by a few words, and the passing of a picture before his eyes; and he must have a strong natural bias towards roguery, who finds his virtue giving way on seeing a vicious gentleman now and then get off shot-free on the stage. Such a one is not a whit safer in witnessing the proceedings of a court of justice; because, though nineteen rogues out of twenty be condemned, the twentieth may hold out a temptation to iniquity, by escaping in consequence of a flaw in the indictment. But "something too much of this." It is a "much ado about nothing" question, and perhaps the less that is said about it the better. For my own part, I am well content to spend a few hours pleasantly at the theatre, without fretting about whether there has been any visible addition to my small stock of virtue or no, provided it does not suffer diminution. Men's morals are not like coal fires, requiring to be constantly stirred up and trimmed, to prevent their dying away or going out entirely.

But let who will argue or declaim, it is, as was said at first, a pleasant thing, after a day spent in harassing and jangling pursuits, to pass an evening at the theatre, and is as refreshing to the mind as a warm bath to the body, clearing away the little petty cares and vexations that business is so apt to engender and leave behind. Like the bath, it is

only relaxing and enervating when immediately indulged. There are more important things than plays—even the best of them—in the world, and it is by no means a good sign to see a very young man constantly lounging about a theatre. His education ought to be completed, and his mind stored with dry though necessary facts, and useful information, before he takes an unlimited range into that region of passion and imagination, else, in the voyage of life he will be as a light bark with more canvass than ballast, on a stormy sea, liable to be upset by every squall that blows.

But to a tolerably well regulated mind, what mines of inexhaustible and invaluable wealth are concealed behind that green curtain. Beyond that the bloody Richard and gallant Percy, the wronged Othello, the moralizing Jacques, the monster Caliban, the meditative Hamlet, honest Jack Falstaff and ancient Pistol—the merry Rosalind, the pretty Perdita, the gentle Desdemona, and how many other thousands of pure and base, and great and glorious spirits have a living visible existence! There the spirit-stirring passages gleaned from records of antiquity are treasured up, and the warriors and sages of old again live and breathe, in the picture of the poet. The curtain rises, and lo! spare Cassius and gentle Brutus again walk the streets of Rome. The centuries that have elapsed are as nothing, and the spectator is present at the fall of "mighty Caesar." Or a drum is heard, and the thane of Cawdor once more treads the "blasted heath," to be met by the prophetic greetings of the weird sisters. Now if a man be not very wise, and altogether above being instructed by Shakespeare and other worthies, there is certainly something to be learnt from this, and such as this. The drama is, in truth, a stupendous creation; and let its deciers say what they may, it will ever remain amongst the proudest and mightiest works of civilized man. True, all is not gold that glitters, and with the pure ore of Shakespeare, and the brilliant sparkling gems of Congreve and Sheridan, are mixed up the tinsel of Reynolds and the brass of Morton; but they are easily separated by those who are not afflicted with a total mental blindness, and to those who are, the one is just as good as the other.

But, independent of the stage, what ample scope for study and observation does the audience afford to any one who takes the trouble to observe his species. What a field for the painter, the physiognomist, and the caricaturist! What faces are to be seen—how rich and broad is their expression when those who own them once get fairly interested in the business of the scene, and become unconscious of all else beside. A countryman's, for instance, when a comic song is sung, or a juggling trick played, how he sits, his head jerked forward like a crane's, as if to get it as near the scene of action as possible, his shoulders up to his ears, his distended mouth dividing his face into two portions, and his eyes as convex as a lobster's; then when the affair reaches its climax, the monstrous twistings and contortions of his visage, and the convulsions of his body rolling to and fro under an uncontrollable storm of laughter, are more amusing than any thing on the boards. Again, where is there a more charming picture than that of a fine girl watching, with intense interest, the escapes or sufferings of the hero or heroine of the piece; her graceful neck inclined forward, her small delicate hand unconsciously grasping the front of the box, her sweet lips slightly parted, and her beaming eyes fixed with tender earnestness on what is passing before them. This the artist may copy, but he cannot go on and pencil down the various shades of sorrow and joy, anxiety and hope, that flit tremulously over her beautiful face. In this world of cold and ceremonious observance it is a treat to see such a girl; she is unsophisticated; and the chances are, that her understanding is better, and her feelings warmer and purer than those who evince more coldness and circumspection. Then there are the coquettes, with their pretty, and the fops with their ridiculous affectation; the solemn gravity of many at a joke, and the merriment of some at a murder; while others are troubled with the most strange and unfortunate peculiarities. There is one individual who attends the Park, that is afflicted with a sort of hissing Natty Bumpo laugh, which is heard both loudly and distinctly: this places the owner somewhat in the predicament of the fiends in *Paradise Lost*, who, when desirous of giving applause, found they could only send forth hisses. Whenever any thing very laughable takes place, or an actor plays exceeding well, and the house is in a roar, a loud venomous hiss is heard, and the people all turn indignantly around towards the place from whence

the sound proceeds; but the involuntary culprit is never suspected, for he appears, and really is, enjoying himself as much as any of them.

But, of all persons who come to a theatre, the most to be dreaded and avoided are those that are possessed with a talking demon; such as Ophelia characterises as being "as good as a chorus." Though a curse to all, they generally bring their particular victim along with them—some simple friend—to whom, during the progress of the play, they detail the whole history of the plot—what has been done in the last scene, and what is to be done in the next—what the several characters have just said, and what they are going to say—remarks on the author—off-hand criticisms on the actors, accompanied with short biographical notices of both, together with a running commentary on different parts of the audience, and their own private opinion on affairs in general—and all this miscellaneous gabble conveyed in that most abhorrent of all sounds, a quick buzzing uninterrupted whisper. Any man who wishes to hear the play, and can sit patiently by the side of one of those annoyances, has more meekness than Moses, more patience than Job, more forbearance than Socrates, and no nerves at all. C.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

ITALIAN CHARACTER.

MICHAEL KELLY, while in Italy, was reduced to a low ebb in money matters. He tells the following *Gil Blas*-like story of an odd character, whom he encountered:

"I chanced to recollect a letter which my landlord of Bologni, signor Passerini, had given me to a friend of his, a signor Andrioli; for, as he told me, he thought the introduction might be of use to me.

"In the morning, I went to the Rialto coffee-house, to which I was directed by the address of the letter. Here I found the gentleman who was the object of my search. After reading my credentials very graciously, he smiled, and requested me to take a turn with him in the Piazza St. Marc. He was a fine looking man, of about sixty years old. I remarked there was an aristocratic manner about him, and he wore a very large tie-wig, well powdered, with an immensely long tail. He addressed me with a benevolent and patronising air, and told me that he should be delighted to be of service to me, and bade me from that moment consider myself under his protection. 'A little business,' said he, 'calls me away at this moment; but if you will meet me here at two o'clock, we will adjourn to my casino, where, if you can dine on one dish, you will perhaps do me the favour to partake of a boiled capon and rice. I can only offer you that; perhaps a rice soup, for which my cook is famous; and it may be, just one or two little things not worth mentioning.'

"A boiled capon—rice soup—other little things, thought I—manna in the wilderness! I strolled about not to get an appetite, for that was ready, but to kill time. My excellent, hospitable, long-tailed friend was punctual to the moment; I joined him, and proceeded towards his residence.

"As we were bending our steps thither, we happened to pass a *lugarigera's*, (a ham-shop,) where there was some ham ready dressed in the window. My powdered patron paused—it was an awful pause; he reconnoitred, examined, and at last said, 'Do you know, signor, I was thinking that some of that ham would eat deliciously with our capon. I am known in this neighbourhood, and it would not do for me to be seen buying ham; but do you go in, my child, and get two or three pounds of it, and I will walk on, and wait for you.'

"I went in, of course, and purchased three pounds of the ham, to pay for which I was obliged to change one of my two zecchinos. I carefully folded up the precious morsel, and rejoined my excellent patron, who eyed the relishing slices with the air of a *gourmand*; indeed, he was somewhat diffuse in his own dispraise for not having recollected to order his servant to get some before he left home. During this peripatetic lecture on gastronomy, we happened to pass a cantina, in plain English, a wine-cellar. At the door he made another full stop.

"In that house," said he, 'they sell the best Cyprus wine in Venice—peculiar wine—a sort of wine not to be had any where else; I should like you to taste it; but I do not like to be seen buying wine by retail to carry home; go in yourself, buy a couple of flasks, and bring them to my casino; nobody hereabouts knows you, and it won't signify in the least.' Digitized by Google

"This last request was quite appalling, my pocket groaned to its very centre. However, recollecting that I was in the high road to perfection, and that a patron, cost what he might, was still a patron, I made the plunge, and, issuing from the cantina, set forward for my venerable friend's casino, with three pounds of ham in my pocket, and a flask of wine under each arm, *sans six sous de son souci!*"

"I continued walking with my excellent and long-tailed patron, expecting every moment to see an elegant, agreeable residence, smiling, in all the beauties of nature and art; when, at last, in a dirty, miserable lane, at the door of a tall, dingy-looking house, my Mæcenas stopped, indicated that we had reached our journey's end, and, marshaling me the way that I should go, began to mount three flights of sickening stairs, at the top of which I found his casino—it was a little cas, and a deuce of a place to boot—in plain English, it was a garret. The door was opened by a wretched old miscreant, who acted as cook, and whose drapery, to use a gastronomic simile, was 'done to rags.'

"Upon a rickety apology for a table was placed a tattered cloth, which once had been white, and two plates; and presently in came a large bowl of boiled rice.

"Where's the capon?" said my patron to his man.

"Capon!" echoed the ghost of a servant—the—

"Has not the rascal sent it?" cried the master.

"Rascal!" repeated the man, apparently terrified.

"I knew he would not," exclaimed my patron, with an air of exultation for which I saw no cause; 'well, well, never mind, put down the ham and the wine; with those and the rice, I dare say, young gentleman, you will be able to make it out. I ought to apologise—but, in fact, it is all your own fault that there is not more; if I had fallen in with you earlier, we should have had a better dinner.'

"I confess I was surprised, disappointed, and amused; but, as matters stood, there was no use in complaining, and accordingly we fell to, neither of us wanting the best of all sauces—appetite.

"I soon perceived that my promised patron had baited his trap with a fowl to catch a fool; but as we ate and drank, all care vanished, and rogue as I suspected him to be, my long-tailed friend was a clever witty fellow, and besides telling me a number of anecdotes, gave me some very good advice; amongst other things to be avoided, he cautioned me against numbers of people who, in Venice, lived only by duping the unwary. I thought this counsel came very ill from him. 'Above all,' said he, 'keep up your spirits, and recollect the Venetian proverb—A hundred years of melancholy will not pay one farthing of debt.'"

FOUNDERS OF THE REPUBLIC.

Our ancestors were not, like some colonists, disgorged from the mother country to keep the remaining population sound and pure; they were not a surplus mass thrown off to prevent national apoplexy, or political spasm; such a population as sometimes went from Attica to take possession of the islands in the numerous seas about them, or to the more distant shores of Africa; nor were they sent by the parent country to extend her commerce, or to gain a footing on or near the territories of other nations.

They did not come to this country as the Spanish and French colonists to the "summer isles," allured by the golden dreams of avarice, or by the glowing description of the luxuriance of the soil, abounding in perpetual fruits and flowers; an earthly paradise, teeming with all that could satisfy the appetite or regale the senses; which for centuries have been the abode of luxury, superstition, profligacy, and crime. No; the sober calculations of forming a thrifty settlement, which would make a good home for themselves and their descendants, operated upon some of the early colonists of this country. A spirit of enterprise natural to enlightened men, induced others to come and see, and in doing this they became attached and fixed to these shores which their posterity now inhabit. Others had different motives for emigration; a love of freedom in thought and speech. They were fully sensible of their situation. They could not anticipate all the occurrences which might happen in their destinies, but they were determined to commence upon the broad principle, that knowledge and virtue are the pillars of power and security in every national code. They saw physical means about them for an almost interminable increase of population. The sea was on one side and boundless forests on the other. Navigable rivers were flowing into the oceans. Nothing but a thinly scattered race of rude men stood in their way to the founding of an empire larger than the world had ever seen. Nature seemed to have

waited from her birth until this moment for their coming, to give them possession of her bounties. This was the scene for contemplation, and a place to originate a new course of thoughts upon political and civil liberty. There were, in these retreats, no shouts of the conqueror, no means of the conquered; the time resembled the cool of the evening, and the place the abode of innocence, when and where other beings were at rest, and God walked with man in his primeval state. Every thing, in America, was to be begun, and every thing seemed to depend upon themselves; with this happy difference, however, between us and those in paradise, for our safety and happiness were to depend upon eating freely of the tree of knowledge, which was forbidden to him who first sprang from the dust of the earth. Here was offered the opportunity to cultivate the mind without the trammels and fetters which embarrass and bind those borne in aged and decaying communities. Here plains, and vales, and hills, offered opportunities for all the experiments of agriculture. No agrarian law was needed to give men an equality; there was one passed already by nature without stint. The sites for cities were unoccupied; and they exercised their judgments upon the subject of a proper place to build them, without statutes or restraints. The political compact was to be formed and altered as the covenants could agree; for there was no other law-giver than their own understandings, no Solons but their own wisdom, no Lycurguses but the severe discussions of their own judgments. There was no syren to allure them from their duties to the rocks on which they might sleep until their locks of strength were shorn. There were no beds of flowers beneath which the serpent's flattery and fashion might glide to wound their naked feet with sharp stings. Indolence to them would have been death; and labour, that supposed curse on man, was a blessing. Thus stripped of every shackle, they began their work of founding an empire. By the lights emitted from their minds shall we trace the path they pursued, and the deeds they performed. The light of the sun passes away with the going down of the same; but the accumulated light of successive ages of intellect, like the precious stones which adorn the city of God, chases away all darkness, and beams in eternal splendour. Knapp's Lectures.

LETTER FROM LOUIS XVIII. TO NAPOLEON,

WHEN FIRST CONSUL.

It is well known that Louis XVIII., in a dignified but complimentary letter to Bonaparte, claimed his throne at his hands. The St. Helena Memoirs communicate the fact, and give the substance of the first consul's answer. In the Memoirs of Bourrienne we find an exact copy of the correspondence, and an account of the reception it met with from Napoleon.

"The first consul was greatly agitated at the reception of this letter. Although he every day declared his resolution to have nothing to do with the princes, he was still reflecting upon whether it was necessary to answer it or not. The number of important affairs (20th February, 1800) which occupied him at the time, seconded his indecision, and he was in no hurry to reply. I ought to say that Josephine and Hortense conjured him to give the king hope; that that bound him to nothing, and would leave time to see if he could not in the end play a far higher part than that of Monck. Their entreaties were so urgent, that he said to me, 'these devils of women are mad; the Faubourg St. Germain turns their heads; they have made the royalists into gods. But that is nothing to me; I'll have none of them.' Madame Bonaparte told me that she urged him to this step, lest he should think of making himself king, which always excited in her a presentiment of misfortune that she could not banish from her mind. . . . In the numerous conversations which I had with the first consul, he discussed the proposition of Louis XVIII., and its consequence, with great sagacity; he said, however, 'the partisans of the Bourbons are very much mistaken if they think I am a man to play the part of Monck.' The thing rested there at first, and the letter of the king was left on the table. In the interval Louis XVIII. wrote a second letter.

"It is a long time since, general, you ought to be aware, that you have acquired my esteem. If you doubt the force of my gratitude, choose your place, fix the lot of your friends. As to my principles, I am a Frenchman—clement by character, I should be still more so by reason. No! the conqueror at Lodi, Castiglione, Arcole, of Italy and of Egypt, cannot prefer a vain celebrity to true glory. But you are losing precious time. We have the power of ensuring the glory of France; I say we, because I have need of Bonaparte for that, and he cannot do it without me.

"General! Europe observes you, glory awaits you, and I am impatient to restore peace to my people. Louis." This letter also remained for some time unnoticed. At length Bonaparte determined to write an answer. He made a rough copy; Bourrienne suggested some grammatical changes, which were made. This distinguished original was then signed; it was not, however, after the alterations, in a state fit to send, and it laid for some time longer on the table; it was despatched at last. The substance was, that Louis ought to abandon all hope of a return to his throne, for it was only by marching over the bodies of a hundred thousand Frenchmen that he could arrive at it.

Some days after the receipt of the letter from Louis XVIII. Bonaparte and his secretary were walking in his favourite alley at Malmaison, which was only separated from his cabinet by a small bridge; he was in a good humour, for affairs were going on well, and he commenced a confidential conversation on the return of the Bourbons. His remarks prove that he had deeply weighed all the peculiarities of his situation, and had calculated the probable consequences of the restoration of the legitimate family with his ordinary acuteness, and more than ordinary coolness. He broke off the dialogue with—"My part is taken. Let us talk of it no more; but I well know how the women torment you. Instead of agreeing with them, however, you ought to open their eyes and undeceive them about their ridiculous presentiments. Let them leave me alone, and attend to their knitting." "The women went on knitting," remarks Bourrienne, "he went on writing. Bonaparte made himself emperor—and died at St. Helena."

CHILLING POLITENESS.

Without entering into any disquisition as to the rights of hospitality and the merits of social duties, we shall briefly notice what we conceive to be 'singularly cold civility'—the effects of which are felt by the suffering party, long after their exposure to it. Large rooms reserved for the use of company, or invited guests, are often shut up for many days, and even sometimes for weeks together, in damp and cold weather. These are opened, and a fire made in them an hour or two only before the arrival of the visitors, who are allowed by this means to sit exposed, at first to the chilling air of the room, and subsequently to the moisture which evaporates from the curtains, carpeting, and chair-seats. The persons thus suffering are generally clad in a lighter attire than is customary with them, and if they do not actually shiver under their reception, we must attribute it to an uncommon effort of volition. But in addition to these dispensations common to the whole group, there is not unfrequently a current of air rushing in with force enough to turn a small windmill, through the crevice, or opening of a door, or window, which strikes against the neck or back of some timid maiden, or awkward country youth, who are fearful of being thought unpolitely by changing their places, and obtaining a seat nearer the fire. Dinner is at length served, and then, by the doctrine of compensation, these two persons are allowed to sit with their backs to the fire during the repast, to make room, at a more pleasant part of the table, for their seniors, or those who have frankness enough to say that they cannot bear the fire; that is, they cannot bear to be roasted—for politeness sake.

Night arrives, and the hour for sleep finds the favoured guest in a bed, which has been for weeks a bed of state, and between sheets, which are so damp that they adhere to the skin. Perhaps the room had been washed out in the morning, in order to be in nice trim, and as an evidence of still greater respect to the visitor, who, in addition to the other evidences of chilling politeness, receives the cold damp air coming from the floor and walls.

Colds, coughs, and consumptions are often the effects of this kind of friendly attentions, which are succeeded by another series, scarcely less distressing, and still more fatal. These consist in the recommendation of sundry cough mixtures, pulmonic balsams, and the like. Hence, a person has a poor chance of escape, under the kindness of those friends, of whom one class bring on the disease, and the other kill, promising to cure it. Journal of Health.

LAFAYETTE.

Lafayette is one of the noblest characters of France. Always the same amidst the raging of an excited people, and at the head of an army, at the tribune of the legislative assembly, and in prison, under every circumstance his life had only one object—justice and freedom. To this noble end he sacrificed twenty years of his active life, to this he

devoted his exertions and his property. For this he gave up all that men usually desire—distinction, rank, convenience and wealth. Placed in society by his birth—the favoured and the distinguished, he descended to natural equality, to become a man and a citizen. Favour and hate, tempted him equally in vain, and in a stormy and agitated time, he changed neither his opinions nor his principles, and hope left him equally unchanged with fear. A friend of justice and truth, under whatever climate he found them, he always rendered homage and assistance to these highest benefits of humanity. He defended freedom against arbitrary power, and lawful power against anarchy. He would have saved France and the king, if France and the king had trusted him. A citizen of every state that honoured the citizen, a friend of men where they showed themselves human, he remained true to France. Every thing noble seemed to him natural, the fulfilment of the most arduous duty an impulse, and as he never violated right, nor denied the truth, so he never deviated from the path of honour, and his virtues, with all their severities, retained a certain chivalrous grace. Although he stands distinguished, and alone in his time and nation, we remark in him no feature of harshness, partiality, or affectation. We may ask whether there can be a greater triumph than fifty years of a life, such as he has passed from his early youth, where he devoted himself to the liberation of America, to the present day. Ambition, you will say, is the soul of all his exertions. A strange ambition, which in fifty changing years, in youth, in manhood, and in age, has followed the same object, constantly sacrificing himself, and seeking his happiness only in the welfare of others. Modern times can only display one public character, who claims our love and admiration in the same degree—his brother in arms—Koskiusko.

THE INFIDEL.

It is an awful commentary on the doctrine of infidelity, that its most strenuous supporters have either miserably falsified their sentiments in the moment of trial, or terminated their existence in obscurity and utter wretchedness. The gifted author of the "Age of Reason" passed the last years of his life in a manner which the meanest slave that ever trembled beneath the lash of the taskmaster could have no cause to envy. Rousseau might, indeed, be pointed out, as in some degree an exception—but it is well known, that the enthusiastic philosopher was a miserable and disappointed man. He met death, it is true, with something like calmness. But he had no pure and beautiful hope beyond the perishing things of the natural world. He loved the works of God for their exceeding beauty, not for their manifestation of an overruling intelligence. Life had become a burthen to him, but his spirit recoiled at the dampness and silence of the sepulchre—the cold, unbroken sleep, and the slow wasting away of mortality. He perished, a worshipper of that beauty which but faintly shadows forth the unimaginable glory of its Creator. At the closing hour of day, when the broad west was glowing like the gates of paradise, and the vine-hung hills of his beautiful land were bathed in the rich light of sun-set, the philosopher departed. The last glance of his glazing eye was to him an everlasting farewell to existence—the last homage of a godlike intellect to holiness and beauty. The blackness of darkness was before him—the valley of the shadow of death was to him unescapable and eternal—the better land beyond it was shrouded from his vision. Whittier.

SENSATION.

Much is said in the British newspapers about agitation in France, in the Netherlands, and in the free states of Germany. We are not in the least alarmed for the cause of order or humanity, by the movements and discussions which particularly attract the notice and excite the "prophetic souls" of the London writers. They are pleased, at times, to be apprehensive, from the same cause, about our "turbulent democracy," as Captain Hall styles the republic *par excellence*. Wherever the representative system prevails, and there is a popular infusion in the political constitution, a certain degree of intestine heat and ferment will exist, always more or less salutary. The long-lived republics of antiquity and the middle ages, were constantly perturbed—the "clouds which hang on freedom's jealous brow" were generally of the most threatening aspect. Before the French revolution, the changes of ministry were frequent, but they seldom had reference to any public opinion; now, it is the working of that opinion which mainly produces the substitutions or fluctuations in the king's councils, whose responsibility to the chambers secures the national liberties. We believe that opinion in France is now sound enough and strong enough "to crush rebellious princi-

ples which have no foundation in morals, and rebellious minds that have no provocation in tyranny." and that it will equally resist the attempts of ultramontanism on the other side. With popular institutions nothing stagnates; intellect, virtue, ambition, knowledge, selfishness, must be perpetually active; they seem, from time to time, to be tumultuary; but their action does not affect the organic parts of the system, while they animate or disturb the machinery. Nat. Gazette.

SESSIONS HALL.

This is the new appellation given to the rotunda, since it has been fitted up for the trial of criminals. The shape of the dome, instead of assisting the voice, divides it into a number of echoes, which are distributed throughout the hall. For instance, when the prisoner is asked the usual question, "are you guilty or not guilty?" officious echo, without giving the prisoner time to reply, immediately answers "guilty!"

Counsel.—What was the prisoner's reply to the demand of this Letty Dunn?

Echo.—Let her dun.

Counsel.—Who was it advised the prisoner to strike her?

Echo.—Riker.

Counsel.—What was then said by this Dina Hoffman?

Echo.—Off-man!

Counsel.—What kind of goods are sold in the fancy store of the Messrs. Fosters?

Echo.—Oysters.

Counsel.—Now tell the jury, on your oath, who was it that stole the jewelry in question, or as you call it—who made this "bold raise?"

Echo.—Old Hays.

Counsel.—Did you see any one with his hat filled?

Echo.—Hatfield.

And so they go on to the end of the chapter; echo continually insulting court and jury, from the judge on the bench to the constable at the door, making confusion worse confounded. What is to be done we know not, but some remedy must be applied, or our worthy Recorder will be compelled to exclaim, like one of his learned predecessors, "I have tried a dozen causes this day, without hearing a word." Scrutinizer.

THE FOUNDLING OF NUREMBERG.

In the month of May, two years ago, there appeared in the streets of Nuremberg a youth, apparently between seventeen and eighteen years of age, in the dress of a peasant, and holding in his hand a letter, addressed to a captain of cavalry, resident in that city. The letter, which was without signature, stated that the young man was desirous of enlisting in the cavalry, as his deceased father had served in that corps; that the writer of the letter was a poor day-labourer, with ten children; and that he had received the lad, when a little child, from a nurse, whom he did not know, to bring him up secretly. The letter also contained several palpable untruths, and among the rest asserted that the boy could read and write. The captain of cavalry declared that he would have nothing to do with the business, and sent the young man as a vagrant to the guard-house. He was afterwards carried before the officers of police, who looked upon him as an impostor. It was soon ascertained, however, that he could scarcely speak a word; that he had been totally neglected, and had received no education whatever.

An official notification was then published, requiring all persons who might be able to give any information respecting this mysterious case, to communicate what they knew. About four months after, an old woman, said to have come from the neighbourhood of Nuremberg, waited on the burgomaster, and made a communication to him, under the pledge of secrecy. The youth has since been treated with great attention. Several teachers were immediately engaged for him, and as he is not deficient in capacity, they soon taught him to converse and read, and thus enabled him to give some information respecting his former fate.

His whole life, as far as he could recollect it, had been spent in a small obscure dungeon, faintly lighted from above. He slept on straw, and was fed with bread and water, which used to be brought to him at night by a man; and as he was often asleep when it was brought, several weeks often passed over without his seeing his attendant. The only occupation of his childhood, as far as his contracted prison would permit him, was riding on a wooden horse, and almost the only words he could speak when he came to Nuremberg were, "horsey-ride."

On his arrival at Nuremberg he refused meat and vegetables, and would eat nothing but bread and water. He slept

on the ground, and had no idea of the use of a bed. His legs were so cramped, as the roof of his dungeon was so low that when he grew up, he could not stand erect in it. Having lived so long in obscurity, he could not endure the full light of day. On approaching a church-yard, it was observed that he seemed to feel an indescribable kind of horror, from which it has been conjectured that his prison was beside some burying-ground or tomb. He relates that his keeper brought him out of the dungeon by night, and sometimes carried him, because from want of practice he could not walk far. They travelled only at night, lying under bushes during the day, and at last, after several nights had elapsed, they reached Nuremberg.

The letter which the lad presented in Nuremberg stated, that he had been christened by the name of Kaspar; the surname Hauser was given him in Nuremberg. His manner is agreeable, and he converses with much propriety in a *tele-tele*; but in mixed company he becomes embarrassed, as the act of speaking is still new to him. He has made extraordinary progress in music, drawing, and languages. He has also learnt to ride, in which he takes great pleasure. The burgomaster treats him as if he were his own son, and he lives with the professor of the gymnasium, who superintends his education.

On the seventeenth of October last, between eleven and twelve in the forenoon, while the professor was from home, the house bell was rung. The professor's mother, who was weak and unwell, desired Kaspar to answer the door. He no sooner opened the door than a man, the same person, he believes, who brought him to Nuremberg, ran at him with a knife. After receiving several wounds about the head he fell, and would, probably, have been murdered, had not the assassin believed that he had killed him, for he said aloud, "I need be afraid of you no longer!" However, on hearing a noise in the house, the murderer fled. Young Hauser is recovering from the effects of this dreadful attack.

CONSTANCY—A FABLE.

In the ancient times, when flowers, and trees, and fairies were on speaking terms, and all friendly together, one fine summer's day, the sun shone out on a beautiful garden, where there were all sorts of flowers that ye could mention, and a lovely but giddy fairy went sporting about from one to the other (although no one could see her, because of the sun light) as gay as the morning lark; then says the fairy to the rose—"rose, if the sun was clouded, and the storm came on, would ye shelter and love me still?" "Do ye doubt me?" says the rose, and reddened up with anger. "Lily," says the fairy to another love, "if the sun was clouded and a storm came on, would ye shelter and love me still?" "Oh! do you think I could change?" says the lily, and she grew still paler with sorrow. "Tulip," said the fairy, "if the sun was clouded, and a storm came on, would ye shelter and love me still?" "Upon my word," said the tulip, making a very gentleman-like bow, "ye'r the very first lady that ever doubted my constancy;" so the fairy sported on, joyful to think of her kind and blooming friends. She revelled away for a time, and then she thought on the pale blue violet, that was almost covered with its broad green leaves; and although it was an old comrade, she might have forgotten it, had it not been for the sweet scent that came up from the modest flower. "Oh, violet!" said the fairy, "if the sun was clouded, and a storm came on, would ye shelter and love me still?" And the violet made answer—"Ye have known me long, sweet fairy, and in the first spring time, when there were few other flowers, ye used to shield yourself from the cold blast under my leaves; now ye've almost forgotten me—but let it pass—try my truth, if ever you should meet misfortune—but I say nothing." Well the fairy skitted at that, and clapped her silvery wings, and whisked, singing off, on a sun beam; but she was hardly gone, when a black cloud grew up out of the north, all in a minute, and the light was shrouded, and the rain fell in lashings like hail, and away flies the fairy to her friend the rose—"Now, rose," says she, "the rain is come, so shelter and love me still." "I can hardly shelter my own buds," says the rose; "but the lily has a deep cup." Well, the poor little fairy's wings were almost wet, but she got to the lily. "Lily," says she, "the storm is come, so shelter and love me still." "I am sorry," says the lily, "but if I were to open my cup, the rain would beat in like fun, and my seed would be spoilt—the tulip has long leaves." Well, the fairy was downhearted enough, but she went to the tulip, who she always thought a most sweet spoken gentleman. He certainly did not look as bright as he had done in the sun, but she waved her little wand, and said, "Tulip," says she, "the rain and

storm are come, and I am very weary, but you will shelter and love me still?" "Begone," says the tulip, "be off," says he; "a pretty pickle I should be in, if I let every wandering scamp come about me." Well, by this time she was very tired, and her wings hung dripping at her back, wet indeed—but there was no help for it, and leaning on her pretty silver wand, she limped off to the violet; and the darling little flower, with its blue eye, that's as clear as a kitten's, saw her coming, and never a word she spoke, but opened her broad green leaves, and took the wild wandering creature to her bosom, and dried her wings, and breathed the sweetest perfumes over her, and sheltered her until the storm was clean gone. Then the humble violet spoke, and said—"Fairy queen, it is bad to flirt with many, for the love of one true heart is enough for earthly woman or fairy spirit; the old love is better than the gay compliments of a world of flowers, for it will last when the others pass." And the fairy knew that it was true for the blue violet; and she contented herself ever after, and built her downy bower under the wide-spreading violet leaves, that sheltered her from the rude winter's wind and the hot summer's sun, and to this very day the fairies love the violet beds. Mrs. Hall.

RED JACKET.

Red Jacket was one of the most celebrated chiefs of his day and nation, and his long life has, we believe, been rich with incidents, which, could they be collected, and placed in the hands of an ingenious writer, might be woven into an interesting piece of biography. He was an active warrior early in life, and fame speaks of him as having been the foremost on the trail, and the bravest in battle; and had it not been for the vice of intemperance, he would have continued one of the noblest specimens of his proud, though ill-fated race, until the last. We have heard General Root, who had early opportunities of listening to his eloquence, declare, that Red Jacket and John Randolph were the two most perfect specimens of the true orator of nature that he had ever heard. It was not until the vigour of his frame had abated, and the fire of his nature been cooled by the frosts of many winters, and the lustre of his eye somewhat dimmed, that we enjoyed opportunities of hearing this orator of the forest. But even then his form was erect and manly, his attitudes and gestures graceful, and his voice rich and melodious; while his words were full of sound sense and energy. At the close of the revolutionary war, he parted with Washington upon excellent terms; and his admiration for his great white father continued through life. We have more than once heard him describe his parting interview with the hero of our revolution, and his eyes kindled at the recollection. Last spring he repaired to Washington, and had an interview with President Jackson. And the last speech that we ever heard him deliver to an audience, was a parallel between Washington and Jackson, which was admirably sketched, and abounded with nice discriminations of character. He appeared to possess an accurate knowledge of the character, temper, talents, and disposition of both. To the last he has been one of the most unyielding opponents of the attempts to civilise and christianise the Indians—maintaining, that the forest was their legitimate home, and the hunter state their proper occupation. He has not died unsung, and all will remember the beautiful little elegy in anticipation, which Halleck wrote for the *Talisman* of 1828—in which, by-the-by, the poet made the chieftain very angry by calling him a Tuscarora instead of a Seneca. Buffalo Journal.

HERCULANEUM.

Since the commencement of 1828, the government of Naples have caused excavations to be made in the ruins of Herculaneum, and the following are the principal results of the researches up to the middle of the past year:—They have discovered the most splendid private house of the ancients that has ever been seen by modern eyes. The house has a suite of chambers, with a court in the centre. There is a separate part of the mansion allotted to the females, a garden surrounded by arcades and columns, and also a grand saloon, which probably served for the meeting of the whole family. Another house, also discovered, was very remarkable, from the quantity and nature of the provisions in it, none of which have been disturbed for eighteen centuries, for the doors remained fastened in the same state as they were at the period of the catastrophe which buried Herculaneum. The family which occupied this mansion was, in all likelihood, when the disaster took place, laying in provisions for the winter. The provisions found in the

store-rooms consist of dates, chestnuts, large walnuts, dried figs, almonds, prunes, corn, oil, peas, lentils, pies, and hams. The internal arrangement of the house, the manner in which it was ornamented, all, in fact, announced that it had belonged to a very rich family, and to admirers of the arts; for there were discovered many pictures, representing Polyphemus and Galatea, Hercules and the three Hesperides, Cupid and a Bacchante, Mercury and Io, Perseus killing Medusa; there were also in the same house articles in glass, bronze, and *terre cotta*, as well as medallions in silver, representing in relief Apollo and Diana. The persons who direct the excavations have caused them to be continued in the same street, and they will, in regular order, search the shops and houses which border on each side, and also the lanes which branch off from it. French paper.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Elegant extract.—Men are little accustomed to praise their contemporaries. Envy, timidity, and a thousand other petty or malicious motives prevent the expression of praise, until the merit that might have been amply rewarded and nurtured, and "lapt into elysium" by it, has sunk into the grave. Milton's *Paradise Lost* was sold in his own lifetime for fifteen pounds! Shall we, in this virtuous and enlightened age, be alike insensible to passing worth, or deaf to the voice of eloquence worthy of the ancient glories of Hellas or Rome? We possess amongst us in these United States an orator, of whom the simplicity and mildness of his style, the expansiveness, profoundness, and sagacity of his philosophy, and the impressiveness, boldness, and reach of his intellect, should deservedly elevate him to the loftiest heights yet attained by his countrymen. We allude to Daniel Webster. Of him we may be justly proud. It matters not to what section of land he owes his birth, to what division of party he has temporarily attached himself; his talents belong to the country, and his eloquence will command the unceasing admiration of all time.

As a specimen of his power, we shall quote the following extract from his first speech on the public land question, simply premising that into the merits of the abstract question, or the propriety of the resolution which gave birth to its discussion at the present moment, we are neither prepared, nor were we so, are we willing to enter.

"The original North American colonists either fled from Europe, like our New-England ancestors, to avoid persecution, or came hither at their own charges, and often at the ruin of their fortunes, as private adventurers. Generally speaking, they derived neither succour nor protection from their governments at home. Wide, indeed, is the difference between those cases and ours. From the very origin of the government, these western lands, and the just protection of those who had settled, or should settle on them, have been the leading objects in our policy, and have led to expenditures, both of blood and treasure, not inconsiderable; not indeed exceeding the importance of the object, and not yielded grudgingly or reluctantly certainly; but yet not inconsiderable, though necessary sacrifices, made for high and proper ends. The Indian title has been extinguished at the expense of many millions. Is that nothing? There is still a much more material consideration. These colonists, if we are to call them so, in passing the Alleghany, did not pass beyond the care and protection of their own government. Wherever they went the public arm was still stretched over them. A parental government at home was still ever mindful of their condition, and their wants; and nothing was spared, which a just sense of their necessities required. Is it forgotten, that it was one of the most arduous duties of the government, in its earliest years, to defend the frontiers against the north-western Indians? Are the sufferings and misfortunes under Hannar and St. Clair, not worthy to be remembered? Do the occurrences connected with these military efforts, show an unfeeling neglect of western interests? And here, sir, what becomes of the gentleman's analogy? What English armies accompanied our ancestors to clear the forests of a barbarous foe? What treasures of the exchequer were expended in buying up the original titles to the soil? What government held its ægis over our fathers' heads, as they pioneered their way in the wilderness? Sir, it was not till general Wayne's victory, in 1794, that it could be said, we had conquered the savages. It was not till that period, that the government could have considered itself as having established an entire ability to protect those who should undertake the conquest of the wilderness. And here, sir, at the epoch of 1794, let us

pause, and survey the scene. It is now thirty-five years since that scene actually existed. Let us, sir, look back and behold it. Over all that is now Ohio, there then stretched one vast wilderness, unbroken, except by two small spots of civilized culture, the one at Marietta, and the other at Cincinnati. At these little openings, hardly each a pin's point upon the map, the arm of the frontiersman had levelled the forest, and let in the sun. These little patches of earth and themselves almost shadowed by the over-hanging boughs of that wilderness, which had stood and perpetuated itself, from century to century, ever since the creation, were all that had then been rendered verdant by the hand of man. In an extent of hundreds and thousands of square miles, no other surface of smiling green attested the presence of civilization. The hunter's path crossed mighty rivers, flowing in solitary grandeur, whose sources lay in remote and unknown regions of the wilderness. It struck upon the north, on a vast inland sea, over which the wintry tempests raged as on the ocean; all around was bare creation. It was fresh, untouched, unbowed, magnificent wilderness. And, sir, what is it now? Is it imagination only, or can it possibly be fact, that presents such a change, as surprises and astonishes us, when we turn our eyes to what Ohio now is? Is it reality, or a dream, that in so short a period even as thirty-five years, there has sprung up, on the same surface, an independent state, with a million of people? A million of inhabitants! an amount of population greater than that of all the cantons of Switzerland; equal to one-third of all the people of the United States, when they undertook to accomplish their independence. This new member of the republic has already left far behind her a majority of the old states. She is now by the side of Virginia and Pennsylvania; and, in point of numbers, will shortly admit no equal but New-York herself. If, sir, we may judge of measures by their results, what lessons do these facts read us, upon the policy of the government? What inferences do they authorize upon the general question of kindness or unkindness? What convictions do they enforce, as to the wisdom and ability, on the one hand, or the folly and incapacity, on the other, of our general administration of western affairs? Sir, does it not require some portion of self-respect in us, to imagine, that if our light had shone on the path of government, if our wisdom could have been consulted in its measures, a more rapid advance in strength and prosperity would have been experienced? For my own part, while I am struck with wonder at the success, I also look with admiration at the wisdom and foresight which originally arranged and prescribed the system for the settlement of the public domain. Its operation has been, without a moment's interruption, to push the settlements of the western country to the full extent of our utmost means."

Polytechnic Institute.—On the twenty-first of November last, we gave a brief description of a projected institution distinguished by the above title, to be located at Shrewsbury, in the state of New-Jersey. We then stated that the projectors were about applying to the legislature of that state for an act of incorporation. This application has been completely successful, a charter has been obtained, and the seminary will go into operation in the month of May ensuing. More pupils are already offered than can be immediately received; but, we understand, that every exertion will be made, as soon as the spring opens, to commence such a number of buildings as will accommodate several hundred boarding students. These edifices will be erected and finished in the course of the ensuing summer, together with several workshops, for the mechanic arts. Lessons in agriculture, horticulture, horsemanship, &c. will be given to as many as desire such a course of instruction, as soon as the school opens.

Masquerade once more.—Notwithstanding the interdiction of the legislature, by imposing a fine of one thousand dollars on the perpetrator of a masquerade, subscriptions are opened for the purpose of producing a most splendid one, at the Park theatre, on next Wednesday, the seventeenth instant. The manager, of course, intends to pay the fine, and pocket the surplus. Four hundred tickets are to be issued at five dollars each, (admitting a gentleman and two ladies) the proceeds of which will amount to two thousand dollars. The company of course will be select, and the same rules and regulations will be adopted which gave such universal satisfaction on similar occasions last winter.

New-York arcade.—This establishment will be sold at public auction on Monday next, at the Tontine coffee-house.

The Daily Sentinel.—Arrangements are making for the removal of the difficulties which have prevented the publication of this new journal.

THE GREEK EXILE'S FAREWELL TO NAXOS.

WORDS BY BYRON—MUSIC BY BISHOP.

MODERATO.

When I left thy shores, O Nax-os! Not a tear in sor-row fell; Not a sigh or fal-ter-ing ac-cent, Spoke my bo-som's strug-gling swell;

But my heart sank chill with-in me, And I waved a hand as cold, When I thought thy shores, Oh Nax-os, I should ne-ver more be-hold.

Still the blue waves danced around us,
Mid the sunbeams' cheerful smile;

Still the air breathed balmy summer,
Wafted from that happy isle;

When some hand the strain awaking,
Of my home and native shore;

'Twas then first I wept, oh Naxos!
That I ne'er should see thee more.

THE FALSE RHYME.

"Come tell me where the maid is found,
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around,
To sigh one moment at her feet."—*Moors.*

On a fine July day, the fair Margaret, queen of Navarre, then on a visit to her royal brother, had arranged a rural feast for the morning following, which Francis declined attending. He was melancholy; and the cause was said to be some lover's quarrel with a favourite dame. The morrow came, and dark rain and murky clouds destroyed at once the schemes of the courtly throng. Margaret was angry, and she grew weary; her only hope for amusement was in Francis, and he had shut himself up—an excellent reason why she should the more desire to see him. She entered his apartment; he was standing at the casement, against which the noisy shower beat, writing with a diamond on the glass. Two beautiful dogs were his sole companions. As queen Margaret entered, he hastily let down the silken curtain before the window, and looked a little confused.

"What treason is this, my liege," said the queen, "which crimson your cheek? I must see the same."

"It is treason," replied the king, "and therefore, sweet sister, thou must not see it."

This the more excited Margaret's curiosity, and a playful contest ensued. Francis at last yielded; he threw himself on a huge high-backed settee; and, as the lady drew back the curtain with an arch smile, he grew grave and sentimental, as he reflected on the cause which had inspired this libel against all woman-kind.

"What have we here?" said Margaret. "Nay, this is lèse majesté—"

"Souvent femme varie—bien fou qui s'y fie!"
(Often woman changes—foolish he who trusts her.)

Very little change would greatly amend your line, sir—would it not run better thus:

"Souvent homme varie—bien folle qui s'y fie!"
(Often man changes—foolish she who trusts him.)

I could tell you a thousand stories of man's inconstancy."

"I will be content with one true tale of woman's fidelity," said Francis drily; "but do not provoke me. I would fain be at peace with the soft mutabilities, for thy dear sake."

"I defy your grace," replied Margaret, rashly, to 'instance the falsehood of one noble and well-reputed dame."

"Not even Emilie de Lagny?" said the king.

This was a sore subject for the queen. Emilie had been brought up in her household, the most beautiful and the most virtuous of her maids of honour. She had long loved the Sire de Lagny, and their nuptials were celebrated with rejoicings but little ominous of the result. De Lagny was accused but a year after of traitorously yielding to the empe-

ror a fortress under his command, and he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. For some time Emilie was inconsolable, often visiting the miserable dungeon of her husband, and suffering, on her return from witnessing his wretchedness, such paroxysms of grief as threatened her life. Suddenly, in the midst of her sorrow, she disappeared; and inquiry only divulged the disgraceful fact, that she had escaped from France, bearing her jewels with her, and accompanied by her page, Robinet Leroux. It was whispered that, during her journey, the lady and the stripling were often seen together; and Margaret, enraged at these discoveries, commanded that no further quest should be made for her lost favourite.

Taunted now by her brother, she defended Emilie, declaring that she believed her to be guiltless, even going so far as to boast that within a month she would bring proof of her innocence.

"Robinet was a pretty boy," said Francis, laughing.

"Let us make a bet," cried Margaret. "If I lose, I will bear this vile rhyme of thine as a motto to my shame to my grave; if I win—"

"I will break my window and grant thee whatever boon thou askest."

The result of this bet was long sung by troubadour and minstrel. The queen employed a hundred emissaries—published rewards for any intelligence of Emilie—all in vain. The month was expiring, and Margaret would have given many bright jewels to redeem her word. On the eve of the fatal day, the jailer of the prison in which the Sire de Lagny was confined, sought an audience of the queen; he brought her a message from the knight to say, that if the lady Margaret would ask his pardon as her boon, and obtain from her royal brother that he might be brought before him, her bet was won. Fair Margaret was very joyful, and readily made the desired promise. Francis was unwilling to see his false servant, but he was in high good humour, for a cavalier had that morning brought intelligence of a victory over the imperialists. The messenger himself was lauded in the despatches as the most fearless and brave knight in France. The king loaded him with presents, only regretting that a vow prevented the soldier from raising a visor or declaring his name.

That same evening, as the setting sun shone on the lattice on which the ungallant rhyme was traced, Francis reposed on the same settee, and the beautiful queen of Navarre, with triumph in her bright eyes, sat beside him. Attended by guards, the prisoner was brought in; his frame was attenuated by privation, and he walked with tottering steps. He knelt at the feet of Francis, and uncovered his head; a quantity of rich golden hair then escaping, fell over the sunken cheeks and pallid brow of the suppliant.

"We have treason here!" cried the king. "Sir jailer, where is your prisoner?"

"Sire, blame him not," said the soft, faltering voice of Emilie; "wiser men than he have been deceived by woman. My dear lord was guiltless of the crime for which he suffered. There was but one mode to save him; I assumed his chains—he escaped with poor Robinet Leroux in my attire; he joined your army; the young and gallant cavalier who delivered the despatches to your grace, whom you overwhelmed with honours and rewards, is my own Euguerard de Lagny. I waited but for his arrival with testimonials of his innocence, to declare myself to my lady the queen. Has she not won her bet? and the boon she asks—"

"Is de Lagny's pardon," said Margaret, as she also knelt to the king. "Spare your faithful vassal, sire, and reward this lady's truth!"

Francis first broke the false speaking window, then he raised the ladies from their supplicatory posture.

In the tournament given to celebrate this "triumph of la dicie," the sire de Lagny bore off every prize; and surely there was more loveliness in Emilie's faded cheek—more grace in her emaciated form, types as they were of truest affection, than in the prouder bearing and fresher complexion of the most brilliant beauty in attendance on the courtly festival.

LAMENTATION OF THE MOORS,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF LUCENU.

Granada the beautiful! land of the brave!
Thy glory has faded, thine honour decayed;
The viv'ramble no more echoes back the glad voice,
Nor thy gallant young nobles in tourneys rejoice.

Alas, for Boabdil! our king is laid low;
For the flower of chivalry bitter our woe;
All is lost, they are gone, our warrior band
Are cold on the plain of that renegade land.

Oh, hush the soft lute, and the light castinet!
The dance of the zambre shall beauty forget;
Forlorn the alhambra, and withered the flowers
That once breathed perfume through its desolate bowers.

In vain is the nightingale's song in the grove,
We heed not thy music, sweet minstrel of love;
The christians have vanquished, the crescent is low,
Our king bound in chains of the renegade foe.

Farewell, beautiful Granada! farewell to thy towers,
Thou city of groves, thou garden of flowers!
The doomed one has fallen, our bright sun hath set,
The pale cross now waves o'er each fair minaret. ELIOISA.

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

HOBOKEN.

HOBOKEN! with thy poplar shore, thou'rt beautiful indeed,
When through the west the monarch sun bath spurr'd his fiery steed;
And oft, like madd'ning chief, looks back upon the dark'ning field,
And falling mid the crimson flood, refuses still to yield:

When evening, with her silent step, steals gently o'er the land,
And feeds the parched flowers with dew from out her nursing hand;
When leaves and streams are sighing sweet, to woo the minstrel wind,
And shadows come upon the world like thoughts upon the mind;

And the moon, reflected and reflecting, shines on wave and bower,
And calls the day-worn spirit back to contemplation's hour,
And flings her gathering rays of light on waves that never rest,
As if the stars had left the sky to grace the Hudson's breast;

How have I loved at that sweet time to trace each mimic cove,
Or with my own unspoken thoughts to walk thy "barble grove;"
As misers at the secret hour their hidden wealth survey,
And hug the bright memorial heap of many a vanished day.

There to unloose my prison'd thoughts and catch the themes they bring
From memory's fields, like carrier-birds, on their returning wing;
To see the forms of buried friends, so loved, yet now so cold,
And hear their happy voices again, e'en from their distant mould.

Oh! if there be a spot on earth for contemplation made,
Hoboken, 'tis thy fairy land, thy shore of poplar shade;
Where no intrusive voice may break the calm of thy retreat,
Save the sweet swan-like waves that die in music at our feet.

Farewell, then mother of soft dreams: our parting must be long,
And other climes and other scenes shall claim the poet's song;
But still thy forgotten name amid the chords shall dwell,
Farewell, thou loved and lonely scene; farewell! once more, farewell!

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

THE MAIDEN TRIBUTE.

"The blessed saint Iago,
They called upon his name;
That day began our freedom,
And wiped away our shame."

KING RAMIRO was sitting in state when a deafening clamour rang through the air. Mournful lamentations, mingled with deep curses, the tolling of bells, and the sounds of martial music, shook with jarring discord the large hall of the palace. The king turned to the prince his son, to inquire the reason of so extraordinary a confusion.

"Ordonio, what means this noise? Is my kingdom to be continually alarmed and disturbed by factious churls and unruly subjects? It is but two years since I succeeded to the crown of Oviedo, yet in that short period I have known as much discontent and turbulence as would satisfy the entire lives of twenty ambitious princes, who eagerly thirsted for the enjoyment of regal power."

Ordonio spoke not, neither did he by the smallest sign give indication that he had understood the sarcasm levelled by his father. Conscious of his innocence, he considered that silence was his best defence, and that any attempt at vindication would but injure his cause. Ramiro cast a withering look around him. The courtiers received that herald of royal indignation with those tokens of humility, which so well become sycophants on similar occasions. The king could thus enjoy the pleasure of frowning, without any bold interruption from the objects of his indignation. The respectful silence of the prince, and the servility evinced in the demeanour of the rest of the assembly, might soon have conciliated the good graces, or at least obtained the pardon of the wrathful sovereign; but, fortunately, amid the slaves who contributed to swell Ramiro's court, there were a few composed of materials not quite so pliant. As the king ventured upon a second and still more bitter inculpation, one man, by the majestic boldness stamped on his brow, and the unquivering fire of his eye, seemed to be endowed with courage enough to stand the brunt of royal displeasure. Ramiro observed the obnoxious individual. His fretful uneasiness increased, and a bitter smile curled his lip. Yet he appeared unwilling to thunder out the storm of his indignation against him who could thus stand collected and unappalled at the sight of his offended sovereign. The king turned in his royal seat, and, in his tumultuous passion, muttered a deep curse, which redoubled the anxiety of the throng of courtiers around.

"Hold, Don Ramiro, hold!" loudly and boldly cried the person mentioned above. "Do not excite the wrath of heaven by thy profane language; do not tax our merciful God and the holy saints with those unhappy disturbances which are occasioned by thine own indifference and inconsiderate conduct. The cries of desolation that now filled the air, and

which, in lieu of revengeful sentiments, ought to awaken feelings of grief and shame in the heart of a virtuous king; the sounds of despair, the dreadful maledictions poured from the burning breasts of thy suffering and indignant subjects, are the abhorred signals of the Moslem's insulting triumph, and our degradation and dishonour. Hear the piercing cries, Ramiro! Hark to the tolling of the bells, which now summon the christian, not to the devout occupations of religion, but to witness an act of infamy; and let those sounds rouse thy dormant soul, and nerve thy arm to deeds of honour, such as become a good king and a christian knight."

The man who uttered this bold rebuke against his sovereign was not a mailed warrior, mighty in the consciousness of his own strength; but an aged man, clothed in coarse attire, and apparently the most insignificant of those who surrounded the throne. He was a poor monk, whom his acknowledged virtues and supposed sanctity had elevated to the dignity of confessor to the king. Yet in the midst of the court, he had rigidly preserved the humility of his former state, and was conspicuous only for manly severity and acts of self-denial, which contrasted strangely with the blustering insolence of the warriors, and the debaucheries of the profligate courtiers. Don Ramiro seemed to bow in reverential awe before his ghostly father; and the glittering train of attendants contemplated, with a mixture of anxiety and surprise, the churchman's boldness, and the forbearance of the king.

The heart of the holy man was waxing warmer with animated zeal, and in a more impassioned tone he continued:

"Yes, Don Ramiro, it well behoveth me, in this hour of disgrace, to raise my voice, when I see thy councillors and grantees deaf to the cries of shame. It well becometh a poor and humble minister of the Lord, to stir up thy heart to those sentiments which ought to be excited by the defenders of thy crown, if, indeed, they be true and valiant knights. But, alas, the truly valiant, the good christians, are absent from the city on a day set apart for foul dishonour. They will not witness our disgrace; they leave the enjoyment of so vile and degrading a sight to their indolent king, and the shameless herd of his pernicious councillors."

As these rash words were pronounced, a murmur of astonishment, mingled with rage, ran through the assembly. The king appeared powerfully affected; he started fiercely from his seat; his eyes flashed with passion; and in a throbbing tone, he cried;

"Enough, Veremundo! thy bold speech savours too much of sedition and disrespect. Confiding in the sacredness of thy character, tempt not my forbearance too far. My regard even for thee may be exhausted, when I perceive that an arrogant zeal prompts thee to utter the factious language of a traitor, instead of the good advice of a ghostly monitor."

Veremundo preserved his lofty composure, and, in a subdued but unflinching voice, resumed:

"There is no treason in the language of truth, however galling it may be to the sensitiveness of human pride. Thou art my king and liege lord, Don Ramiro; fealty and obedience I owe thee; nor would I attempt to divest myself of the respect and duties incumbent on a good subject; but far more sacred are the duties which I have to fulfil towards the great Lord of the world, as one of his humble ministers. His high behests I will utter frankly and fearlessly, and with undaunted heart will I expose myself to the mighty effects of thy wrath; happy, thrice happy, if even at the expense of my life, I succeed in awakening a christian king from the baneful lethargy into which he has fallen. Don Ramiro, I call upon thee in the name of God, from this moment, to burst the ignominious bondage of Moorish power, and boldly refuse to pay the maiden tribute. That shameful tax, awarded by Mauregat, the bastard offspring of a Moorish woman—himself a Moor in heart—ought such a tax, so revolting, so contemptible, to be tolerated by Don Ramiro, who has already given such ample proof of his prowess in arms? Remember, senor, the glorious pass of Roncesvalles, where you fought by the side of the great Bernardo, almost his equal, inferior to no other knight; shall it then be said that Ramiro, who beheld unappalled the formidable host of Charlemagne, with all the most renowned paladins of France, crouched to the wrath and indignation of the caliph of Cordova? Oh! let this never be said of a king who lives under the especial protec-

tion of the apostle Santiago. From this day, let the demand of a hundred maidens be answered by the indignant voice of as many thousand valiant christians, ready and willing to repel the aggression of the infidels, should they venture to come and exact the odious tribute by force of arms."

The noble warmth and zeal which burnt in the heart of this holy man had conveyed a generous glow to his expressive countenance: and in proportion as he proceeded in his speech the fire of his eye flashed more intensely, and his whole manner acquired redoubled animation. His words seemed to have produced a powerful effect upon the king. The still increasing clamour from without contributed also to heighten the sentiments awakened by his unanswerable appeal; and Don Ramiro, as if actuated by a sudden impulse, exclaimed, with a burst of enthusiasm:

"By the blessed virgin! you speak most justly, father; and bitter as are the words in which you have conveyed your admonition, yet do I cordially pardon them in favour of your candour and piety. Caballeros, speed ye to exchange your courtly garments for the mail and helmet of the warrior, and stand you ready for the first summons—but we must proceed with prudence as well as resolution. A great number of our best knights are absent from court, for a life of sloth agrees not with their ardent dispositions. Before we defy Abdulrahman, and provoke hostilities, we will invite him to recall the odious grievance. Should he refuse our just demand, your lances and swords must establish our right."

While this affair was debating in the palace of Don Ramiro, the passions of his subjects were strongly excited by the insolent deportment of the Moorish officers intrusted with the commission of the maiden tribute. But their arrogance did not perhaps tend to exasperate the people so much as the apathetic indifference and want of proper feeling displayed by those christians, upon whom devolved the charge of collecting the obnoxious tax. Every town was obliged to supply a number of maidens, in proportion to its population. The victims, however, generally belonged to the peasantry and the plebeian classes. Every head of a family was summoned to bring forward his daughters or sisters on the day appointed for the general muster, when their fate was decided by ballot.

Early in the morning the bells announced the hour for the ceremony; and at the sound of drums and clarions, the Moorish tax-gatherers proceeded to a large open space near the town, where they were to receive the tribute. A vast concourse of people had followed these officers on the present occasion; many stimulated by idle curiosity, but the greater number actuated by far different feelings. Here the fond parent, with agony of heart, embraced his unhappy child for the last time. Here, too, the favoured lover beheld the blasting of all his glittering hopes, and turned from the scene in bitterest despair. But, besides the many who were personally interested in the approaching transaction, there were others who, though not wounded in the tender feelings of father or lover, yet evinced a deep sorrow upon beholding a ceremony which cast so foul a reflection upon their country.

The procession had arrived at the spot appointed for the balloting, and until now the lamentations of the sufferers were uttered in gentle murmurs, as their fate was still undecided; but at the sight of the wooden stage, upon which the directors of the scene were seated, and where the delivery of the maidens was to be effected, a shout of indignation burst from the surrounding throng. The officers proceeded to the discharge of their functions, unmindful of the vituperative cries uttered against them. A party of twenty Moorish warriors surrounded the stage, and twice as many Spanish occupied the same station to preserve order among the people. Presently, the weeping maids were led to the place, and snatched from the embraces of their disconsolate friends. The charms of the fair mourners, gleaming through their tears, and acquiring a more soft and touching beauty from sorrow, instead of awaking sentiments of pity in the hearts of the Moors, tended only to inflame their desires, and kindle their eyes with an unholy fire. A variety of feelings were portrayed in the anxious and expectant countenances of the degraded christians who stood around. Pity and sorrow gleamed in the tender glances of some; strong grief was impressed on the agonized looks of others. Many a brow was darkened with the gloom of despair—many a breast throbbed with the

heaving of indignation. The whole mass presented an animated picture of human misery, in its various shades and expressions.

But amid the crowd of spectators whom the occasion had assembled, there was a man, in the bloom of life, whose countenance evinced deeper emotion than the rest. It was neither grief nor pity, despair nor indignation, that filled his soul, and imparted such strong expression to his features; but an overwhelming sensation, produced by the combination of them all. His dark and brilliant eyes were riveted in eager gaze on one of the maidens who were about to cast lots for a life of slavery and dishonour. He seemed to follow her every motion, and watch with fond and mournful enthusiasm her every turn and look; nay, it might appear that he caught the breath of her sighs, and that her warm tears had a magnetic influence in producing his own. At length the moment arrived when the fate of his beloved was to be decided. The trembling maid advanced, supported by an aged woman, who vainly endeavoured to administer words of consolation to one who appeared unconscious of passing objects, and whose whole soul was absorbed in the contemplation of her present calamity. The roses of her cheek had faded, and a sad paleness had usurped the soft and lovely spot where they had bloomed. The fire of her eyes was quenched, save that which sparkled from the tears that hung on her long silken lashes. Excess of terror and disgust seemed to have paralyzed her exertions, and deprived her of the powers of volition. Motionless, like a beautiful statue, she stood till she was led, or rather dragged, to receive from the fatal urn the sentence of her future irremediable misery.

The feelings of her afflicted lover at this terrible crisis were wrought to a pitch of delirium. His frame shook convulsively. The flush of indignation gave place in his countenance to the paleness of fearful suspense. All his thoughts and feelings were closely concentrated in one object. His soul seemed to hang upon a thread; every feature and limb partook of the painful character of that deep absorption of agony. He earnestly watched his destined bride—she tremblingly drew the decree of her wretchedness, and uttered a piercing and agonized shriek. The nerves of her unfortunate lover relaxed from their unnatural tension, and he appeared suddenly to gain composure and tranquillity. That shriek rang the death-knell of all his happiness. He had nothing now to fear; whatever else might happen would be an immeasurably smaller evil than this; and, secure in the recklessness of despair, he experienced that sort of gloomy joy and ferocious satisfaction, which are sometimes the attendants of supreme misery.

He now approached nearer to the stage, with a degree of calmness that astonished those who were acquainted with the secret of his love. The lot of most of the maids had by this time been fixed. Wailings and lamentations incumbered the air. The curses of despairing fathers were united to the tokens of distress uttered by their children. The murmur of indignation was ripening into confusion; symptoms of opposition and revolt were discernible in the assembled crowd. It was a mine which only needed a spark to cause its explosion. The functionaries concerned in the disgraceful business of the day, began to look around them with fear and anxiety, and the troop of Moors appeared to be preparing for approaching danger. The moment of awful suspense between the gathering and bursting of a popular storm is dreadful, and not easily described. The christians gazed on each other; and their expressive glances betokened a consciousness of uniformity, feeling, and resolve; but yet they were motionless, for the want of one to give an impulse to the bursting of their fury.

The Moorish leader began rudely essaying to separate the victims from their friends, who clung round for a parting embrace. "Where art thou? Oh! Ansuere, where art thou, in this moment of terror?" frantically exclaimed one of the devoted fair ones. "Oh! free me—free me from these ruffians." Her impassioned appeal was heard; but what help could the unfortunate lover afford?

"I am here, my love," exclaimed young Ansuere, who was now close to the spot. "Yes, I am here, my own Orelia, to die in attempting to rescue thee from these barbarians; for death is the only satisfaction and comfort I can now expect."

With this he drew his weapon, which till that moment had been concealed, and furiously attacked the Moor, who was struggling to separate Orelia from her relatives. The Moor reeled and fell. This was the signal for the rising of the crowd. A tumultuous shout rent the air, and the motley

through, the greater portion of them unarmed, rushed impetuously to effect the rescue of the maidens, so gallantly begun by young Ansuere. He was already surrounded and closely pressed by his enemies, who aimed many a blow to level him with the ground. But the prize for which the young christian fought was too great not to stimulate him to almost supernatural exertions. His friends meantime came to his aid, and a skirmish commenced, in which the christian combatants, though far superior in number, seemed scarcely a match for their adversaries, who were on horseback and completely armed; while they, on the contrary, were on foot, subject to no discipline, and but indifferently equipped for battle. The conflict, however, was continued with equal vigour and hatred on both sides. The christian functionaries, and the men under their orders, refused to interfere in a quarrel which had not the sanction of the king, and seemed only solicitous to retire unhurt from the field of strife, on which two or three Moors, and twice as many christians, were already weltering in their blood.

By this time, Ansuere had extricated himself from his foes; but, in the confusion, his sword was lost. This accident, however, served neither to damp his courage nor check his impetuosity. One of the Moors, who saw him unarmed, rushed against him, willing to remove, by any means, the first cause of the disturbance; but Ansuere, who possessed an agility inferior only to the strength of his arm and the resolution of his heart, ran swiftly to a fig-tree that grew near the place, and, with a vigorous exertion, wrenching one of the boughs from the parent stock, prepared to renew the combat.

The din and uproar had meantime continued unabated. The number of combatants increased every moment. In the confusion, many of the maidens effected their escape. Among the first of these was Orelia, who, filled with alarm and affright, ran swiftly towards the palace of the king, as the fittest place for shelter. When out of the place of strife, she was pursued by some unworthy christians, who considered her the cause of a revolt, which they imagined would be severely punished by Don Ramiro.

The king, who was still sitting in council, after he had resolved to refuse the maiden tribute, was surprised to find that the noise which had startled him in the first instance, was growing more overpowering every minute, and approaching nearer to the entrance of his royal mansion. Suddenly, the very door of the council-chamber was flung open, and a girl, scarcely sixteen years old, rushed in, and, panting for breath, sunk exhausted at the feet of Don Ramiro. For some time she could not speak, but remained trembling in the posture she had assumed. Two or three of her pursuers were now ushered in, and, with officious zeal, proceeded to lay their complaints before the king.

"What maiden is this, and what boon hath she to crave of our kindness?" demanded Ramiro, moved at the sight of the poor girl.

"Senor!" answered a man, "she is one of the maids destined for the tribute to the caliph of Cordova. The lot fell upon her; but, instead of submitting to her fate, she has been the origin of great confusion and much bloodshed among the people."

"Sir king!" cried Orelia with eagerness, "perhaps I am guilty of disrespect; for a poor girl, as I am, is not well versed in the usages of courts; but you are the father of your people—to you, therefore, I fly for protection. Oh, deliver me not up to those barbarous Moors, the sworn enemies of thy country! Can it be, that a christian king will consent to pay tribute to 'an infidel—a tribute, too, so disgraceful as this?'"

"Fair maid," quoth Don Ramiro, "calm thy fears; for, by our holy dame! this unworthy tax is now abolished for ever. You, Don Alonso, and you, Don Fruela, go to my discontented people—tell them my resolution. Enjoin them, in my name, to keep the peace. The cause of their discontent being removed, let them resume the character of dutiful subjects. Bring the Moors into our presence, that they may hear our resolves, and report them to their master."

Order was soon restored upon the announcement of the king's determination; and those of the Moors who survived the skirmish, were brought before Don Ramiro, according to his desire.

"King Ramiro," said one of the moslems in an angry tone, "we came into your kingdom in the spirit of peace, to collect a tribute granted by one of your predecessors for services rendered to him. In the fulfilment of our charge, we were attacked by an unruly rabble, and the greater part of our troop slain. Instead of visiting your rebellious subjects with the

punishment due to their crime, you send heralds to announce, that to please them you are willing to violate a sacred treaty."

"Holy saints of heaven!" ejaculated Father Veremundo. "Sacred treaty, call ye this most infamous transaction? Moor! profane not that word in a christian country, and in the presence of a christian king. Vows and promises, and treaties, which are in themselves unlawful, cannot be kept. It is not a sin, but a virtue to break them. By what right could a shameless monarch thus dispose of the honour of future men? If cowardice or infamous sentiments prompted Mauregat to adopt a conduct unworthy of a king, of a man, is it an imperious consequence that every one of his successors must act in a manner equally disgraceful?"

"Our holy confessor hath spoken well," cried Don Ramiro; "his words express our sentiments most becomingly. Among other deeds, my reign shall be known to posterity by the abolition of the maiden tribute:—my royal word is passed; and if Abdulrahman will not desist from his pretended right, let him support his claim by arms, I will dispute it in the field as best befits me; and may God withhold his mercy from me, if, during my life, another christian maiden shall quit her home to satisfy the wishes of an infidel."

"And is this the message we are to carry back to the caliph?"

"It is," answered the king; "and nothing now impedes your departure."

"The christian king may, perhaps, too late repent this violation of a treaty, and the destruction of so many gallant moslems."

"Infidel, begone!" cried the king with warmth. "What! dares a Moor attempt to intimidate me, and utter threats within my very court? Begone! or death shall be the reward of thy insolence. Begone! and bid Abdulrahman assemble his forces and meet me in the field."

Ramiro, courageous and enterprising by nature, now turned his thoughts towards the preparations for a war, which appeared inevitable to all. He issued the necessary orders to collect men, as well as means, to begin a campaign. The people received the intelligence with enthusiasm; and every one burned with impatience to signalize his courage against the Moor.

Abdulrahman, in the meantime, indignant at the refusal of the christian king to fulfil the treaty, resolved to exact the maiden tribute by force of arms; and to this effect, his lieutenants, with much zeal and activity, in a very short time collected a numerous and gallant army, far superior to any that Ramiro could then bring into the field. News was soon received that Abdulrahman in person was advancing, at the head of a formidable army, to meet the christians. Don Ramiro hastily assembled such forces as he could command, and ordered them to hold themselves in readiness against the morrow. He then retired to rest, overpowered by the fatigues of the day, and with his mind wholly bent upon the approaching contest. He was aware of the disadvantages under which he laboured, but scorned to harbour a single idea derogatory to the noble sentiments which prompted him to provoke the wrath of the Moorish chief.

Don Ramiro was visited in his slumbers, by a very singular vision. A venerable person, with a long silvery beard and pilgrim's staff, appeared to stand before him, surrounded with the brightness of a celestial light. The king contemplated the venerable man in silence and surprise, till at length the pilgrim declared himself to be the apostle Santiago, the tutelar patron of christian Spain, and said that he came to encourage the king to persevere in his good intention of waging war against the infidels. Having promised him the aid of God in this undertaking, as well as his own help during the contest, the vision vanished; but it was only to make room for another still more singular and propitious, in appearance, to the christian. Ramiro thought himself suddenly transported to the field of battle, when, in the midst of a furious engagement, he perceived a tall warrior, riding a milk-white charger, and bearing a red cross on a banner surmounted by the arms of the kings of Oviedo, sweep by with overwhelming impetus, and falling upon the Moors, cause a terrible carnage among them, and at length completely put them to the rout. Ramiro, astonished at the superhuman prowess of the mysterious knight, rode up to thank him for the great service he had rendered the christian army. But his bewilderment increased when, in the strange warrior, he recognised his patron saint, Santiago.

"I promised thee my help, Ramiro," quoth the saint, "and behold how I have kept my word. Always put your trust in God, and never submit to vile conditions with the infidel."

Upon this he suddenly vanished from the sight of the astonished Don Ramiro, who, meeting the usual fate of less digni-

fied and heroic dreamers, soon after awoke, and was for some time puzzled to find himself tranquilly reposing on his couch.

On the following day, the king communicated his dream to Veremundo, his confessor, who drew from it the most favourable omens. Whether the monk's skill in the interpretation of dreams was equal to the other qualities which rendered him an object of veneration among the people, or whether it was only on a par with that of other dream expounders, he nevertheless produced a most marvellous effect on the minds of the soldiers, by the explanation which he gave. Full of flattering hopes, and impatient for the fight, the army began its march, amid the strains of martial instruments, and the cheering shouts of the multitude. Every one appeared confident of victory, and began to speculate within himself concerning the spoil laden with which he would return to his home. The hundred maidens, in whose honour this perilous adventure was to be encountered, came in front of the army, and poured forth their ardent vows for the success of their champions. If any thing can rouse the courage of man to heroic deeds and daring exploits, it is the sight of lovely woman arrayed in all her charms, and bestowing upon him smiles of approbation. Woman has often been stigmatized as the cause of much mischief in the world; but who can recount the blessings she has heaped on man? Virtue, valour, talent, all his noblest, all his best qualities, have been called forth and fostered by the smiles of woman.

Previous to the departure of the army, it was blessed by Veremundo, who, in despite of his advanced age, resolved to follow it to the field, and contribute to the victory by his best exertions. His presence would, indeed, be of essential service, in animating by his eloquence the hearts of the soldiers; and, aware of this, Don Ramiro was nothing loath to have the man of God by his side. As both Abdulrahman and the christian king were equally eager for the conflict, the armies soon came in sight of each other. The Moors presented a very formidable appearance, exceeding in number the army of Don Ramiro by at least one half. A furious engagement then commenced. Abdulrahman gave out the Moorish cry of "Allah, ilah Allah!" and Ramiro, in an animating tone, and confiding manner, exclaimed "Santiago!" which from that moment became the war-cry of the Spaniards.

The onset of the Moorish cavalry was fierce and impetuous, and was met with equal resolution and animosity by the christians. The ground was disputed for a long time, without any sign of superiority on either side; but the discipline and gallantry of the Saracen horse at length began to prevail, the christians gave ground, and had nearly lost the battle, when the darkness of night fortunately came to their aid. Veremundo ran through the ranks, exhorting the soldiers to do their utmost, and assuring them that heaven and Santiago were on their side. To a keen observer, the countenance of the christian king would have given sure indication that a feeling of despondency occupied his breast. He endeavoured to conceal his emotion; but it was no less certain that he expected the complete rout of his army, as soon as the light of day should second the exertions of the Moors. In this emergency, a retreat would, perhaps, be the only alternative that prudence could suggest; but this was not practicable, from the number of the enemy, who were now endeavouring to surround the christians. Some desperate resolution was therefore advisable in this crisis; for nothing short of a miracle could retrieve the fortunes of Don Ramiro. The night was now completely closed, and the fury of the contest was relaxed; as the Saracens, confiding in the certainty of the victory, were willing to employ the hours of night in gaining some repose from their fatigues. The moon poured a flood of silvery radiance over the field of battle; and a scene of dismay presented itself on every side to the christians. They beheld the heaps of slain and wounded that strewed the ground, and awaited with trembling anxiety a fate similar to that of their companions. Don Ramiro, in this desperate moment, communed for a short time with his confessor; and then, with a more animated countenance, proceeded to address his dispirited followers:

"Christians!" he cried with fervour, "shall we offend the majesty of heaven by doubting a protection promised by such undoubted tokens? The superior number of our enemies has given them a temporary advantage; but this shall little avail them. It will only pamper their insolence and expectations, that they may afterward feel more bitterly their disappointment. My dream shall be accomplished, if we have faith enough to confide in the mercies of God, and the protection of the holy apostle Santiago."

Father Veremundo next spoke in an impassioned tone and enthusiastic manner, asseverating that, ere long, palpable proofs of the intervention and protection of Santiago would

be visible to all. These harangues revived for some time the drooping spirits of the soldiers, and they resolved to exert their utmost efforts and renew the fight. At this important moment, a gallant knight, in complete armour of radiant mail, suddenly made his appearance in the field of battle. He bestrode a beautiful white charger, and carried in one hand a large white flag, on which was displayed a bloody cross, surmounted by the arms of Oviedo. This mysterious warrior, whose unexpected appearance astonished the wondering christians, rode furiously across the field, and alone, as if inspired by a superhuman impulse, plunged headlong and confidently into the thickest of the Moorish ranks.

Don Ramiro recognised the celestial knight of his vision, and sent forth an enthusiastic cry of—"Santiago! Santiago!"

This cry operated like an electric shock in the hearts of his followers. The presence of such a warrior among them was the certain forerunner of victory. With one accord the rest of the christian army, imitating their heavenly leader, rushed impetuously against the Moors. The king, his son Ordonio, and young Ansures, were among the first. The onset was desperate, and partook more of the character of madness than of rational courage. A tremendous shout of Santiago! Santiago! was raised on all sides, and the stillness of night sent back the cheering echo, which acted as an irresistible stimulus to the christians.

The Moors were thunderstruck at so furious and unexpected a charge. They rallied, however, and with fierce animosity received the attack of the foe. Perceiving that the powerful knight on the white charger was the object that stimulated the christians to such gigantic exertions, they directed against him the principal portion of their rage. They tried to unhorse him, but in vain. He appeared to be impassive to the numerous blows aimed against him, while, on the other hand, he caused a prodigious devastation in the Moslem ranks. The white banner, with the bloody cross, was the beacon that guided the christian warriors to certain triumph. Wherever the redoubtable knight directed his headlong course, the terrified Moors dispersed. King Ramiro achieved wonders on this memorable field, and while his vengeful sword inflicted such disastrous blows upon the Moslem, his voice loudly and exultingly encouraged his soldiers to follow and trust in their patron saint. "Santiago! Santiago!" was the universal cry of the christians. With as much religious devotion as military courage, they accompanied the saint, fighting joyfully by his side, and falling contentedly at his feet. Those who perished were considered as so many martyrs; and this persuasion, kept alive by the monk Veremundo, tended not a little to produce the unwearied and almost incredible exertions displayed by the christians in this memorable battle.

The morrow's sun discovered a scene far different from the one which had been illumined by his parting rays. The Moorish army was completely routed, and a most signal triumph crowned the valour of the christian. But with the dawn of day the celestial warrior had vanished, like a phantom of the night. No one could tell how his departure had been effected. His mission on earth had been fulfilled. The rest was a mystery too sacred for the grateful and conquering soldiers to speculate upon. Soon after the battle, King Ramiro, in acknowledgment of the signal assistance which his troops had received from Santiago, assembled his principal chiefs, and, in the presence of his men, confessed all the obligations which he owed.

"My good knights, ye have witnessed," cried he, "the manner in which this wonderful victory has been achieved. It behoveth us now to testify our gratitude as best becomes a christian people. We will therefore build a monastery, which shall bear the name of Santiago, in commemoration of this memorable battle. On this monastery shall henceforth be duly bestowed a knight's share of the prizes and spoils taken from our enemies in war; and furthermore, every part of my kingdom, and in time, it is to be hoped, the whole of Spain, shall contribute a portion of bread and wine towards the maintenance of the said monastery of Santiago of Compostella. I myself, immediately upon my return to the palace, will draw out the deed of these grants."

These words were welcomed with shouts of approbation by the christian nobles and the rest of the troops, who soon retraced their steps homewards, rich with the spoils of the Moors, and conducting a considerable number of prisoners, whose ransom would increase the prizes obtained by the victory of Alveida.

But King Ramiro having shown his gratitude, in the first instance, to heaven, as in justice and piety bound, turned his thoughts to the recompense due to such of the knights, squires, and others who had most conspicuously distinguished them-

selves during the battle, and to whose prowess and resolution, next to the miraculous interposition of Santiago, he stood indebted for his triumph. Among the many warriors who had vied with each other in deeds of valorous achievement and surpassing intrepidity, there was an unknown youth, who had most particularly attracted his notice. The habiliments of this warrior denoted an humble situation in life, though his heroic acts rendered him well deserving of the honours of knighthood.

"By Santiago!" said the king, addressing his nobles on the subject, "I have never seen so noble a display of courage, intrepidity, and strength, since the memorable pass of Roncesvalles; and in good sooth, sirs, I think that this youth promises another Bernardo to our land. Who is he? and whence comes he?"

The young hero being totally unknown to the nobles, no one could afford an answer. With a gentle smile, father Veremundo then addressed the king:

"Senor, the man of whom you please to take such notice, is one, who, indeed, deserves much of his country. He was the first who repelled the insolence of the Moors, when they came for the last time, thank heaven! to exact the maiden tribute. It is the same gallant person who, having lost his weapon in the scuffle, attacked his enemies with the branch of a fig-tree."

"Indeed!" quoth the king, "I rejoice in the knowledge of this; for to this same warrior I already owe a debt of gratitude which it would be as well to discharge without delay. What is his name?"

"Ansures," replied Veremundo.

"Let him be summoned into our presence."

Ansures came before his sovereign with that modest demeanour which is the usual concomitant of merit.

"Ask any recompense within my power to grant," said Ramiro.

"Senor," returned Ansures, "if the recompense of serving my good king, and the consciousness of having done my duty were not enough, I have still, in addition, that of having preserved the honour of my betrothed wife, and of paving the way to our mutual happiness."

"These are, indeed a good man's best guerdons," said Ramiro; "but I can confer upon thee an honour which will sit well and becomingly on a man of thy deserts. This day the order of knighthood shall be conferred upon thee; for it would be a shame to our court, that such as thou should be lost in mean pursuits of toil and labour, who art born to grace the nobler avocations of man."

Ansures fell on his knee, and gratefully kissed the hand of the king, who soon conferred upon him the promised boon.

On his shield the heralds permitted him to bear five figures, which emblem he also wore on his crest. Ansures took the surname of Figueroa, in commemoration of that tree which was of such service to him in the most eventful moment of his life.

It is needless to add, that he was soon rendered supremely blessed by his union with the fair Orelia, who became one of the greatest ornaments of Don Ramiro's court. In commemoration of the abolition of the maiden tribute, a procession of young women was instituted, which took place on every anniversary of the famous and miraculous battle of Alveida.

With regard to the apparition of Santiago in the field of battle, each reader may account for it in his own manner. Those, however, who will only see a stratagem in the transaction, will at least concede, that it was a successful inspiration of genius, commendable for the glorious results to which it led.

The maiden tribute was thus finally abolished; for though some of the successors of Abdulrahman demanded it, they never afterwards found a christian king weak enough to grant it, nor were the Moors, on their side, disposed to refer the debate to the event of a second battle.

LITERARY NOTICES.

In press, at Boston, the "Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution," edited by Jared Sparks.

The Messrs. Carvills have recently published a work entitled, "Practice under the Revised Statutes."

"The Exclusives," a novel in two volumes, has just issued from the prolific press of the Messrs. Harpers; also,

The "Romance of History;" from which we have copied the very interesting story on our first page.

The "Venetian Bracelet, and other Poems," by Miss Landon, are about to be re-published in Boston.

Mrs. A. M. Wells has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, "Poems and Juvenile Sketches."

* This deed is called "Privilegio de los Fueros."

THE TRAVELLER.

SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

[Continued.]

As inquiry was made respecting the black servant that accompanied him, whether he was free? "No, sir," was his reply. "He is one of those slaves your commiseration is so excited for. Speak to the man, ask him whether he prefers the condition of many of his colour, whom he saw during his travels with me, to the comforts he enjoys at Roanoke, and hear his answer? When we came in sight of England, I informed John, (the servant man alluded to.) that in the country we were going to, he would not find any slaves, and that agreeably to the laws, every slave, on touching their shores, was free. I told him to avail himself of the privilege, and that I would not in any way interfere to prevent his full participation in the benefit the laws of England afforded to his class. I reiterated these assurances on our landing, and at separate periods. The man, however, returned with me, as you see, and I believe is perfectly contented with his situation." And indeed his attachment to Mr. Randolph was a very satisfactory proof of the leniency of the master, and the contentedness of the slave under the connexion which existed between them; and established also the truth of the closing remark of Mr. Randolph on the subject, "that slavery was not so painful a state of bondage as is generally supposed, under a considerate master."

It was the custom, immediately after breakfast, for Mr. Randolph to invite our little circle to attend a "caucus" in the small roundhouse on deck, where, furnished with some of the late periodicals, or other new works, which served as text-books for discussion, he would sit for hours, and delight us with his inexhaustible fund of anecdote; or command our attention, and keep alive the interest of the conversation by the originality of his ideas, and his truly piquant remarks on all the popular topics of the day. Religion, laws, and governments, were all descanted on with a depth of observation which evinced a reflecting mind, able to grapple with all the subtleties and contradictions thrown around these great "bones of contention." He reconciled the apparent differences of the one, and laid bare the fallacies of the other, with admirable tact and discrimination. His religion appeared solid, manly, and orthodox; alike free from fanaticism and cant on the one hand, or the scepticism of "liberal principles," so characteristic of the age, on the other. The writer of this article had some opportunities of testing this fact. During the first week of our passage, Mr. Randolph suffered considerably from the effects of an accident, which (by the overturning of a stage-coach, in which he was a passenger, on his way to Liverpool,) had materially injured him. A severe gale, which lasted several days, confined him nearly the whole of that period to his state-room; our berth adjoined his, and frequently during the paroxysms of his sufferings have we distinctly heard his appeals to heaven for mercy and support, in terms of pure and rational obstetation.

His sentiments on law or government were equally sound, reflecting, and discriminative. His decided preference for the institutions of his own country has been noticed. This preference did not, however, prevent him from acknowledging the merits of other forms of government, nor their suitability for the people over which they extended. He is an enemy to innovation, and eschewed the evil of that false philosophy which would plant anarchy and confusion amidst old established forms, in the vain hope that by destroying the whole, an entire new and better edifice may be raised upon their ruins.

Public men and acts of legislation were discussed freely by him, and descanted on with the sagacious knowledge of one who had weighed causes and effects, with precision and competency for the task. These conversations had peculiar interest when directed to his own country, in the councils of which he has so long held a distinguished station. The sarcasm for which he is justly celebrated here assumed an added poignancy. The great measures which have occurred during his political career, when contrary to his opinions of fitness and right, were satirized with a force which could not be surpassed for point and severity. It is but justice to add, that no personal invective ever disgraced the force of his satire; nor do I remember one instance of personal vituperation having passed his lips during our intercourse. The public character of some of the great men of the last age were discussed with that freedom which their elevated position warranted, but the living were in-

variably passed over in silence. When speaking of America, Washington was an especial favourite with him; he had, in his youth, frequent opportunities of seeing that great man; and he detailed several anecdotes of his reminiscences of that illustrious individual, with peculiar force and fidelity.

Books and authors were also his favourite themes of conversation. He held the whole class of living authors in general contempt, with a few established exceptions. "A man must have a good deal of presumption to sit down and write a book," was his frequent remark, "and think to instruct others, his superiors in learning and information." This expression must be understood with the before named qualification, and the opinion it contained, carried into public life, where his contempt of the moderns is so conspicuous, has, I doubt not, exposed Mr. Randolph to much obloquy and persecution. His preference of the ancients is proverbial. He has formed models for imitation from their writings and institutions, which, in this age of improvement, subject their admirers or defenders to the charge of eccentricity nearly allied to madness. This love for "old established customs," and somewhat exploded forms, may in some degree account for the many singularities of his character. His dress is of the simplest possible description, and his manners are those of the formal and reserved habits of the last century. If our memory serves us correctly, he prided himself on having made the tour of the continent and of having visited most of the European courts in the actual costume he wore during our passage. A loose blue frock-coat, evidently not one of Stultz's manufacture—a well worn seal skin cap, of no very graceful shape, and a pair of clumsy high shoes, formed the principal parts of this favourite dress—which exhibited a *tout ensemble* no way indicating a sacrifice to the shrine of modern fashion. Manners designate the man, and here it did not require the extrinsic aid of dress to establish the character of John Randolph. Few men that we have met possess the polished urbanity of the gentleman, united to the ease of the travelled man of the world, in a more eminent degree than he does. A slight departure from republican simplicity is observable throughout all this, and an adaptation of aristocratical habits supplies its place. His black servant constantly occupied a station at the back of his chair during meals, and devoted his services exclusively to his master; and, indeed, at all times was the medium through which Mr. Randolph signified his wants. This circumstance may, perhaps, be more the result of southern habits, but is quoted as one among many instances which might strike a stranger as a peculiar departure from the simplicity of American usages. The pleasures of the table are held in high estimation by him; not, however, sufficient to rank him as a *gourmand*, but enough to establish the character of a "*gourmet*," which on one occasion he appropriated to himself. Of his conversational powers we have before spoken; they are rich, varied, and abundant, possessing every possible qualification, both to instruct and to amuse; and although some years have passed since we enjoyed their influence, the remembrance is still vivid and lasting. We have heard the character and political tenets of this great man variously discussed since that period, but our impression remains the same, and we have been tempted to exclaim with one of his distinguished countrymen—"If this man is mad, it would be well for America to possess more such madmen."

In the imperfect sketch we have thus submitted to our readers, we feel we have not done adequate justice to the celebrated subject we have endeavoured to describe; many causes have produced this deficiency—enough, however, has, we trust, been portrayed to render it interesting—nor have we knowingly in one instance departed from strict veracity, either in the few details of his conversations, or in depicting the impression we formed at the time, of this truly original and celebrated individual. H.*

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.

No. V.

BIOGRAPHY OF JACOB HAYS.

He is a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.—*Shaks.*

Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to your acquaintance, Baron Nubem, a person who has a very taking way with him.—*Tom and Jerry.*

PERHAPS there is no species of composition so generally interesting and truly delightful as minute and indiscriminate biography, and it is pleasant to perceive how this taste is

gradually increasing. The time is apparently not far distant when every man will be found busy writing the life of his neighbour, and expect to have his own written in return, interspersed with original anecdotes, extracts from epistolary correspondence, the exact hours at which he was in the habit of going to bed at night and getting up in the morning, and other miscellaneous and useful information carefully selected and judiciously arranged. Indeed, it is whispered that the editor of this paper intends to take Longworth's Directory for the groundwork, and give the private history of all the city alphabetically, without "fear or favour—love or affection." In Europe there exists an absolute biographical mania, and they are manufacturing lives of poets, painters, play-actors, peers, pugilists, pick-pockets, horse jockeys and their horses, together with a great many people that are scarcely known to have existed at all. And the fashion now is not only to shadow forth the grand and striking outlines of a great man's character, and hold to view those qualities which elevated him above his species, but to go into the minutiae of his private life, and note down all the trivial expressions and every-day occurrences in which, of course, he merely spoke and acted like any ordinary man. This not only affords employment for the exercise of the small curiosity and meddling propensities of his officious biographer, but is also highly gratifying to the general reader, inasmuch as it elevates him mightily in his own opinion to see it put on record that great men eat, drank, slept, walked, and sometimes talked just as he does. In giving the biography of the high constable of this city, I shall by all means avoid descending to undignified particulars; though I deem it important to state, before proceeding further, that there is not the slightest foundation for the report afloat that Mr. Hays has left off eating buckwheat cakes in a morning, in consequence of their lying too heavy on his stomach.

Where the subject of the present memoir was born, can be but of little consequence; who were his father and mother, of still less, and how he was bred and educated, of none at all. I shall therefore pass over this division of his existence in eloquent silence, and come at once to the period when he attained the acmé of constabulary power and dignity by being created high constable of this city and its suburbs; and it may be remarked, in passing, that the honourable the corporation, during their long and unsatisfactory career, never made an appointment more creditable to themselves, more beneficial to the city, more honourable to the country at large, more imposing in the eye of foreign nations, more disagreeable to all rogues, nor more gratifying to honest men, than that of the gentleman whom we are biographizing, to the high office he now holds. His acuteness and vigilance have become proverbial, and there is not a misdeed committed by any member of this community, but he is speedily admonished from all sides that he will "have old Hays [as he is affectionately and familiarly termed] after him." Indeed, it is supposed by many that he is gifted with supernatural attributes, and can see things that are hid from mortal ken; or how, it is contended, is it possible that he should, as he does,

"Bring forth the secret's man of blood!"

That he can discover "undivulged crime"—that when a store has been robbed, he, without stop or hesitation, can march directly to the house where the goods are concealed, and say, "these are they"—or, when a gentleman's pocket has been picked, that, from a crowd of unsavoury miscreants he can, with unerring judgment, lay his hand upon one and exclaim "you're wanted!"—or how is it that he is gifted with that strange principle of ubiquity that makes him "here, and there, and everywhere" at the same moment? No matter how, so long as the public reap the benefit; and well may that public apostrophize him in the words of the poet:

"Long may he live! out city's pride!
When lives the rogue, but flies before him!
With trusty crabstick by his side,
And staff of office waving o'er him!"

But it is principally as a literary man that we would speak of Mr. Hays. True, his poetry is "unwritten," as is also his prose; and he has invariably expressed a decided contempt for philosophy, music, rhetoric, the *belles lettres*, the fine arts, and in fact all species of composition excepting bailiffs' warrants and bills of indictment—but what of that? The constitution of his mind is, even unknown to himself, decidedly poetical. And here I may be allowed to avail myself of another peculiarity of modern biography, namely, that of describing a man by what he is not. Mr. Hays has not the graphic power or antiquarian lore of Sir Walter Scott—nor the glittering imagery or voluptuous tenderness of Moore—nor the delicacy and polish of Rogers

—nor the spirit of Campbell—nor the sentimentalism of Miss Landon—nor the depth and purity of thought and intimate acquaintance with nature of Bryant—nor the brilliant style and playful humour of Halleck—no, he is more in the petit larceny manner of Crabbe, with a slight touch of Byronic power and gloom. He is familiarly acquainted with all those interesting scenes of vice and poverty so fondly dwelt upon by that reverend chronicler of little villany, and if ever he can be prevailed upon to publish, there will doubtless be found a remarkable similarity in their works. His height is about five feet seven inches, but who makes his clothes we have as yet been unable to ascertain. His countenance is strongly marked, and forcibly brings to mind the lines of Byron when describing his Corsair:

There was a laughing devil in his meer
That raised emotions both of hate and fear;
And where his glance of "apprehension" fell,
Hope withering fled, and mercy sighed, farewell!

Yet with all his great qualities, it is to be doubted whether he is much to be envied. His situation certainly has its disadvantages. Pure and blameless as his life is, his society is not courted—no man boasts of his friendship, and few indeed like even to own him for an intimate acquaintance. Wherever he goes his slightest action is watched and criticised; and if he happen carelessly to lay his hand upon a gentleman's shoulder and whisper something in his ear, even that man, as if there were contamination in his touch, is seldom or never seen afterwards in decent society. Such things cannot fail to prey upon his feelings. But when did ever greatness exist without some penalty attached to it?

The first time that ever Hays was pointed out to me was one summer afternoon, when acting in his official capacity in the city-hall. The room was crowded in every part, and as he entered with a luckless wretch in his gripe, a low suppressed murmur ran through the hall, as if some superior being had alighted in the midst of them. He placed the prisoner at the bar—a poor coatless individual, with scarcely any edging and no roof to his hat—to stand his trial, for bigamy, and then, in a loud, authoritative tone, called out for "silence," and there was silence. Again he spoke—"hats off there!" and the multitude became uncovered; after which he took his handkerchief out of his left-hand coat pocket, wiped his face, put it back again, looked sternly around, and then sat down. The scene was awful and impressive; but the odour was disagreeable in consequence of the heat acting upon the large quantity of animal matter congregated together. My olfactory organs were always lamentably acute: I was obliged to retire, and from that time to this, I have seen nothing, though I have heard much of the subject of this brief and imperfect, but, I trust, honest and impartial memoir.

Health and happiness be with thee, thou prince of constables—thou guardian of innocence—thou terror of evil-doers and little boys! May thy years be many and thy sorrows few—may thy life be like a long and cloudless summer's day, and may thy salary be increased! And when at last the summons comes from which there is no escaping—when the warrant arrives upon which no bail can be put in—when thou thyself, that hast "wanted" so many, art in turn "wanted and must go,"

"mayst thou fall
Into the grave as softly as the leaves
Of the sweet roses on an autumn eve,
Beneath the small sighs of the western wind,
Drop to the earth!"

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

THE re-organization of the navy of the United States is a subject of such moment to our national interests, of such vital importance to the navy itself, to its comfortable support, to its energies, its character for discipline, and its future glory, that it appears to us there is no object which can be presented to the executive or national legislature, that requires more deliberate and cautious action than this, both as relates to a critical examination into its departments, for the adoption of suitable, permanent, and proportionate provisions for its branches, grades, and rank, and to the formation of such fixed rules and regulations as have become absolutely necessary for its government.

Knowing this to be a matter of as great intricacy as moment, and presuming it to be one on which the representatives of the union would not willingly legislate annually, any farther than should be found necessary to pass appropriations for its support, we conceive the present period of peace and tranquillity a most auspicious one for

placing so interesting a service on such a footing as will enable it to compare with any other navy in the world, if not for its numbers, at least for its appearance and its character, as well as its valour.

The day is perhaps fast approaching, when this national arm will be almost, if not altogether, the only one this government will require, to prevent invasion, repel aggression, suppress lawless piracy, and protect our commerce, when conveying to all quarters of the globe the products of our arts, our agriculture, and manufactures from legal depredation and open war.

The experience acquired during the last thirty years in expedients and substitutes, through vacillating systems; the rapid augmentation in its various grades; the number of ships; their increased force, and the rush of the best blood in the nation for its ranks, would seem to indicate that the occasion has presented itself which calls for an efficient legislation to place the navy on a footing of liberal policy.

It has been asked, why is your little navy, which has put itself at the head of all others in valour and skill, at the foot of all others in every thing else? Is it in future as in past times to be stationary? Are the officers to whom you trust your valuable property, the lives of your citizens, the honour and respect of your flag throughout the world, and in every sea, to continue to be deprived of authority for the protection of the one, and means for the support of the other?

Are the men who should be high-minded, and of the purest hearts, to be trusted with so much on the national account, unworthy of consideration on their own? Ought they to be subject, on the termination of a cruise, to supplicate for trifling executive allowances, to study an approximation to the nearest reimbursement of unavoidable expenses, originating in circumstances over which they had and could have no control? If not, the time has presented itself in which common justice, as well as the future efficacy of this service, calls for liberality in its grades, as well as remuneration for its labours, its hazards, and its deprivations. Mark this period, then, as the auspicious time on which the nation can look back with pride and pleasure, as the day of its regeneration, and the first dawning of a liberal policy, whereon to found our future hopes for its distinguished character, discipline and chivalry. *National Gaz.*

FEMALE AUTHORS.

Women, we fear, cannot do every thing; not even every thing they attempt. But what they can do, they do, for the most part, excellently—and much more frequently with an absolute and perfect success, than the aspirants of our rougher and more ambitious sex. No man, we will venture to say, could have written the letters of Madame de Sevigne, or the novels of Miss Austin, or the hymns and early lessons of Mrs. Barbauld, or the conversations of Mrs. Marcet. These performances, too, are not only essentially and intensely feminine, but they are, in our judgment, decidedly more perfect than any masculine productions with which they can be brought into comparison. They accomplish more completely all the ends at which they aim, and are worked out with a gracefulness and felicity of execution which excludes all idea of failure, and entirely satisfies the expectations they may have raised. We might easily have added to these instances. There are many parts of Miss Edgeworth's earlier stories, and of Miss Mitford's sketches and descriptions, and not a little of Mrs. Opie's, that exhibit the same fine and penetrating spirit of observation, the same softness and delicacy of hand, and unerring truth of delineation, to which we have alluded as characterising the purer specimens of female art. The same distinguishing traits of a woman's spirit are visible through the grief and the piety of Lady Russel, and the gaiety, the spite, and the venturesomeness of Lady Mary Wortley. We have not as yet much female poetry; but there is a truly feminine tenderness, purity, and elegance, in the *Psyche* of Mrs. Tighe, and in some of the smaller pieces of Lady Craven. On some of the works of Madame de Staël—her *Corinne* especially—there is a still deeper stamp of the genius of her sex. Her pictures of its boundless devotedness, its depth and capacity of suffering, its high aspirations, its painful irritability, and inextinguishable thirst for emotion, are powerful specimens of that morbid anatomy of the heart, which no hand but that of a woman's was fine enough to have laid open, or skilful enough to have recommended to our sympathy and love. There is the same exquisite and inimitable delicacy, if not the same power, in

many of the happier passages of Madame de Souza and Madame Cottin—to say nothing of the more lively and yet melancholy records of Madame de Staël, during her long penance in the court of the Duchesse de Maine. *Edin. Rev.*

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

I was but five years old when my mother died, but her image is as distinct in my recollection, now that twenty years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her as a pale, gentle being, with a sweet smile and a voice that was soft and cheerful, when she praised me, and when I had erred, for I was a wild, thoughtless child, there was a trembling wildness about it that always went to my little heart. And then she was so kind, so patient; I think I can now see her large blue eyes, moist with sorrow, because of my foolish waywardness, and hear her repeat, "my child, how can you grieve me so." I recollect she had for a long time been pale and feeble, and that sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely, I thought she must be well. But then she sometimes spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and told me "to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a great deal, and be kind to him, for he would have no one else to love." I recollect she was very sick all day, and my little hobby-horse and whip were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for the whole day, and it seemed very long. At night they told me my mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always used to do, before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into the room, and laying my lips close to hers, whispered "mother, mother, won't you kiss me?" Her lips were very cold, and when she put her arm around me, laid my head upon her bosom, and one hand upon my cheek, I felt a cold shuddering creep all over me. My father carried me from the room; but he could not speak. After they put me in bed, I laid a long while, thinking, I feared my mother would indeed die, for her cheek felt cold, as my little sister's did, when she died, and they laid her in the ground. But the impressions of mortality are always indistinct in childhood, and I soon fell asleep. In the morning I hastened to my mother's room. A white napkin covered her face—I removed it—it was just as I feared. Her eyes were closed, her cheek was cold and hard, and only the lovely expression that always rested upon her lips, remained. In an instant, all the little faults for which she had so often reproved me, rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I would always be, if she would but stay with me. She was buried—but the memory of the funeral is indistinct. I only retain the impression, which her precepts and example left upon my mind. I was a passionate, headstrong boy, but I never yielded to this turn of my disposition, without fancying I saw her mild tearful eye fixed upon me, just as she used to do in life. And then, when I had succeeded in overcoming it, her sweet smile of approbation beamed upon me, and I was happy. My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was for ever with me, strengthening my good resolutions, and weakening my propensity to evil. I felt that it would grieve her gentle spirit to see me err, and I could not, would not, do it. I was the child of her affection; I knew she had prayed and wept over me, and that even on the threshold of the grave, her anxiety for my welfare had caused her spirit to linger, that she might once more pray for me. I resolved to become all she could desire. This resolution I have never forgotten. It helped me to subdue the waywardness of childhood, protected me through the temptations of youth, and will comfort and support me through the busier scenes of manhood. Whatever there is, that is estimable in my character, I owe to the impressions of goodness made upon my infant mind, by the exemplary conduct and faithful instructions of my excellent mother.

FEMALE COURAGE AND FORTITUDE.

At the time of the first emigration to this country, the females of England were well educated, and had a higher rank in the scale of mind, than at any previous age in British history. This had been effected, in no small degree, by the long and prosperous reign of queen Elizabeth, and her high reputation for talents and learning. Fashion has often the same control over the mind, as over the dress and equipage of a people. It was fashionable during the reign of this extraordinary queen, to think women as capable of reasoning upon public affairs as men. Our mothers brought something of the

spirit with them. They knew from history how much their sex had done in the advancement of civilization and Christianity; and here was the finest field to prove that they still had the power and inclination. Naturally generous and enthusiastic, women have in every age been attached to the hero and the saint; and have followed the former to the battle-field, to bind up his wounds, and to sing his praises after victory; and the latter to the cross and the tomb. The wives of the pilgrims who landed at Plymouth, discovered more than Spartan fortitude in braving dangers and in supporting calamities. They were well educated women.

Among those who came after the pilgrims to settle the province of Massachusetts bay, were several women of high rank and superior refinement. Lady Arabella Johnson, daughter of the earl of Lincoln, and the wives of the gentlemen who formed the board of magistrates, were high bred dames; as well as the wives of the clergy, and many of the wives of their associates. Some of their chirography has reached us. It resembles the easy, flowing, fashionable hand of the present day, while the writing of the men of that day is difficult to be read. We have all seen the needle-work of that age in embroidered armorials, and genealogical trees; and these ancient records bear ample testimony to the industry, talent, and skill of the fair who wrought them. They shared the hardship of the times. Many a lovely daughter, in that day, who had been brought up in affluence and with tenderness, on her marriage, moved from her home and parents to some new settlement where her bridal serenade was the howlings of the beasts of prey, as they nightly roamed the desert.

If our mothers had a share, and a great share they had, in the trials of those days, why should they not be remembered in the history of this new-born empire? I contend, and who will deny it, that it required more courage and fortitude to stay on the skirts of the forest, unprotected by moat, ditch, or stockade, in the half built cabin, with decrepitude and infancy, listening to every step, anxious for the coming in of those who had gone forth in search of the foe, than it did to fight the foe when he was met. This was more than Spartan fortitude; for the enemy seldom saw the dwelling where the heroic mother of Sparta waited to hear the fate of her husband or children; but ours were in constant danger of an attack from the savages.

Many instances of female heroism, which occurred during the early settlement of this country, are on record, and should be carefully preserved. Among the most conspicuous was that of Mrs. Hannah Duston, of Haverhill, a pleasant village situated on the left bank of the Merrimack. On the fifteenth of March, 1698, Mrs. Duston was made prisoner by a party of Indians. She was on this day confined to her bed by sickness, attended by her nurse, Mary Niff. Seven children, besides a female infant six days old, were with her. As soon as the alarm was given, her husband sent away the seven children towards the garrison-house, by which time the Indians were so near, that despairing of saving the others of his family, he hastened after his children on horseback. This course was advised by his wife. She thought it was idle for her to attempt to escape. A party of Indians followed him, but the father kept in the rear of his children and often firing on his pursuers, he kept them back, and was enabled to reach the garrison with his children in safety. The Indians took Mrs. Duston from her bed and carried her off, with the nurse and infant; but finding the little one becoming troublesome, they took her from her mother's arms by force, and dashing her against a tree, ended her moans, and miseries, and life together. The mother had followed the Indians until this moment with faltering steps and bitter tears, thinking on the fate of herself, her babe, and her other children. After this horrid outrage, she wept no more; the agony of nature drank the tear-drop ere it fell. She looked to heaven with a silent prayer for succour and vengeance, and followed the infernal group without a word of complaint. At this instant, the high resolve was formed in her mind, and swelled every pulse of her heart. They travelled on some distance; as she thought, one hundred and fifty miles, but, perhaps, from the course they took, about seventy-five. The river had probably been broken up but a short time, and the canoes of the Indians were above the upper falls, on the Merrimack, when they commenced their journey to attack Haverhill. Above these falls, on an island in the river, the Indians had a wigwam, and in getting their canoes in order, and by rowing ten miles up the stream, became much fatigued. When they reached the place of rest they slept soundly. Mrs. Duston did not sleep. The nurse, and an English boy, a prisoner, were apprised of her design, but were not of much use to her in the execution of it. In the stillness of the night she arose and went out of the wig-

wam to test the soundness and security of savage sleep. They did not move; they were to sleep until the last day. She returned, took one of their hatchets and despatched ten of them in a moment, each with a single blow. An Indian woman who was rising when she struck her, fled with her probable death-wound; and an Indian boy was designedly spared, for the avenger of blood was a woman, and a mother, and could not deal a death-blow upon a helpless child. She surveyed the carnage ground by the light of the fire which she stirred up after the deed was done, and catching a few handfuls of roasted corn, she commenced her journey; but on reflecting a moment, she thought the people of Haverhill would consider her tale as the ravings of madness when she should get home, if ever that time might come; she therefore returned and scalped the slain; then put her nurse and English boy into the canoe, and with herself they floated down to the falls, when she landed and took to the woods, keeping the river in sight which she knew must direct her on the way home. After suffering incredible hardships by hunger, cold, and fatigue, she reached home, to the surprise and joy of her husband, children, and friends. The general court of Massachusetts examined her story, and being satisfied of the truth of it, took her trophies, the scalps, and gave her fifty pounds. The people of Boston made her many presents. All classes were anxious to see the heroine; and as one of the writers of that day says, who saw her, "she was a right modest woman." Has Anacharsis or Mitford, in their histories of Greece, anything to surpass this well authenticated story? Her descendants in a right line and by the same name, are now living where she was captured.

Knapp's Lectures.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

A passion for eloquence is not confined to civilized man. The sons of the forest are as fond of it as the best cultivated minds in polished life. Indian history is full of the passion for eloquence. The speech of Logan is only a common specimen of their capacity for high attainments in the noble art.

When the Winnebagoes had a deputation at the seat of government last year, the interview between them and the president of the United States was conducted with great ceremony. After sitting a while in the audience chamber, the most aged chief, then ninety years old, bald headed, with his manly arms and chest bare, arose and advanced to the president; in a few words he stated the object of his visit, and his happiness in finding the great father of his people so kind and good, but should speak very little, but leave the details and exemplifications of the mission they were sent on, to the orator of the tribe. The aged chief retired with great dignity; the signal given, the orator advanced; he was of fine size and noble proportions. He stood an almost naked bust, and extending his arm, said, that he was not a chief by birth, but was made one by the fame of his talents, and by the power of his eloquence. He was a warrior who had never committed a crime, nor sunk to any meanness, or ever told a falsehood. His whole demeanour was full of grave dignity, and solemn serenity. After this interview, even the aged chief, who had kept sober before, joined in a most riotous, drunken frolic, while the speaker kept himself from the errors of his brethren, and retired from the scene, to preserve the honours of a Winnebago orator.

From the same.

THE DUEL.

The relation which follows, however extraordinary, was communicated to us by a friend, who states, that it is literally true, and that the time, place, and circumstances are, as he believes, within the recollection of hundreds. The moral of the tale, it will be seen, is against duelling; a vice which, in our humble apprehension, can only be restrained by public opinion. So long as law-makers are challengers, and it is regarded a necessary point of honour that every one should fight who is challenged, the statute book against this offence must remain a mere nullity. We concur in the opinion of our correspondent, that true courage exists as much in suffering for the sake of conscience, as in daring for the sake of false honour.

At the commencement of the last war, a young man, a native of Vermont, who had graduated at one of our universities, possessing abilities rather above the common order, although diffident and retiring in his manners, and being without employment, resolved to join the army in defence of his country. He was of a respectable family, and had acquired a large circle of friends, by whose instrumentality he obtained a commission. During his leisure hours, he indulged in field sports, and was known to be the best shot in the neighbourhood. He had often, however, expressed his

abhorrence of duelling, and no one supposed his opinion arose from cowardice, but from his ideas of justice, and moral obligation. Soon after he received his commission, the corps to which he was attached was ordered to our northern frontier, and by application to his duties, he soon made himself respected as an officer and a gentleman. Owing to his natural reserve and religious disposition, he did not mingle with his brother officers as often as they wished, and from some harmless jests, at first, which were received with indifference on his part, they were emboldened to insolence, inasmuch that after some time he became the butt of his fellows. Nevertheless, he had obtained the friendship of many of the officers, especially the surgeon of the regiment, whom he highly esteemed. This surgeon, who had remarked with some degree of interest the insults which his friend had received, and passed unnoticed, spoke to him respecting his forbearance, and observed to him that as an officer, if he persisted in that kind of conduct, he would be considered as unfit for the station he held, besides making himself the jest and laughing stock of both officers and men. On which he observed to the surgeon, that he should conduct himself as became a man on all occasions. He soon found, however, that the friendship of him he most esteemed began to subside, the insults of the officers to increase, and that he must throw up his commission, or be branded with the name of coward, if he remained in the service. At the next convivial meeting, at which most of the officers were present, after the repast, the conversation naturally led to those topics on which military men are most inclined to converse. The observations became pointed and personal, and of their motive no one could doubt. The most conspicuous in his insults, was a young ensign, who was reprimanded by our hero in such severe terms, that he took offence, and sent him a challenge without leaving the table. Whereupon his friend, the surgeon, told him there was no alternative but to accept, and offered his services as a second. He did so—the arrangements were made on the spot to meet the following morning.

When the parties arrived on the ground, it was decided that they should fire together. At the first fire, lieutenant G. fired in the air, and the ball of his antagonist passed him harmless. The ensign insisted upon a second trial, to which lieutenant G. did not object; which terminated as the first, excepting a slight flesh wound received by lieutenant G. The ensign, still not being satisfied, demanded one trial more; on which lieutenant G. whose patience was nearly exhausted, consented, and observed to the parties, that he had fulfilled the laws of honour to the letter, and respect for himself would not allow further forbearance; then turning to ensign L., he said to him, "I never yet have missed my mark—your time has come." They fired—the ball of lieutenant G. pierced the heart of his opponent, and he never breathed more. The survivor, with his friend the surgeon, returned to the mess-room, where all the officers of the regiment were assembled waiting the result, and walking up to the table, without a word from the party, wrote a challenge directed to any officer in the regiment, from the colonel to the lowest in commission, and placed it before them. There was a silent, solemn pause for some minutes. No one dared to accept it; on which lieutenant G. drew his commission from his pocket, tore it in pieces, which he threw on the table, and left the service of his country, and the company of those who could not estimate the character or feelings of an honourable man.

Boston paper.

CHANGES OF MANNERS.

The following is from the pen of Captain Grose, the eminent antiquary, who died in the year 1791, at the age of sixty; it was written about the year 1782—"I am a man of little more than fifty years of age, and yet I have nearly outlived a variety of systems and manners. When I was a young man, there existed in the families of most unmarried men or widowers, of the rank of gentlemen, resident in the country, a certain antiquated female, either a maiden or widow, commonly an aunt or cousin. Her dress consisted of a stiff starched cap and hood, a little hoop, and a rich silk damask gown, with large flowers; she leaned on an ivory headed crutch cane, and was followed by a fat phthisicky dog, usually of the pug kind, who commonly reposed on a cushion, and enjoyed the privilege of snarling at the servants, and occasionally biting their heels with impunity. By the side of this good old lady jingled a bunch of keys, securing in different closets and corner-cupboards all sorts of cordial waters, cherry and raspberry brandy, washes for the complexion, Daffy's elixir, a rich seed cake, a number of pots of currant jelly and raspberry jam, with a range of

gallipots and phials containing physic for the use of the poor neighbours. The daily business of this good lady was to scold the maids, collect eggs, feed the turkeys, et cetera, et cetera.

"Another character now worn out and gone, is the country squire. I mean the little independent gentleman, with a landed property of three hundred pounds a year, who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the distance of the country town, and that only at assize and session time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market town, with the attorneys and justices. This man went to the parish church regularly, read the weekly journal, settled the parochial disputes with the parish officers at the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring alehouse, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. He never played at cards but at Christmas, when a family pack was produced from the mantel-piece. He was commonly followed by a couple of greyhounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbour's house by smacking his whip, or giving the view-halloo. His drink was generally ale, except on Christmas, the fifth of November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. A journey to London was by one of these men reckoned as great an undertaking, as is at present a voyage to the East Indies; and undertaken with scarce less precaution and preparation.

"The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster, striped with timber (not unaptly called calamanco work) or of red brick with large casemented bow-windows, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study. The eaves of the house were well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round with hollyhocks. The hall was furnished with fitches of bacon, and the mantel-piece with guns and fishing-rods of different dimensions, accompanied by the broadsword, partisan, and dagger, borne by his ancestors in the civil wars. Against the wall was posted "King Charles's Golden Rules," "Vincent Wing's Almanack," and a portrait of the duke of Marlborough; and in his window lay "Baker's Chronicle," "Fox's Book of Martyrs," "Glanvil on Apparitions," "Quincey's Dispensatory," "The Complete Justice," and a book of farriery. In the corner, by the fire side, stood a large wooden two-armed chair, with a cushion; and within the chimney corner were a couple of seats. Here at Christmas he entertained his tenants, assembled round a glowing fire, made of the roots of trees and other great logs. The best parlour, which was never open but on particular occasions, was furnished with Turkey worked chairs, and hung round with portraits of his ancestors—the men in the character of shepherds, with their crooks, dressed in full court suits, and huge full bottomed perukes, such as the judges wear now."

COMFORT AND CARES.

"All human situations," says Franklin, "have their inconveniences: we feel those that we find in the present, and we neither feel nor see those that exist in another. Hence we make frequent and troublesome changes without amendment, and often for the worse. In my youth I was passenger in a little sloop, descending the Delaware; there being no wind, we were obliged when the ebb was spent, to cast anchor and wait for the next. The heat of the sun was excessive, the company all strangers to me, and not very agreeable. Near the river side, I saw what I took to be pleasant green meadow, in the middle of which was a large shady tree, where it struck my fancy I could sit and read, and pass the time agreeably till the tide turned. I therefore prevailed with the captain to put me ashore.—Being landed I found a great part of my meadow was really a marsh, in crossing which, to come at my tree, I was up to my knees in the mud; and I had not placed myself under its shade five minutes before the mosquitoes, in swarms, found me out, attacked my face, and legs, and made my reading and my rest impossible, so that I returned to the beach and called for a boat to come and take me on board again, where I was obliged to bear the heat I had strove to quit, and also the laugh of the company. Similar cases in the affairs of life have fallen under my observation."

A LIBEL.

In a recent prosecution in the King's Bench, of a London editor for publishing a libel, Lord Tenderden said: "It was contended by the defendant, that as the rumours to which

allusion is made in the libel actually prevailed, it was lawful in him to print them. He (Lord Tenderden) must say, that he was surprised at hearing a gentleman who had conducted his defence with so much tact, ability and talent, advance so untenable a proposition. No man was at liberty to circulate rumours which are injurious to the reputation of another; much less can the editor of a newspaper give circulation to them by placing them in print; for many persons who would otherwise not be acquainted with them, would learn through the medium of his newspaper. If an imputation be cast upon an individual in a newspaper, it matters not whether the editor learned that imputation from rumour or not, for he makes it his own by printing it, and so imps the wings on which slander flies."

THE HEIRESS.

I loved thee for thyself alone,
The world approved my choice;
Yet wail thou know'st I claimed thee still,
With no unsteady voice.
They called thee fickle; oh! how blind
I blamed thee not for broken vows,
Rejoicing thou wert free.
My father told me thou wert poor,
Improvident and wild;
He said that want and poverty
Would kill his gentle child.
I answered not; but secretly
I scorned the tale he told;
And then stole forth to other thee
The heiress and her gold.

My mother said, "I do not heed
Thy fondling words of wealth;
But will be fondly cherish thee
In sickness and in health."
He has the restless eyes of one
Who leads a roving life;
He loves not as thou shouldst be loved,
O do not be his wife!

My father's anger moved me not,
Nor yet my mother's tears;
Thy fascination won my heart
From love, the growth of years:
With few and fleeting tears I left
The haunts of early youth,
And placing this weak hand in thine,
I trusted to thy truth.

My chosen dwelling would have been
Some quiet rustic seat;
But led by thee, I trod the halls
Where pleasure's votaries meet.

And if with joy I heard them praise
The beauty of thy bride,
Thou hast because I dearly prize
My husband's glance of pride.
But then a dreary time came on,
I often wept alone;
And when we met, thy voice had lost
Its former gentle tone.
I uttered no complaint, thou knowest
I never did repine;
And if my pale cheek chided thee,
It was no fault of mine.

I heard my boasted wealth was spent,
I smiled at such a loss;
My husband's love was more to me,
Far more than hoarded dross.
And was it only this that caused
The frowns upon his brow?
"That wealth has been his base," I cried,
"We shall be happy now!"

Vain hope! for thou dost shun the home
Thy folly rendered poor;
I know not how to win thee back,
My cheek has lost its hue.
I have no mother now to soothe
My sorrows on her breast;
And he, whose counsel I despised,
My father, is at rest.

I do not say I love thee not,
No, false one, come what will,
Return and be but kind to me,
And I should love thee still.
A broken mirror still reflects,
In every shattered part,
Thou then love seems but multiplied
In this poor broken heart.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

COLOSSAL STATUE OF WASHINGTON.—How fully, says the National Gazette, the term *colossal* is in unison with the character of the being! His public virtue had dimensions, like those of the Apollo of Belvidere, above the ordinary human figure. The inscription on the base might be the line of Pope—

"Ennobled by himself—by all approved."

His zeal was as comprehensive as inexorable; his dignity of manner correspondent to his rectitude and elevation of purpose; he stood firm and superior, on the solid base of true patriotism, of which justice and honour are principal materials. The statue should be translated from Baltimore to Washington, and so placed that it must be often passed by the members of all branches of the government. All might read salutary lessons on the sublime brow and in the serene aspect; there is that in his port, life and character combined, which no familiarity would deprive of its force as counsel or rebuke.

PATENTS.—The number of patents for inventions granted in England, since the reign of Charles the second to the present time, exceeds five thousand five hundred, of which nearly two thousand having been granted since 1815, are still in force. Years of speculation are remarkable for increase of patents, the number obtained in 1818 having amounted to one hundred and thirty, while that year of extravagance, 1825, produced no less than two hundred and forty-nine.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Abductions.—If the paradox somewhere advanced be true, that increase of crime in cities keeps pace with their progressive improvement and refinement, then are we warranted in inferring a high degree of advancement in this same city of ours. Crimes, the very mention of which would have made our forefathers shudder, and of which the possibility seemed doubtful not very many years since, are now committed with impunity in our most thronged thoroughfares, and in open day. "Can such things be?" And are women no longer safe, even at broad noon-day, unless protected by the stronger sex? So it would appear from some very recent instances. And it would further seem, that the arm of the law is too weak, or its eye too dim to ferret out, and bring to condign punishment, the insolent and audacious perpetrators of the most heinous wrongs which can be inflicted on a community. No means should be left unresorted to, no pains nor expense spared, by which the rights of an injured female and an afflicted family might be fully and satisfactorily redressed.

No half measures will apply to the case. The precedent must be obviated, or New-York will be compelled to hide her confusion and disgrace amidst the indignant reproaches of all who hear of the unavenged shame which has been fixed upon her reputation.

Pure water.—Of the numerous high and important trusts confided to the municipal authorities of a populous city, the preservation of the public health is one of the most prominent and responsible. A negligent or careless indifference to this great object, betrays a want either of humanity or of knowledge in those who preside in the edile chair, and should be promptly punished by the displeasure of those who have elevated them to office. In this city complaints have been frequently and loudly made, on account of the very inferior quality of the water; but until lately, little or no attention has been paid to the outcry. Mr. Bowne, the mayor, has, however, finally invited the discussions of the common council to this subject; and the assistant alderman of the first ward has, in consequence, introduced a series of resolutions, calculated to carry proper measures into effect to supply the city with pure and wholesome water. We have often raised our voice in strong appeal to the public authorities in behalf of the pressing demands of our fellow-citizens, and let us not be disappointed in the hope we are now flattered with, that they will be effectually and promptly granted. Let not this measure be allowed to undergo the course of wilful procrastination to which the so long talked of demolition of the jail and bride-well was shamefully doomed.

Maelzel's exhibition.—Seldom have we been more delighted than in witnessing the curious display of ingenuity at this novel scene of attraction in Broadway. In fact, we were forcibly reminded of the high-pressure dream of our facetious friend C. published in the Mirror of the sixth instant, in which we are introduced to "locomotive men" of a very respectable character. On the present occasion, we once more saw the intricate game of chess scientifically played by an automaton, who moved his head, eyes, lips, and hands, with the greatest facility, and distinctly pronounced the French word for check! We were next regaled with a select piece of music, by Rossini, performed on an instrument called the melodium. After this an artificial French oyster-woman came forward with a graceful obeisance, and very dexterously opened oysters for the company. This figure was succeeded by one in the character of an old French gentleman, of the ancient regime, who drank all our healths with great glee. A wonderful Chinese dancer closed this part of the entertainment. An automaton trumpeter, of full size, and dressed in the uniform of the French lancers, was the next candidate for approbation, and well did he deserve the loud plaudits he received. But the best of all was the troop of equestrians, consisting of twenty-one figures, who executed all the various feats of horsemanship and dexterity, usual at the tournaments of the European courts, together with many of the most difficult evolutions of the circus, with beautiful accuracy and grace. This was followed by figures that pronounced the words *papa, mama*; the whole concluded with automaton who performed the most elegant and astonishing feats on the slack rope. But it would be vain to attempt a description of this astonishing exhibition—it must be seen to be duly appreciated.

Savings bank.—The eleventh report of this institution has just been published, and presents results which must be exceedingly gratifying to its benevolent founders and zealous supporters. Six hundred and twenty-four thousand nine hundred and three dollars and fifty-eight cents have been deposited in the bank during the last year. A list is given containing a description of the occupations of the depositors, which is sufficiently curious. Domestic constitute the greatest number, there being four hundred and twenty-five of them; labourers are next, three hundred and forty-four; clerks are third in order, seventy-four. There are fifty-seven bakers and six butchers, only four physicians, and no lawyers!

General commissioner.—The commercial intercourse between this city and Georgia has been greatly facilitated by the recent appointment of William H. Maxwell, esq., as "commissioner for the state of Georgia in the state of New-York." The standing, talents, and worth of Mr. M. are sure guarantees that the confidence of the legislature of Georgia has not been misplaced. This gentleman now represents five states, and is rendering the office above-named very useful.

Clara Fisher.—There were sixty-two boxes taken for this lady's first appearance at New-Orleans before the doors were opened in the evening. The papers pronounce her the most attractive actress that has ever visited that city.

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

AS SUNG BY MRS. AUSTIN IN THE OPERA OF MUSIC AND PREJUDICE.—THE POETRY BY T. M. BAYLY—THE MUSIC BY A. LEH.

Up - on the hill he turn'd, to take a last fond look Of the val - ley, and the vil - lage church, And the cot - tage by the brook, He lis - ten'd to the sounds So fa - mil - iar to his ear, And the sol - dier lean'd up - on his sword, And wiped a - way a tear.

2—Beside that cottage porch,
A girl was on her knees,
She held aloft a snowy scarf,
Which flutter'd in the breeze;

She breathed a pray'r for him,
A pray'r he could not hear,
But he paused to bless her as she knelt,
And wiped away a tear.

3d—He turn'd and left the spot,
Oh! do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Though tears were on his cheek;

Go watch the foremost ranks
In danger's dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there
Has wiped away a tear.

VARIETIES.

ON PRESENTING A ROSEBUD TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY.
[From the French.]

If but a bud I bring to thee,
And wish it to thy bosom pressed,
It is because I love to see
The infant on its mother's breast.

GRAVITY OF BREAKFAST.—Whether breakfast is the most serious and silent meal, because it is first, or because it is the soberest, it is difficult to say; but it does generally pass without much talk, or, at all events, without much talk that is worth recording. Punsters very seldom pun at breakfast, and the narrators of long-winded stories are at that time more sparing of their tales. There is then seldom any argumentative discussion or any play of wit. Breakfast is altogether a matter of business, an affair of life and death, because if people did not break their fast, they could not live. Dinner is quite another thing; that is more a matter of pleasure than of business; and they who speak of the pleasures of the table, are supposed to allude to dinner, and not to breakfast. A man may dine with Duke Humphrey five days in the week; but it is a much more serious matter to breakfast with Duke Humphrey.

SETTLEMENT OF BOSTON.—In a few months, says the Boston Courier, two centuries will have been completed since the first settlement of this peninsula. It is not known on what precise day the foot of the white man first planted itself here. William Blackstone, for some months, had taken up his abode on this side of Charles river, and had dwelt here long enough to authorise his neighbours at Charlestown to call the peninsula *Blackstone's Neck*. By the invitation of Blackstone, Isaac Johnson, an influential and leading man, removed, with several others, to this side of the river, and commenced a settlement, in the month of August. On the seventh day of September, 1630, O. S. the court of assistants, holden at Charlestown, ordered that this place be called Boston. It is from that day that the foundation of the city should be dated. Allowing for the difference of style, this anniversary would fall on the eighteenth of September.

AFFECTATION.—One of the most affected women ever known, said to Mrs. Chapone once, in a tone of the utmost languor, "You know one had better be dead than be affected."

Thus all condemn what they expect to be admired for; and hope, against all reason and probability, to impose on the world by the same arts, which they can themselves so easily discern in others, and so readily join to deride.

TOLERANCE.—A remarkable instance of religious tolerance has recently occurred in the canton of Thurgau, in Switzerland. At Romanshorn, the catholics and protestants united for rebuilding the village church and purchasing two bells. The catholics, out of respect to the protestants, placed their altars in the hinder part of the edifice, and removed many of the ornaments of their worship; and the protestants, on their side, built at their own expense a sacristy for the catholics. The consecration of the church, which took place on the fifteenth of November, was really a festival of concord and christian charity.

SCANDAL.—It is amazing to observe the courage with which, upon mere common report, facts are repeated, which tend to the utter ruin of character, and even motives confidently assigned, which it was impossible should be known.

ROUGE.—A lady consulted St. Francis of Sales, on the lawfulness of using rouge. "Why," says he, "some pious men object to it; others see no harm in it. I will hold a middle course, and allow you to use it on one cheek."

MODERN PHILANTHROPY.—Modern philanthropy may be well described under the figure of an allegorical personage, who is so busily employed in searching for *distant* objects of distress, that she stumbles over a pilgrim, who came to solicit *immediate* assistance.

ANECDOTE.—A matronly lady asked one younger in years why she did not require of her companion to teach her the French language. To which interrogation she replied that *one tongue* was enough for a lady.

RESIDENCE OF NAPOLEON.—Longwood, the house which Bonaparte occupied at St. Helena, has been let to a farmer, and the room he died in has been converted into a stable.

There is nothing which more denotes a great mind than the abhorrence of envy and detraction.

Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.

MIDAS AND MODERN STATESMEN.

Midas, they say, possessed the art, of old,
Of turning whatsoever he touched to gold.
This, modern statesmen can reverse with ease,
Touch them with gold, they'll turn to what you please.

RECIPE TO MAKE A MAN OF GREAT CONSEQUENCE.

A brow austere, a circumspective eye,
A frequent shrug of the *os humeri*,
A nod significant, a stately gait,
A blustering manner, and a tone of weight,
A smile sarcastic, an expressive stare—
Adapt all these as time and place will bear:
Then rest assured—that those of little sense
Will deem you, sure, a man of consequence.

EPITAPHIC WIT.—Every body has heard of the late Colonel Congreve, of "rocket memory," so justly celebrated for his inventive genius in the art of destroying his fellow-creatures—(the college of physicians were mere children of innocence compared with our firework Congreve.) The colonel, who was a musical amateur, one day accompanied Madame Vestris and a party of ladies to view Purcell the composer's monument; and, "with good emphasis, and with good discretion," read aloud the epitaph—"He is gone to that place where alone his *harmony* can be exceeded."—Vestris, the satirical little syren, who never loses an opportunity of lanching a witticism, immediately exclaimed, "La! colonel, the same epitaph will serve for you, by merely altering one word, thus—"He is gone to that place where alone his *fireworks* can be exceeded." All laughed but the colonel, who spouted no more epitaphs that morning.

THE ANCIENT ROMANS.—When they were poor, they robbed all mankind—and as soon as they became rich, they robbed one another.

DEFINITION OF A DENTIST.—The following is the only epigram furnished by the whole of the annuals for the present year. It appears in the Gem:

"A dentist, love, makes teeth of bone,
For those whom fate has left without;
And finds provision for his own,
By pulling other people's out."

WEAK EYES.—The following epigram is one of the best of its kind. It was addressed to a lawyer who complained of the disadvantage of weak eyes in his profession:

Weak eyes are best, be ruled by me,
And view the joyous omen right;
Since able lawyers, all agree,
Most often have the feeblest sight.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

A PORTRAIT.

AMBITION rules his soul—
It is his master passion; though his heart
Answers spontaneously the frequent calls
Made by compassion and humanity,
And from his hand the ready tribute flows.
Nature designed him not for selfish things:
He was not formed to coldly calculate,
And weigh each rising feeling in the scale
Of policy and prudence; but the world
Has done its work on his aspiring mind.
There are some traits of innate nobleness,
Some gleams of natural feeling, which break forth
At intervals, when for a moment he
Is off his guard—as if 'twere but to show
That where his faults are not all hidden, there
Virtue shines out more brightly. 'Tis his aim
To have no enemies; and it may be
That he has fewer than his fellow-men.
To please, is the sole study of his life—
The same to all, on all alike he smiles;
But 'tis not for a smile to win a heart.
Moments there are when it may be the dupe
Of its own fancy, in the deep romance
Of youthful feeling and credulity.
But still there must be something to support
Imagination's power: it will not hold
Its empire o'er a vision long. Life's dreams
Are changeable things: they wear a thousand shapes
In their fantastic visits; and without
Some slight foundation in reality,
They are the very essence of caprice—
Taking from one, the qualities they gave,
To fix them on another, till they meet
With something to fill up their emptiness,
And turn them to those deep consuming thoughts
Which feed upon the heart.

His is the power
To charm the fancy, and to fill the mind
With images of beauty—not to hold
The silent thoughts in bondage. Would he thus
Unlock the springs of feeling, he must feel.
And yet what matters it, while still he bows
At fashion's shrine: many its votaries:
And while he mingles in the giddy train,
What need is there of nature? 'Tis enough
To learn the lesson, and to act the part.
He is not what he might be. He withholds
The confidence which could impart a charm
To conversation, and reflects too much
On what he means to say before he speaks.
He trusts no word on the free winds but such
As might be safely blown throughout the world.
And when we seek for candour, we but find
Caution and cold reserve; and friendship feels
Her warmth congealed, and, calm and passionless,
Loses, beneath his glance, her strength and power.
Honour, and principle, and truth, are his;
And polish, and refinement, and good sense;
But every thing is studied; and in vain
We look to read the heart—each avenue
Is closely guarded with a vigilance
Unequalled. Art is baffled still by art.
Prudence stands sentinel at every turn,
And those who know him best, still know him not.
His step is on the ladder which leads up
To fortune and to fame; nor will he stoop
Even for happiness, till he has won
The destined goal.

Bright are thy gilded dreams,
Oh vain ambition!—but too soon they break,
Like ocean's sparkling waves, upon the shore.
Yet still, thy ignis-fatuis light lures on
Unnumbered followers, who spend their youth
In grasping at a shadow; till at last
It lengthens in the setting sun of life:
And sickened, and disgusted, and surprised,
They turn and find the phantom they pursued
Was disappointment.

ESTELLE.

THE DIRGE OF THE YEAR.

There came a moan,
Borne on the night wind's breath;
It was a strangely solemn tone,
Of mingled life and death:
A breathing sound,
As the wing of time swept by,
O'er the silent earth, and the gloom profound
Of the shrouded midnight sky:

"I have gazed on all
The beautiful since their birth,
I have seen the star and the floweret fall,
With the mighty things of earth.

"I have tramped on
The pride of the fearless heart,
But the hour of might for aye has gone,
And the mighty must depart.

"I have seen decay
Come o'er the youthful brow,
The death chant met the warm sun ray,
Mine is the requiem now.

"There are shades below,
And midnight on the sky,
With the mighty wreck of the past I go,
It is my hour to die!"

HINDA.

WINTER.

Winter—time of frosty breathing,
Coldly thou hast swept the sea,
Garlands of the dark red wreathing
Round the aged forest tree.

Then where falling leaf and flower,
Nature's charms before thee flew,
Dreary now the leafless bower,
Ice-gems where the soft fruit grew.

Whirlwind's dreadful howl has found us,
Song-birds with their notes are gone,
Tempests send destruction round us,
Sweeping down the sunny lawn.

Where the summer rose was blushing,
Ruddier than a maiden's lip,
Where the silver stream was gushing,
Rippled by the swallow's dip;

There thy chilling hand was feeling
Blighting as the desert air;
Every frozen touch was stealing
Lovely shades of floweret's fair.

Softer winds than thine are blowing,
O'er sweet groves of deepest dye,
Where the orange tint is glowing,
'Neath a kindlier southern sky.

They'll be here—thy days of power,
Soon in joy we must forget.
Haste thee—let not spring's first hour
Find thee with us lingering yet.

LARA.

TO MARY.

O would some kindly genius grant
A magic wand to me,
That I might cast a spell upon
The wizard destiny!
Believe me, then, my gentle friend,
Thou wouldst not be forgot,
If freely to my will 'twere given
To shape thy future lot.
Then bright thy sun of hope should burn,
As in thy fairest day,
And not a cloud of sadness e'er
Obscure its cheering ray.
No hidden thorn in all thy course
Through after years should lie;
But bordering flowers of rich perfume
Unceasing glad thine eye:
And ever to thy charmed ear
The sweetest birds should sing,
And ever by thy sunny path
Joy's purest fountains spring:
And thou shouldst have no summer friend,
But all should be to thee
As true in heart, as firm in love,
As I, your humble

G.

THE IDOL OF MEMORY.

Wake, idol of my faded years,
And let thy early memory be
A solace for life's countless fears—
A sunbeam hovering o'er its sea;
And from the past, where light and shade
In vista'd change are lingering still,
Let thy all-hallowed smiles pervade
My long and lingering days of ill.
O'er the deep eloquent delight,
That garnished youth's unsullied hours,
There swept a chill and cankering blight
Like frost on autumn's painted bowers.

And on the yearning heart of bliss,
That pictured all the future fair,
There came the taint of earthliness,
Like mists on evening's purple air!

Then the fond idols of my youth,
Love's precious gifts, were offered up;
The cold world lost its early truth,
And joy the sweetness of his cup.
Each bud, and leaf, and sunny dream,
Passed on the tide of time away;
And hours my soul had brightest deemed,
Were soonest darkened with decay!

Sometimes a seraph thought will wake
A radiance from hope's upper sky;
As morning sunbeams oft will break
From the cloud-draperies hung on high.
But ere the soul is rich with bliss,
Her songs are dying on the ear,
The dream hath lost its loveliness,
And stern reality is near!

And then the vain and restless throng
That jostle on life's pilgrim road,
Mar the clear fountain of my song,
That placid wave by heaven bestowed.
I see the proud and haughty crush
The innocent and helpless down;
I mark the sons of genius rush
Up the steep mountains of renown:

And then I hear the bitter words
That envy to ambition flings—
The ringing shields—the clanging swords,
Mingled with battle's mutterings:
I see the heroes rise and fall,
While smoke and flame, in volumes blent,
Fame's sad, but glorious coronal,
Floats through the azure element!

But from these moving scenes I turn,
Fair one, to dream again of thee,
And restless thoughts arise and burn,
My offerings unto memory.
The world, and all its shadowed hours,
Grow distant, indistinct, and dim;
And gathering memory's wasted flowers,
My soul is listening to thy hymn!

EVERARD.

POPULAR TALES.

THE MYSTERIOUS WEDDING.

A DANISH STORY—BY STEFFENS.*

ON the north-west of Zealand stretches a small fertile peninsula, studded with hamlets, and connected with the main land by a narrow strip of waste ground. Beyond the only town which this little peninsula possesses, the land runs out into the stormy Cattegat, and presents an awfully wild and sterile appearance. The living sands have here obliterated every trace of vegetation; and the hurricanes which blow from all points of the ocean, are constantly operating a change on the fluctuating surface of the desert, whose hills of sand rise and fall with a motion as incessant as that of the waves which roar around them. In travelling through this country, I spent upwards of an hour in this district, and never shall I forget the impression which the scene made upon my mind.

While riding along through the desolate region, a thunder-storm rose over the ocean, towards the north; the waves roared, the clouds scudded along in gloomy masses before the wind, the sky grew every instant more dark, "menacing earth and sea;" the sand began to move in increasing volumes under my horse's feet, a whirlwind arose and filled the atmosphere with dust, the traces of the path became invisible, while air, earth, and ocean seemed mingled and blended together, every object being involved in a cloud of dust and vapour. I could not discern the slightest trace of life or vegetation around the dismal scene; the storm roared above me, the waves of the sea lashed mournfully against the shores, the thunder rolled in the distance, and scarcely could the lurid lightning-flash pierce the heavy cloud of sand which whirled around me. My danger became evident and extreme; but a sudden shower of rain laid the sand and enabled me to push my way to the little town. The storm

* This story, as told by Steffens, (a Dane by birth, but now, we believe, a professor at Breslau), forms the subject of two German novels and a Danish poem.

I had just encountered was a horrid mingling of all elements. An earthquake has been described as the sigh which troubled nature heaves from the depth of her bosom; perhaps not more fancifully might this chaotic tempest have typified the confusion of a widely distracted mind, to which pleasure and even hope itself have been long strangers,—the cheerless desert of the past, revealing only remorse and grief,—the voice of conscience threatening like the thunder, and her awful anticipations casting a lurid light over the gloomy spirit,—till at last the long-sealed up sources of tears open a way for their floods, and bury the anguish of the distracted soul beneath their waves.

In this desolate country, there existed in former times a village called Roerwig, about a mile distant from the shore. The moving sands have now buried the village; and the descendants of its inhabitants—mostly shepherds and fishermen—have removed their cottages close to the shore. A single solitary building, situated upon a hill, yet rears its head above the cheerless shifting desert. This building and the village church, was the scene of the following mysterious transaction.

In an early year of the last century, the venerable curé of Roerwig, was one night seated in his study, absorbed in pious meditations. His house lay at the extremity of the village, and the simple manners of the inhabitants were so little tinged with distrust, that bolts and locks were unknown amongst them, and every door remained open and unguarded.

The lamp burned gloomily,—and the sullen silence of the midnight hour was only interrupted by the rushing noise of the sea, on whose waves the pale moon shone reflected, when the curé heard the door below opened, and the next moment the sound of men's steps upon the stair. He was anticipating a call to administer the last offices of religion to some one of his parishioners on the point of death, when two foreigners, wrapped up in white cloaks, entered the room. One of them approaching, addressed him with politeness: "Sir, you will have the goodness to follow us instantly. You must perform a marriage ceremony; the bride and bridegroom are already waiting your arrival at the church. And this sum,"—here the stranger held out a purse full of gold—"will sufficiently recompense you for the trouble and alarm our sudden demand has given you."

The curé stared in mute terror upon the strangers, who seemed to carry something fearful—almost ghastly in their looks, and the demand was repeated in an earnest and authoritative tone. When the old man had recovered from his first surprise, he began mildly to represent that his duty did not allow him to celebrate so solemn a rite without some knowledge of the parties, and the intervention of those formalities required by law. The other stranger hereupon stepped forward in a menacing attitude: "Sir," said he, "you have your choice; follow us and take the sum we now offer you,—or remain, and this bullet goes through your head." Whilst speaking, he levelled his pistol at the forehead of the venerable man, and coolly waited his answer; whereupon the curé rose, dressed himself, and informed his visitors—who had hitherto spoken Danish, but with a foreign accent—that he was ready to accompany them.

The mysterious strangers now proceeded silently through the village, followed by the clergyman. It was a dark autumn night, the moon having already set; but when they emerged from the village, the old man perceived with terror and astonishment that the distant church was all illuminated. Meanwhile his two companions, wrapped up in their white cloaks, strode hastily on before him through the barren sandy plain. On reaching the church, they bound up his eyes; he then heard a side-door open with a well-known creaking noise, and felt himself violently pushed into a crowd of people whose murmuring he heard all around him, while close beside him some persons carried on a conversation in a language quite unknown to him, but which he thought was Russian. As he stood helpless and blindfolded, he felt himself seized upon by a man's hand, and drawn violently through the crowd. At last the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself standing with one of the two strangers before the altar. A row of large tapers, in magnificent silver candlesticks, adorned the altar, and the church itself was splendidly lighted up by a profusion of candles. The deepest silence now reigned throughout the whole building, though the side passages and all the seats were crowded to excess; but the middle passage was quite clear, and he perceived in it a newly dug grave, with the stone which had covered it leaning against a bench. Around him were only male figures, but on one of the distant

benches he thought he perceived a female form. The terrible silence lasted for some minutes, during which not a motion could be detected in the vast assembly. Thus when the mind is bent on deeds of darkness, a silent gloomy brooding of soul often precedes the commission of the horrid action.

At last a man, whose magnificent dress distinguished him from all the rest, and bespoke his elevated rank, rose and walked hastily up to the altar; as he passed along, his steps resounded through the building, and every eye was turned upon him,—he appeared to be of middle stature, with broad shoulders and strong limbs,—his gait was commanding, his complexion of a yellowish brown, and his hair raven black,—his features were severe, and his lips compressed as if in wrath,—a bold aquiline nose heightened the haughty appearance of his countenance, and dark shaggy brows lowered over his fiery eyes. He wore a green coat, with broad gold braids, and a brilliant star. The bride, who also approached and kneeled beside him at the altar, was magnificently dressed. A sky blue robe, richly trimmed with silver, enveloped her slender limbs, and floated in large folds over her graceful form,—a diadem sparkling with diamonds adorned her fair hair,—the utmost loveliness and beauty might be traced in her features, although despair now expressed itself in them,—her cheeks were pale as those of a corpse,—her features unanimated,—her lips were blanched,—her eyes dimmed,—and her arms hung motionless at her side as she kneeled before the altar; terror seemed to have wrapped her consciousness as well as her vital powers in deep lethargy.

The curé now discovered near him an old ugly hag, in a party-coloured dress, with a blood red turban upon her head, who stood gazing with an expression of malignant fury on the kneeling bride; and behind the bridegroom, he noticed a man of gigantic size and a gloomy appearance, whose eyes were fixed immovably on the ground.

Horror-struck by the scene before him, the priest stood mute for some time, till a thrilling look from the bridegroom reminded him of the ceremony he had come thither to perform. But the uncertainty whether the couple he was now about to marry understood his language, afforded him a fresh source of uneasiness. He ventured, however to ask the bridegroom for his name and that of his bride: "Neander and Feodora," was the answer returned in a rough voice.

The priest now began to read the ritual in faltering accents, frequently stopping to repeat the words, without however either the bride or bridegroom appearing to observe his confusion, which confirmed him in the conjecture that his language was almost unknown to either of them. On putting the question, "Neander wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" he doubted whether he should receive any answer; but to his astonishment, the bridegroom answered in the affirmative with a loud and almost screaming voice, which rung throughout the whole church, while deep sighs were heard from every quarter of the building, and a silent quivering like the reflection of distant lightning, threw a transitory motion over the death-pale features of the bride. When the priest turned to her with the interrogatory: "Feodora wilt thou have this man for thy wedded husband?" the lifeless form before him seemed to awake,—a deep convulsive throb of terror trembled on her cheeks,—her pale lips quivered,—a passing gleam of fire shone in her eyes,—her breast heaved,—a violent gush of tears flooded the brilliance of her eyes, and the "yes" was pronounced like the scream of anguish uttered by a dying person, and seemed to find a deep echo in the sounds of grief which burst from the surrounding multitude. The bride then sank into the arms of the horrid old hag, and after some minutes had passed in awful silence, the pale corpse-like female kneeled again, as if in a deep trance, and the ceremony was finished. The bridegroom now rose and led away the trembling bride, followed by the tall man and the old woman; the two strangers then appeared again, and having bound the priest's eyes, drew him with violence through the crowd, and pushed him out at the door, which they bolted from within.

For some minutes the old man stood endeavouring to recollect himself, and uncertain whether the horrid scene, with all its ghastly attendant circumstances, might not have been a dream; but when he had torn the bandage from his eyes, and saw the illuminated church before him, and heard the murmuring of the crowd, he was forced to believe its reality. To learn the issue, he hid himself in a corner of the building, and while listening there he heard the murmuring within grow louder and louder,—then it seemed as if a fierce altercation arose, in which, he thought he could

recognise the rough voice of the bridegroom commanding silence,—a long pause followed,—a shot fell,—the shriek of a female voice was heard, which was succeeded by another pause,—then followed a sound of pick-axes which lasted about a quarter of an hour, after which the candles were extinguished, the door was flung open, and a multitude of persons rushed out of the church, and ran towards the sea.

The old priest now arose from his hiding-place, and hastened back to the village, where he awoke his neighbours and friends, and related to them his incredible and marvellous adventure; but every thing which had hitherto fallen out amongst these simple people, had been so calm and tranquil,—so much measured by the laws of daily routine, that they were seized with a very different alarm: they believed that some unfortunate accident had deranged the intellects of their beloved pastor, and it was not without difficulty that he prevailed on some of them to accompany him to the church, provided with picks and spades.

Meanwhile the morning had dawned, the sun arose, and the priest and his companions ascended the hill towards the church, they saw a man-of-war standing off from the shore under full sail towards the north. So surprising a sight in this remote district, made his companions already hesitate to reject his story as improbable, and still more were they inclined to listen to him when they saw that the side-door of the church had been violently burst open. They entered full of expectation, and the priest showed them the grave which he had seen opened in the night time, it was evident that the stone had been lifted up and replaced again. They, therefore, put their implements in motion, and soon came to a new, and richly adorned coffin, in which lay the murdered bride,—a bullet had pierced her breast right to the heart,—the magnificent diadem which she had worn at the altar no longer adorned her brows, but the distracted expression of deep grief had vanished from her countenance, and a heavenly calm seemed spread over her features. The old man threw himself down on his knees near the coffin, and wept and prayed aloud for the soul of the dead, while mute astonishment and horror seized his companions.

The clergyman found himself obliged to make this event instantly known, with all its circumstances, to his superior, the bishop of Zealand; meanwhile, until he got further instructions from Copenhagen, he bound all his friends to secrecy by an oath. Shortly afterwards a person of high rank, suddenly arrived from the capital; he inquired into all the circumstances, visited the grave, commended the silence which had been hitherto observed, and stated that the whole event must remain for ever a secret, threatening at the same time with a severe punishment, any person who should dare to speak of it.

After the death of the priest, a writing was found in the parochial register, narrating this event. Some believed that it might have some secret connection with the violent political changes which occurred in Russia, after the death of Catherine and Peter the first; but to resolve the deep riddle of this mysterious affair will ever be a difficult, if not impossible task.

COMMUNICATIONS.

CONFESSIONS OF AN IMAGINATIVE MAN.

MR. MORRIS—I am one of a numerous class in the human family, who, possessing imaginations more fertile than their fellow-men, luxuriate in every species of fiction which invention, in its most extended range, is capable of producing. With some individuals of this genus, the phenomena which characterizes the body, is exhibited in the form of fictitious narratives, tales, or adventures, in which they embody the ideal creations of their fancy. This is a harmless use of the malady, and frequently an amusing and instructive one, as the pages of your miscellany, can frequently testify—others, taking a bolder flight revel in the delightful regions of poetry, and

"Give to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

While some there are, who, wanting the activity and energy of those I have quoted, pass their lives in one continued delirium of imagination,

"Till, to the visionary, seem
Her day-dreams truth, and truth a dream."

I possess most of the properties of these respective classes, with the exception, that I have never before ventured to give to the world the prints of my invention, but have contented myself with being a mere verbal author, if the term may be permitted me. My peculiarity is, to invest

the incidents and details of "every day life," with the embellishments and exaggerations of my ever teeming imaginative powers. Thus, sir, my conversation is divested of every "stern reality," and the "sober language of truth" has become to me as "a thing of nought."

The exercise of my imaginative powers commenced with my earliest recollections. At school, I would collect listening circles of my young companions, and engage their attention with extraordinary narrations regarding my family, the importance of our connections, and the wealth and honours which had been heaped upon my ancestors through successive generations, all of which were embellishments of the simple narrative, I delighted in procuring from an ancient domestic of the family, who had been my nurse. These "chronicles" of our house, aided by story books, that I read with an avidity surprising for my years, formed ample resources for my young imagination to draw upon, and embellish or enlarge as circumstances required. It is true, that even these precocious attempts at delusion, were frequently detected, and consequently exposed me to severe correction. I also will not disguise the fact, that I left school, with the character attached to me, of being a "notorious liar." You will naturally inquire, where was the restraint of parental authority? Alas, sir, no such restraint was ever imposed upon me. I lost my mother when an infant, and my father only saw in the displays of my fertile invention, proofs of an early genius, and by his praises of my ingenuity, rather confirmed my predilections, than curbed them by the exercise of his paternal authority. Thus left to riot in the full enjoyment of my favourite passion, I arrived at the age of manhood. At this period, I was taken into the mercantile house of which my father was the head, as a junior partner, and in the prosecution of our business, had occasion to visit Europe. I had now a wider scope for the display of my imagination than had before occurred to me. The letters I regularly forwarded to my friends during my absence, were proofs of my inventive faculties of no ordinary description, and could they be obtained, would, I doubt not, form an invaluable collection,—which, in the hands of an intelligent editor, might furnish an almost inexhaustible fund for the amusement of his readers—could the public but be impressed with the truth of their details. For the "hair breadth escapes"—the dangers by "flood and field," and the new discoveries they contain—form together a surprising series of adventures, only to be paralleled by the renowned Baron Munchausen or the veracious Lemuel Gulliver.

It must not be supposed that I confined the display of my inventive powers to epistolary correspondence, or that while I was enlightening my friends on this side the Atlantic, with the fruits of my observation and research, I was unmindful of my newly formed European acquaintance. No, sir, the connections I was now thrown amongst, equally shared the benefit of my fertile imagination with my countrymen. I indulged in my cherished passion to an uncontrollable extent, and many an exclamation of mingled wonder and chagrin, have I called forth from some prejudiced Englishman, or elicited the expressive national shrug of some courteous Frenchman, while detailing the magnificence of our public establishments,—the vast resources of our country—the rapid progress we had made in manufactures—and the perfection we had arrived at, both in science and in art. Here, sir, I have perhaps only followed the practice of more distinguished travellers, my countrymen, who, exercising their imaginations, describe our country as it may be some fifty years hence, instead of simply stating the gradual and progressive improvement we are actually making. In the indulgence of these inflated descriptions, I occasionally found myself confronted with some individual who had visited our continent, and who felt inclined to dispute my veracity; but the minuteness of my details, and the fact of my being a native of the country I was describing, in most cases left me undisputed master of the field. In my details of personal adventure, I was not so fortunate. The extraordinary narrations I indulged in, were sometimes too strong for the "plain matter-of-fact" men I was principally brought into connection with, and before I returned home, I found that I was listened to with evident marks of suspicion and contempt.

On my return to America, my travels formed abundant materials for conversation, and during the course of a long life have afforded a never-failing resource for the exercise of my talent for fiction and embellishment. There is one series of adventures connected with them that I have so constantly repeated, until it has become a matter of doubt to myself, whether, I have not actually passed through the scenes I describe, so familiar have they become by repetition. I am in a similar position with many of my stock anecdotes, and it is

only when my friends correct my statements, by referring to my former narration of the same story, that I can realize the fact of the whole being the produce of my glowing and creative brain.

Another faculty I possess is, that I invariably become the hero of my own tale. No adventure, however improbable, can be narrated, but I can find a parallel in my own experience, or, when the case will not admit of my own personification of the hero, I have always some particular friend who has been similarly situated. I have at all times foreign advices on matters of general interest different from the public despatches on the same subject. I have friends in congress and in the legislature, who furnish me with information on proposed acts previous to their being submitted to those bodies. In cases of every day occurrence I am always provided with statements different from the received accounts on such heads; and even the domestic affairs of my neighbours and friends are represented by me in a totally different light to what actually exists. I need not add that I draw on my own prolific brain for these varied sources of intelligence. The simplest paragraph in a newspaper, after passing through the alembic of my imagination, would not be recognised by its writer, nor the plainest fact be identified by the individual to whom it occurred, after I had embellished it, with my fertile powers of invention and exaggeration. You will readily suppose, sir, that I am sometimes placed in rather an unpleasant position when these fictions of mine are repeated; but my character is now so proverbial, that, when the stories are traced to me as the author, no notice whatever is taken of the circumstance. My foible is now generally known; and as it is allowed that I never maliciously distort facts to answer any bad end, I am permitted the use of my harmless propensity, paying only the penalty of being designated by the mild term of "a romancer." There is one subject of annoyance to me that I cannot pass over, which is, the indifference now manifested by my acquaintance to the relation of my best narratives: age may have deadened my powers, or the world in these times of change and improvement may not be so credulous as I found it in my youth, but the fact is certain, that I now scarcely ever obtain a believing hearer to my narrations, unless a complete stranger to my character falls in my way. Even you, sir, may perhaps doubt the truth of all I have written; print it, however; it will gratify my friends, and prove to them, that at least, in one instance, I have spoken the fact in calling myself

AN IMAGINATIVE MAN.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

Snow and sleigh-rides have passed away—rough winds and rainy weather linger yet—but, ever and anon, the soft southern breeze passes over the city, gently whispering that spring is coming. Spring is coming! what a cheerful sound it hath? The face of man and woman brighteneth at its approach, and birds and business become more brisk and lively as it steals along. It sendeth joy into the heart of the mantua-maker, for the fashions come with it; and the tailor standeth behind his counter, nervously snapping his shears in expectation of a customer. Good man, he longeth to be a cutting out! Even now, unthought of bonnets, and unimaginable coats, with the London and Parisian gloss yet fresh upon them, are tossing about amid the dreary solitudes of the Atlantic. Blow, gentle gales, and waft them safely hither! Let not the naiads and mermaids flit about in their coral coves, arrayed in frills and flounces intended for Broadway belles; or mermen, who dwell in ocean's remotest depths, try on those pattern trowsers which Whitmarsh & Co. would have multiplied a thousand fold, to adorn the exquisite young republicans of the city. Blow, gentle Eurus, or in common phraseology, blow, eastern wind! preserve from fish what was meant for flesh, and send the London and Havre packets safe into the harbour! But what, inquires some person of slow perception, unskilled in the connexion of cause and effect, what has spring to do with the Park theatre? Much, very much. Ice and poetry combine not well together. The sharp north-west winds congeal the tears of Melpomene, and chill gay Thalia's smiles. But when the sun begins to warm the world and open the canals, then the hey-day of theatrical prosperity commences. When the North river is opened, then are the boxes filled—when the roads are in a good condition, then is Shakespeare admired. When nature casteth her "mantle green" over the earth, then Mr. Simpson pocketeth the change, and Mr. Barry brings forth the "various novelties that have been for several weeks in pre-

paration"—strangers flock into the city from every quarter, trade flourishes, and money flies. To all the world beside spring is only the season of hope—of promise; but to the managers of the Park it is that of fulfilment, of fruition; their autumn time, when they gather in the golden harvest that repays them for the losses and privations of the past winter, and enables them to endure the heat and desertion of the coming summer.

During the short vacation, the virtue of the city has evidently retrograded, police cases have multiplied, and an old woman had her pocket picked in Leonard-street on Saturday last. If this does not conclusively prove that the theatre is a school for morals, we do not know what does. A masquerade has been given, but it was a very poor affair. It wanted tone and respectability, being neither countenanced by Walter Bowne nor Mr. Hays; and divers little boys, and candidates for the penitentiary, amused themselves by breaking the windows and pelting the maskers as they entered, without having the fear of the law before their eyes. There were a great many present, dressed as different characters, but very few attempted to sustain their assumed parts, and those who did, had much better have let it alone; they ought all to have been labelled, which would have enabled the company to read what they were intended to represent; otherwise, it was impossible to tell. The dresses were chiefly furnished from the wardrobe of the theatre, and in two or three instances, we recognised the habiliments of our excellent friend Richings moving around; but where was the goodly, well-proportioned frame and lordly carriage by which he adorns his garments in place of their adorning him, or rather by means of which they mutually reflect credit on each other? there were also the blue trowsers and hose of the facetious Woodhull; but where were the spirit-stirring murders and tremendous denunciations that invariably accompany their appearance on the stage? there was the dress and umbrella of Mr. Paul Pry, but nothing else, not even a tittle of the noisy humour and amusing volubility with which Hilson invests that most pleasant of intruders. In short, the whole affair was "stale and flat," though from the number there, we should think not "unprofitable." After wandering about two or three hours, we consulted our watch, and found, like Mr. Claudius Bradshaw, that it was "twelve o'clock and no pleasure yet!" and so took our departure in peace, wondering how it came to be necessary to pass laws to prevent such a piece of foolishness. The truth is, this species of amusement is but ill calculated for English and Americans. It is against the nature of the people; they are too proud, stiff, and unbending, and lack lightness and vivacity to enter with spirit into the gay follies of a masquerade. As Sterne says, "they order these things better in France."

The theatre opened on Monday for the benefit of Mrs. Austin, and we were really happy to see that it was, to use the regular formula, "so full and fashionably attended." The performance consisted of a number of incongruities jumbled together. First, there was the very broad farce of 33 John-street, then came an act of the Tempest, with the gentle Ariel and the floating melodies of the enchanted isle—then a soldier's hornpipe, and the overture to Der Freischutz—then an act of Hamlet exhibiting the crazed Ophelia, in which Mrs. Austin sung delightfully, and acted—as well as she could, followed by another soldier's hornpipe and the overture to Tancredi—then Mr. Richings, who does the patriotic business of the house, gave "Columbia forever"—then a sailor's hornpipe—then the landing scene from Tancredi, in which Mrs. A. surprised even her warmest admirers—then another broad farce, and that was all. These olla podridas show a very vile taste indeed; but the public countenance them, and so there is no more to be said about the matter, excepting that the public are fools for their pains.

By the advertisements it appears that numerous new pieces are to be speedily forthcoming; it is to be hoped they will prove worth the seeing. Would not an engagement with Booth and Forrest be as attractive here as in Boston? There are many glorious plays in which they might appear together, not only for the amusement, but the instruction of the public. It is understood that the stage-manager will shortly proceed to Europe, in order to make arrangements with several stars; and in a short time we may expect some radiant luminaries. Mr. Barry will be sadly missed. Both as actor and manager, he is a general favourite with the public. In grave comedy, such parts for instances, as Lord Townly, Sir George Touchwood, or Joseph Surface, it will be impossible to supply his place, for in them and similar characters, he certainly has no equal on this side of the water.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.

No. VI.

LOVE OF CHANGE—HOUSE-HUNTING.

Man never is, but always to be blest.—Pope.

THERE must be a great quantity of Dutch blood in this city, for the euphonious names of Vanbenschoten, Vanvredenburgh, Vanvoorhis, Vanouterstorp, Vanschaick, Vanbokkelin, Vanmeerbekie, Vogelsang, Vonck, Volk, Vogt, &c. are to be met with in every street, and at every corner; but in what street or at what corner are to be found the still and tranquil virtues, the sedate and circumspect demeanour, the profound love of ease and phlegmatic temperament of the ancient denizens of Manahatta? In the good old times that have for ever passed away from this island, a man might be born, reared, married, and buried within a circuit of three miles; and a true Dutchman would as soon have thought of going to bed without his night-cap, as of chopping and changing about from one house to another. Wherever he first inhaled the breath of life, there he exhaled it. It was quite clear to his mind that Providence had cast his lot in a certain street, and a certain house, and for him to think of emigrating to another, would not only be presumptuously setting up his judgment against high authority, but a great waste of bodily exertion. Indeed, when he looked around, and saw all the furniture firmly fixed—the ponderous dresser—the solemn clock—the substantial table—just as his great-grandfather had placed them when the first ship first drifted from Holland to this coast, the idea of pulling them from their places, carrying them out into the open air, and setting them up in another domicile, seemed not only a sacrilegious disturbance of the household gods, but an enterprise requiring so much toil and trouble, as to make it scarcely worth the while attempting, considering the short time that is allotted for man to sojourn in this world. So lived the forefathers of a goodly portion of the present quicksilver generation. They worked when there was no help for it, and sat still whenever they could; they counted over their bright silver dollars (the only kind of change a Dutchman loves) and put them carefully away in their old stockings—they took their glass of genuine Schedam, they smoked their pipes in peace—

"They eat and drank and slept. What then?
They eat and drank and slept again."

And even so passed away the mortal existence of the forefathers of the identical Master Cicero Vanderscholten, that goes to masquerades, and executes pigeon-wings and pirouettes with such grace and agility; and so lived the progenitors of Miss Cecilia Amelia Anna Maria Vanwaggenen, that makes a noise on the piano, and keeps an album! *O tempora, O mores!*

Of all the civilized nations on the face of the earth, the Americans seem to attach the least value to "a local habitation;" and of all the parts of America, New-York is the most restless. Its citizens seem to be born with a feverish love of change and excitement, which pervades, more or less, every action of their lives, and to this they sacrifice friends, interest, and convenience. They put no faith in the proverb—"let well enough alone"—but are always ready to give up "well enough" in the desperate hope of getting something better. They must be in motion, and that motion is about as different from that of their Dutch ancestors as the motion of a duck pond on a calm day is to the rapids of Niagara. In business they are fickle to a degree that appears, and really is, heartless and unfeeling. They will give up a tradesman that has served them well and faithfully, and in whom they can place confidence, to run after some fresh adventurer, of whom they know nothing. But this is the way all over the country; and a tradesman has in reality just about as little consideration for his customers as his customers have for him. A man commences business in a small city; in the course of time forms acquaintances and connexions, and finds himself getting along, as he says, "as comfortably as he can wish," when suddenly he hears of some new town that has sprung up in the wilderness, where they "are doing considerable of a business;" and, without more to do, he sells off his stock, takes leave, without regret, of kind friends and familiar faces, and sets off to the land of promise to run a similar career. This is a national trait, and does not attach, with any peculiar force, to this city; but, for the love of change in their places of residence, the New-Yorkers are particularly famous. They never regard a house as a kind of inanimate friend—one who has protected them from cold, and rain, and tempest, and by whose hearth they have spent many

happy hours, and enjoyed many comforts; but merely as a temporary covering, under whose roof it would be a sin, shame, and a folly to live two years in succession. Accordingly, on the first of May, when people all over the world are enjoying that charming season among fields and flowers, the sagacious citizens of New-York think they have lived quite long enough in one place, and prepare to pitch their tents elsewhere. Those that live up town come down, and those that live down town go up; and amidst disjointed furniture, broken crockery, dust, dirt, and vermin, they hail the genial approach of smiling May. After spending their money, losing their regular dinners, and suffocating themselves for three or four days, they squat down in their new domicile for another twelvemonth.

But it is not only the miseries attending the committal of the act itself, but also the preliminary ones which bespeak its approach, that are to be taken into account. There is a great and crying evil at present existent in this city, entitled, "house hunting," which disturbs the peace of families, and is productive of much scandal and other ill consequences. It appears that on the first day of February the householders notify their several landlords that they have only one more quarter's rent to expect from them, and immediately after such notification, nearly all the tenements of the city are labelled "this house to let," inquire so and so. A stranger would naturally suppose that the plague, the yellow fever, or some tremendous evil was momentarily expected, and that the inhabitants were about to seek safety, en masse, in flight. No such thing; but from that time the proud boast, that "a man's house is his castle," no longer belongs to the citizens of New-York. A Spaniard's doors are not more open to the holy fathers of the inquisition, or a place-hunter's to a man in office, than are his to all the impertinent people who please to demand admittance. They march through his rooms, peep under his bed and into his closets, and not unfrequently surprise him and his family in very equivocal situations; after which, they express a hope that they have not disturbed them, to which they receive a lying answer in the affirmative—beg leave to trouble them "for a glass of cold water"—say they don't think the house will answer—and go about their business; and the only satisfaction the poor people have, is to go unto their neighbour and do likewise. But this is not all. There is a nest of old maids in the city, who, having given up all hopes of ever being obliged to look after a house on their own account, kindly volunteer to do so for their friends, in order to indulge their *penchant* for inspecting their neighbour's affairs, and discuss the interesting tittle-tattle arising therefrom. Under various pretexts they pop their noses into every hole and corner of pantries, parlours, kitchens, and cupboards, and spy into the barrenness of the house; and all this is noted down in a sort of diary, to be used afterwards at visits and card-parties, as occasion may require. I am slightly in the good graces of the niece of one of these ancient women, who favoured me with a peep at her aunt's land log-book, from which I made the following extracts. For obvious reasons, the names of the people and numbers of the houses are omitted.

February 5.—No.—Greenwich-street. Called at the house of Mrs. D.—. Rooms small—no garrets—wonder where the goodness all the children sleep. Carpets very shabby—remains of a turkey carefully put by in the pantry, and black woman making her dinner off cold mutton. Eldest Miss D. has a new silk pelisse—wonder where the money came from. *MEM.* The D.'s may be honest enough, but can't imagine how some people make a living!

Same day.—No.—Broadway—looked in upon my dear friend Mrs. W.—the house to let, going to take a larger one. Cut a great dash—hope it may last. Mr. W. is, to be sure, cashier of the — bank, but his salary cannot be much. *Some how or other*, people in banks never want money. *MEM.* If Mr. W. should be back in his accounts and commit suicide, which is not unlikely, what would become of poor dear Mrs. W.?

February 17.—No.—Hudson-square. Fine looking house—great deal larger than what I wanted, but went in to see it. Mrs. M. not at home; was shown through the house by Miss M. a poor white-faced creature, with her hair out of curl, who looked as if she had just got up. Recollected meeting a prettyish sort of a girl of that name at Mrs. K.'s party last night. Found out it was the same—should never have known her! Not quite so much colour as she had when dancing last night—suppose she can get more when she wants it. *MEM.* Good gracious! how the poor men are deceived!

Same day.—Went through the sausage-manufacturer's premises in the Bowery.—*MEM.* Eat no more sausages, &c. &c. It would be tedious to give more of these precious records; suffice it to say, that there was scarcely a house from the East river to the North, or from the Battery to the regions round

about Fourth-street, that had not been inspected by one or more of these scandalous old women, who meet at night and compare notes; and not a single kind remark or charitable supposition was ventured upon by any one of them. They went altogether on Sir Peter Teazle's principle, "that it was a bad world, and the fewer that speak well of it the better."

But this is by no means the only evil to which the citizens subject themselves by this love of change. They are innumerable; and, perhaps, one of the heaviest is the injury done to the periodical literature of the country. A man will subscribe for a paper or magazine, with which he professes himself agreeably entertained and well-satisfied; but if any new adventurer springs up, and promises impossibilities in a flaming prospectus, he straightway relinquishes that which he knows to be good, for the chance of getting something better; and this, in its turn, is thrown aside for fresh experiments. In no country are there so many and such abortive attempts to get up fresh publications, and this, in a great degree, accounts for it. Of the majority it cannot be said, that

"'Tis pity they're short-lived."

They do no good and much harm, for by diverting public patronage into so many channels all are inadequately rewarded, and hence the poor state of the public press generally, compared with other countries. In all sorts of business it is precisely the same. If a man finds that past endeavours are no security for future favours, he naturally relaxes in those endeavours, and will as soon sell a bad article as a good one, when there is an equal chance of his customer returning; thus, the evils which the buyers inflict upon the sellers in the first instance, eventually return upon themselves, and no one gains by those proceedings but those who, under a better state of things, would be neglected entirely.

But what avails talking? What can be expected from the inhabitants, when the "fathers of the city" set them such examples? The people move themselves, but the corporation move the houses. Their committee come and squint along a street, and then say unto a man, "Sir, you must shift your house sixteen feet back!" Shade of Wouter Von Twiller! shift a house! What would a genuine Dutchman think of such a proceeding; or, indeed, any European? A little Frenchman, fresh from Paris, and who thought every thing on earth was to be seen there, lately witnessed a performance of this kind. He was met by a friend soon after, in a high state of excitation. "Oh, mon dieu!" said he, "I have seen what in Paris I navare have seen—navare! I have seen one house taking one leetle walk! Mon dieu!" But the evil may not stop here. In time streets and squares may be found travelling about the city, and it is just possible that a man may be run over by a church. C.

THE TRAVELLER.

SKETCHES OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

MR. GALT.

THE subject of the present sketch is no less distinguished as being one of the first living novelists of the age, than he is for the many eminent qualities that form his private character. To a sound and vigorous understanding is united a kind and benevolent heart, an urbanity of manners, and integrity unimpeachable. It may be supposed, that with these qualities Mr. Galt is justly esteemed by a very large circle of private friends. The writer of this article had occasional opportunities of meeting him in society during his late temporary residence in Canada, and can with much sincerity add his single testimony to the generally received estimation Mr. Galt is held in by his friends and acquaintances.

The appointment of Mr. Galt as one of the commissioners of the "Canada Company" created no small degree of excitement in the provinces to which his labours were to be directed. It was during his visit to the seat of government of Lower Canada, in 1826, that I first saw the celebrated author of Andrew Wylie. A numerous circle, comprising the *élite* of the city, were assembled to meet him. He was evidently the "lion" of the evening; but no assumption evinced the popular author. He answered any question respecting his works with frankness, and evaded the numerous compliments that were paid him, with a modesty peculiarly the characteristic of true genius.

The personal appearance of Mr. Galt is extremely imposing. A tall athletic frame, with a countenance strongly indicative of the mental energies which mark his character, immediately strike the beholder as belonging to no ordinary individual. A general repose of manner prevents any appearance of singularity in his demeanour, and harmonizes admirably well with the unobtrusive character of the man. But in mo-

ments of conviviality and unrestrained social intercourse, he is at once the life and spirit of the company. He is particularly happy in the ebullitions of that broad Scotch humour perceptible in his graphic pictures of his countrymen. I have heard the conversational powers of Mr. Galt spoken of in the highest terms of approbation by those who had frequent opportunities of testing their merits, and all have ceded to him the possession of this talent in an eminent degree. Indeed, an old member of the "Noctes Ambrosiana" of Blackwood's facetious periodical, could not fail in bringing a portion of the spirit which imbues those celebrated orgies into the intercourse of social life. The sting of malicious sarcasm which equally characterizes the "merry meeting" of the witty contributors to "Ebony," Mr. Galt very wisely leaves behind; and it is somewhat difficult to realize the belief in witnessing the suavity and evident kind-heartedness of this distinguished man, that he is one of the oldest contributors to that sarcastic miscellany.

During Mr. Galt's stay in Quebec his active and inquiring mind was ever on the alert; nothing escaped his observation that tended to enlarge the fund of useful information necessary for the important trust he had assumed. The habits and manners of the Canadians were noted with that discriminate tact which characterizes his favourite works, and every circumstance worthy of imitation in their experimental knowledge of the climate was preserved with care, to be acted upon as occasion should require in the new settlements he had the charge of forming.

In pursuance of the express objects of his visit, the principal part of his time was passed during his stay at the capital. He, however, yielded to the request of some personal friends, connected with the garrison, to gratify the public by writing a short dramatic entertainment, which was performed by the officers of the regiments then in garrison, who, in the absence of a regular theatre, are accustomed to beguile the tedium of a Canadian winter, by giving occasional performances in aid of the charitable institutions established in the city. The piece was a *jeu d'esprit*, written on the spur of the moment, embracing most of the localities of the place, and was received, by a crowded audience, with reiterated peals of laughter; added interest was given to the performance by the personification of a highland chief, bent on a matrimonial speculation with a young American heiress, represented by Dr. Dunlop, another of the shrewd contributors to Blackwood's Magazine, who had accompanied Mr. Galt on his visit, and was reported to have furnished a portion of the whimsicalities which formed the principal merit of this hastily written production. From this essay in dramatic composition, and from a subsequent attempt Mr. Galt made in New-York, it may be inferred that he is not eminently successful in his writings for the stage, and proves the truth of the assertion of his celebrated contemporary, Sir Walter Scott, that "it requires very different qualifications for the making of a good dramatist than is generally possessed by the successful novelist."

The merits of Mr. Galt as a writer are so familiar to the reading public, that any attempt to point out his particular beauties, or laboured criticism on his defects, would be alike superfluous. There are few readers who have not enjoyed the quiet simplicity and subdued humour of the "Annals of the Parish," the "Ayrshire Legatees," and "The Provost," or have not dwelt with delight on the fascinating pages of his entertaining "Sir Andrew Wylie." His "Entail," and "The last of the Lairds," abound, perhaps, in broader strokes of humour than his earlier productions; but it is doubtful whether they have added to the reputation he had before so deservedly acquired. A new work from his prolific pen is now in the course of publication, to be entitled "Lowrie Todd, or the Back Settlers." From the title it may be inferred, that his visits to this continent will furnish matter for the forthcoming tale. He is about entering upon the same arena with the successful author of "The Pioneers." Whether he will come out of the conflict superior to his talented antagonist is, perhaps, a doubtful question. The competition, however, is an honourable one; and it may be supposed that the graphic pen of Galt, aided by his shrewd powers of observation, will not leave him very far behind in this "keen encounter" with the celebrated American novelist. Since Mr. Galt's return to England, a series of letters have appeared in the New Monthly Magazine, dated from New-York, which are attributed to his pen. They contain much interesting matter, and are written in a style of candid and friendly feeling which alike do justice to their supposed author, and to the people and country they describe.

H*.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

INVENTION OF THE CHEROKEE ALPHABET.

THE invention of the Cherokee alphabet has excited the astonishment of the philosopher in this country and in Europe; but as I have not as yet seen any satisfactory account of the progress and history of this greatest effort of genius of the present day, I will state what I know of it, from the lips of the inventor himself.

In the winter of 1828, a delegation of the Cherokees visited the city of Washington, in order to make a treaty with the United States, and among them was See-quah-yah, the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet. His English name was George Guess: he was a half-blood; but had never, from his own account, spoken a single word of English up to the time of his invention, nor since. Prompted by my own curiosity, and urged by several literary friends, I applied to See-quah-yah, through the medium of two interpreters, one a half-blood, Captain Rogers, and the other a full-blood chief, whose assumed English name was John Maw, to relate to me, as minutely as possible, the mental operations and all the facts in his discovery. He cheerfully complied with my request, and gave very deliberate and satisfactory answers to every question; and was at the same time careful to know from the interpreters if I distinctly understood his answers. No stoic could have been more grave in his demeanor than was See-quah-yah; he pondered, according to the Indian custom, for a considerable time after each question was put, before he made his reply, and often took a whiff of his calumet, while reflecting on an answer. The details of the examination are too long for the closing paragraph of this lecture; but the substance of it was this: That he, See-quah-yah, was now about sixty-five years old, but could not precisely say; that in early life he was gay and talkative; and, although he never attempted to speak in council but once, yet was often, from the strength of his memory, his easy colloquial powers, and ready command of his vernacular, story-teller of the convivial party. His reputation for talents of every kind gave him some distinction when he was quite young, so long ago as St. Clair's defeat. In this campaign, or some one that soon followed it, a letter was found on the person of a prisoner which was wrongly read by him to the Indians. In some of their deliberations on this subject, the question rose among them, whether this mysterious power of the *talking leaf*, was the gift of the Great Spirit to the white man, or a discovery of the white man himself? Most of his companions were of the former opinion, while he as strenuously maintained the latter. This frequently became a subject of contemplation with him afterwards, as well as many other things which he knew or heard, that the white man could do; but he never sat down seriously to reflect on the subject, until a swelling on his knee confined him to his cabin, and which at length made him a cripple for life, by shortening the diseased leg. Deprived of the excitements of war, and the pleasures of the chase, in the long nights of his confinement, his mind was again directed to the mystery of the power of *speaking by letters*. The very name of which, of course, was not to be found in his language. From the cries of wild beasts, from the talents of the mocking-bird, from the voices of his children and his companions, he knew that feelings and passions were conveyed by different sounds, from one intelligent being to another. The thought struck him to try to ascertain all the sounds in the Cherokee language. His own ear was not remarkably discriminating, and he called to his aid the more acute ears of his wife and children. He found great assistance from them. When he thought that he had distinguished all the different sounds in their language, he attempted to use pictorial signs, images of birds and beasts, to convey these sounds to others, or to mark them in his own mind. He soon dropped this method, as difficult or impossible, and tried arbitrary signs, without any regard to appearances, except such as might assist him in recollecting them, and distinguishing them from each other. At first, these signs were very numerous; and when he got so far as to think his invention was nearly accomplished, he had about two hundred characters in his alphabet. By the aid of his daughter, who seemed to enter into the genius of his labours, he reduced them, at last, to eighty-six, the number he now uses. He then set to work to make these characters more comely to the eye, and succeeded. As yet he had not the knowledge of the pen as an instrument, but made his characters on a piece of bark, with a knife or nail. At this time he sent to the Indian agent, or some trader in the nation, for paper and pen. His ink was easily made from some of the bark of the forest trees, whose colouring properties he had previously known; and after seeing

the construction of the pen he soon learned to make one; but at first he made it without a slit; this inconvenience was, however, quickly removed by his sagacity. His next difficulty was to make his invention known to his countrymen, for by this time he had become so abstracted from his tribe and their usual pursuits, that he was viewed with an eye of suspicion. His former companions passed his wigwam without entering it, and mentioned his name as one who was practising improper spells, for notoriety or mischievous purposes; and he seems to think that he should have been hardly dealt with, if his docile and unambitious disposition had not been so generally acknowledged by his tribe. At length he summoned some of the most distinguished of his nation, in order to make his communication to them—and after giving them the best explanation of his discovery that he could, stripping it of all supernatural influence, he proceeded to demonstrate to them, in good earnest, that he had made a discovery. His daughter, who was now his only pupil, was ordered to go out of hearing, while he requested his friends to name a word or sentiment which he put down, and then she was called in and read it to them; then the father retired, and the daughter wrote; the Indians were wonder struck, but not entirely satisfied. See-quah-yah then proposed, that the tribe should select several youths from among their brightest young men, that he might communicate the mystery to them. This was at length agreed to, although there was some lurking suspicion of necromancy in the whole business. John Maw, (his Indian name I have forgotten,) a full blood, with several others, were selected for this purpose. The tribe watched the youths for several months with anxiety; and when they offered themselves for examination, the feelings of all were wrought up to the highest pitch. The youths were separated from their master, and from each other, and watched with great care. The uninitiated directed what the master and pupil should write to each other, and these tests were varied in such a manner as not only to destroy their infidelity, but most firmly to fix their faith. The Indians, on this, ordered a great feast, and made See-quah-yah conspicuous at it. How nearly is man alike in every age! Pythagoras did the same on the discovery of an important principle in geometry. See-quah-yah became at once school-master, professor, philosopher, and a chief. His countrymen were proud of his talents, and held him in reverence as one favoured by the Great Spirit. The inventions of early times were shrouded in mystery. See-quah-yah disdained all quackery. He did not stop here, but carried his discoveries to numbers. He of course knew nothing of the Arabic digits, nor of the power of Roman letters in the science. The Cherokees had mental numerals to one hundred, and had words for all numbers up to that; but they had no signs or characters to assist them in enumerating, adding, subtracting, multiplying, or dividing. He reflected upon this until he had created their elementary principle in his mind; but he was at first obliged to make words to express his meaning, and then signs to explain it. By this process he soon had a clear conception of numbers up to a million. His great difficulty was at the threshold, to fix the powers of his signs according to their places. When this was overcome, his next step was in adding up his different numbers in order to put down the fraction of the decimal, and give the whole number to his next place. But when I knew him he had overcome all these difficulties and was quite a ready arithmetician in the fundamental rules. This was the result of my interview, and I can safely say, that I have seldom met a man of more shrewdness than See-quah-yah. He adhered to all the customs of his country, and when his associate chiefs on the mission assumed our costume, he was dressed in all respects like an Indian. See-quah-yah is a man of diversified talents, he passes from metaphysical and philosophical investigation to mechanical occupations, with the greatest ease. The only practical mechanics he was acquainted with, were a few bungling blacksmiths, who could make a rough tomahawk or tinker the lock of a rifle; yet he became a white and silver smith, without any instruction, and made spurs and silver spoons with neatness and skill, to the great admiration of people of the Cherokee nation. See-quah-yah has also a great taste for painting. He mixes his colours with skill. Taking all the art and science of his tribe upon the subject, he added to it many chemical experiments of his own, and some of them were very successful, and would be worth being known to our painters. For his drawings he had no model but what nature furnished, and he often copied them with astonishing faithfulness. His resemblances of the human form, it is true, are coarse, but often spirited and correct; and he gave

action, and sometimes grace, to his representations of animals. He had never seen a camel hair pencil, when he made use of the hair of wild animals for his brushes. Some of his productions discover a considerable practical knowledge of perspective; but he could not have formed rules for this. The painters in the early ages were many years coming to a knowledge of this part of their art, and even now they are more successful in the art than perfect in the rules of it. The manners of the American Cadmus are the most easy and his habits those of the most assiduous scholar, and his disposition is more lively than that of any Indian I ever saw. He understood and felt the advantages the white man had long enjoyed, of having the accumulations of every branch of knowledge, from generation to generation, by means of a written language, while the red man could only commit his thoughts to uncertain tradition. He reasoned correctly when he urged this to his friends as the cause why the red man had made so few advances in knowledge in comparison with us; and to remedy this was one of his great aims, and one which he has accomplished beyond that of any other man living, or perhaps any other who ever existed in a rude state of nature.

It perhaps may not be known that the government of the United States had a font of types cast for his alphabet; and that a newspaper, printed partly in the Cherokee language, and partly in the English, has been established at New Echota, and is characterised by decency and good sense; and thus many of the Cherokees are able to read both languages. After putting these remarks to paper, I had the pleasure of seeing the head chief of the Cherokees, who confirmed the statement of See-quah-yah, and added, that he was an Indian of the strictest veracity and sobriety. The western wilderness is not only to blossom like the rose, but there, man has started up, and proved that he has not degenerated since the primitive days of Cecrops, and the romantic ages of wonderful effort and god-like renown.

Knapp's Lectures.

AN UNFORTUNATE SOLDIER.

A short time since, a man named François H. Dennell, whose garb and demeanour denoted that he had led a military life, called on the *greffier* of the court of assizes at Rouen, to request he would deliver him a copy of the judgment that had sentenced him to ten years imprisonment. Such a demand, expressed in a tone of voice equally free from impudence and humility, excited a degree of surprise, which led the persons present in the room to inquire into the circumstances. The petitioner's answer was in substance as follows:—"I have been twenty years a soldier, and have fought in many battles under the orders of Custine, Dumouriez, Kellerman, Lafayette, Jourdan, Brune, and Napoleon. I was promoted to several grades on various occasions, on the very field of battle; and, on retiring from service, I was allowed a pension of three hundred and ten francs. In 1814 I ran to defend our threatened frontier, but victory had abandoned our colour, and I was compelled to return to my humble roof through an invaded country. My wife and daughter had accompanied me; and one day, having perceived a party of foreign troops, whose sight created within me sensations of intolerable pain, we took a by-road, which led us to a less frequented part of the country. As we met with no inn whither to obtain refreshments, my wife took a five-franc piece, and went to a distant farm to procure some bread. The farmer, mistaking her intentions, cut a very slight morsel of a loaf, and throwing it to her in a disdainful manner, ordered her rudely to depart. My wife attempted an explanation, which was answered only by repeated insults, and a threat to drive her away with a weapon, which the inhospitable host brandished over her head. I heard my wife's shrieks, and hastened to her relief. I reproached the villain for his behaviour, and struck him in the face. The blood issued from his nose. Alas! he was the mayor of the village! I was soon arrested, imprisoned, and condemned. The scar of infamy covered the glorious wounds I had received in the defence of my country. Eight years have I lived in chains. My services, the nature of my crime, the incontestable testimonies of my conduct while in the ranks, had won the interest of my jailers—they petitioned in my favour, and obtained the remission of two years' imprisonment. Since then I have been deprived of my small pension, and am grown old and unable to labour for myself and my wife. Some charitable persons at Abbeville, where I now reside, have advised me to procure a copy of my trial, that they may join it to some documents they intend addressing to the king in my behalf; and I am come on foot, with the help of my wife, to beg you will deliver me the necessary paper, for which I confess I

cannot offer you payment." The *greffier*, moved with the artless narrative, immediately verified the alleged facts, and not only granted the petitioner's claim, but, by begging of the veteran to accept some money, proffered an example, which was immediately followed by all present. A subscription has also been opened at Rouen, which, in all probability, will be productive.

London Times.

PRIZE POEM.

The committee to whom were referred the several poems and tales presented for the premiums offered in the Craftsman, report: that they have selected "Lexington," as the best poem presented, and therefore entitled to the highest premium. Of the poems selected, the first was chosen for its combined excellencies. It has more beauties than can meet the view of a casual reader. As a work of art, the drapery which floats around it is charmingly graceful, but there are beauties in every line and lineament which can be discerned only on inspection, and which will be more perfectly developed at every new perusal. The oftener the lover of genuine poetry reads this little emanation of genius, the more he will admire it, and the higher will be his gratification.

Craftsman.

LEXINGTON.

WRITTEN BY PROSPER M. WESTMORE, ESQ. OF THIS CITY.

"It was a scene of strange and thrilling interest—they stood there, to oppose an authority which they had been taught to fear, if not to venerate. Many were armed but with their weapons—others had caught up in haste the rude weapons of the chase; but there was determination in every look. Well did the auxiliaries meet their assault upon that little band of patriots. Long shall the deeds of that day be remembered. It was the opening scene of a glorious drama."

There was a fearful gathering seen
On that eventful day,
And men were there who never had been
The movers in a fray:
The peaceful and the silent come,
With darkling brows and flashing eyes;
And breasts that knew not glory's flame,
Burned for the patriot-sacrifice!
No pomp of march—no proud array—
No brazen trumpet's sound—
As solemnly they took their way
Unto that conflict round:
Sdly, as if some tie were broken—
But firm, with port erect, austere,
Dark glances passed, and words were spoken,
As men will look and speak in fear;
Yet coursed no coward blood
Where that lone platoon stood,
Ruck-like, but sternly wrought—
A strange unwonted feeling crept
Through every breast—all memories slept,
While passion there a wild kept,
For one common thought—
To live a fettered slave,
Or fill a freeman's grave!
Though many an arm was weaponless,
The clenched fingers grate full well
The stern resolve, the low tones,
That danger could not quell;
Yet some, with hasty hand
The rust-encumbered brand
Dark glances passed, and words were spoken,
As men will look and speak in fear;
Yet coursed no coward blood
Where that lone platoon stood,
Ruck-like, but sternly wrought—
A strange unwonted feeling crept
Through every breast—all memories slept,
While passion there a wild kept,
For one common thought—
To live a fettered slave,
Or fill a freeman's grave!

Proudly, as conspirators come
From a field their arms have won,
With bubble-blast and loud of drum,
The British host came on:
Their banners unfurled, and daily streamers—
Their polished arms in the sun-light gleam—
In;
Frenzied of peril, of colour bright,
With a joyous glee they were idly dancing
Of a bloodless triumph mirth:
The heavy tread of the war-horse prancing,
The blinding gleam of bayonets dancing—
Broke on the ear, and flashed on the eye,
As the columned foe in their strength advanced—
But their war-pieces to the echoing sky!
'Twas a gallant band that marshalled there,
With the dragoon's plume in air;
For England's colours then her pride,
The waving of the Union flag;
Names to heroic deeds allied,
The strong of heart and hard;
They came in their panopied mail,
In the pride of their valour's name;
For music to them were the sounds of the fight—
On the red carnage-field was their altar of
Lure:
They came as the ocean-wave comes in its
Wrath,
When the storm-spirit frowns on the deep;
They came as the mountain-wind comes on its
Path,
When the tempest hath roused it from sleep:
They were not to the rock meets the wave,
And leaves its fury to air;
They were not as the ice should be met by the
beave,
With hearts for the conflict, but not for de-
spair!

What power hath stayed that wild career?
Not mercy's voice—nor a thrill of fear—
Tis the dread roar of the doom-laden wave,
Ere it sweeps the bark to its yawning grave—
'Tis the fearful howl of the brooding storm,
Ere the lightning-bolt hath sped;
The shock hath come, and the life-blood warm,
Conceals on the breast of the dead!
The strife—the taunt—the death-cry loud—
Are rising through the sulphurous cloud,
As fully the contest wages;
While hard to land, the meek—the proud—
Are darkly wrayed in the battle-shroud;
'Tis the feast of death where the conflict rages
Wo! for the land thou trumpet o'er,
Death-dealing field of war!
Thy bath-bloods are dyed in gore,
Red havoc drives thy car;
Wo! for the dark and desolate,
Down crashed beneath thy feet—
Thy frowns hath been a withering fate,
To the mourning and the dead!
Wo! for the pleasant cottage-home,
The love-thriving at the door;
Vainly they think for the evil come—
Their cherished ones no more:
Wo! for the broken hearted,
The lone-cave by the hearth;
Wo! for the bliss departed—
The Pleiad gone from earth!

'Twas a day of chance and fate,
For the foe of the taunted land;
And the host that came at noon in state,
Were a broken throng ere the sun's decline;
And many a warrior's heart was cold,
And many a noble spirit crushed—
Where the crimson tide of battle rolled,
And the avenging lessons noted!
Wreaths for the living conqueror—
And glory's need for the vanquished!
No triumph song may their deeds restore,
But the brave names are cherished;
When the summons flew for the patriot-call,
They gave no thought to the glory or the fall,
But pressed to the field as a festival!
They bared them to the adversary,
Nor quailed an eye when the fury broke;
They fought like lions for the hard to die—
For "freedom" was their little cry—
And loud it rang through the conflict smould!
Up with a nation's banners! They fly
With an eagle flight,
To the far blue sky—
'Tis a glorious sight,
As they float abroad in the azure light,
And their fame shall never die!

When nations search their brightest page
For deeds that gladden man,
And shine, the meek-minutes of story—
Britain, with swelling pride shall hear
Of Custer's field, and old Pontones,
And battles of the American
Faint glances, gleam with a kindling eye
To the days of her belted chivalry,
And her gallant frontiers:
Old Scotia, too, with joy shall turn
When she hears the field of Bannockburn,
And Falkirk's field of glory:
Land of the free! Though young in fame,
Earth may not boast a nobler name:
Plato's splendor is in thee—
Lucetta, nor Marathon!
Yet look where lives in glory's line,
The day of Lexington!

RIDING ON HORSEBACK.

In some of the former numbers of this journal, we have taken notice of those species of exercise which are within the reach of almost every class of society—of the poor as well as the rich; we proceed now to the consideration of others, which, as they involve considerable expense, must necessarily be confined, in our cities at least, to individuals in affluent circumstances.

First upon the list, is riding on horseback: one of the most manly, innocent, and useful kinds of exercise of which any one can partake, and by the use of which, the invalid has not unfrequently been surprised into health.

Bishop Burnet, in one of his works, expresses his surprise that the lawyers of his time enjoyed, in general, better health, and were longer lived, than individuals of other professions. Upon consideration, he was led to attribute this entirely to their being obliged to "ride the circuit" almost constantly, in order to attend the various courts held in the different parts of England; and which they were ac-

customed to do chiefly, if not entirely, upon horseback. It is certainly very reasonable to suppose, that this circumstance may have had a very beneficial influence upon their health, and have aided not a little in prolonging their lives.

It has been supposed by some, that riding is a more salutary exercise, and ought to be preferred to walking. This however, is by no means the case, under ordinary circumstances. Riding occasionally is confessedly a very powerful aid to health; as an ordinary means of exercise, it is, however, inferior to walking—the latter being in general much better adapted to promote an equal distribution of the fluids to the different parts of the body—to impart to the fibres their due degree of elasticity, and in this manner to augment the health and strength of the whole system. In those cases, however, in which a debilitated constitution, or the presence of disease prevents a sufficient amount of exercise from being enjoyed on foot, riding on horseback is to be preferred. As a general rule, it may be said, that walking is best adapted to the preservation of health—riding to the relief of chronic disease. In active diseases neither of them are advisable.

By the dyspeptic, and those predisposed to pulmonary consumption, in particular, riding on horseback is an exercise which should never, if possible, be neglected.

Though we are not prepared to assert with Sydenham, Cullen, and some other physicians, that "horse exercise is an effectual antidote to the consumption," after it has once become seated in the lungs; yet we have seen sufficient to convince us, that when, from predisposition, the disease is to be feared, or the individual already experiences its rapid approach, riding on horseback, persevered in daily for a length of time, in connexion with a well regulated diet and proper clothing, is the best, perhaps the only means by which its attack can be avoided or its further progress completely arrested, and a comfortable existence enjoyed for a series of years.

In riding for exercise, or to preserve health, eight or ten miles a day are sufficient; but for the purpose of restoring health, these little excursions will avail but little. It is not from the fashionable half hours' ride, morning and evening, in which the same ground is travelled over, for the most part, every day, and the surrounding objects cease to interest, from being too frequently presented to the view, that the invalid is to anticipate any decidedly beneficial effects. To produce these, hours must be daily spent on horseback,—the mind must be free from depressing or intense reflections; and in the company of an agreeable and judicious companion, such portions of the country should be visited, in which the novelty or beauty of the scenery is calculated to interest the mind and elevate the spirits. Long journeys have hence, with great propriety, been recommended to invalids. To such as can afford it, a ride at a proper season of the year, to some one of our remote watering places, or springs, presents a very excellent means for recruiting health. Let not the indolent and irresolute object to this latter jaunt, in consequence of the distance, or the roughness of the road over which, in many instances, they would be obliged to travel. These circumstances are to be viewed rather in a favourable than an unfavourable light. We can conceive of but little benefit that would be derived, in the way of exercise, from a journey of any distance, upon a rail road, and in one of the new self-propelling cars.

Against a species of passive exercise, in which many are fond of indulging, we beg leave here to protest—we allude to the practice of lounging on horseback—in other words, moving at a snail's pace over a smooth road, with the external senses but half awake, and the mind in a state approaching to complete apathy. It is true, that the individual who practices this gentle kind of riding, may enjoy the benefit of the fresh air; but as to bodily exercise, he experiences even less than the child does upon his rocking horse, or the rustic in his favourite swing upon the barn-yard gate.

Exercise upon horseback should be taken, during summer, in the cooler portions of the day—in general it is better adapted to clear weather in the more temperate seasons of the year, than to those seasons accompanied by extreme heat or intense cold.

Journal of Health.

OLD CUSTOM.

There is an old custom in Scotland, never to grant a light of fire to any one out of their houses upon the first day of the new year, an instance of which occurred on that day in Nelson-street, Glasgow. A stucco-manufacturer went from door to door among all his neighbours, but could not obtain the light of a candle.

SINGULAR ESCAPE.

A gentleman belonging to Edinburgh lately ran an imminent risk, not only of being bereaved of his life, but also for a time, at least, of christian burial. He is so singularly hardy in bodily temperament, and so erratic in disposition, that sea-bathing is altogether as pleasing to him in December as it is in June to other people. At the dawn of Saturday morning, while enjoying himself in the cooling waters of the ocean, a considerable way off the pier at Leith, a sportsman fired at his head, under the impression that he was aiming at a seal. The sportsman was seized with inexpressible surprise and alarm, when he saw a man slowly leave the water, and appear on an adjoining rock. When the hardy bather reached the shore, the sportsman made a suitable apology, and, probably for the first time, expressed his unqualification, without regret, that his shot had completely missed. It was, certainly, a narrow escape, as the hail struck the water round the gentleman's ears, and though the sportsman had a double-barrelled gun, he fortunately fired but once.

Scotaman.

ADVANCEMENT OF THE WEST.

I spent an evening with a venerable clergyman of Kentucky. He talked of the west with a warmth of emotion, and a comprehensiveness of views, which were the proper result of his zealous devotion to its best interest, and of his long and familiar acquaintance with the details of its history. "Forty-six years ago," he said, "I stood on a hill, in the neighbourhood of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and lifted up my eyes upon this western country. I drew a line from the spot where I stood north to Lake Erie, and south along the range of the Alleghany and Cumberland mountains to the gulf of Mexico. West of this line was almost entirely a waste wilderness. Settlements, it is true, had been commenced in Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky, but they were rising amid tears and blood, and the whole population of the west was then scarcely five hundred. Lexington, now numbering six thousand, and Louisville, which now contains twelve thousand souls, had not begun their existence. Cincinnati, which now numbers twenty-five thousand inhabitants, was then an abode of savages; and Columbus, now the seat of government of Ohio, with more than three thousand inhabitants, was to remain nearly thirty years a dense forest. But what a mighty change has God wrought! And I thank him that I have lived to see it. In forty-six years five hundred inhabitants have been increased to four millions!"

Home Missionary.

PRECEDENCY.

When Matthews was a young man, he happened to be engaged with a party in Wales. The manager in the midst of the season lost his wife; the house was closed, and the performers, as in duty bound, mustered their sables to pay honour to the deceased partner of their leader. When the procession was about to move, a question as to its order arose. "My dear M." said one of the actors to the manager, "we are a little at a loss here, how we are to go." M. we ought to have premised, was sincerely sorry for the loss of his wife. "My dear friend," wiping his eyes, "thank ye for putting me in mind of these matters—I am really so grieved—I can't attend to anything. How are you to go? Let me see—oh, I suppose two by two—yes, that's it." "Nay, my dear M., that's not it; I mean in what order are we to walk?" "Order, my dear friend—I am so cast down—I don't understand you—pray explain!" "Why, you know there is a certain order to be observed in these cases; now we wish to know which of us are to precede?" "Oh, my dear friend," weeping, "you are so kind to look after these arrangements, I can attend to nothing myself! yes, yes, it is proper to be orderly—let the tragedy people go foremost."

New Monthly.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Colonel Henry Rutgers.—Seldom have we been called upon to witness a more general expression of public respect than was paid on Saturday last to the obsequies of this departed patriot and benevolent man. A hundred carriages were insufficient to accommodate the vast concourse of citizens assembled to follow him in his last departure from the home of his fathers. He was indeed the poor man's friend, and long will his charities embalm him in the grateful memory of the numbers who were relieved in distress by his munificent and unstinted bounty. He was pious without ostentation, ardently attached to the cause of freedom and his

country, zealous in promoting effectually the interests of every institution calculated to advance the public weal, and a generous patron of science and literature. He enjoyed also the rare felicity of reaching an advanced and honoured old age. May those who succeed to his wealth and worldly advantages, inherit with their blessings, his virtues and benevolence.

Nathaniel H. Carter.—The death of this amiable man and accomplished scholar has left a void in the editorial circle of New-York. Disease had encroached but too successfully on a constitution naturally delicate, and quite worn down by incessant application to literary toil and study. He died at Marseilles, on the second day of January, in the forty-third year of his age; and it is gratifying to learn, that his remains were attended to their last silent resting place by a numerous concourse of English and American friends. Instead of offering any remarks of our own on the merits of the deceased, we shall avail ourselves of the tribute paid to his memory by his successors in the paper which he once so ably and satisfactorily conducted:

"In announcing to the readers of the Herald and Statesman the death of Mr. Carter, we may be permitted to make a few additional remarks. To the early patrons of the Statesman no apology will be necessary for devoting a little space to a notice of the founder and able conductor of that paper. His name derived no fictitious consequence from wealth, office, or family connexions; but his merit gained him a reputation more desirable, and his extensive circle of friends embraced many of the most worthy and distinguished men of the country. By those will his loss be felt, and his memory cherished.

"Mr. Carter was a native of Concord, New-Hampshire. He was educated at Dartmouth college, where he graduated in 1811, standing in the first rank in a class distinguished for numbers and talent. For several years he devoted himself to teaching, in which he was eminently successful and popular. In 1816, while in charge of the academy at Portland, he was elected professor of languages at Dartmouth university, where, however, he remained but a short time, in consequence of the unfortunate dissensions at that time threatening the subversion of the institution. He next engaged in editing the Albany Register, a paper supporting the interests of Mr. Clinton, whose splendid talents had excited his admiration, and whose personal kindness and friendship he ever after enjoyed. In 1822 he removed to this city, and in connexion with the late Mr. Prentiss, instituted the New-York Statesman, the editorial department of which he chiefly conducted till the summer of 1825, when he embarked on a tour through Europe, and was absent nearly two years.

"Mr. Carter's character as a man was most amiable and irreproachable. He was modest and unobtrusive in his manners, affectionate and confiding in his friendships, liberal, benevolent, and charitable towards all, and of the most unblemished integrity and rectitude of purpose. He possessed the genius of a poet, a lively imagination, acute sympathies, and an enthusiastic relish for the beauties and sublimity of nature. His style of writing was chaste, easy, and engaging; and his powers of description equalled by few. His Letters from Europe, though necessarily written in haste, and corrected during the languor of disease, have gained him a high reputation in that branch of literature. Among his poetic effusions, most of which have been published without his name, may be selected many of great beauty, which will not suffer in comparison with the productions of our best poets."

Literary prizes.—The system of offering premiums for well written literary essays in prose and poetry, (which, by-the-by, originated with the editor of this paper) seems to fulfil all the expectations entertained of its power of eliciting the happiest exertions of native talent. The pages of several periodicals bear testimony to this fact, and among others, are those of the Craftsman, an interesting miscellany, edited by E. J. Roberts, at Rochester. The committee appointed to award the premiums to the best productions offered on certain proposed subjects, have announced that Prosper M. Wetmore, of this city, is entitled to the first prize allotted to the poetical department. The successful poem is entitled "Lexington," and will be found in the present number. The second best poetical effusion is from the pen of Cornelius C. Vanarsdale, of New-Brunswick, N. J. The prose articles are both tales; the first "Wakondah," was written by Willis Gaylord, of Otisco, Onondaga county, in this state; the second, "The Abduction," by Henry C. Murphy, of Brooklyn, Long Island. We are pleased to recognise among the successful candidates two of the correspondents of the Mirror.

The piano-forte.—Among the tasteful and fashionable accomplishments of modern females, the art of music holds a

conspicuous rank. It has now become a branch of their education, and every one, with the least pretensions to gentility, makes it a part of their juvenile studies. We feel it a duty, therefore, to inform our lady readers that this elegant art is taught on the piano-forte by Mrs. Reid, an English lady, of great taste and science, who has just arrived in this city, and made arrangements to give lessons on very moderate terms. Mrs. R. has studied under the best masters in her native country, and cannot fail of giving perfect satisfaction to her pupils.

Fashionable tour.—The brothers Carvill have in press and will publish in a few weeks, the Fashionable tour, or Traveller's guide. The present edition is to be greatly enlarged and improved, and is designed as a complete manual for travellers visiting the middle and northern states, furnishing not only much interesting geographical and historical matter, tables of distances, general directions, and sketches of natural and artificial objects, but also a description of the various public improvements that have been completed or are in progress. The whole is to be embellished with engravings, and accompanied with a map of the various routes, upon an improved plan.

Generous act.—Some time ago, says the New-England Palladium, when rents were at the highest, a seven years lease was taken of a store, at six hundred dollars a year, which at that time was considered a fair price. At the expiration of one year from the date of the lease, rents had considerably fallen, and the store was not worth what was paid for it. The lessee called upon the proprietor—a possessor of large estates in that city—and suggested to him the fact of the depreciation of the value of the store. He took the subject into consideration, and the next day handed the lease to the occupant, with a receipt of six hundred dollars, being a reduction of one hundred dollars a year for the unexpired term of the lease. Rents continuing to fall, the subject, two years after, was again laid before the owner of the store, and an additional reduction was made of one hundred dollars a year for the remaining four years; making in all the sum of one thousand dollars—thus manifesting a spirit of generosity rarely witnessed in men of affluence, and setting a laudable example to owners of estates similarly circumstanced.

Another tragedy wanted.—Mr. Pelby, of the Philadelphia theatre, offers the sum of five hundred dollars, and a gold medal of the value of one hundred dollars, for an original tragedy, in five acts, to be approved as the best by a committee of literary gentlemen. Manuscripts will be received by him, until the first of next November. The offer is highly liberal, says the National Gazette, but it should have been limited to a tragedy absolutely good. The best presented may be unworthy of the premium.

Morning-gowns.—A modern Alcibiades was asked a few days ago, by a friend who called on him, and who saw seven morning-gowns spread out in his dressing-room, if his tailor had sent them for him to make choice of one. "Oh! no," replied the spark, "they are those which I mean to put on this week."

Mexican manuscripts.—Several Mexican manuscripts, sent some time ago to Europe, and forming part of the celebrated collection of Botturina, have been purchased for the royal library. Amongst the number is the report of the spics sent by Montezuma to the Spanish camp; a third manuscript represents the human sacrifices.

Advance of fortune.—The present lord mayor of London was formerly a journeyman printer. By those gradations in wealth and rank, which industry and honesty always beget, he became proprietor of a newspaper, and hence through all other advances to the highest office in his native city.

Divorces.—The supreme court of Vermont, at its late session in Rutland, granted six divorces. At a previous term in Addison county it granted eight. The united age of one of the divorced couples was one hundred and seventy years.

Mademoiselle Sontag.—This celebrated woman has become the countess of Rosai, and assumed the name.

Madame Garcia.—Bourne has just published a fine lithographic likeness of this distinguished vocalist.

Webster's dictionary.—This work has been put to press in England.

American statesmen.—It was an Irish gentleman, we believe, says the National Gazette, who said, "he wished to die, for the sake of hearing the world speak well of him." Every American statesman must be content to await his final exit, to know that any merit can be allowed, or any justice done to him, by political antagonists.

OH! NOW THE DARK-EYED EVEN.

AN ORIGINAL SONG—FOR THE GUITAR—WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

MODERATO.

Oh! now the dark-eyed even Weeps o'er its roses pale, And
 o'er the brow of bea-ven Floats moon-light's sil-ver veil; Such
 hours, so soft, so lone-ly, Fall on the heart like balm, They
 seem made for it on-ly, And mus-ings high and calm.

But there's an hour still dearer,
 (When will it smile on me?)

The hour that brings me nearer
 To heaven and to thee;

When will my spirit wander
 In eager search of thine,

Among the lights that yonder
 In endless beauty shine!

VARIETIES.

A DISAPPOINTED BRIDE.—A young gentleman was upon the point of going to church to be united to a lady of considerable fortune, but much older than himself. They met at a friend's house to breakfast, it being a convenient distance from the church. In the course of the refreshment their hostess, fancying her husband had made some blunder in the directions he had given to the servants, rung him such a peal as might have saved the intended bride the expense of employing the church bell-ringers to usher in the happy day. The candidate for matrimony took a friend aside, thus addressing him—"Heavens! is it possible that a woman can rate a husband so?" and immediately disappeared. The carriages being ready, and all things prepared for the cavalcade, every one was uneasy at finding the bridegroom *non est inventus*. Search was made after him in every direction, but in vain, until the mystery was solved by the arrival of a billet from the next post town, intimating, that he had *changed his mind*. The bride swooned, the whole house was in an uproar, and the lady of the house resumed her bob-majors, in scolding the servants for letting him go without her knowledge.

THE TOMB OF A VICTIM OF CRITICISM.—Some years ago, an anonymous writer attacked the Dublin stage in a bitter, but witty satire, called "familiar epistles." This was attributed to a certain literary character distinguished in the political world, but, if the effect assigned be true, he has small reason to be satisfied with the cause; it does little credit to his head, and less to his heart. Among the persons attacked was Edwin, the comedian; and, it is said, he never again held up

his head. He drooped like a mortally wounded man, and died shortly after. His wife, as a memorial of affection to the melancholy fate of her husband, as well as of vengeance on his supposed murderer, erected a tomb with the following inscription, in St. Werburgh's churchyard, Dublin, where I went to see and copied it:

Here lie the remains of
 Mr. JOHN EDWIN,
 of the theatre royal, who died
 February twenty-two, 1805, aged thirty-three years.
 His death was occasioned by the
 acuteness of his sensibility.

Before he was sufficiently known to the public
 of this city to have his talents
 properly appreciated,
 he experienced an illiberal and
 cruel attack on his professional reputation
 FROM AN ANONYMOUS ASSASSIN.
 This circumstance preyed upon his mind
 to the extinction of life;
 while he was in apparent bodily vigour, he
 predicted his approaching dissolution.
 The consciousness of a brain reeling
 with agony, accounts for that
 prescience, and incontrovertibly
 establishes the cause of his death.

This stone is
 inscribed to the memory of an
 affectionate husband,
 as a tribute of duty and attachment,
 by her, who, best acquainted with
 the qualities of his heart,
 can best record their amiability.

There is not on stone, I believe, such another epitaph as this, in either ancient or modern times, recording the death of a man killed by a literary attack. Horace alludes to the death of Lycambes in consequence of the severity of Archilochus' verses: and in our own days, one of our periodicals is nicknamed the Keats-killer, because it is supposed to have murdered a poor poet with the same weapon; but no person had put

it on their tombs, and this, I suppose, is the first monument ever erected to a man murdered by a critic.

A WITTICISM.—A witticism may be worth printing, but not re-printing; the following is so good that we make it an exception to our rule in this particular:—"Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said the prince of La Roche-sur-yon to a talkative person who was sitting near him at dinner, and who was constantly suiting the action to the word. "Indeed, my lord," replied the babbler, "we are so crowded at table, that I do not know where to put my hand." "Put it upon your mouth," said the prince.

BONAPARTE.—During the consulate, Bonaparte, according to Bourrienne, used sometimes to perambulate Paris in disguise, in order to learn the opinion entertained of him by the commonalty; and on one of these occasions he was actually driven out of a shop by an old woman, and he and his secretary were obliged to take to their heels, because the first consul had spoken disrespectfully of himself.

GIPSY WIT.—A short time since, two young ladies near Camberwell were accosted by a gipsy woman, who told them, that for a shilling each she would show them their husbands' faces in a pail of water; which being brought, they exclaimed, "We only see our own faces!"—"Well," said the old woman, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

MEMORY.

ART thou the spell we cling to, thou,
Binding dark fetters o'er the soul,
And stamping on the haughty brow
The death-prints of a fierce control?
Art thou the form we worship, thou,
Spirit of bitterness and fear,
That bid'st the weary numbers flow,
That met my wakening ear?
Thou sad'ning power of memory,
Thou poisoned fount of burning pain,
How have I sought to turn from thee,
And perish, or forget—in vain!
Upon my heart the ties are twined,
The sealing bond is graven there;
I thought to crush it or unwind,
But the lone echo is—despair.
Thou comest a spectre to the heart,
From the deep grave of buried ill,
Nor morning bids the form depart,—
It lingers o'er the darkness still;
It guards the fountain depths of woe,
It speeds the current deep and strong;
Unlit its course, unchecked its flow,
As life is borne its wave along.
Now bind I o'er my heart a chain,
Now breathe a spell upon its tide;—
It will not still the power of pain,
But it will grant—the power to hide!
And must the vision haunt me yet?
I'll shrine it in the heart below;
And if 'tis crime to not forget,
It bears its penance in its woe.

HINDA.

TO DOCTOR ———,

On his requesting the authoress, at a wedding, to write on a broken heart.

"A broken heart!" 'Tis a hacknied theme,
With too little of novelty,
And too much of truth for the poet's dream,
Or the wanderings of memory.
And few would suppose, who had heard thy name,
'Twas a fitting thought for thee,
While pursuing thy proud career of fame,
And thy brilliant destiny.
"A broken heart!" Oh, it is not now
That such visions of sadness should cloud thy brow,
Mid this scene of gaiety;
Where the vows of the lovers have just been plighted,
And the heart and the hand are for ever united.

It is true, that full many a bridal wreath
Has been worn with an aching heart,
As the wild-flower blooms o'er the barren heath,
In its lonely beauty apart;
And full many a nuptial vow has been heard
By those who could never know
How the crushed affections and feelings seared,
Were performing their work of woe.
The blasted hope and the hidden grief,
(For which even thy skill could have no relief,)
A poison sure, though slow,
Which told at length that the heart was broken,
Though in voice or eye was no outward token.

'Tis a beautiful world for the happy, and thou
Who hast seen its most beautiful part,
And art rich in its knowledge, oh, why is it now
Thou shouldst speak of "a broken heart?"
Doth thy fancy roam to the dungeon cell,
Or to poverty's lowly cot;
Or unmask the great, with the wizard spell,
Of deep and familiar thought?
Oh, lift not the veil! there is anguish and pain,
And keen disappointments, a desolate train,
In the high and the envied lot;
And, broken hearts, 'tis in vain we endeavour,
From the bright scenes of life the dark vision to sever.

ESTELLE.

CHANGE.

Change—'tis pencil'd in words of light,
On all that the eye can view;
'Tis stamp'd on the silver brow of night,
On the morning's crest of blue;
On the golden cloud in the sunset west,
On the bow which spans the sea;
There's a change for the worst—and a change for the best
For each and all but me.

There's a voice of change for the huntsman's ear,
'Tis heard in the hound's deep bay;
And the warrior too that voice may hear,
It swells in the trumpet's bray;
There's a song of change in the autumn air,
For the bird of pinion free;
For the forest, the grove, the glen—but where
Is a song of change for me?
A voice of change for the placid deep,
It rings where the tempests roar;
For the widow's dream, for the orphan's sleep,
It chants from the wreck-strewn shore.
The breathing lute and the sounding hall,
The blossom which scents the tree;
There's a change for each, and a change for all,
But where is a change for me?
Give me the meed of the bosom's dread,
To cope with the flashing spear;
To weep alone by the voiceless dead,
To watch by the midnight bier!
Bring me the laugh of reckless mirth,
Though hollow and wild it be;
A dirge to chant o'er a desolate hearth,
So thou bring change to me. HARP OF THE ISLE.

STANZAS.

Oh, bid me seek some trackless sea,
Where winds and waves are roaming free,
With no green isle to bud and bloom,
Like sun-light mid the tempest gloom;
And where no rainbow-hues are flung,
To soothe my lone and beating heart;
But oh! let not my soul be wrung,
To think we must for ever part.

Oh, not for ever! though I go,
Where rise the eternal hills of snow;
Where no rich gleam has ever smiled,
Through the dark forest's untrod wild;
'Twill be with joy, if I can think
That once again thy angel tone
Will, with its magic sweetness, link
My life's dull music to thy own.

Though grief awhile may dim the wreath,
In which the fairest roses breathe,
Yet hope's own star, with smiling ray,
Can fling the gathering dews away.
'Then tell me not that all our love,
Though shrouded now with mist and tears,
Must fade, when sweetly shines above
A ray to gild our future years.

HERMION.

POPULAR TALES.

THE ARABIAN STEED.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

ADA was the daughter of a powerful rajah, who, in the reign of the emperor Akbar, dwelt in a superb palace on the banks of the Jumna.

The rajah was proud of his beautiful child and loved her, as far as his stern nature was susceptible of such a passion. But the duties of his situation and his warlike pursuits called him frequently from her; and much of the dark-eyed Hindoo's time was spent in dreary solitude amid the gardens of her father's palace.

Beautiful as those gardens were, sparkling with gilded pavilions, the air cooled with silver fountains, and rendered fragrant by the odours of every rare plant, still this perpetual solitude wearied her, the society of her female attendants failed to interest her, and as she reclined beneath the pendant branches of a date tree, she sighed, and felt more like a prisoner in a cage, than a princess in the pleasure-garden of her palace.

She had dismissed her attendants, and lay thoughtfully leaning her head upon her hand, when a rustling amid the branches of an orange tree attracted her attention, and she started to her feet in an instant with an exclamation of alarm and surprise, as she distinctly saw among the clustering leaves and blossoms, the bright eyes and dark glowing features of a man.

The branches hastily parted, and a young Mahomedan rushing forward, knelt before her.

"Who art thou?" she exclaimed. "Mercy, mercy, I am defenceless, spare me!"

"Mercy," replied the Moor, "'tis I must crave mercy of

you; I am defenceless, fair lady. I am at your feet, and in your power."

"What brought you here?" she replied. "Know you not the danger?"

"A danger I have braved too often to heed it for an instant now."

"Often! What mean you?"

"Daily at this hour, the hour of your solitary ramble, have I entered these gardens, daily have I lurked behind the shrubs that surround your favourite bower, daily have I gazed on you unseen."

"For what purpose?"

"My purpose! madness—death!"

"Death? to me who never wronged you, who never injured a human being?"

"To you, lady—no, no—not to you—I would not harm you for the world."

"Death to whom then?"

"To myself."

"Why—what brought you here?"

"Accident, or perhaps idle curiosity first brought me here; and I looked on you for the first time; need I say why daily, after I had once beheld you, I came again?"

"Oh, if you are seen," cried Ada, "nothing can save you from my father's rage; you know the barrier, the awful impassable barrier that divides your race from mine—madness, begone!"

The young Moor, whose face and form were such as might have been chosen by a sculptor who wished to represent the perfection of eastern beauty, spoke not, moved not; he continued kneeling before the agitated girl, while his dark brilliant eyes fixed upon her countenance seemed eagerly to read its varying expression, that memory might have a store of sweet thoughts to live upon, when the reality should no longer stand before him.

Ada could not bear the earnest gaze of those fond eyes; where was her anger, her indignation at the intrusion of the stranger?—gone! She called not for her attendants; no, she trembled lest they should come.

"I await my doom," at length muttered the intruder. "I scorn to fly; my dream of secret love is over; my stolen watchings, so dear, though so hopeless, are at an end; you will call your father's guards, and I shall die."

"No, no—you shall not die—not if Ada can save you; I will not call them, no, I dread their coming."

"Then you forgive my boldness?"

"Yes—only begone—save yourself."

"Shall we meet again?"

"Never!"

"Then I will stay and die; better to die here, at your command, in your presence, than to go hence and linger out a life of hopeless love, never beholding you again."

Poor Ada had never been before addressed in love's own language. Her hand had been sought by princes and nobles, who, secure in her father's sanction, had addressed her in terms of admiration, but whose looks and accents were cold and spiritless when compared with the ardour of the youthful lover who knelt before her.

"For my sake, if not for your own, go," she cried.

"Then we may meet again?"

"Yes, only leave me now, you know not half your peril. To-morrow is the annual festival in honour of Vishnu, I shall be there, and will contrive to speak to you—hark!"

She pointed to the orange trees. A footstep was heard at a distance. The Moor grasped her hand, pressed it to his lips, and was lost among the orange blossoms just as the chief officer of the rajah entered the bower to inform Ada that her father desired her presence. She cast one anxious glance around her, breathed more freely when she found that her lover lay unsuspected in his fragrant ambush, and followed by her attendant, returned to the palace. There was no festival in Hindostan so splendid as that celebrated annually in honour of Vishnu in the province over which the rajah governed. The gardens on the banks of the Jumna were splendidly decorated for the occasion, and at noon were filled by crowds of persons, all eager in their various situations either to see or to be seen; to pay due reverence to Vishnu, or to be duly revered.

Kettle drums sounded, golden armour glistened, downy feathers waved in costly turbans; cavaliers bearing silver battle axes rode proudly on their prancing milk-white steeds, and princely ladies were borne in glittering palankeens on the backs of elephants.

Ada was there, pale and sad; her stolen mysterious interview with her unknown lover, was so recent, so unexpected, so unlikely to end happily, that she lay on her rose colour cushions, fanned by her favourite slave, without taking the trouble to draw aside the amber curtains of her litter to look upon the festivities which surrounded her.

Towards evening the gardens were illuminated with thousands of many coloured lamps; she raised herself and looked around her, but glancing hastily over bright vistas and radiant bowers, her eyes rested on a wide spreading tree beneath whose overshadowing branches a comparatively dark space remained. She there saw the form of her unknown lover: he was leaning against the tree, with his eyes fixed upon her; she told her slave with assumed levity that she had vowed to gather a cluster of the blossoms of that tree, *alone* to gather them, and desiring her to await her return, she hastened beneath the canopy formed by its boughs.

Selim was indeed there.

"Speak not," she earnestly whispered. "I must not stay for an instant, I dare not listen to you—but mark my words, and if you love me obey them. I do not doubt your love, I do not doubt your constancy, but I shall appear to doubt both when you hear my request."

"Speak lady, I will obey you," said the Moor.

"Go," whispered Ada, "buy the swiftest of Arabian steeds, ride him across yon plain three times in every day; in the morning, at noon, and in the evening; and every time you ride him, swim the Jumna on his back."

"Is that all?" said Selim; "it shall be done."

"It is all," replied Ada; "to prove your love you will I know readily do it, but to prove your constancy, or rather to ensure our safety, it must be done three times every day for the space of one year!"

"A year!"

"Yes, and at the expiration of the year, at this festival, on this very day, if neither courage nor constancy have been wanting, meet me again on this spot. I can wait for no reply—bless you, bless you."

Ada, with a few leaves of the tree in her trembling hand, hastened back to her palankeen, and Selim again, alone, gazed from his shadowy hiding-place on the gay festival, in which his eyes beheld one form alone. How brief seems the retrospect of one year of happiness! How sad, how interminable seems the same space of time, in anticipation, when we know that at its close some long looked for bliss will be obtained, some cherished hope realised!

Selim bought a steed, the whitest and the swiftest of the province, and he soon loved it dearly, for it seemed to be a living link connecting him with Ada.

He daily three times traversed the valley, and thrice he forded the deep and foaming river; he saw not his love, he received no token from her; but if his eyes did not deceive him, he occasionally saw a female form on the summit of her father's tower, and a snow-white scarf was sometimes waved as he speeded rapidly through the valley.

To Ada the year passed slowly, anxiously; often did she repent of her injunction to the Moor, when the sky was dark and stormy, and when the torrents from the mountains had rendered the Jumna impetuous and dangerous. Then on her knees on the rajah's tower, she would watch for her lover: dreading at one moment lest fear should make him abandon both her and the enterprise, and then praying that he might indeed forsake both, rather than encounter the terrors of that foaming flood! Soon she saw him speeding from the dark forest; he plunged fearlessly into the river: he buffeted with its waves; he gained the opposite shore; again and again she saw him brave the difficulty, again he conquered it, and again it was to be encountered. At length the annual festival arrived, the gardens were adorned with garlands, and resounded with music and gladness: once more, too, Selim stood beneath the shadow of the wide-spreading tree.

He saw crowds assemble, but he heeded them not; he heard the crash of cymbals and the measured beat of the kettle drums. The rajah passed near him, with his officers and armed attendants, and these were followed by a troop of damsels; then came Ada the rajah's daughter. She was no longer the trembling bashful girl he had seen at the last festival. Proudly and self-possessed she walked the queen of the procession, her form glittering with a kingdom's wealth of diamonds. Selim's heart sunk within him.

"She is changed, she will think no more of me!" he involuntarily exclaimed. But at that moment her dark eye glanced towards his hiding-place.

She spoke to her attendants, and the procession paused as she approached the tree alone, and affected to gather some of its leaves.

"Are you faithful?" said she, in a low tone; "nay—I wrong you by the question; I have seen that you are so; if you have courage, as you have constancy, you are mine, and I am yours—hush—where is your steed?"

Selim held its bridle rein.

"Then in your hands I place my happiness," she added; "these gems shall be our wealth, and your truth my trust—away! away!"

Selim in an instant bore Ada to the back of his Arabian, and ere the rajah and his attendants were aware she had quitted the cavalcade—swift as the wind he bore her from the gardens.

The pursuit was instantaneous, and uttering curses and indignant reproaches, the rajah and a hundred of his armed followers were soon close at the heels of the fugitives.

"Follow! follow!" cried the foremost, "we gain upon them, we will tear her from the grasp of the Mahomedan. They approach the river's bank! and turbulent as it now is, after the storm of yesterday, they will either perish in its waters, or we shall seize them on its brink."

Still they gained upon them; the space between the pursuers and the pursued became smaller and smaller, and the re-capture of Ada seemed certain. When, lo! to the astonishment of those who followed him, Selim's well trained steed plunged into the foaming torrent, battled bravely with its waves, bore his burthen safely through them, and bounding up the opposite bank, continued his flight!

The pursuers stood baffled on the river's bank; their horses having been trained to no such feat as that they had just witnessed, it would have been madness to have plunged amid the eddying whirlpools of the swollen Jumna.

Every tale should have its moral. What then will be said of mine, which records the triumph of a disobedient child in a secret, unauthorised attachment? A temporary triumph which so rarely leads to happiness! For this part of my story I have no apology to offer; but from the little history of Selim and Ada, this small grain of moral inference may be extracted: Ladies will do well to try the integrity and prove the constancy of their lovers ere they marry; and lovers should endure trials and delays with fortitude, and thus prove the unchanging truth of their affection.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

HINTS TO JANUSES.

MAN is a back-biting animal, and yours is a vocation older than free-masonry, if that be as old as Solomon. You need never be at a loss for subjects; they are always at hand, and were they not, if you look within yourselves, you will find some rather ungracious traits that will well apply to all. No man is perfect, nor woman neither, and lest others should forget this fundamental principle of your order, impress this fact upon them unceasingly, for virtue would grow proud were she not reminded of her weakness. Let your commendation be like Mrs. Candour's, so that men would rather suffer your reproach than your praise. Though your assertion is as good as another man's proof, it is well enough to give colouring to what you affirm, and if you can contrive at the same time to mix calumny with ingratitude, it will advance your character for consistency. Therefore, if the friend who took you up a founding in the field, as the countryman brought a similar protege to his winter fire, if this benefactor should have an unlucky pimple on his face, begin your approaches by an acknowledgment of his favours, and your grief to report any thing of him but good, but that you have suspicions of intemperance. If another friend, equally weak, has lent you fifty dollars, which you have kept till gratitude has become a burden, and the lender distasteful, let the rogue endure some of the iniquities his long and inquiring face has inflicted on you. Turn the tables upon him; give out that his affairs are in disorder, and that he withholds from you the same sum that he was fool enough to lend.

But your favourite objects, like Mark Antony's, will be the ladies. They are too pure, and must be reduced by your alloy; and purity would be too happy for your turn of mind, without a little detraction. Besides, in this there is no danger, and none but a brute loves that, though in dealing with men there might be a little peril. But you can wound a female as the fowler lacerates a dove; and as it gives joy to the

sportsman to see the bleeding quarry, so will it delight you to see your victim writhe with pain, while she endeavours to conceal the wound. If you are learned, read Shakespeare, and you will find a good model in an excellent fellow called Iachimo.

Lastly, much may be done, in your way, without saying a word—by yielding a ready assent to what is said by others of a similar disposition; for a willing listener to a tale of calumny does as much service to Beelzebub as the narrator himself.

CARRIAGE RIDING.

Riding in a carriage is among those species of passive exercise most ordinarily resorted to for the purposes of health, but from which less advantage is to be anticipated than from almost any other. We, of course, have more immediate reference to what are termed pleasure-carriages, the cushioned seats and well-adjusted springs of which are devised for the very purpose of guarding the muscles of those who occupy them against that exertion with which the preservation of health is so intimately connected. It is greatly to be lamented, that the class of persons by whom this mode of conveyance is commonly resorted to, are those who stand most in need of active exercise.

Were, indeed, the luxury of a family-carriage to be very generally dispensed with in our cities, we are persuaded that it would tend, in some degree, to reduce the annual amount of suffering from dyspepsia, hypochondria, nervousness, and gout.

Resorted to almost constantly by the females of the family, in their out-door excursions, the carriage thus deprives them of the little exercise they would otherwise enjoy, were their tours of shopping, or their visits of duty, ceremony, and friendship, performed on foot. By the head of the family, the carriage is most frequently ordered to the door at that period of life, when increasing wealth enables him to withdraw from the every-day bustle of active business; and when it is all-important, for the preservation of health, that some kind of regular exercise should be resorted to, in the absence of even that which, previously, his avocation forced upon him.

It is true, that a ride of some distance in a vehicle, the motion of which is communicated to the body of the occupant, may have a very excellent effect in the case of those who are too debilitated to partake of a sufficient amount of exercise on foot, or upon horseback. But, under such circumstances, this kind of riding is, in general, the one most carefully avoided.

Riding in a carriage has been supposed by many to be an admirable means for exercising in very cold or rainy weather. The reverse, however, is the fact. Carriages, excepting in the case of the invalid, whom urgent business calls abroad, at a period when all unnecessary exposure is to be guarded against, should never be employed, excepting in clear weather, and at those seasons of the year when one or more of the blinds can be kept open during the ride. In so small a space as the interior of a carriage, especially when occupied by more than one person, the air very quickly becomes contaminated by respiration, and prejudicial to those who continue to inhale it.

For many reasons, a chair or gig, driven by the individual himself, is preferable to a covered carriage. Fresh air, occupation, and a considerable degree of exercise, may be obtained by riding in the former, while all of these, as we have seen, are, in a great measure, precluded in the latter.

During youth, and a state of health, walking, either alone, or alternated with riding on horseback, should invariably supersede the use of a carriage; and even those who are induced to ride, for the prevention of a threatened disease, or for the recovery of health, if their strength is not too much exhausted, will find, on horseback, the object they are in search of, much more certainly than in any of the carriages, to the invention of which convenience or luxury has given rise.

Sleighting, which, in the northern portions of our country, affords during the winter season so attractive an amusement, can scarcely be considered an exercise, in the trifling motion it communicates to the body. As a means, however, of drawing "forth into the bracing air," many who for want of this inducement might, probably, never quit for any length of time the atmosphere of a stove room, it is not unproductive of benefit.

We would, however, admonish all our readers in those states in which sleighting is more frequent than it has been, of late years, in our more southern clime, to be cautious, that, while partaking of this amusement, their feet, as well as the rest of the body, be preserved comfortably warm, by a sufficient cover-

ing; otherwise, from the total inaction in which they are necessarily kept, they would be extremely liable to injury from the effects of cold.

Journal of Health.

ANECDOTE OF A SLEEP WALKER.

During the revolutionary war there was a gentleman of large property residing in Brooklyn, who was addicted to the habit of walking in his sleep; panic struck at the invasion of the enemy, he daily expected that his dwelling would be ransacked and pillaged. Under the influence of these fears he rose one night, and taking a strong box, which, when awake, he never attempted to lift without assistance, he proceeded down stairs, furnished himself with a lantern and spade, and in a deep wooden glen about a quarter of a mile from his house he buried his treasure, carefully replacing the sods so as to create no suspicion of their having been removed. This done, he returned, undressed, and went to bed. Next morning he was the first to discover the absence of the "strong box," without having the slightest remembrance of what had passed. Enraged at its loss, he immediately accused his domestics of the robbery, as no traces of violence were perceptible either on the locks or doors of his house, that could induce him to suspect strangers. Month after month elapsed, and still the mystery was not solved, and his family began to want the necessities of life without the means of procuring them. At that period of public calamity no money could be raised on real estate, and it was at that season of the year when agricultural labours had ceased, which left him no means of earning a support for his family. To augment his misery, his only son lay confined by a violent fever without any of those comforts which his situation demanded. The mind of the despairing father was strongly affected by this melancholy view of the future; his rest became more frequently broken, and he would often wander from room to room all night with hurried and unequal steps, as if pursued by an enemy. His wife and daughter, who were accustomed to these nightly wanderings, never attempted to disturb him, unless they were fearful some accident might befall him; in this case it was necessary to employ the most violent means to awaken him, upon which he would exhibit so much fear and distress, that they usually suffered him to recover gradually from his trance, which was always succeeded by a drowsiness, after which he would sink into a light and natural sleep, which generally continued for several hours.

One night as his daughter was watching at the couch of her sick brother, she heard her father descend the stairs with a quick step, and immediately followed him; she perceived he had dressed himself, and was lighting a lantern at the hearth, after which he unbolted the door and looked out; he then returned to the kitchen, and taking the lantern and spade he left the house. Alarmed at the circumstance, which was not usual, (though it sometimes occurred as above related without the knowledge of his family, she hastily threw on a cloak and followed him to the wood, trembling with apprehensions of—she knew not what, both for herself and for her father.

Having gained the place where he had three months since buried the box, he set down the lantern, so as to reflect strongly upon the spot; he then removed the sods, and striking the spade against its iron cover, he laughed wildly, and exclaimed, my treasure is safe and we shall be happy! And shouldering his heavy burden with the strength of a Hercules, he stopped not as before to replace the sods of the earth, but snatching up his lantern, pursued his way directly home, to the joy of his daughter, who could scarcely support herself from the fears she had experienced, which were that he was about to dig a grave, and either commit suicide, or murder some one of his defenceless family. Inexpressible, therefore, was her joy, on seeing him ascend the stairs and place the box in its former recess; after which, as usual, he retired to rest. His wife and daughter, however, were too anxious to sleep themselves; the one sat impatiently watching the dawn of day, and the other retired to the apartment of her suffering brother, to relieve his mind by the joyful event, and her consequent hope of his immediate recovery.

When the gentleman arose in the morning, his wife observed the same settled gloom on his countenance as he anxiously inquired about the health of his son, and expressed his sorrow at not being able to procure those comforts for his family which were so much needed. Finding him perfectly unconscious of all that had passed, the preceding night, she watched the effect which the restoration of the

box would have upon his mind; and (as she expected) with an astonishment almost amounting to phrensy, he exclaimed, "Who has done this? from whence came that box?" Not until he had listened to the evidence of his daughter, could he be convinced of the possibility of his performing such an act while asleep. Suffice it to say, that now health, peace, and competence, were once more restored to his dwelling, and the result of these blessings had a salutary effect upon his mind; and although he still continued his midnight excursions, yet his friends were gratified to find them much less frequent than formerly, and his future dreams also (to judge by his appearance) seemed to partake of the mild, serene character of his waking thoughts.

BURNING OF A LOVE LETTER.

"Sometimes they were put to the proof by what was called the fiery ordeal."—*History of England.*

No morning ever seem'd so long!—
I tried to read with all my might!
In my left hand "My Landlord's Tales,"
And three-pence ready in my right.
'Twas twelve at last—my heart beat high!—
The postman rattled at the door!—
And just upon her road to church,
I dropt the "Bride of Lammermoor!"
I seized the note—I flew up stairs—
Flung to the door, and lock'd me in—
With panting haste I tore the seal,
And kiss'd the B in Benjamin!
'Twas full of love—to rhyme with dove—
And all that tender sort of thing—
Of sweet and meet, and heart and dart—
But not a word about a ring!
In doubt I cast it in the flame,
And stood to watch the latest spark,
And saw the love all end in smoke,
Without a parson or a clerk!

Hood.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AURORA BOREALIS IN NORWAY.—We were often out at night, says M. Everest, admiring the aurora borealis. It was seldom bright, but its faintness was always beautiful. Sometimes only a small piece of it appeared among the clouds, on a dark and gloomy night, so pure and so pale, that we might have imagined it something like mercy and truth shining on a world of sin. But on the eighteenth of November it shone forth in full glory. There is a kind of light yellow cloud, which is in England known by the name of horse-tails, and is, in truth, an assemblage of long flakes, or tresses, thrown about in all directions. Imagine a number of these, of a pale colour, like moonlight, and irregularly wreathed together, so as to form a band across the heavens, like the arch of a rainbow, with the centre of the arch to the westward of the pole-star. Such it appeared to us when we first came out. The majestic meteor gradually expanded itself, for in spite of a sharp wind against it, it was steadily approaching the zenith, and having gained its point, rested there awhile. The bright canopy was awfully near above our heads, and we were inclosed in its broad effulgent arms. New streaks of light continually kindled as the old ones faded. Sometimes one of the tresses would whirl, us though it were the fold of a dragon's tail; then again it would lose its waved appearance, and showed only a number of straight vertical stripes, like a rain of fire; then a hurried indistinct motion of the shapes of light, which we compared to a mysterious dance of spirits.

WOOD ENGRAVING.—A late number of the Berlin Journal of Arts contains an article on engraving in wood, in which a comparison is instituted between the state of that branch of art in England, and the improvements which have lately been made in it by German artists, particularly by a wood-engraver named Gubitz. It is stated that this artist has overcome every difficulty in the imitation of crayon drawings, and produces from wood coloured prints, the execution of which is perfect.

LIGHT.—The velocity of light is such, that in one second of time, viz., during a single vibration of a common clock pendulum, it would go from London to Edinburgh and back two hundred times, and the distance between these is four hundred miles. This velocity is so surprising, that the philosophic Dr. Hooke, when it was first asserted that light was thus progressive, said he could more easily believe the passage to be instantaneous, even for any distance, than that there should be progressive movement so inconceivably swift. The truth is now put beyond a doubt.

LITERARY NOTICES.

DARNLEY

A CONSIDERABLE time has now elapsed, during which we have not found leisure and inclination to read a novel, and express upon paper an opinion of its merits; this has been partly owing to the pressure of other (if not more important, at least) more necessary avocations, and partly to the giving way of our courage and energies, before the torrent of new books with which our country, in common with many others, is literally deluged. For a time we bore up well against the inundation, and with a most heroic and devoted resolution, read faithfully every thing that was placed before us; but there are limits to human perseverance; and we question much if that most indefatigable of all possible prime ministers, the present premier of England, would not eventually be compelled to yield in a contest like that in which the conscientious editors of this publishing and writing era are bound in duty to engage. In despair, we at last resolved to read no more "upon compulsion;" and our determination has been well adhered to. But still we like a novel, when it is good, and therefore we have read the novel which forms the subject of this article. An English copy, with its clear plain type and spacious margins, was a temptation which, although strong, we might have resisted but for those seducing words, "By the author of *Richelieu*," which graced the centre of the title-page. The author of *Richelieu*! a clever man you are, undoubtedly, Mr. James; and this your last, is a very clever novel, although perhaps not altogether equal to its predecessor.

The scene of *Darnley* is laid in France and England; the time (as its other name, the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," imports) the early part of the reign of bluff King Henry, the principal historical personages are the youthful kings, Henry and Francis, and the Cardinal Wolsey. According to the established formula, the hero of the story is a miracle of courage, gallantry, and honour; and after undergoing sundry "moving accidents by flood and field," arrives at last at the summit of his wishes, and makes his bow to the reader in the last chapter, "as happy a man as you shall see upon a summer's day." Most of the fictitious characters are excellently drawn and well sustained, particularly a certain learned Theban, by name Sir Cæsar, or Cæsar il dotto, who exhibits, in the course of the work, a variety of mysterious accomplishments, which in the sixteenth century were wont to obtain for their possessor the reputation of a sorcerer. The ladies, into whose society we are brought, are generally creations of great beauty, but more especially a Lady Constance de Grey, with whose fair hand the hero is at last rewarded, and a capricious, beautiful young termagant, the Lady Katrine Bulmer, between whose characters a perpetual and interesting contrast is kept up with exceeding skill and exquisite effect.

The main faults of this new work of Mr. James are two; and the same are to be found in *Richelieu*. The first and greatest is a constant straining after wit, and ludicrous quaintness of expression, which, if successful, would be but a very trifling merit; and being, as it is, a total failure, deserves the title of a blemish.

The other fault arises more, we suspect, from want of practice than from any inherent deficiency of talent; we do not know of any single word in the English tongue by which it can be adequately designated; the French would call it *inconsequence*; but we, for want of any such convenient appellation, are obliged to give our idea somewhat paraphrastically. The fault of which we speak, then, is dwelling too long upon unimportant matters, which have no influence upon the development of the story. In the novels of Sir Walter Scott a wonderful tact is displayed in this particular; if an individual or a place be described at any length, however little he, she, or it may seem to have to do with the story at the time, it will invariably be found that the place or person becomes important in the end, and that the minuteness of the previous description was necessary for the perfect understanding of the subsequent events. In *Darnley*, as in *Richelieu*, the reverse is sometimes found to be the case; pages are bestowed upon mere episodes; amusing or interesting episodes, it is true, but still not sufficiently connected with the story to require or deserve so copious a description.

Despite these faults, however, *Darnley* is a superior work, and well sustains the reputation its author had acquired by his *coup d'essai*.

It is now, we understand, in the press, and will be published by the brothers Harper, in the course of the ensuing week.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.

No. VII.

HYPOCHONDRIA.

O wad some pow'r the gittie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us !
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion ;
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
An' e'en devotion !—Burns.

HYPOCHONDRIA is a disorder produced by the disorganization of the nervous system, whereby the patient ceases to view things as they exist, and acquires the property of seeing others that have no existence. His faculties become changed, and he regards chimeras as realities, and realities as chimeras. On all points excepting one, a hypochondriac may be perfectly sane, but on that one he looks upon the rest of the world as fools, and himself as the only person to whom heaven has given light. There are many shades of this disorder, and the ways in which it manifests itself are innumerable. Doctor Johnson gives a very meagre definition of a hypochondriac when he says it is "one affected with melancholy." Now, though in some instances this may be the primary cause, in nine cases out of ten it is the offspring of vanity and ignorance, which, secreting themselves in a man's brain, engender there strange and overweening notions of his own qualities and capabilities; this, in the first stage of the disorder, is termed self-conceit, but which, swelling beyond all imaginable or endurable bounds, becomes at last a confirmed case of mental delusion, and takes the form of medical, legal, religious, political, or literary hypochondria.

One of the peculiarities of this disease is the manner in which those who are affected with it laugh and jeer at all who are in a similar predicament with themselves—the quickness with which they detect their neighbour's infirmities, and the obstinacy with which they shut their eyes to their own. Thus, a well-informed gentleman, who eat, drank, slept, and behaved himself like other people, could never get over the strange belief that he was a barleycorn, and at the mere sight of a barnyard fowl he would fly into his house and lock himself in, for fear of being picked up and transferred to the crop of his enemy the rooster; yet the same gentleman was very much tickled with the story of another hypochondriac, who in walking imagined that he did not possess the power of turning, but must of necessity move on in a direct line, and who had cut himself severely by marching straight through a shop window which unfortunately crossed his way—just as one foolish hypochondriacal author will laugh at another's expectations of immortality, at the same time he does not entertain the shadow of a doubt of its being his own inheritance. I knew a profound scholar, and what is more, a sensible man, but who, nevertheless, insisted that he was cursed with a cast-iron nose. No arguments could convince him of the fallacy of what he considered so self-evident that it might be observed by any one; and when a storm of thunder and lightning occurred, he was to be seen running about in an agony of fear, and using all sorts of precautions to prevent his metal proboscis attracting the electric fluid; after the storm he would regain his composure, and thank heaven for his remarkable deliverance. A friend, to cure him of this fancy, told him of another person who imagined he had a glass nose, and was afraid of going out on a windy day for fear of getting it injured, at which he laughed immoderately, and proceeded to show very plainly that no man ever had, or could by any possibility have a glass nose. The other then began gently to insinuate doubts respecting the existence of any metallic substance on his friend's face, upon which he grew mightily offended, hit his nose a sharp blow, and asked him if he could not hear it was cast-iron by the sound! This would all seem ridiculous enough to a spectator, but how many hundred thousands are there in this world who terrify themselves with evils just as imaginary as cast-metal noses, at the same time that they laugh heartily at the fears of those who entertain apprehensions for their glass ones? but because their numbers are such as to keep each other in countenance, they escape the charge of hypochondria which manifestly attaches to them.

Of all classes of hypochondriacs, the health-preserving are perhaps the most numerous and notorious. These are the people for whom heaven has not been able to make anything fit to eat. Every dish that is set upon the table is, according to their view of things, impregnated with subtle poison. One produces flatulency, another acidity—beef is indigestible, ham is bilious, tea nervous, and so on from the simplest receipt in Dr. Kitchener's cookery to the most complicated effort of

Mons. Ude. Whenever they eat they say, "I know it is wrong," and look upon a person who makes a hearty, careless, miscellaneous meal, as one who is not long for this world. All their conversation turns upon their internal concerns, and in company they favour the unfortunate lady or gentleman who sits next them with anecdotes of their stomach and digestive reminiscences for the last three weeks. They are amateurs in physic, and swallow all sorts of abominations with infinite relish; and then they wonder for all the care they take of themselves, that they are no better. Poor wretches! the undertaker eyes them as he walks along, the coffin-maker takes their dimensions in his "mind's eye," and proceeds to make their mahogany resting-places on speculation; the sexton chuckles at their approach, and says he hopes he "sees them well!" the resurrectionist marks them for his own, and the surgeon, surveying their formation with a scientific eye, longs to settle some disputed point in anatomy by means of their unfortunate bodies. Death comes at last and pops the little life out of them that dieting and doctoring has left, and they are troubled with hypochondria no more!

Literary, as well as health-preserving hypochondria, is not unfrequently occasioned by a slight touch of dyspepsia. Young gentlemen with yellow faces and weak digestions, mistake the sickly fancies produced by a diseased state of the humours for the coruscations of genius, and whenever they feel a little unwell, concoct what they call poetry, which is merely a number of hypochondriacal notions strung together, in which they abuse the "unfeeling world," and long for "pleasant death," and the "quiet peaceful grave," at the same time that they are taking their spring physic, and using all necessary precautions to avoid one and keep out of the other as long as possible. They poetize somewhat after this fashion:

My burning brow—my burning brow!—
My burning heart—my mad'ning brain!
Would—would—that ye were quiet now,
And I at rest from all my pain!

The grave—the grave!—how calm they sleep
Who lie where yonder yew-trees wave!
They neither sob, nor cry, nor weep—
Oh give me that—the grave! the grave!

and such like abominable nonsense, which many people call "very pretty," and "very pathetic," and so they come all at once to believe themselves poets, and go on wishing themselves dead, until people of common sense would have no objection if they were taken at their word. One of the most offensive peculiarities of this tribe is, their invariably assuming that physical imbecility and mental strength go together, and vice versa, as if a sound constitution, a cheerful temper, and a vigorous and imaginative mind were incompatible. William Shakespeare, Walter Scott, and Robert Burns were, in their several ways, the three greatest men that ever lived, and at the same time three as healthy, hearty, and merry fellows, as the world has seen, and never wrote a line of regular churchyard poetry in their lives.

Political hypochondriacs are as thick as flies at midsummer, and are more headstrong, absurd, and obstinate, than any of the other classes. No matter how monstrous their dogmas are, the pertinacity with which they cling to them leaves the man with the cast-iron nose far behind. A member of the English parliament got it into his head, and all the other members could not get it out, that the great cause of distress among the poor was the plentifulness of the grain harvests, that starvation was a necessary consequence of over-production, and the more wheat there was grown the less there would be to eat. In this country, certain people advocate a tariff that will increase commerce and support the navy, by doing away with the necessity for ships and sailors; while others believe in a dissolution of society, in consequence of a few men calling themselves masons getting together in a snug room, for the purpose of singing and drinking without fear of interruption. Indeed, there is no notion too improbable to find its way into the head of a political hypochondriac. Many well-meaning individuals firmly believed as soon as General Jackson became president, that men would hang on trees as thick as acorns, that he would fire the city of Washington, destroy the constitution of the United States, put the country under martial law, keep his hand in practice by shooting a dozen or so citizens in a morning before breakfast, and do a number of other improper things for reasons best known to himself; and when they are told that no such thing has happened, they very wisely shake their heads, and say the idea of March are not yet over. There are another set of political hypochondriacs who credit whatever the newspapers tell them, and of course are worse than all the rest put together.

Then there are the religious hypochondriacs, who firmly believe that no one can be in the right excepting themselves—

Some think on Calvin heaven's own spirit fell,
While others deem him instrument of hell.

But this is ticklish ground. In theatricals the cases of hypochondria are innumerable, and generally incurable. I have seen matrons of forty-five years of age and one hundred and fifty pounds weight, who really thought they looked and played the girlish Juliet to perfection, and whom no criticism could convince them to the contrary; and I have seen a little fat fellow of five feet and an inch, who looked upon himself as the *beau idéal* of Roman grandeur and dignity. I have seen Miss — fancy she could play a fashionable lady, and Mr. — imagine that he looked like a gentleman. I have seen — but cases multiply too fast.

The greatest hypochondriac of modern times, however, is undoubtedly Robert Owen. This very singular individual has taken it into his head, that by means of certain strange doctrines which have the immediate effect of crazing the intellects of those who dabble in them, the world has to be regenerated, and the perfectibility of human nature accomplished. He actually believes that the time is coming when men will not lie, nor women flirt—when banks will not break nor bills be protested—when tailors will keep their words and gentlemen pay their debts—when brokers will be generous and politicians independent—when a man will love his neighbour as himself, and lend him money without interest or security—when Cobbett will be consistent and Lady Morgan unaffected, and other things equally strange and improbable. This is the greatest case of hypochondria on record, either moral or medical. And any man who will believe these things, will believe that the world is growing honester.

C.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

SCHILLER.

AMONG the writers of the concluding part of the last century, there are few more deserving of notice, than Frederick Schiller; the world, no less than Germany, seems already to have dignified him with the reputation of a classic, and to have enrolled him among that select number, whose works belong alike to every nation, and are destined to float down the stream of time, untouched by the flood of oblivion, which soon overtakes the mass of authors, as it does the mass of other men.

In this country there are few readers, who have not dwelt with interest and delight on the pages of his most popular work, "the Robbers;" while to the dramatic amateur, the frequent representations of this early specimen of Schiller's splendid genius, has become as familiar as the "names of his household gods."

The high destiny which this celebrated writer has attained in the world of letters, may render even this meagre sketch interesting; and in hastily tracing the progress of his life, or, in wandering through his intellectual creations, we cannot fail of being deeply impressed with the overwhelming force of superior genius, struggling through the many barriers opposed to its development, until it at length bursts forth free and unconfin'd, to the full perfection of acknowledged excellence.

Schiller was born at Marbach, in 1749. His father had been a surgeon in the Bavarian army; but subsequently settled himself in the service of the duke of Würtemberg, as superintendent of the nurseries and pleasure grounds of that prince. The early culture of Schiller's talents, were obstructed by the confined circumstances of his parents. His mother is represented as being a woman of superior taste and intelligence, considering the sphere in which she moved. To her devoted attachment to poetry may be traced the germ of that passion which Schiller evinced at an early period of his life, and which, at a time when others are only completing their youthful studies, broke forth in the full blaze of maturity in "the Robbers."

He is described in his boyish days, as exhibiting no particular indications of that peculiar and splendid talent which has raised him to the high rank he afterwards attained in the literature of his country. The early occupation of his father, and the consequent itinerant life he led, as a follower of the army, added to the difficulty he found in obtaining even the first rudiments of learning, has been attributed as the cause of this absence of any distinguishing traits of future excellence in his boyhood. Yet still, some few peculiarities have been remembered of this period,

which constitute in him what is termed "poetic character." A frank integrity, an appetite for things grand or moving, has been described as discernible amidst all the caprices of his early years. It is said, that once during a tremendous thunder storm, his father missed him from the young group within doors, and after an anxious search, found him at last, in a solitary place in the neighbourhood, perched on the branch of a tree, and watching, with eager delight, the tempestuous sky, and the flashes of lurid lightning; and when chided for his absence, he excused himself by saying, "the lightning was so fine." Such anecdotes, are perhaps of no real value, even if authentic. To the admirers of Schiller, the picture of the boy watching the conflict of the elements, is not without a certain degree of interest.

On the appointment of his father to the situation we have named under the duke of Würtemberg, Schiller was duly admitted to the public school of Ludwigsburg, and commenced a course of education necessary for qualifying him to assume the sacred functions of a priest. Schiller's temper was naturally devout; with a delicacy of feeling which tended towards bashfulness and timidity, there was mingled in him, a fervid impetuosity, which was ever struggling through its concealment. Such a turn of mind easily took the form of religion, impressed upon him as it had early been by the example and instruction of his maternal parent. He looked forward to the sacred profession with alacrity; it was the serious day-dream of his boyhood and much of his youth. His studies were pursued without much interest, being more the result of duty than any fixed inclination or love for the task. He is reported to have enjoyed the representations at the Ludwigsburg theatre, better than the dry theological disquisitions and learned authors he at this time was prescribed to devote his attention to; and in the annual examinations during this period, he was only designated by his superiors as "a boy of good hope."

At the age of fourteen, a circumstance occurred which entirely changed his future destination. The duke of Würtemberg had lately founded a free school for certain branches of education, and had now transferred it from its original destination to Stuttgart. The duke proposed to give the sons of his military officers a preferable claim to the benefit of this institution, and having formed a good opinion of young Schiller, he invited him to profit by the opportunity, which after some conscientious scruples on the part of the father, and objection from Schiller, was accepted. He enrolled himself in 1773, and turned with a heavy heart from freedom and cherished hopes, to grief, and seclusion, and the law.

In this seminary he continued six years. Submitting with no patient disposition to the stiff formality and military drilling which formed the regulation of the school. The study of the law was to him a source of continued annoyance and embarrassment. No predilection was felt for this newly assumed study. The constraints and seclusion he was now subjected to, preyed upon his mind, and produced a habit of constraint and shyness which clung to his character through life.

Meanwhile the youth was attaining manhood, and the fetters of discipline lay heavier on him, his eyes became open to the stirring interests of the world, which seen, only through perspective, appeared more gorgeous in its colours on that account. Poetry, it has been observed, was his favourite study; and from these sources he had drawn vague and imaginary pictures of men and life, and had also imbibed visionary dreams of literary glory, which the solitude and restrictions he endured, only served to cherish and expand. Goethe's *Gotz von Berlichingen*, had directed his attention particularly to the drama: his mind, full of nameless aspirations, naturally issued in imitation—he plunged with ardour into this new field for his powers—and produced his first tragedy, *Como von Medice*, fragments of which he retained and inserted in his *Robbers*. Occasional contributions to the magazines of the day, at this period, also show the new tendency of his thoughts, and faintly discover the destination he was finally to attain.

The difficulties which surrounded his present situation, were felt by Schiller, with feelings of acute and painful sensibility—he saw the obstacles which presented themselves in formidable array, to prevent him from attaining that stand in the literary world his anxious aspirations were so eagerly directed to, he brooded gloomily over the restraints imposed on him, and severely felt the mortifying truth, that he must arrive at some consideration in the real world before he could attain the eminence he aimed at in the ideal.

He had about this time changed his studies for the law

to that of medicine—he accepted it only in exchange for a servitude more galling. His mind was bent on higher objects, and the stern necessity of being compelled ultimately to toil for his daily bread, was yielded to with reluctant acquiescence, without destroying the indulged hope that some brighter destiny awaited him.

During the indulgence of these various feelings, he framed his *Robbers*. He had scarcely attained his nineteenth year, when this work, which will transmit his fame to many generations, was commenced. The circumstances under which it was written, may be traced in all its parts, and forms an era not only in Schiller's history, but in the literature of the world. He finished the original sketch in 1778, but for fear of offence, kept it secret till his medical studies were completed. An anecdote is given of him during this period, which it may not be uninteresting to relate. One of Schiller's teachers surprised him on one occasion reciting a scene of the *Robbers* to some of his intimate companions. The words *death, heaven, eternity and damnation*, occurred in the scene. While Schiller was uttering these words, and stamping in desperation up and down the room, the master entered. "For shame," said he, (addressing the young author,) "to get into such a passion, and curse so." The scholars tittered covertly at the worthy master, and Schiller called after him with a bitter smile, "a noodle."

Shortly after completing his medical studies he was appointed surgeon in the Würtemberg army. This advancement enabled him to complete his project of publishing his *Robbers*; the unbounded popularity of which immediately unlocked the portals of fame he had so ardently aspired to enter, and stamped him at once among the first literary men of the age. Translations of this work soon appeared in almost all the European languages, and were read in all of them with a deep interest. In Germany the enthusiasm which the *Robbers* excited was extreme, and produced discussions in all ranks, of the most fervid and animating description. The general sentence was loudly in his favour, yet he found detractors as well as praisers, and both equally beyond the limits of moderation.

In the midst of this literary glory, the pure and virtuous mind of Schiller received a severe shock. He was accused of having injured the cause of morality by his work; of having set up a fiery and impetuous model, which the sanguine temperament of inexperienced youth would readily imitate, rather than follow in those safe and beaten tracks which caution and prudence offered for their pursuits. It was even stated that a practical exemplification of the pernicious tendency of his work occurred shortly after the publication. A young German nobleman, infatuated with the character of Moor, had thrown away the fair prospects he was born to, and betaking himself to the forests, after copying this fictitious hero through a series of wild and profligate adventures, at length finished his career by a disgraceful death. This story has been denied by the advocates of Schiller. The German nobleman proves to have been a *debauché*, whose riotous extravagance had reduced to want; who took to the highway with a tainted character and a blackened reputation, which needed no further incentive to urge him to the commission of crime, than what arose from his degraded situation and his impoverished purse. The charge of immorality was not the only anathema that Schiller had now to contend with. The elevated sentiments of liberty, contained in the *Robbers*, arrested the attention of "the powers that be," and the author was denounced to the duke of Würtemberg as being too dangerous a person to be retained in the service of that august personage. Schiller was summoned to appear before his highness, and it proved, that not only were the moral and political errors of the work condemned, but it was found deficient in literary merit. This last defect the duke condescendingly offered to improve by proffering his own services for the task. Schiller declined the proposal, and the interview terminated in the duke's commanding the young author to abide by his medical subjects; or, at least, beware of writing poetry without submitting it to his inspection.

Mortifications of every description that could be invented by the malice of his superiors, now awaited him; the most scrupulous fidelity and the exercise of superior skill in his profession, could not exempt him from their attacks. At this period circumstances brought him into acquaintance with the director of the theatre at Mannheim, and under his countenance the *Robbers* was re-modeled, and brought upon the stage. With the natural eagerness of an author he ventured to quit his station, and went incognito to Mannheim to witness the first representation of this tragedy. This dereliction from duty was discovered and punished by a week's imprisonment;

the offence was repeated, and stricter measures of coercion were inflicted. During a festivity in the garrison, he contrived to elude the vigilance of his jailers, and bade adieu for ever to the restraints which had so long oppressed him. Fearful of remaining near his enemies, he passed into Franconia, where for some time he lived under the assumed name of Schmidt. The manager of the theatre at Mannheim supplied his wants, and other friends gradually sprang up to open the future to him with more pleasing prospects.

In this retirement he produced the "Conspiracy of Fiesco," and "Court intriguing and love," which, by their original and striking character, supported the popularity his first production had excited. His friend, the manager, shortly after the publication of the last named piece, obtained him the appointment of poet to the theatre at Mannheim, and he was shortly afterwards elected a member of the German society, at the same place. Those honourable testimonials of esteem, united him closer with men of kindred pursuits and tempers, and effectually quieted any apprehensions from the government of Stuttgart. He was acknowledged a subject of the Elector Palatinate, and had nothing further to fear from the duke of Würtemberg.

Our limits will not allow us to follow him through the various changes of situation and place he afterwards experienced; through all of which he sustained the high reputation he so suddenly attained. He died at Weimar in 1805. H.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

A CHAPTER FROM A MANUSCRIPT WORK.

Begin, begin; the mystic spell prepare.—*Milton.*

Look to my house:

There is some ill a brewing towards my rest.—*Shaks.*

It was a fine evening, in the latter part of July, 1784, and the beautiful and picturesque scenery of our Hellespont* was gilded by the last rays of the setting sun. The broad sheet of water was dimpled by a thousand eddies, which constantly whirled back a portion of the gliding wave, whose rising current continued to increase in rapidity as the mid-tide approached. This singular spot is the scene of enchanting variety. At the moment when the ebb or flow is complete, its slumbering water presents a smooth and glassy surface, intersected by rugged shelving rocks and verdant islands; and at times it reflects beautifully the rich and changing tints of the sky; not a breath of air disturbs the foliage of the trees, which stoop from its banks; whole companies of humming insects are on the wing, and venture far and fearlessly from their sedgy home. The white sail is spread, but no courteous breeze attends it; the colours (then newly stamped with stripes and stars) droop to the centre, and no sound is heard but of song and idle glee, and the careless dipping of the oar, to which the boatmen resort with little industry, well deeming that with the tide will come the favouring breeze. Then commences the change, with a low hollow murmuring of the current; this sound, indistinct at first, gradually increases into a noise, hoarse and deep, like to the roaring of a cataract, particularly at half flood, when the pot,† on the one hand, in violent agitation, extends its boiling waves to the very centre of the tide. On the other side, off the foot of Barn island, lies the hog's-back, a lofty ridge, over which the water falls in a sheet of foam, and with a thundering sound; yet, towards this the practised helmsman steers, to make safe his passage from the more dangerous whirlpool. I knew of one, who, in the darkness of a cloudy night, with over-caution, wore his little bark too far above the rock; it passed over, diving, like a duck amid the stream, in which, for a second, he sat fearfully engulfed; yet, heaven-directed, it brought him up again in safety.

I have witnessed others who, too timid to face the grisly ridge sufficiently long, were drawn into the vortex of the pot, and their frail vessel was filled and sunk, or was cast with violence to the shore.

Added to these phenomena, the numberless and stupendous masses of rock, which have stood for ages the strength of the current, and the shocks of the raging element, particularly the mill-rock, Hancock's, the flood-rock, and the middle reef, whose dark sides rise like leviathans amid the boiling waters, greatly increase the sublimity of the scenery.

The moon had risen high in the heavens, on the beautiful evening before-mentioned, when a small skiff, with two persons in it, shot into the little cove, on the north side of the mill-rock. Having thrown their anchor-rope across a ledge, to secure their boat, the two men hastily moved, in Indian file,

* The classical name given to Hurl-gate by Doctor Mitchell.

† The whirlpool.

to the further extremity of the rock, the surface of which is about an acre. Here Rob and Sambo had erected a fishing-hut, and some of their implements could be discerned hanging against the wall, by the moon-beams that shone through the crevices and open door of their badly constructed little shed.

"We are here before them," said the foremost of the two men, who had just landed, as he returned from reconnoitring the interior of the hut.

"Dat likely enoup, massa," replied the other, "for when Rob and Sambo promise, no knowing when dey perform—dey deal wid de debble—and pity—but he was neber honest, massa, but always broke he word when too late to seek anoder's—go home, dear massa, don't trust the debble or his impes—dey are all bad alike."

"Foolish boy!" cried Arthur, "are you afraid of demons? if so, take to the boat and begone—the gang will be here presently—they will see me safe home. I have nothing to fear from men who have shared my kindness so frequently as they have. So, go your ways, Trial."

"No—Trial no stir a foot, massa."

"I will compel thee, then, boy. Go, or I will strike thee with my paddle, else."

"Ah, massa, my oar longer den your paddle; but Trial no leabe you now, if he die for it—but see, see! dey hab been here already! Here's Sambo's foot, massa; neber was dare such a big foot in all creation afore!"

"Well, if it be so," replied Arthur, "we may as well take to our boat again. We will follow and overtake them at the north side of Barn-island; for thus it was agreed between us, in case I did not find them here."

"Oh, massa! but dat Little Hell-gate is a scarish place at night. I no like him at best o' times—and den, half-tide over, he foams and he bellows like some mad bull—you may hear him now above all de rest."

"Have you no confidence in your master's prudence and long experience in the navigation of these waters, Trial?"

"At anoder time, massa, I'd no fear a rush; but when bad men are abroad on ebil work, and when dem creech-owl cry so in dat dark wood, massa, steering too near against, I tink it bode no good to white man nor nigger."

"Slender foundation for your fears, my good Trial," said Arthur, kindly; "but pull a quick and steady oar, my man, and we will soon leave behind us this patch of wood, and its noisy but harmless tenants."

"He no harmless, massa; he big rogue as Rob or Sambo, who fetch away our lame chicken last week! You know it was one night-walker or t'oder."

"Poor bird," sighed Arthur; "but slacken your right oar, Trial, and pull briskly with your left, so as to bring the skiff snugly round."

They had reached Little Hell-gate, and, beneath the bright moon, all the wildness of the place was visible; broken ledges of rock, which appeared to extend through the centre of the current, and others which ranged with the shore on either side, were covered and white with foam from the turbulence of the waves amid them.

In a narrow space, apparently no broader than their little bark, the tide flowed smoothly, but with alarming swiftness, as if it were hastening, with quiet dread, from the scene of tumult and danger; on this the little skiff kept its rapid course, directed by the skilful hand of Arthur, who sat with his eye steadily fixed on a certain mark, while the quick dipping of the oars was scarcely perceptible in the undimpled race of waters.

"That was handsomely effected, Trial, my man," cried Arthur, as his servant brought the little bark neatly round, and laid it alongside of a flat rock, under the shadow of a luxuriant willow, that grew on the bank of the island, whose long sweeping branches swung gracefully to the light breeze, and, at intervals, wooed the fleeting waves.

"Here our little vessel may lie unobserved, for scarcely the eye of the moon beholds it," said Arthur, as he stepped from the boat.

"De moon a man, massa? I always tought he had been a green cheese; he so round, he no shape like a man."

"No, you foolish boy, nor does it always wear its present appearance; it is constantly changing; at times it is but half that size."

"Well, massa, I know dat too; but den I tought it was a cut cheese."

"Some other time, Snow-ball, I'll explain it to you."

"Oh, I tink you, massa; but if you beat him into me as you did dat catechise, I no care what he be; I roder not know, for he ony make my brain topsy-turvy."

"Be silent, Trial, and as soon as you have fastened the boat, follow me," and Arthur ascended the bank.

"Stop, stop, massa! me no stay here ahind you for all Kidd's money!"

So saying, poor Trial trod so quickly in his master's steps as to merit several severe rebukes. They had walked about fifty yards when they came to a small valley, or rather a hollow; here they found the mulattoes, Rob and Sambo, waiting for them.

Rob, the moment he saw Arthur, came towards him with a slow and measured step, bearing in his hand a hazle-wand; and, raising his hat, he said,

"As ever, true to your word, my master?"

"Surely so, Rob," replied Arthur; "are all things in readiness to commence the work?"

"All," was the answer.

Sambo was seated on a rock, with his head between his knees, muttering a sort of unintelligible jargon.

"Look, massa, look!" cried Trial angrily; "dat conjure man 'bout no good!—he call a name in vain. I hear him say debble; and wise man tell you, ony talk o' him and he appear. Massa, better come away."

"Be silent, Trial, I command you to be silent. And now, Rob, let thy art discover the hidden treasure which but for thee might remain for ever in the bowels of the earth, and be of use to no one. One man sows and another reaps. So it is even now; but the harvest must be gathered, and why not we as well as another? So let us to work."

Sambo rose, and placed in Trial's reluctant hand a spade, and taking another in his, was prepared to follow; at the same time observing the strictest silence, notwithstanding the thousand questions of his lagging companion.

Rob, with his wand carefully poised on his fingers, led the way, with the solemn step and air of a thorough adept in the art; while the aged Arthur, evincing an entire respect for his deep proficiency, cautiously followed, his unerring eye sharply fixed on the secret talisman.

"We are near the treasure," said Rob, suddenly pausing.

"So indicates this rod;" and he waved it three times in the air, each time repeating an incantation, to strengthen the charm. The wand, obedient to the power of attraction, at length, like the mind of man, bowed low to the alluring metal, to the complete gratification of Arthur, and the joy of the mulattoes, who fell to work with the greatest industry, throwing up the earth with their spades, chattering the while, and making their calculations respecting the quantity of wealth they were about to disintomb. Even poor Trial stood looking on, in the pleasing expectation of beholding those promises verified which hitherto he had so often reprobated as abominably false and wicked; while the good Arthur, completely duped by their arts, stood, with folded arms, and the air of one who had realized his best expectations.

"Listen, master!" cried Sambo, raising his head exultingly, "here is a box or chest beneath my spade."

"Strike again," cried Arthur, as he inclined his ear over the hole. "There, I heard the sound distinctly;" he added, "set your spade once more, Sambo.—oh! 'tis there! 'tis there! to all intents and purposes!" and clapping his hands, he bade them raise the treasure; which they had scarcely attempted, when flashes of fire and sulphurous smoke were seen to arise from the ground within, blackening the whole air above them, and choking them almost to suffocation.

The face of the moon, but a moment before unclouded, was now invisible; all around them was dark, save when lighted by unnatural flashes, which ceased not to burst from different parts of the earth, attended by rumbling sounds like those of an earthquake.

The blacks threw themselves on their faces, and remained in a state of great agitation for a time. Arthur alone stood undaunted; and, after five minutes had elapsed, all again became quiet; the dense fog of smoke and flame had dispersed, and the moon shone forth in all her splendour.

"Thank heaven!" said Arthur, "the difficulty is over; arise, Rob and Sambo, and recommence your labours."

"We work again, my master, when the devil has shown how angry he is! Did you not see his blue lantern rising like a flaming sword?"

"I do not fear him nor his works," said Arthur resolutely. "There is but one that I fear, and he is above all, and over all! We will make one more trial for the money; should that fail, I will pursue it no further."

The mulattoes reluctantly raised their spades, and striking them suddenly into the earth, the same sound was returned which had before convinced Arthur of the presence of the valuable treasure he had risked so much good money to acquire.

They at length attempted to pry up the box, when a flame, preceded by a strong sulphurous smell, warned them to hasten

from the pit, which they did, dragging Arthur with them to some distance.

In a moment a tremendous explosion took place within the pit, and a shower of small stones and fragments of earth and sticks came down upon their heads. Whole volumes of black smoke again filled the air; and, to add to their alarm, a dreadful bellowing was heard, and immediately after the demon himself appeared among them, like a walking bull, with hide and horns, and his tail switching around on every side, in the most alarming manner.

Arthur, for an instant, was really disturbed; but, as the enemy approached too near him, he collected his fortitude, and boldly bade the wicked one get behind him. At this the demon vanished.

"He demands more gold!" said Rob, "before he will yield us this; but such an immense treasure as lies here, is worth spending an estate for."

"I shall give no more," replied Arthur, calmly yet firmly; and, as if he had made oath to the same, they understood his final purpose, and moved off, vexed and disappointed.

Arthur turned towards Trial, who still lay extended along the earth, convulsed with terror; and, not until his master repeatedly assured him that all was safe, could he be persuaded to look up. Large drops of sweat stood upon his face like dew, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets.

"Arise, be of good cheer, my poor snow-ball," cried Arthur, endeavouring to comfort him; "they are all gone, and I will never hold council with them more."

"Dat make me berry grad, massa; berry grad, indeed, massa;" and Trial sprung upon his feet, and followed to the boat, which still lay snugly moored beneath the sheltering willow.

Safely seated in their little bark, Arthur, well wrapped in his cloak, gave himself up to meditation, while Trial plied the oar, and whistled at intervals an old continental air.

The night was pretty far advanced when they reached their habitation, and over-fatigued, each retired to his rest.

Arthur had slept tranquilly for about an hour, when a strange noise in the chimney of his apartment awakened him, and rising on his elbow he distinguished, by the flickering of his taper, the huge demon he had seen on the island, standing in the broad fire-place; his eyes glaring strangely through enormous eye-let holes, and his horns and tail much discomposed and out of place, owing to his intricate descent through the chimney.

"In the name of heaven, why came you here?" demanded Arthur.

"I come to demand my right," returned the demon. "'Tis your gold that I want!"

"In the name in which I questioned, I now bid you depart in peace," cried Arthur, as he slipped from his bed, and snatching an old rusty sabre, that hung near the chimney; and, finding that the fiend vanished not at the sound of the sacred name, on the contrary, that he stood his ground, determined to possess himself of the gold he came for, the old warrior darted a pass at his mercenary enemy; at the same time warning him to leap from the window, if he wished to preserve his forfeited existence. The devil wisely took the hint, and, with one spring, reached the casement, preferring to risk the dangerous leap rather than encounter the vengeance of old Arthur, who, as the monster flew from the window, caught fast hold of its tail, which had before appeared so formidable, and thereby retained in his grasp the entire disguise, which proved to be nothing more than an old ox's hide and horns!

"What a dupe I have been!" exclaimed Arthur, as he threw the skin into a corner of the room, which he paced three times around in his customary circle, and then stretched himself upon his bed to slumber in quiet till the early dawn of the morning.

P. J.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

SINCE the pleasant days of Paul Pry, there has not been a more amusing piece imported than the new three-act farce of Snakes in the Grass, now in the full tide of popularity at the Park. It is a dramatic version of one of Theodore Hook's clever Sayings and Doings, and the situations, the exits, and the entrances, are managed with much skill and effect; one of the best proofs of this is, that it would be impossible to curtail the piece in the smallest degree, without injuring it. There is no feeble and unnecessary dialogue or fatiguing explanations, and the whole affair goes off as glibly as the author, actors, or audience could desire. To be sure there is but little humour and less

wit visible throughout, and *Snakes in the Grass* is rather an ingenious specimen of how ludicrous and amusing a drama may be made with a scarcely perceptible admixture of either one or the other. The charm of the piece is the manner in which the foibles and weaknesses of mankind are hit off; and this of itself is sufficient to insure success, for there is nothing so gratifying to an audience as to see their own petty vanities and failings exposed to ridicule in the persons of others. In this the author has been completely successful. Every character is a portrait, and has its counterpart in all the cities, towns, or villages in christendom. We have all seen just such people as Mr. and Mrs. Janus, Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, and Mr. and Mrs. Walton. The servant Fact, who inflexibly adheres to truth in all situations, is the only character who seems a stranger to the spectators; all the rest are old acquaintances. The plot is simple. The scene of action is a small town in England, and at the commencement all is compliments and congratulations on account of the approaching nuptials of Mr. Francis Skinner and Miss Cecilia Walton. The heads of these two respectable houses, the Skinners and the Waltons, it appears have been the Montagues and Capulets of the district, on account of a contested lawsuit about a meadow, but have waived their claims at the intercession of their children, the village Romeo and Juliet. At this period, Mr. and Mrs. Janus (the two snakes in the grass) arrive, and, under pretence of peace-making, manage to set the whole dramatic personæ by the ears. The children break off the match—the fathers recommence the lawsuit, and the mothers scold, with infinite spirit and astounding volubility. A Captain Agitate also arrives for the express purpose of easing his conscience, and conferring a benefit on society, by terminating the mortal career of Mr. Janus, that gentleman having slandered the gallant captain, and broke off the match between him and the sprightly widow Bloomly. Janus, however, compliments him out of his intentions, and then manages to make matters still worse; and in the meantime himself makes improper advances to Mrs. Bloomly. A succession of most laughable scenes ensue, arising out of the quarrels and misunderstandings of the parents and lovers; at last, Janus is surprised by his wife at the feet of the widow, and exposed, the several parties reconciled, the lovers united, and the lawsuit ended. We have seldom seen a piece better acted throughout; indeed, there was nothing that any reasonable person could find fault with. Mr. Simpson, as the agitated Agitate, Mrs. Hilson, as the sprightly widow, Mrs. Hackett and Mrs. Wallack were all agreeable and entertaining; but Hilson and Mrs. Wheatley, as Mr. and Mrs. Janus, were more than that—they were excellent. These two parts will rank amongst the best performances of these valuable comedians. In conclusion, we can safely say, that all who desire a hearty laugh may have it by going to see *Snakes in the Grass*. C.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Horticultural Society.—We are always pleased to see professional men engaged in advancing the interests of general science. Their opportunities are more numerous, their facilities greater, and their inducements stronger to enter into the investigation of subjects connected with the improvement of the arts, and the promotion of that knowledge which is indispensable to the comforts and luxuries of civilized life. Horticulture is at once an elegant and a useful pursuit. It ministers to the nice taste of the scholar, to the refined delicacy of the epicurean, and to the artificial, but necessary support of the cultivator of the soil. The ardent devotion evinced of late years in the prosecution of this branch of animated economy in the city of New-York, may be regarded as an indubitable sign of our progressive advancement in the career of polished study. As an evidence of the advantages to be derived from the attention paid to this art, we may cite the beneficial results of the impulse given to the cultivation of forest trees in England by the publication of Evelyn's *Flora*. "The patriotic feelings of the English," says the eloquent discourse of Dr. Francis, which is now before us, "have induced that people to consider Evelyn as one of the most efficient founders of their navy." In New-York, the establishment of the society, before which Dr. Francis delivered his address, has already been attended by the happiest effects. The aspect of our markets has been much improved, the labours of our horticulturists have been better rewarded, and a taste for gardening has been diffused throughout the city by the personal example of the members of the horticultural society, which promises to be productive of the

most delightful results. Dr. Francis has taken a rapid, but interesting survey of the history of gardening, and brought it down to our time and country, and accompanied it with some very pertinent reflections and suggestions. In the prosecution of his task he has evinced no inconsiderable research, giving proof of his zeal in promoting the success of the objects which he has so ably advocated.

New Papers.—We have of late received several dozen first numbers of new publications, undertaken in indifferent parts of the country, and should be happy to allow to each of them such passing notice as their own merit or laudable spirit amply require. But they multiply so rapidly on our desk, and a great portion of them afford so insufficient a specimen of their latent ability in a single number, that it were injustice to their editors, as well as injurious to our own candour, to speak in terms that would be gratifying to both parties. We regret the inability the more, because several of them, like their more aged contemporaries, have indulged in liberal and high-toned expressions of praise of our own labours, for which we feel exceedingly grateful. It is to be feared that the too rapid increase of papers is calculated to prove destructive of the general benefit which might accrue from a more limited, but requisite supply. Jealousy or envy can scarcely be suspected to influence our opinion on this subject. The price too, of many of the new publications is so exceedingly low, that the prediction of their certain ruin would be only confirmed by the increased extent of their subscription lists.

Oratorio at St. Paul's.—That unobtrusive body of musical amateurs, designated the "New-York Sacred Music Society," gave their fourth annual oratorio at St. Paul's church, on the twenty-fifth ultimo, and in our opinion, as well as that of more competent judges, acquitted themselves in a style which would have reflected credit on societies of loftier pretensions. There are few, indeed, who combine so much merit and modesty as this, and perhaps if there were a little less of the latter, the former would be more generally known. As Sir Toby says, "this is no world to hide virtues in." The average merit of the present oratorio was fully equal to any of the preceding ones. True, Horn and Mrs. Austin were missing this year; and that lady's splendid execution of "Let the bright Seraphim," with Norton's chaste and spirit-stirring accompaniments on the trumpet were still fresh in the memories of many of the audience; yet the instrumental performers were more numerous and effective, and the choristers better disciplined, and in more complete subjection to the wand of the correct and skilful "timist," Dyer, than on any former occasion. The opening chorus, "We praise thee, O God," by Handel, was very finely given, particularly the passage, "All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting." Though we have always been accustomed to hear, and prefer a manly tenor in that noble opening of the Messiah—"Comfort ye, my people," yet Miss E. Gillingham's execution of it, considering the difficulties she had necessarily to encounter, was highly creditable. Her sister, Miss L. Gillingham, had a more suitable selection allotted her from Jephtha—"Ye sacred priests," and succeeded admirably in portraying the melancholy tenderness and solemn regret of the leader of the hosts of Israel's daughter, when taking a last farewell of the haunts of her childhood before the sacrifice. There were twice or thrice we thought some slight additions thrown in by the fair vocalist, but they were so judiciously and delicately interwoven with the whole, as not to mar that faultless piece of sacred composition. The duet of Winter, by the two sisters, did not afford so much gratification. It is a different and tamer style of music, and not exactly suited to their voices. It was amply compensated, however, by the recitative and air from the Creation of Hadyr by Miss L. Gillingham. There are many persons who connect the idea of sacred music with the formidable nasal psalmody still so much in vogue towards the eastward; such persons ought to have been present while this was sung, and their bristling prejudices would have been at once and for ever overthrown. Nay, could one of the genuine Plymouth puritans have been resuscitated, and placed within the church, even with the horrible prospect of an organ and other profane and carnal wind and scraping instruments before him, his soul must have been touched by the superlative beauty of the music, and the manner in which it was sung. Hadyr had less sublimity and less pathos than Handel, but he had perhaps more variety and fancy and higher imaginative powers. The most finished and delightful effort of the evening, however, was undoubtedly the recitative and air of "Sweet bird," by Miss E. Gillingham. It was in truth "most musical, most melancholy," and we are

glad it was the last solo; any other after it must have sounded harsh and grating. Mr. U. C. Hill the leader of the orchestra, did himself infinite credit by his accompaniments on the violin. The only drawbacks on the pleasure of the performance, were the Trio—"Disdainful of Danger," and the Duett, "The Lord is a man of war;" these if not positively bad, were at least comparatively so. There has been much said of the increase of musical taste in this city; it looked rather suspicious, however, in the present instance, to observe the gathering together of garments and manifest eagerness to depart, before the conclusion of the final grand Hallelujah chorus. People without music in their souls may counterfeited an exuberance of admiration at a single song or overture, but their physiognomies invariably betray them before the end of an oratorio.

Engraving on wood.—We have lately seen some specimens of this elegant art. They are the productions of Mr. A. I. Mason, an artist who has lately arrived in this city from London, bringing with him unquestionable and flattering testimonials of his practical skill and scientific acquirements from Brougham, the venerable Northcote, Chrystie the secretary to the mechanics' institute, &c. Mr. Mason's specimens are highly finished, and have repeatedly elicited complimentary resolutions of thanks from the institutions for whose benefit his ingenuity and talents have been successfully exerted. Among these is the society for the diffusion of useful knowledge, for several of whose invaluable treatises he furnished the appropriate and deservedly praised wood-cuts. He delivered lectures on the history of his favourite art, which were well spoken of, and which, it is presumed, will be repeated here.

Peizotto's Gregory.—Dr. Peizotto, of this city, has lately issued a new edition of the highly esteemed text work of Dr. George Gregory of London, on the practice of physic. It comes recommended to the public by the important facts that it is a faithful and accurate transcript from the original copy. It is accompanied by a correct version of the celebrated propositions of Broussais, the eminent physician who has given a new tone and character to the medical profession in France. To these are added original and compiled notes by the editor, the result of his own personal experience and research.

The late Mr. Carter.—We learn from the Boston Galaxy, that one of the latest emanations from the pen of Mr. Carter was a tragedy, which he presented as a competitor for the prize offered last year by Mr. Forrest. The poetry of this drama is spoken of by sensible men as exceedingly chaste and beautiful. Mr. Forrest will probably produce it on the stage at his earliest leisure.

The Dowager Countess of Glengall.—A delightful clever creature she is. I remember her, says a correspondent of the Monthly Magazine, in my boyhood; the most brilliant and fearless dasher of her circle; handsome as a houri, gay as a lark, light as gossamer, and fantastic as a French marquise. I have seen her in the course of a day drive a currier and four for one wager, and horsewhip a posse of aid-de-camps for another, put a mob to flight, and throw a review into disorder; out-look, out-talk, out-smile, and out-shine every belle at the castle in the evening; break down the master of the ceremonies in a waltz; extinguish the official wit of the secretary at supper; send the chancellor home with every lamp double in his eyes; and finish the night by playing queen at a masquerade till eight in the morning.

A new name for a marriage license.—A few weeks ago, a Mr. L. who was about "committing matrimony" with the daughter of a respectable farmer, near Uttoxeter, waited upon the curate of the parish and requested him to let him have some "sticking plaster." The reverend gentleman was at first disposed to be indignant, but on ascertaining the meaning of the facetious bachelor, he supplied him with the article he inquired after, in the shape of a marriage license, and laughed heartily at the joke.

Origin of Sirloin.—The sirloin of beef is said to owe its name to King Charles the second, who dining upon a loin of beef, and being particularly pleased with it, asked the name of the joint. On being told, he said, "For its merit then I will knight it, and henceforth it shall be called Sir-Loin."

Mozart's sister.—The sister of Mozart died at Salzburg a few days ago. She was eighty years of age, and is said to have died in indigence. She was considered to possess great musical knowledge.

Benjamin West.—It is said that the first effort of this celebrated artist was the painting of the bull's head, in Strawberry-alley, Philadelphia.

THE TYROLESE SONG OF FREEDOM.

ALLEGRETTO MA NON TROPPO.

Gay, gay is the heart that with li-ber-ty glow-ing, Can range o'er the moun-tains so fear-less and free; With no o-ther bound save the wide spread-ing sea, Or the rocks from whose sum-mits wild tor-rents are flow-ing. Gay, gay is the heart that with li-ber-ty glow-ing, Can range o'er the moun-tains so fear-less and free.

Ad Lib. tr. A Tempo.

SECOND VERSE.

March cheerily on, the foeman repelling,
No choice now remains to the noble and brave,
But a vict'ry to-day or a glorious grave,
Then forward, each thought of submission dispelling.
Gay, gay is the heart, &c.

THIRD VERSE.

Hark! hark, mid our highlands the trumpet is sounding,
The patriot's bosom its war-note will cheer,
And summon to glory each bold mountaineer,
Then on like the rose o'er the wild heather bounding.
Gay, gay is the heart, &c.

VARIETIES.

PENS.—An English paper states, in an article headed *good news for authors*, the arrival of one million three hundred thousand goose quills, by the ship *Ann*, from Riga. We may be allowed, in answer to this, to mention some *bad news to quill merchants*—namely, the fact that the consumption of quills is daily diminishing, owing to steel pens coming into general use, as their superior durability, fineness, and elasticity, render them preferable instruments wherever much and expeditious writing is required—namely, in mercantile counting-houses, government and law offices, and the like. The circumstance of steel pens never requiring repair, alone renders them more eligible than goose or even swan quills. Their cheapness also recommends them. But the saving of time which they effect ought especially to endear them to literary men, the smallest particle of whose time is too valuable to be lost in the mechanical drudgery of mending pens, in the pursuit of which they not only lose their time, but most frequently also their patience, and, in consequence thereof, the thread of their most valuable ideas! The late Sir Joseph Banks (no mean authority) used, for the last twenty years of his life, none but steel pens; and even the devil himself—a name so much abhorred by ears polite—at least the devil in Lewis's novel of "The Monk," is represented as registering the recruits of the infernal regions with an iron pen. In all the shops in London the sale of iron pens or steel pens has lately much increased, and that of those perishable, expensive, good-for-nothing articles, goose and swan quills, diminished accordingly.

POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL AT PARIS.—The French papers contain a notice of the recent examinations into this establishment, which has long been celebrated for the useful nature of its course, and the ability of most of its professors.

Its object is not classical but scientific instruction; in particular, civil and military engineering. Being a finishing academy, and involving an expense to government, there is great competition for admission into it; the number of candidates this season was four hundred and sixty-four, of whom only one hundred and five could be received. The candidates have seldom been more numerous; in the year 1812, they amounted to four hundred and seventy-seven; but the sway of France being, at that time, much more extensive, examinations for admission took place in very distant parts, viz. in Holland, Switzerland, and Italy; for the rule is not to confine the examinations to Paris. The provincial towns of France are visited by inspectors or members of the university of Paris, who examine candidates on the spot, and register, according to prescribed rules, their respective degrees of proficiency in mathematics, drawing, and other requisite branches.

STANDARD OF THE JANISSARIES.—Odd as it may seem, a *soup-kettle* is the standard of the janissaries, an emblem rather more appropriate for a court of aldermen. Dr. Walsh says that he saw in the streets of Constantinople, an extraordinary greasy-looking fellow, dressed in a leathern jacket, covered over with ornaments of tin, bearing in his hand a lash of several thongs; he was followed by two men, also fantastically dressed, supporting a pole on their shoulders, from which hung a large copper kettle. They walked through the main streets, with an air of great authority, and all the people hastily got out of the way. This he found, on inquiry, was the *soup-kettle* of a corps of janissaries, and always held in high respect; indeed, so characteristic of this body is their *soup*, that their colonel is called *tchorbadge*, or the distributor of soup. Their kettle, therefore, is in fact their standard, and whenever this is brought forward, it is the signal of some desperate enterprise, and in a short time twenty thousand men have been known to rally round their old insignia of

war. Apropos, have they not something to do with *kettle-drums*?

FORENSIC WIT—SCARLETT'S LAST.—Brougham, who is not very attentive to the decorations of his outward man, (and would have driven poor Beau Brummel stark mad, had he been condemned to pass the long vacation with him,) entered the court the other morning, with his wig most whimsically awry, and "in most admired disorder;" so much so, that even on the bench "mirth was at odds with gravity," and a general titter was heard. At last Brougham addressed a young barrister, behind him, with "What's the matter, H—n, eh? Why this titter? What the deuce is it that relaxes the rigid muscles on the judgment-seat?" "Your wig, sir," cried the smirking junior. "My wig! my wig!" cried the man *not longed for the rolls and couldn't get 'em*, and turning to the attorney-general, "Eh, Scarlett, do you see any thing ridiculous in my wig?" "Humph—no," said Scarlett, "I see nothing ridiculous in it—except the head."

CURE FOR DRINKING SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.—Take two ounces of the flour of consideration. Dissolve it in a pint of the spirit of self-denial; then add one quart of the juice of resolution to it. Shake it well together—then put it into the golden bowl—if the golden bowl (memory) be not broken—then sweeten it with the sugar of high reputation. A dram of these bitters may be taken as often as the appetite craves strong drink. A larger portion of juice may be added, if necessary; and if one bowl-full should not perfect a cure, it must be filled up again with the same kind. The longer one takes these bitters, the less bitter will they taste.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE STUDENT'S JOYS.

It is, in thought, with reverend bards to thread
The fields of classic lore, fair Tempé's vale,
Where bright Penæus through the muses' bowers
Rolls his immortal tide—to climb the steep
Where springs Castalia's song-inspiring fount,
Or hushed within Attalian groves to list
The voice of Plato or the Stagirite.
It is to fathom nature's hidden depths;
To search the primal principles of things,
At darkness looking with a lightning power
Which brooks no barrier to its piercing glance.
It is to fly from sloth's torpedo-touch,
And purblind ignorance that prisons up
The deep and latent energies of man,
And with a high and holy reverence seek
Kind nature's teachings at her inmost shrine;
Explore her boundless amplitude of means,
Her countless laboratories where are wrought
The untold wonders of her passing skill.
It is the cause from its effect to trace,
Untired by slow analyses of things,
And link when found the ever kindred pair.
It is to strike the lyre with cunning hand,
And sweetly from its willing chords awake
Melodious numbers, such as gently soothed
The troubled spirit of Judea's king,
When o'er his harp bent Jesse's royal son;
And singing on, untrapt, unbribed of fame,
With kindred charms stern virtue's ear arrest,
Till pleased she owns the unpolluted strain,
And to all time the living echo gives.
It is to have with free yet chastened taste,
Companionship with beauty, and behold
Her emanations in all visible things,
By art or nature fabricricked in their skill—
The pencil's or the chisel's pride, the dome,
The pillared palace, and the city's pomp,
The soft and stilly depths of summer skies,
Where sleep the island clouds in their blue sea,
The undulations of the emerald hills,
The lift of mountains and the bend of waves,
And, fairer still than all, the eloquent form
Of woman in her purity and prime.
It is with Shakespeare or with Locke to plunge
Into the deep unfathomable of mind—
To force the bars of mystery that guard
The unbounded scope of thought, and then to stand
Sublime as on some empyrean height,
And o'er the soul's proud panorama gaze,
With fancies thronged, and glorious images
Of high imaginations and conceits
That crowd the wondrous vision's amplest range.
It is in humble confidence to bend
Before the living oracles of God,
And, girding up the spirit for deep thought,
Seek their vast import and obedience learn,
And then with child-like artlessness receive
Their mystery and miracle of love.
These are the joys the student seeks, and these
His glad reward. What though the vulgar mock
His generous toils and mien contemplative,
And shun his walks where oft he musing strays
To talk with nature or his own rich soul?
He hears or heeds them not; but on he sweeps,
On and still upward, like the eagle sweeps,
Darting his eye undazzled toward the blaze
Of truth's all glorious, all pervading sun! PROTEUS.

SONG.

Farewell—lovely scenes of my earliest pleasures,
Where life was a morning unclouded and bright;
My memory shall hoard you among her best treasures,
And charm my sad soul with your glorious light.
How calmly in valleys your shadows are sleeping,
Where gaily my young feet so often have pressed,
How solemnly now your tall willows are weeping
O'er the blue swelling waves in golden beams dressed.
The breezes of evening their last breath are sighing,
As day's fading glory yet gleams on the sky,
And the lone bird of night already is flying
With shrill voice to welcome the darkness so nigh.
When over the dark waste our swift bark is gliding,
And the yellow moon shines on the trembling foam;
While lonely at midnight her pathway I'm gliding,
I'll send forth a song of my own native home.
Farewell—cherished things, I depart, though in sorrow,
I leave you to slumber unfeeling for me;
To music and gladness will wake you the morrow—
To foaming of waters shall my waking be. LABA.

STANZAS.

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
Quam domus Alibonæ reynantis
Et præcepe Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.—*Hor. Car. lib. 1. 7.*

Mid the waves of the west there's an island of green,
Her sons are undaunted, her daughters are fair;
'Tis the land where the steps of my boyhood have been,
And oft in my dream-hours I think I am there.
I climb the wild headland that stoops o'er the wave,
To see the white sweep of its avalanche burst,
Or to gather the flowers, for I fancied they gave
The most delicate fragrance which danger had nursed.
I follow the silver of waters that shone
In the musical stream that directed my track,
Till the sun from the brow of the mountain had gone,
And the finger of evening beckoned me back.
Or I sit for one holiday hour mid the hearts
That mingled as fondly as brother with brother,
And robbed the full quiver of wit of its darts,
And wreathed them with flowers to fling at each other.
But the sun through the casement breaks in on my dream,
And the gems of remembrance that shone in my mind
Pass away—pass away like the dew on the beam,
But unlike them they leave not their freshness behind.
And a languor comes down on my heart when I view
Those pyramid-mountains where freedom hath thrown
Her proud recollections, nor fading nor few,
For they seem not as sacred or proud as my own.
And the water that glideth beneath is as calm
As the sacred Cashmirian valleys may be,
And the breezes that fan it are laden with balm
As those of the isle in the Indian sea.
And of birds there's a numerous choir on each bough,
And blossoms are budding on many a tree;
Yet I cannot imagine the why or the how,
But they speak not the magic of nature to me.
I'm a stranger to all metaphysical lore,
And cannot detect the strong feelings that rise,
And tempest-like hurry me onward before
Their breath to my own native valleys and skies.
But be it my pleasure to think on the scene
Where my heart and my thoughts were as light as the air,
And the friends whom I loved in that island of green,
May I still, e'en in fancy, revisit them there. ALPHA.

ORIGINAL TALES.

RAMON, THE ROVER OF CUBA.

MR. MORRIS—Having read in a newspaper, not long since, a notice of a book called "Ramon, the Rover of Cuba," I immediately went to a bookstore and bought a copy of it, feeling a more than ordinary interest in its contents, inasmuch as the hero of the narrative (who, by the way, is as famous in Cuba as Paul Jones is here,) was an old acquaintance of my own. If you and your readers will have a little patience while I tell the story in my own way, you shall hear all about it.

I was passenger in the schooner John, Captain Marks, of Rhode Island, from Matanzas bound to Charleston, in the winter of 1825. The schooner was loaded with molasses; and there was also a quantity of fruit on board, which, to tell the truth, was my own adventure. The oranges were in barrels on deck; the plantains and bananas stowed in bulk directly under the main hatch, where there was a break in the tier of molasses hogsheds; and the pine apples were hung up in bunches in the cabin. A nicer lot of fruit was never shipped from Cuba, and if we had arrived in Charleston in four days, as the captain calculated, I should have made a pretty speck of it. But that is from the subject. I was going to tell you about Don Ramon.

Captain Marks was a clever man. I had been a passenger with him before. He was rather tallish and slimmish, that is, not very stout. He used to wear a lightish coloured pea-jacket, and a drab felt hat, and had a stoop forward in his gait. He was a powerful strong man. When three or four lubberly sailors were pulling away without being able to start the top-gallant-yard, I have seen him lay hold of the rope above their hands, and jerk the yard up with perfect ease.

The schooner John was a long-legged craft, sparred out

of all reason, so that in a fresh breeze it was apt to be damp walking on deck. I never rode out a gale of wind in her; but Captain Marks told me, that in a stiff northeaster "she beat all natur for cutting dirt." I have no reason to doubt it.

When we had left Punto Mayo six hours, with a light breeze from the southward, it being then about ten o'clock in the morning, we saw a sail in shore on our weather-bow, standing to the eastward. We took no particular notice. Half an hour afterwards, she appeared to have slackened sail and we were gaining on her. Captain Marks took the glass and made her out, as he said, to be "an infernal long-sided, black, saucy-looking son of a gun of a schooner, with raking masts and powerful heavy spars."

In five minutes after he had concluded his description of her, she was bearing down upon us under a press of sail. Here was a pretty piece of business. Being chased by a pirate was what the captain had not calculated upon. We had a couple of six pounders and a few muskets and sabres; but what were these against a well armed rover, which no doubt the enemy was?

But, for all that, Captain Marks was as cool as a peach. He ordered every rag of canvass set, for running away; and all the arms in order for fighting. Then, says he to me, "Mr. Smith, you had better go below and make your will, for I calculate that is a pirate, and if a fresh breeze don't spring up, she will be alongside of us in two hours."

I told Captain Marks I was much obliged to him for his advice, but I had rather stay on deck and see the upshot of the matter. However, a fresh breeze did spring up, and the John gained upon her fast for three hours and a half, when it fell a dead calm. The sea was as smooth as a mill-pond. The pirates got out their sweeps, sent their boats a-head with towlines, and were coming up with us very rapidly.

"Captain Marks," said the mate, "what shall we do? It's of no use to fight."

"Mister Mudge," replied the captain, "we will fight. It's of no use to surrender."

"We shall all be shot if we fight," said the mate.

"We shall all have our throats cut, if we strike," said the captain.

"Then I guess we may as well fight," said the mate.

"I calculate we may," said the captain. "Are those guns primed, Mister Mudge?" said the captain.

"Yes sir," replied the mate.

"Put a handful of spikes and some musket balls into each of them. I don't think it's of any use to mince the matter," said the captain.

"I guess you mean to mince the pirates," replied the mate, as he was stuffing the langridge into the six pounders.

At this moment I observed a wreath of smoke issuing from the bow part of the pirate, and instantly a cannon ball struck one of my barrels on our quarter deck, near where we were standing, and made a very liberal distribution of the oranges among us.

"He bites before he barks," said the mate.

"I guess there will be some loss on that there fruit, Mr. Smith," said the captain.

"Schooner ahoy!" growled a voice through a speaking trumpet from the enemy.

"He first fires and then hails, that is like knocking a man down, and telling him to stand. I wonder where the fellow learnt his manners," said the captain, and then putting his own speaking trumpet to his mouth, growled back upon his adversary, "Halloo!"

"Strike your colours and send your boat on board," said the pirate.

"Not as you knows on," replied Captain Marks.

The boats which had been a-head of the pirate towing, now slackened their towlines and pulled alongside their own vessel, which was nearing us fast enough with four sweeps. Our sails hung flapping against the masts, and the schooner was rolling considerably. The people who seemed to have made up their minds to sell their lives as Yankees do other commodities, for the most they would fetch, were all intent upon their preparations for the fight. Each man wore his sabre, and all were provided with muskets

except those who were to manage the guns. I stood near the officers on the quarter deck, and, entering into the spirit of the occasion, had brought up my double-barreled gun, and a sword which my grandfather, John Smith, wore at the taking of Cape Breton.

The pirate was soon broadside to, within pistol shot. Their sweeps were hauled in, and four guns were now fired upon us in quick succession. Two of the balls passed over us without damage; one struck the water before it reached us, and the other passed into our vessel's side and made a considerable splashing and sputtering below.

"Captain Marks," said I, "I rather calculate there will be some loss on that there molasses."

"I expect there will be some leakage, Mr. Smith," said the captain. "Tom Jenkins," continued he, "let them have a little of that there mixture on their quarter-deck."

Tom Jenkins was a regular *old salt*. He had served on board the Constitution last war, and knew how to take advantage of a roll in taking aim with a six pounder. He let off one of our guns so cleverly, that its miscellaneous contents caused a great deal of dancing and hard swearing on the pirate's deck. "Give him the other!" said the captain, and the second gun was fired with equal success.

So far the battle was in our favour; but a breeze springing up from the southward, and the pirate being in that direction, he bore down upon us and grappled. We flew to our vessel's side to repel them from boarding, but the horrid war cry of "*Ramon y victoria!*" rang in our ears. The pirates, headed by their renowned leader, poured in multitudes upon our deck.

I saw Ramon himself when he first gave the order for boarding. He was standing on his own quarter-deck, with his hat off, in his short jacket and trousers. He was taller than the rest of the officers, and seemed to look scornfully down upon them. When the second shot from us took effect among his men, he became perfectly furious. He swung his sword over his head, and pointing towards us, ordered them, in a voice of thunder, to grapple and board. While they neared us, he arranged the boarders, and placing himself at their head, was the first to step on our deck. As he did so, I took deliberate aim at his head with my fowling-piece, and let off both barrels at him; but the roll of the vessel saved the scoundrel.

Captain Marks, having discharged his piece, flew at him with a handspike, which he had providently laid on the companion-way. A dozen of the pirates threw themselves between the commanders, and three of them were prostrated by a single sweep of the handspike. Before he could raise it again, Captain Marks, was pierced with many wounds from their long knives, and fell upon the deck. This was the last I saw of the action; for, a moment afterwards, I received a heavy blow on my head, and fell senseless.

When I came to my senses, I found myself lying in a comfortable berth, the curtains of which being closed, I could not see what cabin I was in; although the light that came through the small opening of the curtains was sufficient to apprise me that the berth was not my own. I felt stiff and sore, and my head ached severely. I was neither able nor willing to move, and I lay for some time listening to the rush of the waters, as the vessel glided through the waves with an easy motion. Gradually I recovered a distinct recollection of the fight, and all its horrible circumstances; at last, I came to the comfortable conclusion that I was lodged in the pirate's cabin, and reserved for some new exhibition of cruelty and malice.

I managed to turn myself on my side towards the light, and carefully reaching out my hand, I raised the curtain, without any noise, so as to gain a peep into the cabin. It was handsomely furnished, the paneling of mahogany, and the curtains of crimson silk. A brilliant lamp hung suspended from above, over a splendid centre-table, on which were disposed a pair of silver-mounted pistols, a richly chased sword, and several books and charts. One of these last was spread out before the only person whom I observed in the cabin, and whom I instantly recognised as the Rover. I remember his looks, as if it were but yesterday. He was seated at the table, supporting his forehead with his left hand, and diligently examining the chart. His features were regular and very handsome; his eyes large, black, and full of fire; his hair long and clustering over his shoulders. He wore a blue jacket of fine broadcloth, and white vest and trousers, with a girdle-belt of morocco, in which were stuck a brace of pistols and a dirk.

When he had been poring over the chart ten or fifteen minutes, a boy entered the cabin with a dessert of sweetmeats and fruit, and a bottle of red wine, placed upon a silver salver; and soon after a man came below, whom I

afterwards found to be the sailing-master. He was a coarse, malignant, sanguinary villain; and his character was written in his features. I never saw such a diabolical face; it was dark, swarthy, half covered with mustachios, and bore an ugly scar over the left eye. He had an eye like a black snake; his very smile was grim enough, but his frown beggars all description. He sat down to the dessert with his commander, and they entered into conversation; but as it was in the Spanish language, I was not able to make out much of it. Ramon drank of the wine sparingly, the other freely.

While they were finishing their dessert with a cup of coffee, some one of the crew put his head down the companion-way, and in the English language announced a sail ahead. I shuddered, and threw myself back again in the berth, while the pirate officers hurried upon deck.

For half an hour afterwards I heard only the rushing of the waters by the wooden walls of the cabin, with now and then a hoarse word of command from some one on the quarter-deck; then the growling voice through the speaking-trumpet, "Ship ahoy!" I could not hear the answer, nor could I understand the hailings which the pirate afterwards made.

When the dialogue through the speaking-trumpets was over, an order was issued to the men, and from the bustle which followed I concluded that they were clearing the decks for action. Directly the Rover came below, and began to prepare himself for the active scene in which he was to engage. He pulled off his cravat and opened his shirt-collar, tied a bandanna handkerchief round his waist, pulled off his boots, and put on a pair of light pumps. He then carefully examined the priming of his pistols, and taking his sword from the table went upon deck once more.

You can easily imagine, Mr. Editor, what sort of reflections were passing in my mind at this time. Helpless and friendless, prostrate and half dead with bruises, a prisoner to pirates, and just about to encounter the horrors of a sea-fight, without even the poor satisfaction of striking a blow in my own defence, or the prospect of deliverance in case the pirate should be conquered, and my carcass escape the dangers of the battle.

"If the pirates beat," thought I, "I shall at their first leisure be flayed alive for an honest man; if they are beaten, I shall be hanged for a pirate."

My reflections were interrupted by a broadside from the vessel I was in, which was directly answered by another from her antagonist. A ball came into the cabin, passed right over my body, and dashing the cabin lamp to pieces, left me in utter darkness. The loud shouts of the pirates now rose upon the night breeze, mingled with curses in all languages, and the groans of the wounded and dying in the one universal language of suffering and agony.

Presently a heavy shock against the side of our vessel made me aware that the combatants had grappled, and the clashing of swords and the report of pistols gave notice of the pirates having boarded their enemy. Then the tremendous voice of the Rover and the shouts of "Ramon! Ramon!" from his own men, were heard above the wild tumult of the fight.

The agony of suspense which I had suffered during the action now rose so high that my feeble strength could sustain it no longer; my brain reeled—all recollection, all sense forsook me, and I fainted.

When I recovered I was lying upon a mattress spread upon the deck of the vessel, and the first object that met my eyes was the Rover, bending over me with a look of intense interest and compassion. When he saw me open my eyes, he spoke to me in English.

"So you are better—here, taste this." And he gave me a cordial. "Come, raise yourself up a little and look about."

So saying he assisted me to lean against the companion-way, and I gazed upon the scene around me. It was a clear bright day, and by the light colour and smoothness of the water, I knew that we were sailing on the great bank of Bahama. All was tranquil and serene. The sea-birds were scaling over the waters, and the schools of flying-fish darting out into the air.

No sail was in sight; but few of the pirates were visible, and those were lounging about the deck, some smoking and others leaning idly over the gunwale, and gazing vacantly on the waters. The Rover sat by me, and watched my countenance. His truculent looking sailing-master was stretched at his length on a sea-chest, a few feet from me, and casting occasionally a malignant glance at the Rover and myself.

"Young man," said Ramon, "you wonder, I suppose, that you have not shared the fate of your companions. I saved you, because I chose to do so; it was my whim. I have a freak of that sort come into my head sometimes. I liked your looks; I took a sort of fancy to you, and said to myself—the fellow

shall not be destroyed. Your safety has cost me something, and will, perhaps, cost me more. But I have said it—and a legion shall not move me from my purpose—you shall be safe."

I expressed my gratitude as well as I was able, and the pirate kept his word. But I have already made my story too long. To conclude, then—after staying a week on board the schooner, and entirely recovering my strength, I was set on shore three miles from Punto Mayo, and found my way to Matanzas, and not long after returned to the United States.

Your friend and humble servant, JACOBUS JOHN SMITH.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

A FEW weeks since an advertisement appeared in the Gloucester Journal, stating that the writer was anxious for a wife, and setting forth the usual quantum of self-praise and importance, with a catalogue of "good temper," "cheerful disposition," "tolerable fortune," and other requisites on the part of a lady, so essential to produce felicity in the marriage state. Accordingly, a note was received by the would-be enamoured swain, couched in terms of maidenly and becoming modesty, and signed with the soft name of Maria, promising the advertiser all that the most fastidious husband could possibly require. An answer was immediately returned by the lover, couched in terms that could alone be expected from a youthful, enthusiastic, and enraptured lover. The correspondence became intensely interesting, continued for some time, and at last he prevailed on the beloved of his soul to name *il giorno felice*, when all disguise was to be thrown off, and she agreed to meet him in the lower avenue of the Old Well Wall, Cheltenham, and settle the preliminaries of a nearer and dearer correspondence on the delicate, important, and awful step, he had almost persuaded her to take. But, alas! how short-lived and deceitful are all the joys of this sub-lunary world! His fair correspondent was merely an ideal being, created by one or two waggish and laughter-loving youths of that gay town, who invited a strong muster of friends to be present, without mentioning the name of the lover, whose appearance they expected in the form of some romantic youth. No such amiable and engaging character, however, appeared, and the assembled crowd began to suspect that they had been hoaxed, instead of the lover, when their attention was directed to a respectable and elderly-looking gentleman, dressed in the very first style of fashion, with eyeglasses, jewellery, and all the external points of a man of rank, besides highly perfumed for the occasion! but his walk was rather tottering and trembling. After enjoying the confusion of the old gentleman for some time, who paced the walk with hasty strides, ever and anon looking round for his dear Maria, his tormentors approached him. After a few nods and winks, they followed him in procession, reading aloud, amidst the applause and encores of the throng, the whole of the correspondence. The amorous and disappointed sexagenarian first looked remarkably sheepish; then turned upon them with a withering frown of savage indignation and revenge, which only increased the ridicule; and finally, seeing his assailants were not to be beaten off, he fairly took to his heels, and ran away as well as the infirmities of age would permit him, quickened in his pace by the shouts of all present, who begged he would present "their best compliments to Maria!"

EFFECTS OF CHARCOAL.

The following instance of narrow escape from death proves the necessity of precaution when charcoal is used for the purpose of drying rooms. A house in Worcester had undergone some renovation, and the walls not drying so quick as was wished, a chafing-dish, containing charcoal, was made use of, and shifted from one room to the other. The female servant had been desired to clean the windows of one of the apartments, and the girl placed the burning charcoal in the room with her. In the course of the morning some persons passing the front of the house were startled at hearing groans and moaning, as if of some one in the agonies of death; they immediately stepped in, and mentioned the circumstance to those they found there, who were the workmen only, engaged in the repairs of the premises. Inquiry was now made for the servant girl, the only person missing down stairs. Some short time previous two domestics in the establishment of the earl of Surrey lost their lives from inhaling the fumes of ignited charcoal, and, most singularly, the principal workman at the house in question was at the time of that occurrence employed at that nobleman's mansion, and was the first to discover the lifeless bodies of the sufferers. Recollecting that charcoal was now being burnt on the second floor, aware also that the girl was employed in one of the upper rooms, and finding that

she did not answer when called upon, the above circumstances presented themselves to his mind, and fearing a similar catastrophe, he hastened up stairs. He found the room-door locked, a breathless silence seemed to prevail within, and he could obtain no answer or notice taken of his calls and knockings for admission. His fears now greatly increased; he burst open the door, when he found, as he dreaded, his worst apprehensions were realised. The girl was stretched on the bed, to all appearance a corpse, and in the centre of the room stood the chafing-dish, still emitting its deleterious fumes, which would in a few more minutes have terminated the life of the poor girl. Happily, however, her deliverer on approaching her closely, discovered, that although in a state of perfect insensibility, there were yet some faint signs of life remaining; encouraged by which, with assistance he promptly carried her down stairs, and after the lapse of some time symptoms of returning animation exhibited themselves, and the girl recovered. She had a full recollection, upon coming to herself, of the manner in which the overpowering vapour first attacked her, although then unconscious that the sensation she had experienced proceeded from any cause. She said she had been in the room a short time only, when she felt a heaviness and torpor steal over her, which gradually increased so much as to prevent her going on with her work; thinking it a temporary ailment only, she laid herself down on the bed, supposing it would be the means of recovering her, but first took the precaution to make fast the door, as her mistress was out, and there were only men in the house. From this time until discovering herself, to her surprise, down stairs, she was entirely insensible of what was passing. Hereford Jour.

EFFECTS OF FRIGHT.

We have often remarked on the impropriety of exciting the fears of children, for the purpose of more easily managing them, but never since we appeared before the public have we heard of any thing so truly horrible as the following. The subject being too delicate to allow of the mentioning of names, we shall avoid such an exposure, but at the same time we pledge ourselves for the correctness of the narration. Some time ago, a lady in a certain considerable town in Yorkshire, went to a neighbour's house to take tea, along with her husband, and left her little family to the care of her servants. In the course of the evening she felt very uneasy, and being impressed with the idea that all was not right at home, she left her friend's house early. On arriving at her house, she found that her servants, in the exercise of high life below stairs, had collected a social party. This she passed over without observation, and, proceeding up stairs to the nursery, she was surprised by a terrific figure at the foot of the bed of the youngest child, which was twelve months old. The fact was, that the nurse-maid finding the child not very ready to get to rest, and being loath to be disturbed in her evening's enjoyment by its crying, had dressed up and placed the figure alluded to at the foot of the infant's bed, with a view of frightening it to sleep. The contrary effect, however, had been produced; the child had been horror-struck, and appeared to its mother with eyes fixed, in an idiotic stare, upon the image. Astonished and distracted, she rung the bell, and then proceeded to take up her infant; but, lo! it was a lifeless corpse. The fright occasioned by the nurse's folly had been too much for the little innocent. In the extreme of fear the pulse had ceased to beat; the vital spark had fled, and the mother was left to mourn in unutterable anguish the credulity which induced her to trust to such a servant, and the perfidy of the unprincipled nurse, in whom she had confided. To add more is needless, and to describe the subsequent sorrow of the parent is impossible. It is a melancholy story, but it is not more strange than true; and we give it with no other view than to place such parents as may read the York Herald upon their guard with respect to those to whom they may intrust the care of their innocent and helpless offspring. York Herald.

PREDICTION VERIFIED.

Our readers are all familiar with the anecdote of the almanac maker, whose boy inadvertently seasoned the weather with "a little snow," in June, which, by an extraordinary coincidence of circumstances, established the reputation of the almanac beyond the reach of gainsaying. The faith, so prevalent at that time in almanac-makers' predictions, respecting the weather, seems not to be extinct, even at the present day. During the prevalence of the mild weather, in the fore part of the winter, a trader in Franklin county was thus accosted by one of his customers: "Mr. Yardstick, I've brought back the almanac I bought of ye, for I don't b'lieve it's ginnywine, and I want my sixpence again, or else one of the ra'al farmers', that can

be depended upon. This is all a sham." He went on to relate, that, depending on his almanac, he had made sundry arrangements for sleighing and sledding, and had been sorely disappointed. He then opened his almanac and exhibited to the shop-keeper the following words, extending through half a page, and occupying a space of two or three weeks: "look out for snow about this time." "So," said the trader, "you say, that depending on your almanac, you have been greatly disappointed." "Yes, I have been waiting for snow these three weeks; every body has been looking for it and wondering why it didn't come; the gals have lost their sleigh-ride, and neighbour Goodwill says we sha'n't never get our wood up at this rate." "I am sorry for your disappointment, but the fault is your own, and not mine nor the almanac's; if you will examine again, you will find that the almanac did not predict the coming of snow, but merely the looking for it; if it had actually come, people would not have been looking for it, as you say every body has been, even as is there foretold; and thus the prediction is verified." This logic convinced the purchaser, who went away, not only satisfied that his almanac was the "ginnywine farmers'," but confirmed in his belief in almanac predictions. Worcester Spy.

STANZAS.

How have you thought of me?

How have I thought of thee?—as flies
The dove to seek her mate,
Trembling lest some rude hand has made
Her sweet home desolate;
Thus doth my bosom seek in thine
The only heart that throbs with mine.

How have I thought of thee?—as turns
The flower to meet the sun,
E'en though, when clouds and storms arise,
It be not shone upon;
Thus, dear one, in thine eye I see
The only light that beams on me.

How have I thought of thee?—as thinks
The mariner of home,
When doomed through many a dreary waste
Of waters yet to roam;
Thus doth my spirit turn to thee,
My guiding star o'er life's wild sea.

How have I thought of thee?—as bends
The Persian at the shrine
Of his resplendent god, to watch
His earliest glories shine.
Thus doth my spirit bow to thee,
My heart's own radiant Deity.

IAN THE.

HEREDITARY DESCENT OF MENTAL TALENT.

From a number of facts, a few of which we shall select for the purpose of illustration, it will appear remarkably striking, that such an inheritance is more generally derived from the maternal than the paternal side. In the examples to be adduced, a selection has been made with a view to the different varieties of mental superiority, and the following comprehends poets, historians, and orators.—Lord Bacon. His mother was daughter to Sir Anthony Cooke; she was skilled in many languages, and translated and wrote several works, which displayed learning, acuteness, and taste.—Hume, the historian, mentions his mother, daughter of Sir D. Falconer, president of the college of justice, as a woman of "singular merit;" and who, although in the prime of life, devoted herself entirely to his education.—R. B. Sheridan. Mrs. Frances Sheridan was a woman of considerable abilities. It was writing a pamphlet in his defence that first introduced her to Mr. Sheridan, afterwards her husband. She also wrote a novel highly praised by Johnson.—Schiller, the German poet. His mother was an amiable woman; she had a great relish for the beauties of nature, and was passionately fond of music and poetry. Schiller was her favourite child.—Goethe thus speaks of his parents: "I inherited from my father a certain sort of eloquence, calculated to enforce my doctrines to my auditors; from my mother I derived the faculty of representing all that the imagination can conceive, with energy and vivacity."—Lord Erskine's mother was a woman of superior talent and discernment; by her advice her son betook himself to the bar.—Thomson the poet. Mrs. T. was a woman of uncommon natural endowments, possessed of every social and domestic virtue, with a warmth and vivacity of imagination scarcely inferior to her son.—Boerhaave's mother acquired a knowledge of medicine not often found in females.—Sir Walter Scott. His mother, Elizabeth, daughter of D. Rutherford, W. S. was a woman of great accomplishments and virtue. She had a good taste for and wrote poetry, which appeared in print in 1789.—We might further mention the mother of Marmontel, of Bonaparte, Sir William Jones, and a host of others. But

a sufficient number has been given, we think, to show that in a majority of cases eminent men have derived their talents from either parent, and that it is a remarkable circumstance, that such inheritance is most generally from the maternal side. Northern Whig.

MISTAKEN VIEWS OF RELIGION.

One cause which impedes the reception of religion, even among the well disposed, is that garment of sadness in which people delight to suppose her dressed; and that life of hard, pining abstinence, which they pretend she enjoins on her disciples. Let us try the case by a parallel, and examine it, not as affecting our virtue but our pleasure. Does religion forbid the cheerful enjoyments of life, as rigorously as avarice forbids them? does she require such sacrifices of our ease as ambition; or such renunciation of our quiet as pride? Does devotion murder sleep, like dissipation? Does she annihilate fortune, like gambling? Does she destroy health, like intemperance? Does she embitter life, like discord; or abridge it, like duelling? Does religion impose more vigilance than suspicion; or half as many mortifications as vanity? Vice has her martyrs; and the most austere and ascetic (who mistake the genius of christianity almost as her enemy) never tormented himself with such cruel and careless severity, as that with which envy lacerates her unhappy votaries. Worldly honour obliges us to be at the trouble of resenting injuries—but religion spares us that inconvenience, by commanding us to forgive them; and by this injunction consults our happiness no less than our virtue; for the torment of constantly hating any must be at least equal to the sin of it. If this estimate is fairly made, then is the balance clearly on the side of religion, even in the article of pleasure. Nat. Jour.

THE WOLF OF NOBLE RACE.

A young wolf, who in his first campaign against the leopard, had shown the white feather, and shamefully scampered off at the first appearance of danger, was, in consequence, dragged before the judgment seat of king lion and by the angry monarch sentenced to receive a dozen stripes and to lose one of his ears. "And must I suffer such indignity?" exclaimed the kneeling culprit. "I whose father once, in a dangerous emergency, sustained the throne already shaken by rebellion, and who was for his services created a nobleman of the first rank?" "You are in the right," interrupted the lion, smiling, "the son of such a father merits some distinction. Let him receive two dozen stripes, and have both his ears cut off." Nat. Gaz.

INSTINCT.

It is well known that animals in a state of nature, when, by some secret impulse, they feel their end approaching, always retire to the most hidden recess, where, as if pursued by a dreaded demon, they await the fatal moment solitary and unseen; hence it is rare to find a wild animal which has died in the open fields. A remarkable circumstance illustrative of this principle of instinctive fore-knowledge has long been familiar in Callendar policy, in the eastern half of which a number of sheep are yearly out to graze. It necessarily happens that, during the season, a few die a fair strae death. On these occasions, the doomed animal invariably forsakes its companions, and wanders from the flock towards the side of a steep hill facing the north, where, under shelter of a small plantation, it patiently lies down, without tasting the pasture on which its carcass is soon to be stretched, food for the fox and the crow. Scotsman.

A GOOD LESSON.

Talleyrand had a confidential servant excessively devoted to his interests, but withal superlatively inquisitive. Having one day intrusted him with a letter, the prince watched his faithful valet from the window of his apartment, and with some surprise observed him coolly reading the letter en route. On the next day a similar commission was confided to the servant, and to the second letter was added a postscript, couched in the following terms: "You may send a verbal answer by the bearer; he is perfectly acquainted with the whole affair, having taken the precaution to read this previously to its delivery." Such a postscript must have been more effective than the severest reproach. Times.

RARE OCCURRENCE.

In the populous townships of Brynton and Blymen, which form one large parish, situated within a few miles of Newport, Shropshire, a male child had not been born during the last twenty-four years, until a few weeks since, and only one other within the space of twenty-four years.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

THIS great and distinguished man has been so long celebrated for his fearless and intrepid opposition to arbitrary power, and for his unceasing efforts towards ameliorating the condition of his fellow men, that he has received the emphatic cognomen of "the friend of the people," by the almost universal suffrages of his countrymen.

Imbued as he is with the same love of country, and the same determined spirit of resistance to the encroachments of power, when exercised against the rights and freedom of his fellow-citizens, which glowed in the breasts of the worthies who promoted, by their untiring zeal, and established the independence of these United States, we think that a short notice of this illustrious patriot cannot fail to interest American readers.

Sir Francis Burdett is descended from one of the most ancient families in Great Britain, the early founders of which, it is recorded, were celebrated for the same patriotism and love of liberty evinced by the present representative of their house. Born thus among the privileged classes of society, it is perhaps the more surprising, that he has constantly been enrolled in the service of that portion of his countrymen whose situation is so far removed from the aristocracy of the land, both by prejudices of birth and education; yet, devoted as he ever has been to the interests of "the people," his most violent opponents do not deny him the merit of being, in the fullest sense of the term, "a gentleman," and what is a far more honourable title, "an honest man."

The consistency which has characterized his political career has blunted the malice of the most determined supporters of "the divine right of kings;" and the conscientious discharge of his public duties, even to the suffering of fine and imprisonment in the performance of them, has extracted from the same characters the meed of approbation, as proceeding from a firm conviction, that his principles are the result of disinterested and pure patriotism.

Sir Francis commenced his political career in 1796, in which year he was returned to parliament for Borough-bridge, in Yorkshire. In the house of commons he soon became a warm advocate of the rights of the people, and for reform in parliament; and shortly afterwards he instituted an inquiry into the state of Cold-bath Field's prison, in London, and effected by his exertions the dismissal of the governor, and a complete reformation in the regulations of the prison.

This early display of boldness and integrity, in behalf of suffering humanity, and determination to promote that salutary reform in parliament, which all lovers of their country at the time loudly called for, rendered Sir Francis extremely popular. At the dissolution of parliament in 1802, he was called on by a large number of freeholders to represent the county of Middlesex, and after a severe contest of fifteen days, he was returned by a considerable majority. His opponent, Mr. Mainwaring, petitioned parliament against the return, and a new election took place, between Sir Francis and the younger Mr. Mainwaring, the father being incapable of again coming forward, when Mr. Mainwaring was returned by a majority of five votes. On the succeeding general election, Sir Francis again stood for Middlesex, in opposition to the ministerial candidate, Mr. Mellish, but was again defeated. It is reported, that Sir Francis expended on these several elections the sum of one hundred thousand pounds sterling.

A vacancy shortly after this occurred in the representation of the city of Westminster, and it was determined by the electors of that city to put Sir Francis into nomination to represent them in parliament, without putting him to any expense; a resolution which was carried into effect, and he was duly returned by a large majority.

One of the most magnificent processions that ever graced a "chairing" of a successful candidate, was the reward of Sir Francis's exertions, at the close of this contest. Multitudes followed in its train, and Sir Francis, seated in a triumphal car, built expressly for the purpose, received the acclamations of thousands of his grateful countrymen, who eagerly testified their approbation by loud and repeated huzzas to their favourite champion of liberty and parliamentary reform. A splendid dinner at the crown and anchor tavern, in the Strand, closed this popular display of feeling, where two thousand persons sat down with the worthy baronet, and drank "pottle deep" to his success in the elevated station to which he had been raised by the spontaneous voice of an independent people.

In 1810, Sir Francis was committed to the tower of London, for denying the right of the house of commons to im- prison any person. The cause of this assertion originated in the case of Mr. Gale Jones, who had been imprisoned in Newgate for an alleged libel on the house; and in a letter to his constituents of Westminster, Sir Francis laid himself open to this breach of privilege of the honourable body, of which he was a member.

The excitement in London, at the news of Sir Francis's indictment and intended committal, was extreme. Sir F. considered the proceedings illegal, and when the warrant was issued for his arrest, he determined to oppose its execution. Troops were stationed on Tower-hill, and the guns mounted on the ramparts. The sergeant-at-arms, accompanied by his officers, proceeded to the baronet's house, in Piccadilly, but were refused admittance. The populace had risen, *en masse*, to witness the struggle between their favourite and the constituted authorities; and when Sir Francis appeared at the windows, he was cheered by the multitude, and applauded for his resolution. In consequence of his resistance to the warrant, the judges were consulted, and troops were ordered into London, together with a park of artillery from the arsenal at Woolwich. On the Monday succeeding the first attempt to execute the warrant, the sergeant-at-arms again presented himself at Sir Francis's residence, and was again repulsed; he, however, effected an entrance, with his officers, at the window, and found Sir Francis in the drawing-room, surrounded with his family; the warrant was presented, and two officers seized the baronet; as force was now used, Sir Francis very prudently did not attempt resistance, and was at length safely lodged in the tower, accompanied on his way by a troop of horse-guards, where he remained until parliament was prorogued.

At the next general election, Sir Francis was again returned for Westminster, with Sir Samuel Romilly.

At the time of the celebrated proceedings at Manchester, Sir Francis published a letter to his constituents, expressing his indignation at the outrage committed on the British constitution, by those unhappy proceedings; in this letter some passages were deemed seditious and libellous, and the author was prosecuted by the attorney-general, and took his trial, on which the jury found him guilty. He was subsequently sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand pounds sterling, and to be imprisoned in the king's bench for three months. Between the time of his trial and the infliction of the sentence, Sir Francis was again returned a member in parliament for the city of Westminster, with his present colleague, Mr. Hobhouse, who is known to our readers as the friend of Lord Byron, and with whom he has continued as one of the representatives of Westminster to this period.

The above is a brief sketch of the principal incidents in the political life of this distinguished senator. The numerous measures which he has during that period advocated we must necessarily pass over with equal brevity; reform in parliament, catholic emancipation, and the repeal of the civil and religious disabilities of the dissenters from the church of England, have all received his warmest support, and to effect which his time and talents have been unceasingly devoted. To his parliamentary exertions the disgraceful practice of flogging soldiers in the British army has been discontinued, and in some cases wholly abolished. Private individuals, when suffering under harsh measures of government, have invariably received his protection, and the aid of his acknowledged eloquence in the senate, to obtain a repeal of their sentence, or an amelioration in its execution.

In person Sir Francis presents a noble commanding figure, tall and well formed; a face strongly marked with the energy and enthusiasm which mark his character, and decidedly expressive of his intellectual capacity. As an orator he is extremely popular; the bold and fearless manner with which he grapples a subject, and lays bare the covert attempts to invade the rights of the constitution, renders his eloquence peculiarly adapted to the class of individuals he principally devotes his services. In the house of commons he is listened to with attention. The consistency of his political career commands respect from that body, while his forcible eloquence frequently constrains them to support his measures.

The march of liberal principles in the cabinet of Great Britain has of late rendered the labours of Sir Francis more of a quiescent character than they were formerly. The elevation of Mr. Canning to the head of the administration was hailed by the patriotic baronet as a proud era in British politics, and he warmly seconded most of the measures that great man projected for the improvement of his country. In the late contests on the subject of catholic emancipation, and the repeal of the dissenters' disabilities, he indeed came forward with all the force and eloquence he is so justly distinguished

for, and has at length witnessed the success of two of his ardently cherished objects of legislative enactments.

The enemies of Sir Francis have not failed to attack him for his connexion with the radicals of the day. Hunt, Cobbett, and others of that grade, were certainly once admitted to his friendship; but the pure patriotism of Sir Francis could not long amalgamate with these fierce and lawless spirits. Their character soon developed itself, and the result was, an entire secession on his part from further intercourse with that infatuated body. Cobbett has been loudest in his vituperations against the alleged inconsistency of Sir Francis, as deserting his former associates, with what justice may be inferred from the following statement of facts, which is well authenticated.

Cobbett, previous to his last visit to the United States, had borrowed a considerable sum from Sir Francis, to be duly paid at a certain period. After he had established himself for some time in America, his restless disposition induced him to determine upon returning again to England, but being deeply involved in debt, the design was somewhat difficult of execution: to pave his way for this resolve, he addressed a friend there, stating, that considering he had been denied the full benefit of the laws of his country previous to his departure from England, he considered that he was absolved in future from any legal claim his creditors might have against him, and desiring his friend to lay the letter before Sir Francis.

The answer of the baronet did him honour. Nothing could be more cool than the scorn and sarcasm which it contained. The following is from the closing paragraph of Sir Francis's reply; he writes—

"—As to complaint or reproach, they are the offspring of weakness and folly, disdain should stifle them; but nothing can or ought to stifle the expression of disgust every honest mind must feel at the want of integrity in the principles you proclaim, and of feeling and generosity in the sentiments you express."

In the faint sketch we have given of this celebrated man, we feel we have not done adequate justice to the illustrious character he has acquired among his countrymen. His name will descend to future generations, coupled with the Sidneys and Hampdens of his own nation, and with that long line of patriotic individuals who have been foremost in advocating the rights and liberties of their fellow-creatures against the inroads of unconstitutional attacks, emanating from the undue use of delegated power.

H*.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.

No. VIII.

IDLE PEOPLE.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.—Shaks.

THERE is no class of human beings who are visited with more matter-of-course vituperation than idle people. Idleness! it is the greatest vice that civilization knows, for it is the least profitable. Men may lie, and cheat, and game, and drink, and break the ten commandments in whatsoever way they please, and they will still find apologists; but for idleness, no one lifteth up his voice to speak in its behalf. From the busy haunts of men, from the toil and turmoil of the marts of traffic, from the din and smoke of manufactories, from the high-courts of Mammon, it is for ever banished; and only on the pleasant hill side, in the waving meadow, and under the ancient forest trees, or by the babbling brook and lazy river hath it sought out an undisturbed retreat; and it is there its devotee is to be found, stretched luxuriously along the green sward, worshipping his divinity after his own calm and easy fashion. Foolish fellow! up and away unto the crowded city, for there money, "the white man's god," is to be made—spend thy days in bargaining and wrangling and over-reaching, and thy nights in scheming and calculating, until thou art worth a million! but rest not, relax not: toil and bargain and wrangle on, and thou mayest yet be worth a million and a half! and then if death some morning puts a stop unto thy profitable speculations, just when cotton was on the rise, and thou hadst five thousand bags on hand, think, for all thy care and anxiety—thy joyless days and sleepless nights—what a glorious consolation is thine! The poor idler

goes to his grave not worth a groat, while thou descendant to thine everlasting rest with more money invested in the funds than any man on 'change! Who would be an idler?

"Idleness," saith the proverb, "is the mother of Mischief." How strange that such a noisy brawling urchin should spring from so inoffensive a parent! For my own part, I have a respect for idle people; and when no one suffers by their idleness, they are the most harmless and sensible people on the face of the earth—your only true philosophers. Love of ease is natural to man, and industry came into the world with original sin. Hard work occasioned the first murder. If Cain, instead of tilling the stubborn earth and earning his bread "by the sweat of his brow," had had nothing to do but lounge on the mountain-side like his brother Abel, play his pipe, watch his sheep feeding, and then feed himself, he would never have envied him, and the second great transgression would not have come to pass.

That idleness is the natural state of man cannot be doubted. Like the flowers of the field, it springeth up without care or culture; but industry is a hot-house plant, of forced and artificial growth, and apt to wither away, if it be not anxiously tended and cherished. In asserting these undeniable truths, let it not be supposed that any reproach is meant to be cast upon the industrious. No—the man that sacrifices his love of ease, and labours unremittingly that his wife may be at rest, and his little ones comfortably clothed and fed—that he may be free from duns and debts, and walk through the world fearing and beholden to no living creature—such a man is worthy of all admiration. But there are others, who have enough and to spare, but still go on—the slaves of avarice and of habit; who dignify their love of gain with the name of industry, and plume themselves mightily on "never being a single minute idle;" why what are they at best but miserable earth-worms—voluntary bondmen; the worldly wise, and yet the most egregious fools!

One thing that has undeservedly brought idleness into bad repute, is the confounding it with laziness, than which no two things can be more different. The lazy sluggard who hates motion in every shape, and lies upon the earth an inert piece of animation, is scarcely upon a par with the beasts that perish. Perhaps the finest specimen of this tribe was a very fat old gentleman of this city, a prodigious eater, who, in the summer time, used to sit by the day together smoking and steaming like a caldron. The only exercise he was ever known to take consisted in calling out, after he had sat on one seat long enough to make it uncomfortably warm, "John, bring me a cool chair!" and then moving from one chair to the other. Now idle people are the very reverse of this. In all sorts of games and sports they are first and foremost. It is they who can pitch a quoit or bowl a cricket-ball straighter and truer than any one else: the swiftest runners and most active wrestlers of the district. It is they who have roamed the country far and wide, and know where the finest fishing streams are to be found, and where the birds are most plentiful—the healthiest, hardiest, and most venturesome of heaven's creatures; who will scramble up a precipice, and risk their neck for a bird's nest, but droop and pine away under a regular routine of money-making tasks. There are, however, different varieties of this species, like every other. Some of a more contemplative turn, who seek out the pleasant nooks and shady places known but to themselves, and there muse away their hours. These are intimate acquaintances of nature, to whom she is always "at home," and who are initiated into thousands of her little secrets that others know not of; or with their Shakspeare in their hand, they read unfolded mysteries of mind and matter, that seem, and are, not the records of observation, but the outpourings of inspiration. Such a one was Jaques, though rather too cynical; and, at times, even such a one must Shakspeare have been. It appears impossible that the scenes in the forest of Arden could have been engendered any where except "under the shade of melancholy boughs." So thoroughly are they imbued with a truly pastoral spirit, so free from the noise and smoke of cities, that it is really strange, after reading "As you like it," with your mind filled with images of lonely forest walks, and their denizens the duke of Amiens and his "co-mates and brothers in exile," to walk to the window and see so many streets, houses, carriages, and fantastically dressed men and women. What a pitiable fool would he be who could afford to dream away life amid such scenes, to forsake them

"For so much dress as may be grasped thus!"

Yet idle people are looked upon as the very worst and "most good-for-nothing" people in existence. They are under the ban of society. The worldly father points them out to his son as a warning, and the prudent mother watches that her marriageable daughter's eye rests not on them; their

names are stricken from invitation lists; and every graping scoundrel twitteth them and vaunts his superior pack-horse qualifications. And for what?—why, their comparative poverty and practical philosophy. Yet they are in one sense the wealthiest of men, for

Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineness, is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

Another good property of the idler is his love of children. Hour after hour he trifles away in their innocent society, and is, by universal suffrage, elected grand arbitrator of all their short-lived feuds and harmless rivalries. He is their judge, their great man, their infallible authority; quoted on all occasions, and from whose decision there is no appeal—the framer of their laws, and the maker of their playthings. His skill in joinery is made manifest in the manufactory of tiny carts and wheelbarrows; and his manner of fixing fishing-tackle, of cutting bats, and compounding balls, is allowed on all hands to be inimitable. In short, his love for these miniatures of humanity is genuine, and it is as genuinely returned.

In towns a person of this temperament is altogether out of his element. He is a connoisseur of sweet, wholesome air, and sighs to rove about in search of it. As long as the grizzly tyrant winter keeps the fair spring in chains, it matters little where he is; but when one of those glorious days that herald her approach breaks forth, and nature becomes, on the instant, all life and animation, there are few men, let them be as industrious as they may, who have not experienced his feelings. Who, on such a day, has not felt a pleasing languor steal over him, and a distaste for his ordinary pursuits and avocations rising in his breast? Who does not long to leave the hubbub of the city far behind, to stroll forth into the fields, and have the taint of the smoke blown off by the fresh April winds? and who would not do so if

Necessity, the master still of will,
How strong soo'er it is,

did not drag him back to his toils. Oh! what a clog it is on a man's spirit to feel that he is a slave—for what are they but slaves with the privilege of change, whose daily labour buys their daily bread—to long for liberty, yet feel that the pure air, the green fields, the blue sky, the very commonest gifts of nature, that are enjoyed by the brutes of the earth and the birds of the air, are denied to him? True, he may break through all restraints and go about inhaling as much fresh air as he pleases; but when the cravings of appetite hint to him that it is dinner time, from whence are to come the victuals that constitute that important item in the sum total of human happiness? Man is unfortunately a carnivorous animal, and must, once a day at least, be fed with flesh, fowl, or fish: he cannot make an unsophisticated repast off the roots and fruits of the earth, for though

"his anatomical construction
Bears vegetables in a grumbling sort of way;
Yet certainly he thinks, beyond all question,
Beef, veal, and mutton easier of digestion."

Then why are idle people who can afford to be so without wrong to any one so hardly dealt with, when all men, deserving the name, would be idle if they could? Who ever knew a creature that made use of the too common expression, "I am never easy without I am doing something," that was worth passing an hour with, or that showed the slightest symptoms of having a soul? He cannot be easy without doing something, merely because he cannot hold communion with himself; he has no treasures of thought to which he can revert, and his mind preys upon itself unless exercised in the miserable cares and petty gains and triumphs of business, which is at best but a necessary evil. I, for one, with a few exceptions, always admired the state of things that the old courtier in the Tempest proposes to introduce into the enchanted island if he were king of it—

No kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; no use of service,
Of riches, or of poverty; no contracts,
Successions; bound of land, till, vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure.
All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour; treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

The greatest objection to his scheme is that parts of it savour somewhat of agrarianism; though Gonzales was a well-meaning, honest man, and could have no intention when he spoke thus, of countenancing the schemes of a set of people who, too lazy to accumulate property themselves, manifest a decided predilection for that of their neighbours, and disinterestedly advise an equal division when they have nothing to give and every thing to receive.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A MAN WITH ONE IDEA.

THE man I shall attempt to describe is very easily known—a calm, easy, quiet look pervades his countenance; an ineffable placidity of demeanour is thrown over his whole frame; an astuteness of feeling characterizes all his actions; a gravity of utterance, and a continued string of rapid and unmeaning common-place remarks form the *materiel* of what he dignifies with the name of conversation. To him *Galt* and *Spurzheim*, and all the endless theories of intellectual causes and effects, are but as "dead letters." The head, that capital of the human frame, is in his estimation the organ whereby he sees, hears, smells, and eats; this last qualification is the most valued, as conveying the chiefest pleasure of his existence. The obesity of his person is viewed with complacency, in regard to this masterly organ; and the charms of good living acquire a higher relish as the proofs of his rotundity increases; and he consequently honours the member, whose province it is to assist in the attainment of this desirable expansion of his "fair proportions."

The phenomena of the natural world is also a subject of little or no interest to him. The rain in summer is indeed called refreshing, when the thermometer has been ranging at ninety, and his clover field looks parched; the thoughts of his favourite pad faring somewhat the worse for the drought, has an indistinct connection with this feeling; but the necessary showers, which refresh the verdure, enrich the ground, and make nature smiling, gay, and vernal, are things which never cross his imagination, nor convey subjects for his gratulation or thanksgiving. The glorious sun, beaming in the refulgence of its rising glory, or setting with its "golden splendour," serve only to mark the periods of another coming and closing day. The "blue vault of heaven," spangled with its countless hosts of glittering stars; the "silver moon," sailing in cloudless majesty, either in full splendour, or rising, like "pale Dian's cress," are objects indicating only the progressive course of time, as it is marked in the well-thumbed almanac, which regulates his systematic evolutions.

The beauties of creation are alike unheeded by him. In vain may picturesque and fertile landscapes spread their viand charms before him, or the sublime and magnificent scenes of uncultivated nature pass before his sight; the one is viewed with reference only to the animal comforts of life, the other is considered wholly useless.

Works of art create in him no rapturous emotions, and science in vain expands her deep and wondrous pages for his perusal. He contemplates the one with frigid indifference, or understands the other only when brought to the practical improvement of some favoured object of luxury or pursuit.

In the details of every-day life the true "metal" of the man is most conspicuous; here you cannot fail to distinguish him. Business progresses with him in uniform and systematic regularity. Speculation and enterprise form no part of his commercial code; a regular dog-trot movement, like the never-varying pendulum of the old Dutch clock in his office, carries him gently along, through the whole routine of active duties; and his periodical relaxation (like the regular windings of that useful time-piece) renews his strength, and fits him again to commence the same unceasing round of monotonous and prescribed avocations.

In politics he is a "Vicar of Bray." He has adopted that patriotic axiom, "that let who will govern he must be the governed;" and he cannot understand the cause of the vociferous declamations and rancorous abuse that adverse parties lavish so liberally on each other, when some particular end is to be answered, or some favourite champion is to be supported.

If the elective franchise is in his hands, he very prudently declines its exercise, or weighs with accurate precision the benefits which may accrue to himself, before he decides upon the merits of rival candidates.

He is strictly orthodox, agreeably to the particular creed imbibed from parental dictation. No nice disquisition in that endless field for discussion, theology, disturbs his mind, others have settled that matter for him; and he feels no disposition to challenge the doctrines or forms which were adopted with his earliest perceptions.

In literary matters he is somewhat more discursive. In youth the soft numbers of the amatory poets furnished scraps; which he found useful for quoting to the fair lady who, in more advanced years, became his wife. He has always held the "daily press" in considerable esteem; its diurnal catalogue of accidents and murders formed topics for conversation; and in after years the same source was the medium through which he advertised his wares, or supposing him to

be beyond the necessity of pursuing business for his support. The self-same organ told the rise and fall of stocks, and occasionally informed his fellow-citizens of the honourable stations he filled in the public bodies he was attached to.

We must further do him the justice of stating, that he at times dips into the magazines and other light periodicals of the day. The last novels also claim his attention; and a standard volume of sermons form the usual provocative for his Sunday's after-dinner nap.

It must not be supposed that the extent of knowledge thus obtained is suffered to be idle; on the contrary, no one can better tell the last *written* opinion on the floating trifles of the day than he can, and the last reviewer is ever *his* authority. He also deals plenteously in sage apothegms and indisputable truisms; these are disseminated as occasion requires, with all the gravity of profound wisdom and erudite research. They form rules for the guidance of his family, and serve as text-books for the ever ready advice he liberally furnishes to his friends.

Thus he calmly floats down the stream of time, unruffled by those adverse winds and stormy tempests which more *ideal* men are exposed to, and at last attains the "bourne appointed unto all men," and leaves behind a character which, if not marked with any rare virtues, is at least unstained with any great crimes.

Do you not envy this picture of calm and unintellectual character, you host of high imaginative beings? You who pass your lives in one unceasing whirl of bounding fancies and untiring pursuits, can the phantoms you pursue afford the solid and real enjoyment which the individual I have described possessed? No! It is true, that endowed as you are with the divine attributes of genius, you soar above your fellow-men, and hold "high communion" with the brighter intelligences of animate and inanimate nature; but it is this very sublimated state of existence that is your torment, and frequently your destruction.

"It drinks the life-blood from the veins."

Discard, then, the countless myriads of ideas with which your teeming brains are fraught. Sink into the dull plodding character we have attempted to delineate, and truly you shall meet the reward of approbation which ever attends the man with one idea. D.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

THE managers of the Park must really put a stop to their uniformly respectable way of getting up new and amusing pieces, or there is an end at once to dramatic notices. It is impossible to go on week after week, using sugared words and complimentary phrases, touching the merits of the play and the excellence of the acting; we lack something of "good, worthy Mr. Janus's" talents in that particular. It has been the unhappy nature of man, ever since Eve ate apples, to delight in fault-finding; and this is easily to be traced to the pride and vanity with which he is impregnated. In praising any thing he tacitly acknowledges his own inferiority, and places himself in an attitude of respectful admiration; but in fault-finding he assumes a tone of conscious superiority, and fulminates his condemnatory decrees with the air of Jove himself. The public too, generally like an ill-tempered writer, and give him credit for spirit, sincerity, and a number of other fine things, when frequently all his sneering and carping merely proceeds from the acidity of his disposition: thus many a dull rogue, whose jaundiced eye and wormwood temperament will not allow him to admire merit or see good in any shape, passes for a gentleman of exquisite taste, whose perception of the beautiful is so acute as to render it impossible for him to be pleased with what pleases other people. But, though we ourselves lay claim to an exuberance of good-nature, there is a limit to human patience, and the managers must really do something they ought not to do, play some bad pieces, or good pieces badly, displace the legitimate drama and introduce camels and elephants, or any thing of that kind which will allow opportunity for a trifling display of fearless independence and an indignant spirit of outraged morality. During the last week every thing has been conducted with the most provoking propriety, and the two new pieces that have been produced are both, of their kind, more than respectable. With "Shakspeare's Early Days" we were indeed rather disappointed on the first representation; but this was owing to perhaps unreasonable expectations created by the nature of the subject, rather than any lack of merit in the piece itself. It is a neat little affair; but the characters and situations are scarcely broad and farcical enough to suit the taste of the times; the language

has the merit of being correct and to the purpose, though the blank verse does occasionally "hobble in its gait." It would probably have had a stronger dramatic effect if the author had introduced a few more of Shakspeare's youthful irregularities: he has made the poet too perfect, and has even assigned a humane motive for his deer-stealing. Though we believe Shakspeare was really and truly a good man, yet in his early days he was by no means impeccable. The first scene discovers his father and mother, the former of whom rails bitterly at the manner in which his son Willy wastes his time; and the next scene shows us the poet himself, sleeping on a bank, when "coming events" are supposed to "cast their shadows before," and those glorious creations which will hallow his name through all ages, float before him in a vision. This might have been made much more effective. Then comes the affair of shooting the buck, for which he is brought before Sir Thomas Lucy, whom he rates most soundly; he is dismissed upon paying the fine, and Sir Thomas, who can neither read nor write himself, orders his retainer, Slyboots, to draw up a "thundering proclamation" against deer-stealing. Slyboots is in a similar predicament with his master, and secretly applies to Shakspeare to do it for him, who consents, but instead of a proclamation writes a copy of the verses which he himself in reality affixed to the park gate of Sir Thomas Lucy, commencing,

A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a scarecrow, in London an ass;

Slyboots highly elated with his supposed proclamation, returns with it to Sir Thomas, who looks it over, and unable to discover the trick played upon him, commends it highly, and orders it to be read aloud in presence of the whole village. This is one of the most laughable situations in the piece. Then we have the arrival of the youthful poet in London with his tragedy of Hamlet in his pocket, where he saves the life of Lord Southampton, and meets his fellow-townsmen, Richard Burbage, (the Garrick of his time, and the original Richard III.) He then repairs to Dr. Orthodox, an old pedant, for a warrant for the enactment of his tragedy, which is refused on the ground that it does not conform to the rules of Aristotle, and we are favoured with the sapient doctor's criticism on Hamlet. In answer to Orthodox's question at what college Shakspeare graduated, he makes this happy and spirited reply:

Creation's boundless temple was my school;
Mankind my study; 'tis a royal college,
Endowed most nobly by the King of kings!
There nature in one hour teaches more
Than in an age your Greek and Latin lore.

Nearly the whole of the dramatic persons finally meet in the court of Queen Elizabeth, who makes trial of their skill by requesting each one to express the wish nearest to his heart in rhyme, on the instant. Shakspeare of course bears away the palm, in the following neatly turned lines, which, we believe, are a translation from the Persian:

When born thou wept'st, while all around were smiling,
To see pure joy thy mother's woes beguiling:
Heaven grant that when in death thou sink'st to sleep,
Thou may'st serenely smile, though all around thee weep.

The queen places her picture round his neck, takes him into favour, there is a flourish of trumpets, and the curtain falls. The piece was very well played. Hilson, Placide, and Mrs. Hilson, made the most of three trifling parts, and Barry, as Shakspeare, gave many of the speeches with much spirit and effect; the lower tones of this gentleman's voice are uncommonly rich and mellow. It appeared mighty strange to see William Shakspeare treading the stage in the flesh; and we sincerely pitied the poor people who were unfortunate enough to live before him. Before Shakspeare! It seems now as if before his birth there must have been some huge "gap in nature," which only he could fill up. The scenery is painted from the most authentic drawings of his house at Stratford, the Falcon tavern, the Globe theatre, &c. In the latter view, which is well executed, the artist has introduced one of those silent and eloquent touches by which painters frequently heighten the illusion of the scene, namely, on the playbill attached to the walls of the Globe he has announced Shakspeare's Hamlet for representation, though in that very scene the poet produces the manuscript of that tragedy for the first time. It would, perhaps, be an improvement to substitute—"Park theatre, Saturday evening, Tom and Jerry, with a powerful cast."

The new piece of the Brigand is founded on authentic anecdotes of one of the many famous robber chieftains in the Papal States. It is a regularly constructed melo-drama, composed of the old materials, love and murder, interspersed with singing and dancing. The scenery is entirely new and very beautiful, particularly the opening view of the Brigand's retreat. It is painted by Walker, whose skill in this department is unrivalled.

It has been insinuated that musical taste is on the decline

in New-York; this, however, appears to be a malicious and unfounded assertion, for the popular melody of "Coal-black Rose" continues to be received with the most flattering and gratifying marks of approbation. Seriously, we think this stuff would be more in place amid the sawdust and quadrupeds of a circus than on the boards of the Park theatre. C.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

COVENT-GARDEN.

A petit comedy was produced at this house last night under the title of "A Husband's Mistake; or, The Corporal's Wedding." The piece met general approbation. It is a translation from one now playing at Paris, with equal success. The outline of the plot is this: The father of Count Frederic Lousenstein, some years before the period at which the circumstances of the comedy are supposed to have occurred, had rendered essential service to the father of Henrietta, who afterwards became an inmate in the house of the Baron; an affection sprung up in the breast of Henrietta for the young Count, who subsequently went into the service of the Russians, and was absent for several years, he having fallen in love with a young lady, who subsequently is united to the Baron Saldorf, who is one of those good-natured sort of elderly gentlemen who are anxious to look at every occurrence in its most favourable light, and holds a colonel's commission in the militia. The comedy opens, when it is fixed that Fritz shall the next day be married to Henrietta, who had latterly, having been left in a state of destitution, by the kindness of the Baroness Saldorf, been placed with Madame Gigot, a dressmaker and milliner. The Baroness was subjected to much indisposition, which was not a little increased by the intelligence of the return of Count Frederic Lousenstein from the Russian army. The Baron, on the evening in question, goes to a party, leaving Henrietta to take care of his wife. Henrietta, however, finding that the latter grew better in the course of the evening, resolves on not sleeping at the Baron's house, and returns home to her own bed, leaving, whilst she ran across the street to ascertain whether the door of Madame Gigot's house was fastened, the private-door of the mansion open, and ere she had returned, the Count, who had concealed himself behind a balcony, enters for the purpose of obtaining an interview with the Baroness. The Baron, at length comes from the party, and after knocking several times is admitted. The Count is then seen endeavouring to make his escape, and all hope of retreating down stairs being cut off, he resolves to get over the balcony into the street. This he does by means of tying his sash to it, but unfortunately in his descent he places his foot on the shoulder of Fritz, who, though an upholsterer, was on guard as a corporal. Fritz gives the alarm, and the Count is secured; the Baron comes out in his robe-de-chambre, and on learning the scrape the Count has got into, desires him to hold his tongue, imagining that the visit had been paid to Henrietta, and he will manage the affair for him. The Count is set free, to the great annoyance of Fritz, who is excessively indignant that his activity should not have met with more encouragement or a reward. The Count failing in his attempt to see the Baroness, then requests Henrietta to convey a message, in answer to which he receives a note, imploring of him not to force himself into her presence until he shall have united himself to one worthy of him, and thus secure her honour as well as his own. The Count's consent to this, according to the words in the Baroness's note, is to be written and delivered to herself, she hiding her person behind a curtain in a pavilion in the gardens. In the meantime, the jealousy of Fritz has been excited by a conversation he overheard in the garden between the Count and Henrietta, in the course of which the former gives her a gold chain, as a token of his friendship; and a kiss, as a remembrance of former times. Fritz relates this to Madame Gigot, who, having a strong hankering after Fritz's money, urges him on until he declines the honour of an union with Henrietta, and consents to marry Madame. The Count is bound not to inform the Baron of his attachment to the Baroness, and Henrietta suffers the scoffs and slurs of Madame and Fritz, until the Count, who says he will prove his innocence, and offers her marriage; by doing which, he conforms to the wishes of his former love, the Baroness, and clears the character of Henrietta. Fritz, when he hears that the latter is guiltless, casts off Madame, and vows to live the life of a bachelor, in remembrance of the new Countess, and trusts that she will favour him with her commands in his line.

This comedy presents several good situations which were greatly relished by the audience. London Traveller.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE PRACTICE OF COOKERY.

THIS is the title of a small volume adapted to the business of every day life, from the press of Messrs. Munroe and Francis, of Boston. It contains a complete system of practical cookery, systematically arranged, and the instructions are conveyed in plain and intelligible language. A work of the kind, written in the familiar style of this valuable little volume, was much wanted. It is true that the Prince des Cuisiniers Ude has lately issued works which would seem to render any further knowledge of what this ingenious professor terms "the noble science of gastronomy" superfluous. Dr. Kitchiner has also left behind him a monument of his indefatigable zeal in the art of roasting, boiling, and its infinite addendas. These manuals are not, however, in very extensive circulation. The present work is well calculated to supply the vacuum which still exists in this branch of knowledge. Here, the most fastidious taste may be catered for, according to the best and most approved rules, and the moderate will find an ample number of receipts expressly for their use. The volume contains one thousand four hundred and nineteen articles, arranged under their distinct heads. Every department is preceded by useful preparatory remarks, a method which will be found particularly convenient. We cannot enter into any lengthened detail of the separate merits of the work; but we may assure the reader that every branch of the science is well and amply provided for. Soups from the imperial mulligatawny and much revered turtle, down to the latest invention of the classical Meg Merrilies, with all the innumerable intermediate host of simple and high flavoured compounds, are here ably treated, and from actual experiments may be safely relied upon. The mysteries of roasting and boiling, stewing and frying, and the almost endless variety of sauces, all receive that attention their importance demands. Pastries, confectionary, preserving, pickling, the making of wines, beer, and vinegar, (a knowledge of which is so essential in American housewifery) are all plainly and scientifically explained, that a person without further help than these pages may be enabled to prepare in the best manner the several articles specified. To the practical cook it must be an invaluable book for reference, and no lady who desires to become a *cuisinière* merely theoretically, should be without this useful appendage to her domestic library. The work is the production of Mrs. Dalgairns, who is said to be a niece of Sir Isaac Coffin; and it is reported that she has been assisted in her labours by the celebrated Captain Basil Hall, no mean authority in these matters, as may be inferred by his eloquent description of his first breakfast on landing in America, together with the numerous hints scattered throughout his late travels in the United States, which proves him to be a tolerably competent judge in the gastronomic art, however deficient he may be in the science of correct observation of men and manners. H.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Dew.—The interesting phenomenon of dew was not at all understood until lately, since the laws of radiant heat have been investigated. At sun-rise, in particular states of the sky, every blade of grass and leaflet is found, not wetted, as if by a shower, but studded with a row of distinct globules most transparent and beautiful, bending it down by their weight, and falling like pearls when the blade is shaken. These are formed in the course of the night by a gradual deposition on bodies rendered by radiation colder than the air around them, of the moisture which rises invisibly from water surfaces into the air during the heat of the day. In a clear night the objects on the surface of the earth radiate heat upwards through the air, which impedes not, while there is nothing nearer than the stars to return the radiation; they consequently soon become colder, and if the air around has its usual load of moisture, part of this will be deposited on them, exactly as the invisible moisture in the air of a room is deposited on a cold bottle of wine when first brought from the cellar. Air itself seems not to lose heat by radiation. A thermometer placed upon the earth any time after sun-set until sun-rise next morning, generally stands considerably lower than another suspended in the air a few feet above it; owing to the radiation of heat upwards from the earth, while the air remains nearly in the same state. During the day, while the sun shines, the earth is much warmer than the air. The reason why the dew falls, or forms so much more copiously upon the soft spongy surface of leaves and flowers, where it is wanted, than on the hard surface of stones and sand, where it would be of no use, is the difference of their radiating powers. There is no state of

the atmosphere in which artificial dew may not be made to form on a body, by sufficiently cooling it, and the degree of heat at which it begins to appear is called the dew point, and is an important particular in the meteorological report of the day. In cloudy nights heat is radiated back from the clouds, and the earth below not being so much cooled, the dew is scanty or deficient. On the contrary, when uninformed persons would least expect the dew, viz. in warm very clear nights, and perhaps when the beautiful moon invites to walking, and music adds its charm, as in some of the evenings of autumn with the harvest moon and harvest occupations—then is the dew more abundant, and the danger greater to delicate persons of talking harm by walking among the grass. Arnot's Physics.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Colonel Richard Platt.—New-York has lost, during the present season, a number of her most time-honoured and patriotic sons. Henry Rutgers, John Delancey, and last, not least, the eminent veteran whose name heads this article, have paid that tribute to nature which all mortals must, be it sooner or later, render to her unalterable decrees. Colonel Platt early distinguished himself in the contest for our independence. He accompanied the brave and intrepid Montgomery to Canada, shared in the toils and privations which befell the army after the unfortunate result of the attack on Quebec, and displayed throughout every vicissitude of prosperous or adverse fortune, a magnanimity and resolution which bought for him "golden opinions from all sorts of people." On his return from Canada he was not idle, but was forthwith employed by congress and Washington in arduous and responsible stations. He served under General M'Dougal, as aid-de-camp, in the expedition to Virginia against Lord Cornwallis, was present at the siege of Yorktown, and acted as deputy-quartermaster-general on the day of the surrender of the British army to the united forces of America and France. He continued in the service of his country until the close of the war, and since that period he has borne the not unenviable character of a good man and patriotic citizen. His death has elicited the sympathetic condolence not only of his few surviving associates who participated in the glory of his early career, but of all his fellow-countrymen who respect gallantry, worth, and honourable old age. His remains were interred on Saturday, attended to the grave by a military escort, the members of the Cincinnati, and a respectable number of friends and townsmen.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod."

Credit.—There is no paper published in the United States of America from which original articles, both in prose and verse, are more frequently copied than the Mirror—none from which credit is so frequently withheld. Why is this? If the productions of our correspondents are worthy of being transplanted into other columns besides those in which they originally appear, they surely merit a passing acknowledgment. We are the more serious in advancing this claim, not so much on account of the injury done to ourselves, but because we deem it gross injustice to the writers. We have long forbore to mention the subject, but its repetition has become so common and constant, that silence on our part would be deservedly deemed a tame submission to imposition of the most ungenerous kind. We have now upon our table the Philadelphia Album, in which a number of the Little Genius is copied among the original articles of that miscellany: in the same impression the admirable sketch from Ianthe, entitled the Sceptic, meets with similar treatment, and in another the tale of the Banker and the King, &c. "Revolutionary Recollections," and numerous other articles have been in the same manner re-printed by more than a dozen papers now before us. Several journals have in like manner appropriated the popular morceau on Steam from the pen of C. Is this fair and honourable? We shall hereafter notice every similar infringement.

P. S. We have just opened the American Commentator, which contains the facetious Biography of Jacob Hays by C. published in our columns a few weeks since. No acknowledgment, as usual.

American Monthly Magazine.—Mr. Willis, in the last number of his magazine, asks the modest question, "What is to become of the numerous periodicals now published in this country?" For an answer he refers all but his own to Lethé. Now it requires no deep foresight into futurity to foretell the doom to which the "American Monthly" is fast devoting itself. It is "more in sorrow than in anger," that we are compelled

to give utterance to an opinion too widely entertained not to have some foundation in fact, that Mr. Willis has neither the talents, taste, industry, nor tact, requisite to the skilful management of a literary periodical which shall reflect credit on the country. We have predicted better things on former occasions; but conceited egotism, flippant arrogance, mawkish sentimentality, we did not take into the account. Well had it been for thee, Mr. Willis, had these pretty perfections remained unwritten.

The United States' Navy.—Can it be possible that the facts which have been lately adduced in some of the daily papers of our city, touching this important branch of our national defence, are true? Is it indeed to be believed, that a large number of the individuals who are engaged by the recruiting officers are inveigled into the service by means the most degrading to its character and dignity, and demoralizing to themselves? Can it be that in an enlightened and moral community, intemperance shall be patronised, for the odious purpose of blinding men into situations, from which perhaps their interest and that of their helpless moments ought to divest them? Better by far let resort be had to impressment, as practised openly in England, if not by the authority, at least by the connivance of the law. Shame to the system that must thus be upheld, and greater shame to that which reduces men to the degraded condition of being at the mercy of every petty tyrant dressed in a little brief authority! We shall not pursue this subject further at present, but wait for some explanation from the competent authorities.

The term religion.—In order to understand the true meaning of many words, it is necessary to examine their etymology. With respect to the term religion we find it to be derived from *re* and *ligo*, signifying to bind anew, in other words, to reunite or tie together two things which were once connected, but are now separated. Practical religion, therefore, is a sincere and continued exertion on the part of man to become again united with that Divine Being from which he has been separated by the hereditary corruptions of his own fallen nature; to that Being who says, "If ye will turn to me, I will turn to you." This re-union is not fully effected until *duty* and *inclination* are also united and become one; that is, until duty becomes a pleasure, or until we practise virtue because we love it.

Miss Fanny Kemble.—I am told, says a writer in the Monthly Magazine, that half a hundred of our young heirs are ready to fling themselves at her feet already. That St. James's is only a sort of preserve for her; and that she may bag guardsmen, diplomats from fifteen to five-and-twenty, and lords by courtesy, like pheasants, for the mere trouble of a shot at them. She is certainly clever; and for the good of the falling or fallen stage, will, it is to be hoped, be contented to be a tragedy queen, without being in a hurry to be a tenth-rate courtesan. She has figure, voice, and features for the theatre. All imperfect still. But she has dramatic thought; palpable poetry of conception; and a strong sensibility to the grace, force, and majesty of the stage.

A lean man.—An extraordinary phenomenon, says the Boston Daily Advertiser, is now to be seen in this town. This is a person so emaciated that his bones, muscles, and tendons are to be seen through the skin. Although so wasted as scarcely to appear to be a human being, he has a good appetite, and retains the strength of an ordinary man. No satisfactory cause has been discovered for this extraordinary change. We understand he has been visited by Dr. Warren and other medical gentlemen, who have pronounced him the most remarkable specimen of a walking anatomy which has ever been witnessed in this country.

Lawrence's monument.—Could we place any reliance on the active propensities of our corporation, we should be incited to cherish the hope that the dilapidated monument of this lamented and heroic naval chieftain may be replaced by a new one, worthy of his fame, and consistent with the dignity of the city which entombs his remains.

Shameful.—It is announced in the Paris papers of the twelfth of January, that "a number of female prisoners" would stand in the pillory the next day—a spectacle which could scarcely be expected in the capital that boasts of being the most refined, gallant, and enlightened of the world.

Correction.—From an article in one of the morning papers, it appears that the Boston Galaxy was in an error respecting the authorship of the tragedy attributed to the pen of the late Mr. Carter. He wrote no such play.

Charles Matthews.—The Paris papers, on authority from London, announces the death of Charles Matthews, the celebrated comedian.

BOOT AND SADDLE, BONNY SCOT.

AS SUNG BY MISS STEPHENS.

MODERATO.

Boot and sad-dle, bon-ny Scot! The foe, the foe's in sight, man! Out wi' sword and in wi' shot, And show that ye can fight, man!

Piu Allegro.

A Tempo.

See the saucy flag un-fold, Where Scot-land's li-on ramps in gold! Charge, my high-land bir-kies bold! For roy-al Geor-die's right, man!

Boot and sad-dle, bon-ny Scot! The foe, the foe's in sight, man! Stint ye nei-ther steel nor shot, For roy-al Geor-die's right, man!

2d—Brawlie done, my bonny Scot!
Ye've proved your highland blade, man!
Sheath the sword and spare the shot;

They're brithers when subdued, man!
Furl auld Scotia's flag o' flame;
Her bluidy lion now is tame;

But now he play'd a gallant game,
For royal Geordie's right, man!
Boot and saddle, bonny Scot!

Hame wi' a' your might, man!
Love and honour be his lot,
Wha strikes for Geordie's right, man!

VARIETIES.

NAPOLEON took great pleasure in private theatricals; he delighted in seeing plays acted by persons whom he knew; he sometimes even paid us compliments. But as to myself, although I was as much amused by them as any of the party, I was more than once obliged to represent to Napoleon that my occupation did not leave me sufficient leisure to learn my parts; he would then assume a caressing manner, and say to me, "Come, come, Bourienne, no more of this; you have such a good memory; you know that I am amused by it; you see that these meetings enliven Malmaison, and make us all gay. Josephine is very fond of them; get up a little earlier in the morning." "In truth I have a great deal of time for sleep, have I not?" "Well, Bourienne, do it for my sake; you make me laugh so heartily; do not deprive me of this pleasure, I have not many such, as you well know." "Ah! by heavens, I am not the man to deprive you of it; I am delighted to be able to contribute to your recreation." And I again applied myself to the study of my character.

WET FEET.—We are often asked, says the Baltimore American, to speak a word of remonstrance to our ladies; who, in the present condition of the streets, "neither sea nor good dry land," are seen perambulating in prunelle shoes, in despite of the Journal of Health and the suggestions of good taste. We do not like to take the place of papa or the doctor; but we can say that this enormous sacrifice to vanity does not

to the imagination by wet shoes and soiled hose, nor by seeing a fairy foot tripping it daintily in a kennel.

AN IRISH ADDRESS.—A ship letter from America was lately received at the post-office at Londonderry, addressed to "Matthew Craig's mother, Ireland," and, astonishing to tell, it reached the person for whom it was intended, although she resides about seven miles distant from that city, in the neighbourhood of Dunninmana. The contents were equally extraordinary; among other things, he stated his disappointment at remaining so long a bachelor, and assigned as the reason, "that the American women were very distant to Irishmen."

KEEPSAKE FRANÇAIS.—The Parisian publishers have put forth their annuals in imitation of the Bijou, New Year's Gift, &c.; and among others is one called the Keepsake Français, which professes to contain some unknown pieces by Lord Byron, and an unpublished drama by Sir Walter Scott, written thirty years ago.

ASTRO LAMPS.—The new mode of lighting theatres by means of the concentration of rays of light, which was first adopted in Milan, and which was unsuccessfully tried, in the first instance, at the opera house in Paris, is now perfect, and is found to answer the purpose admirably. The apparatus, which is called an *astro lamp*, is a sort of artificial sun, which diffuses its light equally over the stage and the audience.

ARGUMENTATIVE.—While an old farmer in Connecticut was flogging one of his graceless sons, a pumpkin-headed fellow about eighteen, an idea all of a sudden entered the head

of doubling a salary.—When George Colman was manager of the theatre royal, Haymarket, one of the most useful class of actors applied to him for an engagement "to do any thing." "Can you," said the wag, "undertake to double Gobbo with Gratiano, Salario, and Salarino?" "I can double the first three," said the poor actor, "very well, if you will undertake to double Salarino."

RAPID TRAVELLING.—A traveller on a miserable lean steed, was hailed by a Yankee, who was hoeing his pumpkins by the roadside—"Hallo! friend," said the farmer, "where are you bound?" "I'm going out to settle in the western country," replied the other. "Well, get off and straddle this here pumpkin-vine, it will grow and carry you faster than that ere beast."

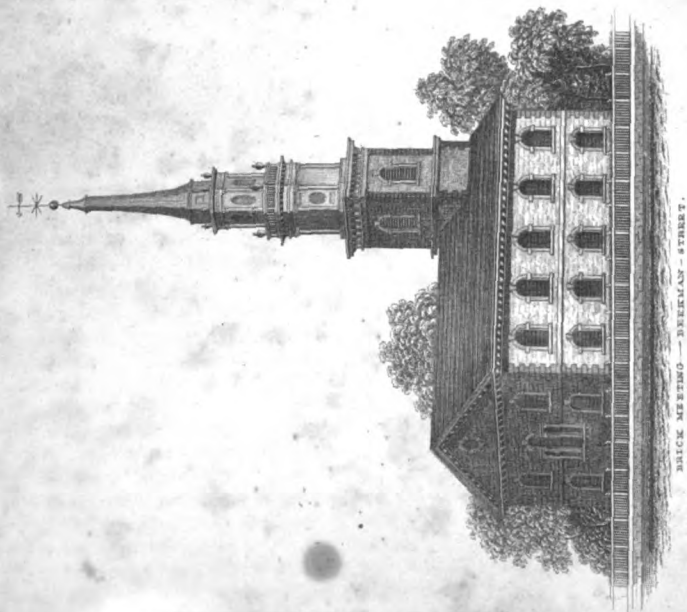
THE WOMAN WHO WENT ABROAD.—A lady who was in the habit of spending much of her time in the society of her neighbours, happened one day to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband, in great haste, for the physician. The husband ran a few rods, but soon returned, exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

STEEL NECTAR.—The colonel of a regiment of militia was informed that one of his men had run his sword through his body. On inquiry he found that he had sold his sword to buy liquor.

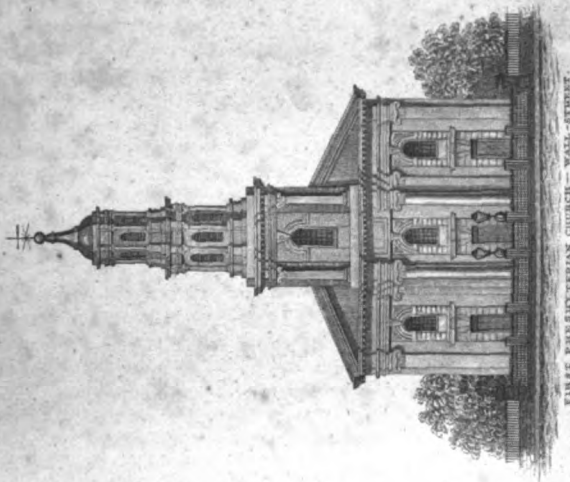
GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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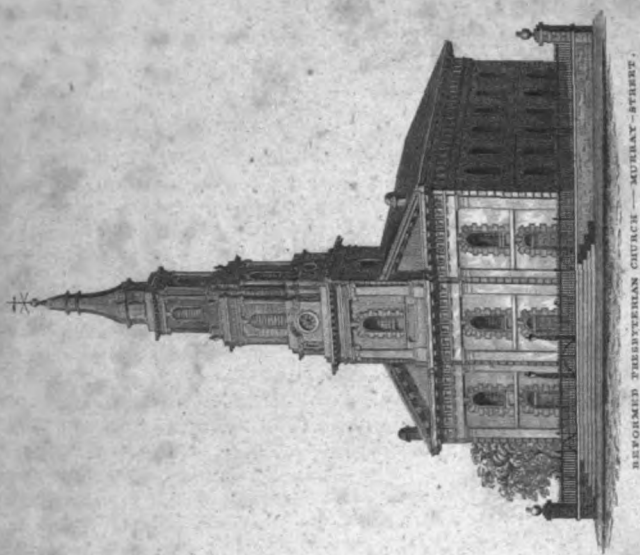




BRICK MEETING—BREEMAN STREET.



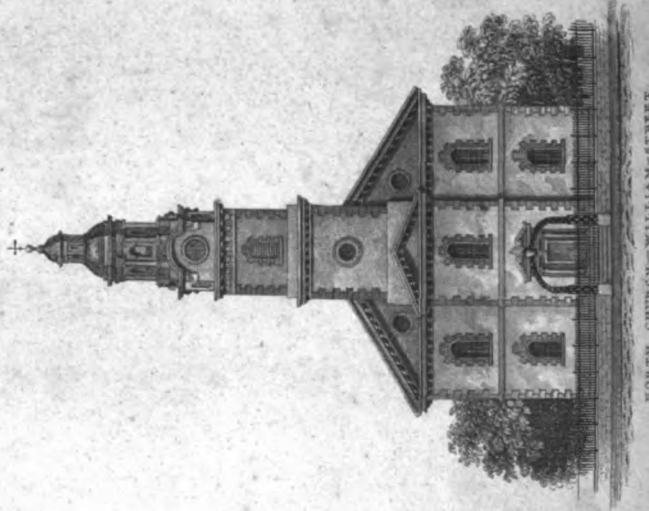
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—WALL STREET.



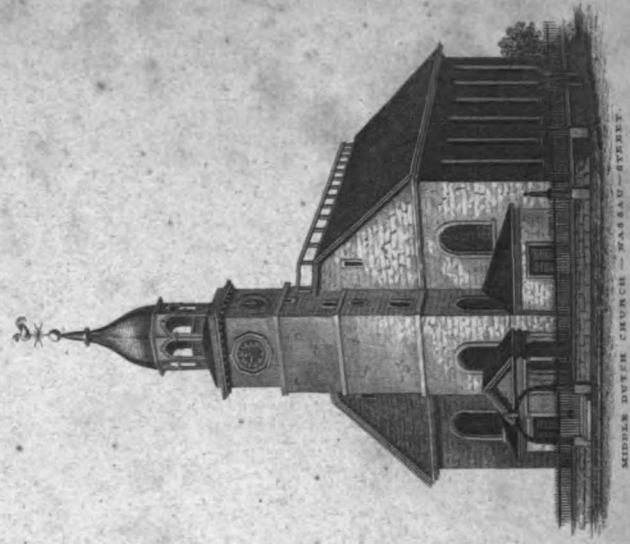
REVOLVED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—MURRAY STREET.



SOUTH DUTCH CHURCH—EXCHANGE STREET.



NORTH CHURCH—WILLIAM STREET.



MIDDLE DUTCH CHURCH—NASSAU STREET.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

Drawn by A. J. Davis—engraved by W. D. Smith.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

1832.

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AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BACHELOR.

A BACHELOR, *cupiens ducere sponsum,*
Et invitus querere through shame or through fear,
 Was exercised strangely *quàm pararet unam,*
Sed cogitans denique saw his way clear.
 Possessing abundance *tum dicebat secum,*
Jam, jamque aggrediar what can I do,
 I'll build me a mansion *et visunt tum mecum*
Qua bonæ consultæ and beautiful too.
Hæc dicens, ac sperans he raised a proud dome,
 And welcomed his friends *sed, O, frustra inuulse,*
Amatrices venient wishing a home,
 But this, though 'twas sad, *tamen videter dulce.*
Frequenter in curru he reeled through the town,
 And bowed to the fair *semper incontinentis,*
Sed causa timoris one called him a clown,
 By others *insipiens est nominatus.*
 Ah! wherefore this rite *si me non possidere?*
Cruenta fortuna, oft he'd exclaim;
 As the winds *nunquam potest quos plaga tenere,*
Inconstans, O fœmina, fickle, untame!
 Resolving *etiamnum perseverare,*
Hic omnia tentavit till hope had quite flown;
 Then silent sat down *stimulatus jurare,*
Ut propter ultionem he'd still live alone!

W.

TO A BUTTERFLY SEEN IN BROADWAY.

"Wherefore, little fluttering thing,
 "With the rainbow-tinted wing,
 "And the right at will to rove
 "Flowery hill-slope, glen, and grove,
 "Hast thou left thy native home
 "O'er the city's walks to roam?
 "Here's no fitting place for thee,
 "Bright companion of the bee;
 "Born, like her, in light to sip
 "Nectar from the rose's lip,
 "Or with fairies gay to dwell
 "In the blossom-breathing dell.
 "Here thou'lt find no green retreat
 "From the fainting summer's heat.
 "No glad shelter from the storm
 "Meet to shield thy tinsel form,
 "Like the lily's halls of gold,
 "Or the tulip's purple fold;
 "Whilst the sordid dust that falls
 "O'er the city's tainted walls,
 "Mantling still mid glare or gloom,
 "Deep will soil thy radiant plume.
 "Haste thee hence where skies are fair—
 "Cool as spring the summer air—
 "Bright, as tears affection sheds,
 "Dews that gem the violet beds—
 "Pure as morn the perfumed breeze—
 "Sweet the woodland melodies—
 "Fresh the very noontide shade
 "In the forest and the glade—
 "And where harmony and glee,
 "Wanderer, wait to welcome thee!"
 "Hold thee now," the bright-winged cries,
 "Cease thy fancied rhapsodies,
 "Till I briefly tell thee why
 "Hither I came dancing by.
 "Glance thou up the marbled way—
 "Seest thou beauty's proud array?
 "Tinted silks, like autumn trees,
 "Waving brightly to the breeze?
 "Painted plumes of varied dyes,
 "Rich as birds' of paradise?
 "Golden brooch and diamond rare,
 "Radiant flashing to the air?
 "These are but the mimic dress
 "Of my liveried loveliness,
 "And where gaud and pomp abound
 "Should not nature's belle be found?
 "Mark again the motley throng
 "By thy side that sweep along—
 "Born of fortune's fostering rays,
 "Here the dapper coxcomb strays,
 "Here the idler idly stares
 "At the coquette's simpering airs;
 "Here the proud one bends his brow
 "For the dip of beauty's bow;
 "Here the reckless and the gay
 "Sport life's summer hour away.
 "These my 'kith and kin' are all,
 "Low and lordly, great and small;
 "And where'er my kindred be
 "Is't not fitting place for me?"

PROTEUS.

THE GIFTED.

He was a son of genius—mind
 Threw o'er his face a sparkling light,
 And soaring fancy, unconfined,
 Scattered rich gems in each new flight;
 Gems in no borrowed lustre drest,
 Pure from the unfathomed mine of thought,
 More brilliant and more rich confest,
 Than if from stores of learning brought.

He was a son of genius—life
 Was full of visionary things;
 The grovelling earth, its care and strife,
 Were not for his imaginings.
 He half disdained his fellowship
 With those who could not feel like him—
 And I have seen him curl his lip,
 And laugh as if from sudden whim.

And noting then the strange surprise,
 The cold uncomprehending look
 Contempt has spoken from his eyes,
 And few could the expression brook;
 And those who loved him grieved to see
 How few could love him, while his heart
 Rejected all the sympathy
 Which common feelings could impart.

He had no common feelings—his
 Were wild, uncertain, fitful gleams—
 He saw the world, not as it is,
 But as it seemed in fancy's dreams.
 The gifted are not happy—yet
 The thoughtless envy them those powers
 Which often in the mind are set
 To fit the heart for gloomy hours.

He could not feel as others do,
 Who take from ordinary things
 Their cast in life—and thus pursue
 In beaten tracks their wanderings;
 He sought the untrodden paths of light,
 And drew from earth and sky and sea,
 Their hidden treasures; all too bright
 For life in its reality.

He was a son of genius—hope
 To him was like the eagle's plume,
 Its highest visions were the scope
 Of all his thoughts; yet morbid gloom
 Would sometimes hover o'er his heart—
 A dark impervious ægis there—
 While joy and pleasure stood apart,
 And cast their smiles upon the air.

He was a son of genius—love
 Within his deep impassioned breast
 Was not a feeling which could rove,
 Neither in which he might be blest.
 There was but one in the whole range
 Of the vast universe, whose lot
 He would have linked with his—'twas strange;
 Alike in soul—she loved him not.

Why it was thus he never tried
 To know—enough that he had deigned
 To offer her his heart—his pride
 Persuaded not, nor yet complained.
 But he forsook the crowded halls,
 And shunned awhile the haunts of men;
 Immured within his study walls,
 He gave his feelings to his pen.

"The thoughts that breathed, the words that burned,"
 Rushed swiftly o'er the trembling lyre,
 As if in quenching love he'd learned
 To light anew bright genius' fire.
 And then he sought the voice of fame
 To drown that silent memory;
 And strained each nerve to give his name
 The shade of immortality.

He had a noble spirit—all
 That made him seem at times unkind,
 Was, that his friends appeared so small,
 In contact with his giant mind;
 And half in sorrow, half in scorn,
 He coldly, carelessly passed on—
 Grieved and yet proud that he was born
 To stand thus in the world alone.

Such was the gifted—envy not
 His strange and wayward destiny:
 There is no bliss in such a lot,
 Where none can feel in sympathy.
 Better to have a kindred mind
 With beings in a humbler sphere
 Than those deep feelings, too refined
 For mortals while they linger here.

VIEWS OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

THE ENGRAVING.

On presenting our readers with a plate exhibiting, at one view, no less than six houses of worship, all belonging to societies of similar religious persuasion, we repeat our former avowal of the strictest impartiality. "Whatever be the subject of our engravings, our motive in the selection is totally unbiassed by party or sectarian views." Generally speaking, presbyterians (English and Dutch) were the earliest settlers of this country, and any authentic tradition relating to their public edifices must, consequently, be interesting to the historian and antiquary.

In the brief sketch of the Bowling-Green, published in the twenty-ninth number of this volume, an allusion was made to a fortress, called Fort Amsterdam, erected by the first Dutch adventurers who took up their permanent residence on this island. On searching further into the history of those times, it appears that several years previous to the commencement of this fort, a small redoubt had been built on a site that overlooked the Hudson, viz. at the corner of Garden-street and Broadway. The Manhattan Indians were at first so much opposed to their new neighbours, that they refused to sell them a foot of land on the island; but, becoming more reconciled by degrees, and pleased with the profusion of beads, trinkets, blankets, and hatchets sent over for that purpose by the "Privileged Trading Company" of Amsterdam, they were at length persuaded to sell all the lower part of the island.

About the year one thousand six hundred and twenty-three, the new settlers obtained leave of the natives "to build a better fort on Manhattan Island," which they finished in the form of a regular square, with four bastions, "on a piece of land at the junction of the North and East rivers." At different periods this fort was improved and strengthened, by adding a second wall of stone outside the first, and increasing the thickness of the bastions. The Dutch director-general and the commandant, besides several other officers, had houses erected for them within the walls of this fortress: and, in 1612 or 1643, the first church ever erected in New-York was built in the south-east corner of it. This edifice was of stone, with a shingle roof, and cost twenty-five hundred guilders. It was seventy-two feet in length, fifty in breadth, and sixteen in height. In the mean time such persons as arrived from Holland to settle in the "New Netherlands," as it was then called, and who could not obtain a residence within the fort, erected houses near the walls of it, on the south-east side, and thus commenced the first street ever made in this city, now called Pearl-street.

In the year 1653, the new colony had increased to above one hundred houses, containing nearly one thousand inhabitants. They now determined, in imitation of the Chinese, to secure themselves against the aggressions of their savage neighbours, by building a "great wall" on their northern frontier. This formidable barrier, which was constructed of earth and stone, extended across the island, from river to river, between our present Wall and Pine streets. It had a gate in Broadway, called the land-gate, and another in Pearl-street, called the water-gate.

The Dutch church was, of course, the first organized in this city and state, (then colony,) and was composed of emigrants from Holland, under the name of the Reformed Dutch Church of North America. It was supplied with ministers from Amsterdam, through the agency of the directors of the Dutch West India company, under whose immediate patronage the emigrants had placed themselves. During the period which intervened between the settlement of the colony and its surrender to the English, in the year 1664, churches were planted at New-York, Flatbush, New-Eutrecht, Flatlands, Esopus, and Albany. The first one duly organized, however, was in this city, and held their meetings for worship in the edifice before mentioned, within the walls of Fort Amsterdam. The records of this church extend back as far as the year 1639. Their first minister was the Rev. Gerardus Bo-gardus; but the Rev. Samuel Megapolensis, a doctor of physic, held that station when the British forces took possession of the colony in 1664. In the following year the English governor, Nichols, gave permission to the Lutherans to send

ESTELLE.

for and settle a minister of their persuasion in the city; and in February, 1669, Jacobus Fabricius arrived for that purpose. In the year 1771, the Rev. Samuel Driscus, a Dutch minister, applied to the governor and council to have two years' arrears of salary paid up; but as he had been sick one year they refused, and only paid him one hundred pounds sterling, recommending the elders and deacons to help him further.

The second place for worship, built by the Dutch, was a chapel, erected by Governor Stuyvesant on his bowery or farm, at what date we are not informed. But on the eighth day of December, 1691, a piece of ground was granted for the purpose of erecting a church in Garden-street, now Exchange-place, "for one hundred and eighty current pieces of eight, at six shillings per piece, to be paid upon sealing the patents; the city selling only their right and property; the said lot not to be appropriated to any other use or assigned to any other person." This grant was accepted by Aldermen Johannis Kip and Brandt Schuyler, in behalf of the Dutch church; the size of the lot being "one hundred and seventy-five feet on the north, and one hundred and eighty feet on the south, English measure." The first church erected on this spot was completed in 1693; although the project, from first to last, was strenuously opposed by the "down-town members," on account of the location being "so far out of the city." In 1766 the building was enlarged and improved; and, in 1807, gave place to the present handsome and commodious edifice, with a view of which our present number is embellished, and which is called the

SOUTH DUTCH CHURCH.

This building, more generally known by the name of "Garden-street church," is a plain neat substantial house of stone, eighty-six feet in length and sixty-six in breadth. It contains one hundred and twenty-two pews on the first floor and fifty-four in the gallery, together with a large and fine-toned organ. There is an open balcony on the tower, in which is the same bell that belonged to the primitive edifice, and which was originally brought from Holland, and was used to convene all public meetings of the civil authorities and citizens. The Rev. James M. Mathews is the present officiating clergyman.

MIDDLE DUTCH CHURCH.

This ancient and spacious edifice, which fronts on Cedar, Liberty, and Nassau streets, was erected in the year 1729. It is constructed of plain stone, with a lofty hip roof, and an antiquated tower, lighted by loop holes. Its size is one hundred feet in length by seventy-five in breadth, containing one hundred and eighty pews on the first floor, and eighty in the gallery. Its organ is said to be excellent. The tower, which is on the north-east front, in Liberty-street, is divided into four stories, the highest of which contains a well-regulated clock. Above this is an open balcony, with a bell, the whole surmounted by a cupola, gilt-ball, and weathercock, traversing above the four cardinal points of the compass. The latter is a correct representation of "bright chanticleer," in the ancient Dutch taste. In front of the tower, at its base, is a neat portico, leading into the main building, and on each side is a semicircular apartment for the use of the consistory, &c. On the south-west front, in Cedar-street, is a neat portico, or colonnade, surmounted by a plain balcony. Here is the principal entrance, and as the area in front is no longer defaced by graves and tombstones, but has recently been converted into a verdant promenade, it has a very pleasing effect. The whole is enclosed by a handsome new iron railing. During the revolutionary war, while this city was in the possession of the enemy's forces, the Middle Dutch church was converted into a riding-school, to instruct the British cavalry in the art of horsemanship; and the large stone sugar-house, which stands near it in Liberty-street, was used as a prison for the incarceration of prisoners of war.

NORTH DUTCH CHURCH.

This elegant structure, which fronts on William-street, between Fulton and Ann streets, was founded in 1768. It is built of plain stone, and is one hundred feet in length and seventy-five in breadth. A square tower ascends two stories above the roof, from which springs a handsome spire to the height of about two hundred feet from the ground. This spire, which was not added until the year 1823, is considered a very elegant specimen of architecture, and contains a gallery that commands a fine and extensive view. The churchyard is enclosed by a neat substantial iron railing, and the *tout ensemble* is highly ornamental to the city. The congregation of this church and that of the Middle Dutch (described above) are under one organization, and form a collegiate charge, now under the pastoral care of the Rev. Drs. Kuypers, Knox, Brownlee, and Dewitt.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The First Presbyterian Church, in Wall-street, between Broadway and Nassau street, was founded in the year 1719, and enlarged about thirty years afterwards. The present edifice, which was erected in 1810, is ninety-seven feet in length and sixty-eight in width. It is built of brown freestone, and the front is ornamented with pillars of the same, in demi-relief, with corinthian capitals. The spire is ornamented with pillars to correspond, and is finished with a low cupola and gilt vane. The yard is small, but neat, and is enclosed with an iron railing. The congregation of this church is under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Phillips.

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

This well-known edifice, generally distinguished by the appellation of the Brick Meeting, was erected in the year 1767. It is constructed of brick, and has a lofty spire, which has been recently repaired and newly painted. The main building is eighty-three feet in length by sixty-five in breadth. It appears by the city records, that in 1766 the presbyterians petitioned, in a long and eloquent appeal, "for the *angular lot*, lately called the vineyard, stating the great increase of that persuasion; the land asked for was unanimously granted to them, at a rate of *forty pounds per annum*." The grant was made to John Rogers and Joseph Treat, ministers, and John M. Scott, Peter R. Livingston, and others, as trustees. Its dimensions were thus defined: "one hundred and fifty-two feet on the southwest, two hundred and fourteen on the north-west, sixty-two feet on the north-east, and two hundred on the south-east side." The Rev. Gardiner Spring has the pastoral charge of this society.

REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The Murray-street Church was erected in 1812. It is built of freestone, and is ninety-two feet in length by seventy-seven feet in breadth. The front is faced with hewn brown stone, and is ornamented with pillars of the same in bas relief. The building is surmounted with a handsome spire, rising the height of near two hundred feet, and is separated from the street by a neat iron railing. The late Dr. John Mason was the officiating clergyman for several years. The Rev. Mr. William D. Snodgrass now occupies the pulpit.

In conclusion, it affords us much pleasure to state, that since the practice of burying the dead within the populous parts of the city has been abolished, our church-yards have undergone many important and tasteful improvements, to which we have alluded on another and very different occasion, in the following homely couplets:

"Our church-yards too, where death no more invades,
Are changed to blooming sylvan promenades;
No more profaned by coffins, mounds, and bones,
Sepulchral rites and sorrow's dismal moans,
But dress'd in smiles—such smiles as Eden wore,
When man first knelt his Maker to adore."

ORIGINAL TALES.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

It was a glorious evening in autumn when I reached the outskirts of my native village after an absence of nearly forty years, during which time I had been roughly tossed about the rough world, and had contrived to increase my wealth and to impair my health to a considerable extent. A long sojourn in hot climates had broken my hale constitution and mended my broken fortunes, and after years of hard struggling, money and the liver-complaint came into my possession together; for the former I had long cherished a sincere regard, but to the latter I had many objections, upon which it is unnecessary here to dilate. I began to be afraid of being cut off in my prime, (sixty-three) and I disliked the idea of dying for several reasons. For many years I had been in death's way, but always avoided him as much as possible; when on the field of battle I have thought it would be better to meet him quietly and serenely on a sick-bed, and when tossing and tumbling on a sick-bed I have thought it preferable to be introduced to his notice amid the hurry and confusion of a field of battle; in fact, in whatever way he seemed likely to approach, in that way I disliked him most. In the country in which I resided, his usual mode of intruding himself into the company of people was through the medium of his rascally agent, yellow-fever, and so I determined to depart and enjoy the remainder of my days in my native land. Enjoy the remainder of my days! alas! how we misapply words. The time was, when the mere consciousness of existence was enjoyment; when a scamper over the fields, a match at cricket, or a fox-chase was superlative delight; but now age, that is, middle-age, had overtaken me, and all the artificial stimulus that riches could procure, afforded but a fleeting and transitory feeling of something that resembled enjoyment, yet fell far short of the original. But I will not moralize.

As I said, it was a glorious autumn evening when I reached my native village. The golden sun shed his parting rays upon a spot that had long been fondly treasured in memory, and which latterly had seemed so much a picture of the imagination that it almost startled me to look at last upon the reality, and find it so like my day-dream for many a year. As I strolled along and looked around, the unforgotten scenes of many a youthful frolic successively presented themselves to my recollection, and through the dim vista of sixty years, I recalled the days of my childhood.

"I will go to the spot," exclaimed I aloud, "where I used to meet Mary."

And thither I went. It was still the same: a kind of natural harbour formed by nature in the little wood that skirted the village for the accommodation of lovers who might chance to be overtaken in a shower in their evening walks. I began to feel my dormant sensibilities awakening as I stood within it; but perceiving two persons approach, I concealed myself behind some bushes until they should have passed on, as I did not feel in the humour to be accosted by any one in my present state of mind. Unluckily the pair turned directly into the harbour, talking in a melting tone of voice, which sufficiently indicated in what relation they stood to each other. I could not refrain from looking. The girl was extremely pretty, and her delicate complexion and rosy cheeks were peculiarly agreeable to my eyes after the dusky tints I had been so long accustomed to in other latitudes. The youth was a fine, handsome stripling of about nineteen or twenty, with an open, glowing, and good-tempered countenance, mixed with a dash of reckless daring that became it well, just such another as I was myself about his time of life.

"What's the matter, Mary?" tenderly inquired he.

"How can you ask after what you have told me?"

"But you know, dear Mary, I must seek fortune where she is to be found. It is of little avail to linger in this dull spot."

"But where will you go? What will you do?" murmured Mary.

"Go any where—do any thing—go for a soldier, or a sailor,"—the poor girl clung closer to his arm at the idea—"or to India, where I have a rich old uncle—any where so that I make money, and then I will return again to my dear, dear Mary."

To this very definite, feasible, and promising scheme, poor Mary could only reply by tears, which the young rogue took the liberty of kissing away very freely, but at the same time tenderly and respectfully; and after mutual vows, promises, and protestations, they took their departure.

When they were out of sight I crept from my hiding-place very much affected by the scene I had just witnessed, and not a little apprehensive of an attack of the rheumatism from lying so long concealed upon the damp grass. I repaired to the principal village inn, anointed my limbs with some patent preventive rheumatic liniment and retired to rest, determined in the morning to make known to the inhabitants the arrival of their wealthy townsman. But alas! in the morning I found I was amongst strangers. Nearly all who had known me were dead, or dragging out the remainder of their existence elsewhere. A few of my schoolmates indeed called—withered old men—who expressed their regret at my bad looks and infirmities; asked a number of impertinent questions, and then went about their business. My father I knew had long ago paid the debt of nature, and even my little brother Ned had grown up to a man, married, died, and been buried in my absence, and a handsome young fellow was presented to me as poor Ned's lineal descendant. I was not a little surprised, and a good deal pleased to find it was the same youth I had overheard the preceding evening. "Well," thought I, "this is at least some comfort, I will dry up poor Mary's tears." Ned was glad enough to find a rich uncle, and doubtless indulged in all those pleasant visions of the future which young people are so expert in creating. I bought a large house, took him home with me, and soon found there was no living without the rascal. He completely wound himself round my old heart, and no wonder. He was the merriest, hardest, heartiest fellow in creation; could do every thing—dance, sing, hunt, shoot, sail a boat, drive a gig, crack a joke, or tell a story better than any one. Then he was so good-natured, and without the slightest approach to servility, put up with my whims and ill-humour in a way that made me like him ten times more than ever, the moment they were over. The truth was, I had a most unfortunate temper, such as no one could acquire except those who have lived among slaves and under a tropical sun. I was at times a perfect hurricane—a whirlwind—a tornado.

"Ned," said I, one day after dinner while we were taking our wine together, "Ned, my boy, I think it is about time you had a wife."

"Just as you say," returned my dutiful nephew.

"Well then, Ned, I have had some experience among women, and you shall have the advantage of it; I will look out for you."

"I am much obliged to you, my dear uncle, but I have already done that myself," stammered Ned.

I counterfeited a look of infinite surprise.

"And pray who is the lady—what is her name?"

"Mary Russell."

"Mary what!" I exclaimed, my feigned surprise turned to real.

"Mary Russell."

"Not old Russell the upholsterer's daughter, I hope," said I.

"The same."

"Then you shall never marry her, Ned," cried I in a frenzy, "or if you do, I'll disinherit you."

All Ned's blood rushed to his face; if it had not been for the ungenerous threat of disinheriting him, he might have inquired the reasons of my seemingly unaccountable behaviour; as it was, he scorned to do it. His eyes sparkled—he started from his chair and exclaimed,

"But I will marry her, in spite of you and all the world."

I was now in one of my East-India storms of passion. I knew not what I said, except that I uttered a torrent of opprobrious epithets. Ned eyed me fiercely at first, but checking his passion he waited quietly until I had exhausted myself, and then advancing towards me said—

"Sir, do not think I mean in the slightest degree to deprecate your anger or shrink from what I have said"—he paused a moment, then seized me by the hand and exclaimed—"you have been kind—very kind to me, and I thank you for it, but henceforth we are strangers. I wish you, sir, long life, good health, a better temper, and a more submissive dependant," and he left the room.

I raved like a madman. But I must first give some explanation of my very extraordinary conduct. The case stood thus. When a stripling of twenty, I loved or fancied I loved, Miss Mary Jenkins, and Miss Mary Jenkins loved or fancied she loved me. At a ball one evening, she gave it as her opinion, that Mr. John Russell, a person for whom I had a great contempt, executed a pigeon-wing in a manner superior to any one in the room. Now I piqued myself excessively on my dancing, and taking this as a personal insult, I insinuated that Miss Jenkins knew nothing of the matter. Miss Jenkins replied that I was a puppy, I retorted that she was a flirt; both were probably right, but that went for nothing. She commanded me never to speak to her again, and I took her at her word. In about a week, however, I began to show symptoms of repentance, and made overtures for a reconciliation; but judge of my surprise when I was given to understand she was about to be married to another, and that the gentleman was no other than the identical Mr. John Russell. We met in the street—quarrelled—I sent him a challenge,—it got wind, and we were both held to bail to keep the peace towards each other, and I left the place determined to have my revenge one day or other. With a person of another temperament this would soon have been forgotten; but I was of an unforgiving disposition, and I nursed my wrath for years, until it exploded in the above discreditable manner.

After Ned was gone, I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself. I halloed to him, but he would not turn, so I put my dignity in my pocket, my hat on my head, and ran after him. He was going straight towards old Russell's dwelling. I strove to overtake him before he reached it, and in my hurry struck my foot against a stone, and my pericranium came in contact with the pavement in a way that must have knocked my brains out if I had had any; but my conduct has doubtless already shown that there was no danger of such an event.

When I recovered I found myself in a comfortable bed, the room half darkened, and my head bandaged. The door opened and two persons approached the bed side. I counterfeited sleep, and found it was Mary Russell and my nephew. It appeared I had been five days in a delirious fever, and Ned, poor boy, was expressing the utmost solicitude for my recovery, and at the same time cautioning Mary never to let me know that he had been there. I could contain myself no longer. "Ned," cried I, "you shall marry the girl," both started, and this, the first sensible thing I had said or done, was taken for a fresh proof of insanity. But I soon convinced them I was sane—"Ned," I repeated, "you shall marry the girl—you shall have half my fortune now, and the rest when your old uncle dies." In short all was reconciled. My old flame and her husband came up stairs; I found she had left off flirting, and he had quitted pigeon-wings and puppyism—taken to politics and porter, and instead of a consummate coxcomb,

and Mary were married, and it made me feel quite young again to look at the fair and blooming bride, dressed in virgin white, and blushing "celestial rosy red—love's proper hue!" And then the bridesmaids skipping about like young fawns; and smirking, giggling, and laughing if a male creature did but so much as look at them. I kissed them all around, and was pronounced the most gallant old gentleman ever seen in those parts, walked a minuet with the bride's mother, told long incomprehensible stories, and was conveyed to bed in a high state of excitement; my head ached in the morning, but got better as the day advanced. I leave the moral of this tale to the ingenuity of the reader.

ZACHARIAH HOWARD.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

SINCE our last two young gentlemen have exposed themselves before the public in a way calculated to draw forth the commiseration of their friends and acquaintances. We had hoped that the forcible eloquence of thin houses would have put a stop to those first appearances; but the nuisance continues unabated, and no kind of discouragement seems able to extinguish the tragic fires of the "young gentlemen of this city." If these immodest aspirants, in consequence of an imperfect education, or keeping bad company, have been visited with an histrionic malady, why do they not go and work it off in some barn or spouting-club, and not disgrace the boards of a metropolitan theatre with their crude conceptions, awkward gestures, and distressing elocution? Do such people really imagine that their efforts will afford instruction or gratification to the spectators? Men of eagle genius—Kean, and Cooke, and Kemble—had to undergo years of preliminary drilling before they were thought worthy to appear upon the boards of a decent theatre; then by what spell—"what conjuration, or what mighty magic," do those misguided and ill-informed young men hope at once to attain perfection, and successfully personate the highest characters of the drama on the boards of the first theatre in the Union? Yet within a few months, no less than six persons, answering this description, have made their *debut* as Octavian, the best of whom, to speak in moderate language, was most execrable. We never remember to have seen the tragic more completely burlesqued than on one of these occasions, after listening to one of Florant's glowing descriptions of the godlike form and features of her lover, to behold one of nature's most insignificant productions come waddling across the stage, who looked more like an unfortunate cobbler that had seen better days, than the proud and lofty Spanish grandee; and whose voice, when he spake of love, sounded like a man's that had been brought up in a swamp—or like an old fisherman's, a strange combination of fog and brandy! In the present case the gentleman that attempted Othello failed in the very easiest part of it, namely, in colouring or discolouring his countenance; instead of a genuine blackamoor, he merely looked like a white man with a dirty face. Of his personation of the "wrong'd Othello" we say nothing, excepting that Othello was never so "wrong'd" before. And then, it is also exceedingly disagreeable to see the females of the theatre hauled about in the clumsy embraces of all sorts of people that choose to make themselves ridiculous; such things are very easy in private, but it requires tact and practice to embrace a lady with decency in public. What we wonder most at is, how the manager reconciles it to his conscience to allow of these proceedings. We are informed that the other night the worthy treasurer really felt as if he was doing an act of injustice to receive the money that was proffered him for admission; and, moreover, that on a stranger inquiring the price of tickets, and being answered one dollar, Mr. Barnes, who happened to be in the box-office, made a precipitate retreat—his cheeks suffused with blushes! The manner in which the audience applaud every three words that happen to be plainly spoken, is one of those unaccountable mysteries which it is vain to endeavour to solve. C.

THE FINE ARTS.

INMAN'S PORTRAIT OF VAN BUREN.

It has been insinuated, at divers times, that our worthy corporation were not over and above economical in their expenditure of the city funds, and that the appropriations for suppers, Sing-sing excursions, turtles and wines, were uncommonly liberal. We have always maintained that these were only the pleasant and indispensable perquisites of office, and that upon proper occasions the corporation would be found as pinching and parsimonious as they were at other times

rect. The manner in which they have haggled and bargained about the price of Mr. Inman's portrait of Van Buren conclusively shows, that however bounteous and unsparing they may be when choice viands and cookery are concerned, yet in such a mere mechanical art as painting they are determined to save as many dollars as possible. We do not know whether there is any truth in the report afloat, that one of the fathers of the city, noted for acuteness, compared—that is measured—the picture with others in the room, and found that it lacked three-quarters of an inch in length, and half an inch in breadth, and that upon this being reported to the whole body, they unanimously agreed that a deduction ought to be made in consequence of there not being the full quantity of canvass contracted for. This is probably the ground on which the corporation make a stand, as the picture is universally allowed, by the best judges, to be a capital likeness, and an admirable work of art; but this, of course, all goes for nothing, if it is not full-sized; and we presume that no one will dispute the axiom laid down by the corporation—that there ought invariably to be more paid for a large picture than a small one. Seriously, the late discussion was disgraceful to the city. We are always making a noise about the encouragement of painting in this country, and contending that its advancement does not depend upon aristocratic patronage. Perhaps this is true—but painters must have patronage of some kind, and if in these United States there is neither aristocratic, nor federal, nor democratic patronage, it follows that United States' artists must be very badly patronised; and it is this that drives all that rise above mediocrity to seek fitting remuneration in Europe. Hundreds of New-York merchants are richer than Italian princes; but where is there one amongst them that takes a young man by the hand, and smooths his path to fame and fortune? Mr. Inman bids fair to be the first portrait painter this country has produced; but we presume in a little time he also will take his departure for England to return no more. Genius cannot be measured by the square foot, or paid according to the ordinary computations of time and trouble; and no man who feels it within him will submit to the petty bargaining of those who have neither taste nor liberality.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE GREAT HAARLEM ORGAN.

I LEFT Leyden with regret, and pursued my journey to Haarlem. The canal between the two towns is thought very fine. The greater part of my stay in this place was spent in listening to the famous organ, the finest in the world. It seems made up of the very soul and essence of musical harmony. The variety of its tones is astonishing; and its power of imitating all instruments, whether single or combined, can neither be conceived by those who have not been in Haarlem, nor described by those who have. The warlike flourish of the trumpet, the clear note of the octave, and the mellow tone of the flute, are heard in beautiful succession, when these appear to swell into a thousand instruments, and the senses are nearly overpowered by the united effect of a most powerful and harmonious military band, which again sinks away in those more gentle and impressive sounds which an organ alone can produce. The organist, whose name is Schumann, played a very fine battle-piece, in which every imaginable sound of joy and sorrow, fear, courage, misery, and despair—were combined with the roaring of musketry, the thunderous sweep of cannon, and the loud and irresistible charge of a thousand horses; and commingled with these, during the dread intervals of comparative silence were the shouts of the victors, the lamentations of the wounded, and the groans of the dying. No painting could have presented so clear and terrible a picture of two mighty armies, advancing in battle array, mingling in the mortal conflict, and converting the face of nature into one universal scene of confusion, dismay, and death. Rarely does music produce an effect upon the mind so permanent as either poetry or painting; but, in my own case, there is, in this instance, an exception to the general rule. I have listened to the "notes angelical of many a harp," but never were my ears seized with such raptures as on the evening I passed at Haarlem. The organist afterwards took me up to the organ-loft, where I was favoured with a near inspection. I thought the appearance of the keys very diminutive, when contrasted with the sublime effect produced by them. There are about five thousand pipes belonging to this organ. The largest is thirty-eight feet long, and fifteen inches in diameter. There are many pleasant country residences near Haarlem, among which Hartkamp should be mentioned, being more particularly interesting, as having been at one time the abode of Linnæus, and the place where that famous botanist laid

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.

No. IX.

PRIZE TRAGEDIES.

IN days of yore Melpomene was a proud and haughty dame, who had to be long and ardently wooed before she would vouchsafe her company to any one; she was like one of those fair, unreasonable damsels in the age of chivalry, for whose sake a man had to endure much abstinence, penance, and mortification before he was rewarded with the slightest degree of familiarity; but now she is transformed into a mere modern miss, who will flirt and keep company with all who take the trouble of asking her. And then both her and her votaries have become so mercenary. In former times it was "the divinity which stirred within them" that prompted tragic poets to the creation of those mighty works that have spread a halo around their names; now it is a mere matter of dollars and cents: ours serve for hire, and undertake to manufacture tragedies on any given subject that may be dictated to them. On one point, however, they have decidedly the advantage; if the ancients were superior to the moderns in strength, they are far inferior in productiveness; and an author now litters more literary offspring in a year, than three or four could formerly bring forth in ten. But nature still observes her usual laws, and what is produced with so little trouble and in such abundance, is sickly and short-lived; whilst the rare, but healthy, hardly offspring of the intellects of other years still continue to bloom and "flourish in immortal youth."

The great point of inferiority of the ancients to us was their ignorance of machinery, the discoveries in which we have applied admirably both to physics and literature. Our forefathers were in bodily strength immensely superior to the present slim generation, yet by the aid of engines we can do more in an hour than they could in a year. So it is with the drama. They were giants in intellect, and a tragedy was with them a tremendous mental struggle and victory; with us it is a mere mechanical affair. The matter is a trifle, the manner all in all. We take an interesting anecdote, put it into turgid blank verse, inflate it with bombast and epithets, divide and subdivide it into acts and scenes, and by the aid of machinery, scenery, dresses, and decorations, make it go off with more noise and eclat than can be produced by the most striking and wonderful delineations of human passion. The curious anatomy of the heart of man is not half so imposing as the intricacies of a "grand tramp march;" and a prolonged mock-combat and pantomimic style of giving up the ghost are superior to the very finest poetry. This is not idle complaining. It is so, and will always be so, as long as show is preferred to sense; and such things have probably been much in vogue ever since Thespis played upon a cart, though it was reserved for the present age to be exclusively devoted to them. The "good old times" is now generally allowed to be a misnomer, and it is foolish to affect to lament over them. The world has greatly improved since then; but certainly in most things connected with the drama we have retrograded lamentably. Modern comedies are poor enough; but from two-thirds of modern tragedies, there is no affectation in saying "heaven deliver us!"

The literature of these United States has been made the subject of taunt and ridicule; and it is to be wondered that such has so long been the case when the means of remedying the defect were so easy. It appears that at any time authors can be forced into existence as easily as mushrooms, and it is really curious to observe as soon as a five hundred dollar premium is offered, what a flood of inspiration deluges the whole land! The mere reading of the advertisements created hundreds of tragic poets who never before dreamt of such a thing; and a speculator in quills realized a very handsome profit by buying up all the stock within his reach on the first announcement of the business. The ploughman quitted his plough and wrote a tragedy, the drygood-clerks neglected their customers and wrote tragedies, the frequenters of nine-pin alleys, and similar elegant places of resort, stayed at home o' nights and wrote tragedies; and it is understood that some of them were the most unique things of their kind that were ever submitted to the eye of man. To say nothing of the grammar or the chirography, the violations of the simple rules of Webster's spelling book were grievous in the extreme; and towards the latter end of the fifth act

"Murders were done too terrible for the ear."

In some instances the carnage was immense. Two or three of the much-enduring committee have scarcely recovered from

the shock their intellects received, and yet retain a perfectly excusable and natural antipathy for the very name of tragedy. Considering the manner in which they had to addle their brains by perusing all this perilous stuff, there ought certainly to have been a benefit for the remuneration of the sufferers—that is, the committee. This was the prevailing character of the pieces; the authors of whom had taken for their guide Othello's exclamation, "blood, blood, Iago!" and cut short the mortal career of their dramatic personæ with the most unrelenting pens. Others there were of a more lady-like and lachrymatory turn, who dealt in

"Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperbole, spruce affectation,"

and preferred tea to blood; but they also, in self-defence, were obliged to make away with a great number, as the depth of a tragedy now-a-days depends upon the mortality that takes place among the persons brought together; consequently there is twice as strong an infusion of the tragic in a play where ten people are killed, as there is where only five expire. Soldiers, citizens, peasants, and such parts as are enacted by supernumeraries whose names are not in the bills, are, however, not taken into account, just the same as in real life, when a great outcry is made about a dead general, while the rank and file rot quietly away without any thing being said about the matter.

But Mr. Forrest, Mr. Forrest, what excuse can be made for thee! Thou who didst profess to admire the Indian character, and venerate their great and noble qualities. Was it well done in thee to single out this persecuted race of beings from all the nations and communities of men on the face of the earth, as fit subjects to be hacked and tortured by all the poverty-stricken and unfledged poets in the country? "Call you this a backing of your friends?" Is it not enough that they have been driven from house and home, that their lands have been forcibly wrested from them, and the graves of their fathers violated, but that you must, by holding out a five hundred dollar inducement, hound on all sorts of people to dramatize the lives of their warriors, and put bad grammar and bombast into the mouths of their sachems and orators, that when living they would have blushed to utter? True you have been the means of bringing one good portrait of the Indian on the stage, and when there you did it ample justice; but think, Mr. Forrest, of the number of noble chiefs that have been resuscitated through your means, and transformed into senseless ranting braggadocios. They may not, to be sure, appear in public; but will not their several vain-glorious authors distribute the manuscripts of their unsuccessful efforts among their friends and connexions all over the country, merely to show the incapacity of the committee, thus rendering the Indian character ridiculous, and adding, as it were, insult to injury? If you want more prize tragedies, make the affair general, give the money to the best, but play all that are sent, and let us have a laugh at the whole world. Make no more invidious selections, but let there be classic victims, Grecians and Romans, of whom antiquity furnishes an inexhaustible supply. Besides, it would be a very difficult matter to make another aboriginal tragedy. Indianisms, such as "smoking the pipe of peace," and keeping the "chain of friendship bright," sound very well when judiciously and sparingly introduced; but it does not answer to compound many long speeches entirely of such figurative fragments.

We perceive Mr. Pelby also advertises for five hundred dollars worth of tragic inspiration. To this there can be no objection; he, or any other individual, possesses an undoubted right to buy as much bad blank verse as he pleases; but it is to be presumed that there are few real poets who will undertake the composition of this most arduous and difficult species of writing, requiring genius and imagination of the very first order, for the remote prospect of five hundred dollars. Were it three or four times that sum then they might try. If this were to be the case, and it is hinted that there is a probability of such an event, then the whole business ought to be managed in a way that would prevent the slightest possibility of undue influence; not that we mean to hint, in the remotest degree, that this has been the case heretofore, for we are entirely ignorant of the whole transaction; but writing a tragedy is a serious affair, and those who adventure should at least have a full assurance of fair play. The gentleman who proposes the premium ought to stand altogether aloof, and have no concern in the appointment of a committee, further than in nominating two or three literary gentlemen, with whom he is personally unacquainted, to select one. The plays ought to be handed to the committee without their knowing by whom they were written, or from whence they come; for how many, unknown even to themselves, are insensibly biassed by a name; and after that was done, we might say, in the expressive language of the London pugilists, "may the best man win." C.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

ROSSINI.

THERE are few circumstances, perhaps, which more forcibly indicate the progressive improvement of a country, than to perceive the inhabitants evincing a growing attachment to the fine arts, and affording a fostering patronage to their professors. Where music, poetry, and painting, fail to receive support and encouragement, it either argues the absence of civilized taste, or that the mass of the people are too deeply engrossed in the one absorbing pursuit, (business) as a necessary means of existence, and are thereby prevented from indulging in these embellishments of life: mere amusement as a relaxation will, under any circumstances, be eagerly sought after, but the refined pleasure and the exquisite gratification resulting from an acquaintance with the fine arts, are but coldly felt and only partially appreciated by those who are compelled to exert all their energies on the every-day concerns of life.

Assuming these propositions as correct, we may certainly claim for the city of New-York the same elevated position among the cities of the Union for her patronage of the fine arts, which she has long attained by her commercial reputation and her vast and growing resources. And in no one branch of the sister arts has this rapid improvement been more manifest than in the advancement of public taste for the best musical compositions. The days are gone by when managers could draw crowds to listen to operas shorn of their most difficult pieces, and represented only by the stock actors of their establishments. The enterprise and exertions of the caterers for public amusements have kept pace with the spirit of their patrons; Phillips and Inledon gave an impetus to the growing taste of the public, which the Garcias completely confirmed: these distinguished professors have been succeeded by a galaxy of musical talent, which has rendered the productions of the best masters familiar to the public ear, and has rendered it conversant with the science of sweet sounds. Operas have become the favourite dramatic entertainment of the day, and music the fashionable pursuit.

Among the masters of this fascinating art none have, in modern times, acquired greater celebrity than the popular composer who forms the subject of our present sketch.

Rossini has long been the worshiped idol of the European musical world, and his works are equally the favourite compositions of amateurs on this continent. An individual thus celebrated, undoubtedly possesses some degree of interest to the general reader. A natural and laudable curiosity is excited regarding those who have rendered themselves eminent in the world by their learning, their prowess, or their efforts towards ameliorating the condition of their fellow-men. The artist who, by his genius, has added to our list of refined gratifications, creates also a desire to become acquainted with his private character, and we delight to trace the rise and progress of that talent which has placed him on the pedestal of fame his established reputation has raised him to.

The object of our present notice was born in 1792, at Pesaro, a small town in the Papal States, situated on the gulf of Venice. It may be truly said of him that he was born to the profession in which he has become so deservedly celebrated, for his father was a musician, and his mother a public singer. Neither of his parents attained any great eminence in their art, being ranked among those perambulating professors who subsist in Italy by travelling from fair to fair, and occasionally accepting engagements from itinerant companies that fall in their way. This uncertain mode of life was shared by Rossini until he attained the age of twelve years, when he was placed by his parents under the care of a professor of music at Bologna, for the purpose of studying the art as a science. Under this master, Rossini was well instructed in the principles of singing, in the art of accompanying, and in the rules of counterpoint. In a few months after commencing his studies he became celebrated for his singing in churches, owing to his fine soprano voice. From the year 1806, he was capable of singing any piece of music at sight, and great hopes were entertained of his arriving at future excellence as a public singer. His handsome figure and graceful person aided these prognostics of his growing fame, and induced his parents to determine upon making a tenor of him. The naturally aspiring mind of Rossini would not submit to this direction of his talents. To be a composer was his aim; and to further his views and to enlarge his experience, he quitted Bologna in 1806, to undertake a musical tour in Romagna. He presided at the piano, as leader of the orchestra, at some of the small towns, and in 1807, entered the lyceum at Bologna, and received lessons in music from one of its most distinguished

* This is meant to apply generally and not to prize-tragedies in particular, much less to any single production.

professors, father Mattei. A year subsequently he was qualified to compose a symphony and a cantata called "Il Piano d' Armenia;" this was his first production of vocal music, and is considered as exhibiting proofs of that excellence he soon attained. He was shortly afterwards elected a director of the academy of Concordi.

In 1810 he was, through the interest of a friend, sent to Venice, where he composed a little opera in one act, called "La Cambiale de Matrimonio." In the autumn of the following year he prepared for representation "L'Equivoco Stravagante;" and then, re-visiting Venice, produced for the carnival of 1812, "L'Inganno Felice." Experienced judges have detected in these early pieces the parent ideas of many of his latest works which have established his character, and are considered the *chefs d'oeuvre* of Rossini's compositions.

At the carnival of Venice in 1813, he produced his celebrated "Tancredi," a work which immediately created a kind of musical furor. Gondoliers and noblemen were found repeating its most favourite airs; and even in the courts of law the judges were compelled to impose silence on the persons present, who were singing the same passages. By the cognoscenti, Cimarosa was declared to have re-visited the world in the person of the young master; and all classes in that music-loving country were loud in their praises of the distinguished *maestro* who had furnished them so exquisite a treat in their favourite amusement.

The personal advantages of Rossini have been noticed; these circumstances, added to his extensive popularity, rendered him an immense favourite with the ladies of these southern climes. Many anecdotes of his adventures in this particular might be named, but we forbear, merely stating that he is passionately devoted to the service of the fair sex, and is as enthusiastic in his attachments of this nature, as he is devoted to the science in which he is so successful. With the fickleness frequently the characteristic of genius, he is reported to have been evanescent and changeable in his ardent attentions to his female admirers. In the autumn of 1812, he was engaged at Milan; and shortly afterwards visited his family at Bologna, to whom he was passionately attached. During his absence his mother was his only correspondent; the letters he addressed to her were strikingly indicative of the high estimation in which Rossini holds his talents; they were directed, "To the most honoured Signora Rossini, mother of the celebrated composer in Bologna."

The extraordinary popularity that Rossini so rapidly attained did not exempt him from the severity of criticism; he was charged with transgressing the rules of composition. He agreed with them, and excused himself by saying that he never read his manuscripts twice over. "I have scarcely six weeks to compose an opera in," said he. "During the first month I amuse myself; the last fortnight comes; every morning I write a duet or an air, which is rehearsed in the evening. How is it possible that I can perceive an error in the accompaniments?"

From Bologna, Rossini was engaged to visit all the towns in Italy where there was a theatre. He composed five or six operas in a year, which were received with greater or less success; for no mediocrity is observable in these cases in Italy, where a rapturous and almost exclusive admiration of music exists.

About the year 1814 the fame of Rossini caused him to be engaged at Naples, to produce for the Neapolitan theatres two operas a year, for several years; a task he performed with ease, much to the surprise and annoyance of the inhabitants, who were astonished that there should be so great a composer in the world who was not a Neapolitan. At Naples he composed his brilliant "Elizabetta regina d'Inghilterra," and there also became acquainted with Mademoiselle Colbrand, who subsequently became Madame Rossini. To this lady has been traced many of the deviations from true dramatic expression which are perceptible through Rossini's late productions. Mademoiselle Colbrand had been for some years the prima donna of the theatre at Naples; but age had laid his iron hand upon her powers, and Rossini, enamoured with the lady, gave way to her repeated solicitations to give her such music as she was yet capable of executing with effect.

After the success of "Elizabetta," Rossini went to Rome, and at the carnival in 1816, produced "Torvoldo e Dorliska," and his master-piece the "Barbiere de Seville." He then returned to Naples and produced "La Gazetta," and afterwards "Otello," from thence to Rome for "Cenerentola," and to Milan for "La Gazza Ladra." On his return to Naples he produced "L'Armide," and afterwards "Moise." In 1824 his astonishing popularity induced the proprietor of the King's theatre, in London, to engage him to superintend the orchestra at the performance of his most celebrated productions; it

was also announced that he would produce a new opera during his temporary stay, a promise, however, which was not fulfilled. He has since been appointed to the direction of the Academie Musique at Paris, where he has composed many of his generally approved works, some of which have been criticised as being only expansions of his former productions, embellished and altered to suit the taste of the nation which has thus appropriated his labours to itself. His last production, "Guillaume Tell," has called forth all the enthusiasm of that impassioned people. After its first representation the singers and musicians of the grand opera assembled before his residence and serenaded him with the choicest pieces from this work, as a testimonial of their admiration of his talents. An assembled crowd witnessed the performance, and assisted in the enthusiasm excited by the scene.

Rossini is reported to compose with wonderful rapidity; his celebrated "Di tanti palpiti," is said to have been the work of only a few minutes, and bears in Italy the title of the "Rice air," from having been composed while waiting for a plate of rice he had ordered his servant to prepare on returning home one day to dinner—the piece was finished before the dish was brought to him.

We have noticed the high opinion Rossini holds of his talents; intoxicated with praise from his earliest youth he is conscious of his own glory, and has been heard frequently to assert, that "he does not see why Rossini should not hold the same rank as a general of division or a minister of state. The latter has drawn a great prize in the lottery of ambition, Rossini has drawn a great prize in the lottery of nature."

During his short residence in England, many anecdotes were circulated illustrative of his vanity; it was reported among others that he had even carried it to the height of offending the sovereign by its display during the performance of some of his pieces at Carlton palace, at which he presided. One anecdote we shall repeat as being generally understood to be a fact, and with it will close our sketch of this celebrated man. At a musical party, given by one of the nobility during Rossini's stay in London, he was invited to attend; the assemblage was brilliant in the extreme, and the great *maestro* was the universal point of attraction. The duke of Wellington was also present, and during a temporary cessation of the music, was promenading the rooms with a distinguished peeress, noted for her musical taste. Rossini, elated by the flattering distinction awarded to him so liberally during the evening, stepped up to the lady, and taking her vacant arm exclaimed, "Now, my lady, you are between the two greatest men of the age." The duke, perhaps overpowered by the compliment, turned away without noticing the flattering allusion to his greatness, and the peeress enjoyed a hearty laugh at the whimsical union of talent, which the celebrated composer had so modestly made.

H*

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

RATIONAL POETS.

"Ours are the days of fact, not fable."

NOTWITHSTANDING the trite lamentation which so often falls from the lips of age, accompanied with a lackadaisical elevation of the eye-brows, and a melancholy shake of the head, "ah, it was not so in my times," I am inclined to think no times were ever superior to the present. Have we not steam-boats and rail-roads?—(the advantages of which have been too cleverly exhibited by the inimitable pen of C. to require one syllable here)—and more wonderful still, have we not rational poets? Sane lunatics or wise fools would not have conveyed a more incongruous idea to the minds of our forefathers; for in their days the proximity of genius to folly was never doubted, and any parent of common sense, whose child manifested symptoms of poetry, considered the evil more to be deprecated than a defect of vision or speech, being more certainly incurable than either. Every movement of the lisper in numbers was watched. At table turkeys and dishes were carefully moved out of his reach, lest he might mistake either for the bread-basket, and plunge his hand into their smoking contents; and many a cautious two-and-two-maker character, who happened to be seated next him, trembled whenever he seized his cup at the possibility that his face might receive its dregs instead of the slop-bowl. If he walked out to enjoy the freshness of the breeze, and pursue his fancies undisturbed, were there not innumerable chances against his ever returning? Might he not step off the dock in the belief that he was stepping into his own door? Or should he enter a vessel for the purpose of examining its construction, he would probably be borne away to whatever port it was destined, without his cognoscence!

That mental aberration, called absence, which had ever been the attendant of genius would, of course, lead to similar extravagances; and a dirty, slovenly booby, ungartered and unbonneted, stood before their imaginations as the future representative of a respectable name and vast possessions. And was not poverty, the poet's handmaid, nay his very spouse, united to him by a tie indissoluble, save by death? Was not the child of their affections doomed to spend his nights a homeless wanderer, like Johnson and Savage—or like Otway, perish for a crust of bread? Blessed, immeasurably blessed, are parents of the present day unvisited by such distressing forebodings. Thanks to the matter-of-fact atmosphere which surrounds us, a person may wear good comfortable, nay, even fashionable clothing, without losing his reputation as a man of genius. In order to establish a character for originality, it is no longer necessary to resort to eccentricity; and the exclamation shall soon be forgotten, which in by-gone days invariably marked the appearance of any one exceedingly outre and ungainly, "What a queer looking fellow; he must be a genius!" In this spirit was a remark made a few days since by a friend, while walking with me in Broadway, on being informed whom the person we were meeting (wrapped in the immensity of a patrician cloak, whose texture and tassels bespoke a solicitude in the wearer for style as well as comfort) was—"That she never expected to see so costly a covering on a poet's shoulders." But she is one of those obsoletes, who know more of past ages than of the present. Her books are her chosen companions, and in the inconsiderable space of a few feet, bounded by four walls, does she study human nature, instead of pursuing the present peripatetic mode of seeking knowledge in the variety and bustle of a crowded street. In a dejected tone she added, "Do you know what a dandy H. is becoming?" and greatly surprised was my antiquated friend, at hearing the uniform neatness of the poet attributed to "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind." "Oh," said I, to fill up the measure of her astonishment, "had you seen how gracefully he danced at the ball the other evening, and how much he appeared to enjoy this recreation, you would seek some other criterion whereby to judge of a man's intellects than either rags or melancholy." To reconcile facts with long cherished opinions, she gravely remarked, that "So sweet and caustic and sparkling a poet, so prompt and undeviating a man of business, so trim and decided a fashionable, and so amiable a companion must be considered an anomaly." But we of the nineteenth century know better.

Nor is this state of rationality confined to one sex. *Blueism*, which destroyed the domestic comfort of many an unfortunate fellow in the last century, extinguishing every gleam of sprightliness and conviviality from the social hearth, where is it now? For my part, I never knew but one *bas-bleu*; and to this complexion was she brought by the injudicious treatment of foolish parents. A slight deformity, and an unprepossessing physiognomy, first induced the supposition that she might be imbued with that ethereal essence which raises its possessor above the tangible things of earth; for numerous were the instances of bright and lofty spirits inhabiting a form clumsy and unsymmetrical. Her extreme irritability was another favourable symptom, for who had not heard of Pope's peevishness, and Johnson's dogmatism, and Swift's asperity? And then, instead of romping with her young companions, she would sit in the chimney-corner, gazing for hours at the fire, book in hand. Although this arose from indolence, it was hailed as the presage of future greatness. To educate so studious and intellectual a being like less gifted females, would be to clip the wings of genius, and condemn her to trot through the world, instead of soaring above it. Eyes that could roll in a fine frenzy, were not made to count the stitches of a sampler, or pore over a threadbare garment; that head, surrounded with a glory, "such as Lady Morgan's *novice* used to wear," and from which had issued such strains as the following,

"Ye gentles all, I prithee, pray,
Come listen to my roundelay;
About a knight of high renown,
Who wither'd 'neath a lady's frown;
His eyes were as soft as the concave of blue,
And his dark raven locks were as black as my shoe;" &c.

should never be compelled to waste its energies in a round of vulgar household duties. The result was, that after jilting several worthy men, who were unable to stand a literary test, one being ignorant of the difference between the anapestic and iambic measure; another at fault respecting the architecture of the tower of Babel; and a third so gothic as to prefer "Auld Robin Gray" to "Una voce poco fa," she settled down into a conceited, petulant, disputatious, slatternly *bas-bleu*; the derision of both the literate and illiterate.

How different is my sweet and unpretending friend S. whose superior intellect enables her to discover more clearly the path of duty, while correct principles lead her to pursue it! Unobtrusive manners shield her from public observation, for she well knows at what a sacrifice woman frequently purchases notoriety. Few of those who admire the vivacity, gentleness, and modesty which render her family circle so interesting a place, are aware of the brilliancy of her genius; their ears are charmed with strains of touching melody, but the minstrel is unseen.

Rejoice and be exceeding glad, ye poets, that the sentence of proscription is reversed, which deprived you of fellowship with the comforts and luxuries of life. Eat, drink, and be merry, for ye are no longer outcasts from the smoking board and the festive hall; no longer are ye doomed to hunger, and thirst, and nakedness here, that ye may gain a name hereafter; neither is it necessary that the outward man should be made to appear ridiculous, in order that the inner man should receive due respect.

Nothing, I am persuaded, but this improved state of things saved my friend O. from being a fool. A lively imagination, sparkling wit, a vigorous intellect, and a distaste for the ordinary routine of business, kept him early in life vacillating, and apparently indolent; but the suggestions of friends, that poetry was fitter for a dessert than for a regular meal, and that as he could not subsist on air, it behoved him to procure by his exertions more substantial food, aided by his own good sense, has made him a respectable and useful citizen in this "bank-note world." Although he has not cut the acquaintance of his early favourites, the muses, he receives no calls during business hours, but many a delightful *tele-a-tete* occurs to sweeten his leisure, and render home the most enchanting spot in the wide world. A.

A CHAPTER ON ADVERTISEMENTS.

The present age, it has been well remarked, is distinguished from all others by the rapid increase of that species of literature which has from some occult reason obtained the name of periodical. Magazines, reviews, journals which are not diurnal, as from the name one might naturally infer, but weekly, semi-weekly, monthly, quarterly, and annual—medleys, and miscellanies of every possible description have for the last twenty years sprung up like mushrooms all around us; and in nine instances out of ten, have "vanished into thin air" with a rapidity equal to that of their production; leaving behind them, in most cases, names worthy of immortality, and sundry unpaid bills for types and paper. The devil, a personage heretofore held in awful fear and dignified abhorrence, has been brought into familiar acquaintance with multitudes of respectable persons, whose grandmothers would have fainted at his very name. Capital cobblers have been converted into miserable poets; lordlings and titled dames of high degree have eschewed Almacks, and addicted themselves unto Murray and Colburn; abandoned Brighton and Hyde-park for Albemarle-street, and substituted composition for card-playing as the solace of their midnight hours. Authorship, once vulgar, has become genteel; poets live in palaces and fare sumptuously every day; the race of poor devils *par excellence*, is extinct; and publishers buy titles now, as well as title-pages. But there is one branch of periodical literature which far surpasses all others in extent, variety, and importance. I mean that which is generally called advertizing, which is in itself a host comprising many subdivisions. If we consider its extent, we find that no other species of writing can compare with it—"none but itself can be its parallel." Every object of human cupidity, dislike, anxiety, or interest, may be found the subject of an advertisement; each trade and profession finds itself at some time or other obliged to resort to this mode of seeking or communicating information. Pens that in general aim at nothing more than the concoction of a letter, or the perpetration of a bill, (*horresco referens*) must sometimes turn their energies to the writing of a "notice" in the newspaper. The different species of advertisements are innumerable. There is the endless family of puffs; those most modest and veracious compositions which in our own country have attained a height of excellence that throws completely in the back ground the rival efforts of foreign ingenuity. A small sized, but very interesting volume might be filled with judicious selections from among the glowing flowers of this description, which daily "waste their sweetness on the desert air" in the columns of our newspapers; much ingenuity also might be shown in reducing them to their various classes, beginning with the obvious and infartificial boast of unequalled excellence and incomprehensible cheapness; thence rising upwards to those ingenious specimens of the art eulogistic which begin with "Pombuccoo, the emperor Alexander, or the discovery of the

longitude, and end by easy transitions in Warren's blacking or Rowland's washball, (that great labour-saving invention, whose virtues are so potent that by merely applying it to his hands, the happy purchaser's teeth are whitened, his hair brushed, and, in short, his whole person is exalted to a state of unprecedented purity;) and ending with the *ne plus ultra* of talent in the shape of Mr. Joseph Strickland's bull-pups and real Kimikles. Among these gems of literary excellence, might, perhaps, be ranked those amiable effusions which have existence only during those important epochs generally known as "election times;" when modest gentlemen, who by their own showing have no earthly claims, come forward to ask the suffrages of the public, something after this fashion:

To the independent republican electors of —.

GENTLEMEN—The period appointed by legislative wisdom for the election of state representatives having at length arrived, I humbly crave permission again to offer myself to your notice as a most unworthy, though zealous candidate for the representation of your powerful and independent county. Should I rest my claim upon the adequacy of my abilities to this momentous trust, I should be at once obliged to abandon every hope of success. But if in this respect I may be deemed unequal to a responsibility so awful; if on former occasions you should have sometimes found reason to complain of the imbecility of my judgment; if, conscious of that imbecility, I have always shrunk from debate and left the field to bolder orators; if in the honest easiness of my credulity I have frequently suffered myself to be drawn into the support of measures which I went determined to oppose, or to oppose such as upon all principle I ought to have supported; if for this reason I have invariably absented myself from the house during the discussion of the gravest and most critical questions let me at least enjoy the noble boast that the most gifted of my competitors cannot rival me in the purity of my intentions, the fervour of my zeal, and the soundness of my political principles. I have the honour, gentlemen, with the most profound respect and deference, to be your very obedient, very humble servant,

TIMOTHY BRAINLESS.

But perhaps the most interesting of these modest effusions, at least to a portion of the reading public, are the innumerable catalogues of "wants" which are daily exhibited to the eager gaze of all newspaper readers. From among an invaluable collection of notices of this description which I have gathered together in the course of my multifarious reading, I select the following as an illustration of the natural tendency of the human mind to undervalue its own pretensions, and to overrate those properties of others which it seeks to appropriate to its own advantage or emolument.

Matrimony—important to adventurers.

Experience having satisfactorily demonstrated to the advertiser the fact that happiness is more likely to be acquired in the married than in the single state, he is induced to resort to this method of seeking a companion, in whose person may be found united every requisite of matrimonial felicity; the advertiser will with frankness declare the extent of his wishes in order to save trouble in useless applications, he being himself an advantageous party, and perfectly serious in his propositions.

The lady must have every charm of person, the advertiser's taste being in this respect unusually fastidious; her age must not be more than twenty-one, to be proved if required by the oath of her parents or relatives. Her fortune must be handsome; the advertiser having lately been unfortunate in business, and being past the middle age, feels unwilling to begin the world anew. Not being accustomed to confinement, the advertiser must be master of his own hours, and will expect to be received with good-humour on his return, though long away; the lady will, however, find no want of amusement in his absence, the education of his five children by a former marriage having been entirely neglected, which will furnish her with abundant occupation. The advertiser being taciturn and somewhat soured in his temper, looks for unvarying vivacity and animation which may amuse him in his gloomy moments, but to be restrained when he is not in the humour for playful sallies.

Advertiser snores, but not much more than is usual in men of his age; and would expect his wife to read him to sleep, being subject to a confirmed asthma which often deprives him of rest.

Any lady whom this may suit, having all the necessary qualities, will apply in person to the advertiser at No. — Bowery, near the fork of the roads; he lodges over a barber's shop, in the third story.

P. S.—Being nice in his eating, will require his wife to attend to the cooking when he has company; on other occasions he always dines from home, not being accustomed to have a table set every day.

2nd. P. S.—If the lady should call when other gentlemen are in the room, which may readily happen, having a number of old cronies who are in the habit of calling at all hours to take a pipe with him, the advertiser will be known by his dress, which he has worn for the last fifteen years, namely, a paper cap which he uses on account of being a little bald and subject to colds in the head, iron spectacles, blue coat somewhat faded but genteel, striped seersucker vest, and duck pantaloons rather short. To prevent all mistakes, takes snuff almost constantly. N.

[To be concluded in our next.]

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE GOLD-HEADED CANE.

THIS is the quaint title of a somewhat singular and not uninteresting work, of which the second edition has just issued from the London press. It purports to be the narrative of a gold-headed cane, presented to the new College of Physicians by Mrs. Baillie, and which had been successively carried by Drs. Radcliffe, Mead, Askew, Pitcairn, and (her own lamented and far-celebrated husband,) Matthew. The arms of these eminent physicians are said to be engraved on the head of the cane, and they form the vignettes of the five chapters into which this little volume is divided.

The favoured cane, when deposited in a common closet of the library, on the twenty-fourth of June, 1825, the day before the opening of the new college, heard with dismay that it was no longer to be carried about, but to be kept amongst the relics of that learned body. It thus laments the obscurity which was thenceforth to be its destined lot:

"Formerly the entrée of palaces had been open to me; I had been freely admitted into the houses of the great and the rich, but now I was doomed to darkness, and condemned to occupy the corner of a library—spacious and splendid, it must be allowed, but where I was surrounded by nothing but the musty manuscripts of defunct doctors."

We can well sympathize with the jeremiad of the thrice-honoured staff, which had, for nearly two centuries, been enclosed in the firm and familiar grasp of the pulse-feelers and purse-drainers of Charles the second, William the third and his Queen Mary, George the first, George the second, ditto the third, and ditto the fourth. To how many important secrets had it not been accessory? Of how many unsuspected but potent causes of political discord and national commotions had it not been privy? How many clues might it not give to the obscure and inexplicable portions of the history of the fast-anchored isle, the hue and whole tenor of which may have, perhaps, been connected with the coeval existence of a headache, a toothache, or some other equally important ache! Much and weighty is the import of the matter entrusted unto its memory; so heavy, indeed, is the charge, that it cannot be supported. And master gold-headed cane, like many a companion of the male sex, must, forsooth, disburthen itself in part at least of its heavy and responsible load. While it was still enfolded in the gentle pressure of the soft and delicate hand, whose science-guided tact could designate the seat of each disorder which flesh is heir to, its desire for utterance, its aspirations for literary fame, had been kept down and hushed. Now that it was laid aside, and the very fashion which had erewhile not only countenanced and authorized, but actually enforced its attendance upon the primates of the faculty, had banished it, together with the full-bottomed wig, from the very light of day, now it could no longer be silent. In its retirement it would still exert its influence, and raise its voice in eulogy of times by-gone, times redolent of its freedom, its delight, its glory! It would, in short narrate its memoirs, and to these we shall devote a short space, premising that they have relation rather to the general history than to any medical localities. Had they not prepossessed this attractive character they would not have found a passing notice in the columns of the New-York Mirror.

Of its early condition, before it was furnished with a head, or separated from the vulgar mass of wooden rods that belong alike to knave and lord, our worthy cane has, like all newly elevated grandees, no recollection whatever; "but," says he, "I shall never forget the first consultation at which I was present."

"It was in the autumn of 1689. My master, Dr. Radcliffe, had just then returned from a distant journey in the country, and was much fatigued, when an urgent message reached him at his house in Bow-street, Covent-garden. Snatching me up, he hurried into his carriage, and set off with all speed for Kensington-house. This irregular edifice, which had recently been purchased by the crown of the second earl of Nottingham, had undergone several alterations and improvements."

additions hastily put together for the immediate accommodation of the court. The edifice itself was not extensive, having rather the appearance of the genteel villa of a nobleman than that of a royal mansion; and the gardens were upon a small scale, but kept in the neatest possible order. From the town of Kensington the approach was by a double row of large elm trees, leading to the north entrance of the house, through an unenclosed field, which was at that time disfigured by a gravel-pit. Here, however, afterwards, the skill of the famous gardeners of the day, Loudon and Wise, was employed; and the cut yew and variegated holly hedges were taught to imitate the lines, angles, bastions, scarps, and counter-scarps of a regular fortification. This curious upper-garden, known by the name of the *siege of Troy*, was long the admiration of every lover of that kind of trim horticultural embellishment.

"We were ushered through a suite of several rooms, plainly but handsomely furnished by Simon de Brienne; and it seemed to me that the doctor assumed a more lofty air, and walked with a firmer step, and I was conscious of a gentle pressure of his hand as he stopped and gazed for a moment on the likeness of the founder of the college of physicians, Dr. Linacre, painted by Holbein, which was hanging in one of the rooms, amongst the royal portraits of the Henries, and several others of the kings and queens of England and Scotland."

"On entering the sick chamber, which was a small cabinet in the south-east angle of the building, called the writing-closet, a person of a grave and solemn aspect, apparently about forty years of age, of a slim and weak body, brown hair, and of middle stature, was seen sitting in an arm-chair, and breathing with great difficulty. The naturally serious character of the king (for it was his majesty William the third) was rendered more melancholy by the distressing symptoms of an asthma, the consequence of the dregs of the small-pox, that had fallen upon his lungs. In the absence of the fit, and at other times, his sparkling eyes, large and elevated forehead, and aquiline nose, gave a dignity to his countenance, which though usually grave and phlegmatic, was said in the day of battle to be susceptible of the most animated expression. 'Doctor,' said the king, 'Bentinck (earl of Portland) and Zulestein (earl of Rochford) have been urgent with me that I should again send for you; and though I have great confidence in my two body-physicians here, yet I have heard so much of your great skill that I desire you will consult with Bidloo and Lawrence, whether some other plan might not be adopted.'

"The king seldom spoke so long at a time, his conversation being usually dry and repulsive; and here his majesty's speech was interrupted by a deep cough, and he sank back in his chair exhausted. 'May it please your majesty,' said Dr. Radcliffe, 'I must be plain with you, sir: your case is one of danger, no doubt, but if you will adhere to my prescriptions, I will engage to do you good. The rheum is dripping on your lungs, and will be of fatal consequence to you unless it be otherwise directed.'"

The consultation was short—the remedies were changed—and the king got well.

We are next introduced to her majesty Queen Mary. Her person was majestic, and calculated to inspire respect, and her conversation (when she was not much agitated) indicated a fine and cultivated understanding. She had read much in history and divinity, but her studies were early interrupted by an obstruction to her sight. "She was ever active, and so industrious that she wrought many hours a day herself with her ladies and maids of honour working about her, while one read to them all." Such employment was well befitting a queen, and would not ill become any rational woman, titled or untitled, gifted with wealth or only enjoying a competency, fashionable or unfashionable, whether domiciliated in a palace at London, or in a three-story brick house in the city of New-York. The very tapestry which adorned the sides of her chamber was the work of the queen's own hands, as were also the coverings of the chairs. This royal model of domestic virtue fell a victim to the small pox.

That celebrated warrior, Prince Eugene, who had won such brilliant laurels in France and Hungary, is the next eminent character of which we have a slight sketch. Dr. Radcliffe invited the prince to dinner; a large party of the nobility and several topping merchants were engaged to meet him. Knowing the enmity of Eugene to every thing French, and anxious to pay extraordinary attention to his guest, he gave orders for dinner accordingly. "Let there be no ragouts," said he, "no kickshaws of France; but let us treat the prince as a soldier. He shall have a specimen of true English hospitality. I will have my table covered with barons of beef, jiggets of mutton, and legs of pork." At table the prince delighted every one by his unassuming modesty, his easy address and affable behaviour. "His aspect was erect and composed, his eye lively

and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling; but his manner was peculiarly graceful, and he descended to an easy equality with those who conversed with him; the shape of his person was remarkably erect and beautiful; still, with all his condescension, and though he was affable to every one, it was evident that he rather *suffered* the presence of much company." He was greatly pleased with the doctor's entertainment, and was loud in his praise of some seven years' old beer, which was then in tap.

We must not, however, forget the doctor himself, whose intercourse with exalted personages has been the means of introducing us plebeians to the honour of their acquaintance. Few physicians ever enjoyed a more splendid celebrity or ample income than Radcliffe. The anecdote is well known which imputes his success to a misapprehension on the part of a lady of very high rank, who being taken remarkably ill, and incidentally visited by him while he was labouring under the effects of a debauch, and sensible of his situation, exclaimed, "drunk, by heaven!" applied the remark to her own situation, which was appositely identical with his own, and to secure his secrecy gave him her patronage, and introduced him to court. Of this our worthy cane makes no mention. It thus examines the source of its first master's superiority:

"It was clear that his erudition had nothing to do with it; but though there was something rude in the manner in which he frequently disparaged the practice of others, yet it could not be denied that his general good sense and practical knowledge of the world distinguished him from all his competitors. He was remarkable for his apt and witty replies, and always ready in suggesting expedients."

With the following anecdote we shall close the article, intending to resume the thread of the story, as contained in the notice of Mead, Askew, Pitcairn, and Baillie.

Dr. Radcliffe was once sent for to visit a gentleman afflicted with a violent inflammation of the throat. No application, either internal or external, had been of the least service. He requested the lady to order a hasty-pudding to be made without delay, and when it was done he desired that his own servants might bring it up stairs. Having given them his private instructions, he thus addressed them as soon as it was put upon the table before the patient—"Come, Jack and Dick, eat as quickly as possible, you have had no breakfast this morning." The faithful orderlies set to with their spoons to devour the contents of the ample dish, but Dick dipped his instrument twice to Jack's once. Upon this a quarrel arose; the combatants first discharged spoonful of hot pudding at each other's faces, and finally hurled handfuls, till they emptied the platter. This scene excited so hearty a fit of laughter in the patient that the quinsy burst, and the doctor had the credit of the cure. We may truly exclaim, then, with Homer,

"A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal!"

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Moore's Life of Byron.—Our readers must not attribute the want of a notice of this long expected work in our number of this week to indolence or negligence, or any other improper or discreditable reason. We did intend and hope to say something of its merits; but the fact is, that upon a careful and honest perusal, we have found it a work of so much greater magnitude and importance than we had expected; so much more honourable both to its subject and its author (or rather editor) than we had hoped; so much more full of excellent and interesting, and withal new matter, than we had thought possible, that we have not dared to write of it in haste; and to write of it as it deserves, (even supposing the ability to do so to be within us, a question touching which we have some misgivings,) we have not had the necessary leisure at our command. If it were enough to say how much we are delighted with it, what intense and gratified interest it has given us in reading, and how anxiously we look for the second volume, then our duty would have been light; but "*Moore's Life of Byron*" deserves more than this; and to do by it as it ought to be done by, and as we desire to do by it, we must have time.

Spring.—Our tardy spring is come at last, and vegetation is bursting forth in every direction; nature has at length become sensible of the genial influence of the sun, thrown off her wintry garment, and arrayed herself in her gay and brilliant robes of green. In this capricious climate of ours it is astonishing to see the almost miraculous change produced by two or three days of mild weather in succession. But it is not on inanimate nature alone that spring is exerting its genial powers; the minds of men feel its cheering influence; new schemes are formed, old projects carried into execution, and all is once more noise and bustle. In a week or two the influx

of strangers will increase the population of this city one-fifth, our streets will be crowded with new faces, places of amusements remunerated for their past losses, and business and pleasure once more go hand in hand over our good metropolis.

Union of the States.—The following are the closing remarks of Mr. Webster's second speech in the senate of the United States, in reply to Mr. Hayne, on the land question. A more eloquent appeal to the patriotic feelings and understandings of men we have never read:

"I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honour of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed."

"While the union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day at least that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honoured throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as—*What is all this worth?*—Nor those other words of delusion and folly—*Liberty first and Union afterwards*—but every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—*Liberty and Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable.*"

Grand Gala.—Extensive preparations are making for the grand military and civic fete, which is to take place at the Park theatre, on Monday evening next. It will, beyond doubt, be one of the most select, fashionable, and brilliant entertainments ever given in this city.

Parmenier's Garden.—The season is fast approaching for furnishing our gardens with flowers and fragrance. During last summer we frequently visited the garden of Mr. Parmenier, and were highly gratified with his extensive collection of beautiful flowering shrubs and plants, and delightful and picturesque arrangements. A correct idea of its appearance can be obtained from the map.

Greece.—It appears to be definitively settled that Prince Leopold is to become sovereign ruler of this interesting country. The three great powers are said to have affixed their signatures to the necessary documents.

Palestine.—The jew, Rothschild, is in treaty with the sultan, through the medium of the English ambassador, for the cession of this portion of his territories, to be converted into a place of refuge for the scattered tribes of Israel. Merchants are indeed becoming princes.

Agents.—For the names of the authorized agents for the Mirror, see the cover of today's impression.

THE MERRY SWISS GIRL.

AS SUNG, IN CHARACTER, BY CLARA FISHER, IN THE POPULAR OPERA OF HOME, SWEET HOME.

ALLEGRO-TO.

Come a - way then, a - way then, my mer - ry Swiss girl, To the fields bright with dew light - ly stray, The hinds are teud - ing now their sheep, The

p

fow - ler climbs the moun - tain steep, Come a - way then, a - way then, my mer - ry Swiss girl, To the fields bright with dew light - ly stray.

mf

3d—Come arise thee, arise thee, my merry Swiss girl,
To the dance on the green come away,
The new-mown hay now scents the air,

The wild rose sheds its fragrance there.
Come arise thee, arise thee, my merry Swiss girl,
To the dance on the green come away.

3d—Trip away then, away then, my merry Swiss girl,
And the queen of the dance you shall be,
Be blithe till daylight's gentle close,

Once more bring the Swiss maid repose.
Come away then, away then, my merry Swiss girl,
To the fields bright with dew lightly stray.

VARIETIES.

ANCIENT MUNICIPAL REGULATIONS.—Our city aldermen, of modern times, might learn some useful lessons by inspecting the records of their ancestors. For instance, in 1675, the streets were ordered to be cleared every Saturday, or oftener, and cartmen were obliged to carry away the dirt, or forfeit their licenses. It was also "ordered, that the land in this city, convenient to build on, if the parties who own the same do not build thereon, may be *valued and sold* to those who are willing to build!" In the same year it was "ordered, that a general or public slaughter-house be built for the use of the city, *over the water, without the gate.*" "Jurymen were fined sixpence if not present at court before the ringing of the third bell." It was unlawful to sell liquor to the Indians; and if they were found intoxicated in the street, without knowing at what house they obtained the drink, the whole street was liable to a fine! In 1677, it became a question in council, "whether attorneys are thought useful to plead in courts or not? Answer, "it is *thought not*;" whereupon resolved and ordered, "that pleading attorneys be no longer allowed to practice in the government, excepting in the depending cases." In 1699, hawking or peddling goods about the streets was prohibited, under the penalty of twenty shillings for each offence. All *scine* running at large were allowed to be shot! The common council's hour of meeting was nine o'clock in the morning. In 1736, all gaming-houses were denounced by law. In 1752, Jacob Turk was ordered to buy *six small speaking trumpets*, for the use of the corporation. We do not, however, recommend the revival of this last ordinance, as the members of our present common council make noise enough, in all conscience, without the aid of trumpets.

PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT.—The first city-hall, state-house, or tavern, erected in this city, stood on the corner of Pearl-street and Coenties-slip, and was a three-story edifice, built in the year 1644. It was considered a very important establishment in those days, as all the courts and public meetings were held within its walls. In 1696, it was "ordered that a city-hall shall be built, value three thousand pounds sterling. Three years afterwards, the old city-hall at Coenties-slip was sold, "by public outcry," to John Rodman, merchant, for nine hundred and twenty pounds sterling! The site is now occupied by Brinkerhoff's buildings. The new city-hall, in Wall-street, was estimated to cost eleven hundred and fifty-one pounds eighteen shillings and three pence sterling. In 1812, the city-hall in the Park was finished, at an expense of half a million of dollars, although the original estimate

already become necessary, or an enlargement of the present edifice, as there is not sufficient room for more than half the public business.

FACILITIES IN TRAVELLING.—During a controversy between the citizens of New-York and the people of New-Haven, in the year 1646, it took *six days* to send a message. The distance is only about ninety miles, and is now travelled in a few hours. In those days, however, the country was a wilderness; for twenty-two years afterwards, there was no wagon or carriage-road from New-York to Harlaem. The English having then possession of the city, a road was ordered to be constructed, which has continued ever since, and is called the old road to Harlaem. In 1673, "the post-rider began his trips to and from Boston, once in *three weeks.*" In 1732, the first stage began to run between Boston and New-York, *once a month*, and it was never less than *fourteen days* on the journey! The United States' mail now goes the same distance in less than two days. In 1806, the first successful attempt at steam navigation was exhibited on the Hudson. Since that memorable era we do not *travel*, but *fly*!

FEMALES.—The following estimate and comparison of the female character is from Naval Sketches, a work lately published in New Haven:

I should say little of the Turkish females, if such encomiums had not been lavished upon them by recent travellers. That they are contented is probable; they grow up to their prospects; their thoughts do not wish to roam; their affections centre in their children, and they are satisfied with being just what they are. But this does not argue a very high state of happiness. The squaw of your forests is contented with her lot; her affections cling to her offspring, and she is satisfied with her wigwam and restless life.

The Greek ladies have more freedom, and I believe more intelligence, but generally they are extremely ignorant, and their situation is even more servile than that of the former. They are suffered to go abroad, but in most cases it is to carry water from the wells, grain to the mill, or to do the drudgery of the fields, while their husbands lounge in the bazar.

The sex rises as we come west into Italy, where they are often found to be well informed and agreeable companions. The condition of far the greater part, however, is exceedingly degraded; their life is a laborious one; they have few means of information, and those few the lives of their saints, with a jumble of absurd superstitions, are rather calculated to debase than to elevate and ennoble the affections. In industry I think they bear the palm. I have seldom seen them idle; frequently I have met them on the way with a basket of olives on their heads and spinning as they went.

difference in the sex as soon as I landed in that country. In Italy, man or woman, all are beggars. When I got lost in the streets of Rome, and asked directions, to my "thank ye," they would often reply, "is that all; have you nothing to give me?" At Toulon, in France, I wanted directions, and stopped at a little shop to ask them; the woman who kept it saw I did not know the streets, and went the distance of one of our squares to show me the house. I offered her money, but she refused, and was with difficulty prevailed upon to accept it. The French ladies excel all others in sentiment, sprightliness, and naivete. But the sentiment wants depth, and the sprightliness tires because it is not spiced sufficiently with good sense; the naivete is always agreeable. The higher classes are generally well informed; the lower ignorant; all are open and free in their manners, to a degree that would be scandalized in America. The French females are very industrious. I saw a girl between Marseilles and Toulon, following a loaded mule and knitting with all her might as she went.

GENERAL DESAIX.—At the battle of Marengo, General Desaix was struck by a ball at the first charge of his division, and died almost instantly. He had only time to say to the young Le Brun, his aide-de-camp, "Go, and tell the first consul, that my only regret in dying is, that I have done nothing for posterity." Thus modest to the last was one of the bravest and best men the French revolution has produced. The Austrians were wont to call him the brave, the indefatigable general. The Germans, over whom it was his frequent lot to exercise the rights of conquest, revered him as the good Desaix. And the ferocious Arabs, subjugated not more by his valour than by his wisdom, decreed to him the sublime title of the *just sultan*.

The day before the battle of Marengo, in which his race of glory was thus so early terminated, he observed, somewhat prophetically, to one of his aides-de-camp, "It is a long time since I fought in Europe. The bullets must know me again; something will happen."

When the tidings of his death was brought in the midst of the hottest of the engagement to Napoleon, by whom he was greatly beloved, he was much affected, and it was one of his earliest commands after the victory, that a splendid monument should be erected to the fallen hero, on the top of Mont St. Bernard.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NUMBER 36.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

CAROLINE.

"She is not very beautiful."

I've known a fairer form than hers—a face
Of more surpassing loveliness—and eyes
Of deeper tint cerulean—and a presence,
Prouder than hers to grace a shrine for worship;
Yet when I look upon her innocent features—
Lit up by an effulgent intellect—
And trace the windings of the purple stream
Through its thin covering, eloquently speaking
In language to the heart intelligible,
The thoughts that crowd into her artless mind,
I do forget myself in the sweet theme;
And wayward fancy fashions her as one
Lovely as houri-forms that poets dream of,
Feigning their Eden songs.

She's but a child!
And yet a pleasant study for my thoughts.
I've led her by the hand through the green fields,
Jewelled with nature's own luxuriance,
When the blue sky hung o'er us like a garment,
And bright-hued flowers sprung up beneath our steps;
And with a deep, unspoken joy have watched
The expanding of her mind, when first awoke
Its young imaginings—intelligence
Floating like incense on her gentle breath;
Methought that sweet unfolding of the spirit
Was like the birth of fragrance in the flower.

There is a sweet and placid temper writ
Upon her brow, type of the soul within:
I dwell with doting fondness on her looks
That brighten on my heart, amid life's cares,
Like sun-beams on the wave-tost mariner,
Desolate on a sea of storms! And then
The bird-like melody of her low voice,
Breathing the accents of untaught affection,
Or mingling in harmonious cadences:
Blest sounds, that may be in an after year,
An unforgotten music to the heart!

But when at eve my laden brow she presses
To her pure lip, and, with most sweet endearment,
Twining her slight and delicate arms around me,
Seeks to beguile my very weariness
And cheat me of a smile—I lose all sense
Of sorrow, and my eyes are filled for joy;
It is an ecstasy that hath no words.

You'll smile and say this is a rhapsody—
In very sooth it is—I'm most content
That you should call it so. My heart is full.
Too overflowing, of delightful dreamings—
SHE IS MY DAUGHTER!

STANZAS.

"Ninfa, ya de amor solo,
Solo canta mi lira."

I saw thee in thy life's young spring,
Of sylph-like form and air,
Ere thou hadst known one venom'd sting
Of wretchedness or care;
I loved thee then, but durst not think
E'en o'er the joyous wine,
That I might ever hope to link
My destiny with thine.

I saw thee in thy summer morn,
When time had all refined
The graces of thy matchless form,
The beauties of thy mind;
And loved thee then as warm and well,
As e'er the good may be;
But had not power to break the spell,
Nor tell the tale to thee.

I saw thee oft in festive hall,
Where birth and beauty shone,
And in my loneliness of love,
I gazed on thee alone;
Nor thought to mark in that rich blaze
If brighter beauties were—
It was enough that I might gaze
On one so sweetly fair.

But time, that hath a change for all—
Darkness, or bloom, or blight—
Threw clouds upon thy sunny hopes,
And veiled thy path of light;
While me he sought in lowly cot,
Where want and scorn attend,
And raised to fortune's proudest lot—
To be misfortune's friend.

I saw thee in that wintry hour,
When spring's bright dreams were fled.

And thou hadst no kind guide, no home
To shield thine orphan head;
And loved thee with far deeper stress
Than in thy summer morn,
For thou wert then all joyousness,
I—nameless and forlorn.

I flew to thee when nobler friends,
Far from thy sighs removed;
And hid thee in my own warm breast,
My first and only loved!
And bade thy tears and ills depart,
Life's springs of gladness flow—
Nor wilt thou e'er forget the heart,
Unchanged through weal and woe.

PROTEUS.

ENIGMA.

"Solve me this riddle, if you can.

Our whole is a community of fame,
Of fourteen members—can you guess the name?
We form a city—yet, upon a pinch,
The space we occupy is scarce an inch!
And yet, within so limited a spot,
Is found an inn, a castle, and a cot;
A tent, a seat, an antiquated pile;
A sloop, a nation, continent, and isle;
A sea, an ocean—still, you'll understand,
There's neither building, water, ship, nor land!
But Spain is there, the east, and both the poles,
With planets, pilots, cattle, plaiice, and soles;
A coast and cape, a sail, a game of loo;
A sect, a saint, and one apostle too;
Lions, and cats, an insect, tea, and ice,
Toast, onions, peas, and pie, a goodly slice;
A snipe, a seal, an ant, an asp, a snail,
A pot, a pan, a plate, with cans, and ale;
Yet there is neither beast, nor bird, nor fish,
Nor food, nor drink, nor vessel, nor a dish!
True, there's a pint, a spoon, some oats, a stool,
A plane, a nail, a staple, and a tool;
Soap, pins, and paints, with caps, and coats, and lace;
But not a thing for body, head, or face!
We've pens and pencils to address a card,
An attic and a tenant—not a bard!
Coins, cents, and notes—but, ah! no cash is ours!
Plants, aloes, sloe—but neither shrubs nor flowers;
A fertile soil, with aspen, satin, pine,
Without one tree, and yet we boast of nine,
And though our place has no disease in't,
You'll find a lancet, seton, and some lint;
Though we're no soldiers, whole platoons are found,
And though no lawyers, clients still abound;
We've spite, and plots, and noise, a strong police,
A slap and contest, without breach of peace;
A sin, a pit, and pain, without a groan,
A sonnet on content, with taste and tone;
A smiling aspect, and a sprightly pace,
A lip of sweetness, and a step of grace.

All these are in our whole, with many more,
And yet we're not three-quarters of a score!
But if you analyze our various parts,
Still greater wonder must possess your hearts.
For if our ninth, and third and tenth you take,
You will a house of entertainment make,
Where oft our sixth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, join'd,
Refresh the frame, and elevate the mind;
Our fourth, fourteenth, and sixth, in order, form
The scene of many a desolating storm;
Our sixth, our fourth, and twelfth, united, show
The remedy for Cleopatra's woe;
Our first, and second, with our fifth combined,
Construct a dwelling of the humblest kind;
Our fifth, eleventh, with our seventh, make
A greater burthen than you'd choose to take.
Lastly, our eighth, fourteenth, and sixth, reveal
A wholesome beverage for your evening meal.
Solve me this riddle, ye wise-acre swains,
And you shall have sweet kisses for your pains. SOPHIA.

[A solution is requested.]

MR. EDITOR—I had the pleasure lately of receiving from a young lady the following lines, enclosing a safety-chain. Will you have the goodness to give them a place in the Mirror? B.

'Tis not a chain of slavery,
That I have dared to offer thee—
Yet would I bid it closer bind
The power of friendship on thy mind;
And thus in silken fetters hold,
What's of more value far than gold.
Such bondage thou mayst own to me,
And wear the chain and still be free!

ELIZA.

POPULAR TALES.

THE GUARD.

A merrier man
Within the limits of becoming mirth
I never spent an hour's talk withal.—*Shakspeare.*

"BEGONE, dull care, I prithee begone from me," sung out a deep sonorous voice behind me, as, having just exalted myself to the top of the York mail, I was busily at work composing myself in my place. "Begone, dull care, thou and I shall never agree."

I looked round and soon discovered that it emanated from our guard, as a kind of accompaniment to the exertion for pulling off his huge dreadnought coat. He not only sung heartily, but his appearance well answered the burthen of his song, for he was a good, fresh looking man, and certainly rejoiced in as happy and cheerful a countenance as a man would wish to be blessed with; he also was very smart in his manner and dress, wore a ring on his finger, tied his neck-cloth quite in style, and cocked his hat as if he thought no small trifle of himself. By-the-by, I have a prodigious fancy that the character of a man, or at least of what he thinks of himself, is to be known from merely observing the physiognomy, if I may so term it, of the cock of his hat. Be that, however, as it may, the gentleman (I am sure he thought himself as much so as any of them who travelled with him) seemed little disturbed by my observation, singing blithely on as he proceeded to adjust his dress with great care and exactness.

"That man's a character," said I to myself, not slightly amused by his operation; and considering that the sign, which his face held out, promised a certainty of good cheer and entertainment, I spread my coat on the roof of the coach, and leaning back upon it, at once commenced parliance with him.

"Good old song that of yours, guard."

"It is, sir," returned he in a good-humoured tone, "especially as I sing it." And he tuned up, "for I hold it one of the wisest things to drive dull care away."

"Umph! not far wrong," thought I. "Fond of music, I presume."

"Ye-es, sir—well enough in its way—helps one on a bit occasionally, when there's nothing better to be done; but I never studied it—quite a natural talent—ti-tiddle-to-m."

I could scarcely avoid smiling at my new friend's comfortable opinion of himself, it was so perfectly comfortable. Desirous, however, of not offending him, I diverted the impulse by inquiring how he liked his mode of life.

"I dare say, guard, it would require much to make you change it?"

"And why should I wish to change it, sir? I know of no objection to it; though to be sure, it may not sound very grand to be a mail-coach guard; but, you know, sir, it all depends upon the way of doing the thing—there is a way of doing every thing."

And he twitched up his neck-cloth, and pulled in his chin with a very superlative kind of finish, thereby giving me an opportunity of observing,

"Truly."

"But perhaps, sir," he inquired with quick eagerness, "you have never considered philosophically what a guard is, for you must know that I'm a bit of a philosopher myself."

In much-amused surprise at this specimen of the march of intellect, I mentally exclaimed,

"A mail-coach guard a philosopher! What will the world come to next?"

I briefly, however, admitted that I never had.

"Well, sir, then permit me to tell you—I maintain that my situation possesses, in a very great degree, all the charms of life. Pray, sir, what may you consider life to be valuable for?"

I answered that I really did not pretend to be a philosopher, nor was I at the instant prepared to answer so difficult a question without first well considering it. I thought each individual had a peculiar way of thinking, and what was happiness to one might be almost misery to another.

"Excuse my interrupting you, sir, but you speak of the object, I of the principle."

"Then pray," said I, smiling at his distinction, "what may be your idea of the principle of happiness?"

"Why, sir, I will tell you—I think that the whole charm of

life is derived from the continued novelty, and one's self importance and consequence, or the noise one makes in the world."

I admitted that perhaps it might.

"If not, sir," he continued, "can you tell me what is the meaning of the hundreds of carriages one meets constantly whirling along the road—first up to town, then back to the country, then to some watering place, then to the Lord knows where? I tell you what, sir, it is all for the sake of novelty, and to show off their consequence."

"Very likely; but pray instruct me how your situation embraces those properties, for I think you termed them principles of happiness?"

"Most willingly, sir; as to novelty, I think I need not take much time to satisfy you of that, for my whole life is so evidently one scene of continued novelty; always changing; always interesting. And as to the noise one makes in the world, or one's self-consequence, do you see that line of coal carts on the road?"

I looked in the direction pointed out, and observed a string of at least a dozen carts, going quietly along in dull procession, with their drivers each lounging in his vehicle.

"Ti-au, ti-au!" sounded out my friend; up jumped the drivers in an instant, and immediately were all the carts turned to the left side of the road.

Another twitch of the neck-cloth as he returned the horn to its rest, prefaced his remark:

"You see, sir, one is of some little consequence in the world."

"Most indisputably," I replied, laughing heartily at his conceit; "and most excellently well exemplified too. That is, I presume a specimen of the noise one makes in the world, and of one's individual consequence."

"Certainly, sir; and then as to one's importance, only think what a various mass of property I have under my charge; think, sir, what information I convey from one half of the kingdom to the other; think how many anxieties are to be removed by my arrival; how much happiness to be communicated; think, sir, how many adoring lovers are by me exchanging their fondest vows of affection," he put me on a very pathetic look; "you certainly, sir, can never have considered all these things before."

I had not time to acknowledge my ignorance when the coachman drew up.

"What's the matter Barnes?" inquired my companion.

"I wish you'd put that off leader's curb right," was the reply.

Down was the guard in a moment, and the tackle in as brief a time adjusted.

"All right, Barnes," called out the operator, and then waiting with great apparent inattention until the coach was just passing him, with one single spring jumped into his seat.

I was far too much amused with my merry companion to wish to quit his society, although my position on the hard coach top had long ceased to be desirable, and not unwilling to gratify his vanity, I observed that I was afraid he would have been left behind.

"Noticed my neck, did you, sir? Believe I do manage it well—but there is a way of doing every thing. I began my line of life when quite a boy—first as a stable lad—then, on account of my superior manner, promoted to an office lad—set out with a parcel cart—then chief porter—and at length mail-coach guard—all for my manner and superior address; nothing, sir, but those natural abilities to get me on. I was, indeed, always a lad of uncommon parts, and had always the way of doing the thing."

"I have no doubt of it. But pray why leave the office for your present post? I should have thought your former situation much more comfortable—perhaps not so lucrative."

"Quite mistaken, sir," he gave himself an extra settlement of his neck-cloth and chin; "it was not money that changed my place—it was the mind, sir—the mind. I could not submit to such drudgery, to be chained to desks and smoke—whereas now, sir, I am unfettered—free as the air through which we fly."

"Free enough to be sure, as fast as it goes—but think of the vicissitudes of the weather—the—"

"Nothing, sir, mere nothing—if it rains I put on my coat, which has weathered many a storm—if dry, why it is but putting it off again—if cold, I muffle up—if hot, dress light—I am always hearty—never ill, for I do not, as coachees, fill my inside with combustibles—when my time comes for rest I sleep like a top. What, sir, are a few dusts and storms, or even upsets? Can you tell me what state of life is free from such? I think I have as few as any, and quite as many pleasures. Only notice the cheerful smiles that salute me as we pass along, not even the king himself could have more,

and not, perhaps, half so sincere; only think how all the pretty girls, wherever we stop, are delighted with the attentions of Mr. Guard, and seek his favour. I think, sir, you cannot possibly have considered all these things before."

"Most certainly not, guard, and I am the more indebted to you for thus opening my eyes to see the advantages of your enviable condition."

"You're vastly welcome, sir, I'm sure; always glad to be of use."

My sides, however, and adjacent parts now became so sore, from my unyielding resting-place, that I was at length compelled to change my position. I did this, however, with the less regret, as we were now approaching the end of our stage; and although by my removal I could no longer converse with my philosopher, I had the better opportunity of observing his proceedings.

At almost all the cottages at the entrance of the village were some of their inhabitants waiting to see us pass by. My friend seemed to know them all, and all him. "How are you Betty?" "Better, John!" "Quite hearty, I see, Dick," passed about with the air of an old acquaintance. If he saw a pretty girl, "Ah, Polly, you rogue! if you ogle me in that ere wicked way I'll tell Thomas;" or if an ugly one, "How'do, my dear?" He had a word for every one, and every one seemed pleased with it. He seemed indeed in every thing to have a way of doing the thing; even in the meanest offices of his situation there was evidently a manner peculiar to himself.

While changing the horses he marched round the coach, examined the lynch pins, and scrutinized our new team in a most knowing and philosophical manner; and then, stretching himself out, strutted up and down the inn yard with no inconsiderable effect.

A rosy-cheeked damsel, with her milk pail, at this juncture passed by our vehicle.

"Fie, Sally!" called out my gentleman, putting his hand before his face in mock sheepishness, "to follow me in this fashion; you might at least wait until we're married."

The girl laughed, "Marry you, indeed!"

"To be sure, Sally; you pretend to be shy, do you? but never mind, we understand each other—I say, Sally," he feigned a whisper, "when's the happy day? I'm all impatience."

"Nay, nay, it's not come to that yet, however."

"I say, Tom," he continued, addressing the ostler, who stood grinning with open jaws, "now be'ant she always running arter me?"

"Ay, Mr. Charles, she be; and she'd kiss you too if she durst."

"Then, egad, I'll accommodate her," exclaimed the gentleman, as, suiting the action to the word, he seized her by the waist and gave her a hearty kiss.

The girl did not seem to take it much amiss; she vented, indeed, her pretended indignation with much seeming effect on the poor ostler, who still stood grinning, and who, no doubt, would gladly have come in for his share of the bliss. But, after well boxing him, she appeared in no hurry to get away, and still lingered to hear the guard's,

"Never mind, Sally, we'll be man and wife by this time next month."

"On my word," said I, "if this be a part of the advantages of his situation, it certainly possesses some enviable satisfactions," for the lass was so really pretty, that I could not altogether avoid envying him his better fortune myself. He might indeed have read my thoughts, for, after giving an extra strut or two, he observed to the poor ostler,

"You see, Tom, how the girls like us guards," and then smacking his lips, as much as to say, "Egad, how sweet it was," tuned up "Away with melancholy," and looked more conceited than ever.

"Hang the fellow's impudence," I mentally interjected: "but he certainly has a way of doing the thing," but at all events I can answer for his practice—such are most certainly some of the charms of life, there's no denying that however. It would seem, too, to be a natural consequence of his situation, for he took it entirely as a matter of course. I must, however, admit that it was quite a new inquiry to me, that I had never considered all these things before. English Magazine.

THE TERM MASQUERADE.

It is said that the word masquerade is derived from advice given to a very ugly woman—*masque her head*. If the legislature in enacting laws to prevent masquerades would introduce a clause permitting all ladies, who are not possessed of beauty, to wear masks, it would in all probability be more effectual than a penal statute.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

MR. EDITOR—If the advertiser for a wife whom N. mentions in your last Mirror, is really serious in his disinterested proposition, why is he not more explicit in declaring his abode? I have searched from one end of the Bowery to the other; gone from the bottom to the top of most of the barber's shops in it, and yet find no person answering to the glowing description of himself and his five children. Please, Mr. Editor, insert the above and what follows, in your paper, that it may meet the eye of the advertiser and induce him to give me a more particular address. With perfect impartiality I may say that I have every charm of person he can ever hope to meet with; fine health, rosy complexion, and am not yet twenty. For my fortune, I have not much to do with bank notes or specie; but I consider my mental acquirements as an entire compensation for that defect, and have no doubt advertiser, appearing a sensible man, will be of the same opinion. Advertiser's sentiments upon the liberty of disposing of his hours agree perfectly with my own, for being of a very literary turn, the more I am left to my own thoughts the more original are my ideas; besides I think that absence tends to heighten conjugal affection, and the longer he stays away, the more good-humouredly will I receive him. The amusement he offers is perfectly agreeable to me, for I am very fond of children, (dear little things) particularly when they are neglected and spoiled, for it brings a crowd of endearing recollections to my mind, my brothers and sisters having been left entirely to their own guidance; and my own sweet home will rise before me in bright perspective, whenever I see or hear any of their interesting disputations. Moreover, it suggests such poetical ideas of the primitive state of nature before order, law, or obedience was heard of; for the education,

"Oh delightful task to rear the tender thought," etc.

I am very philosophical, therefore advertiser's taciturn and sour disposition will not have the slightest effect upon me. I have a great deal of wit, which will amuse him in those eccentric times, and my mind is a never-failing resource which I can retire to when he is weary of my voice. As to his snoring, many would think it a fault, but to me it appears to be one of the highest recommendations, and indeed is one of the principal reasons which induce me to enter into the bonds of matrimony. Upon my feelings it has the same powerful, all-absorbing effect that the Æolian harp is said to have on other poets. I think those deep, regular, organ-like sounds much more conducive to elevation of style and majesty of thought, than the vibrating music of the former instrument. I excel in culinary arts, particularly in dressing a *calves head* and *blanketting feet*, and have made every part of domestic chemistry my special study. His dining from home so often pleases me greatly, for I admire the ancient Roman custom of having only two meals a day, and I dearly love to be classical. But above all advertiser's perfections, his bald head charms me most. Oh! I am enraptured; I have long been devoted to phrenology, and such an opportunity never before presented itself of pursuing my inquiries on a real living head. His iron spectacles are no obstacle, for I delight in *spectacles* of all descriptions. But, oh! that head, that beautiful bald head, I must and will have it; do dear, good, crusty advertiser, let me know your real place of residence. ISIDORA.

The editor of the Mirror regrets the painful necessity under which he labours, of disarranging the plans and wishes of the fair Isidora; but who can resist the decrees of fate? With that prompt attention to the interests and inclinations of his friends by which it is his desire to be always distinguished, the editor immediately on the receipt of the foregoing letter, transmitted it to Mr. N.—the original discoverer of the advertisement alluded to by Isidora—his reply was as speedily furnished as it is fatal to the aspirations of our accomplished correspondent. We subjoin his note in all its brevity.

Saturday.

M. M. M.—Very much grieved, upon my soul, for the young lady. The advertiser with whose exhibition she is so much taken, is a changed man; it is remarkable how completely he has lost every one of those charms which have pierced the gentle bosom of Isidora. He has grown fat and gouty, and keeps the house—succeeded to a fortune by the sudden death of a distant cousin; his children have all been fashionably educated, and the young men are now as deeply versed in all the mysteries of billiards, brag, and Bingham, as the girls are in those of masquerades, cantelos, and coquetry. The advertiser snores as much as ever, and rather more; but his bald head has long since been decorated with a glorious curling

Brutus; but whether the growth of the vegetable cerate, or of some peruke-maker's skilful fingers, I do not know. The iron spectacles have faded from the world of substantial things, and the advertiser having grown young again, wears none at all, having so much honesty in him as to confess that he is not near-sighted.

Touching the dinners, my old gentleman's present fashion would not suit the sighing Isidora, for he dines every day at home with a small but select party of gourmands, whose only rule of conduct is to allow no woman to partake or witness their good cheer.

Isidora might have rambled through the Bowery until doomsday seeking for her mate; his advertisement was given to the public some eight or nine years since, and from the time when the fortune fell to him (now seven years ago) he has lived in a splendid mansion near the Battery.

I don't know what to do for Isidora unless I marry her myself. I'm sure I've no objections. Can't you find out how she would like it? I'm young, you know, and her tastes seem elderly; but n'importe. Come, speculate for me, M., like a good fellow—you know I'm dying to be wived, even though I should blow my brains out after it, which by the way is not unlikely. Yours, N.

THE CANDOUR FAMILY.

The graphic pen of Sheridan has immortalized a female branch of this extensive family. The Mrs. Candour of his brilliant comedy, "The School for Scandal," conveys a complete epitome of the leading traits in the characters of her numerous relatives, and will be acknowledged as a faithful picture of the species, as long as elegant wit and refined satire hold their influence over public taste.

The affectation of good nature and benevolence in this celebrated lady is admirably contrasted with the real malevolence and bitter malice with which she anxiously propagates every idle tale, intended to blast the reputation of her best friends; and her repeated assertions, that *she* does not believe the ungenerous reports it is her chief business to circulate, is a happy illustration of the meanness and duplicity of her particular branch of the family stock, who may be designated as the *scandalous Candours*.

The *designing Candours* are another numerous body, extending from the great family tree. They are more insidious than the class first mentioned; they have studied human nature well, know its weaknesses and its foibles, weigh causes and effects with mathematical precision, and can tell to a hair's breadth that exact portion of their quality necessary for exhibition on all fitting occasions. Worldly interest is their ruling object, and they find the assumption of candour and veracity powerful engines in effecting the completion of their designs. In business this class are great sticklers for fair and open dealing: they will tell you the exact cost price of an article, (agreeably to a tariff of their own,) and declare they are content with the smallest possible profits. I always doubt this class of dealers, who keep open stores for the benefit of the public. Again—they profess to recommend such articles only as are of superior workmanship and durability; look to such commodities well; they are certainly, in the technical phrase, "old shop-keepers."

In the daily intercourse of life these designing Candours will be found as the hangers on of rich relations, impelled, as they declare, by *involuntary* admiration of the many excellent qualities perceptible in these favoured ones of the blind goddess, when, by judicious praise of any real qualification and delicate flattery bestowed on some favourite passion or pursuit, they completely ingratiate themselves into the good opinion of their victims. We might enter more into detail with this class, but we proceed to

The *backbiting Candours*—a malignant set, who combine all the worst characteristics of the whole family. Scandalous, designing, and egotistical, they are each by turns and as occasion serves. No action of their friends, however simple, can escape their censure; nor can any character, be it pure as unsunned snow, preserve itself from their malevolent designs. And they affect withal a purity of thought and action, which elevates them above the rest of their fellow-creatures. The end and design of all their foul-mouthed aspersions on their fellow beings, is to impress others with the abhorrence they have to the foibles and faults of frail mortality. These are the assassins who stab men in the dark—who murder reputations with the hardihood of professed bravoës, doing their business with secrecy and despatch. They cannot disguise such and such an one's faults, not they! "It is pitiable to see Mr. So-and-so's extravagance—can he *honestly* obtain means to support it? Really people should beware of such characters." These and similar expressions are constantly on their tongues

—used towards individuals with whom perhaps they are on terms of the most apparent intimacy,—for the curse of this description of characters is, that they are invariably hypocrites, and when face to face, lavish praises without measure on the very persons they most traduce when absent. Would that our feeble pen could lash the reptiles until every particle of this abhorred vice was extracted by the salutary castigation we might inflict—enough of them.

The *blunt Candours* are more annoying than malicious. Shakspeare with one stroke of his master pencil, has admirably sketched their character—

"Who having been praised for bluntness, do affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from their nature."

This class value themselves upon their strict adherence to truth, and thus actuated consider themselves warranted in addressing rude speeches and impertinent remarks indiscriminately to all who come within their influence. Their friends of course possess the largest portions of their care. The worst features of these honest people are, that they too frequently are only guided by caprice and inexperience of the world, added to an extreme itching for notoriety and singularity—which their insignificance prevents them from attaining by any other means than those they have adopted. They are very candid in their own failings also, but it is only to extort admiration for that candour. Washington Irving, has made this foible one of the distinguishing marks of real John Bullism, and not without some degree of truth. Honest Bull will readily give himself credit for every bad quality, but he expects to be lauded for his magnanimous concession, and would eagerly resent another tongue than his own attaching such vices to his share.

The *egotistical Candours* are constantly depreciating every good attribute they may possess, and under-rating the advantages they may enjoy—to extort the praises or admiration of their friends. They pass their lives in a constant employment at "angling," and no lover of the piscatory art, not excepting old "Isaack Walton" himself, ever enjoyed a "nibble or a bite" with more heartfelt pleasure than they do, when their bait is taken, and the poor victim of their art is hooked into a faint praise, or into a warm eulogy of the very things they are affecting to undervalue. We close with this branch of the widely spreading Candours, and have no doubt our readers will detect the originals of the likenesses we have attempted to sketch scattered plentifully among the varieties of the human family who come under their inspection. D.

MISCELLANY.

BONAPARTE.—The prefect of a distant department in France, among many fine compliments to Bonaparte, assured him that the inhabitants of his department wished of all things to erect a *monument* to his memory.

BLUNDERS.—In the reign of Queen Anne an act was passed to prevent the further growth of popery in Ireland, which, by a typographical error, was published under an act to prevent the further *growth of poetry*.

HOUSE ON FIRE.—A man was sitting in his study reading, when one of his neighbours came running to tell him that the back part of his house must be on fire as it smoked excessively. "Oh!" answered the man, "be so good as to tell my wife, for I do not concern myself at all with the house keeping."

PRICE OF PLAYS.—It appears, that Jacob Jonson got Otway's *Venice Preserved* for the small sum of about seventy dollars. What would such a tragedy now produce? Murray, the celebrated London bookseller, gave Maturin three hundred guineas for the copy-right of *Bertram*; and another spirited London publisher gave Barry Cornwall (Mr. Proctor) a similar sum for the proprietary of *Mirandola*; this, too, with the chance of its failure at the theatre.

LEGAL CRITICISM.—Not long ago an eminent special pleader was at Drury-lane theatre, seeing the play of *Macbeth*. In the scene where Macbeth questions the witches in the cavern, "What is't you do?" they answer, "a deed without a name." This phrase struck the sagacious lawyer, and he immediately remarked to a friend, "a deed without a name? why 'tis void."

MR. SHERIDAN.—Lord Derby once applied in the green-room to Mr. Sheridan, with much dignity, for the arrears of Lady Derby's salary, and vowed he would not stir from the room till it was paid. "My dear lord," said Mr. Sheridan, "this is too bad; you have taken from us the brightest jewel in the world, and you now quarrel with us for the little *dust* she has left behind her."

LITERARY NOTICES.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE.

HOOPER'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY.—The unwearied zeal and ardour of our enterprising friends the Harpers, know no bounds to their exertions in the cause of diffusing knowledge. Not to the lighter branches of literature alone is their ceaseless press devoted. Science enjoys its full share of favour, and works calculated to advance the interests of learning are constantly furnished at the lowest prices, and in the most handsome form, to the trade. Among the last productions of their fertile typographical laboratory, is the valuable volume whose title precedes this notice. Its long continued popularity with the medical profession is ample evidence of its value. To the original text have been added most copious notes by the American editor, Dr. Akerly. These relate principally to the natural sciences, as botany, zoology, mineralogy and geology, and must therefore recommend this work to the general reader no less than to the medical student. Indeed every one desirous of possessing a key to the signification of scientific terms, an abundance of which has been introduced into almost every printed work by the prevailing taste of the day, will derive both profit and satisfaction from the possession of this dictionary. It is of very large size, but sold at a remarkably low price.

TRAVELS IN GREECE.—We have looked over a few pages from a volume under this title, which is shortly to issue from the press of Messrs. Sleight and Robinson of this city. It is from the pen of Mr. Post, who was one of the laudable few that, urged by a true Philhellenic ardour, visited the fair clime of Greece, to minister relief to its suffering inhabitants. We anticipate from a more extended perusal much intellectual gratification.

SKETCHES OF A TRAVELLER.—Messrs. Carter and Hendee, of Boston, have collected and published, in a neat duodecimo volume, a number of interesting letters, which originally appeared in the New-England Galaxy and Boston Courier. They treat of a variety of curious, humorous, and instructive subjects, and are written with considerable spirit.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Among the new works in the London press are the following: Life of Giovanni Finatti, who, under the name of Mahomet, made the campaign against the Wahabees, for the recovery of Mecca and Medina.

Conversations with lord Byron on Religion, held in Cephalonia, a short time previous to his death, by the late Dr. James Kennedy, of H. B. M. Medical staff.

Life of the Earl of Peterborough, by Sir Walter Scott.

The Spanish Novelists, by Thomas Roscoe.

The Life of Sir Joseph Banks, by a member of the royal society.

The Life of John Hampden, by Lord Nugent.

The Life of Titian, by James Northcote.

Notes on Haiti, by Charles Mackensie, F. R. S., late his Britannic majesty's consul general at Haiti.

East and West, by one of the authors of the Rejected Addresses.

New novels by the author of Flirtation—Tales of the O'Hara family—Sayings and Doings—Brambletye House—Highways and Byways.

Tales of the Colonies, by Wm. Howison, Esq. author of Sketches in Canada, &c.

Private History of the French Cabinet, during the periods of the directory, the consulate, and the reign of Napoleon, by M. Bourrienne, private secretary to the emperor.

Lawrie Todd, or the Settlers in the woods. By John Galt, Esq. (author of the Annals of the Parish, &c.) Report speaks highly of this work as a faithful and interesting narrative, and as abounding with that mingled pathos and humour, keen observation and simplicity, which Mr. Galt is quite singular in depicting.

Horace Smith is preparing to publish a new work, which he entitles "Walter Colyton." It is a tale of the court of James II. Among the characters, Mr. Smith has introduced the king himself, and his two daughters; afterwards Queen Mary and Queen Anne, Lord and Lady Sunderland, the Dutchess of Portsmouth, Sir Charles Sedley, and his daughter the Countess of Dorchester, Count Grammont, the Prince of Orange, Dryden, Shadwell, and Algernon Sydney.

The veteran author of "Caleb Williams" is, we understand, again coming into the field with a work of fiction and fancy, called "Clouesley." This novel is said to be written with all the freshness, vigour, and originality, which produced so much sensation when Caleb Williams first appeared.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.

No. X.

OYSTERS.

MAN has been styled a speaking animal, a laughing animal, a bargaining animal, and a drunken animal, in contradistinction to all other animals who neither speak, nor laugh, nor bargain nor get drunk; but a cooking animal seems after all to be his most characteristic and distinguishing appellation. In the important art of cooking virtuals he shines pre-eminent; it is here he taxes all his faculties, racks his invention, and gives unbounded range to his imagination. Nature has given to every other animal a peculiar taste, and furnished three or four kinds of food to suit that taste, but this sense in man accommodates itself to an innumerable quantity of materials. He has made copious selections from all things that dwell upon the face of the globe—from the birds of the air, from the fish of the sea, from the inhabitants of lake and river, yea, from the bowels of the earth has he extracted substances to minister to his palate, and the whole mineral and vegetable world has been ransacked with indefatigable industry for its gratification. Thousands of his species pass their lives in dreary mines to send forth the simple but indispensable salt with which he seasons his viands; while others fit out frail vessels, and amid storm and tempest, traverse the wilderness of waters for certain spices that add piquancy to a favourite dish! But after he has collected all the products of the world together, that is only the commencement—the preliminary mustering of his forces. What are all these materials collectively to the innumerable, the inconceivable quantity of dishes he manufactures from them by skillful combinations or incongruous mixtures? Twelve figures can be set down in thousands of different ways and no two alike; then out of those millions of primitive substances, what countless quintillions of dishes can he not compound! whilst every day new secrets are brought to light and added to the limitless list of gastronomic discoveries.

The ancients knew something as regarded these matters; but still they seemed to have studied expense and vanity more than real gratification. There are few that have not heard of the extravagances of an Heliogabalus, his brains of flamingos, his tongues of nightingales, and his heads of ostriches, six hundred of which were served up in a single dish, and for which single dish the deserts of Arabia must have been scoured and desolated—but there is no ingenuity in this, nothing remarkable save its monstrous folly. At a later period the art took a more complex form. In 1577 the abstemious cardinal, Ascanius Colonna, gave an entertainment to the prince of Nassau, when the following unique *olla podrida* was produced, which was looked upon as one of the greatest achievements of the times, and was so admired and lauded by all who partook of it, that a certain holy father present at the feast, composed a Latin ode upon it, and handed the receipt down to an ungrateful posterity, who refuse to avail themselves of this *chef d'œuvre* in the annals of cookery. The ingredients were "ten pounds of beef, three pounds of a pig, six wood pigeons, one pound of truffles, six thrushes, one capon, three pounds of turnips, six handfuls of green fennel seed, two pounds of sausages composed of curious materials, one pound of pepper, six onions, twelve larks, three lobsters, seven lamprays, four choice cardons, (a vegetable resembling celery) two heads of Bologna cabbage, three pounds of tallow, spices, salt, sugar, and other seasonings." How stomachs were constructed in those days is not stated.

The United States possess an advantage over all the nations of the earth in two things highly conducive to human happiness—oysters and peaches. Men may disagree about forms of government, or the fine arts, or the relative merits of poets, painters, and actors; and whether they are right or wrong, may be perfectly sincere and well-meaning in their opinions; but whoever denies the complete supremacy of the oysters and peaches of this part of the world, must be given over as incurably infected with prejudice and perverseness. The peaches of England are nothing, and the oysters, generally speaking, no more to be compared to these, than a crab-apple to a pippin; though there ought to be an especial reservation made in favour of what is called the "Colchester native," the flavour of which must dwell in the grateful remembrance of all who have had the good fortune to taste them; they are uncommonly sweet, but small—a very choice oyster for ladies; but when taken into a tolerably capacious mouth, do not touch the palate at every point—there is still something wanting, and you do not experience that unalloyed gratification, that fulness of delight which is the necessary consequence of

swallowing a large, fresh, fat, York-bay oyster. So extremely grateful are the latter to all who truly appreciate their estimable qualities, that every additional one only creates a keener desire for its successor,

"As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on."

until the stomach signifies its incapacity to receive a farther supply of the luscious and delectable food.

Man is naturally a self-opinated contrary animal, and feels a natural inclination to disagree with his species on all earthly questions; but still he divides into parties and subdivides into factions, and it is possible to find half a dozen people who have the same views in politics, religion, and literature; but perhaps no two were ever created since the creation who held exactly the same tenets respecting the stomach. They may hold on together for some time, and confess they both like boiled salmon or roast ducks; but let them speak upon the subject of eating for a quarter of an hour, and a hundred minute but important differences of taste discover themselves. Indeed, two men alike in this respect would be a much greater rarity than the two Dromios. There are few points on which there is a more unanimous opinion entertained than oysters. All agree as to their virtues in the first instance; but whether they are best raw, or stewed, or fried, or broiled, or pickled, is the subject of endless cavillings and interminable harangues. The longest dispute I ever listened to was whether it was best to devour these creatures with black pepper or red; and such was the earnestness of the disputants that the man employed in opening them, making a mistake, kept helping the red-pepper advocate with black and the black-pepper zealot with red; and to the infinite amusement of the lookers on, neither found out the difference until they were told, when both instantly declared they thought the oysters had a very peculiar taste! just as newspapers or politicians will now-a-days commence a fiery dispute concerning democrat and federal parties, or the powers of the general and state governments, until they unconsciously change sides in the course of the argument, without being anything the wiser; and just so trivial and undistinguishable are half the disputes into which we poor brainless bipeds plunge with such uncontrollable fury, to the infinite amusement of all calm and dispassionate spectators. But it will not do to go on grounding general reflections on an oyster. It was made for better things than from which to extract a questionable moral. I would if I could be eloquent in thy praise, thou best and gravest* of fish—thou most nutritious and digestible of molluscous substances—thou staunchest friend and steadiest supporter of Africa's trampled sons, for whom thou daily effectest more than Wilberforce can ever hope to compass—much do I regret that the insatiable appetites of the citizens are robbing their bay of its greatest beauty; like the boy who killed the goose for the golden eggs, they are not content with the yearly produce of thy fruitful beds, but they leave them oysterless, seize on both interest and principal, and expect a miracle to provide for the future. It is easy to foresee the ruinous consequences of such atrocious conduct—but it is not in common prose that thy merits and sufferings should be commemorated, I will take my harp and sweep its softest strings.

LINES ON A NEWLY-OPENED YORK-BANKER.

With feelings strange and undefined I gaze upon thy face,
Thou choice and juicy specimen of an ill-fated race;
How calmly, yea, how meekly thou recliest in thy shell,
Yet what thy woes and sufferings are man may conjecture well!

For thou hast life as well as he who recklessly seeks thine,
And couldst thou speak, mightst draw forth tears as briny as thy brine;
For thou wert torn from friends and home and all thy heart could wish,
Thou hapless, helpless, innocent, mute, persecuted fish.

Perhaps thou wert but newly joined to some soft plump young bride,
Who op'd her mouth for food with thee when flow'd the flowing tide;
Perhaps thou hast a family, from whom thou hast been torn,
Who sadly wail for him, alas, who never will return!

Thou wert happy on thy native bed, where blithesome billows play,
Till the cruel fisher wench'd thee from thy home, sweet home, away;
He stow'd thee in his coble and he rowed thee to the strand—
Thou wert bought and sold and open'd, and placed in this right hand!

I know that while I moralize thy flavour fades away,
I know thou shouldst be ate alive, before thy sweets decay!
I know that it is foolishness this weak delay of mine,
And epicures may laugh at it as sentimental whine.

Well, let them laugh, I still will drop a tear o'er thy sad fate,
Thou wretched and ill-fated one! thou sad and desolate!
O'er thee and o'er thy kindred hangs one all-consuming doom,
To die a slow and lingering death, or living find a tomb!

* Wherein consists the superior gravity of an oyster is not very apparent; yet it has long had that reputation as is evident from the ancient and well-known couplet:

The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird an owl,
The gravest fish an oyster, the gravest man a fool.

† Oysters taken from the river and kept in fresh water, open their mouths at the time of the flowing in of the tide, in expectation of their accustomed food.—*Kitchiner*.

‡ Those who wish to enjoy this delicious restorative in the utmost perfection must eat it the moment it is opened, with its own gravy in the under shell; if not eaten while absolutely alive, its flavour and spirit are lost.—*Ibid*.

Like the Indian from the forest—like the roebuck from the glen,
Thy race is dwindling silently before the arts of men;
Ye are passing from the river, from the sea-bank, and the shore,
And the haunts that long have known ye shall know ye soon no more!

The Blue-point and the Shrewsbury* are vanishing away,
And clamless soon will be our streams, and oysterless our bay;
Rapacious man, before your prime, ordains that ye shall die,
And drags ye from your cool retreats to broil and stew and fry!

Why were ye made so racy, rich, and luscious to the taste?
'Tis that has stripped your thickest banks and made your beds a waste;
"Your virtues have proved sanctified and holy traitors to ye,"
And that which was your proudest boast has served but to undo ye!

Even I, the friend of all your kind, when I think of what thou art,
When I ponder o'er the melting joys thy swallowing will impart,
Can delay thy fate no longer; one look, it is my last!
A gulp—one more—a silent pause—a sigh—and all is past!

C.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

MRS. SIDDONS.

IN the extended range of dramatic biography it will be impossible to find united in one family such a perfect concentration of talent and genius as was, and still continues, combined in the celebrated family of which the subject of our present sketch forms so distinguished an ornament.

This family has for the last fifty years been the boast and pride of the British stage. The classic learning and refined taste of John Kemble, aided by his accurate knowledge and perfect delineations in the histrionic art, gave to the stage a degree of splendour and prosperity it had never before attained. To his efforts the British drama is principally indebted for its present perfection in the correctness of its costume, and the splendour of its scenic and other embellishments. Garrick had, indeed, commenced the work of reformation, but it was reserved for his distinguished successor to the managerial throne to perfect and complete that entire change, which has given to dramatic performances in our day the splendour and identity of the times they are intended to represent. Charles Kemble has succeeded to the vacant authority created by the secession of his talented brother, and, not deterred by the declining patronage now afforded to theatres, continues to improve and enlarge upon the plans of his predecessor, which it was supposed were scarcely capable of attaining to a higher degree of excellence; and also in his professional capacity as an actor, he stands unrivalled in a certain range of characters. Even the main branches of this remarkable family are celebrated for their talent and genius, which perhaps would have been more duly appreciated had not the overwhelming superiority of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons absorbed the almost undivided attention of the public during their long and brilliant career. A "young scion of the house" has lately appeared, however, who promises to attain an elevation equal to any of her celebrated relatives. Miss Fanny Kemble, daughter of the present manager of Covent-Garden theatre, is represented as possessing most of those peculiar excellences which were the distinguishing attributes of the incomparable actresses who heads our present article. To youth, beauty, and the true "Siddonian" face, is united the highest powers of intellect, and a force of conception and execution, which is considered astonishing for her age. She has already by her popularity raised the "drooping fortunes" of that house, to which her talented family have been so long closely united; and if the accounts in the public prints are to be depended on, she promises at no very distant period to fill the vacant throne of Melpomene, which, since the days of Miss O'Neill, has never been held by an adequate representative.

But foremost and most exalted in the family group stands "THE SIDDONS." Her fame has been more widely extended, her talents more universally acknowledged, and her astonishing powers have been more generally felt and appreciated than any of her celebrated relatives. Criticism has been disarmed in witnessing the displays of her excellence, and the most fastidious dramatic amateur has awarded to her the palm of undisputed perfection in the scenic art. Among the many testimonials on record of the high estimation this gifted woman has been held in by the talented writers of her age, none perhaps are more forcible than those left by Dr. Johnson and Lord Byron. The one, valuable as establishing her early claims to the perfection of dramatic excellence, the other as showing that the lapse of nearly forty years had not diminished the powerful impression made by her unrivalled talents. Dr. Johnson, in a conversation with Glover, the author of *Leonidas*, shortly after Mrs. Siddons made her second appearance in London, said of her, "On the stage art does not adorn her; nature adorns her there, and art glorifies her." Lord Byron, after her secession from the stage, thus eloquently

* Two famous species, now nearly extinct.

describes her professional character, and testifies to the impression left behind of her splendid exhibitions of dramatic excellence. In a note to the preface of one of his tragedies, his lordship says, "I have made and kept a resolution to see nothing which should divide or disturb my recollections of Siddons. Siddons and Kemble were the ideal of tragic action. I never saw any thing at all resembling them, even in person." His lordship's opinion will be readily echoed by every lover of the drama who may have witnessed her performances—she was indeed unique!

The biography of Mrs. Siddons would necessarily comprise a history of the British stage during the long period in which she was its chiefest ornament. The elaborate memoirs of Boaden are before the public, and will be found to comprise all the incidents connected with her public life. Our object is to condense a few personal recollections of this highly-gifted actress; to which, however, a very brief notice of her early career may not be an inappropriate introduction.

Mrs. Siddons was born and educated to the profession of an actress; her father, Mr. Roger Kemble, being the manager of a company of comedians. She was born at Brecknock in 1775, and gave early indication of those talents which even at the premature age of seventeen, induced her to apply to Garrick for an engagement at Drury-lane theatre, then under his sole management. The great actor consented to hear her recite some speeches from *Jane Shore*, praised her voice, wondered how she had contrived to get rid of the provincial monotony, then the sure mark of country actors, and politely dismissed her by stating the engagements he was under with the leading actresses of his theatre, which entirely precluded him from affording her the public trial she requested.

Before she had attained the age of eighteen she became united to Mr. Siddons. Young and inexperienced, with the cares of an establishment to provide for their future support, the stage presented the only means of attaining these necessary accompaniments to the marriage state. Mr. Siddons is represented as an actor of but mediocre talents; but the growing popularity of his youthful wife made them both speedily emerge from the obscurity which had hitherto surrounded them, and placed them in a situation more genial for the display of Mrs. Siddons's powers, which were soon to excite universal homage and admiration.

Shortly after their marriage we find Mrs. Siddons the great source of attraction at Cheltenham, a fashionable watering-place in England, similar to our Saratoga Springs. Here, surrounded by the great and powerful, the talented and the gay, the young actress became a magnet of universal attraction in her professional character, and the object of respectful attention in private life. Fame, with her thousand tongues, wafted her growing popularity to the ears of the great Roccus, and in compliance with the wish of her titled patrons, Garrick engaged her for Drury-lane theatre. Her success at first was not decisive enough to warrant an extension of that engagement; and we find her shortly afterwards returning to the provincial theatres, where she had before acquired such undisputed celebrity. Six years from the period of her first appearance in London, she returned to the boards of a metropolitan theatre, and fully sustained that high reputation her warm admirers had so strenuously insisted upon her possessing. From that period until her formal departure from the stage in 1812, this celebrated woman was held to be the undisputed queen of tragedy.

Of the combined excellences which contributed to place Mrs. Siddons first among her famous cotemporaries, it is perhaps impossible to convey an adequate impression. She is represented in early life to have been eminently beautiful. The splendid portrait of her by Sir Joshua Reynolds, as the tragic muse, fully justifies her claims to beauty of the highest order; but beauty, as an abstract, was her least attraction. It was the "intelligence within," the mighty genius which, shining through the countenance and illumining every feature, produced that universal homage paid to this gifted actress. Her figure also was the subject of repeated eulogium. It was of that description which admirably fitted her for the representative of the favourite heroine of the drama. Tall and majestic, she moved the very queen of sorrows, and gave an identity to the scene by the perfect representation of the characters she assumed. The grace and propriety of her action were also able accessories in the establishing of her reputation, and which never failed her during the long and splendid career she enjoyed; nor must we omit that voice,

"So tuned to harmony,"

that, whether in the deep whispering of womanly or filial affection, or at the full height of offended dignity and fiercest rage, or stretched to its utmost tension of frantic grief, retain-

ed a tone so skilfully modulated, that the severest critic could not detect any violation of the rules of harmony.

Much of the excellence of Mrs. Siddons may be traced to other sources besides those of mere personal advantages. She, like her brother, the late John Kemble, devoted herself to the study of the principles of the art, of which she became so inimitable a professor. Acting was studied as a science; nature was not sacrificed for mere effect in her performances, nor the trick of acting substituted for the genuine and legitimate production of real histrionic talent. How frequently have we seen, in the representation of those characters in which she was pre-eminent, effect the only merit of the performance; the *genius*, the *soul*, which should have embodied the whole was absent; the *actress*, acquainted with the *business of the stage* was visible, not the mighty creation of the poet's brain, endowed with a brief but vital existence.

To enumerate the various characters in which Mrs. Siddons shone with undivided excellence, would be merely to recapitulate nearly the whole of the acting tragedies, assigning her the heroine; still there are distinctions of perfection to be named in this list, and which also mark the different characteristics of her acting. Her Katherine of Arragon displayed the very acmé of regal dignity and sublimity of sorrow to the last; this character was one of her chiefest favourites; and so late as the year 1812, we remember seeing her represent this injured queen, with apparently undiminished powers. The Lady Constance, in *King John*, was another of this class of acting, which apparently has been lost to the stage since her secession. Nothing could convey a more perfect picture of dignified sorrow and deep maternal grief than was given by Mrs. Siddons in this character. *Hermione*, in the *Winter's Tale*, is also a part which she appropriated exclusively to herself. The statue scene in this play was the perfection of the mimic art, as represented by her. Marble could not be more inanimate than she appeared, until the "cunning of the scene" required her reanimation, when the audience expressed, by their admiration and surprise, the feelings of *Leontes*, and were ready to exclaim, in equal wonder,

"She moves, she breathes, she lives!"

In characters requiring the sublime and terrific, Mrs. Siddons had no competitor. Lady Macbeth became exclusively a personification of her own: no actress since her day has given even the outline of the character, when compared with her stupendous delineation of this master-piece of Shakespeare. From her first entrance with the letter to the closing scene, where the guilty slave of foul ambition is discovered walking in her sleep, it was one unvaried display of unequalled art, yet so true to nature, that the spectator forgot the illusion of the scene and the actress, and only saw the blood-stained woman of the poet's creation.

In the chaste and more subdued characters of domestic life, Mrs. Siddons also displayed unrivalled excellence. Her *Isabella*, in Southern's tragedy of that name, first established her reputation with a London audience, and continued to be one of her most admired representations. Mrs. Beverley in the *Gamester*, and Mrs. Haller in the *Stranger*, were in her hands the very perfection of that class of composition.

We will not extend the catalogue of characters which this extraordinary actress, by her exquisite personification, appropriated to herself, and which, as far as to mere representation, must live in the remembrance of her admirers, as perfect models of the scenic art. No actress in our day has left so powerful and lasting impression on the public mind; and few of her distinguished predecessors excited the enthusiasm, or obtained that admiration nearly amounting to idolatry, which attended Mrs. Siddons during her long theatrical existence. She has been compared to "a being of a superior order, who had dropped from another sphere to awe the world with the majesty of her appearance." Hyperbolic as the comparison may be, it conveys a very forcible picture of the impression produced by her acting. She did, indeed, embody to the imagination the fables of mythology, of the heroic and deified mortals of other times.

Of the private character of this lady we shall, from inclination and necessity, be very brief in our notice. That Mrs. Siddons was no less the ornament of her profession in private life than she was its distinguished idol in her public capacity, is a fact well known in the circles in which she moved. An unblemished purity of character, and an unspotted reputation, are the proud testimonials which have been universally awarded to her. Malevolence has somewhat tarnished this "fair fame," by attributing to her an anxious desire for the emoluments arising from her talents, sometimes evinced to the exclusion of more generous feelings. In our admiration of Mrs.

Siddons we scarcely can allow her the possession of this natural foible; many of her disinterested acts of kindness are on record; and it may be further added, that the prudence and general propriety of her conduct may have been extended to a proper regard of her fortune, without exciting any strong grounds for reprehension.

In her family connexions Mrs. Siddons was, and continues to be, an object of peculiar esteem and admiration. Her services have ever been at their disposal, and her unrivalled powers have at all times been the themes of their warmest eulogies. The late John Kemble was particularly attached to her, and on all occasions acknowledged her eminent superiority over the rest of his family. One anecdote that we heard a few years since, from a relative of Mrs. Siddons, may serve to illustrate this fact:

On the evening of the first representation of Sheridan's *Pizarro*, a nobleman, well known in the dramatic world, went into the green-room at the close of the performance, and after congratulating Sheridan on the success of his piece, he turned to John Kemble, and paid him a well-merited compliment on his personification of the Peruvian hero. "Yes," my lord, returned Kemble, "Rolla is a fine noble fellow, and will doubtless be a great favourite; but it is to Sarah (the familiar appellation he used when speaking of Mrs. Siddons) that the greatest praise is due; she has converted a *soldier's trull* into a *tragic heroine*."

Mrs. Siddons is still living in elegant retirement, upon the ample fortune she acquired by her professional exertions. We saw her a short time since at Covent-Garden theatre, at a representation of the *Inconstant*, which by the excellent performance of Charles Kemble as Mirabel, was then enjoying the full career of public favour. She appeared to enter into the spirit of the play with great zeal, and showed, even at her advanced age, many traces of that grace and dignity which constituted in early life her distinguished ornaments. H^c.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

COMMON SENSE.

COMMON SENSE is a rare and enviable quality. It may be truly said that "its price is above rubies." How many learned men, how many geniuses, how many dull and ignorant people, how many cunning knaves, how many well-meaning fools are without it! How few have it, and how little do they or others know it, except from the infallible results—for one of its first requisites is the utter absence of all pretension. The vulgar laugh at the pedant and enthusiast for the want of it, while they themselves mistake bigotry and narrow-minded notions for it. It is not one of the sciences, but has been well pronounced to be "fairly worth the seven." It is a kind of mental instinct, that feels the air of truth and propriety as the fingers feel objects of touch. It does not consist with ignorance, for we cannot pronounce on what we do not know; and on the other hand, the laying in a stock of knowledge, or mastering any art or science, seems to destroy the native simplicity, and to warp and trammel the unbiassed freedom of mind which is necessary to its receiving and giving their due weight to ordinary and casual impressions. Common sense is neither a peculiar talent nor a laborious acquirement, but may be regarded as a sound and impartial judgment operating on the daily practice of life, or on what "comes home to the business or bosoms of men;" combined with great attainments and speculative inquiries, it would justly earn the title of *wisdom*; but of the latter we have never known a single instance, though we have met with a few of the former; that is, we have known a number of persons who were wise in the affairs of the world, and in what concerned their own interest, but none who, beyond this, and in judging of general questions, were not the dupes of some flaw of temper, of some weakness or vanity, or even striking advantage of their own. To give an example or two in illustration:—A person may be an excellent scholar, a good mathematician, well versed in law and history, a first-rate chess-player, a dazzling fencer; in a word, a sort of *admirable Crichton*—you are disposed to admire or envy so many talents united—you smile to see him wanting in common sense, and getting into a dispute about a *douceur* to a paltry police officer, and thinking to interest all Europe and both houses of parliament in his success. No one can have arrived at years of discretion without knowing or feeling that he cannot take a single step without some compromise with existing circumstances; that the path of life is intercepted with innumerable turnpike gates, at which he must pay down the toil of his own convictions and of strict justice; that he cannot walk the streets but by tacit allowance; and that to disregard all impediments in the right line

of reason and written forms, is to imitate the conduct of *Commodore Truncheon*, who mistook the land for the sea, and went to be married by the wind and compass. All affectation is the death of common sense, which requires the utmost simplicity and sincerity. Liars must be without common sense, for, instead of considering what things really are, their whole time and attention are taken up in imposing false appearances on themselves and their neighbours. No conceited person can have the faculty we have been speaking of, since all objects are tinged and changed from their proper hue by the idle reflection of their fancied excellence and superiority. Great talkers are in the same predicament, for they sacrifice truth to a fine speech or sentiment, and conceal the real consequences of things from their view by a cloud of words or empty breath. They look at nature not to study what it is, but to discover what they can say about it. Passionate people are generally thought to be devoid of judgment. They may be so, when their passions are touched to the quick; but without a certain degree of natural irritability, we do not conceive truth leaves sufficient stings in the mind, and we judge correctly of things according to the interest we take in them. No one can be a physiognomist, for example, or have an insight into character and expression, without the correspondent germs of these in his own breast.

London Atlas.

ENGLISH FEMALE EQUESTRIANS OF THE PRESENT YEAR.

We asked in what degree the art of riding on horseback may be considered as a female accomplishment, and in how far it conduces to the ornament and attraction of a modern elegant? We will answer in brief, that we know of no other art which demands so many natural qualifications to render it graceful and suitable in a female practitioner; but that fashion, that deity of despotic sway, having issued forth her decree in its favour, there is an end of all cavilling as to whether it ought or ought not to be; for we hold that, in the realm of fashion at least, if no where else, "whatever is, is right." It follows, that every young lady, whatever be her turn of mind or style of figure, slight or clumsy, daring or timid, makes it her first care to procure a steed, which will enable her to take her place among her compeers in Rotten-row; this end achieved, all minor considerations are thrown aside, and many a lovely creature, who, in her own sphere of action would be charming to all beholders, is here exposing herself to the sneering remarks of the looker-on, or at least to their compression. To avoid a conclusion so unpleasant, it may not be amiss to lay down a few rules for the guidance of those of our fair readers who may wish to become candidates for equestrian honours.

We shall, however, proceed with considerable caution in so delicate a matter, and profess not to venture upon a single remark that cannot fail to be supported by the highest authorities.

In the first place, then, let no one entertain the idea of controlling the motions of a horse, till she is satisfied she can control her own; in other words, the female equestrian should be "cast in nature's fairest mould," and possessed of such unacquired ease, and instinctive agility, as will enable her to lend a grace to every movement, whether it be to mount with facility, to check her horse without an effort, or to dismount again without endangering the lives of the by-standers; she must also have attained a certain proficiency under Fozard or Davies, that she may feel a confidence in her own powers, and be able to act with decision in any case of emergency.

To enforce this part of our theory, we cannot do better than recommend to our fair pupils' observation, as its happiest illustrations, in the symmetrical elegance and lightness of their figures, and the ease and confidence they display in the management of their palfreys, Lady Frances Gower, the Ladies Grey, Lady Charlotte Gordon, Miss Freemantle, the Ladies Paget, Lady Augusta Paulet, and the Miss Johnsons; we must even add to our list the dowager Lady Salisbury, who may be taken as a model for the uprightness and pliancy of her carriage, the ease with which she adjusts her seat, and the command she possesses over her pretty flea-bitten grey.

We now come to another important feature in the design of our essay—the style and character of the horse to be selected. Between fourteen hands and a half and fifteen hands in height, he must possess the most beautiful shape and figure, the highest breeding, the very best condition, a good mouth, be perfectly well broke, of high courage, (for what so unseemly as the application of the whip?) and a good temper. As to the prominent points of his figure, he should, above all, rise well in the withers; he must have the smallest head, with a rainbow neck, be short in the back, well rounded in the

quarters, with a full-sized square, or flowing tail, (by no means the least important accessory to the "tout ensemble") finely traced limbs, of sufficient substance in the body, and a coat like silk. He may be allowed a double rein, with a coloured front to his bridle, and a highly worked saddle, with a plain white saddle-cloth beneath. We cannot point out more perfect specimens of that desideratum, so rarely to be met with, and so much to be cherished when possessed, a real lady's horse, than by directing attention to those ridden by Lady Sefton and the Ladies Molyneux, Lady Cowper's blood bay, Lady Sarah Ingestrie's chesnut, Lady Tankerville's jet black, and Lady Laura Fitzroy's milk-white, as well as Lady Wilton's bay, the Duchess of Buccleugh's, Mrs. Lytton's, Lady Anne Becket's, Lady Worcester's, or even little Mrs. Jerningham's spot.

We now arrive at not the least difficult part of our instructions, in considering the make and colour of the habit. Any thing at all outre, either in the one or the other, we should pronounce objectionable, in a general point of view—even sleeves of too ample dimensions, though in correspondence with present fashions, should be avoided; and also gilt or silver buttons, and all fanciful embroidery whatsoever. The darkest colours of blue, brown, or olive, should be preferred as the simplest, with velvet collars, or not, at the discretion of the wearer. They may be worn buttoned up to the throat, (though the effect may not be seasonable in summer,) and in that case, often give a very distinguished air to the figure, as in the instances of Lady Strachan, Lady Warwick, the Ladies Ryder; the latter, by-the-by, among the best examples of our school. The habit may be left open at the chest, according to the approved tastes of Lady Gower, Lady Georgina Fane, and Lady Brudenell; or it may be thrown entirely open, with a silk velvet vest or a fanciful pattern with fillagree buttons, in accordance with the usage of Lady Dacre, (herself a mistress in the art, and one of the finest models of female equestrian,) of her niece Miss Brande, and Miss Upton. The skirts of the habit should reach considerably below the feet, and be well poised with shot; but they should not be long enough to tempt snappish curs, or the mirage. Those worn by the Misses Montague are rather in excess of brevity; though in a canter on a gusty day they do at times display, with no inconsiderable effect, a very pretty boot and trowsers. Small shirt collars, with a silk kerchief of some showy colour, are to our thinking, much more becoming than a habit-shirt of the finest lace. We might quote high authority for fanciful colours in these matters, in opposition to the rules we have ventured to prescribe at the outset; but the rule is strengthened rather than contradicted by the exceptions. The late all-engaging and universally lamented Duchess of Rutland generally appeared in the lightest blue, covered with small silver buttons, a white hat, and very high shirt collar; but be it remembered that her grace was gifted with personal attractions that might excuse any eccentricity. Who can contemplate, with indifferent feelings, the "ensemble" of Mrs. Lane Fox, even in a pea-green habit, embroidered with black lace? or does Mrs. Arbuthnot appear to less advantage because hers is bedusted with gilt sugar-loaf buttons? Can any one forget the Duchesse de Grammont, in her puce, covered with the thickest silk embroidery? or was Lady Londonderry ever less herself, less brilliant, or less admired than in her gold-laced jacket, with a pelisse pendant from the shoulder, and shako cap, as she appeared at the review of last year? but these we conceive to be so many illustrious exceptions to the general rule we have laid down.

We now come to discuss the most important part of the whole costume, and one upon which all the rest mainly depends—the hat—which requires more judgment and more nicety of perception in its selection, than falls to the lot of many. As to its general dimensions, its apex, the height of its crown, the depth of its brim, or the unity of its entire effect; the looking-glass may be consulted for months together, when an indifferent observer will point out, at a single glance, a palpable defect before overlooked. The hat should, of course, be adapted to the height of the person, and the contour of the features. Small blue caps are worn by Lady Macfarlane, Lady Frances Gower, and several others; but the cap has too masculine and military an air; for it should never be forgotten that a lady must not, on any occasion, or under any circumstances whatsoever, abandon a strictly feminine character.

London paper.

THE GREAT CHURCH AT HAARLEM.

In the great church at Haarlem are suspended the models of three or four ships, representing, it seems, those which in the frenzy of the crusades, had been furnished by that city, and had piously forced their way, through much carnage, to

the harbour of Damietta. But what must give most men greater pleasure, is a statue erected in the public square, in honour of Laurence Coster, a native of the town, said to have been the inventor of the art of printing. He holds in his hand a large type, on which is the letter A; and on the pedestal is represented a printing-press at work. It is to be feared that the 'inaudible and noiseless foot of time,' aided by the elements, must gradually undermine and destroy the effigies of the venerable printer; on which account it is to be wished the vestry at Haarlem could be persuaded to shelter their countryman in the cathedral, were it even to the exclusion of some eminent Dutch divine or cumbersome burgomaster. In a house at no great distance, a book is shown, said to be the first which Coster ever printed.

Blackwood.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.—M. Flourens, a French philosopher, with a view to ascertain the effect of climate on pulmonary consumption, procured twenty-three chickens of a month old; six he kept in a mild regulated temperature; the remaining seventeen he exposed to wet and cold; the lungs of fifteen of these soon became inflamed; six of them he then sheltered; of the eleven left exposed nine died of pulmonary consumption, and only two recovered; not one of the six originally sheltered ones became diseased; and of the six partially diseased, but afterwards taken in, two died and four recovered. The lungs of these four were examined some months after, and the remains of disease, even to suppuration, were visible. Their recovery M. Flourens attributes entirely to a timely removal to a mild atmosphere.

HOPS.—M. Denis, member of the society of agriculture of the Vosges, has published a treatise on the cultivation of hops, in which, founding upon his own experience, he recommends the substitution of iron wires for poles, for the training of the plant. These wires, formed in pieces of about three feet in length, and joined together so as to resemble a surveyor's chain, are suspended horizontally between two posts of oak, placed at the extremities of the lines of hops, and supported by wooden props at regular intervals. The hops are planted at the distance from each other of eight feet, and are each left with four shoots, which are conducted by little rods to the iron chain, along which they are trained, two in each direction. M. Denis computes that by his practice about a fifth part of the original cost of poles is saved, and fifty francs per annum afterwards for each five hundred square metres.

TO PRESERVE BLACK-LEAD PENCIL DRAWINGS.—A thin wash of isinglass may be used to prevent their rubbing out. The same effect may be produced by the simple application of skimmed milk. The best way of using this is to lay the drawing flat upon the surface of the milk, taking it up expeditiously, and hanging it up by one corner till it drains and dries. The milk must be perfectly free from cream, otherwise it will grease the paper. To prevent the lead from smearing, the loose particles should first be taken off with a dry hair pencil, or even by blowing it.

SELTZER WATER.—A very economical mode of making seltzer water is practised at Geneva. The carbonic acid gas being first obtained from lime, and afterwards purified, this gas is then forced into a large cask of water, in which is a wheel that agitates it, and causes the gas to mix equally with the fluid. The water thus saturated, is then put into bottles, which are corked in the usual way of seltzer water, and sold during the hot weather in the streets at a very low price.

METHOD OF ASCERTAINING THE PURITY OF WATER.—The purity of water is indicated by its specific gravity. By a late act of parliament it is defined, that a cubic inch of water purified by distillation weighs, at the temperature of sixty-two degrees, barometer thirty inches, exactly two hundred and fifty-two thousand four hundred and fifty-eight grains. An imperial pint of perfectly pure water weighs precisely twenty avoirdupois ounces at sixty-two degrees. Any water heavier than this must be less pure. That the lightest water is the best is an old and true principle. Pliny says that some judge of the wholesomeness of the waters by contrasting their weights. Celsus alludes to the same practice—"nam levis pondere apparet." Hippocrates thought that the best water is that which heats and cools in the shortest time; and his echo and expositor, Celsus, affirms the same thing. Hoffman informs us that rivers of a rapid current, or which fall down mountains, afford a purer water than those that are more slow; and hence, he says, that ships coming out of the river Maine into the Rhine draw more water, and sink deeper into the latter, because the waters of the Rhine fall from the highest mountains of the Grison's country.

Dr. Lardner.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Eloquence of the United States.—Seldom has a legislative assembly listened to strains of more impassioned and impressive oratory than those elicited by the late discussion in the national senate, on the resolution introduced by Mr. Foot, respecting the disposition of the public lands. How far the debate was confined to the subject which gave rise to it, or preserved a character of unity and dignified consistency, we are not disposed to inquire. We allude to the speeches of individual members, considered abstractedly in themselves, in so far as they developed the intellectual energies and resources, the moral strength and purity, and the political sagacity and patriotic aspirations of the representatives of the American people. And we advance the opinion, without fear of contradiction, that never was there displayed in any other popular theatre rhetorical talent of higher order, literary taste more refined, wit more sparkling, satire more poignant, repartee more keen, knowledge of human nature and of human history more profound and philosophical, or jealousy of the rights of men and freemen, more severe, watchful, and zealous. Triumphant and exalted must have been the rapturous delight of the speakers, as they beheld gathered around them the most brilliant assemblages which wealth, intelligence, beauty, and fashion could concentrate, and all enchained in one unbroken, continued, and almost worshipful silence. Discordant as were the opinions, varied the constructions of the import of the great charter of our rights, and reciprocally sarcastic the rejoinders of the several antagonists in this political foray, the grand and gratifying effect upon the audience, and upon all who read the recorded words—however enfeebled their impress—must be to draw stronger the bonds of attachment of every citizen of these states to the present constitution, which secures the union, and with it the liberties of his country. Different constructions may, indeed, be put upon its written letter, but its spirit—that spirit to animate and immortalize which was the aspiring and pure wish of the great father of his country, and of his noble compeers, the Jeffersons, the Hamiltons, the Madisons, the Jays, and the Clintons—is acknowledged in every bosom to be one and the same, identified with political elevation and independence, with moral and civil freedom, with intellectual advancement and general welfare. Such has been the impression left on our minds, after an attentive perusal of the speeches of Webster, Hayne, Sprague, Benton, Woodbury, &c. Well may our common country be proud of her sons, and well may she point to them with the exalted dignity of the Roman mother, who, as the chief ornament of her life, and the most precious jewel of her family honours, pointed to her virtuous, her patriotic, and her gifted offspring.

Boston Courier.—Mr. Buckingham has much cause to complain of the liberties taken with his original articles, and so has every editor who labours incessantly in mind as well as body to render his pages instructive and entertaining, not with borrowed but self-attained light; and deep is our regret that we should have been led into an unconscious act of unfairness towards so able a contemporary. But the fault was not our own. The article entitled "Hints to Janusca," we never saw in the Boston Courier; we took it second-hand from a country periodical. Were we to punish with a refusal of exchange every journal that voluntarily robbed us of the credit due for our articles, our list would soon be reduced to one-third its present size. Mr. Buckingham himself, not long since, copied into his columns, without credit, a poem which appeared originally in this gazette. We did him the justice not to entertain a suspicion for a moment of there having been an intentional injury done us on his part, because we knew and appreciated too highly his honour, honesty, and independence. Should he not have visited us with the same courtesy? In conclusion, however, we would recommend to every editor the propriety of striking from their exchange-list all those papers that wilfully and habitually purloin their articles—in other words, republish them without acknowledgment; and when Mr. Buckingham, or any other of the corps, convict us of such offence, we are ready to submit most cheerfully to the infliction of their chastisement.

Late city improvements.—Despite of the awfully dull times, the depression of trade, and the scanty circulation of money, the external aspect of this metropolis continues daily to receive new features, which replace its more ancient gloomy character, and approximate it, in our conceptions at least, to the splendid capitals of Europe. Streets, formerly narrow, short, and dingy, are widened and prolonged, and the light of heaven made to shine upon quickly rising ranges of new and lofty edifices. Our public institutions, likewise, exchange

their former contracted accommodations for others more ample and worthy of their increasing influence and operations. The new City Dispensary, Clinton-hall—the Rotunda, converted into a sessions court—the opening and widening of Ann, Cedar, and Liberty streets, which formerly threaded their sinuous courses between piles of rookeries, but are now enlarged and graced by splendid rows of stores and dwelling-houses—the elevation of Justice on the cupola of the City-hall, making way for the introduction of a monitor of time, which shall speak to the eye by night as well as day—and sundry other improvements, which we have not time to mention, attest the advancement of New-York in architectural decoration and beauty.

N. B.—The Jail and Bridewell still adorn the most public promenade and thoroughfare in the city.

Miss Elizabeth Bogart.—Abounding as this country does with female poets of the first stamp of merit, we think we may without vanity claim the very best among the contributors to the New-York Mirror. Of these, and we have had repeated occasion to express admiration of the successful exhibition of their talents, Miss Elizabeth Bogart of this city, deservedly enjoys a conspicuous rank. Her pieces are frequently transplanted to the British poetic parterre, and acknowledged there to be delightful and exquisite exotics. We are pleased to perceive, both for the sake of the public and our own, that she is a frequent writer in some of the most popular of our periodical journals. When we say our own, we refer with pride to the circumstance that the columns of the Mirror first introduced the gifted ESTELLE to the acquaintance and admiration of the poetical reader. Individual praise of our own correspondents we seldom indulge in; but where merit is so conspicuous, it were insensibility and injustice not to notice its worth. Neither do we intend any disparagement of the claims of generous rivals, of whom Miss Bogart may be proud to number not a few—nor will these misunderstand the nature of the homage paid to a kindred spirit. Jealousy cannot rankle where a noble enthusiasm burns. In justification of these remarks we confidently refer the reader to the following beautiful production, which we have copied from the Rochester Craftsman:

THE ITALIAN WIFE

She sat alone—and busy thought went back,
A faithful traveller, to her native clime—
And memory's magic wand touched every scene;
And flowers, and trees, and rivers rose to view,
Beneath Italia's sunny skies. Her heart
Leaped in her bosom, as the vision grew
More bright to fancy's eye—and suddenly,
She swept the chords of her neglected harp,
And "home, sweet home," re-echoed to the sound.
Gently it died away—the swell was gone;
And murmurs sweet and low, fell on the ear,
As if Æolus had just wandered past,
And stirred the strings—so sad the symphony,
And yet so full of untaught music. Hers
Was nature's science; 'twas the soul itself,
Breathing in harmony with the deep voice
Of earth, and air, and ocean; all things fell
By the pure spirit's innate sympathies.
A wondrous gift it was, that few possessed,
Of thrilling melody; and with the power,
But seldom equalled, she had often held
Thousands in listening silence, till the charm
Grew to such ecstasy 'twas almost pain.
Columbia's children heard, and wept, and smiled,
As her soft foreign accent gave a tone
More sweet to English words—but when she sang
Within the walls of her own splendid dome,
To silent pictures, and the gilded things
Of art and luxury, her voice refused
Its compass to the strain, and breathed forth, then,
Those broken notes—

A stranger entered—one
Of her own countrymen, who came to bring
Tidings from her forsaken home. He spoke
The language of her infancy—the first
In which she learned to speak, and more, to think;
The first her heart had understood and loved.
He told his tale with classic elegance—
"He'd come from Rome, and from her fathers' house,
"Her mother was no more—she slept in peace
"With her long line of ancient ancestry.
"Her sister had grown up most beautiful
"And rich in genius, the bright heritage
"Of her dear country—and her brother's name,
"Was crowned with glory in the martial field,
"And laurels fitted well his lofty brow.
"There were some palaces and temples yet
"Remaining there, unbroken but by time.
"The muses' seats were on the mountains still,
"Their favourite haunts, along the river's banks.
"The climate was as pure, the sky as blue,
"The trees as shady, and the flowers as bright
"As when she left the soil."

Emilia wept

Till feeling's tide o'erflowed in rapid words;
And from her lips rushed forth a sudden stream
Of the heart's deep unstudied eloquence.
"Speak, stranger, speak those thrilling words again.
"Oh, tell me of sweet Italy, my own,
"My native land! What mighty magic lies
"In those three simple words, 'my native land'!
"It brings associations to the heart,
"Of love, and hope, and happiness, and home;
"Of childhood's halcyon days; the gladsome hours
"Of careless mirth and youthful innocence.
"Oh Italy, dear Italy, my joy, my pride!
"Far dearer than the spirit-stirring scenes
"Of this gay city. What is this to me?
"This land of commerce and of interest—
"Can it compare with that bright spot of earth
"Where poetry and genius seem to breathe
"E'en from inanimate things?—where every breeze
"Which sighs o'er fragrant flowers, whispers some tale
"Of high-wrought fancy—while the classic streams
"And rivers, as they glide along their course
"In murmuring music woo the muses' smiles,
"Where mountains are the storied monuments
"Of ancient greatness; and each verdant vale
"A fitting home for beauty and for love.
"Begin again—repeat what you have said—
"In glowing language paint the picture o'er,
"Till every object lives and breathes before me.
"Tears will flow afresh, but heed them not—
"My heart would burst without them."

Suddenly

Another entered, with a haughty eye,
A question in his glance—'twas he whose love
First won the young Italian from her home.
The scene was soon explained—the husband spoke,
And at his voice a change came o'er her thoughts;
The images, raised by the stranger's words,
Melted away, and she was all the wife.
"Why weeps my dear Emilia? Sighs she still
"For the bright scenes of childhood, for the things
"Which once, weighed in the balance with her love,
"Were light, compared to it? What feeling now
"Has wrought this change? Am I not still the same,
"And all your own, as in that blissful hour
"When you exchanged your parent's love for mine?
"My country is your country—tell me, then,
"Which of the links is broken that so long
"Has bound our hearts in one?"

She could not tell—

She had forgotten all, in those few, brief,
And happy moments—all, but the one sense
Of her heart's young idolatry. Italia's streams,
And vales, and mountains, with its azure skies,
Its bright luxuriant flowers, its palaces,
And fanes, and temples—e'en its poetry,
And eloquence, and music, all were lost
In that one dream—and such is woman's love. ESTELLE.

The American press.—All who are in the habit of reading the newspapers of this country must be struck with the truth of the following remarks from the National Gazette:

"It is to the disgrace and injury of the American press, that even moral and literary criticism should be subjected to slander; and that the defence of sound morals, or the exercise of impartiality, cannot escape the most ridiculous and enormous personal imputations, which the whole true history and position of the individual thus assailed may utterly belie."

The Count de Rossi.—The Count de Rossi, who has married Mademoiselle Sontag, is a native of Corsica, and a relation of Bonaparte by the Romolino family. He was a staff officer of Jerome at the court of Westphalia, where his sister was married to the Prince de Salm.

Countess de Genlis.—The Countess de Genlis, (the celebrated authoress of romances and novels,) attained the age of eighty-four years on Monday last, when her pupil, the Duke of Orleans, paid his respects to her.

We copy the paragraphs below from the National Gazette:

There are about forty newspapers in London, and in the country of England one hundred and thirty-seven; the whole number in the British isles is two hundred and sixty-two. It appears that eight persons, on the average, are engaged on each publication, as literary assistants; and that some papers have from fifteen to twenty persons of education and respectability thus engaged.

The London Morning Chronicle records it as "a saying in America," that no Englishman can have an insight into business till he has lost all his money.

Pickersgill is now declared to be the first portrait painter in Great Britain. In exquisite small pictures Etty is thought to be without a rival in his generation.

In the year sixteen hundred and sixty-three the legislature of Massachusetts passed the following law: "And hereafter no person whatever shall make any garment for women with sleeves more than an ell wide."

THE TYROLESE PEASANT'S SONG.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.

Can I for - get my na - tive hills, That proud - ly rose to view, The si - lent vales, the spark - ling rills, And flow'rs that shone with

dew? Can I for - get, what-e'er my lot, Where - e'er my foot - steps roam, My na - tive plains and hum-ble cot, The ear - ly scenes of home? Can

I for - get, What - e'er my lot, Where - e'er my foot-steps roam, My na - tive plains, my na - tive plains and hum - ble cot, The ear - ly scenes of home!

2d—Can I forget the tuneful birds,
That sang on ev'ry tree,

The kindly smiles, the cheerful woods,
That friendship gave to me?

Can I forget, whate'er my lot,
Where'er my footsteps roam,

My native plains and humble cot,
The early scenes of home!

ELOQUENT AMERICANS.

FISHER AMES.—Fisher Ames has been, perhaps, more celebrated as an orator than any other American, except Patrick Henry; but it is not our object to make comparisons between the distinguished men who have graced the annals of our eloquence. The person of Ames was tall, thin, and interesting; his face was not what might be called handsome, but agreeable, and full of soul. The style of his eloquence was flowing, warm, and copious, and certainly partook more of the Roman than the Grecian orator. His manner was bland, but earnest, and his whole demeanor calculated to attract the attention of all eyes. His voice was musical, and he had the command of it from the highest to the lowest note, and in all its variations it was free from monotony or false tone; for a sweet voice, he had less of sibilation than most of our orators, an evil that foreigners complain of in our language. His imagination was creative, and at his bidding new scenes arose, new beings lived, increased as he chose, and faded away at his will. He struck his hands across the chords of the hearts of his audience, and all was harmonious to his touch; but the plaintive measures were most congenial to his mind; he had nothing dark or sullen in his constitution, but there was a soft and gentle gloom that often intermingled with the light of his mind, which gave the shade of the sanctuary to the outpourings of his heart. He mourned to think that he could not fully impress on the minds of others what he foreboded for his country; the common fault of a sensitive patriot. The diseases of his corporal frame entered deeply into his mind; and amid troublesome times he mingled dark auguries for the nation. He saw, in his imagination,

the myrmidons of France sweeping over his country with rapine, fire, and dagger, and the conflagration of cities filled his eyes, and the screams of dying females his ears. His countrymen seemed to him in a state of amazing apathy; and he grew almost frantic at the thought; but he mistook their cool, brave and persevering character, for want of discernment and feeling. His warning appeals, as he thought them, were all wasted on the winds, although every one listened to him with profound respect and admiration. His friends and neighbours flocked around him as a being of wonderful powers and superior sagacity; but from their habits of reasoning for themselves, they thought that all these evils might not come, and they would wait the providence of God in this as in other things; but the honour and honesty of the great man they never doubted, for he was to them an angel of light; crowded with all his gloomy thoughts for his country, he sunk to the grave; but his admirers never lost one particle of their veneration for the genius and virtues of the man.

GOVERNEUR MORRIS.—Gouverneur Morris was a splendid orator. His mind was prolific, his fancy excursive, and his information extensive. He had read books attentively, but men more thoroughly. He was well acquainted with French literature and the academicians, and had caught something of their animation and literary fervor. His figures were beautiful, his sentimental touches delicate and thrilling. No orator ever made a more successful lunge at the heart than Morris, for he pierced at will. If Hamilton was the Xenophon among our intellectual lights, as he has been called, for the neatness, purity, and perspicuity of his productions, surely his friend, Gouverneur Morris, ought to be called the Isocrates among them. He had the same splendour of

imagination, and poised his sentences with the same art that is seen in the orations of "the old man eloquent." Morris's eloquence was well suited to the deliberative assembly, and to those occasions in which the heart is deeply interested. His oration over the body of Hamilton is admirable. At that moment, when the bleeding corpse was before the eyes of his countrymen, and a nation's moans were wafted on every wind from north to south, from east to west, through the country; when almost any extravagance would have been tolerated in this paroxysm of mind; for at this event the deep lamentations of the soul were commingled with the breath of execration, and there is no wild-fire like this; yet then the pathos of the author was subdued, chastened, and harmonized to the mild and hallowed doctrines of christianity:—such exhibitions are the triumphs of the god-like art, of controlling tempers, and of conquering hearts. He lived in republican struggles; in the sunshine of royalty; in the uproar of popular fury; and then in the calm of personal safety and national tranquillity; and from all drew lessons of experience, and through all carried the sound discretion of a high-minded man. Knapp.

CONFESSION.—A constant attendant at the market of Castleton, England, confessed to a respectable housekeeper, that on the morning preceding Christmas-day he sold alive two reverend geese, the united ages of which exceeded forty years!

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

"Why, how now, brother Obadiah Wrestlelong! More wonders of the invisible world?"—*Salem Witchcraft.*

The muse and myself, the other day,
Held a short colloquy together;
For she sometimes calls, when she comes that way,
Though scarcely a moment she deigns to stay,
And seldom has any thing to say,
Save, "How d'y'e do—what news to-day?"
"Tis really charming weather."

She found me alone, in my elbow-chair,
(One arm has long been broken,)
In the attic, George—you well know where,
For once, last summer, I saw you there,
When you kindly offered to pay my fare,
If I'd brush my coat, and with you repair,
To breathe a mouthful of country air,
On the heights of green Hoboken.

As I said before, her ladyship came,
En dishabille, as usual,
In costume resembling the slipshod dame,
Whose *Black-book* sketches are known to fame;
Her robe was blue, and her hose the same,
Her sandals untied, and her gait was lame,
As she entered the room, and pronounced my name
In a manner and tone fiducial.

"Good day t'ye, Reuben—don't ask me to stay,
For I must hasten home to my toilette;
As I go out with Norna a shopping to-day,
And Hinda goes with us—besides, I must pay
A visit to Thyra—it's all in our way,
And then to Ianthé I've something to say;
Besides, I must call upon W— and F—y,
And then there would be the Old Nick to pay,
If I didn't look in upon M—s too—eigh!
But now, while I think of it—Reuben, do say,
Who is that comical C.?—I will lay
He is building a fame that will never decay;
And so is my favourite Proteus—nay,
No jealousy, Reuben, but win your own bay,
And never let envy soil it.

"Hush! don't interrupt me—there's tender ESTELLE,
"EVERARD, LARA, and ALPHA, and I—N,
And hundreds of others, are like to excel,
If they treat me politely.—But, Reuben, do tell,
If I don't appear charming in this *dishabille*?
"Say, why the deuce do you grin, man?"

"You look," I replied, "both ugly and old,
In these rascally dishabille dresses;
Why, when you are visiting others, I'm told,
The finest light gossamer vestures infold
That form and those limbs of such exquisite mould,
With sandals that sparkle with spangles and gold,
While a chaplet of roses and diamonds untold,
Confine those wandering tresses.

"When others petition, you make reply,
In numbers of sweetest measure,
But to me you prate, like a chattering pie,
Of shopping and visits, while here poor I,
In silence must wait your leisure!

"Why not on me such favours bestow
As your other votaries win?
Why prattle to me on subjects so low,
In a tuneless senseless din?"
"Why then you must know,"
She said with a smile,
"That, when here below,
I adapt my style
To the company I am in."

"But, jesting apart, what is it you claim?
"I'll grant the boon, I swear it,
That is, if I'm able—come, give it a name."
"Then fire me, at once," I replied, "with the flame
That animates HALLECK, and lights him to fame;
To a like dazzling summit direct my aim,
Procure for my numbers an equal acclaim;
Secure me a chaplet as bright—not the same,
And teach me as humbly to wear it."

She smiling replied, while her head she shook,
"In vain should I bid you take it,
For Apollo, when late, with a shepherd's crook,
He toy'd with a maid, by a gurgling brook,
Had concealed his lyre in a private nook,
Which HALLECK observed, and slyly took,
And none but HALLECK can wake it." REUBEN.

LINES TO MISS —.

Again, my muse, awake;
Awake thy simple lay;
Once more thy frail harp take,
To greet the fair and gay.
'Tis the last boon I implore,
'Tis the saddest and the last;
For thy chords shall sound no more,
When their jocund tones are past.
No! never pour a strain
Upon the listener's ear,
To give his bosom pain,
Or call the burning tear.
'Twas thine—what'er thine own—
To throw around the way
Of those whom thou hast known,
At least some cheering ray.
Now—silent be thy strings,
Since joy cannot inspire,
And motionless thy wings,
And desolate thy lyre.
May every chord be broken,
Thy strings all lonely rest;
And Lethe lave each token
Of scenes that once were blest.
They say the wreath is wove,
So beautiful—so rare;
From Hymen's smiling grove,
To mingle with thy hair.
They say—'twill soon be seen,
Upon thy placid brow,
With its rose and evergreen,
In their brightest, proudest glow.
Oh may they truly shine,
May no hidden cypress leaf,
In that wreath conceal'd entwine,
To shade thy brow with grief.
I would that not one cloud should rise,
To cast a shadow there;
That not one tear should dim those eyes,
That sparkle now so fair.
That not one sigh should move thee,
No! not with slightest sting;
Bright be the skies above thee,
And all thy life a spring.

And when at last its sun must set,
May lingering rays be given;
Marking to those who travel yet,
The path that leads to heaven.
Now fancy hovers o'er me,
And pictures to my brain
The scene that is before thee,
The priest—and crowded fane.
The joyous bridegroom standing near,
And dear ones at thy side;
With looks that tell how hope can cheer,
And thou—the blooming bride.
I hear the priest pronounce the rite,
I hear the faint reply,
And see the ring that sparkles bright
Upon the bridegroom's eye.
Oh! when 'tis fixed upon thy hand,
To friendship grant a plea;
While yet these loved ones round thee stand,
Breathe one kind prayer—for me.
Then be my name forgot,
My hopes—my joys—my fears—
What'er shall be my lot,
Where'er shall fall my tears.
Like the lightning's course in air,
Like the ship's track in the sea,
Let each remnant perish there,
That might wake one thought of me.
For I would that not a word,
When thy heart and home are bright,
Of me should e'er be heard,
To lessen their delight.
No! let me only find,
Though doom'd life's storm to brave,
In that unclouded mind,
Oblivion's deepest grave.
A wild, wild thought is low'ring,
And burning on my brain;
Like Etna's lava pouring
In torrents o'er the plain.
The bridal hour is past,
And gone that gladsome day—
Young Hope—too bright to last,
Has wing'd his flight away.
I see thee—but the step of care
Is marked upon thy face;
And sorrow's impress too is there,
And disappointment's trace.

Yes these, that come alike to all,
Have marr'd thy youthful bloom;
For fairest flowers must fade and fall,
And beauty find a tomb.
'Tis this—'tis this that burns my heart.
Like that flaming flood of fire;
To see earth's lovely things depart,
And with pain, convulsed—expire.

Must the dimple in that cheek,
And the sweet smile in that eye,
And that alabaster neck,
Change, wither, sink, and die?
Must that bright, that graceful form,
With which I've loved to roam,
Be a banquet for the worm,
And the charnel be its home?
Must that voice which oft has fell,
In its gentle zephyr-breath,
On my ear—like music's swell—
Be still'd at thine—oh, death?
And nature, can thy arm,
Be thus raised against thy own;
Is there to thee a charm
In thy children's dying groan?
Oh! can thy bosom feel
A wish to crush and blight;
Will a mother grasp the steel,
To pierce the good and bright?
"To the good there is no death,"
Some angel's voice replies;
"Tis but mercy's friendly breath,
That calls them to the skies."

As a mother sees her child,
By infant toils oppress'd,
And flies in pity mild,
To soothe him on her breast;
So nature will her children bless,
Will stretch her arm to save,
And from a world where sorrows press,
Will calm them—in the grave;
While high above this stormy scene,
Religion's wing will bear
Their spirits to a world serene,
And give them rapture there!
And thus, when that fair body dies,
And in the dust decays,
Oh may its ransom'd spirit rise,
To sing a Saviour's praise.
Now, fair one, fare thee well,
'Tis a sad, sad word to speak;
To me—so like a knell,
That the tear is on my cheek;
Farewell! in my inmost heart
There's a pang I cannot tell;
But I feel—I feel—we part,
Thou lovely one—farewell!

V—E.

POPULAR TALES.

CONFESSIONS OF A SUSPICIOUS GENTLEMAN.

BY LORD NUGENT.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

ARRIVED at that period of life when a man can no longer deceive even himself by the affectation of a long cherished youth, but, however reluctantly, is fain to enter, wigged, and the worse for wear, into the army of elderly gentlemen, I have undertaken a bitter task. In this hard moment, my situation and feelings are like those of a naughty urchin who has, by penance, to repair his past misconduct, and regain the confidence and favour of his superiors; like him, I see a new life, with all its responsibilities, opening before me. Hope animates us both: him with the earnest of plum cakes, and other indigestibles, the meed of future contrition and amendment; me with the prospect of sweets metaphorical—peace of mind, and respectability, which my youth knew not how to store up, but which my old age must now compound out of new materials, and at the expense of a great and signal sacrifice. Uncertain health, chronic rheumatism, and a marvellous weakness in the lower limbs notwithstanding, I now start for the prize of late-sought happiness, with, I believe, more ardour than the child who may reasonably calculate upon being on better terms with time in the race. "My gentle fine is this!" To write my history, to expose my faults to censure, and, what is harder yet, my absurdities to ridicule; to bow to the infliction I have wantonly drawn upon myself, and, (like my fellow-victim, the bellowing urchin) to proclaim in my anguish that I am rightly served.

I include no one in any share of the blame with myself. I do not even plead as an excuse that I derived from nature the vice which, like a baneful web, has wound itself round my habits and my existence. But this I say, and with truth, that I remember not the moment when I was free from it. From the earliest dawn of my imperfect and misguided reason, suspicion gave a colouring of its own to all my actions, and to all my thoughts. I suspected, in turns, and all together, attendants, teachers, and playmates. The joyous frank-heartedness of infancy is a bright and beautiful figure of imagination, of which I never had experience. The strong affections of youth I never felt; and the confiding warmth of manly friendship was a thing I often desired, but could not comprehend. I had no friend, and I deserved none; for, though I never wished to injure any one, still I was in a state of active and ceaseless warfare with the rest of my species, from a belief that all who belonged to it wished to injure me. Under such a delusion, how was I to entertain a generous passion or excite one? Love is the perfection of confiding friendship; I have already said enough to show that I was totally incapable of it; and to marriage I looked with a repugnance comparable only to that with which a cautious capitalist would regard the proposal of a large advance without any but personal and very precarious security. I contemplated with great alarm so wilful a risk of contentment and happiness, as the committing it to the custody of another, whom I might, too late, discover to have, all along, differed from me as essentially in views and disposition as in sex.

From this reasoning my mind naturally proceeded to a conclusion, not very uncommon, I believe, with less confirmed fools than myself. I decidedly was of opinion that every unmarried woman had designs upon me; and, worst of all, that those designs were, as the saying is, "honourable." For I knew myself to be a capital match. By dint of fearing to be the dupe of others, I always effectually bubbled myself. I was in possession of a large landed estate, besides considerable funded property; and, as is usual, when a man is jealous of letting even his nearest connexions know his income, I was unceasingly mortified by hearing it popularly represented as being much greater than it really was. I bent the whole force of my mind to vanquish the supposed conspiracies of maidens in their teens and their ties. Nor did I fear only the league formed by them with those experienced parental allies on whom nature imposes the sacred duty of planning and conducting their operations against the oppressed sex to whom I belong; but, if some over-persuaded mother, merely out of an overflowing solicitude for the fine arts, ever permitted the picture of her lovely daughter to grace the exhibition-room at Somerset-house, for the kind purpose of adding to the fame of the first portrait painter in the world; I instantly suspected the president of the royal academy of having become a fellow-conspirator with her against me; and, if ever the Morning Post, much against the wish of Mrs. —, paid a deserved tribute of commendation to the personal appearance of her darling in her quadrille dress, I instantly believed that enlightened and respectable journal to have been suborned by that simple-minded and truly fashionable lady into fitting out, in partnership with her, a joint letter of marque to capture and destroy my fortune and happiness. Furthermore, if the young lady herself, or any young lady, were commonly civil to me, I resented such conduct highly, and lost no time in showing, by some signal act of repulse, that her purpose was observed, and had failed. Did she take the opposite part? I considered her only as giving effect to a still deeper artifice, and piqued myself on announcing to her that her ambush had been detected, and that her shafts had fallen blunted from the impenetrable hide of the bear at whom she had aimed them.

In these skirmishes with society my worldly sagacity received several severe mortifications.

I had a younger brother once, a guileless fellow, who thought, in his simplicity, that the end of all wisdom was to secure happiness, and that, on the whole, a greater share of it belonged to one who, from thinking a little too well of the world, is sometimes deceived, than to one, who, from thinking a great deal too ill of the world, has through life to eat the bread of carefulness, seasoned with the bitter experience, that in a pitched battle between a sly man and sly mankind, the odds are always awfully against the contentious unit. He would have loved me if I had permitted him, and was always ready to forgive and prone to forget my injustice. He is dead! Peace be with him, even as he loved peace and wished it to others. His lot was truly happy; for he died young, beloved of all whose love was worth the having, and was spared the grief of witnessing the consummation of his brother's disgrace, or of ever knowing the bitterness of these tears with

which I must have craved his pardon had he lived, and which I now offer as a fruitless tribute to the memory of his frank affection. He had not within him the spirit of distrust or envious rivalry. His only ambition was to be known by bold and generous bearing in the gallant profession which he had chosen and adorned, and he never for an instant stooped to the influence of a mean or interested desire. Poor fellow! I leave this subject, for it is a pleasure to me to praise him, and my business is self-punishment. My malignant genius disposed me to believe that this worthy creature was hoarding up his hopes of inheriting the entailed family property, and, for no other purpose than to disappoint him, did I set to work to conquer my own settled repugnance to wedlock. Love I knew not, so I seriously inclined myself to matrimony upon an impulse of the next strongest feeling to it—spite. The more resolved I grew to marry, the more did marriage become the theme of my invective, in order that I might the better disguise my intentions. One day my brother, in the openness of his heart, he told me was going to be married in a week to a girl he had long loved. "You must not press me," he added, "to mention her name to you. To own the truth, brother, she and I are equally afraid of some little peculiarities of yours, and, as some of her friends have given but a reluctant consent to our union, on account of the smallness of my fortune, we wish to avoid any suggestions being made, which might, we think, have the effect of exciting afresh a hostile spirit in them."

"Cunning brother," thought I, "and fine words these! A very pleasant scheme truly for preventing my telling her relations that I mean to keep what I have to myself! Reluctant consent with a vengeance! When I'll be bound you have taken care to say that I never mean to marry, and that (please heaven I die) you will then come in for all. But I will marry as well as you, and without farther loss of time." I allowed myself small space to pause, and went to work in earnest; for I wished to have all settled and declared on the very day of my brother's wedding. I made a list of all the marriageable women in the neighbourhood, setting down all their qualities in the inverse ratio, and weighing all their respective demerits. According to this flattering mode of computation, my choice fell upon a young girl of good connexions; pretty enough; very unassuming; and who, unlike others, had taken no trouble to be either particularly rude or civil to me. It was Christmas-time; when, as usual, parties assembled frequently at the different houses of the neighbourhood. This gave me opportunities of engaging this young lady in a conversation. I even submitted to the toil and exposure of dancing with her, and sat by her one or two days at dinner. I was charmed to find her all I could wish. My allotted week had expired, all but one evening, when, fancying the lady and the moment equally favourable, I made her a formal proposal of marriage. "Good heaven! Mr. —" exclaimed she, starting back, and fixing on me a look in which it appeared to me doubtful whether indignant surprise or suspicion of the state of my wits had the predominance, "good heaven! Mr. —, what can you mean; do you not know that I am to marry your brother to-morrow? To what could I attribute your kindness to me but to your having, as I believed, discovered our secret?"

Evil passions are rapid in their march and full of resource. I instantly concluded it to be impossible that she could continue to prefer a younger brother, after she had discovered her power to possess herself of an elder. Such was the infamous opinion I had conceived of her sex; and, in prosecution of a design still more infamous, I represented to her the advantages of a marriage with myself, and would have imputed my unnatural conduct to the force of a passion before which brotherly love, and every other love but itself, must give way. But she prevented me; and casting upon me a second look of an unmixed meaning, which I could not mistake for any thing but pure loathing and contempt, she commanded me to be silent; and, merely telling me that, out of respect for my brother's happiness, she would forbear to expose me, she left me overwhelmed with confusion, having discovered the secret of an honourable heart at the expense of my own deep disgrace; and she became next morning my brother's bride.

This was a lesson which might have opened the eyes of the blind, or restored reason to a madman. But I was incurable. I meanly relied upon her promised silence, thinking that, for her own sake, she would dread to offend me by the disclosure. I was of a sickly constitution, and it appeared to me to be reasonable that she and my brother might be looking to my death as to no remote event. This idea, once conceived, soon grew into a conviction that they were sanguinely watching every symptom as it might affect their chance of pouncing on the family property. The desire of self-preservation, strong in all men, acquired accumulated power over me; and

my resolution to marry was fortified in an equal degree. I was glad to conceal my mortification and resentment by an absence from home, upon a pretence of sudden and urgent business in London. Thither I repaired, and there I remained, as in the most convenient harbour which the world affords to the thoroughly selfish; for there I was little known, and less observed. Still I went into society, my acquaintance increased, and I soon fixed my choice upon a lady, who, unhappily for herself, appeared to be well calculated to suit me as a wife. She was of what is generally called a staidier, because a rather maturer age, than the romantic girl to whom I had lately proposed myself; she had beauty, rank, and fortune, and there appeared in her no assignable motive for listening to my addresses but affection. In the uncertainty of success there was an excitement which made me look with diminished horror upon the sacrifice to which I was resigning myself. To make short of needless and very ordinary details, I content myself with saying, that after six months of prosperous courtship, I became the husband of the rich, beautiful, accomplished (and oh! how good and amiable) Lady Anne S—.

I do not say that in the probationary period I never wavered. But when at length my proposals were frankly and unhesitatingly accepted, I had indeed some grievous misgivings. Still the fear of ridicule and infamy obliged me to proceed. And now began those annoyances, dreadful enough to any man, but to one of my temper how totally insupportable! Now began the inquisition of solicitous friends and interrogatory relations. I had to own to every acre, every exchequer bill, and the true force and meaning of every newly acquired article of comfort or of show. But these were visitations to be parried; for curiosity may always be baffled by a bounce. The worst remained—a couple of inimical looking lawyers insisted, by virtue of their function, upon not allowing us to marry in peace, without a plenary confession from us both of all we were worth, in ease and in posse, and it was with the utmost difficulty, that I could contrive to deceive them, with regard to a portion of my personalities. The only thing that cheered me in all this was the repetition of the comfortable words, "my heirs," in almost every alternate line of my settlement.

Wedded at last, was I happy? Far from it! I had succeeded to my utmost expectations. I had, as I imagined, secured content to myself, and disappointment to my brother. But within my own breast was an enemy, ever watchful to convert back the elements of repose into a chaos of confusion and discomfort. My wife could not conceal the surprise and dread with which she became by degrees acquainted with the secret of that monstrous power which held me in its bondage. At first she tried ridicule, mild and friendly ridicule; too friendly to wound or to reform me; then expostulation, gentle as her ridicule had been, but grave and earnest. It failed as signally. She then gave way, gracefully, to what she saw was irremediable. She never sanctioned my follies by a compromise of her own judgment; but, as if she had wedded herself to them as well as to me, she endeavoured to shelter them from exposure, and me from the contempt and danger into which they were continually hurrying me. I no sooner had a house of my own, and an establishment of servants suitable to my fortune, than it naturally occurred to me that all servants were thieves; and dealing with my own accordingly, I discharged each in his turn, after one or two watchful and litigious months. Their strong boxes alternately disclosed their treasures before the scrutiny of successive search-warrants. I never discovered any loss of property to myself, and in my present penitence I can only hope that my temper was so publicly known that these displays of distrust never caused any loss of character to the beings who were wretched enough to serve an always unjustly suspecting master.

I know not whether I was the inventor, I certainly was a practiser, of the most odious temptations; and, after habitually leaving money, duly marked and noted, in their way, I remained perplexed to determine whether they had failed to see the bait, or had left it untouched only in hopes to lure me into trusting them at last with a more considerable prize. My house was a museum of anti-burglary intentions. With difficulty could my shutters be opened at all, so encumbered were they with expedients to prevent their being opened from without; and it was a miracle that preserved me and mine within from falling victims to the concealed explosives with which my self-defending, bell-beset, and bullet-proof chambers were nightly furnished. Nor, in ordering the internal police of my family, was I negligent of means for watching the course of opinion concerning myself. In the hope of discovering some secret in which I had no concern, and which it would have been a grief to me to become acquainted with,

and, like all suspicious persons, deeming myself the subject of all thought and conversation, often would I sham sleep, or burst suddenly in upon parties in conversation, and sometimes feign to have heard some things which never had been said, in hopes of detecting others which I suspected had. But now to the bitterest part of the bitter task of confession, and to the scene of my deepest dishonour. Hitherto my wife had suffered but little from my temper, except in her consciousness of the unhappiness and disgrace in which it involved me. Against her, personally, I had as yet committed no very great enormity. But no one could live with me and escape. After two years of what might have been great happiness, I began to lay all the stores of my madness under contribution, for means to destroy whatever little repose the demon of distrust had left me—I resolved to doubt my wife's affection. I could not disguise from myself my master passion; I had too much reason to know it. I had reason also to know her to be a person of quick and searching shrewdness; could it then have been a total secret from her, even before she married me? And, knowing or suspecting it, could she have ever loved me? And then the distracting inquiry, if she loved me not, why the plague did she marry me?

THE FINE ARTS.

THE PICTURES AT THE ACADEMY.

A FLIPPANT and self-complacent criticism on paintings, interlarded with a little technical jargon, is, to real judges, of all things on earth the most contemptible and provoking. Years of study, a thorough knowledge of the principles of the art, and a familiarity with the works of its great masters, are necessary to form a complete and correct estimate of a painting, and there are but few indeed who have enjoyed those advantages. In adverting to the collection of Italian, Flemish, Spanish, Dutch, French, and English pictures brought to this country by Mr. Richard Abraham, we do not feel the least inclination to make "fools of ourselves," either by attempting to impose upon the ignorant, or exposing ourselves to the initiated, but do it solely to call the attention of strangers and the public to the fact that these paintings are now to be seen at the American Academy of the Fine Arts in the Park. We know it is very easy to

"Tease with blame—excruciate with praise"

on such subjects, and the catalogue we had at the door will furnish all the words and phrases necessary for such a purpose, but this we leave to more ambitious would-be connoisseurs, contenting ourselves with professing to be no judge, but a sincere and reverential admirer of the great art of painting. All, it is to be presumed, who visit this collection, will experience much gratification. Many a man may be capable of feeling and judging of the effect produced by a painting, though unable, at the same time, fully to appreciate the skill and power requisite to produce that effect. For instance, on first entering the room, all must be struck with the force and vigour of the "Spanish peasant family," by Murillo. Two of the figures appear as if they were looking directly in the face of the spectator, just as living people would look, and the contemptuous expression of the young girl's face is by no means flattering to his vanity. This expression would be very disagreeable in reality; but it excites pleasure, admiration, and astonishment, to see the looks, feelings, and features of humanity so truly and vividly stamped upon the canvass. Further on there are two glorious landscapes, almost as different as day and night, one by Jacob Ruysdael, and the other by Claude Lorraine, on which every eye must dwell with delight, and quit with regret. Then there is "The Magdalen in the Wilderness," by the immortal Titian, of which words, such as we can use, would utterly fail to convey any idea. A "Stag-hunt," by Hondius, in which the ferocity of the dogs, and the agony of the poor stag are strikingly depicted. A "Flower piece," by Recardi, and a "Fruit piece," by Elliger, have the most exquisite freshness and finish. But we might go on particularising through nearly the whole of the catalogue. Those who have not seen these pictures would do well to go and see them, and those who have, to go again.

It is curious to observe, notwithstanding the anxiety and deep study we should suppose inseparable from this branch of the fine arts, the extraordinary longevity of nearly all the celebrated painters. Leonardo da Vinci lived to the age of sixty-seven, Velasquez sixty-six, Benardino Luini seventy, Murillo seventy-two, Hobbema seventy, Swanevelt seventy, Elliger seventy-two, De Louthembourg seventy-eight, Spagnoletto sixty-seven, Tibaldi seventy-three, Van de Velde seventy-four, Sas-soferatto eighty, Claude Lorraine eighty-two, David Teniers (the younger) eighty-four, and Titian ninety-nine!

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

WE were most agreeably surprised on Friday evening (last week) at once more beholding a goodly number of people in the theatre. This is the greatest novelty that has been witnessed there for some time past, and each component part of the audience surveyed the aggregate with many manifestations of astonishment. To the actors it must have recalled former times, when a crowded house was no rarity. It is gratifying to say that this respectable assemblage was present for the benefit of Mr. Placide, an actor whose exertions have heretofore been rewarded with more praise than profit, merely because he has invariably refused to resort to the trickery and mystification usually put in operation on benefit nights. The evening's entertainment might have well warranted the most sanguine expectations, but the weather was very boisterous and disagreeable. In the first place there was the "Caliph of Bagdad," the most popular opera that has been produced in this country; a local interlude, entitled "The First of May," and the sprightly afterpiece of "Music and Prejudice." The First of May, constructed by Mr. Clinch, of this city, is of that class of pieces where one man imposes upon another by the assumption of a quantity of characters, and is as neat and ingenious as any thing of the kind we remember to have witnessed. Placide (though we regret to see so chaste and refined an actor in this branch of theatrical business) was eminently successful in his various personations. The "Caliph," in despite of several inaccuracies, went off uncommonly well. It is wonderful to observe what effect can be given to a slight part by a clever actor. In this opera there are three characters of very little consequence in themselves, but which become exceedingly amusing in the hands of Barnes, Hilson, and Placide. In the present instance, however, Barnes took the liberty of departing from his text in order to show the depth and extent of his studies in zoology, by talking about the "proboscis of a camel;" and his familiarity with orientalisms and knowledge of things in general by swearing by "the beard of Mecca" instead of the "beard of Mahomet." This was altogether original, and not sufficiently appreciated by the surprised audience. Hilson also succeeded in eliciting much judicious approbation in the banquet scene, by speaking a whole speech with his mouth full of victuals. This simple touch of nature has been highly successful on the stage for many years, and the merit of the original conception does not belong to Mr. Hilson, but his execution of this difficult manœuvre was viewed by a large portion of the audience as a prodigious effort; many were thrown into a paroxysm of delight, which worked itself off in loud peals of laughter and clapping of hands. It showed what talent can effect when properly exercised. Mrs. Austin's Darina is delightful; that is, so far as the singing is concerned, and the acting is very tolerable. This lady was unfortunate in making her appearance first in this country in a neighbouring city instead of New-York, which materially retarded her progress to that eminence in public estimation which she has since attained. The public of this city have arrogated to themselves, with what justice we do not pretend to say, the exclusive right of deciding upon the merits of all "stars" that reach these shores; and if they are received as pure ore here, they generally pass current all over the country. Not so with those who, ignorant of this state of things, select Philadelphia or Boston as the scene of their debut; the selection itself, is by the worthy people of this city, regarded either as a tacit acknowledgment of inferiority, or a mark of contempt for their self-constituted authority, and they generally demur at bestowing their approbation, however well-deserved. Mrs. Austin was totally neglected when she appeared at the Park, and warbled night after night to empty benches. We do not know how far this amiable feeling had crept into ourselves; but this we do know, that for some time we felt a disinclination to throw in our mite of praise, and what did come was grudgingly extorted. There was, to be sure, no denying, even at first, the lady's unequalled powers of voice—a voice at once so clear, so deep, and rich—so wonderfully flexible and imbued with melody; or afterwards the skill and brilliancy with which she gave such songs as "Genius of Freedom," the "War has ceased," or the "Soldier tired;" but we were still inclined to doubt that she possessed that purity of taste, expression, and feeling, which she has since evinced in a more simple and unambitious style of music. We never remember to have heard any thing finer than the way in which she gives Bayly's beautiful and plaintive ballad, "Upon the hill he turned," in Music and Prejudice. It is lamentable to see the coldness with which this and similar songs are received by the public; of course they are not to be compared to "Betsy Baker" and "Wedlock is a ticklish thing;" but

still their simple and unobtrusive merits might entitle them to a little more attention. The opening part of the duet, "Wilt thou tempt the wave with me," by Weber, introduced in the same opera, is almost equal, but in the same unpopular style. There are many fine things said about singers touching the feelings of the audience, which sound very well in the abstract, but when it comes to the proof, it appears that the majority of the audience have no feelings to touch; at least, it is curious to observe the decided preference given to songs of a light, airy description, which tinkle merrily on the ear, to those that appeal more directly to the heart: for instance, that beautiful composition in the Caliph, "Oh, father, since that fatal day," which is exquisitely sung, meets with a cold reception; while Darina's second song, "Oh, what delight the soldier knows," in every respect inferior, and which does not belong to the opera, but is merely introduced to gratify this kind of taste, elicits a rapturous encore. But this is one of the bad effects, both here and in England, of a mixed audience; in France they manage their amusements more judiciously. The French theatres are much smaller, and the company that is kept two-thirds of the time unemployed at Drury-lane or Covent-garden, would suffice for half a dozen. One theatre is devoted expressly to tragedy, another to comedy, another to music and dancing, and so on; the consequence is, that the several theatres are filled with people who come for one object. Not so in England and America, where a broad farce, an opera, and a melo-drama are frequently performed on the same evening; and the audience are composed of people, some of whom come to see one thing, and some another; and this it is that, in despite of a host of splendid critics, makes a London mob so omnipotent in the best theatres; and this it is that engenders and encourages a coarse and meretricious style both of acting and singing. It is a great annoyance to foreigners in London. We recollect hearing an intelligent Frenchman complain most bitterly on this score—"I go to de play to hear de musique," said he, "and Monsieur Liston he come and make one ugly face at de people, and all de people laugh, and, by gare, they never give oware their laugh all de night aftare." We hope, however, Mrs. Austin will not altogether relinquish the ballad style, but combine it and the bravura in her own person. All her competitors have, from some cause or other, withdrawn from the contest, and she now remains undisputed queen of song in this part of the world, unless she has met with a rival in Signorina Giulia Da Ponte, whom, as yet, we have not had an opportunity of hearing. A male singer is very much wanted at this theatre. The manager, it is true, has lately made a precious discovery of unexplored powers in this department in his own proper person, and it is whispered that he will shortly fill that vacuum himself, and make his appearance as Arbaces; but whether this is true, or whether it is only one of the flying rumours that is for ever afloat about eminent vocalists, is by no means certain. C.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY.—This week the Messrs. Harper publish the three first numbers of the Family Library, containing the history of the Jews, by Milman, the author of Samor, the Lord of the Bright City, and other poems of great beauty. The plan of the Family Library is exceedingly popular in England, and we are not surprised that it is so; the subjects chosen are highly interesting, and the best writers are engaged upon them, so that nothing shall be wanting to the excellence of the work. The English and Scotch reviews speak very favourably of Mr. Milman's History, and their encomiums have all the appearance of being the honest result of careful reading. To the general reader a good history of that singular people cannot but be very attractive. The Family Library is stereotyped upon very fine white paper, and done up in brown linen, like the English edition. It will make a handsome collection, both of volumes and of matter, and no reading man's book-case should be without them.

LATE REPUBLICATIONS.—"Leonora," is the title of a recent English work from the press of E. B. Clayton of this city, by the author of "Early Education," written expressly for young ladies. It forms a handsome duodecimo volume of about three hundred pages, and from a hasty glance at its contents, we think it is well calculated to amuse and instruct those for whom it is designed.

The "Twin Sisters," a smaller work of a similar character, has lately been republished by Mr. W. Burgess. It is from the pen of Miss Sandham, and judging from the popularity of it in England, (for we have not had time to peruse it) where it has passed through sixteen editions, we presume it worthy the attention of young readers.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.

No. XI.

THE VICTIM OF SENSIBILITY.

"Ah me! for ought that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."

THOMAS AUGUSTUS PHELPS was a junior clerk in a small retail store, in an unfrequented part of Maiden-lane. His salary was insignificant, and his expenses considerable; and there being no visible channel through which extraneous funds could come into his possession, how he contrived, as the saying is, "to make both ends meet," was a problem which his most intimate friends were utterly unable to solve; and was, moreover, a subject upon which, for some reason or other, he always declined throwing any light. He was a gentle and rather well-informed young man—that is, his dress was unexceptionable; his address easy, forward, and flippant; and he discoursed with uncommon fluency on a number of subjects he knew nothing about. After he had gone through the business of the day, he improved his mind in an evening by playing at billiards, and his morals by lounging about the saloons and lobbies of the theatre, from which places he criticised the performances in a very decided manner: he gave it as his opinion that Signorina Garcia could sing, and Madame Vestris dance—that "*Di tanti palpiti*" was "divine!" and one of Von Weber's best compositions;—and that Handel's musical melo drama of *Der Freyschutz* was "awful," "thrilling," "sublime," &c. But his greatest qualification was his inexhaustible fund of what is termed "small-talk!" This he poured forth on all occasions, in "one weak, washy, everlasting flood," in a way that gained him the ardent admiration of numerous young ladies, and at last made an indelible impression on the susceptible heart of Miss Julia Carmine, the only surviving child of an artificial-flower manufacturer in Division-street. Julia was a beautiful being, in the spring of life. Her features were strictly and chastely classical, excepting her nose, mouth, chin, and forehead; her eyes were exceedingly blue, her colour rich and rosy, and her auburn tresses flowed in luxuriant ringlets down her lovely neck, which was somewhat short. Nature had done every thing for her, setting aside that she wore artificial curls, and had purchased the majority of her teeth; and though her complexion in a morning was rather sallow, yet when dressed out, and seen by candle or gas-light, she was in reality a very pretty looking young woman. She had faults, to be sure—who has not? But the greatest of them were that she talked French, played on the guitar, and kept an album.

What a sacred thing is first love! and its accompanying train of inexplicable and unexplainable feelings! and how hallowed in the imagination becomes every spot connected with this purest of passions; particularly the first spot where a mutual reciprocation of sentiment took place! It is of that I am about to speak. Julia and Thomas Augustus sat alone one evening in a small arbour, or rather wooden box, in a retired corner of the "Bowery tea-gardens;"

"The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,"

and a variegated lamp, attached to the front of the box, was all that shed a melancholy radiance over the scene. Both experienced sensations unknown till then, and they had each a glass of ice-cream before them.

"How beautiful is the firmament with all its countless myriads of twinkling stars," observed Thomas Augustus Phelps, looking upwards.

"Beautiful indeed!" sighed Julia.

"And this ice-cream aint so coarse neither," said he.

"No—by no means," responded she.

"Methinks," continued Thomas, "I could sit for ever thus, with thee by my side, gazing upon the blue vault of heaven, moved Julia!"

Julia did not answer, but her silence spoke more eloquently than words; she bowed her head, and it is presumed blushed, but, as the lamp wanted trimming, there was not light enough distinctly to ascertain that fact. Thomas Augustus gently drew the sweet girl towards him, and oh! extremity of bliss! she did not resist. The coldness of worldly restraint was broken down—they exchanged vows of everlasting fidelity, and Thomas was about to seal the covenant on her lovely lips, when the man that goes about to gather up the empty glasses popped his head into the box and observed, "that he did not allow of them there sort of proceedings in his garden!" Thomas Augustus would have resented this injurious insinuation on the instant, only that he was by no means athletic, and did

not possess a particle of courage; so he contented himself with declaiming for some time in a style of lofty invective, and wound up by indignantly paying the man what he owed him, tucking Julia under his arm, and walking out of the shrubbery.

It is necessary, however, to premise that twelve months antecedent to the tender passages on which we have been dilating, Mr. Phelps commenced business on his own account in Canal-street. His debut was made during that auspicious period denominated the "Canal-street fever," when, in consequence of the lowness of the rents in that quarter of the city, every body flocked thither, which caused the landlords to quadruple their original demands, by which judicious proceeding they ruined their tenants and got no rent at all. He had invariably represented his affairs to Julia as being in a most prosperous state; but unfortunately, though he was a young man possessed of many virtues, a love of truth was not one of them; indeed, those who knew him best, affirmed that he was a notorious liar, and there is no reason to doubt their word. As he had started altogether on credit, and as he spent all the money that came in as the goods went out, when his bills became due, he told his creditors he was extremely sorry, but that he had no funds to meet their demands: they in return assured him that they were extremely sorry to hear it, seized upon the residue of his stock, and turned him out of doors. This was hard to bear, and he flew on the wings of love to find consolation in the society of his beloved Julia; but she was not at home. The next day he called, and still the same answer. On the evening of the third day he was admitted to her presence, but "Oh frailty—thy name is woman!" she had heard of his misfortunes, and received him with chilling politeness. The lady was not at all mercenary, but then she had found it convenient, as she informed him, to plight her virgin vows to Mr. Raphael Jackson, (familiarly termed Ralph Jackson) and that they were to be married early in the ensuing week. Thomas stood mute and motionless, for, as the poet justly observes,

"Colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine played,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The bursting bosom when betrayed."

What barbed the dart and made the matter worse, was that this Mr. Raphael Jackson—a young lawyer with a good deal of cunning, and a great deal of impudence, consequently likely to do well in the world—was his most particular friend. He was aroused from his trance by Julia asking him if he would not "stay to tea?" this offer he indignantly spurned, and immediately quitted the premises. The next morning he found on his table an invitation to the wedding. It was, of course, never suspected that he would accept it, and was purely meant as a piece of gratuitous insolence on the part of his successful rival. But whoever calculated on his not coming, reckoned without their host. "Yes!" exclaimed he mentally, as he surveyed the perfumed rose-coloured note; "yes; I will see her once more—for the last—ay, for the last time!"

About seven o'clock in the evening of the twenty-second of April, 1827, a jovial wedding party was assembled at the house of Mr. Carmine, in Division-street, to celebrate the nuptials of his accomplished daughter. All was prepared for the impressive ceremony. The bride had got through shedding the preliminary tears usual on these occasions; the bridegroom was doing his best, as in duty bound, to look joyous and happy; the bridesmaids were tittering and laughing for some reason or reasons best known to themselves; the groomsmen were endeavouring to be uncommonly facetious, and the parson had put on a look meant to rebuke all tittering and facetiousness, when the door suddenly opened, and a figure stalked into the room. It was Mr. Thomas Augustus Phelps, but alas, how changed! He looked not like one who had come to participate in a scene of happiness. His boots were dirty, his hat was slouched over his eyes, his coat was buttoned up to his chin, his cravat was far from clean, and his hands were stuck in his trousers' pockets. The company recoiled, the bride uttered a faint exclamation, and the bridegroom stepped forward and demanded in a bullying tone of voice "the meaning of this extraordinary intrusion?" Phelps spoke not a word, but drew from his right-hand coat pocket the perfumed rose-coloured invitation note, and presented it to the bridegroom. He then drew from his left-hand coat pocket an uncommonly large horse-pistol, upon which Mr. Raphael Jackson retreated with great precipitation. Phelps deliberately cocked the pistol, and an uncommon curiosity took possession of the guests to see whether he intended to sacrifice the bride, the bridegroom, or himself. This interesting suspense was soon ended. He slowly brought it in a line with his own forehead, and was proceeding to pull the

irrevocable trigger, when an arm from behind stayed his rash hand. A struggle ensued, and dreadful to relate, in the scuffle the pistol went off full in the face of one of the fair young bridesmaids. Fortunately she sustained no injury, which led to a suspicion that the instrument of death had been loaded with an eye to safety. Upon this the gallant bridegroom experienced a revivification of valour. He stepped forward, informed the unfortunate Phelps that he should hear from him in the morning through the medium of Mr. Hays, and peremptorily ordered him to leave the room. The poor bride, who during this scene had been rather in the back ground, thought she now perceived a favourable opportunity for display, and made an ineffectual attempt at getting up a fainting fit, but her warmest admirers were obliged to admit that it was a failure. Mr. Jackson once more asked Mr. Phelps whether he intended to quit the room, or whether he was waiting for him (Jackson) to put him out. Phelps scorned to reply; a peculiar expression flitted over his pale features, he cast an indescribable look towards the bride, and then did as he was desired.

On the following day, about noon, a gallant Liverpool packet was passing Sandy Hook, outward bound. On her deck stood the principal actor in the intended tragedy of the preceding evening. His disappointment in love, and some fraudulent transactions connected with his late failure, had induced him to seek relief in change of scene. The breeze was fair, and the vessel was careering "o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea" at the rate of about nine knots an hour. Phelps stood at the stern of the ship gazing intently on the land of his forefathers, which was fast fading in the distance. A slight blue line at the verge of the horizon was all that remained to him of the home of his childhood—the scene of so many balls, and public, and parties—where he had danced, and sung, and played at billiards, and eat oysters when a mere boy; the tears started to his eyes, he leaned his head over the ship's side, and in a voice choked with agony, or something else, he exclaimed—

"Oh, captain, I am very sick!"

The captain, in that cheerful tone of voice with which a man, who has nothing the matter with him, consoles another, replied, "Never mind, sir—you'll be better in a day or two—haul taut the fore top-sail halliards there!"

This to Phelps, whose face exhibited as many shades of blue, and black, and green, and yellow, as the back of a dying dolphin, was great consolation. Indeed, I have myself often had occasion to observe the happy effects of similar scraps of comfort applied to sea-sick passengers. It is so pleasant when you are suffering under this most horrible of afflictions—when every minute seems an age, and every hour an eternity—to be told, "never mind, sir, you'll get over it in less than a week, maybe!"

Time rolled on, and nothing reached the American shores concerning the fate of Thomas Augustus Phelps, except a flying report that he had been undergoing a course of exercises in the Brixton tread-mill, when one Sunday morning, in the autumn of the year 1829, a shabby-genteel sort of personage was seen strutting up Broadway. It was Phelps. The wooden-paling of Trinity church yard was at that period prostrate, and the cast-iron railing had not been erected, so that there was no obstacle to a free ingress to and egress from the burying-ground. Phelps wandered in among the tombs—a presentiment of some overhanging evil weighed heavy upon his breast, and before he had proceeded far he came to a plain marble slab almost overgrown with grass. A strange curiosity seized him; he knelt down and parted the rank weeds which overshadowed it; a sunbeam at that moment darted precisely on the place, and he saw, carved in legible German-text, the simple inscription "Julia." He was indescribably affected; and yet he felt a melancholy pleasure in thinking that she had too late become sensible of his merits, and pined into the grave in consequence of his absence. While indulging in this train of reflection a troop of little boys, attracted by the extraordinary spectacle of a man upon his knees in a church-yard, began to gather round, shouting and pelting him with earth and small pebbles. He arose to reprimand them; but there having been a heavy shower of rain, and he having white duck trousers on, the effect his kneeling had had upon his smallclothes, can, like a young heroine's feelings, be more easily imagined than described. Those smallclothes instantly became an object of universal observation, and the little boys shouted and pelted more than ever. Phelps was exasperated beyond measure; he seized one of the young miscreants, shook him well, and threatened the most dreadful corporeal chastisement if he did not desist.

"Hurrah for Jackson!" exclaimed the young rebel, nothing daunted.

"Hurrah for Jackson!" chimed in his companions in evil-doing. This pointed, though unintentional allusion to his rival, at once unnerved Phelps—recollections of former insults and injuries came over him, and he strode from the burial-ground, the boys hurraing all the while at his coat-tail; when lo! who should be seen issuing from the church-porch but Mr. Raphael Jackson himself with his own Julia, now Mrs. Jackson, hanging on his arm! This was too much—so then it appeared she had not pined away in his absence—she had not died—and he had been kneeling by the side of some one else's Julia! They passed him without speaking, he muttered dreadful imprecations to himself, and bent his way down Wall-street.

Phelps is now only the wreck of his former self, though he is more corpulent than he was wont to be, yet it is not a healthy corpulency. He still wears his hat knowingly adjusted on one side of his head, but his apparel is ancient and rusty; he drinks like a fish, talks politics incessantly, and his shirt-frill is much bedaubed with snuff. What will be his final fate depends upon ulterior circumstances; at present it is enveloped in the mists and darkness of futurity. C.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

THE PACHA OF EGYPT.

THE present situation of Egypt and the measures of its ruler, Mehemed Ali, occupy the attention of the civilized world, and are of importance to this country, though remote; because if Egypt should shake off its dependence on the sultan, our commercial relations would assume a different complexion.

To judge of an important personage placed at the head of a nation, reference must be had to the events of his life, and as biographies of great men are the order of the day, we cannot, as we think, devote a column or two more profitably than in referring to the history of the celebrated personage who is now the viceroy of Egypt, and who seems by his measures to be giving a new and extraordinary impulse to the resources of that country.

It is useless to trace the causes which led Mehemed Ali, an Albanian soldier, to the summit of power. Courage and decision of conduct, self-possession, and intrigue, are qualities in a muselman which generally lead to promotion. Civil war was raging in every part of Egypt, when Mehemed Ali was appointed viceroy, (1806;) the inhabitants were divided and dissatisfied, and the treasury was empty. The first step of the new pacha was to obtain money without imposing new taxes, a very difficult and delicate task. He demanded of George Gohary, the general intendant of Egyptian finances, the settlement of his accounts, and received from him four thousand eight hundred purses, of twelve hundred and fifty dollars each. Provided with the means of paying his troops, he directed his attention to his most formidable enemies, the mamelukes, and commenced his operations with a stratagem. He persuaded their beys to come to Cairo, under a promise that they should be amicably received, and by a part of his own force as an escort.

The mamelukes were caught in the snare; but on their arrival at Cairo, not finding the escort promised by the pacha, they dispersed through the streets to seek their friends, when they heard the reports of muskets from the walls and the houses. They turned, but retreat was cut off; many fled to the mosque *Bar-boa-Kyeh*, others, towards the great gate victory, a third party scaled the walls and gained the fields—these were safe—the rest were taken prisoners. Mehemed Ali, to profit by the panic of the mamelukes, sent a detachment of fifteen hundred troops, under Abdyn-Aga, against Ibrahim-Bey, who lay entrenched at Torrah, but his troops were defeated with the loss of five hundred men. The mamelukes were then under three chiefs, Elfi-Bey, Ibrahim-Bey, and Bardessy. Their united forces amounted to eight thousand men, but their principal reliance was on England. British emissaries had flattered Elfi-Bey with being made viceroy. The English agent at Constantinople used every effort to dispose the sultan to favour Elfi, and this was done when England, through the aid of Elfi, meditated the conquest of Egypt, which was considered an easy task. Neither Mehemed Ali nor the mamelukes had the least suspicion of the designs of England, and the former had retreated into Upper Egypt, where Mehemed had sent two hundred troops, under Yassy-Bey. These were likewise defeated. Elfi captured Tayoun, and ravaged the country as far as Gizith. Mehemed, by no means discouraged, sent a third expedition of three thousand men, but with no better success; they were attacked by Elfi-Bey, and defeated with loss. Elfi was con-

sidered himself sufficiently strong to march for Lower Egypt. The plans of England for the conquest were now ripe, and the mamelukes, flattered with the speedy assistance of Great Britain, prepared to besiege Demanhour, in Lower Egypt. The English cabinet, however, before attempting hostilities, endeavoured to place things on a footing so as to secure an easy conquest. The English ambassador represented to the Porte that Elfi-Bey was the only man capable of insuring peace in Egypt, and the removal of Mehemed Ali was determined upon by the sultan.

The Capudan-pacha was ordered to sail for Egypt. He landed at Alexandria with three thousand troops, and sent an officer to Mehemed Ali, with orders to repair forthwith to Alexandria, he having been appointed pacha of Salonique, and the fleet would land him at that place. Mehemed Ali received the messenger with profound reverence, assured him of his entire obedience to the will of the sultan, but that the troops, to whom he owed six thousand purses, opposed his departure. He had so sooner spoken than his friends surrounded the messenger, he himself glided from the apartment, and convoking the chiefs of his troops, he informed them of the message. None of the officers would consent to his departure. "If it is your wish that I should remain with you," said Mehemed Ali, "and continue your companion in arms, then swear by the koran that you will not abandon me; that you will die, if necessary, for the cause we defend." Seventy chiefs swore accordingly in the ancient manner of the Albanians, by passing their hands one after another over a sabre held by the two oldest chiefs. To give a proof of their fidelity and confidence they presented Mehemed Ali with two thousand purses, which, with considerable treasures of his own, he immediately sent to Constantinople; at the same time he did not neglect his military preparations, his visits to the fortifications and places of resort in Cairo to make himself familiar with public opinion. After these measures he invited the sheiks and ulemas to his palace. He represented to them that the mamelukes were on the eve of recovering their former power in Egypt, and prevailed upon them to sign a petition to the divan, in which they represented the beys as the authors of all the evils which had befallen Egypt: declaring that the taxes levied by the pacha had been with their consent, for the benefit of the country and the destruction of its enemies.

While the memorial was on its way to Constantinople the sheiks and principal inhabitants represented to the capudan-pacha that the contemplated change would plunge Egypt into new disorders; the capuden-pacha insisted upon obedience to the orders of the sultan. Mehemed Ali, in the meanwhile, had hastened his military operations, had sent his kya against Elfi-Bey, (who was besieging Demanhour,) to prevent his junction with the troops of the capudan-pacha. The impetuosity of this officer, however, instead of watching the movements of Elfi, led him to an attack, in which he was defeated, and forced to retreat. The capudan-pacha interfered, and ordered the garrison of Demanhour to surrender to Elfi; but these soldiers, devoted to Mehemed Ali, refused, and continued to defend the fortress.

One of the conditions which the porte had made for the re-establishment of the beys was the payment of fifteen hundred purses to the treasury of the grand vizier. This sum was to be paid by Elfi-Bey, Ibrahim, and Bardessy. The latter two refused to pay their proportion of the bonus, and the French consul laboured with all his might to support the interests of Mehemed Ali. The capudan-pacha, seeing the military preparations of the viceroy, and the reluctance of the beys to pay the amount decided upon, began to relent. He had received instructions to act according to his best views. It was agreed that Mehemed Ali should make a present of four thousand purses to the sultan, and send his eldest son, Ibrahim-Bey, as a hostage to Constantinople. This arrangement was determined upon, and the Turkish squadron weighed anchor and sailed. Mehemed Ali, to procure the stipulated sum, laid contributions on the wives of the beys, copts, and the christians of Damas, who were in Cairo; but he had scarcely escaped this danger, which threatened both his empire and his neck, when a second presented itself, in the mutiny of the Turkish troops. They had been for some time dissatisfied with the predilections shown by Mehemed for the Albanian troops, and were on the point of joining the mamelukes. Elfi-Bey was still before Demanhour; Bardessy had fallen sick at Maufalaut, and died. It was now that Mehemed Ali became well informed of the plans of England: to bring Elfi to a decisive battle, and thus give encouragement to his dissatisfied troops before the arrival of the English, was of the utmost importance. The mamelukes, in want of provision, had retreated from before Demanhour to Upper Egypt, and had passed Gizith, a few days ago, to the south of the

probably from poison. His army had consisted of eight thousand men, among whom there were eight hundred mameluke cavalry, one thousand Turks and Albanians, and a good park of artillery. Against this army, greatly dispirited by the death of their leader, Mehemed Ali advanced. He had departed from Cairo on the twelfth of February, eighteen hundred and seven, at the moment when he was officially informed of the declaration of war of England against the porte. The time was precious: he promptly gave orders to his kya to watch the coast, reinforce the garrison of Rosetta and Damietta, and then started with six thousand troops, his provisions being carried up the Nile in armed boats.

He met with the army of the beys at Mangabet. The stifling heat and clouds of sand prevented both armies from engaging until sun-set, which had scarcely taken place when the troops met in the darkness of the night. After a most obstinate resistance, the mamelukes were defeated.

Mehemed Ali, desirous of profiting by his victory, offered favourable terms to the beys, provided they would join him against the English. It was not his intention to make use of their forces, but to keep them in suspense. In this he succeeded. The dispersed mamelukes united again, and it was agreed that each army should march down on either bank of the Nile; the pacha on the right, the beys on the left.

While Mehemed had dealt this severe blow to the mamelukes, the English fleet appeared before Alexandria, commanded by Admiral Lewis, (seventeenth of March, eighteen hundred and seven,) who sent a messenger to inform Osmyn Aga that he intended to take possession of Alexandria, in order to prevent its being occupied by the French. General Fraser disembarked his division of six thousand men; the place was given up without resistance, and the garrison, consisting of three hundred men, were made prisoners, and sent to Malta. The necessity of procuring provisions, together with the representations of the English consul, determined the English commander to send a detachment of two regiments, under General Wacop, to seize Rosetta. The town surrendered without resistance—the citadel resisted. The soldiers had no sooner entered the town than they dispersed, when Ali Bey, who had watched the moment, attacked them briskly from all sides at the head of five hundred men; he took one hundred and twenty prisoners, and killed the greater part of the rest.

General Fraser, desirous of effacing the stain which the military renown of his troops had received, ordered General Stewart to march against Rosetta, (with four thousand men and six field-pieces,) who erected batteries on the heights of Aboumandour; and five companies, under Major Wogelsand, were detached to take a strong position in the village of Hamed.

Mehemed Ali, in the meanwhile, returned from his victorious expedition. When he arrived at Cairo he received the felicitations of the ulemas and sheiks, with their officers, to march against the English. "My troops," said Mehemed, "are sufficiently numerous and sufficiently brave to ensure victory; it is enough, if the people assist me with money." Mehemed put the capital in a state of defence, repaired the fortifications erected by the French, and built new ones. His preparations being completed, he gave orders to his troops to march; they consisted of six thousand men, who marched to Menoaf, and separated. Hassan-Bey, with three thousand men, passed over to the left bank of the Nile, while the kya pacha continued on to the right. The inhabitants had raised nine hundred purses, which they offered to Mehemed, while they at the same time continued to flatter the mameluke beys with the pacific intentions of the pacha, so strongly had this crafty warrior and politician insinuated himself into the good graces of his subjects.

Hassan-Pacha had arrived before Hamed, where the English were posted, and he advanced forthwith, with a body of infantry and cavalry, against their strong position. He was repulsed; one company, however, of the English, in the heat of pursuit, detached itself from the rest, which was surrounded by Egyptian cavalry, and cut to pieces. Some taken prisoners, with the heads of those they killed, were marched to the camp of the kya, who, burning with desire to distinguish himself in like manner, crossed the Nile in the night, and advanced towards the English position.

Major Wogelsand had been reinforced by three companies of the thirty-fifth and seventy-ninth regiments; his whole force was about one thousand men, while the Egyptians was about three thousand, divided into three bodies, at a considerable distance from each other. The Egyptians advanced with impetuosity. The first corps of two hundred men, commanded by Major Moore, was attacked and cut to pieces; a few

Colonel M'Leod, formed themselves into a square, and by a brisk fire forced the Egyptians to retire behind the heights of Hamed; but being repeatedly harassed, he began to retreat to the main body, under Major Wogelsand. No sooner was this movement made than the Egyptians rushed from every side. Colonel M'Leod received a deadly wound, the whole was cut to pieces; only Captain M'Kay and seven men escaped to Major Wogelsand, who having formed his troops into a square, on unequal ground, was after an obstinate resistance compelled to surrender. General Stewart on the news of this disaster, his cannon, destroyed his ammunition, and began his retreat. In this he succeeded, though not without being harassed by the Egyptian troops. He however arrived at Aboukir, where he embarked for Alexandria, and on his arrival they cut the dyke which connects the city with the mainland, to secure their position. Finding they had to deal with a spirit not easily subdued, it was resolved to send General Frazer to treat upon the evacuation of Egypt. The answer of the pacha was, that he was going to Demanhour, where he would treat with the English; there was no alternative, and general Sherbrooke was dispatched with full powers. He demanded the release of the English prisoners, which was granted, on condition that Alexandria was forthwith evacuated, and left in as good condition as it was found. The pacha on the last visit of general Sherbrooke, presented him with a fine Arabian steed, and his officers with suitable presents. "The friendship of England," said this crafty politician, "was of high value to him, and he hoped in future that a more friendly disposition would exist towards him." Thus ended the first and most dangerous exploit of this renowned man.

We are not of opinion that Mehemed Ali will break with the ottoman porte, unless driven to that course by the sultan. He will rather strengthen his interests with the people, attach them to his person, and establish an independent kingdom for his son in preference to himself. This son, Ibrahim Pacha, celebrated in the war in Greece, has all the talents of his father with a much better education: and to him is ascribed the merits of advancing the agricultural interests of that country. Egypt from its vicinity to the Persian Gulf and the East Indies, is highly important to the United States, and we should endeavour to cultivate a friendly understanding with the pacha, in case political events should throw us out of the regular trade beyond the Cape of Good Hope. S.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE PARTERRE.

A SEMI-MONTHLY publication in Hartford, Connecticut, bearing the above title, has been discontinued for the want of patronage. In his valedictory, which we give below, the editor has hit off the miseries of editorship to the life. He deserves a better fate, and will no doubt gain it if he sticks to his resolution, and makes no more attempts to obtain editorial celebrity. *Miner's Journal.*

"If I am so quickly done for,
I wonder what I was begun for."

We will fiddle no longer without pay. Here we have been "moiling and toiling" to enlighten the world for the last four months, and how many of the world, think you, reader, have subscribed for our periodical? Two—on our veracity only *two* subscribers (and they have not paid,) did we have to support our publication through four numbers. Since we have issued a prospectus, *seven* have been added, making a grand total aggregate of *NINE*! Let us see. Nine times one dollar and fifty cents, is thirteen dollars and a half per annum. The expense of each number is about twelve dollars. Twelve times twenty-six is three hundred and twelve dollars a year. Bright and cheering prospects, really. It needs no very profound logic to discover that our profits would be all the wrong way. In the "beautiful" language of that "distinguished bard," "J. O. R." our affairs would "soar downwards." Here then we stop. Stick a crowbar there, neighbour. Mr. Public, we have done with you: we shake our fist at you—yes, you great lubberly old fellow, we shake our fist at you.

We now flourish our pen on the last editorial article that we shall ever indite. Perhaps the reader may respond—"for this and all other mercies we give thanks." But we care not. If necessary we will dig ditches for a living, or go on a missionary tour, but as for editing a paper—we have done with it—for ever. When we ever take up the editor's quill again, may our right hand forget its cunning. Let what will come we meddle not with it a second time. We had frequently read long and dolorous articles on the miseries of editorship, but always laughed at them, as merely written to make a paragraph; but in all the miserable dogs' lives that ever man thought of, there is no parallel to it.

NEWSPAPER POETRY.

A fair correspondent, says the New-York American, whose name is as a *star* to our readers, has certainly in very pretty and natural lines, told a tale, that all will read, and none, of course, believe—at least none of the sterner sex. We should be glad often to see this *planet* illuminating our world of types and paper.

MR. EDITOR—I send you the *newest words* to a favourite air. You can assure your readers that nothing personal is intended, for none will believe that a girl of seventeen can be found desirous to be married. I am sure I am not; and although I may sing thus—it's all a "*hum*," I assure you. *

The winds of March are humming
Their parting song—their parting song,
And summer's skies are coming,
And days grow long—and days grow long.
I watch, but not in gladness,
Our garden tree—our garden tree;
It buds, in sober sadness,
Too soon for me—too soon for me.
My second winter's over,
Alas! and I—a lass! and I
Have no accepted lover;
Don't ask me why—don't ask me why.

'Tis not asleep, or idle,
That love has been—that love has been—
For many a happy bridal
The year has seen—the year has seen.
I've done a bride's-maid duty
At three or four—at three or four;
My best bouquet had beauty;
Its donor more—its donor more.
My second winter's over,
Alas! and I—a lass! and I
Have no accepted lover;
Don't ask me why—don't ask me why.

His flowers my bosom shaded,
One sunny day—one sunny day.
The next, they fled, and faded,
Beau and bouquet—beau and bouquet.
In vain at balls and parties
I've thrown my net—I've thrown my net;
This waltzing, watching heart, is
Unchosen yet—unchosen yet.
My second winter's over,
Alas! and I—a lass! and I
Have no accepted lover;
Don't ask me why—don't ask me why.

They tell me there's no hurry
For hymen's ring—for hymen's ring,
And I'm too young to marry—
'Tis no such thing—'tis no such thing.
The next spring's tides will dash on
My eighteenth year—my eighteenth year;
It puts me in a passion—
O dear, O dear!—O dear, O dear!
My second winter's over,
Alas! and I—a lass! and I
Have no accepted lover;
Don't ask me why—don't ask me why.

PAINTERS, SCULPTORS, AND ARCHITECTS.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

MR. CUNNINGHAM is right to strike while the iron is hot, and it is with feelings of real pleasure that we record the publication of his second volume. Mr. Cunningham will not lose ground in this his second step, inasmuch as his second volume is fully more entertaining than his first.

With the characters of the artists whose lives are here recorded, we are most of us familiar. With their works many of us are well acquainted; and anecdotes of them or theirs sound to our ears as tales of persons and things with which we are, more or less, familiar. This is no slight "ground of vantage." In hearing a good story of a celebrated artist, one of whose pictures hangs in our dining-room, there is (to speak a truth) a three-fold interest. It adds a grace to the artist, to the picture, and, last, though not least, to the possessor, a matter not to be overlooked; and as some of the pictures or engravings of the artists recorded in the present volume belong or are well known to most of us, we suspect that they who have read Mr. Cunningham's first volume will read his second, and that they who have read neither may now, probably, read both.

It is time, however, to give our readers some insight as to the contents of the present volume. They comprise the memoirs of West, Barry, Blake, Opie, Morland, Bird, and Fuseli. To show the pleasant manner in which these several worthies are treated of, we must go to the book itself.

Of West, who, for a quaker and an American, was a good courtier, and his good-natured patron George the Third, Mr. Cunningham relates a pleasant anecdote:

"When the king grew weary of courts and camps and battles, the observing artist took new ground, and appealed to the religious feelings of his royal patron. He suggested to the king a series of pictures on the progress of revealed religion. A splendid oratory was projected for their reception, and half a dozen dignitaries of the church were summoned to consider the propriety of introducing paintings into a place of worship. 'When I reflect,' said the king, 'that the reformation condemned religious paintings in churches, and that the parliament in the unhappy days of King Charles I. did the same, I am fearful of introducing anything which my people may think improper. Will you give me your opinion on the subject?' After some deliberation Bishop Hurd delivered, in the name of his brethren and himself, their unanimous opinion that the introduction of religious paintings into his majesty's chapel would in no respect whatever violate the laws or usages of the church of England. 'We have examined, too,' continued Hurd, 'thirty-five subjects which the painter proposed for our choice, and we feel there is not one of them but may be treated in a way that even a quaker might contemplate with edification.' The king conceived this to be an ironical allusion to West, and was a little nettled. 'The quakers,' he replied, 'are a body of christians for whom I have a high respect; I love their peaceful tenets and their benevolence to one another, and but for the obligations of birth, I would be a quaker.' The bishop bowed and retired."

Of the violent and irascible Barry, Mr. Cunningham gives a favourable account, and pronounces him to be "the greatest enthusiast in art which England ever produced!"

One of the most interesting portions of the present volume is Mr. Cunningham's account of Blake, the artist and poet. Of this strangely constituted man it may be said that he had the power of acting rationally during the day, and going mad in the evening. He could keep for twelve hours on the windward side of the verge of insanity, and then walk deliberately over it. He was evidently afflicted with that disease of the nervous system which causes visual spectra to arise before the eye, and was without the knowledge or strength of mind to know his disease. He believed in his own visions, and painted portraits of the characters whose apparitions he thought he saw. This singular man was a poet of no mean order, and had he lived in times when poetry was less common or better appreciated, might have had his name and fame.

The following beautiful passages are quoted by Mr. Cunningham. They were written when he was under twenty, and occur in a dramatic poem, entitled *Edward the Third*. Explore the circle of English dramatic poetry, and it will be found difficult to surpass them; for, strange to relate, his youthful poetry, in which he might have been expected to be found wildest, seems to have been the most perfect and best considered of all he did, whether in authorship or painting.

Sir Walter Manny, on the eve of the battle of Cressy, is conversing with Sir Thomas Dagworth:

"O! Dagworth, France is sick. The very sky,
Though sunshine light, doth seem to me as pale
As is the fainting man on his death-bed,
Whose face is shown by light of one weak taper.
It makes me sad, and sick unto the heart—
Thousands must fall to day!"

Sir Thomas answers:

"Thousands of souls must leave this prison house
To be exalted to those heavenly fields
Where songs of triumph, psalms of victory—
Where peace, and joy, and love, and calm content—
Sit singing on the azure clouds, and strew
The flowers of heaven upon the banquet table.
Bind ardent hope upon your feet like shoes,
And put the robes of preparation on,
The table it is spread in shining heaven.
Let those who fight, fight in good steadfastness;
And those who fall shall rise to victory."

These poems are little known, and yet "the schoolmaster is abroad," forsooth! He has forgotten one of his implements.

Of the child of nature, Opie, Mr. Cunningham speaks much and well, though not more than enough. Opie studied nature; and as she ever does by those who worship her, she amply repaid him. Opie's pictures were drawn from nature, and from nature only, and the children which she owns *do not die*. His admirable portrait of Holcroft was in the exhibition of ancient masters, in this town, which closed the other day.

Of George Morland—that sad proof that the greatest talents may be united to the most debasing vices, we wish not to speak—he is *best* known by his works, and *well* by them only.

The last name in this volume is Fuseli. He was a "touchy, testy, pleasant fellow," a better scholar than a painter, and a greater wit than scholar, which is saying a great deal. He partook a little of the Barry school—and, to confess a truth, we prefer his fancy to his imagination—and would rather hear one of his keen, laconic witticisms, than see a whole gallery of his sprawling, impossible ideals. *Tyne Mercury.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Prince's Linnæan Botanic Garden.—This celebrated establishment, the most extensive in the United States, where are assiduously gathered together all the varieties and beauties of the vegetable world, is so well deserving of notice, that we think a short history of its progress will be interesting to our readers; especially at this season of the year, when the pleasant spring time is awakening the slumbering mysteries of Flora, and all kinds of horticultural employments become sources of pleasure.

We are pleased to observe the increasing taste for gardening pursuits; still there is a wide field open for improvement. Many of the villas and dwellings in the vicinity of New-York are utterly destitute of all floral advantages; and not a few exhibit great slovenliness and an indifference to exterior ornament. Nothing, we are persuaded, can impart so endearing a charm to a country residence, as a tasteful assortment of shrubs and flowers.

The horticultural society of this city has probably been productive of some benefit; but we think more might have been accomplished. Emulation is the grand principle in all these matters, and often obtains unhelped for excellence. Regular meetings and premiums for the best of every thing in its season, will call forth more wonders than hundreds of the most glowing descriptions. We have an endless variety of soil and climate, and here is a garden containing the choicest of all the fruits and flowers under the sun: of course we presume no other inducement can be necessary to those who are furnishing their gardens and pleasure grounds.

The Linnæan botanic garden was established about the middle of the last century, by William Prince, the father of the present proprietor, at a time when there were few or no establishments of the kind in this country. A nursery of considerable extent had been formed by his uncle, long previous; but it remained for his successor to establish it on a more regular and extended basis, by importations from foreign climes, and by a concentration of the various productions of our own country. His catalogues, published at that early period, comprised several hundred very choice species and varieties, and hence arose the first extensive fruit collection in America. Practical horticulture being at that day quite a novelty, his garden early attracted the notice of persons of taste and science, and from it were disseminated throughout Europe a large number of the vegetable productions of the western world. The location may, on all accounts be considered the most eligible in the United States; with a proximity to the ocean on the one side, and to the East River on the other, and a free and open exposure on all points, accompanied by the particular advantage of being at the same time so far north as to acclimatize the trees to any still more northern section of our country; which circumstances united, are calculated to give to them a great degree of hardihood, and consequently to render them extremely eligible for a removal to other localities, or to support the rigour of less favoured regions; and trees thus hardened by nature, are also found to succeed best in the southern states.

The venerable founder, after having acquired for his garden an extensive fame, died in the year 1802, at an advanced age, leaving his son in the possession of his collection; who has, at a great expense, imported from almost every country in Europe, from South-America and the Indies, and also from Asia and Africa, such trees and plants as were best calculated to improve and ornament the orchard, the garden, and the greenhouse.

This botanic garden, and the nurseries attached thereto, now cover an extent of upwards of forty acres, and contain about ten thousand species and varieties of trees and plants, and from being the most extensive in America, and forming the source for distribution annually of thousands of exotic and native productions to every section of the Union, and to every part of the world, and also being founded on a much more permanent basis than generally attends establishments of the kind, have justly been considered as a national institution. The greenhouse department is on a very enlarged scale, and comprises six very extensive hot-houses, the whole containing from twenty to thirty thousand plants in pots. The number of gardeners employed throughout the summer season averages rather less than forty, but at some periods has exceeded that number. In England, their most extensive nurseries have a large portion of their grounds occupied in rearing seedling forest trees for timber plantations, which culture consequently renders a great space of ground and much labour necessary there, for what would here be deemed absolutely useless. At the period at which this garden was commenced, few of the finer fruits of Europe had yet found their

way to America, and no person had paid any attention to the amelioration or improvement of such as our own country afforded; but, at the present time, we have not only by far the greater part of the most celebrated fruits of Europe and Asia, but can also boast the origin of many which rival those of the old world, and which are sought after with avidity by the inhabitants of the eastern hemisphere, and are considered by them as valuable acquisitions to their already great collections. Visitors are allowed free access to the garden on all days except Sunday, and scientific gentlemen forming herbaria are presented with fresh specimens of different plants.

At the head of Flushing Bay lies a wide expanse of meadows, around which arises an amphitheatre of gently undulating hills. On one of these stands the village of Flushing, and here the Linnæan garden is situated, at a distance of three miles from the Sound or East River, and nine from the city of New-York.

There is a constant intercourse by steamboats during the summer, and by stage in winter; but we understand it is in contemplation to establish a steam-boat line which will run uninterruptedly.

Life of Paul Jones.—Jenette Taylor, the niece of John Paul Jones, proposes to publish the memoir of that celebrated individual. From the prospectus before us, we are inclined to believe that this will be an interesting work, and if the fair publisher redeems her promise, she will deserve much of the American public. A full and authentic biography of this naval hero has long been a desideratum. Too much obscurity has been suffered to rest upon his name, and we are glad that it is about to be dispelled. By those who, like us, have listened in the nursery to the vague tales of his "ocean wanderings," replete with the spirit of romance and fierce daring, we fear that his character is not rightly estimated. Tradition is not scrupulous with regard to facts, and our conclusions from it may consequently be erroneous; but now that the action and the aim are to be set before the world from his own manuscripts, we are inclined to believe that not only ourselves, but posterity will assign him a high place among our revolutionary champions. The following, gathered from the prospectus of Mrs. Taylor, will explain more fully the object of the contemplated publication.

"The name of Paul Jones is associated with the earliest history of the American navy. He was the man who first unfurled the American flag on board a ship of war. His gallant conduct as a naval officer in the service of the United States, during the revolutionary struggle, has rendered his reputation and his fame the property of the American public. Of personal and professional reputation, no man was more jealous—and though guarded in both by the most honourable attestations of congress and of the king of France, as well as by the united public voice of continental Europe, and the United States, he had the fortune to be abundantly slandered while living; and his character and history seem to be imperfectly understood at the present day. A mutilated account of him was published a few years since in America, and more recently, some limited extracts have appeared from his manuscripts in England, connected by the remarks and comments of an English editor. The journals kept by Commodore Jones, from the time of entering the naval service of the United States to the close of the revolutionary war, and afterwards, during his services under Catharine II. of Russia, are full and interesting; at the same time his correspondence with congress, with the French ministry, and with many of the most distinguished men in the United States and in Europe, was extensive, and has been carefully preserved with his papers. Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Jay, Franklin, Morris, La Fayette, &c. were among his most intimate correspondents. His manuscripts not only exhibit in bold relief his own character, but develop much of the true history and spirit of the interesting times in which he lived. His near relatives feel it due to the people of the United States, as well as to the memory of one of their earliest and most distinguished naval heroes, to publish an authenticated memoir of his life. Paul Jones, from his first entrance into the American service, was denounced in England as a pirate, and it is to defend his memory against this, and other calumnies, that the publisher now visits the United States with all his journals and correspondence. It is not too much to say that the character of the man, and the eventful period in which he lived, cannot fail to give the volume interest. That it may have as much as circumstances will permit, all the materials are committed to the hands of a distinguished literary gentleman, who is pledged to prepare the work for the press as early as may be, consistent with a faithful execution of his task."

The work will be comprised in a single octavo volume of about five hundred pages.

Conjugal affection.—Among the numerous instances of the excess to which this celestial passion can be carried, that of the fair Arria's death is not the least conspicuous in ancient history. Her husband, Coecina Poetus, a man of consular dignity in Rome, and her son, a very amiable and promising youth, were both seized at the same time with a very dangerous disorder. The son died, but the affectionate mother and wife concealed the distressing event from her sick husband, the youth's father; and, whenever she appeared in his presence, assumed a cheerful countenance, and answered his inquiries respecting the deceased with so much composure and serenity, that she even prevented the suspicion of his death.

When her husband was apprehended, in consequence of having joined Scribonianus in a rebellion against the emperor Claudius, and was conveyed by sea to Rome, Arria wished to accompany him in the same vessel; but being refused, she hired a fishing-boat and followed him. Having arrived at Rome, she determined to die with Poetus; and to the remonstrance of her son-in-law, Thræsea, who asked her, "Would you wish that your daughter should accompany me, if I were to die?" she replied, "Yes, provided she had lived so long and so happy with you as I have lived with Poetus." To those who watched her, and who endeavoured to divert the execution of her purpose, she said, "You may make my death more painful, but cannot prevent it;" and dashing her head against the wall, fell senseless to the ground. Upon her recovery, she calmly said, "I told you that I would find a difficult road to death, if you hindered me from obtaining an easy one."

When Poetus was ordered to destroy himself, Arria, perceiving his hesitation, plunged a dagger in her breast and then presented it, covered with blood, to her husband, exclaiming, in words celebrated by the ancients, (who did not entertain that horror of suicide which christians have derived from better principles) "Poetus, it is not painful!"

Martial's epigram on this subject is well known, but it is remarkable that he has given an ingenious turn to the speech, which injures its noble simplicity:

Castæ suo gladium cum traderet Arria Poeto,
Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis;
Si qua sides, vulnus, quod feci, non dolet, inquit,
Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Poeta, dolet.

When Arria pulled the dagger from her side,
Thus to her consort spoke the illustrious bride:
"The wound I gave myself I do not grieve;
I die by that which Poetus must receive."

We know not whether this story has ever been dramatised, but we think it affords a subject for the stage.

Singular and plural.—We sincerely wish that some of our erudite correspondents would enlighten us a little on the following subject. It is doubtless well known that there are only seven nouns in the English language ending with *aff*; viz. gaff, graff, staff, distaff, tipstaff, whipstaff, and quarterstaff. Now all these, we believe, if analogy be consulted, ought to form their plurals alike, and their pronunciation ought to be the same. But none of the lexicographers which we have consulted, give any directions on the subject, except as regards the word *staff*, which, they say, becomes *staves*, (rhyming with *waves*) in the plural. But is it also proper to say, "every sloop and schooner ought to be provided with several extra *gâres*?" and if speaking of more than one *graff*, (a ditch or moat) must we call them *grâves*? and follow the same rule with respect to the words *distaff*, *whipstaff*, and *tipstaff*? Why not form the plural of each by simply adding an *s*? or if it be necessary to change the *ff* to *v*, why not pronounce the word so as to rhyme with *halves* and *calves*? There is such a noun as *stave*, belonging to a barrel, &c. Although Doctor Johnson might have been ignorant of the circumstance, Webster gives it, and the plural is undoubtedly *staves*. But these things are not *walking-sticks*! Why should not the plural of *staff* (a walking-stick) rhyme with *gaffs*, he *quaffs*, and he *graffs*, or he *laughs*? But if *v* be necessary in the plural, why should we not so pronounce it as to rhyme with *calves* and *halves*? We ask for information.

Enigma in our last.—We have received several solutions to the enigma in our last number, both in verse and prose, some of which are very good things; but as the shortest of them would occupy more room than we find it convenient to spare, we hope the reader will accept of the solution in one word—*Constantinople*.

To correspondents.—"An Inquirer" is informed that the productions of our correspondents F. and C. appear exclusively in the columns of this periodical. The gentlemen who have adopted these signatures are regular correspondents of the Mirror; and we are authorised to state, that they have not written, nor do they intend to write for any other American journal.

LOVE'S RITONELLA.

AS SUNG BY MR. SIMPSON, WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE, IN THE POPULAR DRAMA OF THE BRIGAND—MUSIC BY T. COOKE.

ALLEGRETTO.

“Gen - tle Zi - tel - la, whi - ther a - way? Love's ri - to - nel - la, List while I play.” “No, I have lin - ger'd too long on my road,

Night is ad - vanc - ing, the bri - gand's a - broad; Lone - ly Zi - tel - la hath too much to fear, Love's ri - to - nel - la she may not hear.”

3d—“Charming Zitella, why should'st thou care,
Night is not darker than thy raven hair,
And those bright eyes if the brigand should see

Thou art the robber, the captive is he;
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear,
Love's ritonella tarry and hear.

3d—“Simple Zitella, beware, ah beware,
List ye no ditty, grant ye no prayer,
To your light footsteps let terror add wings,

’Tis Massaroni himself who now sings;
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear,
Love's ritonella tarry and hear.”

VARIETIES.

COURT AND CAMP OF BONAPARTE.—The following are extracts from the “Court and Camp of Bonaparte,” which forms the eighth number of the “Family Library,” and consists of brief memoirs of Napoleon's wives, brothers, sisters, &c. Of Lucien it is said:

His style of living was most frugal; a circumstance that, considering his immense riches, occasions some surprise. A friend one day ventured to ask him the cause, and his answer is remarkable for its prophetic spirit: “How do you know that I may not ere long have four or five kings to support?”

“Jerome,” said Napoleon one day, “they say the majesty of kings is stamped on the brow! you may travel incognito to doomsday without being recognised!”

During a heavy cannonade, Bonaparte, having occasion to dictate a despatch, inquired if any one near him could write. Junot stepped out of the ranks, and while penning the despatch, a shot struck the ground close by his side, and covered both with dust. “This is fortunate, sir,” observed the grenadier, laughing, “I was in want of sand.” “You are a brave fellow,” said Bonaparte, “how can I serve you?” “Give me promotion, I will not disgrace it!” He was immediately made a sergeant.

Lefebvre had an estate at Combaut, in the department of the Seine-et-Marne. In an apartment of his mansion there was a chest, at least twenty feet long, the contents of which many visitors were anxious to see. One day the dutchess opened it, in the presence of a female friend: it was found to contain all the successive garments which she and her husband had worn since their marriage. The oldest were coarse plain habits; the more recent ones bore the insignia of ducal rank. “My husband and I,” said the lady, “have taken pleasure in preserving these garments; there is no harm in looking on them from time to time; people should not forget what their history has been.”

AN EXTRACT.—“Few things in this weary world are so delightful as keepsakes! Nor do they ever, to my heart at least, nor to my eye, lose their tender—their powerful charm! How slight, how small, how tiny a memorial, saves a beloved one from oblivion—worn on the finger, or close to the heart! especially if they be dead! No thought is so insupportable as that of entire, total, blank forgetfulness—when the creature that once laughed, and sang, and wept to us, close to our side, or in our very arms, is as if her smiles, her voice, her tears, her kisses had never been. She and them all swallowed up in the dark nothingness of the dust!

Of all keepsakes, memorials, relics,—most dearly, most devoutly do I love a little lock of hair!—and oh! when the head that beautified it has long mouldered in the dust, how spiritual seems the undying glossiness of the sole remaining ringlet! All else gone to nothing—save and except that soft, smooth, burnished and glorious fragment of the apprelling that once hung in clouds and sunshine over an angel's brow! Ay, a lock of hair is far better than any picture—it is a part of the beloved object herself: it belonged to the tresses that often, long—long ago, may have all been suddenly dishevelled, like a shower of sunbeams, over your beating breast! But now solemn thoughts sadden the beauty once so bright—so refulgent: the longer you gaze on it, the more and more pensive grows the expression of the holy relic—it seems to say, almost upbraidingly, ‘Weep'st thou no more for me? and then indeed, a tear, true to the imperishable affection in which all nature once seemed to rejoice, bears witness, that the object towards which it yearned is no more forgotten, now that she has been dead for so many, many long, weary days, months, years—than she was forgotten during one hour of absence, that came like a passing cloud between us and the sunshine of her living—her loving smiles!’

JOHN BULL'S GULLIBILITY.—The most extraordinary instance perhaps on record of the gullibility of Londoners, is to be found in the story of the bottle conjuror. A fellow gave out that he would creep into a quart bottle. The feat was to be performed on a public theatre, without trick or slight, in an honest *bona fide* way. It might have been supposed that the extravagance of the absurdity would create a laugh; but in what country under heaven could such a proposal have been taken in earnest? Long before the hour of the curtain's rising the house was crammed to suffocation. At length the hoaxer made his appearance. Every eye was opened, every mouth was shut. “Ladies and gentlemen,” said the wag, “I have searched all the taverns in London for a quart bottle, but to no purpose; however, to console you for your disappointment, if you'll come back to-morrow night, I'll go into a pint bottle.” The fellow, of course, bolted immediately on finishing his address; and the audience, instead of laughing at themselves and one another, actually destroyed the whole of the interior of the theatre, because a man, about five feet ten in his stockings, had promised them that he would creep into a quart bottle, and had not kept his word!

PAGANINI THE MUSICIAN.—At a *table d'hôte* in Germany, the conversation happened lately to turn on the subject of Paganini's musical skill. An individual who was present laid a wager that at a concert to be given that very evening, the

celebrated performer would be completely nonplussed by the substitution of another instrument in place of that on which he usually played. The wager being accepted, the better contrived to exchange Paganini's violin for a cracked fiddle. Just as the concert was about to commence, the musician discovered the trick, and without losing his self-possession, he thus addressed his audience:—“Ladies and gentlemen, I perceive that my violin has been changed for another; the art, however, is not in the wood, but in me!” He then commenced playing, and drew forth from the wretched instrument the most ravishing sounds that had ever delighted the ears of his audience. The bet was lost; but the better had disappeared, and with him Paganini's violin.

BARRY THE PAINTER.—A young lady from the north, of great beauty and wit, went to take a look at Barry's painting of elysium. She looked earnestly for a while, and said to Mr. Barry, “The ladies have not yet arrived in this paradise of yours.” “O, but they have, madam,” said the painter with a smile; “they reached elysium some time ago; but I could find no place so fit for creatures so bright and beautiful as behind yon very luminous cloud—they are there, and very happy, I assure you.”

LAMP GLASSES.—A very simple but effective precaution is employed in Paris, to prevent the breaking of lamp glasses by the sudden application of heat. Before they are used, a glazier cuts or scratches the base of the glass with a diamond, and afterwards sudden heat may be applied without danger.

PERCUSSION GUNS.—An experiment is to be very shortly tried at Woolwich, to fire ship guns by percussion.

MARRIAGE TABLE.—Mr. Finkelson has made out a table, and published it in the London papers, showing to a very fraction what a woman's chances of marriage are for every year of her life. Of one thousand married women, taken without selection, it is found that the number married at each age is as below:

Age.	Chances.	Age.	Chances.	Age.	Chances.
14 to 15.....	32	24 to 25.....	102	34 to 35.....	8
16 to 17.....	101	26 to 27.....	60	36 to 37.....	2
18 to 19.....	219	28 to 29.....	45	38 to 39.....	1
20 to 21.....	233	30 to 31.....	18		
22 to 23.....	165	32 to 33.....	14		1000

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES,

Written after reading Miss Brager's Anne Boleyn.

Sure sat within that dismal tower, and leaning on her hand,
Watched the departing sun go down, and gazed o'er that fair land;
Like it, she too was beautiful, and in her spring's soft bloom,
To-morrow, and that setting sun must look upon her tomb!

Oh, dreadful is the thought of death! the ceasing of our life!
How with our every feeling it's eternally at strife!
Yet was she calm, to outward show, and, musing o'er her fate,
Recalled once more to memory her former high estate.

She thought how long, how ardently the king for her had strove;
With what impassioned words and looks he tried to win her love;
How oft escaped from regal pomp, all joyfully he flew
Towards her father's peaceful halls, to seek her and to woo!

She thought too of her plighted troth, to brave Northumberland,
And how their mutual vow was riven by Henry's stern command;
Perchance affection's latent spark still lingered in her heart!
For it had cost her many a pang with Percy's love to part!

The youthful Percy! what a host of pleasure and of woes
With that well-remembered name upon her mind arose;
The sweet exchange of tender words, the walk, the smile, the kiss,
And those the hush awakening from that bright dream of bliss!

And memory brought again to view that noble, gorgeous scene,
In which conspicuously she shone a beauty and a queen!
Ay, in this very tower she sat, but three short years before,
While a whole nation round her came to gaze, and to adore!

The change, the change—alone, condemn'd, to-morrow she must bleed,
Imperious in his love and will, the king hath thus decreed;
Another maiden young and fair has charmed her husband's eye—
Jane Seymour must become his bride, and Ann Boleyn must die!

But oh! with crime's most horrid stamp, to sully her high fame,
And give to her, the noble! prond! a vile and guilty name!
She almost sank—but she had vowed to bear unto the end;
And tho' her strength had well nigh fail'd, her features did not bend!

But softer feelings now came o'er that tried and conquering breast—
Her parents in their tenderness—now with dark wo oppress!
Could she behold them yet once more!—but, no! it must not be—
The king has willed—a kindred face she ne'er again shall see!

And then, her child no more to clasp!—her fixed resolve is broke!
And in that groan so fearful, deep, a mother's anguish spoke!
The mad'ning thought at once has roused—in piercing accents wild,
With streaming eyes and tortured soul, she cries, my child! my child!

'Tis past! no more shall grief assail that pure and noble heart;
In earthly feelings, from this time, she has no lot or part!
To God she turns, a refuge sure, from fears, or grief, or hate,
And calmly waits the coming morn, to yield her to her fate! ISABEL.

STANZAS.*

The sun had sunk in darkness to his sleep
Mid shadowy forests towards the distant west,
And not a star had lit its taper beams,
To watch the day-god's cloud-encircled couch;
While still the moon, forgetful of her task
To reign in beauty o'er the shrouded world,
Dreamily slumbered with her Letman love.
The winds had died amid the sultry air,
Eurus, and zephyr, and the sweet south-west,
All fainting died beneath the summer's glow;
And all around that forest-cinctured vale,
The drooping leaves hung dewless from their boughs,
Like train-band banners at an August noon,
Or silent fell into the pebbly bed
Of vanished streams that murmured now no more.
The woodland minstrels waved their wings for breath,
Then fluttering gasped and toppled from their perch;
And cattle panted in the withered fields,
With sides that like a stithy's bellows played;
While men lay tossing on their restless couch,
Bedrenched with dews of perspiration vast,
Dreaming of torrid temperatures, perchance,
Or Etna's flames, or stygian Phlegethon.
Dead silence awed the world, save now and then
A groan of smothered thunder died away,
Amid the blackness of the sulphurous gloom,
That shrouded midnight in its murky folds.
But now within that sleeping vale arose,
Upon the stifled air, a rattling din,
A rude and stunning olio of sound,
Harsh as a host of braziers ever rung
Upon an empty caldron's groaning sides.
It seemed as screaming discord had broke loose
With all her scannell goblins at her heels,
To serenade that haggard hag, the night,
With mingled bruit of gong and rebec crack'd,
And gibbering note of unproportioned tongues.
Onward it rolled—that pandemonian sound—

* Tradition says that some fifty years since, during an August night of a very hot summer, the frogs of a "dried-up" pond in the vicinity of a hamlet in Connecticut, migrated en masse for a "better shore"—a thing, by the way, not particularly uncommon among the bipeds of that goodly commonwealth—and that the din which attended this evocational movement, falling at midnight

"On many a conscious ill at ease,
Brought its scared victim to his knees,"

under the impression that the last trumpet was actually sounding.

If sound it might be called that passed all note
Of sound erst heard beneath the babbling spheres;
Till Echo, frightened in her hollow cell,
Shrieking expired at her own mimic cries.
Minim or quaver, breve or semibreve,
Minor, or alt, or octave, had it none;
Or rather all it had, all notes and times,
And tones, save *naturale*, flats, sharps, shakes, swells,
Lentos, and prestos, and fortissimos—
All touched at once upon a different key,
Untimed, untuned, and unconcerted all.
Still on it rolled, whilst from the startled roost
The poaching owl swept booming with affright,
To his dark cloister in the time-worn oak;
The fox stole trembling to his hidden hole;
And e'en the house-dog at his master's door,
A stern and faithful sentinel, dared not growl.
Men shuddering broke from sleep at that wild cry,
Deeming the day of reckoning was at hand,
And making genuflections low, with tears,
Whispered quick prayers between their blanched lips.
But morning came anon, and finding now
That death had not presented his subpoena,
They ventured forth, with cautious steps and slow,
To learn the wherefore of the dire alarm;
When lo! within the hamlet's bordering fields,
Ten thousand times ten thousand husky frogs,
Whom tipping Sol had drank from house and home,
Marshaled in thick array, hopped croaking on,
With visage sad, and dolorous lament,
To seek a better, more congenial clime,
In some dank marsh, or pool, or coolly pond,
Where summer's heat should parch their pipes no more,
Nor burn to bronze their sky-set brows sublime.

PROTEUS.

THE DUELLIST.

Ask of the wasting heart that lies
Beneath the pressure of the sod;
Ask of the soul, that through the skies
Rushed, unannounced, up to God!
Ask these—of honour's boasted fame,
The blended bay and cypress wreath;
What is the glory of their name
When withering on the brow of death!

Ask of the mourners, gathering round
The gory victim's place of rest;
In grief's all-shadowy durance bound,
While labouring anguish thrills the breast;
Ask ye of them, what balm can pour
Its soothing influence midst the throng,
Whose earthly hopes can bloom no more,
As sweeps life's sullen tide along!

But yesterday! and on the brow
Of a familiar friend there played
The smile of feeling's ardent glow,
Untouched by sadness or by shade:
His heart beat lightly in the spell
Of opening manhood's reckless glee;
He sought the field—"and fighting, fell,"—
Death claimed his own—and where is he?

Late have I seen him in the hall
Where pleasure's orgies all were kept;
Where shone youth's flowery coronal,
Where cares were hushed, and sorrows slept:
With friends around him in the dance,
And sisters in the glow of youth,
Rich in young life's inheritance,
And stirred by dreams he fancied truth!

But passion which he roused not, came
To dim the glory of his eye;
And for the phantom of a name,
False honour's field he sought—to die!
With kind affections in his breast,
That cowered beneath uprising pride,
He sunk, untimely, to his rest;
Loved and lamented—thus he died!

And friendship hath no voice to call
Back to her arms that faded one;
He sleeps in death's low silent hall,
In dust—in darkness—and alone!
But the soul's fate that passed away
Through the void ether—who may tell?
'Tis mystery all—a clouded ray—
Thou lost and loved—farewell—farewell!

Philadelphia, April, 1830.

W. G. O.

TIME.

'Twixt promised joys the wheel of time moves slow,
The hour-glass' ebbing sands scarce seem to flow;
But ah! when once attained, how swiftly steal
The bright sands onward, and revolves the wheel!

POPULAR TALES.

CONFESSIONS OF A SUSPICIOUS GENTLEMAN.

BY LORD NUGENT.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE SECOND.

In this state of mind, having determined to make myself utterly miserable, I had not rightly determined how to set about it, when I obtained the assistance of a neighbouring lady. She wrought not her mischief in the ordinary vocation of her sex—she was not a coquette; nor was she of an age to do any mischief at first sight. She was not malicious, like some, nor jealous like most. But yet she was one of a tolerably large class of mischievous persons. She was one of those who, from the most amiable desire to be agreeable and useful in the world, make all people's affairs their own; who delight in getting hold of a story, and usually get hold of it by its wrong in preference to its right end; then benevolently impart their hold of this wrong end to the very person whose happiness is the most likely to be involved in the distinction between the right and the wrong, and have accordingly often to lament the becoming the "innocent cause" of some sad piece of work. She was a gossip; this was her only folly—a great one. My much greater was the eagerly accepting from her that fruit of knowledge which it was the first vice of greedy man to devour upon the offer of communicative woman.

I would not that he who loves his wealth should gamble with sharpers, nor that he who values his life should drink with braves. But with a far deeper dread let the suspicious man censure all converse with a well-meaning gossip!

This lady, from a desire to set me on yet better terms with my wife, was kind enough to hint that Lady Anne had, for my sake, refused an alliance with a younger and a richer man than myself. The name only, from motives of delicacy, she postponed. And thus, though her love of imparting all was quite as strong as mine of hearing all she could impart, was I kept feeding, unsatisfied still, and my hunger increasing, on the stimulating food of vague and incomplete information. At length, after extorting the strictest promises of secrecy, she confessed that my unsuccessful rival was Sir Felix ———. That he had proposed soon after I had been accepted; that he had been rejected, but not with severity; that, on the contrary, as Lady Anne considered his proposal a strictly honourable one, she had allowed him afterwards to write to her; that she had, in her turn, behaved with a most commendable discretion, for that, to prevent any unpleasant feeling between us, she always retired from company to read his letters; that the difficulty which, up to the last moment, she had to struggle with from his importunities was shown by her having, early on the very morning of her marriage, given him a letter, which he kissed, and not only it but the hand which gave it; and that she was not insensible to the pain it had been her duty to inflict, for she at the same time wiped a tear from her eye with the very handkerchief which, an hour after, performed the same office at the altar. "I do not repeat a word that I cannot swear to," said my kind informant, "all these particulars I had from my own maid, who is cousin to Sir Felix's groom's wife, who lives in Sir Felix's own house." Horror, upon horror! I gave full belief to a gossip, a groom, and a groom's wife, and her cousin who was the gossip's own maid; and then entered judgment on the whole, first against the affection, and then against the honour, of my wife!

To bring to open proof what is unproveable, because untrue, is a very desperate undertaking, though in the affairs of life a very ordinary one; and, in the eagerness of this pursuit, I quite forgot that my success would be my shame. But, though I failed of the proof, I ensured the dishonour. I assumed different disguises in which I daily watched Lady Anne. I wrote her anonymous letters, in the style in which I fancied Sir Felix might address her. I hid myself to observe the effect they would produce. I have seen her countenance mark surprise and anger, as she committed them, half perused, to the flames. I have seen her weep, when, as she believed, she was alone; and still I deemed that her tears were faithless to my honour and her own, and that, if amid those tears she thought of me, it was only that she wept over my vigilance which deprived her of the society of her lover. Do not detest me, reader, more than is my due. I felt my own

baseness to the quick. My conscience told me I deserved her hate, and assured me that I had obtained it. Yet I went on. Our home was no happy one; and she never dissembled her readiness to meet my proposal to her to live more in the crowd and bustle of the world. This proposal of mine was in the hope of throwing her into habits of unguardedness; her quick concurrence in it I attributed to the hope, in her, of more frequent occasions of meeting Sir Felix. I saw them meet, with demonstrations of a pleasure which they never strove to hide. Often would she quit my arm for his, and sometimes (I still think) an indifferent person might have traced in their manner the appearance of something like an intelligence between them to which I was not a party. I ask not for sympathy; but still if there be a state of human suffering singly more exquisite than all the rest in which unhappy man may writhe, it is when a jealous heart sees the object of its pride occupied in ministering to the affections or vanities of another. I have said I was incapable of love. I sometimes doubt it. I know that I have been the prey of jealousy; and whether the one can exist without the other, I leave to such metaphysicians as may think that question a profitable one to discuss.

I was subject to nervous attacks. One evening I was particularly indisposed; I complained of feverishness and thirst. Lady Anne had promised to spend an hour or two from home with a sick friend; but she wished to excuse herself and stay with me. I peevishly refused to permit her to defer the engagement. I thought her concern for me affected, and it disgusted and angered me. At length, when by my command she left me, she placed on the table by my elbow a jug of lemonade. Shortly after her departure I took a large draught of it—my thirst and restlessness increasing, I returned to my jug. I was seized with giddiness. Oh, was it possible!—Yes! Such things have been! The horrid thought struck me, that aversion and revenge had done their work—that I was poisoned—and by my own wife! I rang the bell violently, communicated to all my servants the strong probability of their mistress being an assassin, and sent off three of them instantly in different directions: one for a police-officer, one for a doctor, and one for a stomach-pump.

Lady Anne returned in the midst of the scene that ensued, having shortened her visit to attend on me. The stomach-pump had just done its work, in its own rough and summary way, and the doctor was, by my particular desire, engaged in an active chemical analysis of the proceeds. I was sitting in great anxiety to hear by what preparation of vegetable or mineral mischief my life had been attempted. No trace of poison could the doctor find in what had been made to rise in judgment; and now did he endeavour to calm me into admitting the persuasion that is was only the excitement of the mind acting upon those sensitive sympathizers in all the mental distresses of man, the biliary organs. Pooh! And was it thus I was to be defrauded of my hopes of proving myself a murdered man? I had never, for a moment, lost sight of the vessel that contained the residue of the lemonade. I now desired the doctor to transfer his attention to the jug, and promised him a deposit of arsenic at the bottom. My wife had hitherto sat, not an unmoved but a resolute and indignant spectator of all this strange performance. At this moment she seized, with a strong and sudden effort, the jug which was already in the doctor's hands. I thought she would dash it to the ground, and shrieked out to all to rescue it from her grasp; but she had swallowed every drop that remained! She quietly and silently resumed her seat! What could I think? One moment conscience told me I had wronged her, and immortalized the proofs of my madness before competent witnesses; but at the next, I concluded that the certainty of detection and punishment had impelled her to the horrible resolution of adding suicide to an attempt at murder. Surprise, anxiety, and the exhaustion of the mechanical process my stomach had undergone, had made me incapable of exertion. My situation was deplorable. The doctor departed, shrugging his shoulders; my servants with difficulty smothered their laughter; and my wife sat bolt upright, and neither sickened nor swooned. A fearful languor stole over my senses; I thought I was dying. I remember no more. It seems a deep sleep came over me, and I was carried to bed.

Late next day I awoke to a full sense of all that had passed, together with a confounding consciousness of perfect health. I intended to sneak out of the house unobserved, but, on my opening my door, I was presented with a letter. It was from Lady Anne. In a tone of remonstrance so dignified and so deserved, that it left me without a word or thought in my defence, she told me that we must part—not for her character's sake only, but for my own repose. She left the choice of the

place of her retirement to me. She said she had quitted my house as soon as the disgraceful scene of the former night had closed, and had gone to that of her sick friend, where she should remain until I should have determined on her future plans, but declared that nothing could induce her ever again to see a husband who had so cruelly repaid her blameless conduct. She ended with an earnest, an affectionate prayer to me to strive, for my own happiness and credit, to conquer my most unhappy fault, which had led to such an insult as alone could have driven her from my side.

I was abashed. But, before I could believe her thoroughly in the right, I resolved to have one more peep. I shall surprise the reader when I say that now I really saw the eternal Sir Felix go stealthily to the house of Lady Anne's sick friend. I saw him let in and out with every sign of caution. He used to go there unattended, and generally at twilight, wrapped in one of those hideous cloaks which have lately been introduced into fashion, with many other filthy serenading habits from foreign parts. Was I now justified in fearing that all was not quite right? I felt certain that all was quite wrong; and I only waited for the chance of such a disclosure as might effectually rid me of the shackles and dangers of the marriage bond. These hopes were delayed by the departure of Lady Anne from London. She had, through her lawyer, repeatedly urged me to choose a residence for her; but, in furtherance of my project, I had left these applications without a reply. I thought I had every reason to resent the step she had now taken. In my phrenzy I protested against her having moved without my knowledge and permission. But, where was Sir Felix? He had gone abroad. Now all was clear to me. While he was in London, Lady Anne had been content to remain with her friend; and it was upon his quitting England (tired no doubt of her and of her affection) that she had taken the sudden resolution of leaving a town which had ceased to contain her lover, and that did contain her husband. She was now where, unmolested, she could mourn over his absence and his inconstancy!

For myself, I was again alone in the world; my years, my infirmities increasing. I began too to perceive, with a sensitiveness which a disposition like mine was calculated to sharpen, that the world, after having at first made some show in my favour, had now withdrawn its sympathy; and that many a tale of my forepast follies was rising again in judgment, much to my disparagement in my present condition. I had no immediate hopes of the success of my favourite scheme; for month after month elapsed, and it appeared as though Sir Felix had resolved to return no more. To shake, if possible, this resolution of his, now so fatal to my hopes, and to deceive Lady Anne into a false security, I feigned preparations for going abroad, and put my departure in the papers. But I quitted not London; I changed my way of life, and taking lodgings in the healthy and retired neighbourhood of the Edgeware road, I there concealed myself under a feigned name, and the assumed character of a bachelor. My landlady, who represented herself as an officer's widow, a conversable and comely body, soon became to me a woman after my own heart. She would make my tea, and render my evenings agreeable with stories of her departed husband. She confessed over our cups that she had not lived happily with him, and she assured me of her determination never again to marry. She was the first single woman I had ever known who I was quite sure had no designs, however remote, upon my person. For she thought me poor. I used, for several days together, to leave my lodgings, without any account of my actions being given or required. Thus I had at last discovered a manner of woman and of life which suited me. In one of my old disguises I used to prow about the neighbourhood of the cottage that contained my unhappy wife. I used, unobserved, to see her frequently. Ever alone—ever melancholy—and sinking under a decay of health and beauty which I am willing to hope might have awakened tenderness even in me, had I not attributed it, wretch as I was, to any but the innocent and virtuous grief that was consuming her.

Yet this life was idle and uneventful; and an idle and uneventful life leaves a man's head and heart open to strange fancies. It left me, now, in my age, and for the first time, to fancy myself in love. Can the reader doubt with whom? If he does, he has never lived in single gentleman's lodgings, with a comely communicative landlady, who makes his tea, who flatters his vanity by confiding to him her causes of discontent with her departed husband, and lulls his suspicions by imparting her determination to marry no more. I laid the whole plan of the drama; Lady Anne's part of the performance I considered nearly as good as settled. I should obtain my divorce. My widow would be kind when assisted by the charms of my strong box, (*les beaux yeux de ma cassette*), I should

open it and my heart to her together. Fortune too seemed at length to favour the completion of my design, for I read in the papers of Sir Felix's return.

I had but one doubt which hung behind to perplex me. Would my widow, would any woman, be tender and true enough to cleave to me still, when, by accident or illness, as I should decline in years, I might become incapable of acting profitably for myself? Judging by her tenderness to a sickly, stupid, abusive, superannuated parrot, whom she cherished, she was capable, I thought, of constant disinterested love. But I determined on a trial. I resolved to sham illness, and to watch her use of the brief authority with which I should thus be able to invest her. The very next night I rang her up from her bed. My usual spare and anxious countenance, aided in its lamentable expression by a night-cap, well arranged to assist the deception, and by a beard which had been purposely neglected, was not at variance with my story. She proposed a doctor. No, said I, doctors were expensive, and I was an old man, and might, I hoped, be allowed to die in peace, my own way. She exerted her own small knowledge of medicine in my behalf. I took all she gave me, the better to colour my design. I acted the part of a sick man not to the life only—I proceeded to act it to the death. Her behaviour had been charming, for several days—all attention, all kindness—and I now only wished to satisfy myself if she would show a little, a very little, sorrow, at the advances of my dissolution. I was just proceeding prosperously to the last scene, when she went out for an instant, as she said, to speak with a person on business. She had left the door a jar between the rooms, and I could distinctly hear her as she discoursed with a gruff-voiced man, to the following effect:

Man—Well mistress, is the old gentleman ready?

Landlady—Not quite, Jem; you must come back in the evening.

Man—That's impossible. I have to go beyond White-chapel for an old lady who must be pretty well dead by this time; and I have got a sack that will hold 'em both. And I'd words with my employer about the last bargain not being as fresh as might be, so that I shouldn't object if the old gentleman *did* stir a little in the sack after I get him to Mr. Mangless's house.

Landlady—Well, I don't know—he is all but gone—and it's dangerous to keep such things long in an honest lodging, now the cry is up about them. Remember, I must have half what's given. If you should do me out of a penny, I'll split—so, come, give us the sack!

To spring out from my death-bed on the floor, with a yell of "murder!" to fling the door to, and bolt it on the inside, was the affair of a moment, rendered short, vigorous, and decisive, by despair. Chairs, tables, every article of the furniture of a sick room, did I pile up in miraculous haste to form a barrier sufficient to keep the demons who were on the outside in check, while I might by my cries from the window invite the neighbourhood and passengers to witness my danger and defend my life; but superfluous were these precautions. With a clatter louder than that which I occasioned by throwing up my fortifications within, and with a yell, which for a moment deafened me to my own cry of "murder," did the wretches tumble over each other all the way down stairs. Then out of the street door they rushed together, and, turning the corner, disappeared. My head already half out of the window, I paused to reflect upon my condition. If I should alarm the neighbourhood, my landlady would doubtless retaliate upon me my accusation with a counter-charge of insanity. And too many things would concur to give colour to such an imputation; even, perhaps, to the placing me in a mad-house for life. I therefore thought my wisest course to be the one which I adopted in perfect silence. I dressed, and having merely armed myself with a poker against the possibility of my assailants returning in force before I should be able to descend the stairs, and leaving without reluctance behind me every part of that small stock of property which I had with me in my lodgings, I made my escape, bidding a hasty and a last farewell to the house which had no nearly witnessed the closing scene to my unhappy life. Often since have I shuddered as I passed that house, though now inhabited by very respectable and honest people. The demon in widow's shape I never since set eyes on, nor do I ever wish it.

The rest of my story is shortly told. This paragraph appeared in the papers:

"The gallant Sir Felix —, who is just returned from the continent, has announced his marriage with the accomplished Miss D—, which took place two years ago, under circumstances which made it necessary that it should not sooner be publicly declared."

When I say that Miss D— was the earliest of Lady

Anne's friends, the mystery of all that poisoned happiness of my married life is solved. In obedience to the gossip's stipulation, I had never had the frankness to ask my wife concerning her position with Sir Felix. It was on her friend's account alone she had ever communicated with him. Before her marriage, she had been trusted by them, and had suffered their letters to pass through her hands; and, on the morning of her marriage, she had formally resigned that trust. When she claimed an asylum in the house of her friend, that friend had already for some time been Sir Felix's wife.

There is one concluding part of my narrative which my readers will not have expected. Lady Anne is reconciled to me; but, as the condition, the only one, of her forgiveness, she has insisted on my committing my memorials to paper, as holding up to me a beacon to warn me hereafter from those dangers on which so often in former times the whole freight of my happiness was made wreck. Now that I have completed my task, it is against her wish that I publish it. But here she must be disobeyed. If it be the record of my own disgrace, it is no less that of her many virtues. As such it shall go forth into the world. There is one more act of justice which alas I cannot perform: it is to confess to my poor brother that the maxim of his simplicity was as wise as it was amiable. This though his death has prevented I have adopted his maxim with his children, and, together with them, make it my own; and thus, as it were, I inscribe it to his memory, as the moral of my tale. "On the whole, a greater share of happiness belongs to one, who, from thinking a little too well of the world, is sometimes deceived, than to one, who, from thinking a great deal too ill of the world, has through life to eat the bread of carefulness, seasoned with the bitter experience that, in a pitched battle between a sly man and sly mankind, the odds are awfully against the contentious unit."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

WALL-STREET, BETWEEN ONE AND THREE O'CLOCK.

WALL-STREET!—What a host of associations arise to the man of business at the bare mention of this famed mart for bankers, brokers, insurance officers, and stock-jobbers! Turn with me, gentle reader, from the fashion and glare of Broadway, and forget for the moment its graphic and vivid description by the talented and witty C. lately inserted in this paper. Let us stroll leisurely down this business, stirring street, and endeavour to analyze a few of the causes and effects which produce the general excitation and confusion in this emporium of our city's wealth. The hurry and bustle is now at its fullest height: observe the anxious faces, passing and re-passing in quick succession, and we shall find ample scope for our speculations in this heterogeneous mass of disorder and confusion. Pause a moment before this building. Here is the receipt of customs, the yearly revenue of which furnishes a proud testimonial of the rapid improvement of this first of commercial cities. Observe the hurried egress and regress of the many anxious applicants. Two or three of those splendid packets, which claim the admiration of travellers to our continent, have arrived this morning, and the passengers are all eagerly engaged in the necessary forms for obtaining their luggage. Mark those two separate groups near the main entrance of the building, they are chiefly foreigners, as you may easily perceive by their dress and general appearance. Yonder sturdy looking fellow, with nether garments of drab, and leggings of the same material, is doubtless an Englishman, probably from one of the inland counties, who has never before wandered further than the market town adjacent to his native village; see what an anxious and wonder-struck gaze he casts on all around. A small portion of suspicion is also visible on his countenance. He has heard that brother Jonathan is a "tarnation cute chap," and sundry doubts are annoying him at the delay experienced by permits, entries, &c. which are increased by his total ignorance of all those tedious but necessary formulas; he is at length compelled to engage the services of that little shrewd looking fellow in spectacles, yclept a custom-house broker. They have agreed upon terms, and the sapient islander jogs closely after this "man of business," to see that all is fair.

Yonder is another specimen of English importations, but no more like his fellow-countryman, who just quitted the door, than a monkey is like an elephant; mark the high aristocratic bearing he is assuming; it sits rather uneasy upon him. Observe the exquisite finish of his *tout ensemble*; rather overdone, perhaps; some titled sprig of fashion, probably? Oh no, 'tis only the junior partner of a London house. This is his first trip to America; his head is divided between the ideal

superiority of his own pretensions, and the numerous details he has perused and heard of the "western world." He is at the custom-house for the same purpose as the honest yeoman we saw; but you observe he is attended by a clerk of one of the agents to the packets, to whom he is giving the necessary information, with all the nonchalance of one of our own good society men, and occasionally raising his gold-encircled eye-glass, to mark some peculiarity in "the natives," for future notice in his common-place book, which, on his return to his native soil, is laudably intended to expand into two handsome octavos, illustrative of American habits and manners. That close groupe on the right, you will perceive, is composed of Frenchmen; they have been fellow-passengers, and consequently, with all the light-heartedness of their nation, they are now friends. Hark, how they rattle away; every thing is *new* to them; and it follows, of course, that every thing is "*charmant*," "*superbe*," "*magnifique*." A few *sacres* may be expended on the tediousness of custom-house forms; but the excitement produced by a release from the confines of shipboard throws a *couleur de rose* over every thing they are brought into contact with.

But we must pass on. Ah! stand aside, my good sir, or one of these numerous "*accommodations*," or "*sociables*," will falsify their titles at your expense, and you may have to regret the establishment of these "leather conveniences" for the up-town part of our population.

Now, then, we are fairly in the heart of the banks, insurance companies, and brokers' offices; observe the increased marks of calculation and care on every countenance; each man's mind seems occupied; very few listless or abstracted faces now meet the eye; all are intent on the one purpose, *gain!* See how the crowds pass in hasty succession in and from the entrances of the principal monied establishments; a different aspect may be traced on all. At yonder bank it is discount day; by the elongated visages of several who are descending the steps you may judge they have been unsuccessful in their applications. See that well-dressed young man, who is closing his bank-book so hastily, and arranging the papers it contains with a jerk, expressive of irritation; we may infer that he has determined to close his account with the bank; they have hurt his dignity, perhaps, by refusing what he terms "excellent paper." Another is now descending; a smile of complacency is visible in every feature; all he required has been done to-day; his friend the director, or the president, probably, has kept his word, and the bank, with the whole board of management, are all in his estimation a perfect concentration of excellence and liberality. At this bank on the left they have been paying their dividends to-day; only the common rate of interest; yet even that is pleasant, now-a-days, and you may observe its effect on the numerous individuals who are constantly leaving it, arranging their pocket-books and purses. On the opposite side of the way, that insurance-office is distributing its usually enormous dividends; look with what conscious importance some of its head officers are entering; they feel the weight of their semi-annual dividend of fifteen and sixteen per cent, and you may readily distinguish the fortunate stockholders, as they pass in and out, by the chuckle and the smile, which bespeak their "measureless content."

This noble building well claims our next attention. Here is the mart "where merchants most do congregate." Eclipsed are thy ancient glories, venerable Tontine; both building and frequenters are so unlike the former exchange and its plain occupants, that could the worthy mynheers of a century past, or the formal merchants and traders of some fifty years since, return and witness thy present appearance, they would indeed lift up their eyes in unfeigned wonder at the march of modern improvements and the progress of taste. Look at the numerous *elegantes* who crowd the steps, with what a tooth-pick indifference they lounge about this receptacle for business; these are engrossed in trade only by compulsion. The heart is occupied with what to them is of infinitely more importance, fashion and frivolity! The hour for the daily promenade in Broadway approaches, and they are moving off to their diurnal duty, pleased to escape the dull routine of dockets, invoices, and bills of lading. But a far more numerous and solid class is left behind. Observe the purse-proud importance of some of these magnets in the commercial world, how leisurely they make their way to the great theatre of their operations, calculation stamped on every wrinkle in their visages; the lips compressed to exclude any converse but what treats of cotton, indigo, and the numerous *et ceteras* of commercial speculation. While some there are, who, dignifying the character of a merchant, evince in every lineament the upright and generous feelings which their extensive avocations and wide-spreading influence are calculated to produce. Descend with me into these Tartarean

regions, for by the hurrying to and fro of the foot passengers I perceive a mail has arrived. Here is disseminated daily, news from every quarter of the globe, to the thousands of eager recipients of its well-regulated dispensatory favours. Hark, how the crowds of its clerks and principals of our head houses, are vociferating the number of their separate boxes. Observe the varying features of some who have opened their paper messengers of good or ill, differently agitated, as these eloquent but silent missives announce welcome or unpleasant intelligence. That gentlemanly man with spectacles, yonder, has doubtless received news of the success of some valuable consignment, or Prompt, Punctual & Co. have duly honoured his drafts; while you may easily perceive that the fashionable young man to the right is not equally satisfied with his communication; some expected remittance has failed in coming on, or perhaps old square-toes refuses further aid for his elegant extravagances, or the house of Fail, Totter & Co. has stopped payment, or any one of the numerous difficulties and disappointments in mercantile speculation may have occurred, and the anxiously expected letter is only the source of added anxiety.

Let us leave these variously excited groups, and pass again into the open street; do you not observe an increased commotion among the passing throng? It draws near the talismanic hour of three! Mark what a hurry and confusion is apparent among the thousand and one brokers' offices—see how the clerks are crossing from one to the other of them—checks are passing and re-passing with inconceivable rapidity—"kites are flying" in all quarters—watches are now in great request—accounts are closing at all the banks—and balances are making up at all the brokers—a few pale and anxious countenances are rapidly emerging from some of the numerous "shaving shops," and are quickly lost in one or other of the banking establishments, just in the nick of time to save a protest and bolster up their already tottering credit. The clock strikes three! Already the "men machines" from the custom-house and the host of insurance-offices, are issuing from their desks, spruce and alert, snuffing once more the "caller air," and taking their seats in the "accommodations," or eagerly making their way on foot to their separate homes. The crowds are gradually dispersing—a solitary idler or so, alone paces the lately busy street, and in a short time it will look as deserted and as gloomy, as though it had recently been visited by the yellow-fever.

D.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PATENT CRADLE.

In our remarks in a former number, says the Medical Inquirer, addressed to mothers and nurses, we expressed our detestation of cradles, thereby meaning our common rocking and swing cradles. We then conceived of no substitute that would be free of the objections we entertained, and we therefore considered the bed, or a standing crib, as the most proper resting place for a child. Since writing that article we have seen a cradle, or crib, on a new construction, invented by and patented to Mr. J. M. Read, a clerk in our post-office department. Every thing objectionable in the common cradles is removed by Mr. Read's plan; and whilst motion is desirable to contribute to rest or to health, that purpose is amply effected by the patent cradle.

Mr. Read has exhibited his model, or a miniature cradle, to several of our old and experienced practitioners of medicine, whose approbation was manifested by their prompt and cheerful recommendation of its superiority over every other cradle, and by some of them giving immediate orders for substituting them for those in present use in their own families.

We shall endeavour to give an idea of the form and motion of Mr. Read's cradle. When at rest, it has the appearance of the common crib with fixed bottom, and is supported by four pillars, on moveable joints. A small pedestal is attached below, on which the slightest pressure of the foot gives a forward and backward motion to the body, imitating the motion of a carriage, on nearly a horizontal line. There is also a second moving power attached by passing a cord from the bottom over a small brass pulley, to the end of which cord a plaything may be tied, and put into the child's hands. The act of handling its plaything will set the cradle in motion, and thus enable the child to rock itself. For this useful invention, Mr. Read not only deserves, what he must necessarily obtain, the public patronage for his ingenious contrivance, but also the gratitude of every parent who can appreciate the bad effects of the old custom of rotary motion, or rocking, and the benefit resulting from the more rational and healthy substitute of this new invention.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER XIII.

SHAKESPEARE has very well divided life into seven ages; these, however, are only the progressive periods of a journey, along which we glide so imperceptibly that we scarcely make distinctions between them. How gradually the infant shoots up into the boy; how swiftly and invariably slip by the years that deepen his "reed voice" to the tones of manhood, and give him understanding, passions, penetration, intellect, and character! The shouts of our school-days yet ring in our ears, and their simple thoughts and uncorrected hopes retain their clinging grasp upon the mind and the imagination, while we are extending our plans abroad over wider space, and with more important influence, and mingling on terms of equality with the strong, the wise, and the aged of men. But there are eras which are marked by sudden and distinct transitions. Of these, one is marriage.

The talents of writers have long been exhausted upon the joys and sorrows of lovers. It has been a custom to conduct them through adventures of every possible difficulty, and at length to bind them together in marriage at the close of the story, as if all the interest and romance of life were there brought to a conclusion. Novels and plays, therefore, generally satisfy themselves with gaining this point; and after uniting in the patient yoke of matrimony two individuals who, through a moderate lapse of years, have languished for each other, they commit their future destinies to oblivion, or to the imagination of the reader, as unworthy of further investigation. This is an error. It is true the ardour of youthful lovers, their excited and perpetual aspirations for each other, the poetic light which the passion sheds around the character of its temporary victim, the incidents by which the comparatively cold and selfish world interfere with their ethereal habits of thinking and feeling, and the perseverance, courage, and faith, by which triumph is obtained, or the anguish, imaginary as it often is, consequent upon misfortune, seem to form materials for narration more rich and easily wrought up, than the tame and spiritless monotony of wedded bliss; but to the tranquil observer of human nature, the latter affords much for study; much which, analyzed with skill, may be applied to the improvement and happiness of his race. Besides, youth is often wasted in mere illusion. The character is scarcely formed, the passions imperfectly developed. The energies of the mind are not brought into the great action and struggle of life, in the promotion of important designs, or the creation of permanent and extensive consequences.

The affections of the husband, wife, father, and mother, the most ennobling and strongest incentives to exertion, are yet unplanted in the heart. But marriage, if properly entered into, while it disperses many wild and agreeable conjectures, and represses perhaps a few idle impulses of ambition, awakens deeper, firmer, more matured, and enduring feelings. It calls in upon the bosom a thousand wasted and wandering thoughts; it gathers up the affections which have hitherto been broadly diffused and scattered among a multiplicity of objects, and concentrates them within a narrower circle, where, if their empire is more confined, it is also more pure and absolute. The duties, the dangers, the miseries, and the happiness of a married life, therefore, should not be neglected; but it should be the endeavour of gifted minds to irradiate the domestic life with the light of intelligent observation, and to shed around its deep quiet hopes, its weighty responsibilities, its tried and enduring tenderness, the charms of poetry, not so brilliant perhaps and thrilling as that which paints love's dawning sky, but more full of mildness and truth.

I was alone in my apartment. My favourite twilight hour had crept imperceptibly upon my reflections; the red broken embers from the hearth, with their dim and dusky rays, painted the walls and ceiling with shadows; a corresponding quiet and repose spread itself pleasantly over my thoughts, and I enjoyed a pleasure in the mere workings of my own mind.

As I reached this point in my sage cogitations, the lurid light of the room seemed altering its colour. Its crimson changed to a fainter hue, which, brightening into a silvery and moonlight tinge, suddenly dispersed the lowering shadows, and the Little Genius was before me.

So on some dusky summer evening, when the heavens are obscured with masses of gloomy vapour, the queen of night peeps from the breaking clouds, revealing the hills, the woods, and streams.

"Thou art right, master student," he said, "your poets are

very apt to flutter around the maiden while she threads the flowery paths of courtship, and fly away when they have at length conducted her to the dignified retreat of matrimony. But I will show thee the wife as well as the mistress. Thou shalt see the fire-side as well as the grove, and let us examine if beauty bears the light of morning, the grasp of care, the touch of disappointment, and the blight of age, as gracefully as the rays of the morn the glow of pleasure, the fire of hope, and the buoyancy of youth."

I looked in the magic glass; a few shadows passed like clouds across its surface, and melting away, left a morning scene of uncommon loveliness. It was in the fulness of nature's richest season. The earth from her dark bosom had yielded all her precious essences in the shapes of flower, grain, and foliage. Broad undulated meadows of velvet grass were varied with fields of waving corn and yellow grain, and the eye could pierce into the thick and luxuriant woods, where the sweet and joyful cry of the woodpecker, and the sleepy voice of the crow, woke its echoes. A narrow river swept around the base of a hill, which sometimes sloped down to its transparent waters in grassy lawns, and sometimes jutted boldly into its bosom in broken cliffs or mossy granite. A beautiful path wound along its banks; in the neighbourhood of which, and half buried among the branches of some giant oaks, gleamed the white columns of a mansion, devoted to the purposes of education. I deemed at first that youths of my own sex here resorted to fit themselves for the various struggles of the mighty world, and with fond recollections I looked to behold the airy kite, the winged ball, or the whirling hoop, and I listened for the voices of the careless crowd now collected in infant merriment together, whom a few rapid years would scatter over the face of the globe, and doom to joy or sorrow, obscurity or greatness, crime or virtue, the warriors, the patriots, the rulers of the nations, or the spectators of human life.

"No," said the Genius, who knew what was passing in my mind, "these are gentle maidens whose paths lie in retired places. But even here is as much material for speculation, for here also is variety of disposition, character, and talent. Here, also, are hopes and fears, candour and deceit, nobleness and meanness, hatred and love, just as admirable and displeasing as if cased in the most ordinary form of manhood, instead of stealing through the world in the accidental lineaments of feminine beauty. Here exactly as in the other walks of life will innocence sometimes be censured and feeling insulted. Here impudence will snatch rewards from modesty, and hypocrisy assume the mask of virtue. Here wit and genius, and sweetness of temper, and elevated character, will pass side by side with duplicity, cruelty, and ignorance; and even here also will beauty depend upon its exterior fascinations, neglecting the inward grace of soul and health of understanding; and they, unblest with dazzling eyes and rose-bud lips, will cultivate their moral and intellectual endowments, and in the light of spirit far outshine the feeble and evanescent rays of mere superficial and personal loveliness. But see, beneath the shade of yonder arbour, what forms appear."

His gesture directed my attention to two sweet girls, who entered the pathway. From their conversation and appearance I perceived that they were young, wealthy, and amiable. I was particularly attracted by one. She was of a very fair and graceful figure. The simplicity of true taste was discovered in her dress, as well as in her looks and actions. There was something soft and pleasing in the tones of her voice, and her speech was of the truth and tenderness of her friendship. She protested to her companion that she would never forget her, but that the ardour of her affection would only increase with years. The other was older, and of a more serious demeanour. There was less vivacity and vividness in her manner; but I thought her feelings were deeper and more unchangeable, and that the glow of quiet and powerful love, with which she regarded her young friend, was darkened by a want of confidence, not in her present sincerity, but in the resolution of her character, in her strength to resist the allurements and temptations which ensnare the steps of youthful beauty. When she spoke it was at once with the dignity of a superior, and with the grace, familiarity, and affection of an equal and a friend. "Dear girl," she said, "I believe what you say. I believe you love me, and that you do not realize the possibility that you can ever cease to love me. We have gone through the thousand adventures of the school like sisters. Your hand has been in mine, even as it is now, in mirth and in sorrow, and I well know we have loved each other; but, Caroline, we are about to separate. For me the world has few temptations. I value not its charms; I shall not seek its pleasures. Its dangers are numerous and fatal, its

promises high and bewildering, but too often false. You are gay, refined, and witty. You have beauty to attract observation; you have accomplishments to fascinate; and feelings wild, undisciplined, romantic, and unmanageable; open to all impressions, and lightly led astray. When you become engaged in the labyrinth of fashionable occupations, will you be the same free-hearted girl you now are? My father has hinted to me that he is involved in pecuniary embarrassments. Perhaps his fortunes are changed; if so—"

She stopped, for tears were gathering in the blue eyes of the lovely girl, who gazed up with a look so reproachful that she smothered the doubt which had arisen in her mind, and exclaimed, "Forgive me, dear girl, I have wronged you; you will never forget me."

The scene passed away, and instead of the winding river and shady path, I beheld the interior of a spacious, richly-furnished apartment, filled with a fashionable assemblage, in pursuit of pleasure. Among the rest was one, in whose radiant face I recognised the warm-hearted Caroline. But she was changed. Her youthful expression, her unrestrained and unconscious actions, and the simple style of dress, were no more to be distinguished. The hair, once parted on her white forehead, and falling over her shoulders in ringlets, was now twisted up into frizzles and braids, and towered above her head, in all the pomp and pride of fashion; rings were flashing from her fingers; and her step, once as free as the wing of a wild bird, was trained into a stately and haughty gait, as if conscious that she was the object of notice and admiration. But these were only outward alterations. By the aid of the Genius, I was made sensible of the much more important revolution which had taken place in her disposition and habits of thinking. Her pure and generous principles, her unbent and luxuriant affections, her native intelligence, good sense, and sweetness of temper, were gone; and what filled their place? Pride, vanity, a feverish thirst for applause and admiration, selfish ambition, refined distinctions of gentility and etiquette, and the contracted thoughts and corrupted taste of a mere belle and coquette. Alas! that woman should ever fling away from her bosom the gentle impulses, the lofty and precious attributes of nature and intellect, for toys and trash like these! Near her stood her friend. She had also changed, for the marks of trouble were on her countenance. Her dress bespoke one not distinguished in the ranks of fashion; and the sedateness of her face had deepened into melancholy.

"Behold," said the Genius, "the two friends who, a few years ago, wandered together in the warmth of early love, among the purifying scenes of nature. They have been parted by the common occurrences of life. The principle of change, which stirs in all things, has wrecked the fortunes and the happiness of the one, while it has only ripened the charms of the other, extended the circle of her fame, and multiplied the sources of her enjoyment. The path of yonder calm and pensive maiden has been through scenes of sickness. Blighting neglect has sunk, like a poisoned arrow, into her heart, and wearing struggles have wasted her once glowing hopes. The youth which her friend has spent in lofty triumphs and soothing pleasures, she has borne in pain, retirement, and solitude of heart, for even the generous of the world seek not out for objects of sympathy or affection; and the proud true spirit, when stricken down by some lightning-bolt of fate, presses itself not forward upon the path of gaiety and affluence, but steals away, like the wounded deer, to bleed, and perhaps to die, in the gloomiest shadows. She has, however, this evening sought this brilliant scene with the hope of meeting the companion of her happier days."

"And why," inquired I, "does she not spring forward into her arms?"

"Look," said the Genius, "their eyes meet. A shade of crimson mounts into her pale cheeks, but passes away—for the bright eyes of Caroline having perused her countenance with a cold and momentary glance, have turned their flashes in another direction."

"And why does she not hasten to embrace her; perhaps she knows her not?"

"Oh yes," replied the Genius, "but it would not be gentle."

I perceived that my young belle had formed the deliberate design of breaking off all connexion with her who could add nothing to her circle but sadness and misfortune.

Beautiful and fascinating as this fair creature certainly was, she appeared to me at this moment divested of all powers to charm; and although I beheld many eyes turned on her with unfeigned and unconcealed admiration, and although I had myself been the preceding moment regarding her with feelings almost of tenderness, yet the chilling influence of a bad heart, or a contracted understanding, banished it in a moment.

I looked upon her as one who had fallen the victim of a foul disease, which, however it left at present no traces upon her complexion, and struck no misery into her heart, must, nevertheless, eventually overwhelm her in ruin. She seemed like some fair ship, with sails all spread, gliding gracefully along a rapid current, whose swift and smooth lapse tends to the whirlpool.

Again the objects faded away, and the glass discovered a rich apartment. The belle was there; but a belle no longer. She was married to a man of wealth, talents, and virtue; and this was her home. "Come back early, Charles," she said to her husband, as she rested her form upon his arm. "I scarcely ever see you now." He touched her forehead lightly with his lip, and left her. She sat down alone in the midst of her gorgeous dwelling, and gazed into the fire. She arose and took up one of the annuals, and turned over its rich engravings with a carelessness which proved that, while her small hand was trifling with its delicate leaves, her mind was wandering. A moment's silence ensued. The book fell upon the carpet, her lip quivered, and she burst into tears.

"Strange," said I; "why should she weep? She has all worldly advantages. Wealth and fashion are around her, for which she has longed so ardently, and for which she has sacrificed so much. She is united to the man she loves, and they are the envy and the admiration of the gay world. If she has a wish, be it but a caprice, she need but speak to be obeyed. Strange, that she would weep."

"The advantages which you have enumerated," replied the Genius, "are outward and ineffectual. True, she has wealth, fashion, and success in life. Broad mirrors are blazing around her. She may not raise her eyes but they rest upon some costly ornament or sculptured marble; her slender foot presses a carpet, whose hues seem stolen from the heavens; and her rooms are thronged at her pleasure with the rich, the high, the great, and the beautiful. But ask thy solitary heart, master student, if these alone would satisfy its yearnings. Nay, if so far from being a consolation for any degraded principle or lost affection, they would not be to thee a mockery. This mistaken girl has been united to one noble, high, and intellectual. His principles are proud, his honour stern, his affections deep, and his views of nature broad and liberal; a keen susceptibility to female charms has betrayed him into an engagement with this beautiful and heartless woman; but his stern regard has already pierced through her flimsy affectations. She was gifted by nature with feelings as generous, pure, and acute as his own. But she has been ruined by education; yet she has sufficient heart to love her husband, and to feel the anguish of having lost his respect. He treats her with kindness, but she knows it is forced and cold, springing from principle, not love. She is with him, but she cannot be his companion; she has broken down her intellectual energies, she has poisoned her native feelings for paltry and contemptible distinctions. They for whose worthless smiles she turned away from nature and truth may yet flatter, but can neither deceive nor delight her. In an interval of feeling she sent an apology to her insulted friend, with a request that they might be reunited in friendship, but the cold reply, that 'she was not disposed to aspire to the honour of an acquaintance so far above the ordinary affections of life,' at once wounded her feeling and her pride.

"This is a simple lesson, master student, but to one young and ardent, like you, and particularly to one whom beauty bewilders, and whose nature bends at the tone of a sweet voice, it is not without its use. Look around you with care, and form your opinions cautiously. Many a sweet face shines over a character of similar unmeaning thoughts, low tastes, and withered affections, and many cherish attributes as sweet and gentle as the music of the nightingale, beneath an appearance as plain."

And so off went the Little Genius, with a very serious face, and left no vestige of his visit but the good advice. To be sure it is very fine, and I shall bear it in mind gratefully, although it seems to me that he is a little prosing when he gets upon the subject of female beauty. The thought passed through my fancy, (I am very much given to these out of the way conceptions,) that some female Little Genius had played him a trick in the course of his wanderings; but I soon discarded the idea as totally inconsistent with his dignity. On the whole, I suspect he does not know as much about the girls as he does about philosophy, metaphysics, and such things; and in my heart I cannot help hoping, that he gets his opinions on this subject from Saturn, or Mars, or some such outlandish place, and that all our young ladies are as good as they are handsome. It is an excellent thing, however, to be on one's guard.

F.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.—NUMBER XII.

SPRING.

Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.—*Song of Solomon, chap. II.*

EVERY year, all the periodicals, in every city, in every country of the earth, have something to say upon the subject of spring, and have had something to say since time was, or at least, since periodicals were born, and will continue to have something to say until time shall cease to be. It is, in all respects, a most prolific theme, and there is no more chance of exhausting it, than of exhausting our kind mother earth of grass, and leaves, and flowers, and the never-dying vegetative principle. The reason is obvious enough: last year's grass, and leaves, and flowers are dead and past away—their freshness and fragrance are forgotten, and their beauty is remembered no more; so it is with the essays, and reflections, and songs, and sonnets that sprung into life in the spring of eighteen hundred and twenty-nine—they also have passed away, and their sweet thoughts and pretty sayings are likewise remembered no more; but as last year's vegetation fell to the earth and became incorporated with it only to be reproduced again in forms of fresh brilliancy and beauty, so do the thoughts and images of former writers assume a new shape, and bear the impress of the present time by appearing in all magazines and newspapers, daily, weekly, and monthly, for the year eighteen hundred and thirty. And there is no plagiarism in all this; it is merely, as Puff says, "two people happening to think of the same idea, only one hit upon it before the other—that's all." Indeed, who would think of plagiarism on such an exhaustless subject as spring? Why a thousand thoughts and images that have lain dormant in the mind start into life at the mere mention of the word. As the fresh April breeze, laden with "unwritten music" and healthful fragrance, blows upon you, it becomes a sort of natural impulse to vent your feelings either by pen or speech. You look back upon the snow, and fog, and sharp unfeeling winds of winter as upon a desolate waste over which you have trodden, and fancy, as you see nature putting on her youthful gay attire, that you are entering into another and better state of existence; forgetful that though her spring may be eternal, your own is fitting fast away, never to be renewed. But no reflections! let them come with winter, their fitting season. Spring was made for enjoyment, or rather, anticipation of enjoyment—promises of good—pleasant visions, and gorgeous castles in the air. Experience convinces not the young. They think not of their last year's visions that have faded away, or the aerial castles that tumbled about their ears; or if they do, it is only to contrast their frailty with the firm texture and sure foundation of those in the perspective.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest."

is as true as any two lines that were ever spoiled by quotation. But though spring is delightful to all classes, it is so to each in a different way, and for a different reason. In the country, your true agriculturist, though he wander amid a wilderness of sweets, marks not the tiny buds that are expanding and blooming into beauty all around—to be sure, he hopes that no killing frost will come and spoil his prospects of cider, but that is all. These are too small concerns for his capacious head. He ponders on acres of corn and fields of buck-wheat, and plans where barley should be sown and where oats. He looks into futurity and calculates how much the yet unengendered grain will bring; he schemes how his barren land may be artificially fertilized in the best and cheapest manner, and it is his business, not his pleasure, to take note of the wonderful operations of nature. His wife considereth the dairy, and looketh out with motherly care that her sleek and velvet-coated cows be not turned from their winter quarters into damp and swampy meadows, lest they contract colds, coughs, catarrhs, and other disorders incident to cattle; while the rosy-cheeked daughter attends to the poultry, (always the daughter's perquisite) and literally "reckons her chickens before they are hatched." Anxiously does she watch that the young turkeys (the most tender of domestic fowls) do not get wet feet; for on the proceeds arising from their sale depend the splendour of the gown and the quantity and quality of the ribbon that have in summer to adorn the village church, and excite the wonder and admiration of its simple congregation. So passes spring with them and others of their class. They talk and think less of its beauties than those who merely get glimpses of them in crowded cities, and have to draw upon their imaginations for the rest.

In the city spring brings with it a still more multifarious

collection of hopeful schemes and projects. Business that has been in a state of stagnation during the winter now flows briskly through a thousand different channels; and the ladies, whose business is pleasure, are busier than any one else, for the spring fashions have come; milliners are now the most obsequious of people; tailors examine with a curious eye the coats of their customers as they meet them in the streets, and inquire most kindly and disinterestedly after their health and prospects; merchants are scattering their ventures abroad, ships are fitting out, much beef is salted down, and many biscuits baked, but a number of hard things said about the tariff notwithstanding; the North river is emancipated from ice, and owners of steam boats are preparing to oblige the public and ruin themselves by vigorous competition; the rustling of silks is heard in Broadway, criticisms upon hats, gowns, and trimmings are much in vogue amongst the fair creatures who pace its fashionable side, and they look upon spring as the most charming season of the year, "it is so delightful for morning calls!"

Spring is coming! all good things are coming! and some good things are going—oysters are going—there will soon be no more in the month, and then they are gone; but shad are coming and Clara Fisher is coming; strawberries and pretty country girls are coming, so is fresh butter; the men of Rochester and Buffalo, and other districts of the "far west" have come, and they wander up and down the streets in "wrapt amazement" at the never-ceasing jingling of myriads of forte-pianos, and the twanging of guitars, harps, and other stringed instruments; the sons of the south have come, and Virginians, Carolinians, and Georgians are to be seen sauntering along, and gazing with horror at the shocking quantity of freedom enjoyed by the poor black wretches they chance to meet, mentally exclaiming,

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud
Without our special wonder?"

and though they see it every summer, they are never able to get over the astonishment created by beholding a dark dandy or an African coquette—as if white people possessed the exclusive right to make fools of themselves. "Ah!" think they, as a coloured gentleman unceremoniously takes the wall of them—"Ah! if I only had you in Savannah!"

But spring has still its sad feelings, and after levity comes heaviness of heart. It is a joyous season to those who, like the year, are in their spring-time, just bursting into untried life; but to such as have seen that time pass away for ever, whose spirits are depressed by difficulties, or broken by unavailing struggles, it is a season rather of melancholy retrospection than present enjoyment. The aged or unfortunate are insensible to its influence; they recall their springs, and mournfully contrast the happy past with the dreary present: truly it is said,

"Joy's recollection is no longer joy
While sorrow's memory is sorrow still;"

and deeply do they feel its truth. To those in their prime it is, at times, perhaps sadder still to look back upon the flowery fields of existence they have rambled through, and contrast them with the beaten track they now tread, and the desolate prospect that lies before them. The friends of their youth have passed away, so have their brightest hopes; they feel themselves changed, and their capacities for happiness diminished; they see things full of joy and promise around, and are filled with a mixture of worldly scorn and unavailing regret for what can no more be theirs; and sadly do they enter into the feelings of the poet—

"The sky is blue, the sward is green,
The leaf upon the bough is seen,
The wind comes from the balmy west,
The little songster builds its nest,
The bee hums on from flower to flower,
Till twilight's dim and pensive hour,
The joyous year returns—but when
Shall by-past times come back again?"

C.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

CANOVA.

THE subject of our present sketch adds another to the list of genius, struggling through every possible difficulty until it at length overcomes the barriers which impede its progress, and finally attains the goal of its most sanguine wishes.

Antonia Canova was born at Passagus, a small village in the Venetian territory, of parents whose poverty disabled them from giving to the genius his early youth displayed, the usual cultivation or encouragement; but he resolutely struggled with every difficulty, and at length triumphed over his fate.

Many curious anecdotes are related of his first efforts in the art in which he subsequently became a distinguished master.

The paintings and sculpture which adorned the small church of his native village first attracted his youthful admiration, and gave him a predilection for the profession of an artist. His rude attempts at forming objects, either animate or inanimate, which he is described as executing with a facility and truth, surprising both for his premature age and the want of any regular instruction, attracted the attention of the *padre* of the village, who directed his youthful genius, as far as the limited powers the reverend father possessed could assist him. Several of these incipient proofs of Canova's early genius are still preserved, and are considered strong proofs of the extraordinary bias of his mind, and the deep-rooted affection he must, at this period, have imbibed for the art in which he was shortly to become so eminently celebrated.

At the age of fourteen he sculptured two baskets of fruit, which are esteemed beautiful specimens; they are now in the staircase of the Palazzo Farsetti at Venice. The next year, when only fifteen, he executed Eurydice, his first statue. Shortly afterwards he finished Orpheus, both of which have been preserved with equal veneration and care.

Having now acquired a reputation, confined indeed to the small circle of his immediate neighbourhood, he was determined to try his fortunes in a more elevated sphere; and, for this purpose, before he had attained the age of twenty, he set out for Rome, that repository of the arts, taking with him his first executed groups in marble, Dædalus and Icarus, which he had lately finished.

His first application was to the Venetian ambassador, resident at Rome, whose patronage he in vain solicited. He met a similar fate in other efforts with the rich and great in Rome; but, when almost reduced to despair, without money and friends, he became known to Sir William Hamilton, the English ambassador at Naples, whose discernment immediately saw the genius of the young artist, and whose munificence furnished him with the means of prosecuting his studies, and of establishing himself at Rome. To this his first patron, and to all his family, Canova through his subsequent life ever manifested the warmest gratitude.

Through this patron his merits shortly became known to others; even the Venetian ambassador now condescended to notice his young countryman, and ordered a specimen from his masterly chisel. The justly celebrated groups of the Theseus and Minotaur was the result of this command, and the lately neglected Canova was admitted to be a worthy successor to those celebrated sculptors who had flourished in the proudest days of Grecian and Roman greatness. A few years afterwards he executed the tomb of Pope Ganganelli. His fame was now completely established; he became the rage; orders poured in from all the *cognoscenti* of Europe, and the atelier of Canova was the most frequented of any living sculptor. One of his latest works was the splendid statue of Washington, intended for the capitol of the city which bears the name of that distinguished man. Honours were lavished upon him in abundance; among which may be mentioned his creation by the pope of a marchese, with an annual income of three thousand piastres, the whole of which sum Canova dedicated to the support and encouragement of poor and deserving artists.

Canova is represented to have been an extremely amiable character in private life. Warm and kind in his disposition, noble and generous in his feelings, devotedly attached to the love of the fine arts, simple and unpretending in every thing relating to himself, which gave an additional charm to his exalted genius.

The talents of Canova were not confined to sculpture; painting was also his favourite pursuit, and in the specimens left of his devotion to this sister art, may be traced the same excellence, which, directed more closely to his profession, has ranked him first in the list of sculptors of his age.

We have mentioned the liberal appropriation he made of the funds allowed him by the pope, numerous acts of similar generosity are mentioned of him; his charities were extensive, and performed secretly and without ostentation. At the time of his death he was building a church in his native village, for which he bequeathed funds to complete. He died at Venice, on the 12th October, 1822, universally regretted, no less as the reviver of his art than for his amiable character as a man. Rome mourned his loss as a national calamity, and the adventurer who had entered her city, without fortune or a name, received at his death all the public demonstrations of grief and respect, paid only to the dignified and the illustrious!

Violent love is the worst of all reasons for marriage; a couple who have no better reason for uniting, seldom continue long happy.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

HORTICULTURE.

WE make the following extract from the able and learned address of John W. Francis, M. D. delivered at the last anniversary of the New-York Horticultural Society. It will be read with pleasure by all who take an interest in horticultural pursuits:

La Belle France, the country of chivalry and romance, was distinguished at an early period for her taste and cultivation in horticulture; even so early as in the time of Charlemagne, who is probably the first to have contributed royal opulence to this purpose in that nation. To this early date we refer the introduction into that country of the best fruits; the cultivation of orchards and vineyards. Francis the First adopted the gardening of Italy, as a part of the decorations of the palace of Fontainebleau. In the time of Louis XIV. the philosopher Evelyn visited the garden of Versailles. He speaks with enthusiasm of its elegance and taste.

In Le Notre, that munificent monarch found one whose style was as rich and gorgeous as his own, and the nation was delighted with the novelty and brilliancy of his designs. A diversity of taste has led to a diversity of decision as to the merits of these magnificent gardens; they are reported to have cost two hundred millions of francs. The style of Le Notre is, however, still followed; and of a similar character, though less costly, we find the establishments of Meudon and Trianon.

Agricola, a Dutch writer, observes, that the sight of Versailles gave him a foretaste of paradise; and Bradley remarks, Versailles is the sum of every thing that has been done in gardening.

Of the innumerable establishments for the promotion of physical science which diversify, embellish, and enrich France, and more especially of those which are devoted to botanical and horticultural knowledge, the present does not offer a suitable occasion to speak; but I may be permitted yet to notice one institution, which by universal consent is the theme of admiration and praise to every one alive to the harmonies of nature. The garden of plants founded by Louis XIII. is the noblest establishment of the kind in the world. Nothing even approaching to it has ever elsewhere been known. The spectator of this enchanted spot will here find the eye delighted, and the imagination excited and gratified, while surveying the wonderful varieties and forms of beauty displayed by the vegetable products of every clime. Here he will feel himself almost transplanted, as by enchantment, among the rich plains of India, and the heath-covered wilds of Southern Africa; here he will find the resplendent blossoms of the canna, the sterlizia, and the magnificent foliage of the bigonia and the dombia. From nature's self he may turn to the ingenuity and devices of man, the minister of nature.

In inspecting the vegetable museum he will here see Du Hamel's own specimens of his experiments on trees; the original herbarium of Tournefort and of Vaillant; the collections of the Michaux, and evidences without number, of the labours and scientific classifications of Jussieu, a true philosopher, the founder of the Ordines Naturales, a work which has divided the judgment of the profoundest investigators of the vegetable kingdom into two great parties, of Linneans and Anti-Linneans.

The experimental department of the garden will exhibit to him an almost endless variety of display in the mode of training fruit trees, whether standards or espaliers. The resources and tenacity of vegetable life will be unfolded to him by the most unexpected and complex forms of successful ingrafting. In the year 1816, I visited this magnificent temple of nature, and its vast treasures were rendered the more accessible to my examination by the kindness and civility of the venerable Desfontaines, the professor of botany to the royal garden, whose reputation is fixed in the list of nature's expositors by the publication of his *Flora Atlantica*. The pride of nativity could not but swell in my veins, when I was informed, and saw with my own eyes, that pre-eminent among the magnificent and beautiful hardy exotics of the garden, shone our North American forest trees, the enduring platanus and the fragrant magnolia.

But this institution is devoted not only to the beauties of nature but consecrated as the temple of science. In the walks of this garden Buffon composed his immortal history of creation, portraying its character and depicting its beauties; forming the noblest chant to the glory of the Maker, in the illustration of his works. Would that this sublime genius had not sullied it by impurity, and debased it by ingratitude. What a striking example of the occasional obliquity of the

human mind does he afford, who under the shade of the mightiest trees of the garden, the exotics of our own soil, could write that, in America, nature had belittled her productions.

Perhaps it was characteristic of him who could behold with philosophic composure his own marble statue, with an inscription that transgresses all bounds of modesty, and might by the most liberal be deemed impious.

"Majestati nature per ingenium!"

"A genius equal to the majesty of nature!"

In this devoted spot, the no less distinguished Cuvier, under the patronage of the late emperor Napoleon, has given system and symmetry to the science of nature, and completed that structure of which Aristotle, under the direction of Alexander, laid the corner-stone.

In Italy the Medici are distinguished as the revivers of gardening, as well as of literature and the fine arts. From their example it received an impulse, which is visible in every part of that delightful country. The prodigality of nature has here been such, as to lessen the necessity of exertion on the part of these degenerate descendants of the Romans; and we do not recognise among them an elevated science in their horticulture and husbandry.

The gardens of Lombardy boast the most luxuriant vegetation in Europe. The ducal garden at Florence, and the villa of Rome, are objects of curiosity to every traveller.

In this land of taste and song, of Dante and Rossini, where both the severer and the polite branches of knowledge have been most profitably cultivated by the gentler sex, one of the most elaborate works on the philosophy of nature, the vegetable statistics of Dr. Hales has been improved and illustrated by the accomplished Lady Signora Maria Angela Ardinghelli.

Our Dutch forefathers, in the land of their birth, were no less devoted to the elegant villa than to the pursuits of wealth, and few of their opulent merchants but possessed their garden on the banks of some one of the numerous canals of that interesting country. Indeed, prior to the cultivation of horticulture in England, we find that Holland supplied London with her best esculent plants, and the various choice productions of the kitchen garden.

The botanic garden at Leyden is an object of peculiar interest, from its early establishment and its venerable age; and above all, from its connexion with the name of the illustrious Boerhaave, the ornament of the medical profession and of human nature. Here, after the fatigues of public instruction and professional avocation, he recreated in the philosophy of nature. I have often seen the good old man, before the morning dawn, says his beloved disciple, the Baron Von Haller, perambulating about the garden, in his wooden slippers, that he might more immediately superintend the culture of plants, and speculate on their flowers and fruits.

In Holland, says Sir William Temple, "gardening has been the common favourite of public and private men; a pleasure of the greatest, and a care of the meanest; and indeed an employment and a profession, for which no man there is too high or too low." We may add, that their labours are chiefly subservient to practical and economical purposes; yet not so as to neglect the graces and elegancies of the art among the more opulent.

Such then we find to be the results of associate labour and continuous exertions among those nations, who deem that the earth is to be cultivated to bring forth its treasures, and that in conformity to the highest and most imperative ordinance of heaven, the toils of the husbandman are the offering which must be tendered at the altar of Pomona.

Moreover, the history of our species demonstrate the close connection between the arts of husbandry and the condition of our social state. "The mines of a nation," says Franklin, "are but shovel deep." The plough is the pioneer of civilization, and until nations have arrived at this stage of their career, they are justly pronounced barbarous; and wherever this great agricultural instrument has been introduced, it has led to the noblest triumphs of our species, the arts and sciences, and all the glorious offspring of genius.

HONOUR.

The ancients defined honour to be either the observance of virtue or reverence to that merit. The philosophers generally have declared it to consist in probity and usefulness, in the discharge of duties, and the culture of morals. A modern writer of eminence, distinguishing between false modern honour and true dignity, says—the first is that which makes a man assail even the life of his friend for a punctilio or a momentary excitement; the latter, that which makes him despise every paltry affront from others, and apologize for every apparent or unjust affront on his part. The genuine sense of

honour in gentlemen of the navy or army would seem to be, earnestness for the attainment of all the knowledge and skill, and the force of resolution, conducive to excellence and efficiency in their professions. So far as fighting belongs to their career, it is for their country, and not for themselves; they have their own lives less at their disposal than mere citizens, because they have specially pledged themselves to their government. Honour must be something positive and universal—theirs cannot be different from that of other gentlemen; or if it differs, the variation arises from the obligation under which they labour, of being particularly tenacious of their lives on other occasions than professional battle or service. It is, therefore, quite an error or superstition in them, to suppose that they are required to resent slighter personal affronts, or to fight duels for slighter cause than other people. The sound part of the world must view their case in the contrary light. Plato understood true honour, when, on being informed that certain persons had spoken ill of him, he observed, "We will lead such a life that none shall believe them."

The honour of youth is to be, in the language of Solomon, "as the morning light, which shineth more and more, unto the perfect day." The unostentatious pursuit of operative worth is their proper business; they cannot be justly said to have any reputation for which to fight or to bluster, until they have qualified themselves, or have begun to serve or to adorn the community to which they belong. Duels, if to be endured at all, are tolerable only in persons of a certain maturity of age, character, and station; who have, as it were, surface and depth of credit and interests to be wounded or outraged.

There are several kinds of valour, very distinct. Mere animal courage is common to brutes, and to a large portion of the vulgarest, the most savage or vicious of the human race. The artificial spirit is that which is produced by particular position, necessity, or other combination of peculiar circumstances. Oftentimes, or in most instances, its immediate source is fear, the dread of punishment, or disgrace. The celebrated orator, Wyndham, a nice critic of human nature, remarked, that this is the principle of discipline; that discipline is essential to the very life and action of armies, and, of course, that "all the high military merits, whose characteristic is courage, grow, like flowers in a hot bed, from what is founded in fear." He carried the doctrine too far; for love of glory, the sense of duty, the alacrity of emulation, are, perhaps, the chief impulses with the higher officers in the career of arms. But no writer has questioned the theory that the courage of duelling or suicide is generally artificial, and resolvable into some sort of cowardice. According to high authority, "the only genuine, comprehensive, and invincible courage, is inseparably connected with universal rectitude and religious hope"—that is, moral courage, guided by reason and philanthropy, and looking to the future as well as the present life.

National Gazette.

A PANTHER HUNT.

A British traveller in Brazil gives the following account of a panther hunt near the Villa de Fernaiba:

"Finding I still persisted in my favourite pursuit, the governor good-naturedly resolved on gratifying me with the spectacle of a panther hunt. Accompanied by his sons, we rode out early in the morning to an extensive plain, in the centre of which was a jungle; into this the Vaqueiros had succeeded in driving, on the previous night, a large panther, preparatory to the morning's sport. We took our station on an eminence which commanded a view of the entire field. The loud barking of the dogs, the wild cries of the huntsmen as they galloped round the skirts of the jungle cheering on the dogs, formed an animated scene. Aroused in his lair, the panther, furious with rage, sprang forth to meet its enemies. The Vaqueiro nearest to the point from which he had issued, now advanced to the attack. He exhibited a beautiful sight, whirling in the air his lasso, and urging forward with the spur the spirited little steed on which he was mounted, whose dilated nostrils, fiery eye-ball, and erect mane, proclaimed his instinctive dread of the enemy in his front. The panther crouched in the act to spring on his advancing foe, but he was forestalled by the well-skilled assailant, who, at the distance of twenty yards, threw his lasso with unerring aim. Scarcely had it left his hand before the well-trained horse wheeled round and flew across the plain, dragging after him the already disabled panther; for with such beautiful precision had the lasso been thrown, that the fore-paw of the animal was fairly strapped to his neck. The whole party now dashed forward to be in at the death. The Vaqueiro, slackening his pace, gradually shortened the length of the cord till he brought his enemy within a few yards of him, and then, in less time than I can narrate it, I saw him leap from his saddle, his broad

knife gleaming in the morning sunbeam, and, with the rapidity of lightning leaving the cloud, it was buried in the heart of the panther."

Ibid.

THE FEMALES OF AFRICA.

Among the usages of the females of Africa, the following is related by Richard Lander, in his narrative of Clapperton's last expedition:

"When an infant dies, the mother invariably wears suspended from the neck, and reaching to the bosom, a figure of a child, about six inches in length, and of proportionable thickness, which is carved in wood, and regarded by the people as a token of mourning. This is worn for an indefinite length of time, according to the inclination or caprice of the bereaved parent; and many women do not cast it aside until the expiration of six, eight, and even twelve months, during which they chat to and caress the wooden figure, as if it had been instinct with life and motion, possessed of all the playfulness and endearing manners which distinguished their offspring when alive, and capable of enjoying the effects of maternal tenderness. This singular custom is confined exclusively to Yariba."

Ibid.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

To sum up the whole, the charms that are really indispensable to being beloved may be possessed by every one who is not personally, or mentally, or morally deformed. Let us enumerate them. Firstly—an eye, whether black, blue, or gray, that has the spirit of kindness in its expression. Secondly—a mouth that is able to say a good deal, and all sincerely. Its teeth, kept as clean as possible, must be an argument of cleanliness in general; it must also be very good-natured to servants, and friends that come in unexpectedly to dinner. Thirdly—a figure which shall preserve itself, not by neglecting any of its duties, but by good taste, exercise, and the dislike of gross living. A woman may be fond of almost any pleasure under the sun, excepting those of tattling, and the table, and ostentation. Fourthly—the art of being happy at home, and making that home the abode of peace. Where can peace dwell if there is not piety? These qualities will sway the soul of man, when the shallower perfections would cease to charm. A good heart is, after all, the best beautifier.

Ladies' Magazine.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Duets.—It is with sincere pleasure we record the fact, alike honourable to the character of the country, and auspicious to the future repose and substantial glory of the American navy, that all the officers engaged in the late duel at Philadelphia, have had their names struck from the roll, and been dismissed the service. Into the merits of this affair we do not intend to enter—they are of no consequence except to the parties themselves—but with the general influence which personal combat, hitherto indirectly permitted by government, has exerted, and might still exert over the country at large, we are deeply concerned. Barbarous and bloody in the extreme, the relic of dark ages of crime and superstition, and resorted to, in a great majority of instances, not for the vindication of lofty principles, or the defence of female honour and beauty, but for the most trivial and ridiculous provocations, its practice is a disgraceful stain on the pages of modern history. Let its very record be wiped away as soon as possible. The executive of the United States deserves, and will receive, full credit for his prompt and efficient measures on this occasion, and will, it is devoutly to be hoped, form an invariable guide for the future rulers of the land.

Webster's Abridged Dictionary.—Our indefatigable lexicographer evinces an unremitting disposition to supply the wants of the primary schools. How well fitted he is to accomplish the arduous and useful task, the history of education in the United States bears ample testimony on its records, and the present undertaking, humble as it may appear, is by no means likely to derogate from his well earned reputation, or to be attended with less usefulness to the rising generation. The large Dictionary is altogether unsuitable, from its dimensions, for the school-room or the counting-house. The present edition will form a very acceptable substitute.

Bank failures.—We have received several communications in relation to the disastrous events connected with the stopping of payment by certain banks. Deeply sympathising with the distress occasioned by the circumstance, and anxious to promote any measures which may obviate its recurrence, and put an end to the fraud in which they so often originate, we should gladly give a place to some of the articles; but want of room compels us to decline doing so. In the newspapers they will prove appropriate and welcome subjects for discussion.

Boston Courier.—The editor of this journal misunderstands the tenor of our last card. We did not intend to convey the remotest suspicion of his having knowingly copied an original production from our columns without due credit. His well known sense of honour and justice, and his uniform conduct towards his contemporaries, forbid the idea. We have not a file of the Courier, or we would point out the number in which the article alluded to appeared. We agree with him in opinion that the custom so prevalent among editors in this country, of designating each other in their public intercourse by name, is an odious one, and ought to be reformed. By no single circumstance has the American press been more degraded. It has thus been converted into an engine of personal warfare, in the management of which all considerations of self-respect, mutual forbearance, and the honour and dignity of the profession itself, are frequently entirely banished from the recollection. The promotion of public good, the advancement of knowledge, as well as the gratification of intelligent curiosity, which does not delight to dwell on individual and trivial disputes, are lost sight of, and the great end of an enlightened press is thus left unaccomplished.

Metamora.—Our readers have probably all laughed merrily over the humorous and broad caricatures of Johnson, as exhibited with masterly skill in his annual "Scrap." They are as little prepared as we were to admire his excellence in the more serious department of his art. He has, however, succeeded in representing our favourite native tragedian to the life, as he appears in his admirable character of the red hero, in a most beautiful print. The execution of this lithograph is spirited, and does full justice to the noble and commanding person, and the dignified attitude of Forrest. It comes further recommended to his friends—and what American is not his friend, and not proud of claiming his genius and talents for his country?—by the exact likeness of the picture.

Green-room chit-chat.—A new opera, from the pen of a gentleman celebrated for his wit, tact, and talent, has been for some time in active preparation, and bids fair to surpass, in success and eclat, every previous production of the kind offered on the American boards. We have been favoured with the perusal of the manuscript, and feel fully warranted in asserting that for neatness of dialogue, and general brilliancy and cleverness of execution, it stands unrivalled by any original production that has ever fallen under our notice. As an evidence of the high estimation in which it is held by the managers, we learn that they intend to bring it forward in the most splendid manner, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations. The music has been composed, selected, and arranged by a gentleman distinguished for his science, taste, and skill; though of a very different description, it is said by judges to be fully equal to that of the Caliph of Bagdad in many respects, and from its wild and romantic character, greatly superior in dramatic effect. Mrs. Austin, for whom we believe the piece was written, will sustain the principal female character, and the whole strength of the company is enlisted to support her. In short, a rich operatic entertainment may be anticipated; and the anxiety of the public, which is quite alive on the subject, will not be disappointed.

Treasurer's Benefit.—It is not often we go out of our way to call attention to the claims of any person connected with the theatre. Indeed, the different individuals that compose that sapient personage denominated the public, have each their particular favourites, whom they make a point of aiding on their benefit nights without taking into consideration any paragraph or paragraphs either for or against their merits or demerits. Mr. Blake, who makes his appeal on Wednesday evening next, is a universal favourite, and deserves to be universally patronized. He is no actor, and never appears in public except in the part of a civil, attentive, and gentlemanly receiver of cash and deliverer of tickets, in which character we have never seen his equal. There are a smoothness and polish about him—a judicious mixture of the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, that have for many years secured him the respect and admiration of the frequenters of the Park theatre. His bill is one of the strongest that has been offered this season.

The Euterpeiad.—Mr. G. W. Bleeker intends issuing, simultaneously at New-York and New-Haven, a semi-monthly paper with the above title. It will be devoted principally to the department of music, and contain pieces original and selected, for the voice, piano-forte, organ, flute, clarinet, and other instruments.

Engraving.—Bourne has for sale a likeness of Pope Pius the seventh, from a drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, engraved by Cousins.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTRY WIND.

COMPOSED BY DR. ARNE.

ANDANTE.

Blow, blow, thou wintry wind, Thou art not so unkind, thou art not so unkind As man's ingratitude; Thy tooth is not so keen, Because thou art not seen, Thy tooth is not so keen, Because thou art not seen; Al- though thy breath be rude, Al- though thy breath be rude, Al- though thy breath be rude.

SECOND VERSE.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky
That dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not:

VARIETIES.

KEMBLE AND WATSON.—The theatre at Cheltenham, says Kelly, was under the management of the eccentric Watson, who was a fellow of infinite jest and humour. In John Kemble's younger days he was a near ally of his, and both belonged to a strolling company. They lived, or rather, by Watson's account, starved together. At one time, in Gloucestershire, they were left penniless; and after continued vicissitudes, Watson assured me, such was their distress, that at that time they were glad to get into a turnip-field and make a meal off its produce uncooked; and he added, it was while regaling on the raw vegetable that they hit upon a scheme to recruit their finances; and a lucky turn-up it turned out. It was neither more nor less than that John Kemble should turn methodist preacher, and Watson perform the part of clerk. Their scheme was organised, and Tewkesbury was their first scene of action. They drew together in a field a numerous congregation, and Kemble preached with such piety and so much effect, that a large collection rewarded his labours. This anecdote Kemble himself told me was perfectly true.

MADAME CATALANI.—At Bangor Madame Catalani heard the Welsh harp for the first time. The old blind harper of the house was in the kitchen; thither she went, and seemed delighted with the wild and plaintive music which he played; but when he struck up a Welsh jig, she darted up before all the servants in the kitchen, and danced as if she were crazy. Those who saw her thought she never would have finished. On quitting the kitchen, she gave the harper two guineas.

MR. PITT.—The late Mr. Pitt was a remarkably shy man. He was on terms of the greatest intimacy with Lord Camden, and being at his house on a morning visit, "Pitt," said his

lordship, "my children have heard so much about you that they are extremely anxious to have a glimpse at the great man. They are just now at dinner in the next room—you will oblige me by going in with me for a moment." "Oh! pray don't ask me; what on earth could I say to them?" "Give them at least the pleasure of seeing you." And half-led, half-pushed into the room, the prime minister approached the little group—looked from their father to them—from them to their father—remained for several minutes twirling his hat, without finding a single sentence at his disposal, and departed. So much for the domestic eloquence of an orator.

EXPENSIVE NICETY.—A special messenger arrived in Chester the other day, after riding nearly one hundred miles, at ten miles an hour speed, for the extraordinary purpose of directing that *two commas and a final s* should be omitted in an advertisement relative to a certain rail-road!

LUXURY.—At this instant, says Mr. Campbell, the swarthy Indian is braving the ferocity of the ravenous tiger, or nimble leopard, to win from its fierce possession a dappled hamper-cloth for my lord mayor of London. The patient diver is exploring the dim, inconstant depths of the ocean to wring from the maw of the philosophical and contemplative oyster, pale, glistening pearls, to skimmer in the light of Almack's. The dusky Arab urges his headlong steed after the affrighted ostrich, to snatch the feathers that shall wave at St. James's; or the mountain-headed Paupon is tumbling the bird of paradise from his perfumed nest, under the invisible influence of Mrs. Alderman Frizzle; though the scoundrel would eat her, if he could only lay hands on her, with as little remorse as if she were a turtle. The wastes of Siberia cannot shelter the sable; the whale cannot flounder through the icebergs of the Arctic ocean; there is no rest for the stately elephant in the

forests of India; and the unwilling lobster must emerge from the sea-caves of Norway; and all, because a bulbous, broad-brimmed, zodiac-waisted, son of Mammon, who may be sitting at this identical moment in the next box to me, for ought I know to the contrary, will not, as the Scottish song says, "let them be."

DULL TIMES WITH HYMEN.—A Portsmouth paper says, it is now about six weeks since we have had occasion to record a marriage in this town.

PLEASANT ANECDOTE.—"In painting," remarks Ibu Batuta, who travelled in China in the fourteenth century, "none come near the Chinese." In proof of this he relates a pleasant anecdote. "I one day entered into one of their cities for a moment; some time after I had occasion again to visit it, and what should I see upon its walls, and upon papers stuck up in its streets, but pictures of myself and my companions! This is constantly done with all strangers who pass through their towns. And should a stranger do any thing to make a fight necessary, they would send out his picture to all the provinces, and he would be in consequence detected."

The friendship of an artful man is mere self-interest; you will get nothing and may lose much by it.

There cannot be a greater treachery than first to raise a confidence, and then to betray it.

There is no one so liable to be angry with others as he who is ill at ease with himself.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DEPARTED.

In the death of this interesting young lady, Miss Julia H. Bedlow, cut off in the bloom of youth, her parents have not only been bereaved of a most lovely and affectionate daughter, but a large circle of friends have been deprived of one who, by her amiable qualities, had endeared herself to all who knew her.—*New-York Observer.*

And thou the beautiful, alas, art gone!
Gone in the budding spring-time of thy years,
With all thy smiling hopes, that promised fair
A flowery summer and a fruited fall,
Untimely laid in darkness and in dust.
Thou wert beloved of all, for all must love
The gentle and ingenuous of heart;
And such was thine, to virtue ever true,
And tuned to every feeling kind and chaste,
Like delicate harp-strings to the summer winds.
A few brief months erewhile, and thou didst move
Star-like within thy high and courted sphere,
With the elastic buoyancy of one
Whose life is full of freshness and of youth;
While mid the whiteness of thy dimpled cheek
Health spread her carmine, like the rose's blush
Reflected from the lily's glossy snow.
Thy mien was pensive, yet thy heart was light,
Though all unsuited to the frolic play
Of wild unfettered mirth, for from thy prime,
In the dark chambers of thy gentle eyes
Had cloister-courting melancholy mused.
I saw thee oft, not in the banquet hall,
Nor mid the mazes of the stirring dance,
But in retirement's meditative scenes,
'Po contemplation and to friendship dear;
Ay, saw and loved thee too, as I do love
The chosen sister of my boyish years;
And as I gazed upon thy perfect form,
The beauteous casket of a treasured mind,
And listened to the music of thy words,
In harp-like cadence warbling to my ear
The sweet and living poetry of sound,
I've felt impassioned, at that thrilling hour,
How cold and lead-like on an humble name,
The curse, the clog of poverty may lie.
But vain were all regret—thy destiny
Hath mocked the promise of the traitress hope.
Consumption stole with slow insidious step
Into thy bowers of health, fair-futured one,
And leaving still the blush upon thy cheek,
That he might pierce more surely to the heart,
E'en as a cunning miner unperceived,
Relentlessly thy life's frail fabric sapp'd.
I saw the death-damp on thy marble brow—
The shroud, the pall, the coffin, and the bier—
I saw thy last dark couch, the couch of all,
Begirt by weeping ones, and yet no drop
Refreshed the desert of my withered heart;
For tears had sought of solace for the thoughts
That stalked in darkness o'er its silent wastes.
O death, thou stern and ever-restless king!
Why wilt thou pass the bowed and hoary head—
The friendless, hopeless, weary-wandering—
The blighted, sere, and desolate of soul—
That wait impatient on thy lingering call,
And, with a reckless unrelenting hand,
The young, the gay, the beautiful and loved,
In the green freshness of their prime cut down? PROTEUS.

TO MARY.

O what is virtue? 'tis to keep
Each passion under strict control,
Nor let a wily tempter creep
Into the garden of the soul.
It is to conquer selfish pride,
And each inordinate desire;
To take the scriptures for our guide,
And speak and act as they require.
O what is virtue? 'tis to love,
Beyond all things of time and space,
Him who descended from above
To save from death our rebel race;
It is to love the words He spake,
Which none on earth e'er spake before;
His burthen and His yoke to take,
And meekly bear them as He bore.
O what is virtue? 'tis to prize
Another's interest as our own;
In joy or grief to sympathize
For bliss received or pleasures flown.
It is to keep the mind and heart
From every selfish motive free;
To walk by truth's unerring chart—
It is, in short, to be like thee.

W.

THE POET.

The poet seized his new-made pen,
And through his clustering hair
He passed his fingers; once, again
He thump'd—but nought was there!
The poet drew his little stand
Still closer to the fire,
And plied the tongs with desperate hand
Till the bright flame rose higher.
He hoped some bright idea would rise,
Resplendent as the flame,
That might the sleepy world surprise,
And gain for him a name.
He dipp'd his pen, began to write,
As through his casement shone
The crescent planet of the night,
High on her starry throne.
But, "Luna," "Cynthia," "silver moon,"
Might suit an humble pen;
The subject was discarded soon—
The poet dipt again.
He thought of eyes, whose shape and hue
Might well a theme inspire,
But wavered long 'twixt black and blue;
And stirred again the fire;
And nearer hitch'd his elbow chair,
And on the ceiling gazed;
Then on his fingers, thin and fair,
Which ladies oft had praised.
The poet strove to call to mind
Some sweet romantic grove,
Where some "Ianthé," fair as kind,
Had smiled upon his love.
He dipt his pen—the scene was there,
The maiden stood in view;
Then came the look with which the fair
Smiled at his raptures too.
That crimson lip, so curl'd in scorn,
One dash the line effaced—
'Twas not enough—the sheet was torn
On which her name was traced.
The greedy flames the name devour,
That name so soft in rhyme;
And, tell it not—the poet swore!
In terms not quite sublime;
And then he bit his nether lip,
And pull'd his whiskers twice,
'Thought of the proverb—"many a slip"—
But felt—as cold as ice.
He seized a paper, which till then
Had lain neglected by—
"A premium offered!" Where's my pen?
"A hundred lines!" I'll try.
What theme? No matter—from the heart
The numbers need not spring;
I'll write with true poetic art,
Rise, fall, soar—that's the thing!
The poet wrote a poem, and
The premium was his own;
Abundant crops reward the land
Where golden seeds are sown.

ISIDORA.

TO EMILE.

Forget me not! Above life's stream
Let not oblivion's cloudy wing
Eclipse the joy of love's young dream,
Or shadows o'er its lustre fling;
For, as the pilgrim turns to gaze
On Mecca's pure and holy shrine,
So memory's clearest brightest rays
Are poured from those soft eyes of thine!
Forget me not! I could not bear
To think my fate should be to thee
Indifferent as a cloud in air,
Or flickering star-light on the sea;
For I have loved so deep and sure,
So strangely passionate and long,
That it were madness to endure
Life without thee—source of my song!
Forget me not! Oh! come ye hours
With all your memories to her—
To her I loved midst childhood's bowers,
"My boyhood's earliest worshipper!"
Oh long may her enkindled eye
Bear the fair hues of other years;
The azure of a stainless sky,
When dark-blue evening sheds her tears!
Forget me not! I ask thy thought,
Fair houri of my dreams! to be
With kindly recollections fraught,
Of one who ever dreams of thee—

In the gay beauty of the day
That pours around its flood of light,
Or when thy sunset-clouds decay,
And shadows veil the brow of night!

Fair Emile! thou art not vain—
Thou askest not the boon of praise;
Thou needest not the poet's strain,
The enthusiast rapture of his lays;
And trusting in thy wealth of love,
Life's countless cares are all forgot;
The soul is lifted high above,
In numbered changes of my lot!

I know that haughtiness is said
To linger, darkly-stern, with me,
Because my heart has aye essayed
To pour its hoard to none but thee!
To none but thee its wealth is given,
Thou solace of my checkered lot;
Fair star that gilds my future heaven—
Peri of hope! forget me not! EVERARD.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE SHIPWRECK.

PRESSING circumstances induced me a few years since to take a passage in one of the late fall vessels from Quebec, bound to an English port. The winter season in this truly inhospitable climate had set in unusually early, and with more than its accustomed severity. But two or three outward bound vessels remained in the harbour, and it was even a doubtful case whether these would be enabled to clear the always dangerous, but now nearly closed navigation of the St. Lawrence. A sudden change in the weather, accompanied with a fair wind, however, presented so favourable a prospect to the captain of the barque I had engaged a passage in, that on the morning it took place I was informed of his intention of sailing without further delay. Anxious to reach England, and desirous of escaping a tedious journey over land at this inclement season, I preferred incurring all the risks attendant on this dangerous voyage, than subject myself to the delay and unpleasantness of making a circuitous route to the nearest American port, and going from thence by one of the regular packets. My arrangements were soon made, and I joined the vessel at the hour announced for our sailing.

I had understood that I should be the only passenger, and was agreeably surprised on my arrival on board to find that a lady and gentleman were also to be the companions of our voyage. The captain scarcely had time in the bustle attendant on our getting under weigh, to briefly explain the causes which had so unexpectedly increased our small cabin party. Mr. S. was a young Scotchman, who had been some time settled in Canada as a merchant; an attachment had long subsisted between him and the lady who now bore his name, unauthorised by her relatives; an elopement had been the consequence of this opposition, and they had been privately married only the evening previous to our sailing. The affairs of Mr. S. compelled him to visit his native country, and his young bride had determined to accompany him. Our vessel had been selected as affording certain means of escaping pursuit, and they had effected their embarkation privately, confiding their secret only to a tried friend at Quebec. The peculiarity of the young couple's situation, with the spice of romance attached to it, might have excited a degree of interest in men of more cynical feelings than ever I could lay claim to, added to which, the character of Mr. S. was known to me by reputation as being every way unexceptionable and exemplary. I therefore followed the captain into the cabin, determined to lose no time in putting myself upon easy and familiar terms with my *compagnons du voyage*.

An introduction was given in due form, and in a few hours we were placed upon a footing of intimacy which it would have taken the intercourse of months to have effected on shore. I had leisure during this period for observing my fair fellow-passenger, and truly a more lovely specimen of British Canadian beauty I had never witnessed during my long residence in the colony. She was tall, but elegantly formed, with features of the pure Grecian cast, set off by a complexion of almost dazzling whiteness, through which the most delicate tint was discernible, that were I at all addicted to poetical imagery, I should compare it to the opening rose-bud, "a

peach blossom," "the first rosy tint of morn," or to the innumerable similitudes which a poetic vein can call into existence upon similar emergencies—suffice it, however, to say that such a woman might plead an excuse for the rashness of Mr. S., and that her lady-like demeanour and well-informed mind, might well pardon my poor eulogium on her merits.

The first three days of our voyage were passed in friendly intercourse, rendered more interesting by the peculiarity of our situation, and enlivened by the extremely moderate weather we had hitherto experienced, and the continuance of a favourable wind. We were now reaching the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and confidently hoped that a very short period would place us beyond the immediate danger always to be dreaded on this coast at the advanced season that we were encountering its perils. On the evening of the third day since our departure from Quebec, we were seated in our snug cabin enjoying the luxury of a sea-coal fire, and the enlivening effects of a jug of excellent whisky-toddy, which Mr. S. had concocted with a scientific tact that only a Scotchman is capable of executing. It was the captain's watch below, and induced by the promise that Mrs. S. would charm us with some of the simple melodies of her native Canada, he joined our little party at the expense of his brief allotment of rest. The said jug of whisky-toddy might also have had its due influence—be that as it may, he joined us—and we continued to enjoy ourselves until nearly midnight, when we were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the officer on watch, who hastily summoned the captain on deck. I saw by the man's countenance that something was amiss, and an increased motion in the ship soon convinced me that a change had taken place in the weather. The loud call of "all hands on deck," quickly brought me to the same spot to ascertain exactly what was going forward. I was immediately put in possession of the cause of alarm; the wind had suddenly changed round to the north-east, and there were evident indications that a strong gale was coming on, accompanied by a snow storm, which bid fair to rage with a violence, from the quarter the wind was now at, only known in these northern latitudes. Our captain was using every exertion which the most experienced nautical skill could put into requisition to make the vessel "tight and trim" to meet the expected shock, and the crew were cheerfully seconding his efforts. Having ascertained the state of things on deck, my next thought was directed to my fellow-passengers. On entering the cabin I found them partially acquainted with our situation, and any anxiety I might have experienced regarding Mrs. S. was soon dissipated by the cheerful salutation she gave me on my entrance; gaily remarking "that she had been too long used to snow storms to be alarmed at so moderate a one as this appeared to be." I saw, however, that there was more an effort at indifference than the real possession of it that she was assuming, evidently proceeding from a wish to calm the agitation of Mr. S. rather than from her not being fully aware of the peril we should be subjected to in the dangerous situation we were placed in. The storm was now raging violently—the vessel heeled with frightful force as if engulfing itself in the raging element which surrounded us, and as it rose reeling and straining from each successive shock, the timbers appeared bursting asunder with the violence of the concussions. After in vain endeavouring to persuade Mrs. S. to retire to her berth, I left her to the care of her now alarmed husband, and again sought the deck. A most appalling scene here presented itself, the terrors of which any description, however vivid, would but inadequately portray. The tempest was raging with all the violence of a tornado, accompanied by a snow storm of that terrific fury which the Canadians term a *poudrière*, and to add to these accumulated horrors, an impenetrable darkness covered every object—not a star was visible. With difficulty I succeeded in recognising our captain, and endeavoured to obtain his real opinion of our situation. I found him prepared to meet the worst, and which he justly feared no efforts could prevent us from experiencing. The wind was driving us rapidly on the south shore, and the vessel being heavy laden, laboured so violently that she already ceased to obey her helm. We were now running under bare masts, for not an inch of canvass could be hoisted. The cross sea which usually runs in the gulf had been lashed by the fury of the wind into huge mountainous waves, which struck with incredible violence against our frail bark, and threatened with every shock to completely overwhelm us. I was about returning to the cabin with increased alarm when a tremendous sea burst over the stern, rushing like a torrent along the decks, sweeping all before it. Instinctively I grasped the first object which presented itself to my hold; it proved to be the companion hatch. I distinguished the loud shrieks of some poor wretches, whom we subsequently ascertained had been carried into the foaming

abyss which yawned around us, and the sound struck to my heart like the death knell to every hope I had previously formed of our escape from the awful perils of this memorable night. Several seconds elapsed before the vessel recovered from the shock; indeed, from the length of time which terror magnified, and the loud crash which simultaneously followed the stroke, I considered the stern must have been stove in; she at length righted, and we soon discovered the extent of our damage. The rudder had been completely torn away, the tiller was also disabled, and the man at the helm was missing. A temporary pause in the elements followed this last calamity, during which I heard the cries of "a leak! a leak!" "the long-boat is washed away!" and "the jolly-boat is dashed to pieces!" I made one leap down the companion ladder, and met a sight which paralysed me with horror, and for a moment rendered me insensible to any concern for myself. The lovely form of Mrs. S. was lying insensible in the arms of her agonized partner—her white garments drenched with the sea, which was rushing into the cabin with fearful violence, her beautiful features were covered with blood, from a wound apparently in the forehead, and her long auburn hair had escaped from its confinement, and was falling in wild profusion around her. I called loudly to her husband to raise himself and bring the fair sufferer on deck, and hastily threw a blanket over her that I snatched from the nearest berth. Mr. S. cast on me a wild and vacant stare, and mechanically assisted me to carry her on deck, which it required almost Herculean strength to gain. We at length succeeded in reaching the weather side of the quarter-deck, and the numerous portions of the disabled rigging furnished materials to lash our lovely burthen to one of the few remaining stanchions. I next secured Mr. S. and myself, as well as the nature of circumstances would permit, to the same place. The vessel was now filling rapidly, and in the occasional pauses of the tempest we could distinctly hear the water rushing between the lower decks. Being timber loaded I felt some hopes that we might escape a watery grave, to meet, perhaps, a more tedious one by cold and famine on this bleak and uninhabited shore. The keen night air, and the continual washing of the spray over us, had roused both Mr. S. and his wife. We contrived to arrange the blanket around her so as to entirely cover her limbs, and I urged every possible chance that might occur ultimately to save us. The storm by this time had somewhat abated of its first violence, and the captain joined our nearly exhausted group. He brought a small flask of brandy he had providentially found, a portion of which we immediately administered to Mrs. S., taking also a small quantity ourselves; its effects were renovating in the extreme, and the hope the captain gave us, that by the exertions of the crew we might still keep the vessel afloat until morning, was further exhilarating. The worthy sailor then suggested that we should obtain a tarpaulin covering, which fortunately lay under the companion ladder, and make a temporary barrier against the waves, an expedient gladly embraced. I bound the cord which fastened me to the stanchion tight around my waist, and gradually extending it, I reached the companion and succeeded, with the aid of the captain, in securing the tarpaulin, together with a portion of the bedding from the mates' berth, which was at the foot of the ladder; thus provided we again reached our companions, and with some difficulty made a tolerably secure covering for us all, under which we placed ourselves, wrapping the bed clothes around Mrs. S. and administering to her another draught from our flask; here we remained secure during the rest of the night. The tempest had now expended its fury, and the snow descended in large flakes, moderating the before excessive coldness of the temperature. We remained two or three hours in this painful and anxious situation. The vessel had settled down to nearly the water's edge and was now as motionless as a log, drifting as the current directed it. The topmasts having been mostly carried away in the early part of the night, may have prevented us from upsetting, as is frequently the case in similar situations with timber loaded vessels. Terror and fatigue had overcome Mrs. S. and she insensibly fell into a sound sleep. I assisted her husband in supporting her, and we passed away the tedious hours by mutually consoling each other with hopes, of the fallacy of which we both were fully sensible. After passing a dreadful period of anxiety, we heard the cheerful cry of "day-break." I immediately moved my almost disabled limbs and emerged from the covering. The snow had ceased to descend and the wind had greatly moderated, but the scene that presented itself was disheartening and appalling! Our vessel was an entire wreck; the decks were swept fore and aft of every moveable article, and the sea was making a free passage over them. While alternately gazing on this spectacle of desolation, and watching with eager gaze

the horizon, already tinged with the ruddy precursors of the coming day, the joyful cry of "a sail on the starboard bow!" broke upon my ear; a shout of ecstasy burst from the ship's crew, and a flood of grateful tears was the only effort which nature allowed me to testify the rapture which the intelligence produced. I crawled back to my enfeebled companions; they had heard the joyous shout, and were clasping each other in all the fond endearments of pure and renovated affection. Mrs. S. sobbed forth her thanks to me with the eloquence of a grateful heart, which more than overpaid the exertions I had used in her behalf. Our anxiety was now directed to the promised deliverance; we could easily distinguish the vessel was rapidly gaining on us, and I saw that our crew had contrived to hoist several signals to attract attention. This was a period of painful solicitude—every eye was strained in the direction of the expected succour—every heart beat high with contending emotions of hope and fear. At length our anxieties were partially relieved, a flag was hoisted by the approaching vessel, a thick smoke proceeded from her side, a flash followed, and the loud report of a cannon was borne to our delighted ears—all proofs that our hapless situation had been observed. In a few moments we saw a boat lanced and speeding to our relief; a shout of exultation burst from every lip. The crew were almost maddened with joy, and I observed the mild eyes of Mrs. S. lifted in grateful thankfulness to heaven for the unexpected deliverance which had been afforded us. The boat was rapidly nearing our now almost sinking vessel. Captain J. was busied in making the necessary arrangements for our departure, and it was decided that Mrs. S. and her husband should be among the first to leave the ship, a privilege that was readily acceded to them by all hands. The boat was now within hail; a rope was eagerly thrown out and caught by our deliverers; they had sent the ship's long-boat, which was found to be sufficiently large to accommodate the whole of our surviving crew, with the passengers. In a few minutes we were safely placed in her, and a short time brought us to the vessel. She proved to be a fine ship bound to Liverpool, from Quebec; she had weathered the storm in the shelter of Gaspé Bay, and with the full approach of day, had taken advantage of the fair breeze to prosecute her voyage. We experienced the kindest attentions from the captain. A comfortable bed and warm restoratives were quickly afforded to Mrs. S., who soon recovered. In the evening of the same day on which we were so providentially saved, she joined our thankful party, and united in grateful expressions of praise to the Divine Being who had rescued us from impending death. Our subsequent voyage passed without any further incident, and we reached Liverpool after a quick passage of three weeks. D.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

MOVING PANORAMA.

"It is remarkable," says Dr. Arnott, "when the imagination is once excited by some beautiful or striking view, how readily any visual hint produces clear and strong impressions. One day in the cosmorama a school-boy visiter exclaimed, that he saw a monstrous tiger coming from its den among the rocks—it was a kitten belonging to the attendant, which by accident had strayed among the paintings. And another young spectator was heard calling that he saw a horse galloping up the mountain side—it was a minute fly crawling slowly along the canvass. There is in this department a very fine field yet open to the exercise of ingenuity, for the contemplation of pictures representing motion or progressive events, may be made the occasion of mental excitement the most varied and intense. For instance, there are few scenes on earth calculated to awaken more interesting reflections on the condition of human nature than that beheld by a person who sails along the river Thames from London to the sea, a distance of about forty miles, through the wonders which on every side there crowd on the sight—the forest of ships from all parts of the world—the glorious monuments of industry, of philanthropy, of science—the marks of the riches, the high civilization, and the happiness of the people. Now this scene was last year in one of our theatres strikingly portrayed, by what was called a *moving panorama* of the southern bank of the Thames. It was a very long painting, of which a part only was seen at a time gliding slowly across the stage, and the impression made on the spectators was that of their viewing the realities while going down the river in a steam-boat. In the same manner the whole coast of Britain might be most interestingly represented—or any other coast, or any line of road, or even a line of balloon flight. There was another moving panorama exhibited about the same time at Spring Gardens, aiming at an object of still greater difficulty, viz. to

depict a course of human life; and the history chosen was that of the latter part of Bonaparte's career. Scenes representing the principal events were, in succession, and apparently on the same canvases, made to glide across the field of view, so designed that the real motion of the picture gave to the spectator the feeling of the events being only then in progress, and with the accompaniments of clear narration and suitable music, they produced on those who viewed them the most complete illusion. The story began with the blow struck at Bonaparte's ambition in the battle of Trafalgar; and, to mark how completely, by representations of various moments and situations of the battle, the spectators were, in imagination, made present to it, the author of this work may mention, that on the occasion of his visiting the exhibition, a young man, seeing a party of British preparing to board an enemy's ship, started from his seat with a hurrah! and seemed quite surprised when he found that he was not really in the battle. To the first views there succeeded many others, similarly introduced and explained, in each of which the hero himself appeared; there were, his defeat at Waterloo—his subsequent flight—his delivery of himself to the British admiral—his appearing at the gangway of the Bellerophon to thousands of spectators, waiting in boats around, while he was in Plymouth harbour, previous to his departure for ever from the shores of Europe—his house and habits during his exile, with various views of St. Helena—and last of all, that solemn procession, in which the bier, with his lifeless corpse, appeared moving slowly on its way to the grave under the willow-tree. The exhibition now spoken of might have been made much better in all respects, yet in its mediocrity it served to prove how admirably adapted such unions of painting, music, and narration, or poetry, are to affect the mind, and therefore to become the means of conveying most impressive lessons of historical fact and moral principle." *Arnot's Physics.*

BAD COMPANY.

All experience confirms the general remark of the heathen poet, quoted by a christian apostle, that "evil communication corrupts good manners." It is sure to operate on the soul, as poison operates on the body, with more or less malignity as its composition is more or less subtle or potent. The person lives not at any age, least of all at that when the mind is known to be most susceptible, who can avoid taking a tincture from those with whom he mingles, not, as we hinted before, transiently and through necessity, but habitually and from choice. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed," said the deepest observer of life that ever existed among the sons of Adam. With what unequalled emphasis has he cautioned young men against the first approaches to familiarity with the bad! I say the first approaches, well knowing with what restless and increasing rapidity those are drawn in, who venture but to touch on that dreadful whirlpool. Would to heaven his words were engraved on your hearts, in characters which no time and no temptation should have power to efface!—"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it; pass by it; turn from it, and pass away;"—were the several ideas that rose above each other with a beautiful gradation, and they form altogether one of the most pointed and awakening exhibitions that could fall from the pen of wisdom. No; there is not in all her school a lesson of more importance, than that of shunning even the remotest tendencies to unnecessary association, or what is commonly termed friendship, with unprincipled men; in which number we do not comprehend only the debauched, the openly impious, or the scandalously profane, but the dissipated too; yea, the dissipated in the least criminal acceptation of the word, or those who, on a competition between duty and amusement, are accustomed to prefer the latter; transgressing, or forgetting, or superficially performing the former for the sake of enjoying more freely their light and airy pleasures. *Fordyce.*

A FACT.

Upwards of fifty years ago, the present Dr. —, of London, a highly respected clergyman, and his sister, Mrs. D—, at that time about seventeen and fifteen years of age, respectively, were travelling in Devonshire with their father, and arrived one day at a small inn on the road, at which they stopped to dine, but the afternoon becoming very wet and stormy, they resolved to remain all night; and, having intimated this to the landlord, he retired to make the necessary arrangements. Shortly after he returned to the room in which the party were seated, and making his obeisance, remarked, with a very complacent and self-satisfied smile, that, as the afternoon was so wet, and necessarily prevented any out-door excursion, if the young lady would find any amusement in looking over

portfolio of original drawings, he would desire his son to wait upon them, and exhibit his attainments in the fine arts. This intimation was of course joyfully received, especially by the young lady, who was a considerable proficient in drawing, and in a few minutes a tall raw-boned lad, of about seventeen years of age, entered the room with a portfolio under his arm, which he proceeded to open and unfold to their view a considerable number of original pencil and chalk drawings, which he seemed very proud of, but which appeared to the party to be any thing rather than beautiful specimens of this delightful art. After this examination had closed, the young artist, conscious, we presume, of his powers, requested the young lady to sit for her portrait in chalk, which, for her amusement, she consented to; the artist commenced his task, and in the progress of it, so often turned his large expressive eye in eager gazings on the interesting countenance of the fair sister, that she felt much difficulty in restraining herself from a burst of laughter. The portrait was finished in about half an hour, and presented to the original, who, although at that time she could not help smiling at the rude attempt, still has it in her possession, and would not now part with it for money, this sketch being produced by the late highly-gifted and now deeply lamented Thomas Lawrence, president of the Royal Academy, and portrait painter to his majesty. *Eng. paper.*

FLATTERY REWARDED.

Frederick William, father of Frederick the Great of Prussia, painted, or fancied he painted, but his works were mere daubs. Such, however, was not the language of his courtiers, when decanting on the merits of the royal Appelles. On one occasion his majesty favoured them with the sight of a new specimen. "Suppose," said the king, "that some great painter, Rubens or Raphael, for instance, had painted this picture; do you think it would fetch a considerable price?" "Sire," replied the Baron de Polnitz, who passed for the most practised and the most obsequious of his majesty's courtiers, "I assure you that a connoisseur could not offer less for such a picture than twenty-five thousand florins." "Well, then, baron," cried the gratified monarch, "you shall receive a proof of my munificence; take the picture for five thousand florins, which you shall pay me in ready money; and, as I wish to render you a service, you have my permission to sell it again." "Ah, sire," cried the baron, who was fairly caught in his own snare, "I can never consent to take advantage of your majesty's generosity." "No reply," said the king; "I know that I make you a handsome present, by which you will gain fifteen thousand florins or more. But your zeal for my interest has been proved, and I owe you some recompense. Your love for the arts, and your attachment to my person, entitle you to this mark of my esteem." *Ibid.*

THE CLOSING OF LIFE.

Of all the periods and events of life the concluding scene is one of the deepest interest to the person himself, and to surviving spectators. Various are the ways in which it comes, and various the aspects it presents; but in all it is solemn. What can be more so than the approach of that moment, which to the dying man is the boundary between time and eternity! which concludes the one and commences the other; which terminates all his interests in this world, and fixes his condition for a never-ending existence in the world unknown? What can be more so than those moments of silent and indescribable anxiety, when the last sands of the numbered hour are running; when the beat of the heart has become too languid to be felt at the extremities of the frame; when the hand returns not the gentle pressure; when the limb lies stiff and motionless; when the eye is fixed, and the ear turns no more towards the voice of consoling kindness; when the breath, before oppressive and laborious, becomes feebler and feebler till it dies slowly away—and to the listening ear there is no sound amidst the breathless silence; nor to the arrested eye, that watches with the unmoving look of thrilling solicitude for the last symptom of remaining life, is motion longer perceptible, when surrounding friends continue to speak in whispers, and to step through the chamber on the tiptoe of cautiousness, as if still fearful of disturbing him—whom the noise of a thousand thunders could not now startle—who has fallen into that last sleep, from which nothing shall rouse him but "the voice of the archangel and the trump of God!" *Wardlaw.*

INTEMPERANCE.

"I saw him carried out of his dwelling. The coffin was large, for he was a manly youth. On it were the initials of his name—H. C. aged 25. His widow followed him, beautiful in grief. She was twenty-two. When I joined their hands, I saw that his wife was a young girl, and his mother a young woman."

It was a sad slaughter. Intemperance did it. I knew it. All knew it. Many sighed deeply as they laid him in the grave and thought it was so. I wanted to say it was. I spoke long at the house, and again at the grave, and of every thing but his destroyer. The fire burned in my bosom, and I wished to attack him over the lifeless body, and warn the young men of my charge to beware of his wiles. But all would have pronounced it imprudent; unkind to friends, and unsuitable to the occasion, and I was compelled to be silent. And thus, thought I, it is. The demon intemperance can slay our young men, and none can mutter. The cause of their death must be hushed up. It must be ascribed to every thing but the reality. C., it was said, died of the consumption, and the demon laughed every time the lie was told." *A Pastor's Jour.*

PINE TREE.

Mr. David Douglass, a practical botanist, who but very recently returned from an exploratory tour to the west coast of North America, has communicated to the Horticultural Society of London, riches hitherto unknown in the products of the vegetable kingdom. Among them we find two new species of pine, of more gigantic dimensions than any hitherto described in Europe or America. One species (*Pinus Douglasii*) grows to the height of two hundred and thirty feet, and is upwards of fifty feet in circumference at its base. It is stated to have a rough corky bark, from one inch to twelve inches thick. The leaves resemble those of the spruce, and the cones are small. The timber is heavy and of good quality. It was found growing on the banks of the Columbia, where it forms extensive forests, extending from the shore of the Pacific to the Stony Mountains. The other species (*Pinus Lambertiana*) was discovered in northern California, where it is dispersed over large tracts of country. It is a most majestic tree. One specimen, which in consequence of its having been blown down, Mr. Douglass was enabled to measure, was two hundred and fifteen feet in length, fifty-seven feet nine inches in circumference at three feet from the root, and seventeen feet five inches at one hundred and thirty-four feet. It is thought to be the largest mass of timber ever measured by man; and yet some of the growing specimens of the same pine were evidently of greater elevation. A singular property of this tree is, that when the timber is partly burned, the turpentine loses its flavour and assumes a sweetish taste. It is used by the natives as a substitute for sugar. *Dr. Francis.*

EDITORS.

An editor, desirous of leading a quiet and easy life, must adopt one of two courses; either to express no opinion whatever upon public men or public measures, or to unite himself firmly with a party, and utter the opinions which they adopt, and no other. By the first mode he will offend no one; and by the other, he will be sure of pleasing the party to which he has attached himself. If that party be a minority so much the better, his task will be lightened one-half. It is easier to rail than to reason. A distinguished British statesman once said, that he found the business of opposition easy enough; it was only when he got into power that he was at a loss how to proceed. But the cant of a ruling party, though not quite so manageable as the other, is very easily acquired, and many dull scholars have made great proficiency in it. *Nat. Gazette.*

A HUMOROUS FELLOW.

A carpenter, being subpoenaed as a witness on a trial of assault, one of the counsel, who was very much given to browbeating the evidence, asked him what distance he was from the parties when he saw the defendant striking the plaintiff? The carpenter answered, "Just four feet five inches and a half." "Prithce, fellow," said the counsel, "how is it possible you can be so very exact as to the distance?" "Why, to tell the truth," said the carpenter, "I thought perhaps some fool might ask me, and so I measured it." *Scotsman.*

IN SPITE OF HIS TEETH.

King John once demanded of a certain Jew ten thousand marks; on refusal of which, he ordered one of the Israelite's teeth to be drawn every day till he should consent. The Jew lost seven, and then paid the required sum. Hence the phrase, "In spite of his teeth." *Ibid.*

ROSE, THISTLE, AND SHAMROCK.

It is a singular circumstance that Moore, who is an Irishman, should write the life of Lord Byron, who is an Englishman, and dedicate the work to Sir Walter Scott, who is a Scotchman. *Ibid.*

An Irishman went into a cooper's shop, and asked for an

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.—NUMBER XIII.

EDITORIAL COURTESIES.

"I must speak in a passion, and I will do it in King Cymboes' vein."—*Shakspeare*.

If Socrates, or any other sensible ancient, could be resuscitated, and have half-a-dozen flaming rhapsodies on the benefits and blessings of the "press," put into his hands, what a glorious and mighty change would he suppose had taken place in the ordering of public affairs, since the time when the Athenian rabble were led by the nose by every noisy demagogue who chose to spout nonsense to them in their market-places. How the good man's heart would be filled with rejoicing as he read glowing descriptions of the tremendous capabilities of this mighty engine, wielded solely for the benefit of mankind, and of its unwearied exertions to disseminate useful information and correct knowledge of political events to the meanest citizen of the state! He would suppose, that with this almost omnipotent power arrayed on the side of virtue, and watching with untiring vigilance over the true interests of all, that this wicked world must have been transformed into a sort of Utopia since his time—a place from which all prejudice, venality, corruption, and sycophancy were swept away, and where the governors and the governed would emulate each other in their exertions for the common weal. But if, after perusing the aforesaid rhapsodies, the said Socrates could have a quantity of newspapers taken indiscriminately from different parts of the country placed before him, there is strong reason to believe that an attentive perusal of their elegant contents would materially change his opinion. He would find the gentlemen presiding over one-half of the press stating that the other portion of their editorial brethren were, without exception, the greatest set of rascals, scoundrels, rogues, thieves, and vagabonds that ever existed on the face of the earth; and that they were the most vile, the most degraded, the most contemptible miscreants that could, by any possibility, disgrace humanity. On the other hand, he would find the party accused in these gentle terms, asserting that their assailants were well known to be such infamous liars, so totally destitute of every spark of honesty, so stained with infamy, so branded with convicted falsehoods, as to render any thing they might say unworthy of the slightest notice. Poor Socrates would be sadly puzzled, and think there was more in this than he ever "dreamt of in his philosophy;" and that truth still kept her ancient station at the bottom of a well. He would find these virtuous vehicles of knowledge and information made up of quack advertisements, dreadful murders, dreadful poetry, Joe Miller jests and editorial personalities; in the latter of which he would see all the coarseness of his old enemy Aristophanes ten times trebled, without a single redeeming sprinkling of his wit and humour, and he would be lost in utter amazement to find that the very worst and most ignorant portion of the people (according to their own showing) had been, by some strange fatality, elevated to instruct and amuse the rest.

There are some subjects which it is necessary to aid by a slight stretch of the fancy, or a little exaggeration of language, in order to give them point and effect; but to describe, just as it is, the manner in which editorial warfare is carried on in the country papers of the United States, other words than what are to be found in Walker or Webster must be sought for; they are too tame, too weak to convey any idea of these Billingsgate personalities.

"A beggar in his drink
Would not bestow such terms upon his callet,"
as the worthy conductors of the press think proper to bestow upon each other. Wherein the utility—the advantage of all this to the public, or what is more, to themselves, consists, is not easy to discover. If they are what they say they are, would it not be their policy to agree and keep it concealed, and not blazon forth each other's infamy to the world? And what has that world to do with their disreputable quarrels and low abuse, farther than to laugh at and despise them for it? the public of this day, as of yore,

"care not a toss up
Whether Mossop kick Barry or Barry kick Mossop,"
and after looking on for some time, and amusing itself with the noise and sputter of the enraged belligerents, come to the conclusion that they are both contemptible creatures, and pay no further attention to the matter. In fact, nine-tenths of the papers have, by this degrading conduct, in a great measure lost the power of affecting character either by praise or censure: there are many who pay no sort of attention either to what they say of public men or of each other; and if there are still those who, making a deduction of ninety-nine per cent., think "there must be some truth in what the fellow

says," their number is fast diminishing. A paper is at present lying before us, from which better things might have been expected, as it is published in a decent neighbourhood, and contains some good reading matter, in which, amid two-thirds of a column of abuse, one of the most moderate sentences is, that his opponent is "a liar by nature and a thief by profession." After going on for some time with unabated spirit in this strain of unmitigated abuse, he winds up with the following magnificent piece of composition. "If the river Amazon were made to run through his (his opponent's) soul, more time would be taken up in cleansing it of its depravity and filthiness than was required by the ancient river to cleanse the celebrated stables, wherein a thousand oxen had been stalled for almost as many years!" This appears to be only one of a series of articles on the subject! and the offence, as far as we can make it out, for which all these hard words are let loose, seems to have been the copying a paragraph without due credit, or something of the kind of equally vital importance to the community. We have not seen the replication to this choice *morceau*, but presume it will be in the same style of impassioned and elegant invective.

Now is not this and such as this abominable? and hundreds of instances could be pointed out of still greater magnitude, in which the personal appearance and family connexions of a man are ridiculed—charges of not having paid his tailor's bill, or any thing else, no matter what, that depravity can invent or blackguardism utter, are put forth. Opprobrious epithets from such sources, when applied to those who have been long before the public, and whose characters are well and favourably known, can do but comparatively little harm; they may exclaim with Brutus,

"I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I regard not;"

but suppose an honourable and sensitive man, just commencing his career, attacked by one of those literary scavengers, what exquisite pain must it give him to find himself dragged forward and slandered in this manner. And he has no redress; he cannot reply, or at all events if he does, it will be a most unequal match, for he will be temperate in his language, and anxious not to assert any thing but what is strictly true. It would be like a gentleman neatly dressed in light-coloured unmentionables and white kid gloves, engaged in a combat of throwing mud from a kennel with a ragged and tattered miscreant; his adversary, from being well practised at the game, throws ten handfull of dirt for his one, and quickly bespatters him all over, while the few additional pieces that he could send would never be discerned on his opponent's already soiled and filthy garments. The best way certainly for all those who are well enough known to afford it, is to pass all such attacks over in absolute silence. Blackwood's Magazine, whose personality has at least always prostituted humour and ability to make it go off, has never been so enraged by any of the retorts of its adversaries as by the real or affected contempt of the Edinburgh Review. Notwithstanding the virulent abuse that has from time to time been bestowed upon it, the Edinburgh has never, since the commencement of Blackwood, let it appear that it was conscious there was such a journal in existence.

We are not very sanguine in anticipations of any speedy and effectual change for the better in this world of ours; but we do think the time is fast coming when, with a few exceptions, the present race of public journals in the United States will be regarded with unqualified contempt. There are already symptoms of better things. Most of the city papers in New-York, and indeed in all large towns, have lately amended their ways considerably in this respect, though they were never one quarter so bad as their rural brethren; and there are several journals that are respectable and entertaining repositories of news, knowledge, literature, and fashion, while their trifling disputes are conducted in a pleasant and gentlemanly spirit. Clashing interests and party views will always preserve some portion of personality in the world; but it would be more agreeable to all concerned to settle their little affairs of the pen by good-natured railery, light repartees, and polished sarcasms, such as pass in decent society, in preference to vulgar slang and porter-house figures of rhetoric. Let such contests be carried on like two gentlemen engaged in a bout at foils, in which both exert their utmost skill and ingenuity, in a friendly temper; and when a "palpable hit" is given on either side, let it be courteously acknowledged, and then try it again; and not like a couple of ragamuffins in the street, who fight and tear themselves to pieces for the amusement of the spectators.

From ill air we take disease; from ill company vices and imperfections.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

PRINCE HOHENLOHE.

THE prevalence of superstition and fanaticism which still exist in the world, notwithstanding all the boasting of the present enlightened state of society, is a subject for reflection at once astonishing and humiliating. It certainly affords matter for surprise that in the nineteenth century there should arise individuals who seek to revive in their own persons all the incredible fictions and gross impositions practised during what is termed the "dark ages;" and it is no less humiliating to human nature to find thousands of credulous believers in these pretended possessors of divine inspiration and supernatural powers.

Among those who have lately taxed human credulity, the subject of our present sketch stands pre-eminently conspicuous. The miraculous power he has claimed of being able to cure diseases, however distant he may be separated from the objects who solicit his assistance, long rendered him an universal subject of conversation, and we trust will plead a sufficient cause for introducing him among our list of celebrated characters.

Prince Alexander Hohenlohe is descended from one of the oldest families in Germany. His ancestors were among the first to embrace the reformed religion, but returned to the catholic church in 1667. In 1744 the houses of Hohenlohe were elevated to the rank of princes of the holy Roman empire. They are divided into two reigning families or houses; those of Nevenstein and of Waldenburg, to the latter of which Prince Hohenlohe belongs. He is one of the canons of Olmutz, and a knight of Malta.

It appears from his biographer, father Baur, that it was not until the year 1821 that the prince gave any indication of possessing the extraordinary powers he then laid claim to. Being at Wurzburg at that period (1821,) he frequently preached and celebrated high mass, in the ordinary routine of his official duties as a dignitary of the catholic church. In the spring of that year he first commenced the performance of miraculous cures. He is described at this period as making the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and the lame to walk; of the entire truth of these statements no certain evidence can be given. It is well known, however, to those at all conversant with medical subjects, that the imagination strongly acted upon, is capable of producing temporary, and in some cases perfect cures, in many diseases incident to the human species. A knowledge of this fact may perhaps satisfactorily explain most of the wonderful miracles attributed to this extraordinary man. Following his biographer, we find that on the twenty-seventh of June, subsequent to his commencing his wonderful mission, that thirty-six individuals had been cured, and that on the following day the number was increased to sixty, among whom was the princess of Schwartzberg, who had been lame from her eighth to her seventeenth year. This lady is represented as being entirely cured by the prayers of Prince Hohenlohe. The reigning prince of Bavaria, who was deaf, was also restored to his hearing—the sight of a Madame Polzano was recovered, after many years suffering under an entire extinction of that faculty. These miraculous doings in a catholic country, very naturally produced great excitement and wonder, and the house of the prince was surrounded by thousands, from town and country who implored his interposition on their behalf. It is needless to say that only a small portion of these received the expected aid—a strong proof of the absence of any real power of this self-inspired apostle. The fame of the prince had now spread over the continent, and we find him visiting various places, in all of which he is stated to have left proofs of his healing powers. On his return to Wurzburg crowds of eager applicants awaited his return, and numerous cures are related to have been performed, one of which we will narrate, as exhibiting the extraordinary effect produced on the people generally by these pretended miracles. Shortly after the prince's arrival at Wurzburg a chaise drove up to the hotel in which he was residing, and it was immediately ascertained by the assembled crowd, that it brought some poor creature in need of help, and actually an old man, by trade a butcher, was carried out of it in sheets into the hotel, for all his members appeared so crippled that he could not be touched with hands. Many of the multitude exclaimed aloud, "If this man is cured the finger of God will be manifest;" and all were full of expectation for the event. After some time a lady was heard in the hotel calling out of the window to those in the balcony of the adjoining house, "Good heavens! the man is cured! he can walk!" The crowd below were now more eager with expectation, when another lady called out to them, "Clear the way before the

door, the man is coming out!" The man now made his appearance and walked to the chaise, the mob shouting an exulting *pean* to the honour of their successful apostle. The man after driving a little way stopped the coachman, desiring him to take him back to the prince, as through excessive joy he had forgotten to return him thanks.

The miracles of the prince do not stop here, and it would far exceed our limits to chronicle them—neither time nor distance presented any obstacle to his wonder-working powers. He now established a certain day and hour wherein he would effect cures in any part of the world by the parties who desired his aid, joining him in prayer at these specified periods, and by placing an entire confidence in his abilities to cure them, they were to be restored. Many cases are cited by his followers of extraordinary cures having been performed by these means, which have drawn the attention of able and experienced men in the medical profession, who have examined the proofs exhibited in such cases; and the result of their labours has been a thorough conviction that imagination, acting upon credulous minds, has worked these pretended miracles.

The prince has lately ceased his labours, induced, perhaps, by the exposure of some of his assumed claims for divine inspiration. His popularity has also decreased with this relinquishment of his miraculous powers, for a short time since the public papers announced that one of the petty sovereigns of Germany had interdicted him from visiting the territory over which he presided.

Such is a brief account of this modern apostle, in the extravagance of which it is difficult to determine whether the presumption of the prince, or the credulity of his followers is the most preposterous. H.*

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

NATURE.

To him who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.—Bryant.

THE carelessness with which most persons regard natural objects has often afforded matter for reflection to the philosophic mind. To one who is accustomed to look at nature with a keen and enraptured eye, this indifference to her works seems, at first view, irreconcilable with that innate inquisitiveness so characteristic of mankind. While his own ear is filled with the melody of sweet voices—while his imagination catches the living echoes of that anthem which the morning stars sang at creation's birth; and while his soul expands as it expatiates amid the bright and varied scenes of this charming world, his brother's insensibility is to him a mystery. Every fibre in his own bosom is thrilling with delight as he looks abroad over the fair earth; joyous and stirring perceptions come thronging upon his mind; new and beautiful analogies are charming his fancy—but why is his brother unmoved? Is the power of sensation palsied, or are the heart-springs of gladness dried up within him? O no; but the spell of ignorance is upon him; he has not yet been initiated into the mysteries of creation.

The effects of this spell are confined principally to the great mass of the low and indigent. The wants attendant on their humble condition must necessarily engross their chief attention, and consequently very little time is left for the acquisition of that knowledge which does not immediately tend to the removal of those wants. If nature is bountiful, they are satisfied with her gifts, without investigating the wonderful economy by which they are furnished. They are ignorant, in fact, of any such economy. The forms that spring up around them present nothing particularly curious or interesting to their view. They regard them as mere simple objects, not being aware that the most delicate mechanism and the most complex combination of elements obtain throughout their minutest parts. The novelty of strange and uncommon structures that frequently interrupt the falsely-termed monotony of natural objects, or the plumage and note of an unknown bird, may for a moment elicit their attention and admiration; but the duration and degree are far inferior to that which is excited by a raree-show. Here vulgar curiosity has its richest banquet; it finds a cabinet of wonders in the veriest gewgaws of human ingenuity—the bead and the bracelet, the spangle and the ribbon.

With this taste and under this obscurance of intellect, the rustic goes forth amidst the scenes of nature, in a measure unconscious of the living beauty that emanates from every object around him. The decorations of air and earth are to him charmless, mere blanks; while he plods on, treading down the flowers, prostrating the forests, drowning with some uncouth strain the music of woods and waters, and shutting

his eye on the visible glories of creation with the most listless apathy. But should philosophy, the sage expositor of nature's truths, in whose hands is the key to her temple, remove the mist that is upon his vision, and enlighten him in the wonders of her operations, think you he would then remain as indifferent as before? As well might we suppose the blind man would continue insensible to the light, and the loveliness of material forms, were his eyes divested of their cata-racts. Explain to the school-boy the inimitable conformation of the bird, or the butterfly which flutters in his grasp—the relative adaptations of the organs of that tiny frame to symmetry, elegance of movement, and sustentation of life, and he will slacken his careless hold, and gaze on the little prisoner with an admiration he never before experienced. At the same time, there will be a kind of awe mingled with his delight, when he discovers that he has been rudely handling the delicate work of a mysterious power, abounding with beauty and ingenuity—the work of a superior intelligence. Teach the untutored peasant also the phenomena of the vegetable system, unfold to his comprehension its absorbents and exhalents, its resources for the continuation of the species, and the chemical processes which give to the autumn forests their gorgeous colourings, and you open a new world to his astonished and delighted mind.

Now and then one of this benighted class breaks from the thralldom of ignorance, and dashing away the shackles and the scales that bound and blinded him, sweeps forth like the eagle to gaze with undazzled eye on the brightest irradiations of created things. Him poverty cannot re-fetter, or necessity subdue. The thirst after the hidden fountains of knowledge is in his soul—the charm of curiosity impels him forward, and who shall stay him in his career? Who let fall the curtain of oblivion between his searching vision and the far-stretching and glorious prospects to which he has been introduced? He feels that the link in the chain of existences which connects him with the brute is lengthened, as the dominions of mind are extended, and the reach of thought approximates to the central and all-perfect intellect of the universe. Then swell the high aspirations for a still purer and more exalted state of being as revelation after revelation is unfolded, until they become, as it were, a part of his existence—a well-spring of hope, joy, and solace, for ever gushing up fresh and full in his bosom. If indigence require him to toil for sustenance, he goes cheerfully to his task, for his labours are among the objects of his admiration. The melody of birds, brooks, and branches is in his ear, while his eye is filled with the fair presentations of ever-varying landscapes. As he plies the axe or the sickle, fancy is busied with her enchantments, and imagination, as she passes her fairy creations before his mind, divests labour of half its weariness. In the forest or the field the muses are his companions, and their inspiration is not unfrequently bodied forth in many a care-dispelling song. In the lonely and retired glens of the mountains he is not alone, for nature is with him; and in the hush of their awful solitudes he hears her deep voice, and bears himself reverently as in the sphere of some august presence. Every season and every clime have charms for him. The alternations of light and darkness, tempest and calm, all seasons and all places, are teeming with interest. He becomes the adopted of nature, and is admitted to her most intimate familiarity. His mind seizes upon her truths as by the power of intuition, and he looks through the mysteries of her operations with the perspicacity of a higher intelligence. His countenance exhibits not the slightest trace of that stupid indifference to her charms which originates in ignorance, and characterises the vacant mien of the multitude; but its every lineament is instinct with a noble and joyous expression. Such were Shakspeare and Burns, men of humble birth, who, unacquainted with classic lore and the accumulated treasures of philosophy, scanned nature with an accuracy of perception, depth of comprehension, and ardency of love, unsurpassed by that of the most favoured votaries of science. She presented herself before them in her unrobed loveliness, and they needed not the teachings of the schools to portray to the life the graces and the glories of their divinity. They were guided by a greater than all human masters—the power of an inborn and infallible taste. But such instances are rare. The generality of mankind, including many of the rich and the learned, pass on through life encircled by beautiful things and yet ignorant of their beauties, and unsusceptible of those pure and ennobling pleasures that spring from a knowledge of the charms which nature has lavished around them.

PROTEUS.

Poverty whets the genius—opulence blunts it. When the stomach is empty, the body becomes all spirit—when full, the spirit becomes all body.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

THIS far-famed but unsuccessful expedition against England, during the reign of Elizabeth, has proved a prolific theme for the historian, the novelist, and the dramatist. The well-known motto "*Affavit Deus, et dissipantur*," took its rise from this occasion, being impressed on the medal which was struck by order of Elizabeth, in commemoration of the dispersion of this formidable squadron. In English, "The breath of God has issued, and they are dispersed." Perhaps a few particulars of this important event may not be uninteresting to the readers of the New-York Mirror.

The celebrated English navigator, Drake, (the history of whose voyages and successful depredations on the Spanish possessions, has sharpened the innate cupidity of many a school-boy, and probably made more sailors than even the romance of Robinson Crusoe itself,) was about that time, 1587, in all his glory, at the very acmé of his successful career. While the king of Spain, Philip II., was secretly meditating his great design against England, and had actually commenced his preparations, the daring Drake destroyed a whole fleet of transports at Cadiz, laden with ammunition and naval stores. He also ravaged the western coast, insulted Lisbon, and took a rich carrack, laden with treasure and papers of great importance. By this short expedition, the means of which had been furnished by the London merchants, the naval preparations of Spain were disconcerted, the proposed expedition against England was retarded twelve months, and the queen had leisure to take more secure measures against that formidable invasion.

Cavendish had also, in the same year, committed great depredations on the Spaniards in the South Sea; having taken many vessels richly laden. On his return to England, he entered the river Thames in a kind of triumph, the style of which, however, betrayed a little of the coxcomb. His mariners and soldiers were clothed in silk, his sails were of damask, and his topsail cloth-of-gold! And well could he afford such extravagance, for his prizes were the richest that had ever been brought into England.

Provoked by these hostilities on the part of Elizabeth, Philip had for a considerable time, and very naturally too, harboured a secret and violent desire of revenge. The period which he had chosen for this purpose was peculiarly favourable to his design, as a truce had been lately concluded with the Turks; and France, at that time the perpetual rival of Spain, was so distracted with intestine commotions, that no obstacle was to be apprehended from that quarter.

Philip's preparations had been, for some time, conducted with studied secrecy and reserve; but no sooner was his resolution fully formed, than every part of his extensive empire resounded with the noise of armaments. All his ministers, generals, and admirals, were employed in forwarding the design. Accordingly the plans were laid and measures were taken in all the ports of Sicily, Naples, Spain, and Portugal, for fitting out such a fleet and embarkation as had never before had its equal in Europe. The Spaniards, ostentatious of their power, and clothed with vain hope, had already denominated their navy the "invincible armada." Superstition, too, added her fanatic but powerful aid. Papal bulls, denouncing perdition to Elizabeth and her abettors, accompanied the squadron; and a consecrated banner from Rome waved over the heads of these new crusaders. The grand and ultimate object of the whole expedition was the overthrow of the protestant religion in England, and the re-uniting the whole christian world in the catholic communion.

On the twenty-ninth of May, 1588, this formidable flotilla, consisting of one hundred and sixty vessels, with about thirty thousand men, including soldiers, mariners, and galley-slaves, the whole under the command of the duke of Medina, set sail from Lisbon. In the mean time an army of fifty-four thousand men was assembled in the Netherlands, and kept in readiness to be transported into England as soon as the invaders had effected a landing. But if omens are to be trusted, the very commencement of the expedition was indicative of its ultimate defeat; for the next day after the fleet left Lisbon it was dispersed by a violent storm, so that some of the smallest ships were sunk, whilst the others took shelter in the Gironde. As soon as the armada was refitted, however, it sailed again towards the English coast, and arrived in the channel on the nineteenth of July. Here it disposed itself in the form of a crescent, extending to the distance of seven miles from the extremity of one division to that of the other.

The English admiral (Lord Howard of Effingham) had just time to get out of port, when he saw the "invincible armada" in full sail; "and yet," says the Italian Bentivoglio, "advancing with a slow motion, as if the ocean groined with

supporting, and the winds were tired with impelling so enormous a weight." As the armada proceeded up the channel, Effingham with the English fleet, consisting of one hundred and fifty sail, gave orders to avoid a close fight, but to skirmish with the larger ships of the Spanish fleet, which it continued to do for six days. The armada having reached Calais, cast anchor before that place, to await the arrival of the prince of Parma, who was to join them with a powerful force from the Flemish ports. While they lay rather confusedly in this position, Effingham, by a successful stratagem, despatched eight of his smaller ships filled with combustibles, one after another, into the midst of the enemy, and thus alarmed them to such a degree that they immediately cut their cables and betook themselves to flight with the greatest disorder and precipitation. On the following morning they were attacked by the whole English fleet, who took about a dozen of their largest ships and damaged several others.

Discomfited and disheartened, the Spanish admiral seeing the "invincible armada" in imminent danger of being totally destroyed, prepared to return homeward; but as the wind opposed his passage through the channel, and the English vessels harassed his retreat, he determined to sail northward, and making the tour of the island, to proceed along the Atlantic ocean. The English fleet, however, continued in pursuit, and if their ammunition had not failed them, the whole armada must have been compelled to surrender at discretion; and indeed the duke of Medina was prevented from so doing merely by the advice of his confessor. The event, however, proved almost equally fatal to the Spaniards; a violent tempest arose after they had passed the Orkneys, and the mariners, unable to govern their unwieldy ships, yielded to the fury of the storm, and allowed their vessels to drive either on the western isles of Scotland, or on the coast of Ireland, where they were miserably wrecked. At length, after the experience of inexpressible humiliation and distress, the shattered fleet, consisting of less than half its number, returned to Spain. The priests who had consecrated the ships, and who had frequently and confidently foretold the infallible success of this holy crusade, perplexed in accounting for its failure, at last discovered that all the calamities of the Spaniards had proceeded from their allowing the infidel Moors to live among them! Not so the virgin queen of England. She attributed the event to the right source, and in testimony of her gratitude caused a medal to be struck with an inscription expressive of that sentiment—"Afflavit Deus, et dissipantur." W.

SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN JOURNALS.

APRIL.

BY MISS MARY RUSSEL MITFORD.

"No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living calendar:
We from to-day, my friend, will date
The opening of the year."

"Love, now an universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing
From earth to man, from man to earth."

APRIL is come—"proud—pied April"—and "hath put a spirit of youth in every thing." Shall our portrait of her, then, alone lack that spirit? No—not if words can speak the feelings from which they spring. "Spring!" See how the name comes uncalled for—as if to hint that it should have stood in the place of "April!" But April is spring—the only spring month that we possess in this egregious climate of ours. Let us, then, make the most of it.

April is at once the most juvenile of all the months, and the most feminine, never knowing her own mind for a day together. Fickle as a fond maiden with her first lover; coying it with the young sun till he withdraws his beams from her, and then weeping till she gets them back again. High-fantastical as the seething wit of a poet, that sees a world of beauty growing beneath his hand, and fancies that he has created it; whereas, it is *it* has created him a poet: for it is nature that makes April, not April nature. April is, doubtless, the sweetest month of all the year; partly because it ushers in the May, and partly for its own sake—so far as any thing can be valuable without reference to any thing else. It is to May and June, what "sweet fifteen," in the age of woman, is to passion-stricken eighteen, and perfect two and twenty. It is to the confirmed summer, what the previous hope of joy is to the full fruition—what the boyish dream of love is to love itself. It is, indeed, the month of promises; and what are twenty performances compared with one promise? When a promise of delight is fulfilled, it is over and done with; but while it remains a promise, it remains a hope: and what is all good, but the hope of good? What is every *to-day* of our life, but the hope (or the fear) of *to-morrow*? April, then, is

worth two Mays, because it tells tales of May in every sigh that it breathes, and every tear that it lets fall. It is the harbinger, the herald, the promise, the prophecy, the foretaste of all the beauties that are to follow it—of all, and more—of all the delights of summer, and all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious" autumn. It is fraught with beauties itself that no other month can bring before us, and

"It bears a glass which shows us many more."

As for April herself, her life is one sweet alternation of smiles, and sighs, and tears—and tears, and sighs, and smiles—till it is consummated at last in the open laughter of May. It is like, in short, it is like nothing in the world but "an April day." And her charms—but really I must cease to look upon the face of this fair month generally, lest, like a painter in the presence of his mistress, I grow too enamoured to give a correct resemblance. I must gaze upon her sweet beauties one by one, or I shall never be able to think and treat of her in any other light than that of *the spring*; which is a mere abstraction, delightful to think of, but, like all other abstractions, not to be depicted or described.

Before I proceed to do this, however, let me inform the reader that what I have hitherto said of April, and may yet have to say, is intended to apply not to this or that April in particular—not to April eighteen hundred and twenty-four, or fourteen, or thirty-four; but to April *par excellence*—that is to say, what April ("not to speak it profanely") *ought to be*. In short, I have no intention of being *personal* in my remarks; and if the April which I am describing should happen to differ, in any essential particulars from the one in whose presence I am describing it, neither the month nor the reader must regard this as a covert libel or satire. The truth is, that, for what reason I know not—whether to put to shame the predictions of the Quarterly Reviewers, or to punish us islanders for our manifold follies and iniquities, or from any quarrel, as of old, between Oberon and Titania—but certain it is that, of late

"The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hymen's thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set; the spring, the summer,
The chilling autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the amazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which."

It is of April, then, as she is when nature is in her happiest mood, that I am now to speak; and we will take her in the prime of her life, and our first place of rendezvous shall be the open fields.

What a sweet flush of new green has started up to the face of this meadow! And the new-born daisies that stud it here and there, give it the look of an emerald sky powdered with snowy stars. In making our way between them to yonder hedge-row, that divides the meadow from the little copse that lines one side of it, let us not take the shortest way, but keep religiously to the little footpath—for the young grass is as yet too tender to bear being trod upon. I have been hitherto very chary of appealing to the poets in these pleasant papers; because they are people that if you give them an inch, even in a span-long essay of this kind, always endeavour to lay hands on the whole of it. They are like the young cuckoos, that if once they get hatched within a nest, always contrive to oust the natural inhabitants. But when the daisy—"la douce Marguerite"—is in question, how can I refrain from pronouncing a blessing on the bard who has, by his sweet praise of this "unassuming common-place of nature," revived that general love for it, which, until lately, was confined to the hearts of "the old poets," and of those young poets of all times, the little children? But I need not do this; for he has his reward already, in the fulfilment of that prophecy with which he closes his address to his darling flower:

"Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;
Dear shalt thou be to future men,
As in old time."

See, upon the sloping sides of this bank beneath the hedge-row, what companies of primroses are dedicating their pale beauties to the pleasant breeze that blows over them, and looking as faint withal as if they had senses that could "ache" at the rich sweetness of the hidden violets that are growing here and there among them. The intermediate spots of the bank are now nearly covered from sight by the various green weeds that sprout up every where, and begin to fill the interstices between the lower stems of the hazel, the hawthorn, the sloe, the eglantine, and the woodbine, that unite their friendly arms together above, to form the natural enclosure—that prettiest feature in our English scenery—or at least that which communicates a picturesque beauty to all the rest. Of the above-named shrubs, the hazel, you see, is scarcely as yet in leaf; the scattered leaves of the woodbine, of a dull purplish green, are fully spread; the sloe is in blossom, offering a pretty but

scentless imitation of the sweet hawthorn-bloom that is to come next month; this latter is now vigorously putting forth its crisp and delicate filligree-work of tender green, tipped with red; and the eglantine, or wild rose, in all its innocent varieties, is opening its green hands as if to welcome the sun. Entering the little copse which this enclosure separates from the meadows, we shall find, on the ground, all the low and creeping plants pushing forth their various-shaped leaves—stars, fans, blades, fingers, fringes, and a score of other fanciful forms; and some of them bearing flowers. Among these are the wood-anemone, the wood-sorrel, and the star of Bethlehem; also the primrose is to be found here, but not so rich and full-blown as on the open sunny bank. Overhead, and level with our hands and eyes, we find all the young forest trees (except the oak) in a kind of half-dress—like so many village maidens, in their trim bodices, and with their hair in papers. Among these are conspicuous the graceful birch, hanging its head like a half-shamefaced, half-affected damsel; the trim beech, spruce as a village gallant dressed for the fair; the rough-rinded elm, grave and sedate-looking, even in its youth, and already bespeaking the future "green-robed senator of mighty woods." These, with the white-stemmed ash, the alder, the artificial-looking hornbeam, and the as yet bare oak, make up this silent but happy company, who are to stand here on the same spot all their lives, looking upwards to the clouds and the stars, and downwards to the star-like flowers, till we and our posterity (who pride ourselves on our superiority over them) are laid in that earth of which they alone are the true inheritors. But who ever heard of choosing a warm April morning to moralize in? Let us wait till winter for that, and in the mean time pass out of this pleasant little copse, and make our way windingly towards the home garden.

If the garden, like the year, is not now absolutely at its best, it is perhaps better; inasmuch as a pleasant promise but half performed partakes of the best parts of both promise and performance. Now all is neatness and finish—or ought to be; for the weeds have not yet begun to make head—the annual flower seeds are all sown—the divisions and changes among the perennials, and the removings and plantings of the shrubs, have all taken place. The walks, too, have all been turned and freshened, and the turf has begun to receive its regular rollings and mowings. Among the bulbous-rooted perennials, all that were not in flower during the last two months, are so now; and though in March we (somewhat prematurely) took a final leave of the tulip, the hyacinth, the daffodil, the various kinds of narcissus, &c. yet if the season, up to the commencement of this month, has been *seasonable*, we may encounter them still, if due care has been taken in the planting and tending of them. Indeed the richest and rarest kinds of tulip are scarcely yet in blow. But what we are chiefly to look for now are the fibrous rooted and herbaceous perennials. There is not one of these that has not awoken from its winter dreams, and put on at least the half of its beauty. A few of them venture to display all their attractions at this time, from a wise fear of that dangerous rivalry which they must be content to encounter if they were to wait for a month longer; for a pretty villager might as well hope to gain hearts at Almack's as a demure daisy or a modest polyanthus think to secure its due attention in the presence of the glaring peonies, flaunting roses, and towering lilies of May and midsummer. Among the shrubs that form the enclosing belt of the flower-garden, the lilac is in full leaf, and loaded with its heavy branches of bloom-buds; the common laurel, if it has reached its flowering age, is hanging out its meek modest flowers, preparatory to putting forth its vigorous summer shoots; the larch has on its hairy tufts of pink, stuck here and there among its delicate threads of green. But the great charm of this month, both in the open country and the garden, is undoubtedly the infinite green which pervades it every where, and which we had best gaze our fill at while we may—as it lasts but a little while—changing in a few weeks into an endless variety of shades and tints, that are equivalent to as many different colours. It is this, and the budding forth of every living member of the vegetable world after its long winter death, that in fact constitutes *the spring*; and the sight of which affects us in the manner it does, from various causes—chiefly moral and associated ones—but one of which is unquestionably physical: I mean the sight of so much tender green, after the eye has been condemned to look for months and months on the mere negation of all colour, which prevails in winter in our climate. The eye feels cheered, cherished, and regaled by this colour, as the tongue does by a quick and pleasant taste, after having long palated nothing but tasteless and insipid things. This is the principal charm of spring, no doubt. But another, and one that is scarcely second to this, is the bright flush of blossoms that prevails over and almost hides every thing else, in

the fruit-garden and orchard. What exquisite differences, and distinctions, and resemblances, there are between all the various blossoms of the fruit-trees; and no less in their general effect than in their separate details. The almond-blossom, which comes while the tree is quite bare of leaves, is of a bright blush-rose colour; and when they are fully blown, the tree, if it has been kept to a compact head instead of being perhitted to straggle, looks like one huge rose, magnified by some fairy magic, to deck the bosom of some fair giantess. The various kinds of plum follow—the blossoms of which are snow-white, and as full and clustering as those of the almond. The peach and nectarine, which are now in full bloom, are unlike either of the above; and their sweet effect, as if growing out of the hard bare wall, or the rough wooden paling, is peculiarly pretty. They are of a deep blush colour, and of a delicate bell-shape—and their divisions open or shut, as the cherishing sun reaches or recedes from them. But perhaps the bloom that is richest and most promising in its general appearance, is that of the cherry, clasping its white honours all round the long straight branches, from heel to point, and not letting a leaf or bit of stem be seen, except the three or four leaves that come as a green finish at the extremity of each branch. The pear blossom is also very rich and full; but the apple (loveliest of all) is scarcely as yet open.

I am afraid we must now turn away, however reluctantly, from the rest of those sweet sights that April presents to us in the country, or we shall leave ourselves neither space nor inclination to glance at its other claims elsewhere. But we must first listen for a moment to the spring melody that now breaks involuntarily from the love-inspired hearts of the happy birds. And first let us hearken to the cuckoo, shooting out its soft and mellow, yet powerful voice, till it seems to fill the whole concave of the heavens with its two mysterious notes—the most primitive of musical melodies. Who can listen to those notes for the first time in spring, and not feel his school-days come back to him—and not, as he did then,

—“look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky?”

But he will look in vain; for lucky—or rather unlucky, to my thinking) is he who has ever seen a cuckoo—for they are the shyest of all birds. I saw one once, for the first time, last May, flutter heavily out of an old hawthorn bush, and flur awkwardly across the meadow, as I was listening in rapt attention to its lonely voice; and I fear that the sight will, for the future, take away all the mystery of the sound, and with it the best half of its beauty.

If we happen to be wandering forth on a warm still evening, during the last week in this month, and passing near a road-side orchard, or skirting a little copse in returning from our twilight ramble, or sitting listlessly on a lawn near some thick plantation, waiting for bed-time, we may chance to be startled from our meditations (of whatever kind they may be) by a sound, issuing from among the distant leaves. That is the nightingale's voice. The cold spells of winter, that had kept him so long tongue-tied, and frozen the deep fountains of his heart, yield before the mild breath of spring, and he is voluble once more. It is as if the flood of song had been swelling within his breast ever since it last ceased to flow, and was now gushing forth uncontrollably, and as if he had no will to control it: for when it does stop for a space, it is suddenly, as if for want of breath. In our climate the nightingale seldom sings above six weeks; beginning usually the last week in April. I mention this because few are aware of it; and many who would be delighted to hear him, do not think of going to listen to his song till after it has ceased. I believe it is never to be heard after the young are hatched.

There are several other singers that make their *début* in the bird-concerts this month. But as their song is not peculiar to this period, and we have still many things to attend to that are, we must pass them by for the present. In fact, we must quit the country altogether, as the country; first, however, mentioning that now begins that most execrable of all practices, angling. Now man, “lordly man,” first begins to set his wit to a simple fish; and having succeeded in attracting it to his lure, watches it for a space floundering about in its crystal waters, in the agonies of death; and when he is tired of this sport, drags it to the green bank, among the grass, and moss, and wild flowers, and stains them all with its blood! The “gentle” reader may be sure that I would willingly have restrained altogether from forcing upon the attention this hateful subject, especially amid such scenes and objects as we have just been contemplating; but I was afraid that my silence might have seemed to give consent to it.

We must now transport ourselves to the environs of London, and see what this happy season is producing there; for to leave the very heart of the country, and cast ourselves at once into the very heart of the town, would be likely to put us into a temper not suited to the time. Now, on Palm Sunday, boys and girls (youths and maidens have now-a-days got above so childish a practice) may be met early in the morning, in blithes, but breakfastless companies, sallying forth towards the pretty outlets about Hampstead and Highgate, on the one side the water, and Camberwell and Clapham on the other, all of which they imagine to be “the country,” there to sport away the pleasant hours till dinner-time, and then return home with joy in their hearts, endless appetites in their stomachs, and bunches of the willow with its silken bloom-buds in their hands, as trophies of their travels.

Now, at last, the Easter week is arrived, and the poor have for once in the year the best of it; setting all things, but their own sovereign will, at a wise defiance. The journeyman who works on Easter Monday, even though he were a tailor itself, should lose his *caste*, and be sent to the Coventry of mechanics, wherever that may be. In fact, it cannot happen. On Easter Monday ranks change places—Jobson is as good as Sir John—the “rude mechanical” is “monarch of all he surveys” from the summit of Greenwich-hill; and when he thinks fit to say, “It is our royal pleasure to be drunk!” who shall dispute the proposition? Not I, for one. When our English mechanics accuse their betters of oppressing them, the said betters should reverse the old appeal, and refer from Philip sober to Philip drunk; and then nothing more could be said. But now, they have no betters, even in their own notion of the matter. And, in the name of all that is transitory, envy them not their brief supremacy! It will be over before the end of the week, and they will be as eager to return to their labour as they now are to escape from it; for the only thing that an Englishman, whether high or low, cannot endure patiently for a week together, is, unmingled amusement. At this time, however, he is determined to try. Accordingly, on Easter Monday all the narrow lanes and blind alleys of our metropolis pour forth their dingy denizens in the suburban fields and villages, in search of the said amusement, which is plentifully provided for them by another class, even less enviable than the one on whose patronage they depend; for of all callings, the most melancholy is that of purveyor of pleasure to the poor. During the Monday our determined holiday-maker, as in duty bound, contrives, by the aid of a little or not a little artificial stimulus, to be happy in a tolerably exemplary manner. On the Tuesday, he *fancies* himself happy to-day, because he *felt* himself so yesterday. On the Wednesday he cannot tell what has come to him, but every ten minutes he wishes himself at home, where he never goes but to sleep. On Thursday he finds out the secret, that he is heartily sick of doing nothing, but is ashamed to confess it; and then what is the use of going to work before his money is spent? On Friday he swears that he is a fool for throwing away the greater part of his quarter's savings, without having any thing to show for it, and gets gloriously drunk with the rest, to prove his words; passing the pleasantest night of all the week in a watch-house. And on Saturday, after thanking “his worship” for his good advice, of which he does not remember a word, he comes to the wise determination that, after all, there is nothing like working all day long in silence, and at night spending his earnings and his breath in beer and politics! So much for the Easter week of a London holiday-maker.

But there is a sport belonging to Easter Monday, which is not confined to the lower classes, and which, fun forbid that I should pass over silently. If the reader has not, during his boyhood, performed the exploit of riding to the turn-out of the stag on Epping Forest; following the hounds all day long, at a respectful distance; returning home in the evening, with the loss of nothing but his hat, his hunting whip, and his horse—not to mention a portion of his netter person; and finishing the day by joining the Lady Mayoress's ball at the Mansion-house; if the reader has not done all this when a boy, I will not tantalize him by expatiating on the superiority of those who have. And if he *has* done it, I need not tell him that he has no cause to envy his friend who escaped with a flesh wound from the fight of Waterloo; for there is not a pin to choose between them?

I have little to tell the reader in regard to London exclusively this month; which is lucky, because I have left myself less than no space at all to tell it in. I must mention, however, that now is heard in her streets the prettiest of all the cries which are peculiar to them—“Come buy my primroses!”—and but for which the Londoners would have no idea that spring was at hand. Now, spoiled children make “fools” of their mammams and papas; which is but fair, see-

ing that the said mammams and papas return the compliment during all the rest of the year. Now, not even a sceptical apprentice but is religiously persuaded of the merits of Good-Friday, and the propriety of its being so called—since it procures him two Sundays in the week instead of one. Finally, now, exhibitions of paintings court the public attention, and obtain it, in every quarter, on the principle, I suppose, that the eye has, at this season of the year, a natural hungering and thirsting after the colours of the spring leaves and flowers, and rather than not meet with them at all, it is content to find them on painted canvasses!

New Monthly.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Voluntary Exile.—A paragraph, with these initial words, is now going the rounds of the papers, stating, that a beautiful and accomplished young lady, an orphan, from the south, has lately taken the veil, and gone into seclusion for life, at the Ursuline convent, Mount Benedict, resigning a large fortune to the disposal of the priests. We notice this article, not to doubt its authenticity, for such things have happened before; not to censure the young lady, for she, no doubt, acted from the purest motives; neither to intimate a suspicion of any undue influence on the part of those who now have the disposal of her fortune, but simply to state our conviction, that such a step by an individual of either sex, or of any religious persuasion, arises from a mistaken idea of duty. A life of solitary piety is no where suggested in the scriptures, while almost every precept of the gospel inculcates a life of busy active benevolence; a faithful discharge of our duties in the world instead of a withdrawal from it. We venture to say, that not one of the christian precepts can be properly fulfilled in a life of seclusion. Man was not created for the sake of himself alone, but for the sake of others; not merely to seek his own individual good, but the good of those around him:

“To find a heaven by helping others there.”

If this be admitted it necessarily follows that he or she who withdraws from the world for the mere selfish purpose of promoting their own individual happiness, is as morally culpable as the soldier that deserts his colours. The crown is promised to the *victor* in the trials and temptations of a useful and active life, not to him who shrinks from the contest, and retires from the field. In our opinion, the wife and mother who faithfully discharges the duties of these two endearing and sacred characters, does more for the cause of true religion than all the nuns that ever took the veil. Such a woman is the “good and faithful servant that has been faithful over many things;” while she who weakly shrinks from venturing on these duties, openly disobeys the first recorded command. She may have much *piety*, but very little practical religion.

Historical Painting.—A western artist, Mr. Hervieu, has arrived at Washington with a picture, the subject of which is the landing of La Fayette at Cincinnati. This picture, sixteen feet by twelve, is the fruit of eighteen months' labour. Amongst the figures represented in it, there are fifty portraits, which are stated to be so accurate that all the faces are immediately recognised. There are two or three portraits, says the Evening Post, to which particular interest attaches. One is that of Mr. Wyeth, who aided in throwing the tea overboard in Boston harbour, and who died at Cincinnati during the last summer. The other is of a German woman, who gave to La Fayette, as he came out of the prison of Olmutz, a cup of milk and a three franc piece, and who, by a singular coincidence, was one of the multitude who assembled on the shore at Cincinnati to welcome the nation's guest on his arrival at that city. The artist has availed himself of this event by introducing the good German woman in the costume of her country.

Summer Retreats.—The neighbourhood of this city can boast of a number of rural and pleasant public places, where the feeble may retire for the renovation of health, and the weary and care-worn citizen forget his sorrows amid the charms of nature. Among these the mansion at Orange Springs, which is but a short distance, offers as many inducements as perhaps can be met with in one situation.

Mrs. Read.—A number of inquiries having been made respecting the residence of this lady, recommended in a late number of the Mirror for her skill in teaching the piano-forte, we take occasion to say that she may be seen at No. 195 Orange, a few doors above Broome-street.

Remarkable.—A young man is now living at Seville who is quite blind during the day, and cannot walk the streets without a guide, but who can see perfectly well at night, when it is nearly dark, so as to be able to read the smallest character.

“And weltering, dies the primrose with his blood.”—Graham.

LOVE IS LIKE A LITTLE BEE.

AS SUNG BY MADAME VESTRIS—MUSIC BY WILLIAM WEST.

ALLEGRETTO.

Love is like a lit-tle bee, that ri-fles ev'-ry pret-ty flow'r; Love is like a blight-ed rose, that wi-thers in an hour; Love is like a but-ter-fly, and like a flow-ing stream, And like a wea-ther vane it is, ah, yes, and like a dream. Love is like a sunbeam too, and like the stars of night, Like a tear, a smile, a sigh, a mis'ry and delight, And love it is like ev'ry thing, and yet like nothing too: Then what is love? ah, no one knows, not either I nor you. Love is like a little bee, that rifles ev'ry flower, Love is like a blighted rose, &c.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

CHARADE.

NAME me my first—it is ever near,
Dweller of earth, through thy brief career;
Turn where thou wilt by darkness or day,
This fiend shall spectre thy varied way;
None from the power of his spell can save,
Twin of thy birth it shall frown at thy grave.
It comes like a cloud o'er the rich soft light
Of hope's free smile when her eye is bright,
Till the beam that cheered the wanderer on,
Trembles a moment and then is gone;
'Tis the iron which pierces the captive's soul—
The viper that lurks at ambition's goal—
'Tis the worm that lies hid in the heart for aye,
Eating love's fresh sweet buds away—
The canker of beauty slow wasting her bloom—
The shadow of death that points to the tomb.
Name me my last—he comes at the call,
And around his brow for a coronal,
The halo of glory is proudly set,
But mark thou, passion has darkened it.
Where is the battle and where the storm?
There shalt thou view his terrible form;
Where sweeps the ship through the rolling sea?
With the gloom and the tempest there wends he;
Where fails the bear mid the polar waste?
Far on is his chainless footstep traced.
Look o'er the earth's far-reaching length;
And the sullen deep in its giant strength;
Look to the sun in his kingly march,
Look to the night's resplendent arch,
Planets and moons round its azure wall—
He hath numbered, and meted, and bounded all.
Name me my whole—'tis a sound to dwell
In the dreamy depths of a peri's shell;
A silvery, clear, and harp-like tone,
Sweet as our brightest dreams have known.
Call me that name—she comes in her pride,
And the graces throng by her vestal side,
While the dimpled loves, in their circling play,
Carpet with dewy flowers her way.
Where is the tear for the erring sated?
Where the couch for the dying spread?
Where is breathed the requiem prayer
For the parted spirit? she is there!
Whose is worth's exhaustless mine?
Whose is friendship's holiest shrine?
Whose is love's undying flame?
Beauty and purity? name her name.

[Solution in our next.]

left of the river Liris, and famous for being the birth-place of C. Marius and Cicero, two citizens, who, as Pompey said in a public speech, each in his turn preserved Rome from ruin. The territory of Arpinum was rude and mountainous, and Cicero applies to it Homer's description of Rhæa—

"'Tis rough indeed, yet breeds a generous race."

Cicero's family seat was about three miles from the town, in a situation extremely pleasant, and well adapted to the nature of that beautiful climate. It was surrounded with groves and shady walks, leading from the house to a river then called Fibrenus, which was divided into two equal streams by a little island, covered with trees and a portico, contrived both for study and exercise, whither Cicero used to retire when he had any particular work on his hands. "The clearness and rapidity of the stream, murmuring through a rocky channel; the shade and verdure of its banks, planted with tall poplars; the remarkable coldness of the water; and, above all, its falling by a cascade into the noble river Liris, a little below the island," give us the idea of a most beautiful scene, as Cicero himself has described it. The house, Cicero informs us, was small and humble in his grandfather's time, according to the ancient frugality, like the Sabine farm of old Curius; but his father beautified and enlarged it into a spacious and handsome habitation. It is now possessed by a convent of monks, and called the "Villa of St. Dominick." The villa of Marius was about twelve miles distant from Arpino, and on the spot now stands the only convent of the austere order of La Trappe in Italy. Its present name is "Cassa Mari." Arpino is seated upon rather a steep declivity, and contains fourteen thousand inhabitants. The busts of Cicero and Marius, in two niches in the square, are carefully shown to every stranger; and the people are proud of enumerating those Romans among the former citizens of Arpino.

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.—Few literary efforts have been more misrepresented or less understood by the common reader than the charming eastern fictions, known by the name of the "Arabian Nights," always excepting Gulliver's Travels. There are a kind of people with much solemnity of visage and more gravity than wisdom, who look upon Scheherazade's ingenious narratives as a mere collection of nursery tales, and solely calculated for the intellects of children, while they are in reality the only correct picture of the habits, manners, and feelings of the eastern world in the English language. The quantity of invention manifested in their construction is astonishing, and in the thousand and one stories no two are to be found alike. It is a book that will at the same time amuse the child and instruct the philosopher.

dark ages was an annual festival which was celebrated in several churches of France in commemoration of the flight into Egypt. On this occasion a young girl, splendidly dressed with a child in her arms, was set upon a mule, richly caparisoned. The mule was led to the altar in solemn procession, and high mass was said with great pomp. The mule was taught to kneel at proper places; a hymn, no less childish than impious, was sung in his praise, and when the ceremony was ended, the priest, instead of the usual words with which he dismissed the people, brayed three times, to which the people responded in the same language! This practice, however, did not prevail universally, and its absurdity at last contributed to abolish it. If there was any genuine piety in the whole ceremony, it was in the poor quadruped, who merely obeyed his masters.

DEATH OF INFANTS.—It appears to have been an inherent idea in the human mind, in all nations, and from the remotest antiquity, that the future condition of those who died in infancy was necessarily happy; and it was left for the dogmas of modern theologians to inculcate a different doctrine. Eustathius assures us that among the Greeks it was the custom never to bury their children either by night or in full day, but at the first appearance of morning; and that they did not call their departure by the name of death, but by a softer appellation, composed of two Greek words, importing that they were taken away to the embraces of Aurora; rising, as it were, from a momentary sleep to a glorious morning in the skies.

SONNET.

"Già riede Primavera,
Col suo fiorito aspetto."

GLAD season of reviving nature's charms,
We greet thy opening flowers, and sunny glow;
That hastens from the field the chilling blow,
And into joyous life the insect warms.
We greet thy mystic power which in our hearts,
As o'er the mountain, through the forest brakes,
On high banks of the azure wave, awakes
Each tender blade; from the swelling bud starts
The infant leaf, flow'ring its dreary wastes.
Now rolls the purest incense of warm praise,
Up with its native music—sweetest lays!
Felt, though unheard. The enraptured soul tastes
Of every grateful fount new pleasures given,
With an unearthly relish by kind heaven. LABA.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

EXTRACT FROM ADOLPH, AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

When morning looked along the golden east,
Adolph would walk the solitary strand,
Behold the gorgeous sky as it increased,
And watch its influence o'er the sea and land;
See every beam upon the sweet dew's feast,
And hill, and vale, as by some wizard's wand,
Filled with a million re-awakening flowers,
And then exclaim, "a glorious world is ours!"

"Why do I hear the young and noble heart
Filling its home with misanthropic sighs?
Why do I see, mid gilded halls, depart
Health from the cheek, and gladness from the eyes?
Why do I see some self-tormentor start,
And fret, and foam, by which he daily dies?
And these where pleasure falls in golden showers?
'Tis strange—'tis strange—a glorious world is ours!"

"From the day's birth-hour to the evening's close,
I can find music in the rushing ocean,
Fruit on the tree, and fragrance in the rose,
Pictures in the eve-clouds' panoramic motion,
Peace in the sheltered bower's green repose,
And mountain-altars for the heart's devotion;
Morals in streams that flow, and leaves that fall;
Beauty in each—Omnipotence in all.

"*Qui fit Mæcenæ, et cetera.* 'Tis a question
Still standing like a cause without effect.
The world's unphilosophic indigestion
Treats it with most impassive disrespect.
Mankind! I'm grieved the world has nought to rest you on;
But, as for me, while these fair fields are decked
With feasts of fruitage and with beds of flowers,
I still must say, a glorious world is ours!"

Thus would the orphan Adolph muse and think,
When mingling with the worlds' complaining throng;
'Thus would he weave his thought's unpolished link,
(For spite of our advice he'd sing in song);
'Thus watch the rough wave from the ocean's brink,
And let his rhymes as roughly roll along.
Sages! if such were profitless employ,
Adolph, you know, was but an orphan boy.

Boyhood! the word hath magic in its sound!
When the young laughing heart made holiday,
Ran through the sunny noon its restless round,
'Then sank to slumber soft o'ercome with play;
And even in sleep a world of pleasure found,
And wandered with his playmates far away;
Plundered again the linnets from its nest,
And warmed it with as innocent a breast:

Watched if his kite still caught his straining view,
The hoop with some chivalric rival rolled,
The mimic boat around the basin blew,
Rejoiced when well the long-aimed marble told,
Mustered his troop that at each moment grew
More uncontrollable and uncontrolled.
Oh happy—happy—happy—happy time,
"Terque-querque" without care or crime.

ALPHA.

TO THE FIRST SPRING BIRD.

Welcome! first bird of spring,
To these wild woods and sunny skies again;
Joy's in the wave of thy returning wing,
And in thy long lost strain.

When autumn's wasted form
Was laid to rest upon the lonely bier,
And winter, glorying in his might of storm,
Usurped the conquered year,

We saw thee sadly gaze,
Like one long prisoned in his wiry cage,
Then warbling out soft melancholy lays,
Mount on thy pilgrimage.

Sweet bird, where didst thou roam
Through the long transit of thy hapless stay?
Hadst thou a loved one, callow brood, and home;
In southern climes away?

Amid the wild of flowers
That nature squanders on her tropic glades,
Didst thou all joyous in the spicy bowers,
Chant to the dark-eyed maids?

They would not list to thee,
Bird of the humble plume and roundelay,
For theirs are minstrel's of a prouder lay.

Well, thou hast come to me!
Though in this wild and hyperborean sphere;
I would not turn me from thy minstrelsy,
Were sweeter songsters near:

For thy loved music falls
Like angel harpings on my raptured ears,
And from the tomb of memory recalls
My bright and sinless years.

Joyous and fresh they rise
With long, long buried names to boyhood dear,
And the far vanished light of radiant eyes
That lit my pathway here:

And with them smiling throng
The dancing feelings of that stirring hour,
And many a faded hope, heart-boarded long,
Crushed in its opening flower.

Therefore sing freely on,
Thou living lyre, by nature tuned and taught;
Sing for the memory of the years by-gone
With youth's wild joyance fraught.

Oft when the zephyr's wing
At twilight rocks thee on the whispering pine,
I'll sit beside the forest's curtained spring
And blend my strain with thine.

Then come, sweet warbler, come,
And never from my bosom wander more;
Here shalt thou find a rest and welcome home,
Till life's sad song is o'er.

Thus when my days are past,
And the high spirit breaks its bonds of clay,
May I a home and refuge find at last,
In the bright heavens away.

PROTEUS.

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

The knight had returned from Palestine,
Where his glorious work was done;
For the crescent had bowed to salvation's sign,
A christian king held away benign,
And the holy land was won.

He spurred him fast o'er his native land,
Where Thames' sweet waters glide;
He came at the head of his gallant band,
Whose hearts and swords were at his command,
To see his promised bride.

He lighted at his lady's bower,
And thought his prize was won;
But another possessed her father's power,
Another ruled o'er her father's tower,
And his blue-eyed maid was—gone!

They led him where his loved one lay,
And on her mossy stone
Daily he knelt him down to pray,
Daily he wept o'er the late turned clay.
Till three long months had flown.

And then he took his cross divine,
And the pilgrim's gown and hood;
And at the foot of the blessed shrine,
In the holy land of Palestine,
Died Albert, the brave and good.

F. C.

POPULAR TALES.

A SPANISH TALE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE sun was going down upon the ridge of the mountain above Majente on a fine evening in July, when my honoured master Don Francisco de Almorin, and his valet Tomaso, came in sight of the ferry across the Jucar. There had been some reports of robbers among the hills, and they stopped to see what a crowd was made of, that had gathered on the river's side. They might have saved themselves the delay, for the crowd was nothing worse than the peasantry of the neighbourhood looking on the ferry-boat, which was upset, and lying on a little island in the midst of the stream. The next day was to be the fair of Valencia, and heaps of partridges, hams, eggs, and cheese, lay on the bank, waiting till the flood should pass away. The outcries of the peasants came up to the travellers' ears like the clamour of robbers, and the peasants themselves were still more puzzled by the travellers, who had in their hurry mistaken the road, and were riding within an inch of the precipice. "Nothing human ever gal-

human could ever gallop there at all," was another. The best hunter for twenty miles round acknowledged, that he would as soon break his neck at once as follow bird or goat there; and the priest, taking out his breviary, began the "Exhortation against dealing with the devil." The horseman had by this time got over the rocks, and, plunging into the valley, disappeared. Whatever differences of opinion there might have been as to their appearance, there could be none as to their vanishing. The alcalde, a man of great gravity, and few words as became him, withdrawing the priest a step or two from the crowd, and holding council with him, returned, and declared, that what they had seen was an undoubted apparition, and that they might expect to hear great news, probably of a battle in Portugal. The priest went round, giving his benediction to the merchandise, and the crowd repeated their ave marias with much fervency. Some had seen the spectres disappear in a flash of lightning, others could swear that the hollow in the rock, where they plunged, had grown visibly larger; and one, a pale youth, with a hectic cheek and a sunken eye, who had written the last christmas carol, and was in fact the village poet, silently followed with a burning glance and an outstretched hand, the motion of a small gray cloud that rose from behind the hill, and grew into gold and purple as it met the sun. He afterwards wrote some lines upon it, saying that he had seen the spirits going up in a chariot of fire, and they were often sung afterwards through the country. But a sudden turn of the road let out the horsemen at once, galloping down with whip and spur to the river's side. Then came such a scene of confusion as it would take Lope to describe; peasants rolling over peasants; the alcalde in full flight; the priest on his knees, calling on every saint together; and more boar-hams, sheep-cheeses, partridges, and eggs, driven into the stream by the general rush, than I suppose ever floated down a Valencian river before.

The cavaliers were at length recognised to be flesh and blood. The alcalde gathered his gown round him, and retreated in anger beyond the rabble. The priest put up his breviary in some confusion, and the rabble roared with laughter, and clamoured for the news of the heretics and the last battle. The poet, after gazing on the noble figure and handsome countenance of the Don, pointed out the up-turned boat, and offered him a bed in the village till the flood should go down. "It is impossible, my friend," said the cavalier; "I must pass the river to-night, for to-night I must be in Valencia. Is there no other boat?" "No," was the answer; "that was the only one known within memory; the villagers were attached to it; it was probable that they never would have another." "Is there no ford?" "None for forty miles." "Then stand out of my way; farewell." Don Francisco struck in the spur, and, with a motion of his hand to his servant to follow, darted forwards amid an outcry of terror from the crowd. The flood was high, and had swelled higher within the last few minutes. It now came down, roaring and dashing sheets of foam upon the shore. The horse stooped his head to the water's edge, started back, plunged, and wheeled round. Tomaso looked the picture of reluctance. "Stay where you are, sir," said Don Francisco; "take care of the horses, and follow me when this pestilential river goes down. This is my birth-night. If I do not appear at home, it will be taken for granted that a hundred foolish things have happened to me. Leave the beach clear!" The next instant he sprang off his horse, threw the bridle on the valet's arm, and was rolling away in the waters.

The Don was a bold swimmer, and had once, under the evil spirit of champagne and a wager, swam with an Englishman from Port St. Mary's to the Fishmarket-gate at Cadiz, after supper. The Englishman was drowned, and the Spaniard won his wager, and a fever, which sent him to mountain air and the Biscay physicians for six months. Having dared the ocean, he, I suppose, thought he might defy a river; and, at his first plunge, he rose so far in the stream that the peasants raised a general shout of admiration. Yet the river was strong, and to reach the opposite side was the matter in dispute between it and the Don. But the river was on its own ground, and, of course, soon had the advantage. The waves seemed to tumble over each other, as if to reach the very

a cork. The admiration of the peasants grew silent; a huge billow, high as the alcalde's house, and white as all the pigeons that ever covered it, came down thundering and flashing, till every soul left his wares, and ran up the beach. The mill-dam had burst, and on looking back there was nothing to be seen but sheet on sheet of foam, rolling baskets here and there, a *borrico* snorting and struggling down the torrent, and fragments of mill-spokes, tables, and three-legged stools, which the miller's family had abandoned as ransom for their lives.

After much gazing, a cap was seen whirled on the shore, which Tomaso recognised as his master's, and which, with many tears, he put up, declaring that he should preserve it for the old countess, who would think no reward too high for a relic of her departed son. Night fell rapidly, and the crowd retired, telling stories the whole way of the floods that presaged the plague, and the arrival of the Moors.

Don Francisco had reached the shore. The bursting of the mill-dam had probably saved his life, for in his last struggle with the eddy it broke the current in which he would infallibly have gone whirling to the ocean, dead or alive, and dashed him on the bank, some miles down the ford.

For the first few minutes he was totally insensible to his escape. He had felt the rush of the waters over him; his ears had been filled with a roar, and his eyes covered with a darkness, till all passed away. His first sensation on the bank was that of being able to struggle, and he flung his arms round him on the billows of a bed of the thickest thistles that ever grew under a Spanish sun. With eyes still closed against the waters, and ears filled with their horrible hissing, he was at last convinced that he had changed his element, and, with hands and limbs stung by a million of thorns, he sprang on his feet. The night had fallen, and the sky sparkled through the branches of the wilderness. But neither cottage lights, stray peasants, nor wood-tracks, would come for his calling. The thought of the *tertulla* in his family mansion came into his mind. He thought of the boleras and the quadrilles, the music and the supper; and himself, the honour and hope of all, shivering in wet clothes in the open air, thinking of robbers and wolves, with a wilderness on one side, and on the other nothing but a confounded river, that had nearly sent him down for food to the Mediterranean lobsters. A new dash of foam from a passing wave drove him back into the wood, and by the help of a star, that twinkled like a diamond, to guide him over and about the trunks of endless oaks, poplars, and elms, some fallen, some bending to their fall, and others clustered like pillars of a cathedral, he felt his way onwards. After an hour or two of tumbling, struggling, and execrations at the folly of having ever learned to swim, the light, not too good at best, darkened suddenly, and he found himself under a wall. He now called out loudly, but no one answered. He might as well have spoken to the trees, among which he now appeared likely to pass the night. At length, in creeping round the wall, he caught the glimpse of a lamp through a crevice, and before he could cry out again, a young female glided from an inner door, and took her seat under the lamp, which hung in a kind of rude summer pavilion. Here he began to think of an adventure. The female might be handsome or not, for her back was turned to him. But to raise his voice would have probably made matters worse, and not to put her to flight became the grand object. Yet, to see her in his present position was impossible; the crevice was the narrowest slit that was ever made in a stone wall; to widen it was desperate, for the stones were masses large enough for the foundation of the rock of Gibraltar. The Don, catholic as he was, was once or twice on the point of wishing for the aid of the cloven-footed architect, who had built the bridge of Saragossa in one night, and carried it away in another. The figure of the female was delicate, and some notes of her voice, borne towards him by the echo of the pavilion, pleased him still more. At that moment he could have sworn by the Santa Casa, that she had eyes as jetty as the locks that hung over them shining in the lamp, rosy lips, carnation cheeks, and teeth that made all the pearls of the earth black in the comparison. The wall was broken into many hollows and corners, like those of the old Moorish buildings, and after a short search he found a recess which placed him on the opposite side of the garden. A withered vine was his ladder, and he mounted to the top of the wall. The female was young, but she showed neither the eyes of jet nor the cheeks of carnation; her head was leant upon a thin white hand, and she was looking intently on a piece of embroidery, which lay on her knee. In a few moments she took it up, and began to work at it; but she seemed to be thinking of other things, for, after an effort or two, she sighed deeply, and dropped it, and

upon her knee. Then her low, broken song was begun again, and he heard these words, in a very sweet voice:

"The grave is but a calmer bed
Where mortals sleep a longer sleep;
A shelter for the houseless head,
A spot where wretches cease to weep."

The voice would then sink into a murmur, and after a sigh or two, and a tear hastily swept from the eye, begin again, "The grave is but a calmer bed," and so on. There was not much in this, but the voice was touching, and even the raising of her hand to her head was so full of a pretty tenderness, that the Don began to imagine himself in love.

This was a matter of the greatest astonishment to him. He had been a bold gallant, if the Valencia *Diario de los Amores* was to be believed; but the order to join his regiment before it moved to the Portuguese frontier, had found him able to take leave of the walls of his own native town, and look back towards it from every hill up to Elvas, without more than remembering that there dwelt the lips of the Lady Isadora de Alcazar, or the still more renowned eyes of the Lady Maria de Dolores. How he had escaped from beauties covered with jewels, and tempting him with still brighter glances, to hang upon a wall in a forest, where probably more than one wolf was waiting for his coming down, and all this to look upon a country girl of seventeen, made him feel excessively astonished. He began to think that he was doing something foolish, and was preparing to descend, when the voice murmured through the thicket, and he heard the words, "The grave is but a calmer sleep," for the tenth time, but the sound seemed sweeter than ever. His turning round shook the vines, the singer gave a startled look upwards, and he saw a face of great beauty; a pale forehead, from which locks as black as ebony had been shaken back by her looking up; a cheek, flushed with surprise, and a pair of eyes that, under the lamp, sparkled like a pair of large diamonds. Don Francisco in another step would have crossed the wall, when a musket was fired from behind; the bullet dashed the stone into shivers round his head, his hold gave way, and he found himself buried to the neck in lime, bricks, and bramble-bushes. On his winding himself out of this pit, he determined to try the wall again, declare his rank, and make the unknown beauty an offer of the whole Almorin palace, with all therein. But the lamp had been put out, the arbour was deserted, he could not hear so much as the rustle of a bird; all had disappeared like the money of a fairy tale; and in a night that seemed doubly dark on purpose to puzzle him, he at length scrambled out of the wood, and, to his wonder, found himself within a short league of Valencia.

The palace was by this time crowded; the *tertulla* was in all its glory. Lemonade and iced waters, Majorca cakes, and Maltese oranges were making a hundred circles of the ball-rooms; and the lights blazed down from the huge windows on half the populace of Valencia, dancing in the courts below. The captain-general's ball was nothing to it, though he had brought his first fiddler from Naples, and had produced a famine of ice in the city for a month in the hottest part of the year before. But the Don's mind was changed upon things of this kind, and he would have made his way up a private staircase, and thought of the evening's adventure in his bed, but for a sudden cry, and the sight of a man rolling from the top of the stairs to the bottom. It was Tomaso, who had been ferried over the river about two hours before, and had come full speed home, with no small doubt of ever seeing him again; but he had found the *tertulla* begun, and he was too much of a lover of dancing and eating to disturb them by opening his mind for the night. His cry of surprise brought out the servants. The Don's coming was now known through the house, and as escape was impossible, he gave way to the preparations for his appearance, and entered the state apartment. He was received as sons and heirs of palaces and mines in Mexico always have been, and will always be received. The gentlemen complimented him on his *dia de santo*, the Lady Maria de Dolores chid him openly for coming so late, and two hundred and fifty eyes of the first-rate, blue, brown, and black, thanked him for coming at all.

The Don was a handsome man. They say neither man nor woman ever possessed beauty without a knowledge of its value to the smallest grain; but after the first salutations he felt all that could be said—looked somewhat dull—sleep hung on him, and he sat down in a recess, where the figures of the dancers, and the sounds of the violins and guitars, passed over his senses like the sights and sounds of a dream.

With his elbow on his knee, and his head on his hand, he was going over the occurrences of the night. From struggling through the stream he had arrived in the forest, and was

den. The inlaid floor at his feet looked to him a green turf, knotted and sprinkled with roses. He saw a delicate figure sitting in the shelter of a vine, and all the sounds that reached him from the *tertulla*, only made up the murmur of the words—"The grave is but a calmer bed." He had taken courage, and was just going to make a speech, and melt the beauty that sat before him bright as an icicle, when he felt a blow on the shoulder. The forest was gone at once, the chandeliers glared on his eyes, and before him he saw laughing immoderately Alonzo de Pinto, supposed to be the most impudent man south of the Ebro. He had that night waltzed with the Princess d'Eboli, flirted with the French ambassador's wife in the very teeth of his excellency, and put on, for the first time, his uniform as a captain in the hussars of Numantia. Don Francisco could have flung him through the window, but the hussar would not see his anger, and laughing, till he brought a concourse round them, charged him with little short of sleeping in that illustrious company.

"Awake!" said the hussar, "if you wish to see the most ridiculous sight on earth at this moment—the terror of the old captain-general for his house, which, unless the Virgin and the winds are merciful, will, he swears, be a cinder by to-morrow." Don Francisco probably wished that some of his mother's guests were there to take their chance; however, he said nothing, and suffered himself to be dragged along. In another apartment, where the windows showed the whole reach of the Guadalaviar from the Serranos bridge to that of the Real, he saw the old man in the middle of his sides-de-camp, making the most extraordinary gestures, running from window to window like a monkey, then flinging himself on a couch, and swallowing cup on cup of coffee, which, he said, were necessary to strengthen his voice in the emergency of the town's being set on fire. There was a good deal of laughing at this comical distress, but the Don, thinking it a matter of politeness under the family roof, was approaching to inquire how he could assist him, when the hussar, looking him in the face with an affected gravity, said, "I hope, Don, you have a passionate desire to hear the history of O'Reilly's expedition to Algiers?" Now the Don had a particular aversion to this subject, for it had been rhymed on by all the bad poets of Spain, and heaven be thanked for all its gifts, as old Moretin says, "if they could be eaten, there would be no fear of famine for a long time." It had been turned into a ballad in his regiment by the quarter-master. He had heard it strummed to guitars through the three summer months of his quarters in Leon, and he had seen half-a-dozen tragedies on it hissed. But the old officer saw him, and sprang from his couch; Don Francisco followed him to the window. "See, my friend, see!" said he in a passion, "what your Valencian rascals are doing!" The Don looked up and down the river, but it lay like a sheet of beaten silver, gently waving in the moonlight. The sky was as blue as a violet, and the trees of the Alameda, to the left below, looked like tufts of green feathers, scarcely shaking in the light air. "I protest," said he, "I see nothing but the finest night possible!" "You are a young man," retorted the captain-general, in rather a sharp tone, "and can see nothing but what is to be seen; but when you are older, you will be more suspicious of all this security. There are five hundred, yes, five thousand incendiaries at this moment in front of the Villa Real palace; and at the moment a flame shot up to the sky, and shouts were heard. Don Francisco would have called the domestics, and sallied at their head, but the old man restrained him. "It does not become your dignity," said he, "or mine, to be seen cutting those villains into fragments. I have already despatched an aid-de-camp to the hussars at Villivica, and they will make a supper of them." "They are coming already, then," said the Don; "I hear the trumpets." "Impossible! my dear Don," said his excellency, and he looked at his watch; "but you are a young man—your ears are privileged to hear all kinds of things." When his excellency, perceiving that his observations were not well taken, said with a smile of conciliation, "I was once like you, but the night I walked the quarter-deck of the San Stefano, off Algiers—" His hearer shrunk at the sound, and the young hussar buried his face in his pocket handkerchief. A red flash rose again over the Villa Real. In a few moments the trumpets of the cavalry were heard, and they came down the quay at full trot, wheeling over the bridge towards the fire. The dancing stopped, and all the company crowded to the windows to see the troops; and indeed they made a showy spectacle, as they came into the moonlight, and passed along by the statues on the battlements, which had often been said to make a little army of themselves; the tossing of plumes, the glittering of sabres, the lifting up of the silver trumpets in the air as they sounded, and the constant

move. I think a painter might have made much of it, if there had been such a thing in Spain, but as Campo de Verde said, "In Spain the women paint enough for all the nation." I merely repeat what he said, without vouching for its truth.

While his excellency was waiting to hear the effect of his aid-de-camp's expedition across the bridge, and this took up some time, the company continued to gather into the apartment, and began to talk, drink lemonade, and flirt, as is the custom in Spain, especially in summer. But the chief amusement was the old conde, who ran constantly backwards and forwards between the windows, repeating verses out of the *Araucana*, for he was a *bel esprit*, and in his youth was supposed to have written some madrigals on the Lady de dos Hermanas, the celebrated beauty, who afterwards died for love of the Infant Don Pablo. All his quotations had a reference to fire, though it was the fire of love, at which some of the ladies laughed immoderately, for he was a remarkably withered, little old man, with sharp brown eyes, and a voice as shrill and quavering as a *dulzana*. When his verses were exhausted, he flung himself back again upon the sofa, and putting on a face of the deepest despair, called for coffee. He looked like the caricatures of Frederic of Prussia. At last a noise was heard in the ante-room. "Make way for the aid-de-camp," was the cry. "*Por el amor de Dios*, make way," said the aid-de-camp; but the crowd was so wedged together, that one would have thought he was making way through the pass of Salinetas, where they say a mule has three turns to make between his head and his tail. At length he came out of the cloud of silk and feathers, and went bowing towards the captain-general. "*Cuerpo de todas los Santos*, where did you come from?" said the conde. The aid-de-camp was a Biscayan, and being too much in a hurry, he spoke half in his own tongue, and half Castilian, so that scarcely a word of what he said could be understood. All they could learn from the midst of a whole history, was, "Masanasa; they are going to Masanasa; they are at Masanasa; legions of pikes; rows of poplar trees." "You're come from Masanasa!" Now every soul in the room knew that Masanasa was a remarkably pretty village, within a short league of Valencia, but what had made it the burthen of the aid-de-camp's song no one could conceive. The old conde, however, seemed to have conceived it very well, for he danced round the room in a paroxysm between merriment and madness, and after embracing the aid-de-camp, then calling him all the ill names in the camp-vocabulary, and they are a tolerable number, ended by throwing himself on his favourite seat, and, in a low voice, repeating the words, "My child, my Rosanna, *querida de mi alma*," and a hundred other expressions of sorrow. Don Francisco strove to console him, and the old man thanked him with more civility than usual.

"Oh, my friend," said he, "I see you have the true blood of Spain in your bosom. You feel for distress, and wish to console it. On the night of our landing on the Algerine coast, I—"

Don Francisco looked up, and could scarcely help laughing in his face, but the conde's had such an expression of sorrow, that he suppressed his ridicule. The old man pressed his hand, and proceeded;

"Yes, the night was just such another as this—the San Stefano lay in close to the shore; the guns were double-shot; every thing was in readiness for a broadside, that should blow the batteries into the sea, when the general called me over to him. 'Look at that yellow light,' said he; 'it is the bey's favourite wife's chamber—'"

THE DRAMA.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

On the evening of the twenty-third of February, a new and eccentric piece, called "Past and Present, or the Hidden Treasure," was produced at this theatre. The chief parts as follows: Marquis de St. Victor, Julian (his son,) Count de Florville, Larose (valet to the Marquis,) Celestine. The incident on which the piece is founded has been extracted from that eventful drama the French revolution. The author has exhibited a magnanimous contempt for those obsolete things called the unities in time, place, and person. Whatever success the piece has had, it owes it not to this. The action commences in the year 1789, and (hide thy diminished head, Will Shakspeare! with thy Winter's Tale) only terminates in 1829. The first act consists of one continual scene in the drawing room of the Marquis de St. Victor. The revolution is just on the eve of explosion. The Marquis, foreseeing its troubles, confides the jewels and treasures of his family to a faithful domestic, Larose, who hides them in a secret cham-

youth, who curses college and the laws of primogeniture, loves and is beloved by his fair cousin Celestine, and elopes with her, by the advice of the Count de Florville, the piak of French coxcombr. The Count happens, in accordance with the habits of the ancient regime, to be the bridegroom elect of Celestine without knowing it—a family arrangement. His confusion on discovering that he has been accessory to his own disgrace, and the excitement of a large assemblage of the Noblesse at the popular tumults which are heard bursting forth, terminate the first act with considerable effect. Before the curtain rises again, four years are supposed to have passed away. We are introduced to the Conciergerie, where we recognise Florville preserving his foppery unperturbed, the Marquis, and the faithful Larose disguised as a faggot-maker, and plotting the preservation of his master. Julian, after having returned from the army with his budding mustachios on, also becomes temporarily involved in this threatening scene. The efforts of Larose are foiled by a monster, an under-gaoler, well represented by Mr. Webster; and this second part of the piece seems, at its termination, to consign all those for whom we are interested, to inevitable destruction. Time flies now with a velocity unparalleled in the phenomena of dramatic magic. In the twinkling of a drop-scene we pass from 1793 to 1829. We are in Normandy. The Marquis is no more; even Julian is cut off—a General, killed, as we are informed, at the head of his brigade; but Florville, a gay, antiquated sexagenarian, has not as yet shed his blossoms, and Larose totters on the brink of the grave. Ferdinand, a son of Julian, (still Madame Vestris,) appears in love with the granddaughter of one of our first characters. Her father is a rich merchant; he refuses his consent to the union of the lovers, on account of Ferdinand's possessions being comprised in his commission. Larose recognises the scion of his master's house, and, with a last effort of expiring nature, reveals the hidden treasure of the family, and thus produces a happy denouement. It is manifest that, except in the last act, there is but little plot in this piece; nevertheless, the author by a skilful arrangement of incident, keeps alive a constant interest in the passing scene. He owes very much to the excellent acting of those gentlemen who supported the chief parts. Mr. Farren, happy as he is in the delineation of old age, never, perhaps, has given a more consummate specimen of his correct conception of human nature, in its last stage, than he did in this piece. He was enthusiastically applauded in the last act. Mr. Jones was quite at home, and most excellent in Florville. Madame Vestris unsexed herself most felicitously. The success of the piece was unequivocal. Notwithstanding a few hisses, the announcement of its repetition was received with general approbation.

Eng. paper.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LAWRIE TODD.—We have read with much interest and amusement this last work of Mr. Galt, and are not surprised at its popularity. It is said to be an adumbration of the mortal career of a worthy and somewhat eccentric inhabitant of this city, touching whose cognomen (by the way) a singular sort of reserve has been manifested by all our editorial brethren since the appearance of his pseudo biography. Every one who has had any thing to say of Lawrie Todd, has been at pains to intimate the actual hero so particularly as not to be mistaken; yet nobody it seems, has thought it safe, or wise, or prudent, or proper to mention the name of Grant Thorburn. Why this mysterious course has been adopted we are rather at a loss to imagine, for there is nothing related in the book of which Mr. Thorburn has reason to be ashamed; on the contrary, if Mr. Galt has told the whole truth, and nothing of importance but the truth, the subject of his tale may justly look upon Lawrie Todd as an honourable testimony to his own industry, honesty, and perseverance. As a narrative, Lawrie Todd is very entertaining, and abounds with touches of that quaint and quiet humour which constitutes the principal charm of all the distinguished author's writings.

PAUL CLIFFORD.—A new novel under this title, by the author of Pelham, the Disowned, &c. is announced as being in the press of the brothers Harper of this city. A part of it only has yet been received, but the whole, we understand, is to be published simultaneously here and in Europe. An eminent literary gentleman who has examined the work, declares it to be "decidedly the most original of Mr. Bulwer's novels." If this is the case the public may anticipate a rich treat from the forthcoming work, for we know of no one of the modern school of novelists, except its immortal founder, who has given evidence of having entered the fields of fiction better furnished at all points for success, or one who has returned

of nature, and deep comprehension of man, than the distinguished author of Devereux.

THE EXILE'S DAUGHTER.—The deaf and dumb poet, James Nack, whose Legend of the Rocks, and other poems, appeared two or three years since, is about publishing a volume, containing the Exile's Daughter, a metrical romance with several minor poems, and a memoir of the author prefixed.

THE LOST HEIR.—This novel—says a late English publication—exhibits a manly vigour of sentiment, and graphic delineation of character, manners, and scenery. The incidents narrated are at once natural and affecting; and the interest which the reader is obliged to assume in the fates of the principal characters, is the result as well of the skilful development of the story as of the occurrences which constitute the body of the narrative. It would be injustice to the author not to observe that the morality is, throughout, of the purest character, and that sentiments of patriotism, the love of freedom, a hatred of oppression, an admiration of virtue, and a deep sympathy for human suffering, break out almost in every page with a freshness and truth which do the highest honour to the author.

MR. GODWIN'S NEW NOVEL.—The main subject of this work is to be found in the fortunes of the son of an English earl, deprived by his uncle of his birthright. The scenes that arise out of this groundwork are, many of them, of a most splendid kind, embracing the manners of numerous countries, and of diversified ranks, occupations, and characters. "Cloudsly" will, perhaps, be considered superior to all the works of the author, excepting only his "Caleb Williams."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

BEAUTIFUL BARGE.—The last number of the Mechanic's Magazine contains an interesting article on ship building. We have extracted from it the following account of the splendid barge which was recently built in Boston, for a gentleman in Brazil:

"The frame and plank of the boat were oak. The thwarts and gratings, and pannel work above the thwarts, mahogany. The moulding on the outside, to serve as a fender, solid brass. The stanchions that support the wash-boards, the row-locks, rudder-braces, yoke, tiller, pump, and a plate on the stem and stern, are also brass. Every part of the boat was oiled and varnished, and the wash-boards covered with figures executed in bronze and gold. Mahogany mouldings ornamented the pannel work, and the gratings were gilt. The Brazilian arms were executed in bronze and gold, in the richest style, on the cockswain board. An awning extended ten feet from the stern, ornamented with cords and tassels, and supported by brass pillars. Part of the flooring was carpeted. There were two sets of cushions, one covered with the richest crimson damask, the other with moreen. She had two brass boat hooks, one sail, and six oars, the ends of which were covered with brass."

INGENIOUS MECHANISM.—Our brethren in New-England are untiring in their inventions, and truly astonishing in the fertility of their creative genius in the useful arts. The following extract from the United States Gazette, of Philadelphia, offers a pertinent and gratifying instance:

"We witnessed yesterday a wonderful and ingenious piece of mechanism and discovery in the construction of a clock; it possesses the power of winding itself up by the mere change of the atmosphere, and is calculated to go as long as the materials of which it is composed lasts. It makes a beautiful piece of furniture for a parlour, and so simple in its nature, that a child may handle it without causing any derangement to its operations. It has been going upwards of twelve months, and the owner states he will set it in competition, respecting keeping time, with any patent lever watch or clock in the world. The discoverer of it is a plain New-England farmer who had one in operation some time before he made it known to the world."

PARIS ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.—At a late sitting of this academy some discussion arose relative to the inquiries made by M. Lachaussee, a clerk in the excise, who lays claim to the discovery of perpetual motion, for which he solicits a pension from the king. The academy, it seems, some time since decided that it would no longer entertain this question, nor that of the quadrature of the circle, nor the trisection of the angle—problems which it considers impossible of solution; and thinking also that it is a waste of the time of men of genius. M. de Boisbertrand submitted to the academy a plan, invented by M. Dupers, an engraver at Conflans, with a view to prevent the forgery of bank notes. The plan consists in the simultaneous application of two dry-stamp-impressions on

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.—NUMBER XIV.

IMITATION.

ALL men are firmly of opinion that they have a will of their own, and nothing vexes them worse than to endeavour to make them sensible of the contrary. The great majority are "led by the nose as easily as asses are," and much easier; yet as they trot along in the wake of some shrewd fellow, who is in turn led by some one still shrewder than himself, they actually imagine they are free-agents, that their opinions are their own, and their actions the result of these opinions. This delusion is universal and very complete, and, (heaven knows the reason) it appears to be the most provoking thing in the world to awaken any one from it. Tell a man plainly that he is a sad profligate, and ten to one but he is proud of the appellation; but tell another that he is an honest well-meaning gentleman, though somewhat liable to be guided by the example of others rather than his own judgment, and he gets into a perfect fury, and asks you what you take him for? A monkey is an imitative animal, but nothing to a man, who is at once the most servile copyist in creation, and a sturdy asserter of his moral independence—a being who tells you it is his pleasure to do so and so, because "every body does so." He sacrifices his ease and convenience to do as other people do; and eats, drinks, and sleeps, not when it suits himself, but when it pleases others to eat, drink, and sleep. The fashion of the hour is a moral despotism, whose omnipotent decrees he dares not dispute, however curious a figure he may cut in obeying its mandates. The effect of this is often particularly singular in consequence of the inappropriateness of the fashion to the individual, or the unhappy attempts of the individual to assimilate with the fashion. In dress, for instance, it is strikingly so. Some lady and gentleman of sufficient notoriety to entitle them to "set the fashion" for the season, array themselves in such garments as they think best adapted to their figure and complexion, and such as will give prominence to the beauties, and throw into shade the defects of each. As soon as they have arranged this to their satisfaction, it becomes "the mode," and the whole tribe of bipeds, great and small, thick and thin, short and tall, judiciously follow their example without any reference to the shape or colour that heaven has made them. You will see a brunette blackening her complexion by bringing it in violent contrast with straw-colour and lilac, because it is the fashion; and a blonde looking sickly and consumptive, by having glaring orange, purple, or dark green, in the vicinity of her delicate skin—you will see a long column of humanity, of no thickness at all, with a broad-brimmed beaver on his head, and a short sporting-jacket on his back that barely suffices to cover the minor portion of his person; and you will see a short, puffy, corpulent individual waddling along in a swallow-tailed coat and steeple crowned hat, all because it is the fashion! Yet these people imagine they have a will of their own.

In literature the imitative principle has been, and is, in full operation, though it is perhaps half intentional and half unconscious. A master-spirit starts from the crowd of men, strikes out some new course, ranges through unexplored and unthought of regions, and there reigns an object of wonder and admiration. Immediately a whole troop of pigmies attempt to tread in his giant footsteps, imitate his faults, exaggerate his defects, and imagine, before they advance one step up the hill of fame, that they are nearly at its summit. It will be in the remembrance of all, when Byron was in the zenith of his glory, what an immense quantity of second hand misanthropy was afloat among the poetsasters; and how they all set to work to draw their own portraits for the amusement of the public, and what a precious set of good-for-nothing vagabonds they made themselves out to be. They were all, according to their own story, made up of splendid errors and useless virtues, and were most unanimously unhappy. It was for a time a most ludicrous evil; for nothing can be more ridiculous than to see a small mind playing the egotist, and describing the agony of its feelings at the same time that it is hunting for a rhyme, and seeing that the line contains the requisite number of syllables. This folly has in a great measure past away, and the Waverley imitation fever, which succeeded, has been much more rational in its motives, and creditable in its results. True, historical novels have become almost as much a drug in the market as fashionable ones. The public is beginning to get tired of the portraits of defunct kings, queens, and courtiers; and the number of great men that have been resuscitated and made to speak in the first person singular, has become alarming. Our novelists are perfect literary

alone, unearthed some dozen deceased wits, warriors, and sages, and brought them again on the stage of existence. Both for his own credit and theirs, he had much better let them remain where they were. Many persons, because the great magician, Walter Scott, can raise up the glorious spirits of the past, and make them act and speak as they were wont, think that they can do the same—but the public do not. It is far from pleasant to see these liberties taken with the mighty dead, except by one as mighty as any of them, Shakspeare excepted. Still there has been much talent, learning, and research displayed in works of this description, by Horace Smith, Mr. James, and others, which might have gained for their authors great credit with posterity, as they have already with the present generation, had not their merits been overshadowed by those of their immortal prototype. As it is, they will as surely go to the "oblivious cooks" as that every word of this essay will be forgotten next week by the people who read it this. For our own poor taste, after Sir Walter Scott, in the present age, give us Washington Irving's portraits of great dead men. His Wouter Von Twiller, William Kleift, and Peter Stuyvesant, are three as finished pictures in the fine, quiet, rich old Dutch school as any one need wish to look upon.

But the greatest field for imitation is theatricals, and here it is of the very worst species. The beauties of a great actor are never attempted to be copied; they are too difficult, but any unfortunate peculiarity or bad and vicious habit is seized upon with avidity and fondly cherished. Because John Kemble was troubled with an asthmatic complaint, all the Rollas, Catos, and Hamlets that came for some time after him were likewise troubled with asthma and a short, dry cough; with Macready came the almost ridiculous stateliness of gesture and fastidious arrangement of the garments, without any of his fine qualities; and Kean's fame has been the means of introducing many a young man on the stage, who could do nothing like him but imitate those little *Keanisms* and physical defects that occasionally disfigured his beautiful intellectual acting. A would-be vocalist, with the voice of a raven, thinks himself a good deal like Braham, because in singing he can hold his hat precisely as he does, and has succeeded in catching a few of that gentleman's peculiarly awkward gestures. Talking of singing—is the prevailing admiration of Italian music and performances counterfeit or real, or a little of both? Is it in imitation of the English who imitate the French in this respect, or is it a genuine indigenous feeling? The Italian is a noble school of music, and it would be gratifying to perceive a gradual relish for it taking place; but it is apt to create mistrust to see the exuberance of admiration expressed for it all of a sudden by a large body of people, nineteenth-twentieths of whom are neither familiar with the music nor the language; and we are afraid there is some truth in the anecdote now whispered round the city, of a party of musical cognoscenti having been thrown into a fit of enthusiasm by what they supposed to be an Italian gentleman's manner of giving a composition of Cimarosa's, but which, words and air, eventually turned out to be a genuine Welch ditty, howled out by one Taffy ap Shenkin, of Glamorganshire! Certain it is, that many things pass off with great *clat* when sung in a foreign language by Signors, Signorinas, or Signorinas, which would sound very vilely issuing from the mouth of plain Mr. Jobson, Mrs. Brown, or Miss Dobbs. The blunt tradesman had really some reason to be astonished when on inquiring if "Signorina" did not literally mean in Italian "great singer," he was given to understand that it was merely equivalent to the simple English word "Miss." We recollect a gentleman of the name of Comer, formerly of this city, who used to sing an Italian air with American words to it—"When the banners of freedom are waving"—without producing any marked effects; but no sooner did the same gentleman replace the Italian words, "*Non piu andria*," than it was instantly recognised as something extremely fine, and vociferously encored. Now, without meaning to undervalue talented foreigners who reach these shores, it is probable there is no small quantity of affectation in the great admiration expressed for them, and that the majority applaud without having any definite idea on the subject, in imitation of the few who are supposed to know. Such foreigners are, at the same time, both overrated and not sufficiently appreciated—overrated as a whole, and not appreciated in detail, for what is really meritorious. Our harsh northern dialect may not be so well adapted to musical composition as that of the "sweet south," but it does not follow that every Italian composition or singer must of necessity be superlatively fine; and allowing our general inferiority, a song in a language which a man understands, will always, affectation aside, be more grateful to his ear than

further than the ear, while the other, through the medium of the understanding, reaches the heart, and any song that does so is worth twenty others that do not. If people would take the trouble of consulting their own judgments, feelings, and common sense on such subjects, instead of being carried away by vague ideas and learned-looking words, they would find it much to their interest; as it is, they let others inoculate them with opinions which in time they come to believe their own. C.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

THE author of the *Farmer's Boy* may, with great propriety, be classed among the first in the catalogue of modern poets, who have proved the omnipotence of uneducated and unassisted genius. With an education of the most limited kind, with acquirements derived only from an acquaintance with nature in her simplest form, and struggling under every possible disadvantage of poverty, and the necessary attention he was compelled to devote to a servile and laborious employment, Bloomfield has left behind a proof that all these combined untoward circumstances could not crush

"The divinity stirring within him;"

and, although his learning was chiefly derived from the capacious volume of nature, rather than from the classical tomes perused by more gifted poets, beneath the portico of science; yet this "uninstructed child of song" has distinctly proved the axiom, "that to be a poet a man must be created one."

Robert Bloomfield was born at the village of Honington, in Suffolk, England, on the third of December, 1766. His father was a mechanic, and his mother held the situation of school-mistress in his native village. To this maternal relative Bloomfield was indebted for the little education he possessed, excepting two or three months' tuition in *writing*, which he received from a master in the vicinity of his birth-place. At the early age of eleven he was placed with his mother's brother-in-law, a respectable farmer, residing in an adjacent village, in the capacity of a farmer's boy. In this lowly situation our poet acquired that intimate acquaintance with rural occupations and manners, the display of which is prevalent through all his writings. Here, like the celebrated Burns, his perceptions, if not improved by education, were at least untrammelled by its dogmas; science and philosophy did not seduce him into an imitation of its most distinguished votaries, nor did its prescribed rules and set formulas cramp his young genius in its first incipient flights into the regions which his young imagination early soared to attain. The sensibility of his soul was awakened by the charms of nature, which gave fervour to his thoughts and distinctness to his ideas. At the age of fifteen we find him leaving his rural employment, on account of his physical incapacities for this laborious occupation. His now widowed mother was compelled, in this exigency, to place him with one of his elder brothers, who was then residing in London, following the business of a ladies' shoemaker, and who offered to instruct our young poet in the "mysteries" of his calling.

Transported to the great metropolis, and engaged in the laborious occupation we have named, Bloomfield continued in this situation for several years. In the early part of this period his most common occupation is described as being engaged in reading the newspapers to the workmen employed by his brother. When thus occupied he frequently met with words that he could not understand, and an old dictionary was bought for his use, by a constant reference to which he soon attained a greater command of language, and could readily comprehend the meaning of difficult passages. His knowledge of phraseology and enunciation was also increased by a constant attendance at a dissenting place of worship in the neighbourhood, the pulpit of which was then filled by an eloquent and celebrated preacher. These advantages, with the aid of a few books, such as a *History of England*, a *British Traveller*, and a *London Magazine*, formed the only resources for information which he then possessed.

During this time he is described as showing a strong predilection for poetical composition. The poet's corner in the newspapers had the greatest share of his attention; and it was known that he occasionally furnished stanzas, which were registered in this favourite spot. An intimacy formed at this period with a Scotchman brought him acquainted with the works of Thomson, the author of the *Seasons*, which he read with avidity and delight. From a perusal of the *Seasons*

not exhausted the subject, and that "the rural occupation and business of the fields, the dairy, and the farm-yard" would still furnish sufficient materials for an original and independent poem. A dispute which occurred about this time between the masters and the journeymen shoemakers, suspended his employment, and till these disputes were settled, his old master and uncle invited him to his house in the country; the invitation was accepted, and in the fields where his infant mind had first imbibed its conceptions, he experienced a renovation of his original feelings, and fitted himself to become the writer of the *Farmer's Boy*.

In about two months he returned to London, and resumed his former employment, at which he continued until his arrival at the age of manhood, shortly after which he married the daughter of a boat-builder, attached to the dock-yard at Woolwich.

The early years of this marriage were in some degree embittered by the cares of livelihood, and the sickness of a young family; still we find him occasionally dedicating a part of his leisure time to his devotion for the muses. On the recovery of his strength he resumed his labours in the garret of the house where he then resided, in London; and here, amidst all the din and bustle made by six or seven workmen, pursuing the same trade as his own, did Bloomfield compose the *FARMER'S BOY*, putting it to paper as he found opportunity! He is represented as committing fifty or a hundred lines at a time to memory, before writing them down; and such was the strength of this faculty, that the two last divisions of this poem, *Winter*, and great part of *Autumn*, were entirely completed before a single verse was put on paper.

When the manuscript was finished, it passed through several hands before it was examined by any person of sufficient judgment to appreciate its worth. At length it was referred, through the medium of a friend, to the famous Capel Loft, esq., and in the year 1800 it was published, through the influence and under the patronage of that gentleman.

The publication of the *Farmer's Boy* proved eminently successful, and an incredible number of copies were sold in a short space of time. It attracted the attention of the most exalted personages in the kingdom, and many of the most eminent literary characters awarded the meed of approbation to its author. Presents were bestowed upon him in abundance, which, together with the profits derived from the sale of his work, enabled him to emerge from the obscurity of his former situation, and to take a small house in the City-road, near London. One of the greatest pleasures Bloomfield derived from the success of his work, was the opportunity of presenting a copy to his mother, accompanied by a portion of his profits, and the testimonials of its excellence from the critics of the day; a fact that speaks highly for the amiable character he is represented as possessing. In the year 1802, he published his *Rural Tales*; and shortly afterwards a small volume, bearing the title of *Wild Flowers*; these added considerably to his reputation. His familiar and picturesque descriptions of nature gave a charm to his poetry, which rendered it highly attractive to every class of readers, and has established his reputation as one of the first "simple poets" of his day.

The popularity thus obtained served to recommend him to the Duke of Grafton, who placed him in the Seal-office, in the Inner Temple, London, where his duty was to receive money for stamps on wills, &c. This employment did not suit the ardent mind of the poet, and he relinquished the situation after holding it a few years. The sale of his works, and a small property inherited in right of his wife, furnished ample means for his moderate wishes; he retired to the country, where he lived in privacy until the time of his death, in 1823.

H*

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

GREटना-GREEN.

THIS spot, so long famous for clandestine marriages, is a small village in the parish of Graitney, situate in Dumfriesshire, in Scotland, from whence it derives its proper name of *Graitney-Green*, and which has been anglicised into the appellation it now generally bears. Its contiguity to the English border, and the singular high priest of Hymen, (who, time immemorial, has been a blacksmith,) that forges the chains to bind the numerous votaries who flock thither for "a cast of his priestly office," have led to some erroneous impressions respecting the privileges attached to this celebrated place. Agreeably to the Scottish law, the simple declaration of two persons before a competent witness, that they take

though it is not considered a regular one; and, if neither fraud nor deception is used by the contracting parties, the ceremony (if ceremony it may be termed) is to all intents and purposes equally binding, as if performed agreeably to the established forms of recognised church government. With this explanation, therefore, it will readily be understood that *Greटना-Green* owes its popularity only to some particular circumstances, which it is now impossible exactly to trace. It is however supposed that its contiguity to the borders, first induced some individuals to select it for the performance of a marriage contract, in conformity with the Scottish law, and the facilities of reaching it from England, in time, gave it that importance which it now holds. The far-famed blacksmith acts only as the witness on the occasion, and in fact performs no other duty than might be executed by any other competent witness, selected for the occasion. These few preparatory explanations may serve to illustrate the incidents I am about to relate.

Several years since, it fell to my lot to be engaged in a runaway-match to this famous resort for English clandestine marriages, not as a principal, my good reader, but only in the less important capacity of an accessory to the plan. As the adventure possessed some degree of interest, a detail of it may serve to amuse, and will also furnish a correct description of the ceremonies used by the self-elected clerical functionary, who officiated on the occasion.

The hero of my tale, and by whom I was drawn into a participation of this irregular proceeding, chanced to be an old class-mate at school, and a fellow-student in the same lawyer's office, in London. I shall designate him by a name which, in place of his real one, will better illustrate his character than any laboured description of mine could portray. Tom Ardourly (for such shall be his cognomen) was the son of a wealthy London tradesman, who by industry and application had acquired a large fortune, when fortunes were the sure results of such praiseworthy efforts to attain them. Tom was an only child, and consequently the darling of his parents. The quickness of his parts, and the hilarity of his disposition, indeed might have rendered him a favourite with less interested personages than the honest couple who claimed him as their offspring, added to which, nature had not been a niggard in furnishing him with those graces which find certain access to "fair ladies' hearts," and when to these qualifications were subjoined the certainty of his ultimately becoming the heir to a property which was generally estimated at a *plum*, there can be no doubt that Tom Ardourly was considered both by his male and female acquaintance as "a marvellous proper man." Tom and I had from infancy been inseparable companions and sworn friends, and although no two individuals could possibly differ more in temperament than we did, yet this very difference was the bond which cemented our acquaintance. My quiet habits and taciturn disposition was a sober relief to the exuberance of his vivid imagination and dashing manners, and in the course of our intimacy preserved him from many unpleasantnesses, in which his gay and thoughtless conduct was continually involving him, and I consequently became his mentor and adviser. Being nearly of an age, we were at the period I have named, just closing the term of noviciate in the dry study of the law; I, from necessity, was lagging hard to pass a successful examination; Tom, as usual, was depending upon chance to carry him through the ordeal, and caring little on the subject, knowing his future ample means. Thus circumstanced, I had not been so frequently his companion in the usual routine of amusements and engagements, which served to fill up our leisure hours; this, however, did not prevent me from observing that an alteration had lately taken place in his manners, which I could not comprehend; his spirits were much depressed, and there was evidently something preying on his mind. The close application I had been giving to study at first made me conjecture that he had been similarly occupied; this I soon found was not the case, for both occupying chambers in the Temple, under the same roof, our servants were, as a matter of course, intimates, and I learned, in the course of some domestic discussions, that Mr. Ardourly was scarcely ever at home: that he was falling into "a deep melancholy," as my learned informant assured me, and that there was great reason to believe that a lady was the cause of this sudden change; more this deponent knew not. On the morning succeeding this information, I was put in possession of the whole facts of the case. I was scarcely seated over the ponderous tomes, that were now my principal companions, when Ardourly came in, and threw himself into a chair opposite me, with an air of embarrassment and agitation. A pause of some moments succeeded, which I at length broke, by inquiring how he purposed spending the next day? He abruptly answered

"Oh!" returned I with alacrity, "that is exactly the arrangement I wish; we'll drive over to the C—'s," a family residing a few miles from town, where we were on terms of intimacy.

"Yes," replied he, "that happens precisely to be the place where I wish you to go first; but you must take a longer drive than to the C—'s to-morrow, if you wish to oblige me, and are the friend I think you."

"Why, what do you mean?" said I.

"The plain fact is this, Howard," returned he, "I wish you to go with me to *Greटना-Green* to-morrow!"

"In the name of every thing ridiculous, what are we to do at *Greटना-Green*?" was my half-indignant and half-laughable inquiry.

"Simply to see me married," was the quiet response.

I now became somewhat alarmed, either for the intellects or for the situation of my visitor; he however quickly silenced my fears by adding, in a serious tone,

"Howard, you have ever proved yourself a firm friend; I have never before had any concealments with you, and I am now going to test the extent of your regard for me. You know Ellen C—?" A nod was my affirmative. "Well, Ellen is to be the companion of our journey. We have long loved each other, and it was only the pledge I had given her not to declare our situation, which could have induced me to keep the knowledge of it from you; you know, also, the pride of her family; the sprig of nobility they can claim as their connexion, induces them to look upon tradesmen with contempt. They have refused my addresses to Ellen, and she has, in consequence, yielded to my solicitations to make a stolen match, with the stipulation that you sanction it by your presence. Your influence with her father, and the high opinion he has of your character, induces her to suppose that you can obtain a reconciliation between us, and which will be easier effected by your becoming a party in the transaction. Ellen is not of age, and *Greटना-Green* is our only resource; she will meet us by daybreak to-morrow morning, accompanied by her maid, near her father's house, where I have promised to be in waiting, accompanied by you, and provided with all things necessary for our journey."

Here he paused, and then added, "Have I promised too much in your name, Howard?"

"What says your father to the match?" was my evasive reply to this interrogation.

"Oh, the generous old boy knows all, and enjoys the scheme amazingly. I have introduced Ellen to him and to my mother; they are delighted with her. You are aware of my old dad's opinion of the superiority of wealth and independence over aristocratic poverty, and he relishes the plan of punishing the pride of old C—; and promises, if we effect it, to settle a handsome maintenance on me immediately after the marriage is solemnized."

Extravagant as the whole affair certainly was, I could not resist the importunities he now plied me with; the assent of old Ardourly reconciled me to the undertaking, and I well knew the match was every way unexceptionable for Miss C—, and had but few doubts that a little reflection would reconcile her father, soothed as he would be by the future prospects of his son-in-law elect.

Having settled the preliminaries, we soon arranged the necessary preparations, and before daybreak the ensuing morning we were at the appointed spot, with the plain carriage belonging to Ardourly's father, post horses, and a tried servant of the family, who was to accompany us on our expedition. Tom's impatience may readily be imagined. A thousand fears gave an impetus to his usually vivid imagination, and I had much difficulty in preventing him from proceeding to Mr. C—'s house, in search of his fair mistress. The appearance of Miss C—, and her attendant abigail, at length subdued his alarms, and we conveyed the young lady, almost fainting with agitation, to the carriage, and drove off at a furious rate, on the great north road to "Auld Reekie." A short time restored our lovely charge to some degree of tranquillity, and I received the acknowledgments of grateful thanks for my compliance with her request, from a pair of the sweetest lips that nature ever gave to the most favoured of her children, accompanied with a becoming modesty, rendered more touching by the peculiar delicacy of her situation. The weather was delightful, the roads good, and Tom in his happiest mood—gay and exulting as became a favoured and happy bridegroom. A few fears accompanied us the first stages of our journey; but on the second day, with the promised goal almost in view, nothing but prospects of a happy termination to the adventure entered our imaginations; for I must confess I had become deeply interested in the final result

which at that period was kept by the worthy vulcan, who acted in the treble capacity of host, blacksmith, and parson. We found him a shrewd, intelligent fellow, fully alive to the exigencies of our case, and cheerfully prepared to further our views. An apartment was immediately prepared for Miss C—, and the necessary materials for ablution, &c. were furnished for the intended bridegroom and myself. The short space of half an hour found us all assembled in the well-sanded parlour of the inn, and ready for the important ceremony. The bride had relinquished her riding-habit for a simple muslin robe of purest white; her abigail, also, was arrayed in the same materials; and was really a very useful auxiliary on the occasion, in supporting her young mistress during the somewhat trying situation in which she was placed. The clerical blacksmith was now summoned, and the worthy functionary made his appearance, attended by a sturdy chap, who looked as if he had just been summoned from the "smithy," bearing a huge volume, which we afterwards found was for the insertion of our respective names, as witnesses to the ceremony. Worthy Saunders M^T—, who officiated as clergyman on the occasion, was more seemly in his exterior; a white cassock, thrown over his usual dress, gave an importance and dignity to his figure, which certainly was not the most prepossessing. The parties were now arranged, and we were given to understand that a portion of the form used in the episcopal church was to be read over, beginning at that part where the minister demands of the respective parties whether they take each other for man and wife, and ending with the separate declarations of the contracting parties, agreeably to the same form, "I, M. take thee N.," &c. This being duly gone through, the young couple were declared lawfully united; the ponderous book I have mentioned was produced, and we separately wrote our signatures to a few lines, purporting that on such a day the parties therein named had taken each other for man and wife. Thus ended the ceremony. A handsome douceur was the clergyman's fee, who quickly doffed his gown, and busily assisted in placing a substantial supper on the table, to which I alone did justice, and after pledging the happy pair in a magnum of excellent claret, I left them to seek the public room of our hotel, and to have a little chat with the important personage who was its chief attraction. I found the honest blacksmith deeply engaged in a bowl of hot toddy, and surrounded by a few select magnates of the village, drinking success and happiness to the couple who had lately become one by his assistance. My wish to join the convivial group was readily acceded to, and we soon became as familiar as good feeling and good liquor make men under every difference of relative positions. Our host boasted of the importance of his functions, and enumerated the many matches he had cemented, which, without such aid, never could have taken place, and told many laughable anecdotes that had occurred in his house in the way of his profession; and as the liquor began to operate, his previous reserve on the profits arising from his clerical employments became relaxed, and I gathered sufficient information to establish the truth of what our worthy entertainer had before hinted at, that he laid by a pretty "nest egg," out of the profits of his employment; and to which he added, that "a thousand, or it may be, twal hundred pounds sterling money would na kiver the incomings in the course of a year."

About midnight I left the jovial party, still deeply engaged in their libations, and sought that repose necessary for undertaking the rapid journey to town, which we had arranged to commence early on the ensuing morning.

The sun had scarcely glanced his first beams across the Solway Frith, when I was roused from a sound and refreshing sleep by the deep notes of Saunders M^T—, inquiring whether "I was na stirring yet?" and begging permission to "speak a few words wi' me;" which being obtained, he was quickly at my bed-side. No traces of the "deep drinking" of the preceding night were now visible, he soon entered upon his business, which was to caution me on the subject of his communicative information respecting the profits he had made in his clerical capacity.

"You ken, sir," continued he, "you Englishers hae a proverb, that 'when the liquor's in the wit's out;' I wasna preceesely mysel the last nicht, but gin I can trust my memory the morn, I taulked a wheen trash about the siller that I shouldna weel like to hae spoken of; sae, sir, you'll mair than oblige me to keep a close sough anent the matter."

I promised not to betray his confidence, and the blacksmith retired, well pleased to find so ready a compliance with his wishes. He has long been gathered to his fathers, so that I do not betray the trust reposed in me by the present narration. There is little more to add to my detail that can interest

after the adventures at Gretna. Mrs. Ardourly, junior, was received with affection by her new father and mother-in-law; and the joint interference of myself and some tried friends of Mr. C—, soon arranged matters amicably with that gentleman, who was fully aware that his daughter might have made a much worse match. The marriage ceremony was duly performed agreeably to the rites of the episcopal church, and a full gathering of the respective families and friends of the parties graced it by their presence. My friend Tom has sobered down to a very creditable domestic man, and enjoys a fair practice in London; where, in my last visit to the metropolis, I saw him, and found him surrounded by a goodly number of young Ardourlys, with whom and his now matronly spouse, I enjoyed many pleasant hours, in recounting our youthful adventures, amongst which the most prominent was our trip to *Gretna-Green*. D.

CONTENTMENT.

Of all the blessings which it has pleased the Omnipotent to bestow on us, the creatures of his will, that of contentment must rank pre-eminent. The prince is as susceptible of its beneficial effects as the peasant. Divest the former of it, and of what avail is all the luxurious grandeur which surrounds him? Let the latter possess it, and he will be happy in the midst of poverty and toil.

But how shall we attain this inestimable treasure? Are we poor? Let us use all the just means within our reach of acquiring the antidote for this (generally considered) tremendous evil. There are few, perhaps, in this happy country, who by a few years of industry, perseverance, and economy, do not accumulate all that is sufficient for the moderate requirements of our nature. Do you wish for more? Let me advise you—restrain the pursuit; contentment will oftener be found in the cottage than in the palace. Have our views in life been completely frustrated, our most sanguine hopes disappointed? Hard, indeed, is the lot of that man whose case this description suits; but there is a sovereign specific at hand. Will it remedy the evil if we repine at our loss? How many years of sorrow and anguish are sufficient entirely to eradicate this grievance? Rest assured nothing short of the term of our natural lives would be equal to it; the result would fully demonstrate the fact, that instead of ameliorating our condition by grief, we had augmented the evil by the production of sickness and disease, the invariable attendants on sorrow and discontent. Let us, therefore, improve all the means we possess, leave the result to Providence, and above all other earthly considerations, strive for contentment.

THE TWO GAS-LAMPS.

A correspondent informs us that he wishes, and feels himself perfectly competent, to conduct the editorial department of any party political journal devoted to the interests of the people. He sends us the following for insertion as a specimen of his abilities, and desires that after its publication all application to secure his services may be addressed "James Sniggs, Harman-street, New-York." We were not before aware of the fact on which he animadverts, namely, that the mayor of this city has, for an unknown quantity of years, been allowed two lamps before his door; but we were immediately struck with the enormity of the case, and fully concur in our correspondent's cool and philosophical view of the subject.—*Ed. Mir.*

Exclusive privileges!—Fellow-citizens look out!!—The old federal leaven is not extinct. Though the overwhelming tide of democratic principles has broken down the feeble barriers of federalism that opposed the majestic energies of the people, still the lurking seeds of aristocracy, like the whale from the depths of the Pacific ocean, will occasionally rise to view; the monster, however, has only to show itself to be instantaneously harpooned by that vigilant palladium of the rights and liberties of man—the public press. We are not one of those who start at trifles, but when we see an open and unblushing assumption of exclusive privileges by the first magistrate in the first city of the first state of the first country of the terrestrial globe, in having two lamps put before his door when no other citizen has more than one, and many citizens no lamp at all—and when we know that this is done with money raised by taxation from the people—and moreover that such proceedings are countenanced by the votes of a corrupt corporation, we cannot but tremble for the purity of the institutions of our beloved country, and feel that the time has arrived when it is our duty to speak out, as guardians of the public weal, boldly and fearlessly. Some persons may say that one lamp more or less can be but of little consequence, but we would tell such shallow pretenders to reason—such

so. We recur to first principles, and boldly affirm, without fear of contradiction, that the mayor's enjoying the *exclusive* privilege of two gas-lamps is essentially aristocratic, and strikes at the fundamental and elementary principles of republicanism and equality. Such things may be tolerated in enslaved and blood-stained Europe, but not in the new world where man walks abroad in the incalculable majesty of his intellect. Who is the mayor, or what is he more than others, that he, forsooth, should have two gas-lamps? Is he not the creature of the people? Is he not elected by the people, the only true source of legitimate power? And is it to be endured that the servant should have a double portion of light while many of the sovereign people themselves are in total darkness? Forbid it, shades of Jefferson and La Fayette! How forcibly in treating of such a question does the sublime apostrophe of the poet strike upon the imagination unclouded and unsaturated by the mists and vapours of monarchical or aristocratical prejudice:

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!
Thy steps I'll follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky!"

and in the spirit of that glorious apostrophe we exclaim, "Perish all gas-lamps from the face of the earth, and oil-lamps into the bargain, sooner than submit to the slightest innovation in the mighty heir-loom of freedom bequeathed to us by the immortal heroes of '78." B.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

NECESSITY.

THE following is an affecting instance of the extremity to which a man may be driven by want and misery. A gentleman being stopped in the night in a street by a man who demanded his purse in a very determined manner, at once delivered it to him. "How much money is there in it?" demanded the robber. "I know not," was the answer. Upon which the thief opened the purse, took out ten francs, and returned the rest to its owner. Surprised by this extraordinary proceeding, the gentleman followed the man at a distance till he saw him enter a baker's shop, which he in a very few minutes left again. The gentleman then went and made inquiry of the baker, who informed him that the man in question having become indebted to him ten francs for bread, he had refused to give any more credit till that sum was paid, which had just been brought him. After some further inquiries, the gentleman having discovered the lodgings of his assailant, went there with the intention of offering relief; but he had scarcely entered the miserable garret when the poor fellow, imagining he was on the point of being arrested, threw himself out of the window, and was taken up lifeless! French paper.

POOR LITTLE JANE.

There is not a flower that blooms in the valley,
Or heath, or the mountain, a stranger to me;
Each morning at dawn, with my basket I sally,
To gather fresh nosegays, light-hearted and free.
I cull fragrant posies of lilies and roses,
And every sweet flow'ret that modestly blows,
I've rue for gay rovers, hearts-ease for true lovers,
And bachelor's buttons for testy old beaux.
O! lay out a penny with poor little Jenny,
Nor let me solicit your kindness in vain,
I've sweet pretty posies of lilies and roses,
Come buy them, O! buy them of poor little Jane.

In winter when tempests are dreadfully blowing,
And every green meadow is covered with snow,
I trip to the village, my locks wildly flowing,
To ask of the rich what they choose to bestow.
In search of fair flowers to deck ladies' bosoms,
I traverse the mountains, the valleys, and glades;
And oft are my rambles impeded by brambles,
When seeking wild wormwood for pettish old maids.
O! lay out a penny with poor little Jenny,
Nor let me solicit your kindness in vain,
I've sweet pretty posies of lilies and roses,
Come buy them, O! buy them of poor little Jane.

RUSSIAN HIGH LIFE.

Private letters from St. Petersburg, of the fifteenth of February, contain the following account of a splendid entertainment given to the Emperor Nicholas and the imperial family, by the Duke de Montemart, ambassador of France:

"On the fifth his excellency gave a grand ball, which was honoured by the presence of the emperor and empress, the Grand Duke Michael, Prince Albert of Prussia, the duke of Wirtemburgh and his two sons, and four hundred persons of the first distinction. The Grand Dutchess Helena was prevented from attending by indisposition, but sent to express

guests, except the military officers, who, in Russia, never quit their regimentals, have been accustomed to appear in court dresses, but the emperor, to give a further testimony of his esteem for his august ally, not only gave orders that all his suite should be in their full dresses, but that they should wear the ribbons of their respective orders; his majesty himself and the grand duke displaying the *cordon blue*. The empress deigned to open the ball by dancing a polonaise with the ambassador. She afterwards granted the same honour to the ambassadors of England and Austria. Her majesty subsequently condescended to take the Baron de Bourgoing for her partner in a French contra-dance. At one o'clock the supper tables, sumptuously spread for two hundred persons, were displayed. That destined for the empress was distinct from the rest, and laid for sixteen persons, including Prince Albert, the ambassadors and ambassadresses of England and Austria, the ladies of honour, and the ladies of the chief dignitaries of the empire. A similar table was reserved for the emperor, but his majesty declined taking his seat, preferring his usual custom of making a tour of the rooms, and addressing himself with gracious condescension to the company. Towards the end of the supper, his majesty went up to the empress, and calling the Duke de Montemart, filled a glass of champagne and drank, in the most delicate and flattering terms, to the health of the king of France, in which he was joined by the empress and Prince Albert. After supper, dancing was resumed. The emperor, empress, and Prince Albert, retired at three o'clock. The next morning, the ambassador being on horseback by the side of the emperor, when viewing the entrance into the city of a brigade of infantry of the guard, his majesty repeated the expressions of the satisfaction he had felt in being the guest of him whom he had received in his tent beyond the Danube, and on the borders of the Black Sea.

English paper.

THE QUILTING.

The day is set, the ladies met,
And at the frame are seated;
In order placed they work in haste,
To get the quilt completed.
While fingers fly, their tongues they ply,
And animate their labours,
By counting beaux, discussing clothes,
Or talking of their neighbours.

"Dear, what a pretty frock you've on—"
"I'm very glad you like it,"
"I'm told that Miss Micomicon
Don't speak to Mr. Micate;"
"I saw Miss Bell the other day,
Young Green's new gig adorning;"
"What keeps your sister Ann away?"
"She went to town this morning."

"'Tis time to roll!"—"my needle's broke,"
"So Martin's stock is selling;"
"Louisa's wedding gown's bespoke,"
"Lend me your scissors, Ellen;"
"That match will never come about,"
"Now don't fly in a passion;"
"Hair puffs they say are going out,"
"Yes, curls are all the fashion."

The quilt is done, the tea begun,
The beaux are all collecting;
The table's cleared, the music heard,
His partner each selecting.
The merry band in order stand,
The dance begins with vigour,
And rapid feet the measure beat,
And trip the mazy figure.

Unheeded fly the minutes by,
Old time himself seems dancing;
Till night's dull eye is oped to spy
The steps of morn advancing;
Then closely stowed, to each abode
The carriages go tilting;
And many a dream has for its theme,
The pleasures of the quilting.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

The marquis of Hertford is likely to come into possession of a very large property in a rather singular manner. Just after his birth a rich old gentleman, residing in the neighbourhood, was making a settlement of property by entail, when, it being necessary to insert the name of some person as remainder, he directed that of the above nobleman, whose birth he had just seen announced in the newspapers, to be written down. At that time there were so many intervening claimants that no one supposed there was the slightest probability of the property falling to the remainder; but all are now dead, except one; and there is, according to present appearances, little doubt of the noble marquis eventually receiving a very

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Subscribers who intend to remove on the first of May will please leave early notification at the office of publication.

Association to aid industrious females.—It is matter of serious doubt if, in the whole range of society, a class can be found whose services are so ill requited as those of labouring females. To this iniquitous and cruel habit may be traced unnumbered misfortunes and many grievous vices. This comparatively helpless portion of the human family, many of whom have seen better days, and some have enjoyed affluence, are almost daily exposed to privations and sufferings which the rougher sex disregard, and to which a large portion of their own, especially those who have it in their power to assist others, but who are either too proud or too slothful to exercise acts of kindness, are unpardonably remiss. In this respect we make no reservation in saying, that an awful sin lies at the doors of some of us. The duty which it is our lot to perform has afforded us many, very many opportunities of being deeply impressed with the solemnity of the truth. People do not reflect, that in the organization of society, and more particularly in the distribution of its rewards and benefices, the female voice is seldom heard; for it is not in their province to be clamorous, nor is it in their nature to utter many complaints. But we must be permitted to say, that we have often surveyed with astonishment, not unmingled with emotions of indignation and pity, the evidence of these things in the tear that trickled on the widow's cheek, or that started into the eye of youth and beauty, when their stinted compensation was placed in their hands, very frequently wholly inadequate to the humblest demands; this, too, after a week's patient labour. We feel well assured, that of the many thousands of females who are compelled to support themselves by persevering industry—allowing for losses, sickness, and detentions—their stipend would not exceed, on the average, a dollar and a half to each; and in a multitude of cases, let it be remembered, this comprises widows with children. What kind of accommodations or sustenance can be procured by such slender means we pretend not to determine; but thus much we say, that we view it as a stain on the community, and that it ought to be removed, by the prompt and energetic action of those who have the ability to do it. And the incentive ought to be none the less strong, when it is known that some of those who now suffer the extremes of poverty were once enabled to put on as lofty a mien as others who would now, perhaps, regard them with disdain. But let none of us so far forget ourselves as to offer insult to those who suffer under the decrees of Providence. The least observation will show to any one the constant mutability of all human things; and that *riches take to themselves wings and flee away*.

We had thought that these remarks would not be deemed impertinent as introductory to the important object we have in view, and that is, to call the attention of our fair readers to a plan which we hope may prove successful, of making a vigorous effort to bring about a reformation in the harsh customs of society, which deprive worthy and industrious females, most of whom are orphans or widows, of a fair and just reward for their labour. How can it be expected that the morals of such persons should continue uncontaminated, when they feel themselves the victims of fixed and flagrant oppression? Is it wonderful that some should go astray? Or is it not much more wonderful, that we daily witness, under circumstances of such severity, the most exemplary and irreproachable conduct? We are all of us too prone to cast unkind reflections for slight aberrations from the strict line of duty, when under the influence of similar causes we might have shown even less self-command.

The association here referred to was suggested by a gentleman from Philadelphia, long distinguished for his noble and generous feelings, not less than for his enlightened views and eminent usefulness. A number of ladies, conspicuous for their excellence and purity of character, and well known as the ornaments of society, have, as we understand, most commendably resolved to put their spirits into this magnanimous scheme, and push it to its consummation. Here, indeed, is a field for splendid action, and for the exercise of the noblest virtues; and the appeal is made to every generous and sympathetic heart, to unite in the good work, and extend to it all the aid that means, either liberal or humble, can be made to produce. We conclude by asking the reader's attention to the following summary, copied from a collection of valuable essays, recently published in Philadelphia, on this interesting subject:

tion of the lists of subscribers to the different benevolent institutions, I feel warranted in stating—

"That they derive but a slender portion of their support from the wealthiest part of our citizens.

"That their support is chiefly derived from the middle classes of society, and bears but a very small portion to the wealth and population of the city, or to the claims of distress."

"That the idea that every person, able and willing to work, can procure employment, is radically wrong—as there are great numbers of persons of both sexes, particularly females, who eagerly seek work, and cannot find employment.

"That the charge so frequently alleged against the poor, that their distress and wretchedness arises from their idleness and worthlessness, however true as to a small proportion of them, is utterly destitute of foundation as regards the majority.

"That it is impossible for a woman dependent on her needle, and employed on coarse work, and also for a spooler, when encumbered with children, or even without, to support human nature by the miserable wages they receive—and in many cases the wages of males are reduced so low as to render it impossible for a man with a family to lay by any provision for times of sickness or want of employment.

"That it is a great error to suppose our charitable societies encourage idleness and profligacy; for they produce a contrary effect in almost every case, by preventing the depression and ruin, and consequent degradation, of the poor.

"That if each of our wealthy individuals subscribed to all of them, it would be but a very slender sacrifice for the public good, and bear a small proportion to the claims of society on him.

"That the low rate of female wages, not more than one-third of what is earned by men for similar work, is discreditable to human nature—pernicious to the best interests of society—a fertile source of misery, immorality and profligacy—and loudly calls for a remedy.

"That the provident, and all other societies which give employment to the poor, ought to pay adequate wages, so as to set a proper example to individuals—and, so far as regards shirts and pantaloons, that the price ought to be raised at once to eighteen cents.

"That unless they adopt this plan, or one similar, they inflict nearly as much injury as they confer benefit.

"That a reformation of the horrible oppression under which the seamstresses, spinners, spoolers, &c. groan, cannot be hoped for, unless ladies will come forward with decision, and use their influence to rescue their sex from the prostrate situation in which those unfortunate women are placed.

"That it would be misplaced delicacy or timidity which should induce them to hesitate in the performance of so paramount an act of justice."

Birth place of Columbus.—An interesting discovery has lately been made at Genoa, which seems finally to fix upon that city the glory of having given birth to Christopher Columbus. An original letter has been found in the archives of the old bank of St. George, addressed to the magistrate of St. George, and dated Seville, April 2, 1502; the object of which is to direct his son, Don Diego, to devote one-tenth of his income to the diminution of the tax on corn, wine, and other necessities of life in the city of Genoa; a practice which was at that period not uncommon among the wealthy inhabitants of that city.

Madame Lebrun.—It is stated in the Paris papers, that Madame Lebrun, the celebrated painter, lately gave a fancy ball, which was attended by persons of all nations remarkable in science, arts, and literature. Madame Lebrun, still the gayest of the gay, is upwards of eighty years of age.

Infallible cure for chapped lips.—Dissolve a lump of bees wax in a small quantity of sweet oil over a candle; let it cool and it is ready for use. Rubbing it warm on the lips two or three times will effect a complete cure.

Legal prolixity.—In the case arising out of White and Metcalf's bankruptcy, Mr. Sergeant Russell stated that the brief contained fifteen thousand folios! And in the trial at bar, Mr. H. Brougham's documents weighed three quarters of a ton!

There is one class of our citizens who are heavily taxed for the relief of the poor beyond their numerical proportion. I mean physicians. Independently of their contributions to charitable institutions, which are as liberal as those of any other class, the value of the gratuitous services they render is probably equal in amount to the contributions of all the rest of our citizens. They attend the dispensaries, the almshouse, and the hospital, gratis—and never, I believe, refuse when called on to attend the poor, who have no means of payment, and from whom they would not receive it. There are physicians in this city, whose contributions in this way amount to one or two thousand dollars per annum. This is not

THE SWABIAN BEGGAR'S SONG.

COMPOSED BY VON WEBER.

ALLEGRETTO.

I and my las - sie there, Gai - ly we trudge it; She with her light - er ware, I with my bud - get. Pledge me in a

lus - ty bowl, And brim ming, brim - ming, let it be, Spark - ling, spark - ling! Like Jean - nie's e'e.

SECOND VERSE.

And when the day is done,
Good cheer surrounding,
Oh, then, how ripe for fun,
Through the dance bounding,
Pledge me, &c.

THIRD VERSE.

We live most royally,
No rule we own, sir;
For we, like kings, obey
Our will alone, sir.
Pledge me, &c.

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms that nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields,
O how canst thou renounce!—Beattie.

In our last we spoke of ignorance as being one cause of the manifested disregard to the beauties of nature. To this we may add familiarity as promoting the same result, meaning thereby, the long continued yet comparatively superficial acquaintance with the objects around us. In the pride of human intellect we survey the forms of the landscape with which we have been conversant from our infancy, and conceive that we are acquainted with all their beauties, modes of existence, and combinations of elements, and regard them as intangible of affording us any further gratification distinct from the associations connected with them. The trees we planted in our childhood have grown up with us—we saw them in the twig—we have marked their development—witnessed their changes from season to season, and, as it were, mated with them from year to year—and is it now possible to derive from them any new pleasure after so long an intimacy? We know their species and varieties, their dimensions, elasticity, and firmness of texture—how can they interest us further? But pause a moment. Have we remarked their diversity of form—their free, yet chaste proportions—their invariable adherence to the line of beauty in all their wild exuberant unfoldings—their elegance of motion when waved by the breeze, or tossed by the tempest? Have we learned all the secrets of their living laboratories, by which, in the same garden and from the same soil, the fir has secreted its healthful balsam, the upas its deadly poison, and the maple its honied sap? Have we discovered the looms which have woven for the white birch its perfumed and velvet mantle, and for the oak its rude and shaggy doublet? If not, here then are subjects for reflection and research; and here the opportunities for seeking the gratifications which accompany them when truth and nature are the objects.

The fact is, that the human mind, ever active and excursive, cannot with a good grace endure close and continued application. It is too proud and too jealous of its liberties to be severely tasked, even by its high and grasping ambition for knowledge. Novelty may for awhile hold it to one object, but the gloss is evanescent, the delicate frost-work disappears; and curiosity soon satisfied if not satiated, breaks away in pursuit of other wonders and other investigations. Thus it is led on by an insatiable thirst for novelty to the remotest objects, deeming that those which are near and of every-day perception contain nothing new or interesting. This ore-

sumption is vain, for however long has been our acquaintance with even the simplest and least intricate configurations of matter, we may still be assured that there is some latent beauty of structure or design, of which we are ignorant. What then must be our knowledge of those more complex systems, as for instance, our own bodies, if so imperfect with regard to the most plain objects? Look at that fair hand, glancing like a form of light amidst the keys of the piano. You see nothing strange to admire; nothing but what you have beheld a thousand times before; and therefore you regard it with a listless attention. Perhaps the ear is pleased with the sweet notes of the rionella which its Ariel touch awakens; but the eye is not fascinated by the view. Yet is there more of mysterious beauty—more of the cunning of an inscrutable intelligence in that little member than is "dreamt of," perchance, in an angel's "philosophy." Suppose for a moment it should become transparent as ice—that you were permitted to trace the purple current through its innumerable canals, all pellucid as crystal, and grasp the subtleties of the vital principle in its electric movements amidst the nerves—suppose, in fine, that all the secrets of its organization were unveiled to your comprehension, how then would your presumptive knowledge of the object before you appear? With what plea could familiarity palliate your manifest ignorance? Within the superficies of a few square inches which encloses that delicate hand, what unthought-of and amazing wonders present themselves to your delighted gaze! As your eye pierces the glossy integuments which infold the various parts, you now discover that its dazzling whiteness and sylph-like grace of motion are but fractions of its sum of beauties, when its nice adjustments, its dexterous compactions, its regular and solemn pulse-strokes, its devious windings of vessels, and imperceptible attenuations of nerves, its elegant curvatures of muscles, and free mobility of every point, are not taken into account.

We apprehend that, by the thoughtlessness of familiarity, we are thus lulled into inattention and comparative indifference to nearly all other outward objects. We are too apt to sooth our ambition for knowledge with the mastery of exterior appearances, without grasping for prouder triumphs. But this was not the philosophy of Bacon. He taught curiosity not to remain satisfied with the straws and bubbles afloat on the surface of truth, but to plunge deeper and still deeper into its hidden recesses, for the rich pearls and diamonds that lie buried there. He taught that the mind's eye was not to be filled with the "show of things" alone, but with the substantial and abiding realities also. And despite its love of ease—its pride of wisdom, and its instability of purpose, how richly has the world profited by his instruction and example. How

rapid have been the advances of science, how glorious and magnificent her spoils! The ancients exulted in view of their anatomical acquirements, but the researches of Hervey, Hunter and other kindred spirits have demonstrated that the superstructure of their knowledge was based on ignorance—on the frail foundation of idle hypothesis and unwarranted theories, feebly supported by a few isolated and unimportant facts. The ancients talked knowingly of astronomy, and from their high watch-towers held nightly observation of the planets, and gave names to the constellations; but it remained for Newton to explode the false teachings of the Chaldean astrologer—develop in light and beauty the mysteries of sphere-motion, and emblazon his own name for ever, as with the countless unfading stars, on the broad tablet of the whole heavens. Once men discoursed of the elements as if they had mastered every fact in relation to their qualities and modifications, but modern chemistry, like another Columbus, has discovered new worlds beyond the ultima thule of ancient research. Within a few years by the light of this science alone, man has literally found out inventions that have made

"Air, flood, and fire,
The vassals of his will."

With Montgolfier he sweeps fearlessly forth to disport himself in the high places of the air—with Franklin he disarms the lightnings of heaven—with Davy he clothes himself in power from the trodden minerals of the earth, and with Fulton he triumphantly mocks at the opposing stubbornness of winds and waves.

The cause of this new acquisition of knowledge to the world is not a mystery. It is not to be traced to any recent revelation, but to the deeper perspicacity manifested by later ages in their observance of creation. Nor will nature be offended at the growing inquisition of her works, if rightly and reverently conducted. On the other hand, the closer the scrutiny, the higher will be her satisfaction, for assured of her perfections, she knows that every new discovery of the searcher after truth not only tends to exalt and aggrandize his mind, but to improve his heart, and enlighten him more and more in the greatness, glory, and tender benevolence of their common Author.

PROTEUS.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POPULAR TALES.

A SPANISH TALE.

— IN THREE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE SECOND.

DON FRANCISCO's soul died within him at the sound of this eternal story; and he probably wished the tale and the teller of it at least in purgatory. He sprang on his feet, and ran into the midst of the crowd. The first person he struck against was the young hussar.

"Don," said he, with a loud laugh, "I have discovered a secret. The old captain-general has been putting a trick upon all the men of honour in Valencia, for which I am determined to be revenged. I have heard him a hundred times deny that he had a living soul belonging to him. He scoffs at matrimony, as, having tried it, he well may; but to disown his daughter, or to hide her, the worse offence of the two, deserves immediate punishment."

The Don scarcely answered him, for at that moment some curious thoughts had come into his mind. Masanasa was certainly on the borders of the forest, where he had been that night—a treasure was hidden there, and he now began to trace between her features and those of the old man, the kind of resemblance that might be between whimsical deformity and extreme loveliness. But I must pass over the conversation that followed between the hussar and the Don, and the Don and the conde, because all my young readers will imagine it for themselves, and my old ones will not believe it, though I brought a carmelite to swear to every syllable. By this time the troopers had returned, carrying with them the incendiaries, who turned out to be nothing worse than the bakers of the palace-quarter, making their annual rejoicings in honour of St. Joseph, and burning his image of twice the usual size, in honour of the new captain-general. The alarm on the side of Masanasa had been of the same kind, and a procession of woodmen from the forest was soon seen coming by the long poplar avenue, with lighted fagots on the tops of poles, and drums, dulzaynas, and songs, which altogether had a very gay effect as they passed over the water to pay their respects in front of the palace. Before the ball broke up, the conde, having been forced to acknowledge that he had a daughter, had wagered the very sword that Count O'Reilly had given him on the quarter-deck of the San Stefano, against the best set of Segovia mules in the Don's stables, that he would not find out where his daughter was hid. The wager was accepted at once; wine was drank upon it, and by the time the parting-glass was finished, the Don, inspired by love and the purrat Xeres, had laid three more wagers, that he would not only see her, but get a ring from her, a lock of her hair, and even a promise of marriage. The impudent hussar was astonished at his impudence, and tried to restrain him, but it was impossible, for when love and wine are yoked in the same harness, as that most excellent poet, Pontales, says, "We may as well make them a present of the reins."

It may be supposed that the lover did not sleep much that night, and before twilight was gray he rose, and was in full consultation with the hussar. They went out soon after, passing over the Serranos bridge, and taking their way on horseback by the Murviedro suburb. How they were to get to the forest by that road is more than I know; but perhaps they took it to escape being followed. They had no attendant but that scapegrace Tomaso, and passed away through the elms like shadows. One moment they stopped to give a look at the Alameda and the river's bank. Every one knows what the famous Fray Cojuello said, "That when the curse was laid on the earth, heaven excepted the five miles round Valencia." But in my mind, the best part of those five miles is no more than a mule's stable to the river's bank above the Alameda; such groves of sycamores, with openings here and there—little gardens, stuffed with tomatos and peaches—such cottages, that for neatness look like birds' nests, covered up to the thatch with rose-bushes, and the whole crowned with that thick row of orange-trees that is in sight all the way from Fontera, and might be taken for a golden crest on a giant's helmet. This sight, by the rising sun, was as pretty a one as lord or lover could have stopped to see. At Masanasa they found that they were in the right so far as to know that there was a family in an old Dominican convent, which the cap-

tain-general frequently visited, but only after dusk; and that but one male domestic was ever seen, and he an old deaf soldier of the Walloons, who came now and then into the village for provisions. The cavaliers had scarcely heard all this, and were pondering over their chocolate how they were to learn more, when the whole village seemed pouring by the Fonda, crying out that a murder had been committed on a grandee of Spain, by a banditti, and that their captain was taken. The cavaliers were soon in the street, and were much puzzled by the different stories of the engagement. Some said that the famous Montenero de Andar, who had carried the Duke of Medina from his own hall door, a year or two before, was a prisoner; others, that the banditti had come from Arragon, beating all the king's troops by the way, and that there had been a regular battle, in which the officers of the Ronda of Valencia had earned immortal honour; with many other tales of the same kind.

At length the prisoner was brought in, sitting behind one of the horsemen of the Ronda, and the air rang with shouts for the valour of the troop. However, his face was soon known, and it turned out that the star of a grandee having been found in the wood, farther inquiry discovered that a shot had been fired by the Walloon in the night, and he was thus impeached of the murder. It was to no purpose that he denied the whole affair; he was thrown into the guard-house, the women with whom he had dealt for provisions following him, every one in tears. The Don and the hussar went to see him, and, by a *duro* or two, found out all his secrets. They did not amount to much, and the old man could only tell, that the Donna Rosanna was the captain-general's daughter, and that from her father's fear of the famous gallantry of the Valencian cavaliers, he had, on his coming to the command, purchased the convent, where the young lady was to remain shut up with her duenna and her women servants, until his return to Madrid, which was to be within two years. As the Don gave his honour that nothing of their conversation should be told, the old man acknowledged that he had, the night before, fired at some marauder whom he had seen on the point of getting over the garden wall.

"Now, Don," said the hussar, on the way back to his Fonda, "I suppose, as your curiosity is satisfied, we may ride back to Valencia, and if you please, we will take the open road like honest men."

"Here, Tomaso," said the Don, as if he had not heard a word that he said, "take these ten pistoles, and buy me a disguise, beggar, peasant, gipsy, or any thing."

Tomaso came back in a few minutes with both his arms full; he had, in fact, not gone out of the Fonda; for the crowd round the kitchen-stove showed as curious a collection of all kinds of rags as his heart could wish. As he laid them one by one on the floor, *basquinas*, *capotes*, *sombreros*, *mantillas*, and all, the Don and the hussar could not restrain peals of laughter; for such a collection of sheep-skin patches, bits of woollen and felt, with here and there a stripe of Lyons' silk, stolen from some smuggler's pack, was perhaps never laid side by side since the time of the Moors. Then Tomaso would take them and give a little account of each, showing them round like an experienced auctioneer, till the noise caught the ears of the crowd, and the passage was thronged with the maid-servants and travellers, roaring with merriment as they heard the comical histories of their clothing. This day was talked of for a long time after in the village. In the course of the evening the old soldier was discharged, as no one came forward against him; and Don Francisco did not let him go home without a parting present.

Next day, when the Lady Rosanna had retired to her *sicsta*, she was awoke by her duenna tapping at the door, to ask whether she would not see a pedler, who had brought the most beautiful ribbons and silk-nets in the world. The lady was rather angry at being disturbed, but the duenna seemed so anxious, that at length she got up and let her in.

"Well, duenna," said she smiling, and I never remember a sweeter smile than she could put on, "what am I to have from this wonderful merchant for losing my dream?"

The duenna crossed herself, and said, "that dreams were the work of the tempter; and that every dream cost her at least a *peseto* and two *areas*."

"No matter," replied the donna, "we will talk about this

another time. "But," said she in a low tone, and sighing as she turned away, "all the ribbons in Valencia would not be worth my dream."

They were going out of the chamber, when the duenna suddenly went to the wardrobe, and bringing out two *mantillas*, threw them over her mistress's head and her own. When they entered the drawing-room, they found the table covered over with the whole contents of the pedler's baskets; and the duenna could not help openly wondering at their fineness and bright colours.

"How could you escape the officers of the Ronda?" said she, laughing; "those custom-house fellows are keen; if they had caught you their fortunes would have been made, and we should have had nothing but silks and pearls on the heads of every *maraquita* round the forest for a year to come at least."

"Pray, duenna, don't vex the old man," said the donna, in a voice like silver; "we have no right to lay trouble on the troubled," and she took up an artificial wreath of white Biscay roses, and waved them backwards and forwards, as if to enjoy their perfume.

"Will your ladyship please," said the pedler, "to let me match a wreath with the colour of your hair, which, I will be bold to say, is jet black?"

On this he put forward his hand to the edge of the *mantilla*, but the duenna pushed him back.

"So," said Donna Rosanna, laughing, "I am to have neither dream nor roses."

The pedler took out a wreath that smelt as if it had been just plucked. "This," said he, "was made by Tomaso of Figueras, for her majesty the queen of both the Spains, but its better fortune has reserved it for my Lady Duenna!"

Both the females laughed at his address, but the duenna, throwing up her veil, went to the mirror, and while her lady was turning over the silks on the table, began to try on the flowers in all imaginable ways. At length she turned round and saw to her astonishment her lady's veil off, and the hands of the pedler actually fastening the white roses in her hair. The man was rather awkward, and, before he could finish his work, the duenna had seized him like a tigress. To make amends to the pedler for so much civility thrown away, the donna made some more purchases, and he gathered up his parcel.

"Bless my soul," said the lady, feeling in her bosom with great agitation; "duenna, have you seen my purse?"

The duenna's too was gone.

"*Cuerpo de San Jose*," exclaimed she, "what is to become of me? The three *duros* that I had from my first cousin Antonio, the amulet from Father Joachim, and the medal of his catholic majesty's baptism, blessed by his holiness himself, all gone. Villain!" cried she, plunging on the pedler, "give up my money, or I will have you thrown into the inquisition: you shall be broiled, lastinadoed, and bedeviled for a son of a Jew and a thief as you are."

In her rage she tried to pull the hood off his head, which he resisted in part, and made his way to the door, bowing, and protesting his innocence all the time.

"I beg of you, fairest of duennas," said he, "not to take away my character, which is taking away my livelihood. As a proof that I did not commit this offence, I am ready to give you credit to any amount. Will your ladyship please to accept of this velvet tiara? It becomes a fair complexion, which your ladyship has."

The duenna took the tiara, with a gracious look, and ran back to show it to her mistress. But the Donna Rosanna had some thoughts passing through her mind that had nothing to do with velvet tiaras, and she asked the pedler whether he had any relations in Granada. He answered, that he had chiefly lived in Navarre, but had travelled with his merchandise from time to time along the coast, from Cadiz to Barcelona.

"It is very well," said she, and then with a deep sigh covered her face with her veil, and leaned upon the table. The duenna gave her some smelling salts, and tried to raise her head, but she continued sighing. "What is life but a dream?" escaped her lips.

"He waits to be paid," said the duenna, "and saints preserve me if I have a *real*."

"My Lady Duenna," said the pedler, "it is not my custom to be hard with ladies so handsome as you and your mistress: let me have any token, any ring you can spare, merely as a

mark of our bargain, and I will give you a month's time." "That will do," said she; "I took you for a Jew, I confess, but you have the proper respect for a lady's word. She then took off her ring and gave it to him.

"And your lady's too," said he.

"She must not be disturbed now," said the duenna. But her lady silently took off the ring, and gave it to him, without uttering a word.

The pedler put his knees to the ground and kissed the ring, and then, with many low bows, quitted the room. The duenna still stood with one hand holding her lady's forehead, and with the salts close to her in the other.

"Did he say nothing at going away?" said the lady, after a silence of some minutes.

"No, my lady, but he took leave as gallantly as ever Don Quixote did; and though he did not like to show his face, probably because it is as brown as mahogany, I begin to doubt that he is a Jew. I wish I had my purse, however, with my three duros, my—"

"You shall have ten in place of them," said the donna, rather impatiently; "but now help me to my chamber, for I am wondrous weary."

And so she was, for before she had gone three steps she sat down on a couch at the window, and, laying her cheek on some vine leaves that grew into the open casement, seemed to fall into a heavy slumber.

It was the afternoon of the next day when the old Walloon came to inquire whether it was his lady's wish to see any of the tricks of a scholar of the renowned Abuelo, who had stopped at the gate on his way from Granada.

"If he comes from Granada, heaven be praised," said she, "for it is my own country, and I love every branch on its trees."

Soon after the sounds of a pipe and tabor were heard in the servants' hall.

"Those will be glad tidings in Valencia," said the duenna; "will not my lady consider the matter?"

"I will consider nothing," replied the donna. "I am strangely unhappy."

"Had not my lady better send for the priest to confess?"

"Can solitude confess?" returned the lady in a deep tone; and then, as if speaking to the clouds that lay like gold piled upon the sky, "what can anguish confess? can the weary life and the willing death confess? Duenna, there is a load upon my heart that is sinking me into the grave;" and with the word she sank upon her knee, her strength seemed suddenly melted, and with her forehead on her lifted hands, she prayed aloud to the virgin. Suddenly there came bursts of merriment to the door, and she had scarcely time to throw herself into the great chair, and cover her face with her veil, when the mountebank marched in with the Gitana, who carried his conjuring boxes and other implements. The duenna kept guard on one side of the chair, and the Walloon on the other, for conjurers are at best but of doubtful honesty; and all his tricks would not have been worth the repeater at her bosom, or the pearls in her hair. The conjuror was very clever, and made cups and balls, cards and glasses, dance about in a very surprising manner. As the servants were in the passage, crowding round the open door, there was nothing to be seen among them but eyes and hands turned up every moment, with now and then a sharp look for the cloven foot, but the conjuror wore huge horseman's boots, which kept them as much in the dark as ever. At length, after he had devoured several yards of fire, and poured out ribbons to suit every face in Spain, he called the Gitana, and bade her sing a ballad. She was a tall, dark complexioned girl, with a handsome countenance, a crimson cheek, and an eye that, when she began to sing, sparkled like polished jet. The conjuror tuned his *rebeck*, and the Gitana sang two or three pretty *seguidillas*, chiefly in praise of Valencia, at every one of which the servants applauded loudly, but the duenna, as became her station, only bowed.

"Duenna," said the Lady Rosanna feebly, "that girl sings well, but I am not so much charmed with her subject as you seem to be. Did you not tell me they knew something of Granada?"

The duenna replied by a sign of affirmation.

"Well, then, let me hear a Granadian song. But let the Gitana sing alone. I have heard enough of the *rebeck*."

The girl gave an arch look at the conjuror, and tried to restrain her laughing, as he, evidently chagrined, slowly put up the *rebeck* in its case. But the lady ordered him a *duro*, and he seemed not a little pleased with his mortification.

"What will your illustrious ladyship choose?" said the Gitana. "Will you have the loves of Maria de Fonseca and the noble cavalier Delpinos, or the fair Moresco's escape from her

cruel father, or the song of the caliph as he went down the Alpuxarras, or the life and death of Juan the flower of Granada, or the death of the Abencerrage—or—"

"I protest," observed the duenna, "this girl has a marvelous memory. I don't think I could ever repeat three verses of the *Año de Plata*;" and she walked away a few paces, counting them on her fingers.

"Sing," said the Donna Rosanna, "something about the *Mastranza*, if you have any ballad of that kind."

The girl took out a small *theorbo*, and, throwing back the thick hair from her forehead, and fixing her eyes on the western sun as it shone through the trellis, sang, in a sweet, deep voice, the following stanzas:

Lady, if you love to hear

Tales of lofty chivalry,
Stealing beauty's sigh or tear;
List not, lady sweet, to me.

But there is a gentle sight,
Roselike, always born with May,
Full of arms and glances bright,
'Tis Granada's holiday!

Twilight on the west was sleeping,
Stars were sliding down the sky,
Morn upon the hills was peeping
With a blue, half-opening eye.

When a silver trumpet sounded,
And beside the castle wall,
Many a ribbon'd jennet bounded,
Sparkled many a lance-head tall.

In the plain, balconies proud,
Hung with silk and flowery chain,
Like a statued temple, show'd
Rank o'er rank the dames of Spain.

Soon the tapestried kettle-drums
Through the distant square were pealing;
Soon was seen the toss of plumes
By the viceroy's palace wheeling.

Then, before the portal arch,
Every horseman check'd the rein,
Till the rocket for their march,
Flaming up the sky was seen.

Like a wave of steel and gold,
Swept the lovely pageant on;
Many a champion young and bold
Bearing lance and gonfalon.

At their sight arose the roar
From the people gazing round—
Proudly came the squadrons four,
Prancing up the tilting ground.

First they gallop where the screen
With its silken tissue hides
Fair Valencia's jewell'd queen—
Helmetless every horseman rides!

Round the barrier then they wheel,
Troop by troop, and pair by pair:
Beading low the lance of steel
To the bowing ladies there.

Hark! the trumpet long and loud,
'Tis the signal for the charge!
Now with hoofs the earth is plough'd.
Now are clash'd the lance and targe.

Light as roebucks bound the steeds,
Sunny bright the armour gleams;
Gallant charge to charge succeeds,
Like the rush of mountain streams!

Noon has come—the warriors rest,
Each dismounting from his barb;
Loosening each his feathery crest,
Weighty sword, and steely garb.

Then are shown the lordly form,
Chesnut locks and eagle eyes,
Checks with tilting crimson warm,
Lips for lovers' perjuries!

As they wander round the plain,
Sparkle cross and collar gemm'd,
Sparkle knightly star and chain,
On their tunics golden-seam'd.

Till again the trumpets play,
And the mail again is worn;
And the ring is borne away—
And the Moorman's turban torn.

Closes then the tournament,
And the noble squadrons four,
Proudly to the banquet tent
March by Turia's flowery shore.

Lovely as the evening sky,
Ere the golden sun is down,
March Granada's chivalry,
Champions of the church and crown!

"I protest," said the duenna, "it is a very pretty tune, and I have heard a worse voice."

"Tell the Gitana to come near me, and the servants to close the door," said the Donna in an under tone.

The girl came near, with her eyes cast on the ground.

"Where did you learn that song, Gitana?" said the lady; "I have a great wish to know the name of the composer—or is it indeed your own?"

The girl courtisied.

"You lead a dangerous life, Gitana," said she; "with your taste for music, and your appearance, you may spend many sorrowful years for some delightful days."

The Gitana coloured, but said nothing.

"I like your modesty," continued the lady, "and, if you have no better prospect, will take you into my service. You will be useful to my spirits with your sweet voice and your *theorbo*, and I will not be ungrateful."

The Gitana knelt and kissed her hand, with an ardour that made the donna blush.

"These are the wild manners of your mountain life," said she, raising the Gitana; "but, duenna, you will teach her moderation."

This she said with a faint smile, and the Gitana, flinging her scarlet mantle round her shoulders, hastily withdrew to consult her father the conjuror.

"Do you know," said the donna, throwing herself back into the chair, and reclining her head over its arm, as if she were reading something on the carpet, "that girl pleases me extremely."

She then spoke no more for a minute or two, but continued humming the tune that she had just heard. The duenna stood by in silence, not knowing what turn all this might take, and perhaps not much pleased at her lady's new liking.

"I say, duenna, this same Gitana would make a useful assistant to you." The duenna was silent. "Not, of course," continued she with some emphasis, "as a duenna."

"Heaven forbid!" said the duenna, "she would make a strange protectress of your ladyship from the snares of Satan; she will, if I am not much mistaken, have enough to do to take care of herself."

"Why, yes," replied the lady, and sunk into a reverie. Then after a sigh or two, "I should have asked her whether she had ever been in love."

"The saints defend us," cried out the duenna, "of what is my lady talking?"

"I see no crime in it after all," suddenly observed the lady Rosanna, raising her head, with both her hands on the arm of the chair, and fixing her eyes on the duenna's countenance, "it may be sorrow; it has often been ruin—but it may be virtue, honour, and happiness." This she pronounced in a lofty, melancholy tone; the duenna reckoning her fingers over rapidly. "Eighteen this month," she murmured, "eighteen—not an hour more. What will the captain-general say? the next news will be, I suppose, that the rock of Aranjuez is blown away." She rang the bell.

"What's the matter now, my dear duenna," said the lady, fondly catching her gown.

"I must go to confession," was her answer.

"Then take something more to confess, and tell the priest that you think me in love."

"Can that be possible?" cried the duenna, startled, and taking out her rosary.

"I don't know but it may," sighed the lady, and again buried her face in her hands.

Before the duenna had gone through above ten beads, a low tap was heard at the door, and the Gitana came in, to say that her father could not spare her for the present, as he was engaged to be in Castile by the fair of San Ignacio, but that in a month he should be passing back by Valencia, and then—

"And then," said the donna hastily, "I may certainly expect you."

The Gitana took out a little tablet, and wrote her name, and under it the words, "*Fiel a la muerte*." She then put it to her lips, and, kneeling, would have given it to the lady Rosanna; but the duenna snatching it from her, and taking it to the window, held it up to the light from side to side, as if she suspected something concealed.

"I am perfectly astonished at you, duenna," said her lady, suddenly rising, and taking the tablet from her hands; "this suspicion is offensive to my feelings of propriety. I dare say by this, you have known something of clandestine correspondence, and that the cavaliers of Segovia did not find you altogether intractable."

The duenna looked as if a thunderbolt had fallen beside her, when she heard the voice of contempt and authority in which these words were expressed, and saw the beautiful figure of her mistress, with her veil up, the white wreath on her head, and her pale cheeks at once glowing with the colour of vermillion.

"Leave the room, duenna," said she; but the duenna sat down at a distance, and burst into tears. "Well, well," continued the lady, "I am tired of all this; you are forgiven." Then turning, and taking the *theorbo* from the Gitana, she walked towards the casement, to recover her agitation, and ran her fingers over the strings. As she drew back her head from the wind, which blew the ringlets in wild clusters over her beautiful face, she made a sign to the Gitana, who had, however, been on the point of following her, but for the duenna's actually seizing the corner of her mantle. "I have lost my practice. Take it, Gitana, and let me hear that song of the *Mastranza* again." The girl obediently went through the ballad; the duenna sitting with her back to them, and now and then putting both her hands to her ears. "It is well."

sung," were the only words of the lady for a while, and looking at the duenna's posture, she smiled to the Gitana, throwing up her fine eyes in pity of the old woman's idle resentment. "I think, Gitana," she at length remarked, "that your song sounded sweeter than before, and yet your voice seemed to tremble a good deal, particularly towards the close, though, perhaps, that timidity makes a song more touching." She laid her fingers lightly on the girl's arm, who, indeed, trembled more than ever, drew the edge of her mantle deeper over the forehead, and with her eyes cast on the ground, half whispered, "I had forgot, there are two stanzas besides."

"I could hear them if they were a hundred," exclaimed the donna with delight, and drawing the girl towards her chair, sat down, apparently that she might enjoy the song more deeply. The Gitana returned the *theorbo*, and after one or two attempts to clear her voice, thus sung,

"One still linger'd, pale and last,
By the lonely gallery's stair,
As if there his soul had past,
Vanish'd with some stately fair.

Who the knight, to few was known;
Who his love, he ne'er would tell;
But her eyes were—like thine own—
But his heart was—Oh, farewell!"

The last verse could scarcely be called singing, for the voice was little better than a murmur. But as the lady Rosanna heard it, deep sighs swelled her throat, and tear upon tear stole down her cheeks. At length she started up, and saying, "This is magic, this is madness!" walked hastily two or three times from end to end of the room. As she passed by the table the last time, she flung her purse upon it for the Gitana; but the girl stood, without stirring a step, and with her head stooping over the *theorbo*. "You refuse it," said the lady, suddenly stopping before her, "you dare refuse it! Yes, I knew you would, every thing thwarts me. I am the most miserable creature alive; day and night, night and day, sorrow and disappointment, no sleep, no quiet, no hope. There must soon be an end of this. I must die." She at once turned as pale as the handkerchief in her hand, and tottered against the tapestry. The Gitana threw down the instrument, and with the help of the duenna placed her in the current of air. This soon recovered her, and she said in a rather fretful tone. "So, Gitana, you refuse my present."

"I would rather," replied the girl, "have one of my lady's raven locks, than a chain of diamonds."

The duenna lifted up her hands and eyes. The lady said nothing; but drawing a single, white finger across her forehead, spread out the ringlets for her choice.

"I vow," said the duenna, as she took out her scissors and rubbed them on her sleeve to brighten them, "she is as gallant as any cavalier of them all."

The Gitana was long in choosing, and tried every one of the ringlets in turn—fixing her deep black eyes on the lady Rosanna's. Two or three times the duenna insisted on it, that she should cut off the lock and have done. But her lady commanded that she should not be hurried, and stood patiently. It was at length taken off, and the Gitana rolled it up carefully in silver paper, and put it in her bosom.

"Now, farewell, Gitana," said the donna, "and remember."

"I am bound to you for ever," said the Gitana, retiring a few steps, and gazing all over the lovely lady; then with a lofty tone and solemn gesture, as if she was raising some spell, exclaimed, "Neither the wild winter nor the summer's storm, neither the mountain ridge nor the trackless sea, neither chance nor time, shall divide me from you, lady of beauty;" and then pressing one hand on her bosom, and with the other pointing to the sun, "By the glory of that light, I will return—true as honour, faithful as friendship, and fond as love."

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE DRAMA OF HERNANI.—The new drama of Hernani is said to divide the attention of the Parisian circles with his majesty's speech; the diversity of opinions on its merits and defects is extreme, a circumstance which rather increases than diminishes its attraction; the theatre is crowded to suffocation each night it is performed.

WALTER COLYTON—This work, from the pen of Mr. Horace Smith, has been published in London. It is a tale of the court of James II. Among the characters who have a prominent place, besides the king himself and his two daughters, afterwards Queens Mary and Ann, are Lord and Lady Sunderland, the duchess of Portsmouth, Sir Charles Sedley and his daughter, the countess of Dorchester, Count Grammont, the prince of Orange, Dryden, Shadwell, Algernon Sydney, &c. &c.

GRACE SEYMOUR.—An original novel with this title has just been published in this city by Elam Bliss.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

THREE new pieces have lately been produced at this theatre, to wit, "Down East," "Rip Van Winkle," and the "Bohemian Mother." The first is a farce consisting of some ten or a dozen scenes thrown loosely together, without end or aim, except for the purpose of exhibiting Mr. Hackett in the character of a native of the eastern states. In this the author has succeeded; and Major Joe Bunker is rather an amusing addition to Mr. H.'s increasing collection of Yankee portraits. Those who have read Irving's inimitable story of Rip Van Winkle, (and who has not?) will scarcely be so much disappointed as they might reasonably expect to be in witnessing its production on the boards of a theatre. True, there is none of Irving's delicate descriptive humour, which it would be impossible to dramatize, and which, were it possible, would not be sufficiently broad and coarse for the stage; but the author, keeping the general tenor of the story in view, has introduced rougher materials of his own, which he has worked with tolerable skill. Hackett was the hero Rip, and we think played it better than some other characters in which he has been more applauded. It was not merely a series of imitations of national or local peculiarities, but in the scene where Rip returns to the village after his long sleep, and his friends refuse to recognise him, there were touches of natural feeling that are common to all mankind. The "Bohemian Mother," a melo-drama, which, to adopt the phraseology of the play-bills, "has been honoured on each successive representation with distinguished marks of approbation," appears to us, both as regards plot, incident, and language, to be the most disagreeable and miserable piece of trash that it has been our misfortune to see for many a day; and we should not have mentioned it had it not been to express our sorrow at the excellent manner in which Mrs. Sharpe played the part of Mathilde. This lady displayed much earnestness and ability throughout, and it was really a grievous sight to see talent put to such base uses. It was almost as bad as if Leslie were set to paint sign-posts, or Mrs. Austin to sing "down, down, hey derry down." If Povey had taken Barry's part, and Mrs. Durie Mrs. Sharpe's, then the thing would have been properly cast, and contempt would have been unmingled with regret. The plot is one of the agreeable incidents in the Newgate Calendar dramatized, and the scene of action transferred to Bohemia. It is a case of infanticide. Mrs. Sharpe, "a mother but no wife," is supposed to have murdered her child, an infant of about three months, and is apprehended and about to be condemned for the same, when it is satisfactorily proved that she is innocent by the production, at the critical nick of time, of the infant in propria persona, a fine large child of its age, being about the size that others generally are at three years. Mrs. Sharpe shrieked, Mr. Barry clasped his hands expressive of thankfulness, Mr. Chapman looked as if he did not exactly see the meaning of what was going forward, Mr. Richings gesticulated with considerable unction, and the curtain fell amid much applause. If the piece be played again, we suggest that the infant be arrayed in appropriate costume, that is, long drapery instead of a short frock, which, at its tender age, is a breach both of ancient custom and decorum.

A few words touching Mrs. Sharpe may not be amiss. This lady has never had justice done her by the New-York press. She is, to be sure, occasionally called a "talented woman," or a "useful and deserving actress;" but every body knows that in the bountiful and indiscriminate way in which praise is lavished on performers generally, these terms amount to nothing at all. The truth is, Mrs. Sharpe is too useful, and her talents are scattered over too wide a surface for her own reputation. The public are the gainers by it, she the loser. A certain musician in London was accumulating money by his astonishing performances on the jew's harp; his friends one day surprised him playing exquisitely on the German flute and violoncello, when he begged them as a particular favour never to mention it, because, as he shrewdly observed, "if he was known to play well on three instruments, it would not be allowed that he excelled on any." This is precisely Mrs. Sharpe's case, and a very hard case it is. She is always respectable in opera, performs many parts in tragedy better than any actress in the country, and in comedy, we think, displays more ability than in both these departments put together; and yet it is probable she would have obtained as much credit had she confined herself to any one of these three branches. Her general cleverness has unjustly robbed her of her claim to particular excellence. She lately obtained much credit by her personation of Lady Constance, and we were glad to perceive it, though Lady Constance does not appear to us by any

means one of her most felicitous performances. Her taunts to Austria were given with much effect, but her grief was loud, not deep, and there were many sins both in emphasis and action which a closer study of the character may amend; however, it would gain by a comparison with any of her predecessors in the same part. We feel some curiosity to see Mrs. Sharpe as Lady Macbeth; not that we expect she would play it as it ought to be played, for no woman living can do that, but think it would be better than that of Mrs. Sloman or of any one who has attempted it on these boards for some time. In comedy Mrs. Sharpe is always pleasing.

The managers of the theatre certainly deserve great credit for the manner in which they occasionally cater for the taste of a refined portion of play-goers. A juggler of the name of Hart on Saturday evening, among other mountebank tricks, swallowed, or pretended to swallow, a large quantity of fire, and was "honoured with decided marks of approbation." This was certainly a deeply interesting and very intellectual exhibition for the boards of the first theatre in the Union, though we think the effect rather immoral, inasmuch as this familiarity with fire tends to harden the hearts of the people, and do away with their salutary fear of that element. Now if an engagement could be made with Mr. Peters, the celebrated antipodean, and any first-rate professor in the art of swallowing jack-knives and long swords, these, together with Mr. Hart, and the additional help to be derived from Blakeley's comic songs, and Collet's comic dances, would go well nigh to elevate the drama to that rank which it ought to hold in the estimation of the public. C.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A LUMINOUS BOTTLE.—The following is the method of preparing a luminous bottle, which will give sufficient light during the night to admit of the hour being told on the dial of a watch. A phial of clear white glass, of a long form, must be chosen, and some fine olive oil heated to ebullition in another vessel; a piece of phosphorus of the size of a pea must be put into the phial, and the boiling oil carefully poured over it, till the phial is one-third filled. The phial must be then carefully corked, and when it is to be used, it must be unstopped, to admit the external air, and closed again. The empty space of the phial will then appear luminous, and will give as much light as an ordinary lamp. Each time the light disappears, on removing the stopper it will instantly re-appear. In cold weather the bottle must be warmed in the hands before the stopper is removed. A phial prepared in this way may be used every night for six months with success.

ANOTHER LAMP.—Mr. Morehouse, of Tompkins county, has invented a lamp for the burning of lard instead of oil. It differs from the common lamp only by its having a copper wire adjoining the tube which contains the wick, and connecting with the blaze of the lamp at one end, and with the lard at the other, keeping the lard in a fluid state. It is said to emit a brilliant light, give no offensive smell, accumulate no cinder upon the wick, and may be supplied at half the expense of the oil lamp.

THE INVENTION OF GLASS.—The making of glass was first discovered by the Cydonians, by certain sands on the side of a river near Ptolomais, that were crusted into that luminous body by a hard frost, and afterwards made fusible in that city. The art of making glass was brought into England by one Benault, a sovereign bishop, about the year of Christ six hundred and sixty-two.

DISCOVERY OF PURPLE DYE.—The purple dye was by accident discovered at Tyre. A dog having seized the fish conchyle or porpurab, it was observed that he had dyed his lips with that beautiful colour; an experiment was then made, and it succeeded. Purple became the royal colour, and for ages was worn by persons of the highest quality.

HARPOLYRE.—Under this name a new guitar has been invented at Paris by M. Solomon. Instead of one neck and six strings, like the common guitar, it has three necks and twenty-one strings. By this augmentation the power of the instrument is of course greatly increased.

USEFUL INVENTION.—Under this head, the New-Orleans Bee mentions that a machine has been invented by a Mr. Renoir, in that city, which is to be applied to a gig, and in cases of the horse running away can be used to stop the wheels of the vehicle, and release the animal from the harness, in an instant. The shafts of the gig do not fall, but remain in the same position as when upheld by the harness; and that the machine is said to be of so simple construction that a child may use it.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.—NUMBER XV.

ALBUMS.

O ye! who in an album are required to write,
Be wise, before you undertake the same;
Remember that whatever you indite,
Remaineth, to your credit or your shame;
That you had better leave the paper white,
Than rack your hapless brains with idle aim;
But, above all things, if the book you take,
Don't wait a year before you bring it back.—Francis Herbert.

ALBUMS are the greatest nuisance of modern times. They waylay you, or rather are laid in your way, in every house in the city, in which a young lady, turned thirteen, happens to reside. They are as numerous and tormenting as flies at midsummer, and, like flies at midsummer, the irritating evil cannot be grappled with, and "by opposing end it;" for in both cases it is apparently so trivial, that all serious opposition and resistance become mighty ridiculous. Yet human happiness is, for the most part, made up of trifles; and it is to be feared the deduction to be made from the sum total, during the ensuing summer months, on the score of flies and albums, will far exceed that created by anxiety for the temporal welfare of our friends, or our own spiritual concerns. Petty evils and insect troubles frequently vex a person more than substantial grievances. The insignificance of an annoyance gives it a ludicrous character that is very provoking, and frets a man to think that he can be so easily fretted. Many a man's nerves are so strung that the tickling of a straw will set him almost crazy, while a heavy contusion brings him to his senses, and he smiles at the pain it occasions. Suppose, for example, a corpulent, choleric old merchant, preparing to take his after-dinner nap in an easy-chair, on a sultry day in August—suppose sleep gently descending on his eye-lids, and gradually and deliciously overclouding his faculties—suppose, at this critical moment, a rascally blue-bottle fly effects its entrance into the room, and commences amusing itself by tickling the old gentleman. He hears its ceaseless buzzing in his ears, and anon feels it promenading across his forehead, leaving an intolerable itching wherever it treads; half asleep and half awake, he impatiently jerks his head, and for a moment puts the enemy to flight; but it is only for a moment, for scarcely has he composed himself to sleep, when he again feels his friend taking a walk down his cheek and across his chin; he instinctively attempts to crush his tormentor, and slaps his own face, while all the time his nerves are acquiring a preternatural irritability; at last, a final attack upon the sensitive organ of smell puts sleep and patience to flight, and he starts from his chair in a highly sublimated degree of rage, chasing the disturber of his peace around the room in a perfect phrenzy. Suppose at this instant the door to open, and the servant to present a letter, informing him of the loss of a richly-laden vessel. He becomes on the instant calm and collected. This is a misfortune worth struggling against; he braces himself up for the encounter, and determines to "bear it like a man." Thousands meet death with perfect calmness, but we have high authority that

—"there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently;
However, they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance."

It is the smallness of the evil, which seems to be so easily got rid of or avoided, but which cannot be got rid of or avoided, that destroys our equanimity; and it is upon this ground that albums are afflictions of the first magnitude. The person who first invented them has much to answer for. They and steam-boats are the greatest curses and blessings of the present age; the one has been productive of as much trouble and inquietude as the other has of comfort and convenience.

A certain gentleman, who takes ten glasses of brandy per diem, justifies himself by saying, that it is not the use but the abuse of stimulants that is hurtful; and every young lady who keeps an album, at the same time complains they "are so common." She seems to think that all her sex, excepting herself, are taking liberties they are not entitled to. A respectable widow in this city has eleven daughters, each of whom maintains an album; and any unfortunate visitor who is caught fairly within her doors, may think himself lucky if he escapes with the loss of five effusions. The senior portion of these misguided young ladies are fast verging towards a state of hopeless single blessedness, merely on account of the cultivation of this pernicious habit on so large a scale: they have frightened away their oldest friends, and no male creature ever ventures within their reach; and, indeed, what person in his senses would visit a house where a yard of poetry is required to be paid down as tribute? Though not exactly carried on to the same extent, there are few houses in

New-York into which a person not gifted (or cursed) with a knack of rhyming can safely venture. It is in vain that a man of an anti-poetical temperament pleads he "is no poet." "Never mind," cry the fair inexorables, "any thing will do;" though, at the same time, they expect their victim to do his very best. The fearful album is placed before him, he seizes a pen,

"Cold drops of sweat burst from his trembling brow,"

and in a fit of desperation he "writes himself an ass" for the amusement of all future visitants. Now it is unfair, ungenerous, that a man should be violently forced into a state of authorship against his better judgment—heaven knows there are enough and to spare who voluntarily expose themselves, and feel no shame in so doing. To such ought to be left the filling up of these records of folly.

There is much in a name, and "Album" has now become a hateful sound; yet the idea is not in itself bad of a young and intelligent beauty preserving the scattered effusions of genius or memorials of friendship in this form. It is pleasant to see such a book carefully preserved, and shown only as an especial favour to those who may be thought worthy of looking over its treasured pages; but to have innumerable volumes of manuscript scrawls, with which genius and friendship have no connexion, continually thrust upon you—to be obliged to listen patiently, smilingly, politely, and profess yourself pleased with the recitation of two or three dozen desperate attempts at poesy—to have the beauties of the several compositions pointed out to you, and to be asked your candid opinion of each, when you dare not for your soul speak an iota of truth—and in the end to be required to add your mite to the collection, "suppose it is only two or three verses," is very disagreeable indeed, besides the disgrace of the thing; for nine-tenths of the albums are nothing better than discreditable receptacles for disreputable pieces of prose and poetry that cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, ever hope to attain the dignity of print, or be incorporated in a book form in any other shape.

The alarming increase of these plagues has probably arisen from that love of flattery which has been inherent in every man, woman, and child since the fall; particularly, it is said, in women, though on that head there may be reasonable doubts entertained. But certainly in the majority of cases where a young lady requests you to write in her album, it is only a more delicate way of asking to be flattered. If she is pretty, she likes to have it put on record; and if she is not, she well knows that poets never intentionally speak the truth. A person who is in the album-way, will have abundant opportunities of seeing the justice of this remark. I have in their pages met with the most glowing and outrageous compliments, and have invariably ascertained that they were indited by people as cold-blooded as tortoises; so true it is that the affectation of passion is ten times as violent and high-sounding as passion itself. One is at present lying before me, a few extracts from which, characterised by sense and feeling, may amuse the reader.

TO DOROTHY SOPHIA —.

Sweet maid! upon thy softly pouting lip
The fragrance of nine thousand flowers are strown;
The bee from thence nectareal dews may sip,
And otto of roses is by far outdone!

Couched in thine eyes one thousand cupid lies,
Singing their wings among those burning beams
That dart electric fires into each passer by;
Poor things! they cannot fly away it seems!

Wouldst thou wert mine! ah! at that daring thought
Tumultuous tumults burst my bursting breast—
No matter—I will soon be where I ought,
The grave will ope, and then I'll be at rest!

ALGERNON AUGUSTUS WILKINSON PRICE.

The following is of a more grave and unhappy character, and the construction of the blank verse is almost equal to that of —. It displays a fine vein of morbid feeling, and the insignificant parts of speech with which the lines terminate, have an unostentatious and natural effect.

Well, be it so! 'tis no consequence, and
I at last awake from a blissful but
Most deceitful dream of happiness, which
Now is flown for ever. I never will by
Word or look upbraid you, though my peace is
Totally destroyed, and my heart crushed to
Shivers. 'Tis the lot of virtue to be
But half appreciated, and so I
Scorn to say a single word about my
Most untoward fate. I soon will be a
Piece of dull and inanimate clay and
All will be well! I've done, but still my
Last and latest prayer shall be for—no
Matter—fare thee well!

ABRAHAM O. HIGGS.

It will be seen how strictly the amiable author of the foregoing has adhered to the only sure and certain rule of making blank verse, that is, being particular in having ten syllables per line. Nothing is easier, and by attending to this simple rule an auctioneer's advertisement may be taken out of the newspapers

and made into unimpeachable blank verse without any sort of trouble. The manner in which Shakespeare and Milton have occasionally departed from this fundamental principle is unpardonable. I had proposed to have given twelve or fifteen pages more of extracts, but defer doing so in consequence of the heat of the weather.

If all, or a portion of the above remarks, should be offensive to the feelings of any lady who keeps an album, I hope she will do me the justice to believe that I certainly meant *here* to be an exception to these general observations. C.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

FRANCIS JEFFEREY,

Late editor of the Edinburgh Review.

THE extensive and powerful influence which the Edinburgh Review so long held in the republic of letters, induces us to offer the following brief notice of Mr. Jefferey, who, until lately, has been the principal editor of that popular depository of able and learned criticism.

Francis Jefferey is the eldest son of the late George Jefferey, one of the deputy clerks of sessions in Scotland. He was born in Edinburgh in 1773. He received the rudiments of his education at the high school there, entered the university of Glasgow in 1787, was admitted to Queens College, Oxford, in 1791, and in 1795 came to the Scottish bar, where he still continues in possession of an extensive practice. Mr. Jefferey, at a very early period, gave promise of those fine talents which have since made him a leader in the literary world; and it is understood that his father, who observed his powers, devoted himself zealously to his education, with a firm conviction of the future eminence that awaited his son, but of which he did not live to witness the full accomplishment.

From this early and assiduous cultivation of his faculties, Mr. Jefferey acquired that complete power over his imagination and judgment, which subsequently qualified him for the celebrity he attained as the first literary censor of his age.

While in Edinburgh he engaged actively in the debating societies, which are favourite institutions there, and are undoubtedly great contributors to the purposes of education, by eliciting talent and fostering genius, which might otherwise languish in obscurity if unaided by these powerful auxiliaries for its development. We need but quote the names of Burke, Garrow, Erskine, Fox, Sheridan, and other eminent characters who received the elements of their forensic eloquence through these initiatory means.

The speculative society to which Mr. Jefferey was attached at this time, contained among its active members many persons who have since attracted general notice; among whom may be mentioned Mr. Brougham, who subsequently became an able coadjutor to Mr. Jefferey in the first establishment of the Edinburgh Review.

Notwithstanding the greatness of Mr. Jefferey's talents, his progress at the bar was long extremely doubtful; amidst all his reputation it was but slowly and progressively that he rose into the high practice he at present enjoys. In the criminal court he is now considered unrivalled as an advocate. It may easily be imagined that the quickness of his mind, the clearness of his conceptions, the strength and beauty of his language, joined to a thorough familiarity with the law, must render him almost irresistible before a jury.

In the year 1802 Mr. Jefferey became associated with several eminent literary characters in the establishment of the Edinburgh Review, of which he was one of the original projectors, and after one year, when it was under the conduct of the reverend Sidney Smith, has been its sole editor, until his secession from the editorial chair last year.

At the period when this work was commenced, the want of such a journal had long been felt in the reading world; few, if any, of the numerous periodicals devoted to criticism were above mediocrity, and all, more or less, prostituted their pages to venal praises of certain favoured authors and the cupidity of particular publishers.

The high and impartial tone which the Edinburgh Review assumed from its commencement, immediately commanded attention, and it will be only echoing the opinion of the great mass of its readers to assert, that no publication ever obtained so complete an influence over public sentiment as the celebrated review under consideration, and for which it has been principally indebted to the pen of Mr. Jefferey.

It would be a curious speculation to inquire what was the exact share taken in this work by the highly-talented individual of whom we are writing. An authentic list has been seen of the articles from the pen of Mr. Jefferey, which are represented as exciting great surprise from the voracious talents ex-

hibited by their distinguished author, who has proved himself conversant with the most opposite studies. Much also is said of the endless operations of this great critic on the works of his coadjutors, whereby he sustained an almost equal cast of excellence in every article which appeared in the Review.

In politics Mr. Jefferey is decidedly a supporter of the opposition, or to use the general *soubriquet* in England, he is a "whig." The march of liberal principles in the British cabinet has, however, subdued much of this hostile feeling towards the government, and the enlightened and constitutional measures he has long advocated, appear now to be popular with the present ministry.

In theology he has been attacked by his enemies as verging on to scepticism, while his admirers consider that he has ever powerfully supported the great truths of christianity, unbiased by sectarian dogmas, and untrammelled by established forms. Several articles in the Review, understood to be written by him, are indicative of a sound and pious mind.

In elegant literature he has been exposed to much reprehension, having laid down canons of criticism which confine works of the imagination and the heart to certain regulations which, if adhered to, would petrify the warmth and paralyze the energies of poets and poetry. That he has not been infallible in some of these rules, we need only refer to his criticisms on the early poems of Byron, which he declared were utterly destitute of any indications of genius. It is but justice to add, that he evinced a manly candour on the publication of the first canto of Childe Harold, alike honourable to himself and the noble author, and which, by the interesting correspondence lately published in Moore's Life of Byron, received its just praise from his lordship.

Of the private character of Mr. Jefferey it is gratifying to be able to say, that in domestic life he is greatly beloved and respected. He is described as being a kind, good-hearted man, cheerful and amiable in his temper, and entirely free in his opinions from any portion of that violence which might be expected from the keen satirist who wields the thunders of the Edinburgh Review. He has been married twice; his present wife is the daughter of Charles Wilkes, Esq. of this city, and grand-niece of the celebrated John Wilkes, so well known during the early part of the reign of George the third.

Mr. Jefferey closed his editorial labours with the ninety-eighth number of the Edinburgh Review, and has been succeeded in that capacity by Mr. Napier, a gentleman who has been long distinguished in the literary world as a successful and elegant writer. H*.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

JEREMIAH PAUL was a short, round personage, with a quick, I had almost said a spiteful, little grey eye—a bald head in front, and a short, stiff cue behind. He was a wonderful man to look at, and his history was no less so than his person. At one period of it he was the village schoolmaster—a rare pedagogue and learned being—it is said not only familiar with Dilworth's Spelling-Book and the Psalter, but also with such difficult mathematical problems as are comprehended in the elementary principles of Pike's Arithmetic. It may be readily supposed that such a ripe and rare scholar would not be suffered to remain long in obscurity. His talents were not of an order "to blush unseen," and accordingly, in his fortieth year, he was honoured with the office, and enriched with the emoluments appertaining to no less a dignitary than a justice of the peace.

But we are getting ahead of our story, and, with the reader's permission, we will go back a few years, and introduce him to the wife of Master Paul. She, too, was an uncommon character—a great, good-natured, handsome romp, who used to attend school on purpose, to use her own phrase, "to plague Master Jerry." And verily she was a plague! She used to bounce in and out whenever she pleased—she pinched the boys, inked the faces of the girls, and finally to such a pitch did her audacity arrive, that she even presumed to lay hands on the nicely powdered cue of the dominie himself!

Jeremiah was leaning over his desk in a musing attitude, engaged in a profound mathematical calculation respecting the probable value of the tenant of his landlord's pig-stye, when this outrage took place. He had already placed the subject in half a dozen different attitudes before his mind's eye, and was just

on the point of committing his lucubrations to the fragment of a slate upon which his elbow was resting, when a vigorous jerk at the hairy appendage of his pericranium started him bolt upright in an instant, and drew from him a cry not unlike that of the very animal which was the subject of his scientific cogitations.

Jeremiah did not swear—he was an exemplary and church-going pedagogue—but his countenance actually blackened with rage and anguish as he gazed hurriedly and sternly around him; and the ill suppressed laughter of his disciples, added not a little to his chagrin. "Who?—who?—who? who?—I say!" He could articulate no more. He was choked with passion.

"That are great ugly girl there, who pinches me so," said a little ragged urchin, with a streaked face.

Jeremiah confronted the fair delinquent; but it was plain from his manner, that he had much rather have undertaken the correction of his whole school beside, than that of the incorrigible offender in question. His interrogating glance was met by a look, in which it would have been difficult to say whether good nature or impudence predominated.

"Did you meddle with my cue?" said the dominie; but his voice trembled; his situation was peculiarly awkward.

"I—I—what do you suppose I want of your cue?" and a queer smile played along her pretty mouth—for a pretty one she had; and what is more, the dominie himself thought so.

Jeremiah saw that he was about to lose his authority—he hemmed twice—shook his head at such of the rogues as were laughing immoderately at their master's perplexity, and reaching his hand to his ferule, said,

"Give me your hand, miss?" His heart misgave him as he spoke.

The fair white hand was instantly proffered, and as gently too as that of a modern belle at a cotillion party. Jeremiah took it—it was a pretty hand, a very pretty hand—and then her face—there was something in its expression which seldom failed to disarm the pedagogue's anger. He looked first at her hand, then at her face, so expressive of a roguish confidence; and then at his ferule—a rude heavy instrument of torture, altogether unfit to hold companionship with the soft fair hand held in durance before him.

Never, in all the annals of his birchen authority, had Jeremiah Paul experienced such perplexity. He lifted his right hand two or three several times, and as often withdrew it.

"You will not strike me," said the girl.

There was an artless confidence in these words, and the tone in which they were uttered, that went to the very heart of the pedagogue. Like Mark Antony before the beautiful Cleopatra, or the fierce leader of the Volsci before his own Virginia—the dominie relented.

"If I pardon you for this offence, will you conduct yourself more prudently in future?"

"I hope I shall," said the hopeful young lady, and the master evinced his affectionate solicitude for the welfare of his pupil by pressing the hand he had imprisoned; and the fair owner expressed her gratitude for such condescension by returning the pressure.

They were married just six months afterwards. So much for lenity in school discipline. Essex Register.

MISTRESS ELIZABETH HILL.

[Translated from the German.]

In a small but pretty town of Suabia resided a rich and handsome young widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Hill. All her acquaintances were at a loss what to make of her, for she was not for any length of time the same, but continually changing. At first a certain counsellor gave the tone to the fashionable society of the place, and as he was fond of gallant literature, Mrs. Hill read novels from morning till night. He died, and a doctor of medicine assumed the sway of fashion; he was fond of gaieties and gave splendid dinner parties and balls. Mrs. Hill laid aside her books and became passionately fond of dress and dancing. Not long after this, the prince, from some motive or other, removed the bishop's see to this place. This bishop, who had a large income, was also a pious and very eloquent man. From that time Mrs. Hill laid aside all gay ornaments, and was only seen in slate colour or black, and at her house she had weekly religious meetings. The opinions of the public as to what could be the cause of such continual changes were much divided. A professor of the college, a belles lettres scholar, and one of the principal contributors to a fashionable magazine, asserted that Mrs. Hill had no character whatever; and, though beautiful, she was neither a subject for the poet, for a novel, or for the stage. The bishop, on the contrary, whose thoughts were little engaged either with novels or with the stage, was quite of a different opinion.

"Mrs. Hill," said he, "at first indulged her sinful propensity in secret by reading novels, until, by gradual advances, she exposed herself at public balls and dances. Her eyes have been opened, she has repented and received grace, and a complete reformation has taken place." The doctor again differed entirely from the bishop. "Her mind," said he, "has nothing to do with this change. The sedentary life which she has led while reading much, and afterwards continual dissipation at night parties have thickened her blood. A few bleedings and the free use of Selters waters will restore her to former health and vigour." All three were prejudiced in favour of their own opinion, though all three were wrong, and as the great mass of people seldom think or reflect much for themselves, they generally adopted the opinion of one of the three, as it happened to coincide with their own interest. The bookseller, who of late had furnished Mrs. Hill's library with many valuable theological works, coincided in opinion with the bishop, and sincerely congratulated her on her reformation. The silk and lace mercers, who had lost one of their best customers, sided with the doctor; others who had not altogether lost her, expressed their regret that so good a woman as Mrs. Hill should be so fickle, and not know herself what she wanted. The prince, who always rewarded merit, removed the bishop to the metropolis, in order to have him also as his own chaplain, and, to indemnify in some degree the town for the loss of the bishop's see, quartered there a battalion of his guards, commanded by a major of rank and fortune, and of a very comely person. In less than a month the major was a regular guest at Mrs. Hill's dinner parties, and Mrs. Hill at those of the major. The major's wife was a lady of handsome figure, and a great beauty. When dressed in a riding-habit and mounted on a spirited Arabian, she galloped through the town, and every eye was fixed upon her with admiration. Mrs. Hill, conscious of being in no way inferior to the major's lady, either in figure or personal graces, soon procured a nag as beautiful as could be found in the country, and, dressed in a riding-habit with gold epaulettes on her shoulders, was daily seen to accompany the major's wife in her rides. "The woman is devoid of all character!" said the professor. "The woman has lost the grace!" said the dean, as she passed his door. "She has followed my prescriptions!" said the doctor. A plain man, but possessed of much good sense, shook his head when he heard such various opinions, and thought Mrs. Hill knew perfectly well what she wanted. "Who used to be the first man in our society?" asked he. "The counsellor." "And when he died?" "The bishop." "And when he was removed to the metropolis?" "The major." "Now, good people, what appears to you as inconsistency, is nothing but vanity." New-York American.

THE PICTURE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE, ESQ.

In 1801 I passed several months in Rome. I was then fourteen years of age—a period of life when all that goes to make up the romance of existence is beautiful and shadowless. Every object in that glorious clime went to my heart with a sense of living joy. I often gazed, even with a wild excess of passionate delight, upon the diadems of mist that rested on the brow of the Tiber, the sky that floated overhead like a web of blue gossamer buoyed by its own lightness, and the stars that hung beneath it like birds of paradise resting in the middle air. And the hills too—they were crowned with ever-green wreaths, like the brows of the ancient poets of that eternal city, and the winds came breathing as softly and sweetly around me as if they had been the incense offered up by spirits to the memories of the mighty dead that were slumbering there.

After getting familiar with the different parts of the city, I strayed alone, one summer morning, to a distinguished gallery of paintings. I found there many beautiful and god-like faces, and gazed upon them long and earnestly. There was one—but no—I cannot describe the spiritual beauty and the calm and holy rapture of repose that glowed in its every lineament. It was the face of a young female, and so wildly beautiful, and, withal, so unlike every thing which I had before seen or fancied of loveliness, that it chained my spirit like a spell from heaven. I lingered around it more than an hour, and gazed until my heart seemed to melt, and take the image of those blessed features. The seal was set for ever. I deemed that the pictured face before me was the delineation of some creature of the earth, and, for that unknown and imaginary being, I felt all the idolatry of passion. From day to day, and from week to week, I returned to dwell upon that countenance, and, more than once, as I awoke from a delirium of fascination, I found myself standing before the picture with my lips half open and my arms convulsively extended, as if striving to woo the pictured face into life, and clasp it with

the fervour of undying love. Months passed away and I left the city. The picture was the last object to which I bade adieu, and, on turning from it for ever, I wept with all the agony of a heart-broken child.

Years have done their silent work upon my heart, but they leave unchanged and undimmed the image that was shrined there in my boyhood. I have sought in vain for its resemblance among lovely and gifted creatures. In the presence of mourners and the company of the mirthful, my eyes have wandered anxiously over beautiful faces, till at length I was forced to close them—close them in bitterness to hide the tears, that, in spite of pride and manhood, were gushing wildly upward from their fountain. Often in dreams upon my midnight pillow, I have, for a moment, realized the dear object of my early love, but, while gazing upon it, it would melt away into the air and leave me to mourn over the bitter mockery. Fancy too has pictured it before me in my waking hours. I have seen it softly floating upon the blessed moonbeams as they lingered around the distant streams—it has come and stood before me in its unearthly beauty when I have been sitting silent and alone beneath the quiet gloom of twilight—and, many times, as I have been leaning upon the tall cliffs of the ocean, fancy has pictured it as a holy naiad of the sleeping waters. I am getting old, I cannot find the being of my first, my last, my only love, among the daughters of men, and I feel that the last blossom of my heart is stricken by disappointment.

Shall I see that remembered face in the spirit-land? It must be so. The imaginings that wander over the earth unsatisfied, and return to fold their faint and weary wings in the vacant heart, will find in that land the holy realities for which they have so long pined in loneliness and sorrow. That form, it is a flower, that opens in the dews of some purer sphere—a portion of some bright but invisible Eden—and I long to go away and gaze for ever upon its immortal youth and purity.

CLOTHING OF CHILDREN.

When we observe the extreme anxiety of mothers to improve the beauty, and impart grace to the forms of their daughters, we cannot but pity the ignorance and infatuation which induce them, in too many instances, to resort to means calculated much more effectually to defeat the object so ardently desired, than to promote it. A very slight knowledge of the human frame, and of the manner in which it is influenced by external agents, would teach them the absurdity of all attempts to supply, by artificial means, what can result only from the unassisted efforts of nature. In infancy as well as in adult life, the first and most important object of consideration should be to preserve and promote the health and vigour of the body—since with its health we necessarily maintain its symmetry and improve its beauty.

Bodily deformity, in particular, unless congenital, or the effect of unavoidable disease or accident, is in the great majority of cases produced by nursery mismanagement, and the employment of the very means which are resorted to in order to prevent it.

The fact cannot be too often repeated, nor can it be too seriously urged upon parents, that the foundation of a graceful and just proportion in the various parts of the body must be laid in infancy. A light dress, which gives freedom to the functions of life and action, is the only one adapted to permit perfect unobstructed growth—the young fibres, unconstrained by obstacles imposed by art, will shoot forth harmoniously into the form which nature intended. The garments of children should be in every respect perfectly easy, so as not to impede the freedom of their movements. With such liberty, the muscles of the trunk and limbs will gradually assume the fine swell and development which nothing short of unconstrained exercise can ever produce. The body will turn easily and gracefully upon its firmly poised base—the chest will rise in noble and healthy expanse, and the whole figure will assume that perfectness of form, with which beauty, usefulness, and health are so intimately connected.

Journal of Health.

A STRANGE STORY.

Lord Byron sailed to Lisbon in the year 1809 with a Captain Kidd, of whom he used to mention a very strange story. "This officer stated, that, being asleep one night in his berth, he was awakened by the pressure of something heavy on his limbs, and, there being a faint light in the room, could see, as he thought, distinctly the figure of his brother, who was at that time in the naval service of the East Indies, dressed in his uniform and stretched across the bed. Concluding it to be an illusion of the senses, he shut his eyes and made an effort to sleep. But still the same pressure continued, and, still, as often as he ventured to take another look, he saw the

figure lying across him in the same position. To add to the wonder, on putting his hand forth to touch this form, he found the uniform, in which he appeared to be dressed, dripping wet. On the entrance of one of his brother officers, to whom he called out in alarm, the apparition vanished; but, in a few months after, he received the startling intelligence that on that night his brother had been drowned in the Indian seas. Of the supernatural character of this appearance Captain Kidd himself did not appear to have the slightest doubt.

Moore.

CAUSE OF INSANITY.

A late writer has astonished the philosophical reader upon the subject of insanity, by asserting that madness or insanity is inflicted on human beings by Almighty God as a punishment for their sins. For my part, I consider insanity in the nature of a diseased function of the brain, and have observed what I have considered very wicked and abominable characters who have shown no signs of madness, unless, indeed, their being wicked should be admitted as an *a priori* evidence of their being so; and, on the contrary, other persons, who have observed all the duties of life, have become the unfortunate victims of this malady. We always lose our discretion when we arrogate to ourselves the office of a cabinet counsellor to the Supreme Being, and attempt to account, religiously or morally, for his inscrutable dispensations.

Manual for Invalids.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND JUST MARRIED.

The following very pretty lines are copied from the Courier and Enquirer. They bear the initials of James Lawson, Esq. one of the editors of that journal:

On matrimony's fickle sea,
I hear thou'st ventured fairly,
Though young in years it may not be
Thy luck is lanced too early.
Each wish of mine to heaven is sent
That on the stormy water,
Thou'lt prove a wife obedient
As thou hast been a daughter.

If every wish of mine were bliss,
If every hope were pleasure,
Then wouldst thou find him full of bliss,
And live in love a treasure.
For every wish and hope of mine,
And every thought and feeling,
Is for the well of thee and thine,
As true as my revealing.

I know thy youthful heart full well,
Thou'rt thoughtless of the devil;
But guard, as if my verse should tell
My mind in words unswell:
For the advice which I nodde,
Thy thank me not too early.
'Tis from the heart each word I write,
O mayst thou mark me duly.

To please thy husband in all things,
For ever be thou zealous;
Aye bear in mind that love has wings,
Then never make him jealous.
For if love from him has fled,
How weak are beauty's jesses!
In vain wouldst plead thy streaming eyes,
And thy dishevelled tresses.

Be pious in thy thoughts of dream,
Be quiet of thy passions;
Where reason is to be obeyed,
O nothing there but art is.

And can its palling sweets compare,
With love of faithful beauty?
Then of the fatal tree beware,
There's poison in its blossom.

Each thought and wish in him confide,
No secrets from him cherish;
As when as thou hast sought to hide,
The better feelings perish.
In what's thy joy to say,
O never with him falter;
Remember too, that whilst "obey,"
Dearer the holy altar.

Better and faster, for you may find
Uncounted times to love ye,
And should thy husband seem unkind,
Averse to smile or please ye;
Think, that amidst the scenes of life,
He touch has found to join him;
Then smile as it becomes the wife—
With naive strive to cheer him.

Aye answer him with kindly word,
Be each time sweetly spoken,
For often is the marriage cord
By angry words broken.
Then curb thy temper in its rage,
And fustian be thou never,
For severed once, a fearful change
Hanes over both forever.

Upon thy neck light hang the chain,
For hymen now has bound thee;
O'er thee and thine may pleasure reign,
And smiling friends surround thee.
Then fare thee well, and may each time
The sun smile find thee wiser;
Pray kindly ever the well-meant rhyme,
Of thy sincere adviser.

J. L.

PORTRAIT OF A VOLUPTUARY IN FRANCE.

If contempt were not an unchristian feeling that should be checked on every occasion as soon as it arises within the mind, I know one character, at least, by which it might be excited in a very forcible degree. It is that of the voluptuous man, who, in the vigour of his health and manhood, caters for his comfort like a convalescent—a helpless creature, who is afraid to burden, with the weight of frame, a set of muscles capable of upholding a weight that would strain the back of a young horse. He shrinks like a blasted nabob from the slightest breath that agitates the perfumed atmosphere of his apartment, and stuns your ears with accounts of draughts from the windows and from the doors, together with expedients for their modification, until you fancy you are speaking with a poor terrified Italian of the malaria. He makes a greater preparation for shaving his beard in the morning than a sensible man would use before the amputation of a limb, and considers the keenest edge no finer than a handsaw. He inquires of his man, ere he descends, which way the wind blows, and takes his seat on the lee side of the screen, lest he should be blown away by one of those awful parlour hurricanes while he is eating his potted shrimps and chocolate. To excess, indeed, of all kinds he is a stranger; but the love of virtue is not the safeguard which protects him. He is thoroughly sensual; but the labour of an intense enjoyment is the rubicon which he will not pass. He creeps, and shrinks, and shivers himself into a premature old age; and is at length moulded out of the world by dyspepsy and hypochondria.

Tales of the Five Senses.

LOCKING THE DOOR DURING DINNER.

The custom of keeping the door of a house locked during the time of dinner, probably arose from the family being anciently assembled in the hall at that meal, and liable to surprise. But it is in many instances continued as a point of high etiquette

of which the following is an example. A considerable landed proprietor, in Dumfriesshire, being a bachelor, without any near relations, and determined to make his will, resolved, previously, to visit his two nearest kinsmen, and decide which should be his heir, according to the degree of kindness with which he should be received. Like a good clansman he first visited his own chief, a baronet in rank, descendant and representative of one of the oldest families in Scotland. Unhappily the dinner-bell had rung, and the door of the castle had been locked before his arrival. The visitor in vain announced his name and requested admittance; but his chief adhered to the ancient etiquette, and would on no account suffer the doors to be unbarred. Irritated at this cold reception, the old laird rode on to Sanquhar castle, then the residence of the duke of Queensberry, who no sooner heard his name, than, knowing well he had a will to make, the drawbridge dropped and the gates flew open—the table was covered anew—his grace's bachelor and intestate kinsman was received with the utmost attention and respect, and it is scarcely necessary to add, that, upon his death some years after, the visitor's landed property went to augment the domains of the ducal house of Queensberry. This happened about the end of the seventeenth century.

Note to Old Mortality.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

The following *jeu d'esprit* appears in the "Age." Having occasion during the past week to explore the file of one of the morning papers for an advertisement, several singular notices to correspondents caught my eye. Their true meaning you can perhaps explain. Yours,

Tom Brown.

"Common sense," if possible, in our next.

"Christianity" must be deferred for more temporary matter.

"Scandal" has already appeared in a former paper.

"Truth" is inadmissible.

"Honesty" would be unintelligible to many of our readers.

We know nothing of "Good Manners," therefore the writer must be mistaken in his conjectures.

"A Friend to the Administration" must be paid for.

"Scurrility" may depend upon being inserted in the course of the week.

"Decency" must be altered to make it fit for our columns.

"A Patriot" is at present rather out of date.

"A Statesman" is too full of errors for publication.

"Reformation" must be better authenticated before we can venture to insert it as truth.

"An Honest Lawyer," with other originals, in a day or two.

"Matter of Fact" does not come within the circle of newspaper intelligence.

British Traveller.

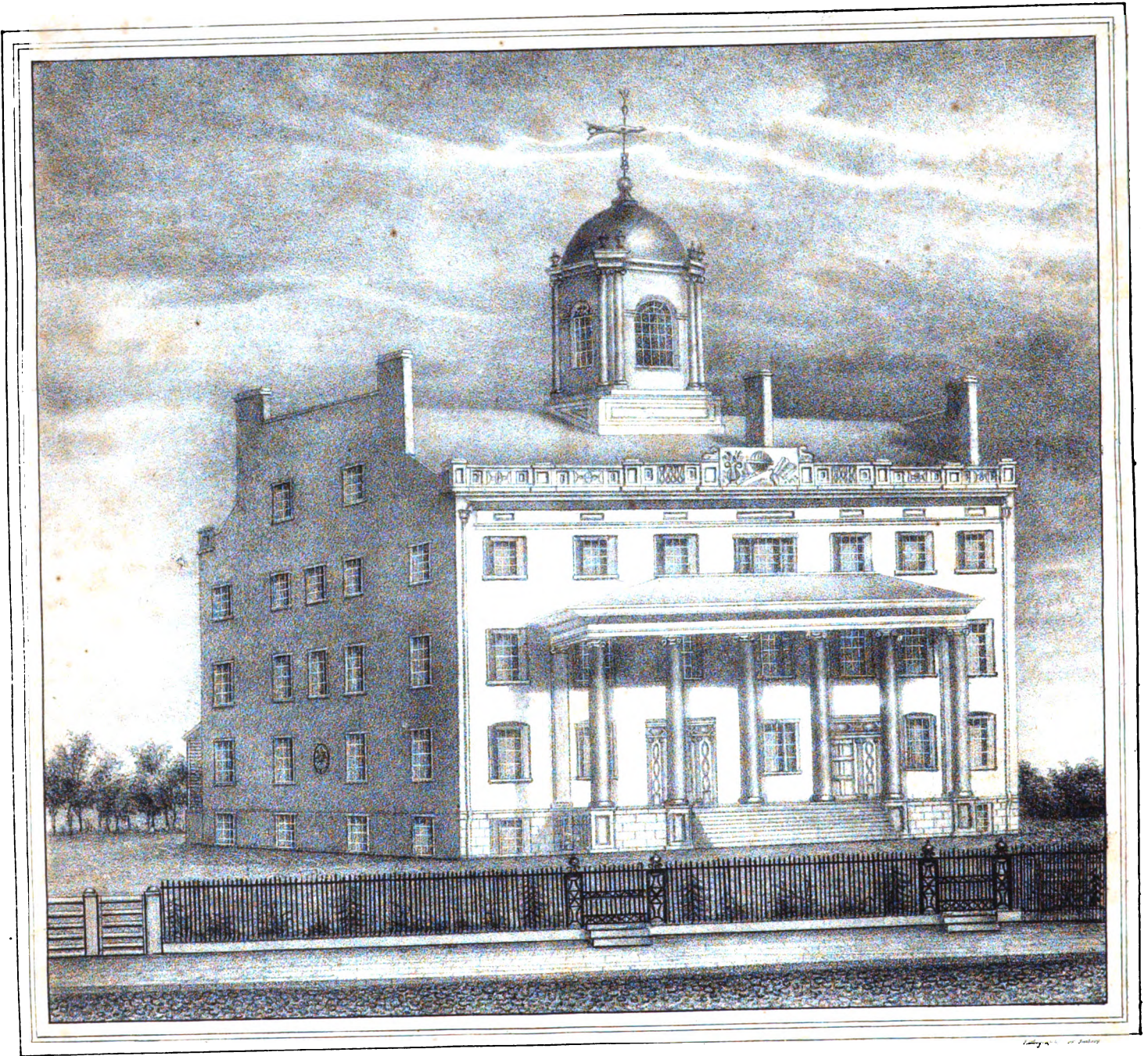
GENEROSITY TO A RIVAL.

The following is an extract of a letter from Paris to a young lady in London. "Banns of marriage, between a French gentleman of the name of M., and Miss H., the daughter of the Rev. Sir John H., had been published at the church of St. Philippe du Roule, under very strange circumstances. A British officer now here was paying his addresses to the young lady in question, and with her father's approbation. He discovered, however, that she loved a Frenchman, Monsieur M., whose disqualification in the estimation of the Rev. Baronet was want of fortune; ascertaining also that the possession of one hundred thousand francs would remove all objections to the favoured lover, Captain D., with a rare generosity, advanced the money, and thus proved, in a way that cannot be questioned, that the happiness of the object of his affections was more to him than his own.

English paper.

MODERATION.

In former days there was a professor in one of our New England colleges, who was remarkable for moderation in all that he said or did. One of the quizzical students, in order to caricature this characteristic, so far as words can caricature, told the following story. The professor walked out one day very deliberately from his house to the president's, a distance of some thirty rods. He there knocked, as was customary, at the president's study door, was bidden to come in, went in, shutting the door after him. The usual salutations passed alternately between the president and professor, such as, "How do you do, sir? how does your family, sir?" with the usual reply, "Pretty well, I thank you; much as usual, I thank you," &c. "Then," says the president, "please to take a chair, Mr. Professor." "I thank you, sir, I cannot conveniently stay to be seated. I called to inform you that your house is in a blaze, and it is expected you will let us have the key which leads to the water engine for extinguishing the fire."



BR OOKLYN COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

For Young Ladies &c.

OPPOSITE N. YORK.

THE SMILES AND TEARS OF APRIL.

The division of the seasons was distinctly marked out by nature before they were notched down by man. The months have all their several and defined characteristics; and April only is known as the period, the characteristics of which not being precisely known, cannot be precisely delineated. It is literally the season of caprice—emblematical of young women's affections, and young gentlemen's vows—dowagers' tears—and—our fortunes. We remember to have heard this peculiarity in April accounted for in a way by no means unpoetical. We got the matter from some old book, or some young lady—both very charming companions at all times, though neither exactly in our recollection now. Nature once (said they—the book or the lady) being somewhat divided in the measure of her regards for her several children, the seasons, and grandchildren, the months, and not being disposed to exhibit anything like an undue partiality for any one of them in particular, determined upon assigning to them certain periods of time when each of them might visit her singly, and without dread of encroachment or intrusion from any of the others. A certain day was accordingly set aside when they were all required to appear before her, in order to be informed as to the future division of their time. A general notice having been given, the great mother took her seat upon a high mountain, and her children began to gather around her. All were there, the seasons and the months, April only excepted, from among the latter. They waited for some time for the appearance of the stray grand-child until they grew impatient, and nature proceeded to the division of her time among the rest. We all know what their several assignments were. April only, being absent at the distribution, got none. She had just concluded her labours when the wanderer made her appearance. She was a beautiful child, with light hair and blue eyes, of a capricious step, and carried about her an air of that indescribable grace and sweetness which we so much admire in female youth, just at its entrance into womanhood. In her hand she carried a wreath of the choicest and most beautiful flowers. "Where hast thou been, idle one," said her mother, hastily, "when I was distributing my favours among the rest of my children? Thou now hast nothing. I have no time to allot thee—I can see thee no more."

The tear glistened upon the cheek of the child, and her heart was full. "Oh, mother," she cried, "revoke thy decree. I have been no laggard, but I would not come to thee empty handed. See these flowers—I have sought them over land and over sea—in wild and in valley, and I have framed them into a beautiful wreath to encircle thy brows. Forgive me then, dearest mother, and revoke thy cruel sentence."

Nature grew touched at this unlooked for tenderness and affection, on the part of the beautiful child, and taking her in her arms, she exclaimed—"I cannot revoke my decree, thou truant, but I will place thee under the care of spring, who shall always bring thee along with her; the flowers which thou hast gathered for me, I bind upon thy own forehead, and thou shalt always wear them." Thus April rejoiced with many smiles, whilst the tears yet trembled on her eye-lashes. And for this cause, divided between sorrow and joy, comes she at her own season to pay her devotions to nature, with a wreath of choice and various flowers upon her head, and a strange union of tears and smiles upon her capricious countenance.

New Monthly Magazine.

SMART REPLY.

A young gentleman who had quarrelled with a lady to whom he had paid his addresses, was so impudent as to threaten that he would publish the letters she had written him. "That," she replied, "would be truly vexatious, for though I need not be ashamed of the contents, I certainly ought to be ashamed of their direction!"

English paper.

BOOKS AND READERS.

The majority of readers ramble through books as post-boys ride through towns—merely for despatch; and when they arrive at the end, can tell you as little of the contents as those who carry the mails can of the letters enclosed in them. The former, perhaps, will relate how many pages they have read, and the latter how many miles they have ridden; but if you want any further information, you must seek it elsewhere, or go without it altogether.

Ibid.

PATTERN FOR A COAT.

A few days ago a gentleman, in looking over his tailor's account, observed a charge of six or seven shillings more on a coat than he had been accustomed to pay. On inquiring, the tailor informed him "that he had been obliged to take up an additional

quantity of cloth." "Why," exclaimed the gentleman, "it was scarcely half a year ago that you told me you managed to get a waistcoat for your little boy from what remained of the cloth you made my coat from. I cannot conceive why I should require more now, as I am convinced I have not increased any in size since that period." "No, sir," said the tailor, "you are much the same as usual; but my little boy is so surprisingly grown you'd scarcely know him!"

Boston Galaxy.

PROFESSIONAL ENTHUSIASM.

The "Ancient of Days" was such a favourite with Blake, that three days before his death he sat bolstered up in bed, and tinted it with his choicest colours and in his happiest style. He touched and re-touched it—held it at arm's length, and then threw it from him, exclaiming, "There, that will do! I cannot mend it." He saw his wife in tears—she felt this was to be the last of his work. "Stay, Kate!" cried Blake, "keep just as you are—I will draw your portrait, for you have been an angel to me." She obeyed, and the dying artist made a fine likeness.

Sketches of Artists.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Maternal influence and responsibility.—Is it not a startling reflection, that not only the temporal character and condition of a community, but even the eternal destiny of its members, must depend, in no inconsiderable degree, on contingencies that are too often estimated as quite trifling considerations? It is, however, hazarding but little to assert, that such is the solemn fact. Would it were written in the stars, engraved on pyramids of adamant, and, above all, deeply impressed on every human heart, that on the moral and intellectual character of married females depends the happiness or misery of every succeeding generation. And yet how very few, comparatively speaking, ever think of female education, except as the acquirement of a few elegant accomplishments, of no real, intrinsic, or permanent value. How few parents reflect that their daughters, in their turn, are to become mothers, and that *maternal influence* is the principal, we had almost said the sole agent, in moulding the future character of their children.

If we consult the pages of history, both sacred and profane, we shall find that there have been very few great and good men who were not blest with virtuous, intelligent, and judicious mothers. Whenever Providence has raised up a special agent for the performance of any great physical or moral achievement, the way has always been first prepared for him on the principle of maternal influence. Cyrus, who was called by name, and his glorious achievements predicted long previous to his birth, was early taught to revere the gods by his mother, Munda. Samuel, the judge and defender of Israel, was devoted to his prophetic office before he was born, by his pious mother Hannah. The piety, tenderness, and ingenuity of a Levite mother preserved the future leader of Israel, to effect their deliverance from Egyptian bondage. That the wife of Manoa was qualified to form the character of an infant hero, is easily inferred from the fact of her being honoured by a special messenger from heaven, to announce the birth of Sampson. The young apostle Timothy was prepared for that holy office by the pious instruction of his mother Eunice, and his grandmother Lois. Constantine was rescued from paganism by his mother Constantia; and Edward the sixth of England inherited those excellent qualities which made him the delight of the age in which he lived, from his mother, Lady Jane Seymour.

It is not necessary, however, to confine ourselves to the ancients for instances in support of our position. Both Newton of England and the immortal Washington of America owe much, if not all their greatness and glory to pious and excellent mothers, who early instilled into their expanding minds the most sublime sentiments of the Deity, and his providential government of the universe—the most pure and exalted ideas of virtue and religion. Blessed is the son and daughter of such a mother; thrice blessed is such a mother herself; for she is blessed in the glory and happiness of her offspring—in the consciousness of innate virtue—in the prospect of eternal felicity. Happy is the community and the nation where such mothers abound. Our own country has her share of them; but would to heaven we had more! To such mothers we owe the heroes, the statesmen, and the patriots of the revolution. It was the counsel of such mothers that fired our young soldiers with indignity for their insulted rights, and inspired them with ardour and confidence in the field of battle.

The wise monarch of old most justly observes of a virtuous and intelligent woman, that "her price is far above rubies; the heart of her husband doth trust in her;" for "she will do

him good, and not evil, all the days of her life." He tells us also, that the husband of such a woman is honoured and respected, on account of his wife's virtues. "Her husband," says Solomon, "is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land." But, above all, "her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

If there were no other inducement than this single consideration, that the husband of a virtuous and intelligent woman is honoured for her sake, it ought to be sufficient to make young men wary in the choice of a wife. But there are other and still more weighty considerations—their own happiness, the happiness of their children, domestic tranquillity, reputation, pecuniary comfort, the periods of affliction and deprivation, the times of sickness, the hour of death. The pillow of disease, and even a dying bed, become soft and easy when smoothed by the hand of a virtuous and affectionate wife, to whose care and tenderness the sufferer can trust his orphans with confidence.

Under such considerations, let every young man, whose inclinations lead him to enter the holy and honourable state of matrimony, be wise, wary, and watchful in the selection of a partner for life, before he suffers that gordian knot to be woven which no hand can untie, and nothing but the stroke of death can sever. The important objects of his inquiry ought not to be whether the lady be beautiful, accomplished, or wealthy, but whether she possess those superior qualifications which naturally form the amiable wife, the exemplary mother, the unchanging friend—virtue, intelligence, and a good temper. "Seek ye first" these three things, and you will soon acknowledge, with rapture and gratitude, that all the others are "added thereto."

Editorial quarrels.—As far as our observations upon the subject have extended, we have been able to discover no satisfactory reason why an editor should not be a gentleman. Although to peruse the "written insults" which daily go the rounds of the country, one would imagine that instead of gentlemen, the press was managed by common street-brawlers. Names are wantonly dragged before the public, and they who in private interviews demean themselves towards each other according to the strictest rules of politeness, abandon every thing in the shape of courtesy the moment they appear in print. Thus, public journals destined to travel around the globe, are filled with gross personal abuse, which, if whispered to the individual against whom it is circulated, would probably create the most fatal consequences. As if an oral remark, uttered where the party is known, and confined to the hearing of a few, were more base in its nature, or pernicious in its effects, than the multiplied and exaggerated calumnies which, by means of the press, are so widely extended.

Brooklyn Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies.—This spacious and elegant brick edifice, on Brooklyn Heights, will be opened on Monday. We presume in no part of our country have so much enterprise and liberality in behalf of female education been displayed as by the citizens of Brooklyn, who have expended about thirty thousand dollars on the above institution. It will be under the charge of Messrs. I. & J. I. Van Doren, for whom it was erected. These gentlemen have had several years experience in their profession, and from their past reputation we have much to expect. It may be justly questioned if another situation for a female seminary could be selected in the country combining so many advantages. And more especially does its proximity to this city, its delightful situation, and purity of air, recommend it to particular patronage. The course of instruction is very extensive, embracing all the elegant as well as useful departments of physical and mental education. The prospects are truly flattering for such an infant institution. It is expected to open with about one hundred and thirty pupils.

May-day.—Our paper is this week dated on the first of May, the most memorable day out of the three hundred and sixty-five, in this city. All the people will be emigrating, and all the editors will be extremely humorous and jocular on the occasion. Having to remove our household gods and goods, we have not time to be as witty as we undoubtedly would have been had the fates ordained that we should only have had the pleasure of laughing at our neighbours instead of sharing in their troubles, and having others laugh at us. We are choked with dust and dirt, and though in a condition to say a great many dry things, we feel our natural amiability of temper too much ruffled to give them to the world.

Charade.—The answer to the charade in the forty-first number of the Mirror is—WOMAN. It was accidentally omitted in our last.

SLEEP ON THY PILLOW.

COMPOSED BY A. LEE.

ANDANTE.

Sleep on thy pil-low, Hap-py and light, As the moon on a bil-low, Re-po-ses at night; Soft be the slum-bers That

cra-dle thy heart, As the ho-li-est num-bers That love can im-part.

Ad Lib. DA CAPO.

DA CAPO.

SECOND VERSE.

Wake on the morrow,
Lovely and meek,
And the morning shall borrow
Its blush from thy cheek;
Fresher than roses,
Thy lip's balmy gale,
There zephyr reposes,
New sweets to inhale.
Wake on the morrow, &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE GRAVES.

MAN is a vision that fades away,
Earth is a measureless golgotha—
Countless and crowded the graves that be
'Neath the green-grass turf and the solemn sea!

Wend thee away to the polar zone,
Where winter scowls from his awful throne,
Where darkness and terror and tempest are,
And the lone wild grave shall meet thee there.

Wend thee away to the tropic bowers,
Where summer sleeps on her fadeless flowers;
Where nature smiles with her sweetest air—
The shroud and the charnel, alas, are there!

Some are found in the forest glen,
Where the avalanche broke o'er the haunts of men;
Or the crater poured its lava flow,
Or the earthquake hurled the hills below.

Some are found 'neath the greenwood-tree,
Where the wild-bird warbles his melody;
While the pleasant voice of the summer stream,
Chanteth the sleepers' requiem.

Some in the green hills' slopes are hid,
And some in the crumbling pyramid;
Some in the desert's voiceless gloom,
Where swept the wing of the dark simoom.

Some are scooped in the mountain rock,
Unscathed by time or the tempest's shock;
Some are formed of the marble pile,
And some deep delved 'neath the sounding aisle.

Fearful the show of the graves that are
Where the city hath laid its sepulchre;
But far more fearful the charnel scene,
Where the battle's crimsoned sword hath been.

Wend thee away to the wild expanse,
Where the winds and the sleepless waters dance;
Where the buried treasures of ages lie
In the mid-sea caves—what meets thine eye?

Deep where the pearl and the coral grows,
In their gardens of beauty and still repose,
Where the mermaid waves her flowing hair
Mid the proud ship's spars—the graves are there!

Far where the mad'ning surges break
O'er the sullen iceberg's frowning peak;
Where the maelstrom roars by the kraken's lair—
The graves of the lost and loved are there.

Man is a vision that fades away,
Earth is a measureless golgotha;
Countless and crowded the graves that be
'Neath the green-grass turf and the solemn sea! PROTEUS.

TO FANNY.

Fanny! thou art young and gay,
'Tis true thou'rt handsome, dear;
Yet do not smile at what I say,
But rather shed a tear,
That I may see thine eyes of blue,
Shining through mists of pearly hue.

I would not tell thee thou art bright,
And beautiful beside;
And that thy glance is like the light
From the stars at even-tide;
But, Fanny! thou dost know it well,
My words will not increase the spell.

And once, dear Fanny, I was young,
Perchance I'd beauty too,
And heard my praises said and sung—
I had a lover true—

But now stern time has dress'd my hair,
And placed his silvery frost-work there.

Dear Fanny! think not to evade
His chilling presence long;
But stay—my muse too oft has stray'd
From the flowery paths of song;
And now its step, with airy grace,
A joyous minuet shall trace.

Thou art happy—mayst thou be
Ever glad some, pure, and free;
And thy footstep fall as light
As the dew descends at night;
While thy voice, like music sweet,
Every passing year shall greet.

CORA.

INDIAN SONG.

"When the red-star shall gleam on the waters, I'll seek
"The hut of my love," sang an Indian *cacique*.
'Twas Waltoogah, a chief of the Algonquin race,
The tiger of battle, and the deer of the chase.
"The Cayuga ne'er rush'd with more haste to its prey
"Than I to my Tai, when the moon beams her ray;
"And swiftly as glides the canoe o'er the wave,
"She'll rush to the arms of her Waltoogah brave.
"Her bright eye will sparkle, as enraptur'd it dwells,
"On my present of beavers and bracelets of shells;
"On the skins which I bring her the wigwam to grace,
"With the flesh of the moose-deer I've killed in the chase.
"Then she'll bound to her hut, like a spirit of air,
"And spread 'neath the beach-tree the best of her fare;
"Her smiles and her cheer will my bosom clate,
"I'll sing of her charms, or of battles relate;
"I'll number the scalps I've ta'en from the foe,
"And name all the chiefs I've singly laid low;
"I'll recount all the dangers I've 'scaped in the fight,
"Till the first beams of day on the mountain shall light;
"The kiss of affection I'll press on her cheek,
"And speed to the chase," sang the Indian *cacique*. D.

AN EPISODE.

Fragile her form and meek her face,
In semblance of the Grecian mould,
Such as a painter loves to trace
From statues, half divine, of old;
And then her ever wistful eye,
Beam'd softer from its azure dye;
While her sweet voice, so silvery clear,
Like tones of music charm'd the ear.

We met—it was at silent hour—
A languid star-light fill'd the sky;
Fraught with the breath of many a flower,
The night-winds listlessly went by.
We linger'd 'neath a green recess,
As pondering more we spoke the less—
For thoughts and hearts had stray'd above,
Where "love is heaven—and heaven is love."

We parted—can I e'er forget
She was my first love and my last?
Ah, if we two had never met,
My life had not thus sadly past.
We parted—wouldst thou question why?
My rank was low—hers proud and high.
But will the pomp that wealth imparts,
Compare with ever-constant hearts?

They speak her joyous—be it so—
She well deserves a happy lot;
And much it gladdens me to know—
Of one forgone, but not forgot—
That she has found, and still can find
Amid the world, repose of mind.
And should this heart be doom'd to break,
It matters not—hers does not ache.

GETA.

MUSIC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

When through this weary waste we stray,
And mourn to see each joy depart,
The strain we loved in childhood's day
Has still the power to cheer the heart.
The well-known accents strike the ear,
And thrilling raptures seize the breast;
Pale, silent sorrow dries her tear,
And frantic madness sinks to rest.
Music divine! thy voice is heard,
And hope and joy illumine the soul;
Ah! why should passion speak by word,
Since music's power exhales the soul?
The words of friendship oft deceive,
False are the oaths that lovers bind;
Music, in thee we must believe,
For thou art constant, true, and kind.

J. A. T.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

Suggested on reading the beautiful lines of Bryant,

"Is this a time to be cloudy and sad?"

Ay! this is a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother nature sighs around;
When the far-off heavens no longer look glad,
And sadness breathes from the frozen ground.

There are notes of woe in the chilling blast,
And a waiting tone is heard from the sky;
And the spirit of storms is hurrying past,
Shaking snow from his mantle while he flits by.

The dark clouds are veiling the regions of space,
And unfurling their banner of wrath o'er the vale;
And here they stretch to the airy chase,
And there they roll on the mighty gale.

There's a stir of the limbs in that aspen bower,
There's a moaning of winds in that beechen tree;
Not a smile's to be seen in this darksome hour—
But a frown on the earth, the sky, and the sea.

The sun hides his face and withdraws his glad smiles,
And the eye looks in vain for one sunny ray;
The waters are bound, and snow covers the isles,
There is *nothing* to while my gloom away. CORA.

"THERE IS A TONE."

There is a tone of anguish
O'er the cold sleeper's rest,
"Why may not morning shine on thee,
Thou whom we loved the best?"

Thou sepulchre! there dwells a cloud
Of withering coldness over thee:
Wrapped in the chill and lonely shroud,
The good, the beautiful, the free,
Sink powerless 'neath the icy link,
Which, thrown across their being's brink,
Is for them, in the calm or storm,
When life is withering or warm;
When hope sheds forth its sunny glow,
Or moulders in the heart below;
Is for them, in the lightning scath,
Or mid the flowers around their path.
Yet for the hours whose light has fled
From the gay of heart, the reveller,
For they who seek among the dead,
The last the spirit cherished,
Thou hast a rest, thou sepulchre! HINDA.

POPULAR TALES.

A SPANISH TALE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE LAST.

THE DONNA ROSANNA stood with her breath checked, as people do at the sight of something beyond belief. She then waved her hand for the Gitana to approach, and hastily pressed her lips two or three times between the girl's eyes, who soon left the apartment. The lady then sat down by the casement, and continued counting the jessamine blossoms up and down. At length the duenna muttered, "All this is very strange—very surprising—very strange;" and this she repeated for at least five minutes, holding up her embroidery to the light, and then laying it down again, glancing towards the chair.

"Of what are you talking now?" said her lady at last.

"I was only," replied the duenna, "thinking where this Gitana could have got her compliment. Unless I am much mistaken I have read it in the *Academia de Cortesia*."

"It is impossible," said the lady.

"It may be so; but it is, I think, true, nevertheless," rejoined the duenna.

"Duenna," retorted the lady, "I have a great mind to send you back to Segovia."

The duenna was now silenced. But in about a quarter of an hour after, when the storm seemed to be blown over, she observed, as to herself, "What will the captain-general say to all these pedlars and Gitanas?"

"That you are a suspicious old woman," pronounced the lady Rosanna, as quick as lightning. This was more than any woman could well bear, and peculiarly a duenna. "I thank heaven," said she, squeezing up her embroidery into

her hand, and pushing back her chair, as if she were going out of the room at the instant. "I was never in love, however. I know nothing about love."

"From my soul I believe you," said the lady, with a look at the duenna's withered physiognomy; and then at once turning away, and with her handkerchief to her eyes, she went into her chamber.

What passed during the next day I cannot tell; but I suppose there was not much time for talking of love affairs; for about noon the captain-general came galloping into the court with half a dozen aides-de-camp at his heels; and he had scarcely set down before every servant in the convent was summoned to tell what could be told of the pedlar, the conjuror, and the Gitana. But all that was told was but little; or, as the servants thought, much to their honour; for besides giving them very pleasant entertainment by their tricks and gaiety, they had refused to take a *peseto* from any of them, and had even given away several Estremadura watch-chains and hair-nets, besides two of the best mock topaz necklaces that had been seen since the fair of St. Ines, to the waiting-maids of their lady and the duenna. The captain-general only knit his brows the more; and an aide-de-camp was despatched to bring the strangers from the village. I have often thought that it was the duenna who had sent for the cunning old man; and that afterwards she was not much pleased with her work, for he scolded her in the most provoking manner.

The aide-de-camp returned late that night without any intelligence. No one had seen either pedlar, conjuror, or Gitana, for the last fortnight; and it was notorious that all that tribe had gone to the north and Madrid for the season. The lady Rosanna remained shut up in her chamber. A second and a third day passed, probably in the same way; the captain-general running about the house, despatching aides-de-camp to the villages in the neighbourhood, and now and then making a *sortie*, as he termed it, to reconnoitre the corners and crevices of the wall. Nothing could be more hateful than this life to the duenna, who felt all her authority taken out of her hands, and had nothing to do but to see her lady one while reading some volume of poetry, as if her soul were at her lips, then throwing away the book, and hanging over a drawing, and then, as if she were bewitched, taking her harp, and singing the *Mastranza*. The duenna was almost tired to death of this song, and on the third evening prevailed on her lady to walk in the garden. It was by this time twilight, and the new moon was rising over the mountains, with the evening star just below it, like the diamond spark hanging from a huge pearl ear-ring. The ground was extensive, and was planted with vines, and an abundance of other garden trees, some in blossom, and some hanging down to the grass with fruit, and through these sweet-scented walks the house was now and then seen at a distance, with all the long, old casements open for the night air, and the servants hurrying backwards and forwards, in their gay dresses, with lights, preparing to lay the tables for supper. I think the whole might have been like a stage-scene, looked at through the large end of a telescope, or a feast in the land of the fairies.

After they had lost the sounds of the house, "I wonder," said the lady Rosanna, "whether we shall ever have wings?"

"Bless me," exclaimed the duenna, making the sign of the cross upon her forehead, "what would your ladyship do with them?"

"Duenna," sighed she, "I may have them before you are aware; there is not a star above us that I will not visit; I will look for some bright, quiet spot, into which no memory of this world can reach, and there—"

"In the name of the virgin, of what is my lady dreaming?" said the duenna.

But her lady heard nothing, and with her eye fixed on the heavens, seemed talking to some visible thing. The only words that could be heard were—"Where all tears are wiped from all eyes." They had not gone above a dozen yards farther, when something dark flew through the air, and dropped at their feet. There it lay, but neither of them had power to touch it. At length the lady Rosanna gathered courage, and took up the packet, notwithstanding the duenna's terrors, who declared it to be some new device of the tempter.

"If it be," observed the lady, with a faint laugh, "duenna, you are undone, for to you this temptation will be irresist-

ible." And she held out to the duenna her large velvet purse, who found its contents safe, and kissed every *dura*, one after the other. The donna Rosanna's purse next came forth.

"I vow," exclaimed the duenna, "those are the most gentlemanlike thieves I ever met with. I have heard of such things, but it was in the *Historia de la Lealdad*, and the like stories of times and people, that, on my conscience, I believe never existed."

"My ring, my ring!" cried out the lady Rosanna, with a voice of agony.

"Are the ducats all right," interposed the duenna, taking the purse, and pouring out the gold into her open hand. "I'll be sworn that not a piece has been lost."

"Would to heaven," wept the lady, "all had been lost, and my ring left. My precious ring!"

"Mere emerald," muttered the duenna.

The lady Rosanna cast her bright eye in every corner of the path, saying, as if without knowing she spoke, "It was never off my finger till that day, that unfortunate day. I wore it on the night of the *Mastranza*. It was touched by his hand, it was pressed by his lips. It has been for two long years my companion, my delight, my misery! Still she searched through every tuft of the flowers that had in this farther part of the garden overgrown the path. At once she stopped, listened for a moment, and then sprang away like a startled fawn.

"Bless my soul," said the duenna, as she fought her way through the thicket, that seemed to have an ill-will against her, for she no sooner pushed one of the bushes out of the way than a dozen flew into its place, "Bless my soul, but those young girls are all flint and steel; mad passions from top to toe. And here am I, at this hour of the night, without cloak or comfort, netted like a wild beast among these brambles." The last idea struck strongly on her fancy; and as she had heard of the traps laid for some foxes, that had been lately in the grounds, she cried aloud, but all the world seemed to have grown deaf. However, she at length saw a glimpse of light through the branches; it was the lamp of the pavilion, and after a few struggles more and an *ave*, she made her way to the building. She there found the lady Rosanna clinging to one of the pillars, like a fair statue carved of its marble. Her hands were stiff, and as cold as ice, but her lips burned and quivered, and her eyes flashed with spiritual brightness. The sound of some instrument was heard, and the duenna looked round for an apparition of at least a dozen cavaliers muffled up to the eyes, with flapped hats, hanging feathers, and every man a sword or guitar in his hand; but she could see nothing more than the huge old vine waving in the moonlight, with all its leaves as if turned to silver. The sound came from beyond the garden wall, and she caught the closing words.

But her eyes were like thine own—
But her heart was—Oh, farewell!

"My curse light on the *Mastranza*, and all the makers and singers of such villainous tunes," exclaimed the duenna; "I have been doing nothing but dreaming of it these three nights. For the virgin's sake, my lady, leave this damp place, and come into the house at once." She tried to remove her from the spot, but she might as easily have moved the pavilion. There the fair creature stood in wild and delicate beauty, with her small white arms clung around the pillar, among the clusters of roses; her face upturned, pale as ivory in the moonshine, and her rich, raven curls flung back from her ears, listening like an enchanted being. In a minute or two some loud talking, followed by a clash of swords, was heard; she gave a shriek—her arms sank from the pillar—and, after a few loose and headlong steps towards the sound, she fell on the turf without motion.

What happened for the rest of the evening I could never learn, nor how the duenna contrived to carry her unfortunate mistress into the house, for she could not be much under sixty, though she confessed only to forty, and never exceeded that age in my memory. The lady Rosanna was, however, carried into her chamber, and there was great disturbance in the house for some hours. It was said that there had been an attack of banditti, of which the captain-general had information, that some had been killed, and others taken in chains to the corregidor in Valencia. At all events, about midnight the captain-general set off for the city at full speed, leaving all his

servants armed, with strict orders to keep watch. "Is my father gone?" said the lady Rosanna, as the horse's heels echoed down the court-yard. These were the first words that she had uttered to any living soul from the time of her swoon.

The duenna, who, though she was a hard-featured woman, was not without affection, threw her arms round the lady, and, bursting into tears, thanked all the saints in the calendar for her recovery.

"The captain-general is gone," said the old woman; "but why does my sweet young lady ask that question?"

The lady Rosanna returned no answer, but, rising from her bed, began to bind up the long tresses that hung over her beautiful bosom, like wreaths of black satin. She then took from a secret drawer a small diamond-hilted dagger, drew it out of the sheath, looked at it two or three times before the hilt, then kissed it, and, putting it in the sheath again, hid it in her bosom.

The duenna saw all this going on, but through astonishment and fear did not speak a word. At length her lady went to the mirror, and gazing at herself for a moment, (and the duenna afterwards said, that from what reason she knew not, she had never seen her look so beautiful,) turned away with a melancholy smile, as if she had taken a last farewell of her loveliness, threw her *mantilla* over her head, and, with a motion of her hand for the duenna to stay behind, went down stairs.

The old woman afterwards said, that she had no power to follow her; but that, for a while, something like a cloud came over her mind, and she thought that she had seen a departing angel. She was roused by a glare of light through the chamber; and, on going to the window, saw a crowd of servants with torches round the Walloon, who was bearing something in his arms, and forcing his way up the hall. Altogether, they made a great clamour. She threw on her *mantilla*, and went down. By this time the Walloon had made his way in. The first object she saw was her lady, in the midst of the crowd, standing beside the great table; and, with a face as pale as ashes, slowly raising the cloak off the face of what seemed one of the dead banditti. For half-a-dozen years after the duenna was famous for telling the story of that night; how grave and calm her lady looked as she gazed on the countenance; how she took the ring from his finger—the emerald ring—and holding it up to heaven, as if in token of marriage, kissed it, and put it on her own; then, cutting off the longest of her own ringlets, laid it on his bosom; how a blush, like fire, covered her face and bosom when she turned round, and saw that the room was full.

"If I had minded her then," said the duenna, "I should have gone away with the rest, for she waved her hand, as if there were a sceptre in it. I would not, however, leave her with a corpse, but staid watching near the door. I believe that, as I stood in the shade, and made no noise, she thought I had gone away: for then she flung herself upon the body, weeping bitterly, and saying a thousand strange things; from which I learned, that she had met him at the *Mestranza* masquerade in Granada, when he had given her the ring, though he had not seen her face; that she had been unhappy ever since; that she thought she had seen his spirit some evenings before, and felt herself under a fate to follow him; with many more wild speeches of the same kind. At length I saw her kneel down, and, after a prayer, draw the little poniard from her bosom. As she raised it up, I knew it by the glittering of its hilt, and ran forwards with an outcry. She was probably frightened by the noise, for she dropped the weapon on the floor, and fell into my arms. I was then in a comfortable situation, with a dead man before me, and a dead woman hanging over my shoulder. However, the virgin and San Iago, the gentlest couple among all the saints, protected me, and I had scarcely cast my eye from my lady on the bandit, when I saw the colour come into his lips; then came a deep sigh; and before I could stir a step, with the weight upon me, he opened his eyelids and stared full in my face. I protest I thought I should have died. But here again I was mistaken." The duenna's story ended in her leaving the bandit, Don Francisco, to tell over his adventures to Donna Rosanna; how he had seen her in the garden; how he had obtained admission as the pedler; how he and the hussar had acted the *gitana* and the *conjurer*; how, on his last serenade, he had been taken for a robber; and how he was to win the captain-general's sword, on her promise of marriage. Whether the lady refused to help him in his wager, I leave to be decided by all the black-eyed and rosy-cheeked girls on both sides of the Pyrenees. For my own part, I have nothing more to say, than that I am ready to agree with the decision of the prettiest, whatever that may be; and that I thank all the *senors* present for listening to an old man's old tale. Blackwood's Magazine.

LITERARY NOTICES.

VISIT TO GREECE AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

THIS volume is the production of Mr. H. V. Post, one of the agents appointed by the New-York Greek committee, for the distribution of a cargo of the necessities of life, "among the suffering people of that country," which had been raised by voluntary contributions in the year 1827.

In the prosecution of this trust, Mr. Post had ample opportunities for observing the actual condition of Greece, and of studying the character of the people; advantages of which he has availed himself with no ordinary degree of success: the result has been the publication of the present volume, which we have no doubt will be read with interest, affording as it does, much local and general information respecting the habits and manners of the modern Greeks.

The work is executed in the journal style, which is well adapted for the introduction of innumerable anecdotes, entertaining in their character, and illustrative of the manners of the people it describes. The facts immediately connected with Mr. Post's arduous duty, are in some cases painfully interesting, from the extreme suffering and misery which they substantiate, as experienced by the wretched recipients of the bounty he was commissioned to distribute. It must however be gratifying to those who aided in furnishing the assistance, to learn how efficacious and seasonable was the relief afforded to thousands of half famishing and despairing human creatures. And although the rich and powerful among the Greeks did not exhibit any strong degree of gratitude towards the benefactors of their countrymen, it is pleasing to learn that the *poor people* uniformly evinced the highest sense of thankfulness for the friendly aid they had received.

In addition to the account of Greece, is subjoined a narrative of Mr. Post's visit to Smyrna and Constantinople, which will be found very interesting at this period, when every fact relative to the "sublime porte" is eagerly sought after, as illustrating the rapid progress the Turks are making in the manners and habits of European nations; more particularly in their adoption of the mode of warfare, practised by their christian neighbours, all of which is ably depicted by Mr. Post, and we can safely recommend the work as a valuable accession to the information already before the public, regarding these beautiful portions of the globe.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THIS valuable periodical fully sustains, under its present editor, the high reputation which has been hitherto awarded to it both in this country and in Europe. Its remarks on the foreign and domestic policy of the United States are liberal, manly, and well calculated to harmonize discordant opinions, and reconcile transient differences and local jealousies. Its views of general politics have been uniformly characterized by their comprehensive sagacity and humane spirit, and hence its sentiments are received with unmingled deference by foreigners, and frequently quoted in their journals with decided approbation. On literary subjects its tone is equally elevated and pure. While it metes out a full share of approbation to the writers both in prose and verse of the modern school, it retains a just and reverential preference for the classic standards of English literature, and claims, with a pardonable, nay commendable pride, our common participation with the inhabitants of the fast-anchored isle, in the honours of their ancestry. Towards the writers of this country, the North American has ever evinced a liberal indulgence, untinctured by idle vanity or local partialities. Of these favourable characteristics, which have long since gained the approval and support of the literary public, the last number (for April) contains unequivocal evidences. The articles are judiciously selected and treated with great ability and tact. Among the most prominent are those on education, the politics of Europe, and the early diplomatic history of the United States. The second we read with much interest and pleasure, and we can safely recommend it as full of general information, sound opinions and liberal sentiments.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

(Translated from the French of M. Thomas, for the New-York Mirror.)

CHAPTER ON EULOGIES.

EULOGIES are very ancient; their origin is to be traced to the first hymns sung in honour of the Deity. These hymns were inspired by admiration and gratitude. Man, when first placed on the earth, must have been struck with the spectacle which nature unfolded to his view. The amplitude of the

heavens, the depth of the forests, the boundless extent of the ocean, the rich variety and productive fertility of the plains, the countless multitude of beings in motion, destined to serve for the ornament of this habitable globe—this entire and vast assemblage of objects must have conveyed an emotion of indescribable grandeur into his soul. Another sentiment must soon have succeeded to this first one. He could not fail to perceive, that with this so bountiful nature his relations were numerous and intimate. The stars dispensed to him their light; abundant fruits to nourish him sprung up under his feet, or spontaneously fell into his lap; the trees lent him their grateful shade, and offered him an asylum for his repose; the skies, during his hours of sleep, were covered as with a veil, and emitted only a softened and tempered light. Wondering at so many admirable contrivances, he could not but be conscious that the source of them was not in himself; he intuitively perceives that they are the work of a being invisible to his eye, but sufficiently manifested by his benevolence. He seeks for him athwart the wide world; he calls for him in the heavens and the earth, and hopes to find him in every surrounding object; he strains his ears, that he may catch his voice. Filled with the religious awe which instinctively arises in his heart, he blends his voice with that of nature, and from the lofty mountain top, or in the depth of the valley, to the accompaniment of rivulets or torrents, he sings aloud his first hymn to the glory of the Deity, whose presence is felt, and who is the cause of his being.

The first hymn thus sung in the solitude of the world formed a grand era in the history of man. Soon were parents seen to assemble their offspring in the open fields, to unite with them in rendering the same homage. The aged, in the midst of their plentiful harvests, were seen holding a blade of corn with one hand, and pointing with the other to heaven, to teach their families to praise the God who gave them nourishment.

In these early times, God was worshipped at the rising of the sun. That hour was regarded as a species of new creation, which restored the universe to man after having withheld it from him in the darkness of the night. Praise was also rendered on the approach of night, because its obscurity and its silence were the harbingers of fear; it was renewed at the commencement of the year, and of the seasons, and at every new moon. It would seem, that in the early periods of the world, man, not understanding the course of nature, was astonished at each successive moment of his existence, that her benefits were not withdrawn. The disorder, too, which he perceived to exist in the more savage and rude parts of the earth, caused him to set a higher value on the constant order which pervaded the heavenly appearances.

In after times, and amongst the most polished nations, whenever an unexpected blessing or curse fell upon them, every where was the praise of the Deity heard to resound. Thus history informs us, that it was chiefly during the existence of grievous epidemic diseases and cruel wars, after great battles had been lost, or pestilence had destroyed thousands upon thousands, and when the people believed that they saw pale and terrific spectres spreading desolation through the cities, it was then that the priests, in the temples and at the feet of the altars, surrounded by multitudes, and raising with one imploring accord their uplifted hands to the skies, composed and sang new hymns.

In these times of fear, the hymns were inspired by the imagination, and breathed forth the greatest enthusiasm. Man, then at the mercy of nature, conceived ideas the more sublime in proportion to the consciousness of his own weakness. All was exaggerated around him; his expressions rose with his ideas; he described every object in the strongest colours, he borrowed images from all creation to praise the being to whom creation itself was subjected. His style was often mysterious, like the nature of him whom he addresses; he sought an unknown harmony in sounds; and, as if to give the divinity a local habitation, he erected columns, and dug vaults, and traced out porticos; as if to represent him, he enlarged the proportions, and marked out imposing figures in his architecture: as if to approach him on his festivals, he substituted cadenced movements and measured steps for his ordinary walk; he improved and perfected his language; and finally, joining poetry to music, he created in his honour a distinct language.

All nations have had their hymns. Their peculiar desires, wants, vices or virtues, have influenced them in the choice of the attributes which they selected for the subjects of their praise. "I praise thee," cries out the savage inhabitant of Greenland, "O thou, who with thy invisible hand, bringest every year the whale within the reach of my harpoon, and causest his blood to dye the ocean-wave, to assist me in tracing his course as he speeds him from the shores." At the other

extremity of the earth, the Indian thus sings under his genial skies: "I praise thee, who causest harvests of rice to grow in my savannahs, and the citron and the orange on the banks of my brooks." On the borders of eastern Russia, another savage nation thus lifts its tones, under the influence of its volcanoes: "I adore and praise thee, O powerful and terrible being, who dwellest in these subterranean fires, and thence belchest forth thy flames amidst our snows and glaciers." Thus in every nation their hymns partake of the nature and colouring of their climate; and a savage or genial influence impressed by external circumstances, upon his sensation and ideas, characterises their notions of a deity.

Many of the hymns of the ancients have been preserved to our times. The country in which Homer sang, and Orpheus instituted his mysteries, and architecture elevated temples, the ruins of which we still throng to admire, and the chisel of Phidias seemed enabled to endue his marble with deity—that country, of which the sky, the very ground and the waters seemed impressed as divine, must have produced a great number of hymns in honour of the gods. The greater number of them were, however, disfigured by fables and fairy tales, which aroused the mob, but disgusted the wise.

Homer, in his hymns, as in his epic poems, has celebrated his heroes better than his gods; they are rather monuments of pagan mythology than religious hymns. His master hand is, however, perceptible at times, as well as the charms of a most graceful poetry.

The hymns of Callimachus offer the same beauties and the same defects; genius is the slave to superstition and to popular error, which are extolled by it with equal harmony and grace.

No hymns of Pindar have come down to our times, but we know that they were all dedicated to Apollo at Delphi, whose oracles held in subjection the credulity of the multitude and the ambition of kings. Whilst the poets and the people degraded the divinity of their worship, the initiated rendered to him, in their sacred mysteries, a more pure and worthy homage. The tone of their hymns is imposing, but they were selfish, and forgot, in their prayers to one common parent, all who were not included in their own mystic circle.

If there is any one Grecian hymn that possesses the characteristics of grandeur and sublimity, it is that of the stoic philosopher, Cleanthus. This hymn, too little known, evinces a vigorous imagination, and a mind disenthralled from the superstitions of the times. It is worthy of the sect which furnished a prison to Epictetus, and to Antoninus a throne. Surrounded by his disciples, among whom kings disdained not to mingle, Cleanthus thus addresses the Supreme:

"O Thou who receivest many names, but whose power is infinite and single, sovereign of nature, who rulest over all and subjectest all, I bow before thee, since it is permitted to man to approach thee. All that live, or are mortals on the earth, owe their birth to thee, are a feeble likeness of thee—I will address to thee my hymns, I will not cease to sing in thy praise. This universe suspended over our heads, and which seems to move around the earth, obeys thy will; it progresses, but in silence are its motions directed by thee. The thunder, minister of thy laws, slumbers under thy insuperable restraint; at thy nod it rouses and causes itself to be heard, and all nature is struck with affright. Thou guidest the universal spirit which animates every living and moving being, so unlimited and supreme is thy sovereign power! Genius of nature, in the heavens, on the earth, on the ocean, nothing is produced or achieved without thy aid, excepting the evil which originates in the hearts of the wicked. Through thee chaos becomes order; through thee conflicting elements unite. Thou blendest that which is good, which is not in such complete harmony, that all is union and beauty. The wicked alone, secluded from the rest of beings, seek to interrupt and break this order. Miserable that they are, they seek happiness, but do not perceive the existence of an universal law, obedience to which would render them happy and good. Eschewing justice and virtue, they hurry each to the immediate objects of their desires, to notoriety, to vile riches, to seductive and treacherous pleasures. O God, who dispensed all gifts, to whom the storm and the thunder submit, remove from man this foolish error; deign to enlighten his soul, and inspire him with that reason which is thy own guide in the government of the world, in order that respecting ourselves, we may become worthy of honouring thee—of celebrating thy praise in endless hymns, as befits feeble and mortal beings. Neither the inhabitant of earth nor they who dwell aloft in the skies, can better employ their hours, than in adoring and hymning the sublime providence which, in the eternal spirit of justice, rules over the creation."

We have a few Roman hymns, or at least some fragments in the writings of their poets, which give us an idea of them; but they do not represent the Deity in eloquent or striking terms. The hymns which Horace composed for the secular games at Rome, exhibit great delicacy of taste, but they are far beneath the subject. A feast, established in honour of the revolution of ages, the idea of the divinity, for whom ages are but as a moment, the weakness of man, whom time devours, his labours which survive him but for a while, the succession of generations, the misfortunes and crimes which had occurred in the last century, an invocation for the coming age—it would seem that these ideas should have furnished Horace a theme full of eloquence and inspiration. But the more a nation is civilized the less enthusiasm does it possess. It is among a new people that the impression of nature and the idea of a divinity is strongest. It is also more fresh and lively among those who dwell in the open country than among the inhabitants of a pent up city. And this must be so. In cities man alone is seen, and the proud labours of man. The objects which surround you on every side are the edifices of his architecture, the metals that he has delved for in the earth, the riches which he has accumulated in his wanderings across the seas; in short, all that is fair and brilliant in the picture of society, united by human laws and human arts. In the country man disappears, and the Deity alone is manifest. The sky is every where upon the sight; the spectacle of both day and night is more imposing; the constant return of the seasons is felt more perceptibly in their outward grandeur of effect; the eye, viewing boundless distances, is struck with the extent of the universe, and with the power of Him who created it. It is not then to be wondered at, that the first nations of the world, and especially the oriental, who, inhabiting a delightful climate, and following a pastoral life, loved nature more, and gave to their religious hymns a tone of enthusiasm for which we may in vain look in more polished ages. In western climes, particularly in Europe, we commenced by being savages, enclosed in forests, and gloomy, under a friendless sky; we were then corrupted, and rendered barbarian by singular conjunctures of events and mingling of nations; we have finished by becoming refined, but remaining still corrupt. Hence our religious hymns are frigid, and want vigour. The only merit we can claim is mere purity of style.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE PROCESS OF MAKING ATTAR, OR ESSENTIAL OIL OF ROSES.—This celebrated essence is obtained from roses by a simple distillation, conducted in the following mode:—A quantity of fresh roses, (forty pounds, for instance,) with their calyxes, but with their stems cut short, are put into a still with sixty pounds of water. The mass is well mixed with the hands, and a gentle fire is made under the still. When fumes begin to rise, the cap is put on, and the pipe fixed; the chinks are luted; cold water is put into the refrigerator, and the receiver adapted. A moderate fire is continued; but, when the water begins to come over, it is gradually lessened. The distillation is carried on till thirty pounds of water are drawn off, which generally happens in about four or five hours. This rose water is poured upon forty pounds more of roses, and from fifteen to twenty pounds are drawn off by the same process as before. This cohobated rose water is poured into pans of earthenware, or tinned metal, and left exposed to the fresh air for a night; when the *attar*, or essence, will be found in the morning congealed and swimming on the surface of the water; it is to be carefully skimmed off, and poured into a vial. When a certain quantity has been thus obtained, the water and feces are to be separated from the clear essence. The first is easily done, as the essence congeals with a slight cold, when the water may be poured from it. The feces may then be made to subside, by keeping the essence fluid by heat. They are as highly perfumed as the essence. The rose water, after all the essence has been skimmed from it, is to be employed in future operations, instead of common water.

The very small quantity of essence obtainable from the roses in India, has caused various additions to be made in the distillation, particularly sandal wood; but this adulteration is discoverable by the flavour of the sandal, and the fluidity of the oil in common cold. In Cashmere a sweet-scented grass is used as an addition, which does not injure the perfume, but impedes its congelation. The proportion of pure essence yielded by the roses is very variable, from differences in the seasons, and in the manner of conducting the process. In India, three drachms from one hundred pounds of leaves is a large proportion. From a large field of roses there was procured only at the rate of two drachms to the hundred pounds.

The colour of the *attar* is no criterion of its quality. It was obtained green, yellow, and reddish, from roses of the same ground, but collected on different days. The calyxes do not impair the quality of the *attar*, nor give it a green colour.

SPECIFIC GRAVITY.—Hiero, king of Syracuse, having furnished a workman with a quantity of gold for making a crown, suspected that he had been cheated, and that the workman had used a greater alloy of silver than was necessary in the manufacture of it; he therefore applied to Archimedes for a detection of the fraud. This celebrated mathematician was led by chance to a method of detecting the imposture, and of determining precisely the quantities of gold and silver of which the crown was composed. While he was bathing in a tub of cold water, he observed that, as he immersed his body in it, the water ran out; and he immediately concluded, that, supposing the tub full, the water which ran out when his whole body was immersed, was equal in bulk to his body. Archimedes was so pleased with the discovery, as to run about the streets exclaiming, "I have found it!" The principle having thus suggested itself to Archimedes, he procured a ball of gold and another of silver, exactly of the same weight as the crown—considering that if the crown were altogether either of gold or silver, the balls of gold or silver would be of the same bulk, and consequently, when immersed in water, would raise it just as high as the crown would if immersed. And if, on the contrary, the crown was of gold and silver, mixed in a certain proportion, this proportion would be discovered by the height to which the crown would raise the water higher than the gold ball, or lower than the silver ball.

VINEGAR.—A German apothecary recommends the following method of manufacturing this very useful article. He put into a cask of sufficient dimensions, a mixture composed of forty-one pints of water, eight pints of whiskey, two pints of yeast, and two pounds of charcoal, and placed in a proper situation for fermentation. At the end of four months, a very good vinegar was found, as clear and as white as water.

OPERATION OF TAKING UP THE COMMON ILIAC ARTERY OF AN INFANT.—An operation has been performed within a few days, in this city, by Dr. Bushe, professor of anatomy in Rutgers college, on a child only two months old, for aneurism of the left labium, which threatened the almost immediate death of the child. As the pulsating tumour was made up of anastomosing branches from the external and internal iliacs, it was necessary to take up the common iliac artery. This was done by the professor with the greatest safety to the little patient, and without the loss of one ounce of blood. The tumour has shrunk away, and the child is doing well. This operation has never been performed on so young a subject before.

DIVERSITY OF COLOURS.—In a very amusing work of the celebrated Goethe, entitled, "Winklemann und seind Jahrhundert," it is stated, that about fifteen thousand varieties of colour are employed by the workers of mosaic in Rome, and that there are fifty shades of each of these varieties, from the deepest to the palest, thus affording seven hundred and fifty thousand tints, which the artist can distinguish with the greatest facility. It might be imagined, that with the command of seven hundred and fifty thousand tints of colour, the most varied and beautiful painting might be perfectly imitated; yet this it not the case, for the mosaic workers find a want of tints, even amid this astonishing variety.

FIRE AND WATER-PROOF CEMENT.—To half a pint of milk put an equal quantity of vinegar, in order to curdle it; then separate the curd from the whey, and mix the whey with the whites of four or five eggs, beating the whole together. When it is well mixed, add a little quick-lime through a sieve, until it has acquired the consistence of a thick paste. With this cement, broken vessels, and cracks of all kinds, may be mended. It dries quickly, and resists the action of fire and water.

AIR MATRESSES.—There is no end to the inventions of man. Mattresses, pillows, and chair-cushions filled with air, and possessing amazing elasticity, have recently been invented in England. Mr. Colien, of this city, has imported several specimens. They are quite curious and original.

METHOD OF DETECTING THE ADULTERATION OF TEA.—The Chinese frequently mix the leaves of other shrubs with those of the tea plant. This fraud is easily discovered by adding to an infusion of it, a grain and a half of sulphate of iron. If it is pure *green tea*, the solution, placed between the eye and the light, assumes a pale bluish tint; if it is *bohea tea*, the solution is blue, inclining to black; but if it is adulterated, it shows all the colours, yellow, green, and black.

INVISIBLE CEMENT.—Isinglass boiled in spirits of wine, will produce a fine transparent cement, which will unite broken glass, so as to render the fracture almost imperceptible, and perfectly secure.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.—NUMBER XVI.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

"No man is a prophet in his own country"—"No man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*"—and an infinite number of similar proverbs that have been in use at all times, go far to prove that if proximity or familiarity with a celebrated man, does not generate indifference or contempt, it at least materially lessens the feeling of reverence and admiration with which those at a distance regard him. Mankind are great equalizers in intellectual matters. The littleness of human nature cannot endure that any thing with which it comes frequently in contact should enjoy an acknowledged superiority; and men, accordingly, take the most curious methods of bringing those who, in the eye of the world, are far above them, down to what they consider pretty nearly their own level. They concede their inferiority in some point of vital importance, but balance the account by their real or imagined superiority in trifles that they alone take note of; thus a "scurvy politician" will look with a certain degree of contempt upon a poet, whose "words are sparks of immortality," because he may be unacquainted with the minute particulars of an electioneering squabble between Tweedledura and Tweedledee, in the twelfth ward, and says, "though — is a great poet, he aint so smart at some things as some folks that don't pretend to nothing." True, this is the language of ignorant vulgarity, but it is a very common language for all that, and the same feeling and manner of reasoning is in constant operation in a thousand different ways. Men see the particular gifts of their friends and acquaintances with the naked eye, but look at their own excellences through a solar microscope. Probably Dr. Akenside was thought a great dunce by his companions in the slaughter-house, in consequence of his awkwardness in cutting short the career of oxen, sheep, and calves; and Robert Bloomfield, while composing his "Farmer's Boy" in a cobbler's stall, was sneered at by his fellow-apprentices for his unworkmanlike manner of repairing the wear and tear to which shoes are subject. The mere sight of a great man stumbling over a stone elevates the small beholder somewhat in his own conceit, and detracts from the perfectibility with which we clothe objects in the distance; and it is the same principle carried a little further which makes the monstrosities of antiquity so respectable, and the comparative peccadilloes of our own age so contemptible in the eyes of the present generation.

Now if Washington Irving at the present time kept a crockery store, and retailed pitchers and pipkins, or stood behind a tavern bar, and compounded mint juleps, gin slings, or other curious drinks, there might be some feasible way of accounting for the apathy with which both he and his works are regarded by the inhabitants of a city he has immortalized. But no—he has been for years separated from them, and been a wanderer in other lands. During his long absence not a whisper derogatory to his well-earned fame has reached them, while ever and anon the loud trump of European praise has come swelling over the Atlantic; but among his own countrymen there were no voices to re-echo and prolong the strain; it reached his native shores and died away. A few journalists were, from time to time, at the trouble of slightly expressing their admiration of a man who has done more for the literary character of their country than any other; but the most part contented themselves with copying fragments of foreign criticisms, and recommending them to the attention of their readers in three or four preliminary lines. And why is this? It really seems as if no person could get into notice in this country without connecting himself with political measures, and becoming the tool or organ of a party. Let a man go to congress, and make a long lumbering speech of twenty or thirty columns, about something or nothing, and he is straightway a "great man," a "giant in intellect;" he is greeted with fulsome flattery, and "base spaniel fawning," from all quarters, and the editors resort to the most outrageous similes and curious ways of putting the English language together for the purpose of expressing their inexpressible admiration. True, the tide soon changes, and he who is to-day their idol is to-morrow torn down and trampled under foot; but another takes his place—"another, and another, and another;"—whilst amid this setting up and pulling down, this din and turmoil about small men and small matters, such an ornament to his country as the author of the "Sketch Book" is but little thought of and less cared for!

It is truly astonishing, even among a great portion of the reading people of this city, to find how few have taken the trouble (or rather the pleasure) of perusing the whole of Ir-

ving's works; and among those who have, he appears to be held in but slight estimation, compared with the high standing he enjoys abroad. Yet his is a style which one would suppose could not fail in pleasing the most fastidious; so fresh and delicate, so sweet, so smoothly polished, that could even the ideas be taken away, the words would fall like music on the ear. How very unlike the tiresome pages of harsh or monotonous prose which Cooper is continually interposing between his half-a-dozen vivid pictures that make up a novel. The "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall" may not be of the highest order of writing, but they are perfect of their kind. They may be miniature gems, but they are of the first water. He must be a very unreasonable person indeed who wishes to read a better story than Rip Van Winkle; while the pure pathos of the Broken Heart, the Wife, and the Pride of the Village, is as simple, unstrained, and touching as can well be conceived. Every page Irving writes discovers the most refined and exquisite taste, and delicate perception of the beautiful. It looks as if it were impossible for him to construct a rough or gross sentence; and sometimes the language he employs is so singularly appropriate, that it seems as if the sentiment, as in many of Moore's Irish Melodies, could not be expressed by any other form of words. In the description of Sleepy Hollow, how felicitously does the language and ideas combine, and how drowsily do parts of the description fall upon the ear:

"Not far from this village, perhaps about three miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull you to repose, and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

"I recollect that when a stripling my first exploit in squirrel shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shade one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

"From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighbouring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs; have trances and visions, and see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighbourhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the night-mare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favourite scene of her gambols."

In quaint, rich humour Irving is equal to almost any writer of the day. What glorious pictures has he given of the first Dutch settlers, and their dangerous coasting voyages around the island of Manahata—their domestic habits, and their extreme averseness from any thing like hurry in their public transactions. Perhaps these are not exactly faithful and correct likenesses, but they cannot be called caricatures. The humour of a caricature is broad and obvious, Irving's is quiet and subdued. They are pleasant exaggerations, and so completely devoid of malice, that even the most inveterate lovers of speck-un'-eyer and sour-cROUT must smile as they read. Very dissimilar from this are the attempts at wit and humour in Cooper's pages, where every thing remotely approximating to a joke seems to have been forced from the author by a species of mental galvanism, and, like other forced productions, proves a lamentable abortion. Yet the latter gentleman seems very partial to those painful efforts, and seldom lets the opportunity escape, in season or out of season, of making the trial. He seems situated like those persons who are under the necessity of being witty "when they can, not when they should," which frequently has no other effect than that of vexing his

readers, and detracting from the admiration they would otherwise feel at his graphic descriptions of "the battle and the wreck." Whatever Irving has done seems to be incapable of improvement, and that any change must be for the worse. Doubtless much time and labour have been spent in bringing his writings to this state of perfection, but this is saying nothing against him; it only shows the fine taste and discrimination he possesses—that he knows what ought to be done, and does it. His works will probably float smoothly down the stream of time, while those of loftier pretensions, and, it may be, of greater men, sink into oblivion. He is the best of his class. No one has written so good a book as the "Sketch Book," of its kind; and no one has ever written, or ever will write a work similar and equal to "Knickerbocker's History of New-York," while there is every likelihood that his "Life of Columbus" will remain the best and most authentic account Americans and the world will possess of the discovery of this continent. When the claims of early American writers come to be discussed by posterity, it will be difficult to point out one entitled to rank above that of Washington Irving. C.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

WILLIAM SHARP,*

The celebrated Line Engraver.

THIS distinguished engraver, perhaps the first of his day, is no less deserving of notice from the celebrity he attained in his profession, than for the singularity of his character and the peculiar religious principles he so pertinaciously adhered to during his life.

Mr. Sharp was born in the year 1749. His father was a respectable tradesman in London, a gunmaker, for which business young Sharp was originally designed. An early predilection for drawing induced his parents to abandon this intention, and at his own request he was articled to a writing engraver, in his native city. At the expiration of his indentures of apprenticeship, he began business on his own account, and received much encouragement. Mr. Sharp, in speaking of the humble commencement of his career, would frequently say, that his first essay in engraving was made on a pewter pot, and would then refer with honest pride to one of the splendid efforts of his graving tool, executed when he had arrived at the eminence he subsequently attained.

At the age of about thirty, he disposed of his business, and devoted himself entirely to a higher department of the art, in which he had now made considerable progress, by constantly employing himself in engraving the superior paintings of the old masters.

His merit first began to display itself in the Novelist's Magazine, for which work he executed several plates from the designs of Stothard. He also contributed one print to Southwell's folio Family Bible, "Moses striking the rock." The excellence of these several attempts in the graving art speedily brought him into notice, and the consequent patronage which he experienced fostered the talents he so eminently possessed. It would be uninteresting to trace him through this period, merely in relation to his professional life, we shall therefore only enumerate a few of the works which he has left behind, as splendid specimens of his excellence in the caligraphic art, and proceed to the more interesting particulars of his private character.

Among the finest of his engravings are "The doctors of the church disputing on the immaculateness of the virgin," from the picture of "Guido;" the plate from West's "King Lear in the storm," is a masterly example of line engraving, and is considered worthy of any school; a proof impression of this plate readily produces ten guineas. His portrait of Mr. John Hunter, the great anatomist, is thought to be one of the finest prints in the world. The magnificent print of "St. Cecilia," from Dominichino, is likewise an evidence of his great and masterly hand. "The witch of Endor," another of the powerful pictures of West, is also a splendid effort of his *burine*. Numerous other specimens might be instanced; these, however, may suffice, as proofs of the excellence he attained in line engraving; in the particular branch of which art it has been considered, by competent judges, that he has left no legitimate successor to his superior talents.

Sharp in his early life was a warm advocate for representative governments; kings and the clergy were excluded from his utopian system, and a president, &c. were to supply their

* In Moore's Life of Byron, first volume, will be found three letters from his lordship respecting this eccentric individual, and of his connection with the famous Joanna Southcott.

places. These theories, dangerous, perhaps, in established governments, were more the result of a youthful imagination and a sanguine temperament, than the consequence of sober and mature reflection. In more advanced life the writer of this article was in habits of intimacy with this singular man, and is acquainted with the fact, that Sharp's principles were then materially changed on these subjects. To such an extent, however, had he carried his views at one time, that he was placed under arrest by the British government, and was summoned before the privy council, to be examined respecting his political principles, and to ascertain how far he had committed himself with Horne Tooke and others, with whom he was associated, and who were at that period about to take their trial for high treason. Sharp's jocular, bold, and handsome-looking countenance did not exhibit much of the appearance of a conspirator, a circumstance which impressed his judges much in his favour. Messrs. Pitt and Dundas on one occasion were present at these examinations, and plagued the artist excessively by their numerous questions, which Sharp said had no reference to the business. While the examination was pending, he deliberately took out of his pocket a prospectus for publishing his portrait of Horne Tooke, which he was then engraving, and handing it to Messrs. Pitt and Dundas, requested them to oblige him with their names as subscribers! The singularity of the proposal produced immoderate laughter in the council; and nothing having occurred in the course of the interrogations to criminate him, he was shortly afterwards liberated.

It has been before observed that Sharp's peculiar principles were directed alike to religion and politics. He had embraced the belief that the time was at hand when the prophecies in holy writ, respecting the restoration of the Jews, and the establishment of the millennium, were about to be accomplished. Impressed with these opinions, it may readily be imagined that he hailed with enthusiasm any indication of the fulfilment of his favourite theories. Towards the latter end of the last century, a man named Richard Brothers, laid claim to divine inspiration, styling himself "the king of the Jews," asserting that he was commissioned by heaven to collect the scattered tribes of that wandering race for the purpose of reinstating them in their ancient city of Jerusalem, where he was to preside over them as their promised Messiah. Numbers flocked around this self-inspired prophet, many of whom were men celebrated for their rank or talent; among the latter may be named Halhed, the distinguished oriental scholar, and the subject of this memoir. Sharp entered into the views of Richard Brothers with all the warmth which characterised him in the pursuit of his favourite opinions. He took the portrait of the embryo king, which he subsequently engraved, and became one of his firmest adherents and supporters. Brothers at length attracted the attention of government, and being considered insane, was placed in a private mad house, where he continued to the time of his death.

It may be supposed that the confinement and consequent exposure of this pretended prophet, would have opened the eyes of his deluded followers; on the contrary they still cherished the belief that he would be liberated by divine interposition, and fully perform his miraculous commission—an opinion which was further confirmed by a fresh aspirant for inspiration, who appeared in the person of the famous Joanna Southcott.

This extraordinary woman first came into notice about 1795. She was then in the service of a farmer residing near Exeter, and like her predecessor, Richard Brothers, claimed an immediate intercourse with heaven, declaring that she was the woman clothed with the sun, mentioned in the revelations—that the millennium was about to commence, with other extravagant assurances and pretensions, which our limits will not admit of narrating. The celebrity of this new prophetess soon attracted the notice of Sharp, and, we believe, about the year 1800 he determined upon transplanting her from the servile situation she held in Devonshire to London, where he then resided; a resolution he carried into effect, and for some time he maintained her at his own expense, and continued her zealous supporter and advocate until the period of her decease.

The singularity of Sharp's religious opinions occasionally tinged his professional pursuits. On the subject of physiognomy he held the strange belief that every man's face had the sign of the beast or some other animal in it, and that the disposition of the man was indicated by the resemblance the face bore to a lion, a tiger, an eagle, or a bull-dog—corresponding passions being predominant where these separate features were developed. Cobbett's profile he always likened to a bull-dog. He used to say of this notorious politician that "on whatsoever he fastened, there he would stick and worry it so long

as there was any thing to worry." These singular opinions respecting physiognomy have induced him frequently to refuse engraving portraits of distinguished men, whose countenances did not indicate the peculiar traits he delighted in tracing in the human features, while others he worked at with extreme satisfaction who possessed the marked peculiarities of some particular animal.

Sharp, notwithstanding the eccentricities of his character, was universally esteemed by a numerous circle of friends which his talents and amiable disposition secured him to the last. His works are well known to his contemporary artists in Europe and America, and were so much admired that he was elected an honorary member of the Imperial Academy of Vienna, and of the Royal Academy at Munich. He died at Chiswick (in 1823, at the age of seventy-four,) to which place he removed a short time previous to his death, for the purpose of being interred near Hogarth, (who is buried in Chiswick church-yard) whom he esteemed as the most extraordinary painter that ever existed. H.*

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE POET'S SUPPER.

Gardez-vous d'imiter ce rimeur furieux,
Qui de ses vains écrits lecteur harmonieux,
Aborde en recitant quiconque le salue;
Et pourrait de ses vers les passans dans la rue:
Il n'est Temple si saint, des Anges respecté,
Qui soit contre sa muse un lieu de sûreté.—BOILEAU.*

MR. BENJAMIN BRIGGS, the junior partner of a thriving Manchester warehouse in the city, had an unfortunate propensity for tagging rhymes when he ought to have been examining piece-goods, knew much more of metaphors than muslins, arranged a distich with more interest than a diaper, and debased his faculties to tropes and similes, instead of giving up the whole force of his imagination to calicos and cottons. Upon the disease first manifesting itself, his seniors gave him the best advice, warned him of the dismal consequences that would inevitably ensue, if he suffered it to get ahead, formally declared that the credit of their house would not allow them to retain any person convicted of so uncivic and anti-commercial an offence, and announced their intention of dissolving the partnership if he abandoned himself any longer to such idle courses. Prudence dictated a seeming submission, but nothing was further from his thoughts than a final renunciation of the muse. He stole at intervals from the counting-house to Castalia, mounted Pegasus instead of his pulpit-desk, and absconded from the worship of Mammon to pay his secret adorations at the shrine of Apollo. The constraint to which he was subjected at home only made him the more communicable abroad. He laboured under a perfect incontinence of poetry, pouring his stanzas into every ear of which he could get possession, with such an unremitting copiousness, that his friends took alarm at his approach, and if they could not escape him altogether, generally forged some excuse for cutting him short in the midst of the most flimsy ode, or the very first scene of the most touching tragedy. Some he would slyly draw aside upon 'change under pretext of business, and make the blushing statue of Sir Thomas Gresham, or old Guy, privy to his inappropriate rhymes: others he would inveigle into an untenanted upper box at the play; and just as the ghost of Hamlet was describing how his murderer "poured juice of cursed hemlock in his ear," he would distil his own not less unwelcome strophes into his victim's auricle: while some, again, he would lure away on a Sunday from the park-promenade into the most lonely recesses of Kensington-Gardens; when, to their great horror and amazement, he would suddenly draw a tragedy from his pocket and discharge the whole of its contents at their head.

All these expedients being exhausted, and a regular audience becoming utterly hopeless, he at last hit upon the happy suggestion of inviting a few acquaintances of approved literary taste to sup with him at his lodgings in Wych-street, when he might, as a fair set-off for his lobsters, oysters, punch, and port wine, demand their opinions upon a poem which he meant to offer to the Royal Literary Society, in hopes of obtaining the fifty-guinea prize.

"As to attempting to write any thing," said Benjamin to his assembled guests, "upon such a subject as Dartmoor, which was the first they held out to public competition, I could not have bowed my genius to such a drudgery; you all know, gentlemen, what a blundering business was made of the second proposition, the Fall of Constantinople and Death

* Boileau here alludes to the French poet Du Parrier, who, finding him one day at church, insisted upon reciting to him an ode during the elevation of the host.

of Constantine; but I have now submitted to their adoption a noble theme—the Capture of Rome by Alaric the Destroyer, and, in the anticipation that they might select it, I have already composed a few hundred lines, upon which I wished you to do me the kindness of offering your remarks with all the freedom and judgment which I may reasonably expect from such approved friends and competent critics."

Here he drew a large roll of paper from his coat-pocket, and a blank dismay instantly took possession of every face around him. Each saw the trap into which he had fallen, and each exerted himself to avert the threatened calamity.

"My dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Jibe, "this is so kind of you, I am sure I may answer for all present," (here he thrust his tongue into the cheek which was towards the company, and gave that side of his face a most lugubrious drag,) "that we are perfectly delighted at the opportunity of hearing any of your exquisite verses; but had you not better defer the reading for an hour or so, till the supper things are removed—till we have finished another bottle—till —."

"In fact," interrupted Mr. Quill, "our worthy host evidently labours under so severe a cold, attended with a considerable oppression upon his chest, that I should submit the propriety of his deferring altogether, till a more favourable opportunity, the intellectual treat which he has been so good as to propose."

"O, certainly, certainly," cried the rest of the party; "it would really be an imposition on our host's kindness—happy to take a glass of wine with you, Mr. Briggs—this salad's excellent—capital lobster—famous punch—any one seen the diorama?—did you go to see the new farce last night?"

"Very considerate of you," replied the poet; "I certainly have a little cold, and we will therefore defer the complete reading till another opportunity; but in the mean time you must allow me just to recite a few select specimens, that you may form some notion of my plan."

Objections, pleas, and rejoinders were urged in vain; the inexorable bard unfolded his scroll, and after two or three preliminary hems! proceeded to develop the system upon which it was composed.

"It was my original intention, gentlemen, to have written in blank verse; but I was alarmed by encountering the dictum of Dr. Johnson, limiting that mode of composition to such as think themselves capable of astonishing, while those who hope only to please must condescend to rhyme."

"There would have been no doubt of your astonishing," interrupted Mr. Jibe, "had you thought proper to adopt that metre: you are really too modest." Mr. Briggs bowed, and proceeded.

"I was moreover anxious to try upon a more enlarged scale than Pope, who, by the way, has egregiously failed, the principle of imitative harmony, of making the sound an echo to the sense, and of introducing a more general resemblance between the vocal sign and the thing signified, which I proposed to accomplish as much by changing the construction of the metre, as by the choice of expressive words. There can be no doubt that, in the origin of language, all terms bore some affinity to what they represented; there could have been no other mode or motive of selection in the infancy of the world than in that of individuals. And what do we observe in children? They invariably name animals from the noise which they make, calling a dog a bow-wow, a cat a mi-au, a cow a moo-cow, a lamb a baa-lamb, and a cock a cock-a-doodle doo. This is the primitive language of nature, like crying, laughing, and certain interjections, common to all nations. The cuckoo, pewet, and other birds, obviously receive their denomination from their cry; and what can be more happy than Ronsard's imitation of the song of the sky-lark:—

Elle quindée du zephire,
Sublime en l'air vit et revire,
Et y declaque un joly cri,
Qui rit, guérit, et ure l'ire
Des esprits emeux que je n'ecris."

"There are numerous words which as unquestionably have been chosen from their resemblance to the noise they designate, such as rumble, coo, yell, crash, crack, hiss, hoot, roar, murmur, simmer, and the like. It is true that ideas do not admit of an exact echo——"

"Which, however, is no loss to you," interrupted Mr. Jibe, "Oh, none whatever," resumed Briggs, not perceiving the sneer that was conveyed, "since, if we admit that

'Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no rules can teach,'

it may be sufficient to remind you that Handel contrived to express accurately upon the organ that sublime command—'God said, Let there be light, and there was light;' and composed one of the psalms with so happy a precision that every separate verse was distinctly recognisable. I see, however,

that you are impatient for a specimen of my poem, and I will therefore recite a few lines from the introduction, the metre of which is intended to represent the bustle and animation of a siege.

Now Alaric's standards are proudly unfurled
Round the seven-hilled city, once queen of the world;
The siege is close pressed—round the ramparts are poured,
Gigantic and grim, a barbarian horde,
Who scowl on the grandeur of Rome with amazement,
And on palaces, castles, and fane as they gaze,
In her strength and her beauty they bid her not trust,
For her turreted head shall be dragged in the dust.
But the Romans confiding in bulwarks and gods,
Not an obolus caring for enemies odds,
Think the battering-ram a ridiculous dam,
An assault a mere hoax, and a capture a sham.
So they giggle and laugh, dance, revel, and quaff,
As, for sacrifice meant, does a garlanded calf."

"Fine! beautiful! exquisite!" ejaculated several voices at once.

"Do you observe the effect of the lively metre when I come to express the festivity of the besotted citizens? 'So they giggle and laugh, dance, revel, and quaff,'—does that strike you?"

"Oh, inimitable! and inimitable imitation!" exclaimed Mr. Jibe; "but I do not exactly see how a calf can be said to giggle, and laugh, and dance."

"But it bleats, Mr. Jibe; which under such circumstances, as it is a pleasurable sound, may be deemed equivalent to laughter."

"Very likely, very likely; you must know much better than I what a calf means, and what sort of sounds it makes."

"Then as to dancing," resumed the poet, "what says Pope?"
'The lamb that riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?'

Now, though I object to the word *riot*, since there is no such mighty excess in a leg of lamb with mint sauce, or a fore-quarter with asparagus, you see he makes the animal skip; and if a lamb may skip, surely a calf may dance."

"I sit corrected," cried Jibe, bowing with an air of burlesque conviction.

"In the following passage I have endeavoured to delineate the deep stillness and repose of the night that witnessed the assault.

Drowsy Tiber lagging laves
The city walls, its winking waves
Ose another scarcely pushing,
With low-breathing hushing gushing,
Till the whole stream with muffled head
Lies stretch'd asleep within its bed."

"The best place it could possibly have chosen," cried Jibe. "Zooks! sir, you must have written that passage under the direct inspiration of Morpheus, and ought to be crowned for it with a wreath of poppies. You were full of your subject when you set about it. It is a perfect soporific—an absolute opiate, so somnolent and lulling that—yaw-aw-aw!—excuse me, but I cannot pay you a greater compliment than by showing how completely I sympathise with its influence—yaw-aw-aw!"

Mr. Quill took up this note as soon as it was relinquished by Mr. Jibe; Mr. Snake succeeded; Mr. Ferret followed, and Mr. Briggs had recommenced half a dozen lines with the words—"dread omens," and been as often interrupted by an audible gasp, before he could proceed with his recitation.

"Dread omens, inauspiciously reveal'd,
Announce her fate—the city's doom is seal'd."

"This is nothing," resumed the minstrel, "nothing whatever to my description of the clash of swords, the clank of armour, the rolling of the machines, the groans of the wounded, the cymbals and shouts of the victors. Talk of music—of the Siege of Belgrade, or Steibelt's Storm! I will give any man one of Tomkinson's grand pianos with three pedals, and will undertake to beat him by language alone, so stimulating the imagination through the ear, that the whole scene shall become as visible to the eye as if I had painted it upon a white wall. I do paint in fact, only dipping my tongue in picturesque words instead of my brush in representative colours—that's the whole secret! But you shall hear the effect of my explosion when Alaric sets fire to the train of gunpowder."

"Gunpowder!" ejaculated several voices at once; "surely that's an anachronism; have you not got the start of Friar Bacon some five hundred years or so? and will not the critics blow you up with your own combustibles?"

"I little thought," replied Briggs with a complacent smile, "that such a company, 'fit audience though few,' would have forgotten that Milton introduces artillery some thousands of years sooner."

"Egad," quoth Jibe, "so he does, and Alaric doubtless took the hint from the blind bard. You see, gentlemen, 'It is not Homer nods but we that dream.' Now for the explosion, but prithee have mercy upon our persons."

"Pray observe," resumed the poet, "the gradual rolling

down of the thick walls, the *écroulement*, as the French call it—

"The ponderous walls that circum-rock—
(how do you like that compound epithet to express rocky solidity?)

The ponderous walls that circum-rock the town,
Slow crumbling, stumbling, tumbling, rumble jumble down."

Now mark the difference when a lofty tower falls with a sudden velocity and clatter.

Heaved by the writhing earth the towers creak, crack,
Then with a crash slap-dash, smash belter-skelter whack!

The tide of risibility which now "burst its continents," overwhelmed the astonished bard. In vain did he attempt to proceed; every effort was quashed by a quotation of his own last line, repeated in every possible variety of accent, gesture, and intonation; and when Jibe procured a momentary silence, he undertook the defence of his friend with an irony so solemn in appearance, and at the same time so ludicrous in intention and effect, that the merriment became more obstreperous than ever. As their host repeatedly emptied his glass in the heat of his poetical furor, some of his company as regularly refilled it, until he alternately hugged his defender with a maudlin fondness, and hurled defiance at the others with all the vociferation of an irritated and punch-inflamed poet. Jibe fostered his animosity by burlesquely arraigning the bad taste and delinquency of his assailants, and a scene ensued upon which we deem it prudent to drop the curtain, contenting ourselves with stating, in the concluding lines of a well-known song:

"Then a quarrel arose, some reflections were cast,
But for decency's sake we'll not mention what past,
Derry down, down, down, derry down." New Monthly Mag.

POETICAL PORTRAITS.

"Orient pearls at random strung."

SHAKESPEARE.
His was the wizard spell,
The spirit to enchain;
His grasp o'er nature fell,
Creation owned his reign.

MILTON.
His spirit was the home
Of aspirations high;
A temple, whose huge dome
Was hidden in the sky.

BYRON.
Black clouds his forehead bound,
And at his feet were flowers;
Mirth, madness, magic found
In him their keenest powers.

SCOTT.
He sings, and lo! romance
Starts from its mouldering urn,
While chivalry's bright lance
And nodding plumes return.

SPENSER.
Within the enchanted womb
Of his vast genius, lie [gloom]
Bright streams and groves, whose
Is lit by Una's eye.

WORDSWORTH.
He hung his harp upon
Philosophy's pure shrine;
And placed by nature's throne,
Composed each placid line.

WILSON.
His strain like holy hymn,
Upon the ear doth float,
Or voice of cherubim,
In mountain vale remote.

GRAY.
Soaring on pinions proud,
The lightnings of his eye
Scar the black thunder cloud,
He passes swiftly by.

BURNS.
He seized his country's lyre,
With ardent grasp and strong;
And made his soul of fire
Dissolve itself in song.

COLERIDGE.
Magician, whose dread spell,
Working in pale moonlight,
From superstition's cell
Invokes each satellite!

COWPER.
Religion's light is shed
Upon his soul's dark shrine;
And vice veils o'er her head
At his denouncing line.

YOUNG.
Involved in pall of gloom,
He haunts, with footsteps dread,
The murderer's midnight tomb,
And calls upon the dead.

GRAHAM.
O! when we hear the bell
Of 'Sabbath' chiming free,
It strikes us like a knell,
And makes us think of thee!

W. L. BOWLES.
From nature's flowery throne
His spirit took its flight,
And moves serenely on
In soft, sad, tender light.

SHELLEY.
A solitary rock
In a far distant sea,
Rent by the thunder's shock,
An emblem stands of thee!

BAILLIE.
The passions are thy slaves;
In varied guise they roll
Upon the stately waves
Of thy majestic soul.

CAROLINE BOWLES.
In garb of sable hue
Thy soul dwells all alone,
Where the sad drooping yew
Weeps o'er the funeral stone.

HEMANS.
To bid the big tear start,
Unchallenged, from its shrine,
And thrill the quivering heart
With pity's voice, are thine.

TIGHE.
On zephyr's amber wings,
Like thine own Psyche borne,
Thy buoyant spirit springs
To hail the bright-eyed morn.

LONDON.
Romance and high-souled love,
Like two commingling streams,
Glide through the flowery grove
Of thy enchanted dreams.

MOORE.
Crowned with perennial flowers,
By wit and genius wove,
He wanders through the bowers
Of fancy and of love.

SOUTHEY.
Where necromancy flings
O'er eastern lands her spell,
Sustained on fable's wings,
His spirit loves to dwell.

COLLINS.
Waked into mimic life,
The passions round him throng,
While the loud "Spartan life"
Thrills through his startling song.

CAMPBELL.
With all that nature's fire
Can lend to polished art,
He strikes his graceful lyre
To thrill or warm the heart.

THOMPSON.
The screams as they roll
Shall bear thy name along;
And graven on the soul
Of nature, live thy song.

MOIR.
On every gentler scene
That moves the human breast,
Pathetic and serene,
Thine eye delights to rest.

BARRY CORNWALL.
Soft is thy lay—a stream
Meandering calmly by,
Beneath the moon's pale beam
Of sweet Italia's sky.

CRABBE.
Wouldst thou his pictures know,
Their power, their harrowing truth,
Their scenes of wrath or woe?
Go gaze on hapless "Ruth,"

A. CUNNINGHAM.
Tradition's lyre he plays
With firm and skillful hand,
Singing the olden lays
Of his dear native land.

KEATS.
Fair thy young spirit's mould—
Thou from whose heart the streams
Of sweet Elysium rolled
Over Endymion's dreams.

J. MONTGOMERY.
Upon thy touching strain
Religion's spirit fair,
Falls down like drops of rain,
And blends divinely there.

HOGG.
Clothed in the rainbow's beam,
Mid strath and pastoral glen,
He sees the fairies gleam,
Far from the haunts of men.

BLOOMFIELD.
Sweet bard, upon the tomb
In which thine ashes lie,
The simple wildflowers bloom
Before the ploughman's eye.

HOOD.
Impugn I dare not thee,
For I'm of puny brood;
And thou wouldst punish me
With pungent hardihood.

MAY DAY IN NEW-YORK.

During the last winter the law relative to the inspection of unslaked lime was brought before the common council, laid on the table, called up again, and again postponed, so often that we cannot tell who the inspectors are, nor the degrees of pulverization through which this May-day commodity must pass—legally, we mean. Laws, however, relating to such rebellious articles as lime and city dust, are set at defiance on and about the first day of May in each year. Already the periodical whirlwinds without, and the bleaching steam within, have announced to the uttermost dwellers in this goodly city, the advent of this day of general commotion. The spire of Trinity church, recently painted a Carnarvon slate colour, has already visibly changed its hue, and fairly turned pale, under the influence of the Rhode Island sirocco. The corporation tank, at the corner of the Bowery and Thirteenth-street, has not yet been supplied with its steam engine, so that the dust cannot be laid—the city-hall clock dares not show its illuminated faces—the figure of justice has tottered from the cupola—the criminal court has returned from the Rotunda to the protection of the white house—and divers other portents have announced the coming of this fearful day. Red and white lead are doing their best on the exteriors of our edifices; and the latter and lime are working their marvels on the wainscotings and walls of the interiors, while a Manhattan deluge is preparing for the windows and floors, from garret to cellar. Already the *things* called carts—the last invention, one would think the spirit of destruction could devise for the demolition of furniture—begin to groan under the motley burdens of beds, chairs, sofas, pots, kettles, cribs, and looking-glasses; and, flanked by servants, with chandeliers, pictures, plate, and other valuables, and followed by others, with the pet parrot, cat, canary, and dog, one or all, move in dire confusion through the broad and narrow ways of Gotham, like so many pedlers' caravans, or travelling menageries. "Soon as the evening shades prevail," the tramp of horses, the crashing of *dumped* furniture, and the anathemas of contending cartmen are hushed, and the belles of the city, disguised by cosmetics compounded of dust, cobwebs, and lime, are seen with their geraniums, roses, and other plants, fitting like startled ghosts from the old to the new family mansion. The long cherished flowers may not be trusted to any hands but those that have tended them. The careful housewife who has had the good fortune to obtain possession of a single room before the move-all hour of twelve to-day, might have been seen sitting in her armed chair in the centre of the room, directing the handbarrow men where to locate the chamber furniture, while with one jewel in the cradle and another on her knee, she listened for the signal by which the *ins* and *outs* rush from each other's presence.

Night will throw her sable and grateful curtain round many a dwelling that, looking to-day like a place for and of departed spirits, is destined to put on to-morrow the semblance of a human habitation, and will in the course of a week be joyous with social life. The tiny tack now vexes the maid, as the hammer glances from its head to her fingers—the glistening stair-boards slide suddenly into their eyelets—the portraits smile from their new elevations, the gold glitters from the chair backs, the wax lends its polish to the mahogany side-board, and the tenants take their first sitting repast in a lower room. Another day will roll round, and the *papillottes* will lose their tenacious hold of the filleted locks of matrons and daughters, the windows receiving a last ablution, will be garnished with the damask curtains, which in a short month must give place to a lighter fabric—the hall bell will announce the visit of neighbours, who by a time-honoured custom, if domiciliated before the new-comers, must pay the first visit, to be returned once by way of etiquette, and oftener, if fashion or friendship delight in the association. Such are some of the precedent and concomitant circumstances attending the annual *bouleversement* of many of even "the best regulated families." The luxury of the first night's rest after the toil and turmoil of a day like this is ineffable, and has a marvellous effect on

the distempered doings of the previous day; the frontal corrugations disappear—the monosyllable, yes and no, pettishly and tartly uttered through the livelong day of bustle, are gradually exchanged for the bland accents of satisfaction and contentment; and after a little, the house being in order, and the parlour fires extinguished, every imagination glows with visions of rural felicity, and the map, the itinerary, and the newspaper are consulted for the selection of some pleasing summer retreat, or the shorter, but scarcely less agreeable steamboat excursion, for the benefit of fresh air, the killing of factitious cares, or the recovery of failing health. So mote it be.

Mercantile Advertiser.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon they say is writing a novel. By the by, I think you do not appreciate our English Sappho as she deserves; when do you mean to review her last poems? She is an extraordinary girl, unspoiled by the world's flatteries. I wish I could show her in person to you of Dublin, for an Irishman told me the other day, that you presumed to call her ugly! Ugly, indeed! the best possible sign you know nothing about her—*voyons donc*. Listen, lively lordings all. Letitia Elizabeth Landon is certainly under what is denominated the middle size; slight and exquisitely formed, with a hand and arm that Jove might swear by; a snowy skin, and on her cheek a faint colouring, a pinky tint, which, we grieve to say, tells almost too plainly of a delicate constitution; her brow is finely formed, her eyes quick and sparkling, her nose *retrousee*, her mouth and chin not well proportioned, but singularly flexible and expressive, her conversation is lively and sparkling, and as it applies to persons and things in general, unostentatiously shows an extraordinary knowledge of mankind, and an acquaintance with the world. She possesses three of the necessary requisites for a novelist in a superior degree—taste, tact, and talent; that quick talent which seizes on every thing likely to turn to advantage, or procure the end it has in view. She dances with grace and spirit, and is much attached to that amusement; from the liveliness she evinces in society you would never suppose her the author of the impassioned Improvisatrice. But it is not for her outward bearing, nor even the talent which ranks her with the first poets of the age that we admire ('tis a cold English word to express what we feel, but it must do) Letitia Elizabeth Landon; we admire and respect the lady for her private worth, for her excellent virtues, in every situation of life, for her total freedom from affectation, and for the kindness of her heart, "which is ever open as day to melting charity." Dublin Literary Gazette.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Education.—No subjects engage public attention more at the present time than the diffusion of knowledge, and the instruction of youth. You cannot open a review or magazine, but suggestions on education are certain to greet your eye. You cannot enter a public assembly and listen to a popular harangue, but the unvarying theme is education. Nay, the newspapers, which were formerly mere chronicles of the land and sea, now vie with each other in the attempt to exhaust the fund of common places on this one engrossing subject. To this no reasonable objection can be made, so long as those only discuss the intricate and delicate questions involved in the attempt to reform the methods of instruction, who are themselves qualified by preparatory knowledge and moral responsibilities.

"Let those teach others, who themselves excel."

But so great is the rage for disquisitions on the subject, and so ready a passport has it become to the favour of the multitude, that every puny whipster, who lets himself loose upon the world as a sorry engineer of a public press, attempts, by his eternal clamour about education, to draw off attention from his silly conceits and ignorance. Folly, inexperience, incompetency, and even vulgarity, are to be compensated for by a never-ceasing ding-dong about reform and change in our public and private schools. Ask these men what they understand by their watchword, and the chances are ten to one that they are unable to define the term. To develop, cultivate, and exercise the intellectual, moral, and physical faculties of our nature, to impart a clear and prompt perception of outward objects, a ready apprehension of the internal operations of the mind, to teach a correct unsophisticated logic, inspire a delicate and accurate taste for the beauties of nature and art, a high-toned and liberal moral feeling of right and wrong, and, not least, a mastery of expression in pure, perspicuous, and chaste language—these are some of the primary objects of an enlightened education. Shall those, then, who possess no knowledge of the structure either of mind or of body, and

are alike ignorant of the objects to which their attention should be directed, be selected as teachers of youth, or what is still more important, as the directors of reform in existing systems? The very idea carries absurdity with it, and the toleration of the attempt evinces a certain deficiency of enlightenment or correct moral feeling in a community. But if these Jack-Cade revolutionists are ignorant of the philosophy of education, are they not equally so of its application to the useful and elegant arts, and even to the ordinary pursuits of life? Can they explain how the raw productions of nature are converted, with equal skill and beauty, into the manufactures of art, which grace the splendid warehouse, adorn the form of beauty, or decorate the mansions of the rich? Or how the almost miraculous combinations of simple mechanical powers into machinery increase the creative labour of the artisan and the operative classes? Or how the intercourse of nations the most remote has been rendered familiar and frequent, and the humanities of life, and the blessings of knowledge, and the sense of their inherent rights been diffused among mankind? Or how the mysterious operations of mind in the higher departments of learning and the fine arts have ministered to the delight, instruction, and elevation of the species by their beautiful and sublime creations? Are not all these avenues to knowledge and to the development of the higher faculties of mind so much undiscovered country to these noisy and factious quacks? And if so, is not their attempt to overturn existing institutions, however imperfect, so much folly and madcap hardness? All sudden innovations, for which the mind is not previously prepared by a graduated and skilfully conducted progress, must be dangerous in the moral, as in the civil and political world. And it is the aim and object of a benevolent and enlightened philosophy, and of a virtuous and truly radical reform, to prepare the mind for change, and when so prepared to effect it by means which shall be durable and not liable to revulsion. To entrust such preparation to uninformed and incompetent hands, would be attended with peril, such as would await a gallant ship's crew in a difficult passage through a strait beset with rocks and shoals under the guidance of an ignorant or a drunken pilot.

Female wages.—We have read, with undefinable satisfaction, the last circular issued by that indefatigable philanthropist, Matthew Carey, on the important subject of improving the condition of female labourers, and lightening the heavy burdens under which they at present groan. Every man not dead to the finest sensibilities of his nature, must heartily sympathize with the unmitigated and extreme sufferings to which the penuriosities of employers, and the indifference of the public, reduce this interesting portion of the useful operatives of our cities. The utter inadequacy of the pay which they receive to afford them a comfortable subsistence, even in cases where their industry has been stretched to the utmost bounds of human exertion, has now become matter of common notoriety. To no one are we more indebted for the exposition of this evil, than to Mr. Carey, and we have, on former occasions, expressed our warmest sympathies in behalf of his benevolent exertions. We should be pleased to evince our zeal still further by transferring his late interesting exposé to our columns, but we really have not the room. We shall cheerfully do all in our power to circulate a knowledge of the interesting facts it develops. We cannot here omit submitting a question to our fair countrywomen, whether it would not be more efficient and laudable charity, on their part, to aid Mr. Carey in his undertakings, than to bestow their money on the erection of monuments to commemorate events of which the memory can never die, or to send clothing and provisions to Siberia and China?

Steam-boats.—The disastrous incidents which have lately occurred on board of the principal boats have awakened much attention, and excited no small share of alarm to the dangers attending their navigation. A variety of circumstances have been suggested as the probable causes of these deplorable calamities, and remedies innumerable been proposed. A calm discussion of the subject is highly desirable by competent men of science, and their opinions should be received with great consideration and respect. Unprepared to enter on a minute investigation of details relating to the subject, we have, after some reflection, thought it might not be deemed impertinent to suggest a general means of securing the public against the frequent repetition of accidents by steam. This should consist in the appointment, by the legislature, of a supervisor or inspector of steam-boats, whose duty it should be to examine constantly at stated periods into the condition of their machinery, the character and competency of the engineers, and the general state of the boat and the crew. Persons well acquainted with the construction and principles of the steam engine are of course to be selected—and they should be made respon-

sible for the faithful discharge of their important duties. Let them also be well remunerated for their services in such a manner as may be deemed most expedient.

The Harpers.—These generous caterers for the public instruction and amusement, are not inattentive to the encouragement of science and scientific men, as fully appears by the following highly flattering notice contained in the last number of the Medical Magazine, conducted by Dr. Peixotto, of this city.

"We are happy to find the indefatigable and enterprising Harpers turning their attention to medical publications. That New-York has not hitherto competed with Philadelphia in her encouragement of medical literature, has been chiefly owing to the want of a public spirited and enlightened publisher, who possessed means as well as inclination to remunerate authors and editors for their intellectual labours. Talent, learning, and industry are not deficient, and a liberal patronage will not fail to elicit their successful exertions."

National Academy of Design.—This useful institution has again thrown open its gallery for the inspection of the public. Unwilling to indulge in rash and hasty criticisms, we shall defer our remarks to a more convenient period. We would however, advise all lovers of the arts to visit the room, in order that they may exercise their own judgment respecting this beautiful exhibition.

Ourselves.—We are not in the habit of noticing the laudatory remarks with which our contemporaries occasionally honour our efforts to sustain the character, extend the usefulness, and enhance the interest of our miscellany. But in justice to our correspondents, we cannot omit informing them of the very complimentary manner in which their productions have been generally mentioned in almost every respectable paper in the Union, and more recently in some highly popular foreign journals. Among these the Glasgow Chronicle has been particularly indulgent and flattering in its tone. Such praise, and from such sources, will serve not to feed an idle vanity, but to inspire renewed ardour and zeal in exertions of improvement.

May day.—It was our intention to have concocted some passing remarks on this day of turbulence, noise, and confusion. But we have been anticipated by the able editor of the Mercantile, whose *piquant* article on the subject we have copied, as being far superior to any thing of our own, which we could offer in its stead.

Mr. Forrest.—This eminent tragedian has just concluded a very successful engagement at the Park. If we have not noticed his performances in detail, it has not arisen from any lessened admiration of his masterly delineations. But the characters in which he has appeared, have been often repeated. His personation of Metamora gains at every repetition with the public, and is loudly called for again and again. Crowds fill the house every night it is announced.

Mrs. Sharpe.—It is really astonishing to witness the unexampled improvement which this actress, ever a favourite with the public, has of late made in her performances. Characters in the higher walks of the drama, have been represented by her in the most impressive manner, and ensured her loud plaudits from the most select audiences. We do not often touch on dramatic criticisms, that department being so ably filled by our correspondent C.; and we are glad that his remarks last week gave such general satisfaction, as indeed they always do. We regret that circumstances prevented our witnessing Mrs. Sharpe's appearance in *Lady Macbeth*; but we shall notice her general merits in detail shortly.

Plate.—The next number of the Mirror will be accompanied with an engraving drawn by Davis, and most beautifully executed by Eddy of Boston, representing six additional public edifices of note in this city. This will be the last picture of buildings which we shall publish, for the present at least.

Boston Evening Bulletin.—The proprietors of this journal have deemed it inexpedient to continue its publication, and other papers inform us that the cause is want of patronage. We sincerely regret this circumstance, because the independence and manly tone of its editor, his well-known talents and superiority over the mass of the smaller fry which infest the fraternity, had gained for his labours merited approbation, and should have earned them a more liberal reward.

A good thought.—A Providence paper says, "A jeweller in this town, some days since, being engaged in his business, a sharp and fine piece of steel flew into the ball of his eye, and there lodged, subjecting him to the most acute pain. He made application to several medical men, none of whom, considering the delicate nature of the eye-ball, dared venture an operation, when another jeweller, fortunately thinking of the loadstone, placed it to the sufferer's eye, and instantly drew out the steel without the slightest injury."

THE MOON IS ON THE HILL.

ANDANTE CON MOLTO ESPRESSIONE.

A - wake, my light, my sleep - ing love, The moon is on the hill, With - out thy smile, where -

e'er I rove; 'Tis cheer - less mid - night still; 'Tis mid - night still, a - round, a - bove, Cold, cheer - less mid - night

still; A - wake, my light, my sleep - ing love, The moon is on the hill.

SECOND VERSE.

Wake, wake, and let the sun be bright,
And the young flowers fair for me,
Let the summer breeze be soft and light,
And all in harmony;
And the song of morning sung aright,
And all in harmony.
Awake my light, my sleeping love;
The moon is on the hill.

(From the London New Monthly Magazine for March.)

LETTER,

From Miss Amelia Jane Mortimer, London, to Sir Henry Clifford, Paris.

DEAR HARRY—You owe me a letter,
Nay, I really believe it is two;
But I make you still farther my debtor,
I send you this brief *billet doux*.
The shock was so great when we parted,
I can't overcome my regret;
At first I was quite broken hearted,
And have never recovered it yet!
I have scarcely been out to a party,
But have sent an excuse, or been ill;
I have played but three times at *écarté*,
And danced but a single quadrille;
And then I was sad, for my heart ne'er
One moment ceased thinking of thee;
I'd a handsome young man for my partner,
And a handsomer still *vis-à-vis*.
But I had such a pain in my forehead,
And felt so ennuied and so tired,
I must have looked perfectly horrid,
Yet they say I was really admired!
You'll smile—but mamma heard a lancer,
As he whispered his friend—and, said he,
"The best and most beautiful dancer
Is the lady in white"—meaning me!
I've been once to Lord Dorival's *soirées*,
Whose daughter in music excels;
Do they still wear the silk they call *mairles*?
They will know if you ask at Pardel's.
She begged me to join in a duet,
But the melody died on my tongue;
And I thought I should never get through it,
It was one we so often have sung.
In your last you desire me to mention
The news of the court and the town;
But there's nothing that's worth your attention,
Or deserving of my noting down.

They say things are bad in the city,
And pa thinks they'll only get worse;
And they say the new bonnets are pretty,
But I think them quite the reverse.
Lady Black has brought out her two daughters,
Good figures, but timid and shy;
Mrs. White's gone to Bath for the waters,
And the doctors declare she will die.
It's all off 'twixt Miss Brown and Sir Stephen,
He found they could never agree;
Her temper's so very uneven,
I always said how it would be.
The Miss Whites are grown very fine creatures,
Though they look rather large in a room;
Miss Grey is gone off in her features,
Miss Green is gone off—with her groom!
Lord Littleford's dead, and that noodle
His son has succeeded his sire;
And her ladyship's lost the fine poodle,
That you and I used to admire.
Little Joe is advancing in knowledge,
He begs me to send his regard;
And Charles goes on Monday to college,
But mamma thinks he studies too hard.
We are losing our man-cook, he marries
My French *femme de chambre*, Baptiste;
Pa wishes you'd send one from Paris,
But he must be a first-rate *artiste*.
I don't like my last new piano,
Its tones are so terribly sharpe;
I think I must give it to Anna,
And get pa to buy me a harp.
Little Gerald is growing quite mannish,
He was smoking just now a cigar!
And I'm fagging hard at the Spanish,
And Lucy has learnt the guitar.
I suppose you can talk like an artist,
Of statues, busts, paintings, *virtù*;
But pray, love, don't turn Bonapartist,
Pa will never consent if you do!

"You were born," he will say, "sir, a Briton,"
But forgive me so foolish a fear;
If I thought you could blame what I've written,
I would soon wash it out with a tear!

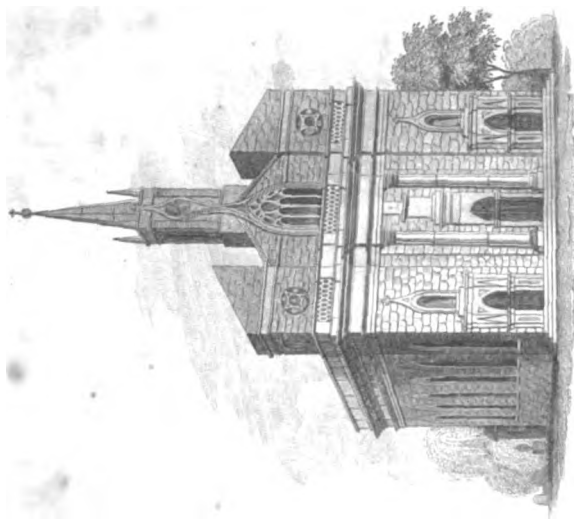
And pray, sir, how like you the ladies,
Since you've quitted the land of your birth?
I have heard the dark donnas of Cadiz
Are the loveliest women on earth.
The Italians are lively and witty,
But I ne'er could their manners endure;
Nor do I think French women pretty,
Though they have a most charming *tournure*!

I was told you were flirting at Calais,
And next were intriguing at Rome;
But I smiled at their impotent malice,
Yet I must say I wished you at home!
Though I kept what I fancied in *petto*,
And felt you would ever be true,
Yet I dreamed of the murd'rer's stiletto
Each night—and its victim was you!

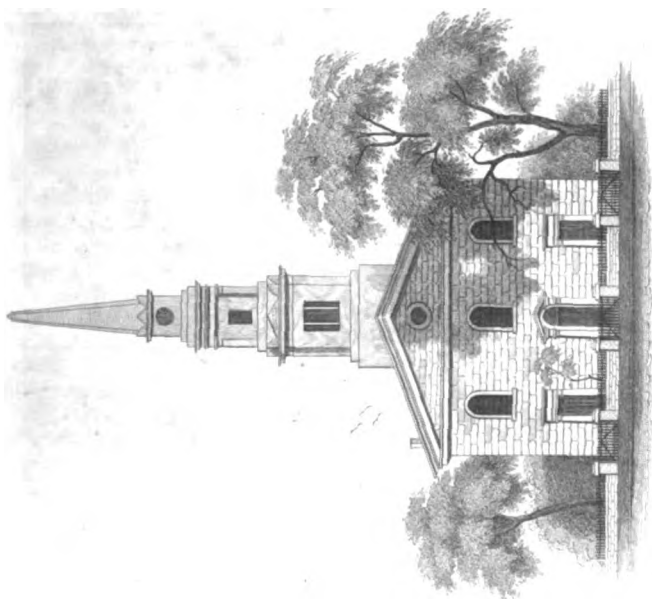
I'm arrived at the end of my paper,
So, dearest, you'll not think it rude
If I ring for my seal and a taper,
And think it high time to conclude.
Adieu, then—dejected and lonely,
Till I see you I still shall remain,
Addio, mio caro—yours only—

Yours ever, AMELIA JANE.

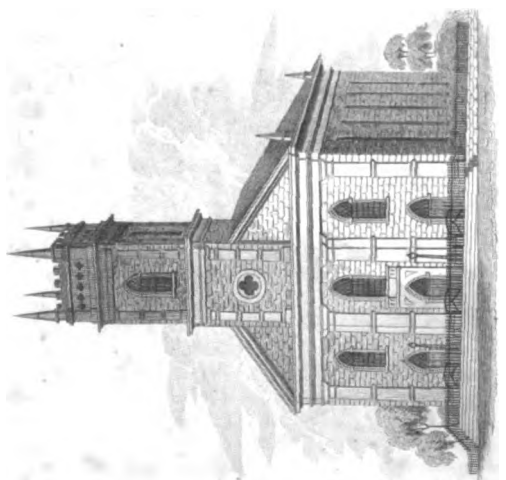
P. S. You may buy me a dress like Selina's,
Her complexion's so much like my own;
And don't fail to call at Farina's
For a case of his Eau de Cologne.
And whate'er your next letter announces,
Let it also intelligence bring,
If the French have left off the deep founcs,
And what will be worn for the spring!



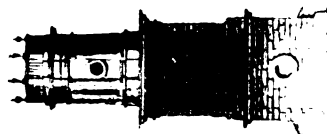
ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - MONTREAL



ST. MARK'S CHURCH - MONTREAL



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH - MONTREAL



NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOLUME VII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1880.

NUMBER 46.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

COLONEL BARTON AND GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

Colonel Barton, a hero of the American revolution, after having been immured in prison for debt, during the period of twenty years, in the state of Vermont, was released from his confinement on the fourth of July, 1826, by the Marquis Lafayette, who cancelled the claim against his old companion in arms, and thereby afforded him an opportunity of joining in the festivities of the American independence! Who after this will dare to assert that republics are ungrateful!—*English paper.*

Wake! for the morning's purple fold
Is drawn from the orient arch;
Wake—for the sun in his robes of gold
Comes forth on his monarch march;
Joy for the cannon's thunderings free
O'er the echoing mountain sent;
Joy for the drum's loud reveillé,
With the clarion's music blent—
Joy for the millions' stirring shout
On freedom's birth-morn bursting out!
But hush—a stern yet smothered groan
Steals forth upon the air,
Deep as the forest's solemn moan
When the midnight winds are there.
Whence comes that note? a painful jar
In freedom's swelling chime—
Why comes it too the mirth to mar
Of this all-joyous time,
When for earth's proudest jubilee
Have met the gallant and the free?
Look to yon rough and massy walls,
Where joy no music wakes—
Forth from its melancholy halls
That startling discord breaks;
Pierce to its lone discoloured hold,
With chill damps circled round;
There, like a felon, worn and old,
The patriot chief lies bound—
He of the lion-hearts, that broke
In their stern might, oppression's yoke!
Why groans he now, while every tongue
With gladness overflows,
Who erst defiance sternly flung
To freedom's island foes?
Why lies he there whose fettered foot
Leapt proud the fight to meet;
The foremost in the fierce pursuit,
Last in the lorn retreat?
Has guilt thus bowed that lofty brow?
List, for the warrior speaketh now:
"Tis sad that one whose blood has welled
Full oft on freedom's plain,
Should, on this hallowed morn, be held
By aught of bolt or chain!
Not that his crimes have reft from him
The right heaven gave at birth,
To tread with bold unshackled limb
Proudly his native earth;
But that he clasps not in his hold
The worship'd dust which men call gold!

—Stand from my grated bars away,
And let the cheering light
That beams on this immortal day
Steal in upon my sight;
Ah! hush the prison court beside,
That I may catch once more
My country's pean-burst of pride,
Trumpet and cannon's roar;
Like music on my heart it falls,
'Though heard within these frowning walls."
But who, with quick, yet lofty tread,
The captive's cell draws nigh?
'The light of glory on his head,
Of pity in his eye:
That port may well bescem a soul,
For angel actions nursed—
His name on fame's unfolding scroll
Shines radiant with the first;
'Tis Gaul's high chief, whose far felt worth
Links the wide severed realms of earth.

He speaks—the indignant champion,
Calmly and yet severe—
"Here's gold for that dishonoured one
Who holds the freeborn here:
Look on his aged breast—the scars
Of glorious fields ye'll find!
Back with the base degrading bars,
The circling chains unbind!
I've learnt to value freedom's worth—
Brother in arms and heart—come forth!"

PROTEUS.

THE LANCH.

Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the lanching of a ship of the line will, perhaps, forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life.—*Campbell's Essay.*

The city's dooms were open'd. Forth there came
A mingled multitude, whose hearts were moved
As by a common impulse. There was seen
The man of many years, like him of old,
Resting upon his staff, while the glad ear
Caught the loud laugh of childhood, gushing out
From the deep fount of joy within the soul.
And there the young and beautiful of earth
Mingled with those who bore the three-fold seal
Of sickness, want, and sorrow, graven deep
Upon the furrow'd brow and pallid cheek.
All hasten'd onward till their course was stay'd
By the unfathom'd deep, whose broad expanse
Display'd no angry frown or whelming wave,
But smiles of peace and beauty.

There they stood,
While the spread wing of silence hover'd o'er
And hush'd all sounds of life. Why were they all
So motionless and mute? Had the hour come
In which the mighty deep should render up
Its hidden treasures? did they wait to clasp
Their friends beloved who slept beneath the wave?
Or had their spirits flown to scan the depths
Where diamonds gleam upon the hidden sands
In ocean's farthest caves? Or did they mark
The surface of the sea? its light and shade,
Its deep ethereal blue—its mirror broad?
Saw they the snowy sails, that to the eye
Hung midway in the sky, and seem'd the throne
Of bright celestial spirits? No! not this
The spell that bound the soul.

But 'twas that the proud ship
Broke the strong fetters that so long had held
Her form majestic in ignoble bonds—
At first she moved with slow and queenly grace,
As if her spirit saw with conscious pride
A presage of her greatness. Then she flew
As on the wind, and plung'd into the wave
That rose to bathe her form, and circling round
The eddies stretch'd away, as if to bear
The joyful tidings to the ocean's bound.

Then there broke
From the assembled host a deaf'ning shout
Of triumph and of joy. Nor this alone,
The mighty deep responded to the sound,
And join'd the wild halloo and loud acclaim,
With echo's magic voice.

Then on the mind
Rose the dim future, and the eye essay'd
To scan its hidden depths, to mark the path
Of the proud ship across the trackless deep,
Her nights of danger from the winds and waves,
And days of battle, when her country's foes
Should gather round. All this rose on the mind,
And when the words "Speed, speed thee! gallant ship!"
Burst from the lips, it seem'd a thing of life
Received the benediction.

CORA.

STANZAS.

Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart,
A broken reed at best, and oft a spear.—*Young.*

Love is heaven's attribute, therefore to heaven
Should its deep fervency be lifted up,
And not to earth or earthly things be given
The rich profusion of affection's cup;
Oh! not on things which perish should be poured
The wells of love with which the heart is stored.

Let the wide spirit of benevolence,
Young enterer upon life, pervade the heart;
And let affection, calm but not intense,
To all around its gentle worth impart;
But single not from earth's frail creatures one
Whom thy undoubting heart may rest upon.

Make not his voice thy music, nor his eye
Thy light of life—the thunder-peal of doom
Soon shall that music sound, that light shall be
The lightning-flash, which shall ere long consume
Thy heart's best feelings, till it doth become
Blackened and scared—a tempest-shattered dome!

Alas! how often in an angel's guise
Comes to the bosom this insidious guest!
But when thou dost begin to note and prize
The looks and words of one above the rest
Of those around thee, when one footstep's sound
Thrills more than all the laughter ringing round,
One voice brings sweeter music to thine ear,
One glance a deeper gladness to thy heart;

One smile becomes the sunlight, which can cheer
Thy darkest hour, and bid all gloom depart;
And when the brightest scene seems dark and drear
And wearisome, unless that smile is near,
Then tremble—for thy heart hath now become
An idol's altar, and the hopes and joys,
And feelings fresh that made it once their home,
The youthful elasticity that buoys
The spirit up, all, one by one, shall be
Sacrificed to thy wild idolatry.
And vain will be each offering! never yet
Did mortal bosom such excess requite—
And other forms will enter; grief, regret,
And disappointment, shutting out the light
Of hope and gladness from that dreary cell,
Thy heart, will every brighter guest expel.
This deep devotion, this undying trust,
They were not meant to rest on aught below;
To cling to frail and perishable dust:—
How blest were we, could we on heaven bestow
The love which now too oft but sorrow brings,
Unwisely lavished upon earthly things.

THYRA.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

THE ENGRAVING.

The picture which accompanies this impression of the Mirror presents a view of six more churches, five of which belong to the protestant, and one to the catholic persuasion. This plate completes the original design of furnishing the readers of this journal with correct delineations of the most conspicuous architectural features of our growing city; and the future subjects of our embellishments will consequently be more picturesque and various. Almost every public edifice in this emporium, which has any pretensions to celebrity for classical taste or architectural beauty, has already been exhibited to our readers, and every new one which may be hereafter erected of a similar character, shall be given in its turn: but for the present, this series of engravings must give place to others of a different description.

The plates intended for the eighth volume of the Mirror will comprise views of the scenery which characterizes the city and its vicinity. Among these the bay and harbour of New-York, with the numerous islands which adorn the delightful prospect, will not be forgotten. A sketch of this metropolis from the adjacent heights, will also be published, together with some of our most imposing street views, one of which is now in the hands of the artists.

In presenting to our readers the engraving which adorns the present number, we shall accompany it with a few remarks that are naturally suggested by one (and not the least attractive) of the subjects it embraces. We have said that it comprises a view of five churches appertaining to the protestant and one belonging to the catholic persuasion; as the institution of the latter in America is comparatively of recent date, we are induced by feelings of hospitality, as well as courtesy, to assign it the first place in our brief description of these several edifices. In this arrangement we are also incited by other considerations, which will appear in the course of the following observations.

Apart from all doctrinal and controversial speculations; (with which, as editors and current historians, we have nothing to do,) there are many interesting and classical associations connected with the term "Roman Catholic Church." From this ancient and venerable establishment, poetry and romance have drawn their richest materials, their most startling incidents, and their most enchanting scenes. The beautiful annals of chivalry owe half their fascination to the peculiarities of the religion which characterized the age in which it flourished.

The external pomp and splendour of the papal see, the gorgeous pageantry which attends many of its religious exhibitions, and the imposing effects of the rites and ceremonies of the catholic worship, in every part of christendom, have always imparted a degree of interest to the subject which has never been experienced in contemplating the rise and progress of any other denomination, whether religious or political.

The first settlers of this country, being zealous converts to the doctrines of the reformation, adopted severe and measures against the introduction of any other

timents, especially such as favoured the church of Rome. In many parts of the country English episcopacy was looked upon with nearly equal abhorrence, if we may judge by a law of Connecticut, forbidding any one to keep Christmas, Easter, or any Saint's day, or to read the book of Common Prayer! But while the puritans of New-England were persecuting the Quakers and Episcopalians, the citizens of New-York were equally intolerant towards the Jews and Catholics. It was resolved, for instance, in the general assembly, that none of the Jewish profession could vote for representatives, or even be admitted as witnesses, "touching any contested election." Against the Roman Catholics they exercised this narrow spirit of intolerance to a still greater extent, and zealously recommended to the colonists to hold in religious abhorrence "the pope, the devil, and the pretender;" three personages whom our pious forefathers abjured as an infernal trio, the same in purpose, and equal in power and infamy. The following clause of a colonial statute will show the horror and detestation in which the members of this prescribed sect were then held:

"Every jesuit, emissary, priest, missionary, or other spiritual or ecclesiastical person, made or ordained by any authority, power, or jurisdiction, derived, challenged, or pretended, from the pope or see of Rome, or that shall profess himself, or otherwise appear to be such, by practising or teaching of others, to say any popish prayers, by celebrating of masses, granting of absolution, or using any other of the Romish ceremonies, or rites of worship, by what name, title, or degree soever such person shall be called or known, who shall continue, abide, or come into this province, or any part thereof, after the first day of November aforesaid, shall be deemed and accounted an incendiary, and disturber of the public peace and safety, and a disturber of the true christian religion, and shall be adjudged to suffer perpetual imprisonment! And if any person, being so sentenced and actually imprisoned, shall break prison and make his escape, and be afterwards retaken, he shall suffer such pains of death, penalties, and forfeitures as in cases of felony!"

During that alarming period of bigotry and intolerance, denominated the "Negro plot," in the summer of 1741, a Catholic emigrant, by the name of Ury, was convicted, on very equivocal testimony, of contravening the foregoing statute, and was actually executed on a public scaffold. It was many years afterwards that Catholics and Jews were finally admitted to the full participation of equal rights and privileges.

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This magnificent gothic superstructure is situated at the corner of Mott and Prince streets, fronting on the former. It is said to be the largest religious edifice in the city, being one hundred and twenty feet in length, by eighty feet in width. It is constructed of stone, in a massive style, the walls being several feet in thickness, and seventy feet in height; from the summit of which the roof rises, in a sharp angle, to the height of one hundred feet. This aspiring roof, in connection with two quadrangular towers on the front corners, and a central steeple, forms the most conspicuous object in approaching the city from the east.

The front of the building is faced with hewn brown stone, and several niches are left open for statues, which are to be placed when the whole is finished, when it will undoubtedly be the most impressive-looking edifice in the city. It is furnished with a fine-toned organ and a select choir, whose performances are generally and justly admired. The Rev. John Power is the officiating pastor.

The interior of the cathedral, which is finished and painted in a superior manner, is capable of holding five thousand people, although it has no side galleries. The whole cost of the building, when fully completed, will not fall short of one hundred thousand dollars. No church in the United States (the cathedral in Baltimore excepted) will then compare with it in capacity or to that indeed, the gothic order seems to be the fittest when the church was in the zenith of its power and

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CHRIST'S CHURCH, ANTHONY-STREET.

This imposing structure, which was erected in the year 1823, on the former site of a theatrical edifice, in Anthony-street, is ninety-six feet in length and sixty-five in breadth. The sides and rear are constructed of neat gray stone; but the whole front, together with the quadrangular tower, is faced with brown hewn stone. The doors and windows are niched and arched in the true pointed gothic style. The tower, before mentioned, projects three feet from the face of the front wall, and is ninety feet in height, surmounted with an open battlement and quadrangular pyramids. In the rear of the church is the vestry-room, which is twenty-eight feet in length by eighteen in breadth. From this apartment a flight of steps leads to the pulpit. The interior of the main building is finished in a plain gothic style, and contains one hundred and twenty-four pews on the ground floor, and sixty-six in the galleries. There is a gradual declivity to the chancel, in front of the pulpit, and a neat railing excluding the reading desk. The pulpit, canopy, and altar are finished in a style bordering on the florid gothic, of most exquisite workmanship, and very appropriate taste. The Rev. Dr. Lyell is the rector, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Thomas Clarke.

ST. MARE'S CHURCH, STUYVESANT-STREET.

This building, which was erected in the year 1796, is constructed of dark stone, and is one hundred feet in length by sixty-four in breadth. It was originally finished with a quadrangular tower rising from the roof, and terminating at the belfry, without a spire. But in the year 1827, Martin E. Thompson, Esq. our well-known architect, suggested the idea of raising a spire of brick-work, from the summit of the tower, to an elevation of eighty-four feet. This idea was approved and adopted; and the spire erected under the direction of Mr. Thompson, being the first of the kind ever attempted in this country. It adds much to the beauty of the edifice, and reflects great credit on the taste and enterprise of the architect. The Rev. William Creighton is the officiating clergyman.

GRACE CHURCH.

Grace church, which is situated in Broadway, corner of Rector-street, occupies the site of a former Lutheran church, erected in the year 1671, and destroyed by fire in 1776, on the day after the British army took possession of the city. Trinity church, and most of the lower part of the city, was laid in ashes by the same unfortunate conflagration. Grace church was erected in 1809, as an independent church. It is a neat substantial edifice of brick, with a handsome cupola. The rear of the building is of an elliptical form, with a terraced garden, and the rector's house adjoining. The interior of the church is elegant, and has four massive pillars at each front angle of the gallery, running up to and supporting an arched and pannelled ceiling. The pulpit is in front of the ellipsis, with a raised mahogany enclosure, surrounding the altar. In the gallery, fronting the pulpit, is a large and elegant organ, made by Mr. Geib, of this city, which is said to be of excellent tone. The Rev. Dr. Jonathan M. Wainwright occupies the clerical desk.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

This building, which is situated in Beekman-street, was first erected in the year 1752, and, with the exception of Trinity, is the oldest Episcopal church in this city. It is constructed of brown hewn stone, and is one hundred and four feet in length by seventy-two in width. In 1811, it separated from Trinity by mutual agreement, and became a distinct parish. In 1814, in the night of the 5th of January, it caught fire from the conflagration of a workshop in its rear, and every thing combustible about it was consumed to ashes; the interior, roof, clock, steeple, and all. Nothing but the bare walls remained. With the prompt and efficient aid of Trinity church, it was again rebuilt, and consecrated in November, 1815. It is a plain edifice, and has now a quadrangular tower, with a railing on the top, but no spire. It has a

headless spectre had several times been seen by different young men of the village, and more than once by the aged inhabitants, whose veracity could not be doubted. These reports, so well authenticated, together with the loneliness and dreariness of that part of the forest, impressed the stoutest hearts of all the clan (towns-people of Long Island are very clanish) with such feelings of terror, that, whenever they had to pass the place after night-fall, they would slouch their hats over their eyes and urge their horses to full speed, that they might not encounter the dreadful phantom, who usually took his stand near the road side with his withered arms extended, and his headless trunk exposed to view. It must not be supposed that his spectreship was visible to common eyes every night in the year—far from it—it was never known to appear unless the sky was perfectly cloudless, and the moon (being in its first quarter) had gained a certain position in the western horizon; therefore, it may easily be imagined that very few of those who dreaded, had had the honour of beholding, the sad visitant, who had for forty long years presented himself, in the vain hope, as it was supposed, that some generous being would overcome his fears so far as to draw near and make the usual demand in those cases—"What seekest thou, fair ghost?"

John Hageman, as I observed before, was one of the bravest, as well as one of the gayest of all the youths of the village; and as fond of listening to a good story on a Sunday evening as any one, but not being possessed of the credulous organ, he would not believe one jot or tittle of the tale of the terrible apparition of the wood.

"You may swear," said he one day to old Joe Haywood, who was a way-faring man, and forlorn, and used as often to seek his bed at the hedge-side upon the moss-covered sod, as ask from the human family a cold-granted shelter from the dews of the night. "You may swear till you are black in the face, Joe," said he; "I'll not give credence to your tale until I see the thing with my own eyes, and not then if I've been drinking, which you do so often, that you see double, and then it is no wonder that you should conjure up a thousand things equally strange and fanciful, and I fear that you will die some day of a drunken fit."

"Good, now, friend John; that puts me in mind of the epitaph I have been making."

"Epitaph! for whom, Joe?"

"For myself, to be sure—who else would do me that kindness, think you? Why not a creature, from the king to the beggar, who have shaken hands with 'honest old Joe' in the day when his eyes stood out with fatness, and his cheeks were rosy with the juice of Newtown pippins. No, no, master John, not a stone, nor a bush will mark the spot where the idler is laid. Therefore have I written mine own epitaph—a mere impromptu, but nevertheless true.

"Here lies one! Who do you think?
'Tis old Joe Haywood—give him some drink.
Drink for a dead man! The reason why?
When living, he was always dry."

"Go, get you to the cellar, Joe, with a flagon. Now, what a good Falstaff that fellow would make, if he were a degree more drunken, or less brave?" and John Hageman mounted his gray pony and cantered off to pay his accustomed visit to the girl of his heart, it being Sunday evening.

When he reached the haunted spot in the wood—"The moon is in its first quarter," thought John, "and the night promises fair. Now I am determined upon knowing two things this night before I sleep. Firstly, whether Mary, the idol of my fancy, will marry me, or no—and, secondly, who the spirit can be that plays his gambols hereabouts. I'll find him out, or he is a cleverer ghost than I take him to be; and Mary must make up her mind before the moon goes down. On its curved horn one might hang a halter, forsooth—a fair promise for a hay making season." And John was soon seated by the side of Mary, where we left him a few periods since, listening in breathless silence for her final response to his startling proposal.

"You must indeed, Mary," he said, in a voice scarcely audible.

The maiden gazed in earnest attention at the splendid crescent as its pearly light gave a less distinct view of objects around the nearer it approached the western horizon.

"I can wait no longer," cried John, and he pressed the hand of Mary as if it were for the last time.

"I am thine, John Hageman," uttered the maid in her own sweet tone, and she hid her beautiful face in the bosom of her lover, who imprinted a kiss upon her fair temple.

"Adieu, my own Mary," he said; "one week more, and I will not have to pronounce that hated word which now separates us for a season." And John had reached the wood ere the sound of his adieu had ceased to vibrate on the ear of Mary.

A few moments more brought him to the haunted spot, but the beloved object of his heart had so completely occupied his mind that, notwithstanding his resolves respecting the discovery of the apparition, he would have passed the hollow without giving a thought to it; but it was not so ordained, for so suddenly did the gray pony stop, that if John had not been the best horseman in the world he must have been thrown to the earth. He cast a look forward to find what had so alarmed the animal, which was trembling with dread and terror.

"By my faith, yonder it is, sure enough!" cried John, and with a feeling quite new to himself, he slowly dismounted and cautiously approached the object of his astonishment—the headless phantom! For a minute he stood before it and contemplated its figure with a full and careful survey, during which his imagination was wrought up to the highest pitch.

"Speak, I pray you, speak, unhappy shade!" he exclaimed. "Why haunt you thus this solitary nook? Have you ought to reveal? If so, say it, I entreat of you, and depart in peace to the lone and dark recess to which those murderous hearts condemned you."

Here he paused for a reply, but heard no sound except the heavy breathing of the affrighted pony, and the "wood-pecker tapping the hollow beech tree."

"There can be no harm in touching it," thought he; and he extended his hand and grasped—instead of the withered arm—the dry branch of a small decayed oak! John immediately recovered his presence of mind.

"There, I told Joe it was all a cheat; the light of the moon shining obliquely on this insignificant stump, has effected the singular deception that went well nigh to shake my fortitude."

Hageman mounted his pony and rode gaily home, to forget the "spectre of the wood," and dream of his Mary. P. J.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

THE lovers of music were gratified by a rich treat on Monday evening. A good deal of excitement prevailed, occasioned by Mrs. Austin and Signorina Da Ponte coming in contact on the same evening, for the first time. It was certainly a bold step on the part of the latter; and though it would be unfair to institute a minute comparison between a comparatively unpractised singer and one of established celebrity, we can safely and with pleasure say, that Signorina Da Ponte acquitted herself in a manner calculated to sustain the opinion entertained of her powers by her more moderate admirers. The way in which this young lady was brought before the public was, to say the least of it, extremely injudicious. Extraordinary expectations were raised, which only extraordinary powers could satisfy; and such powers, either natural or acquired, we believe it will now be pretty generally allowed by musical men, Signorina Da Ponte does not possess. This is, of course, saying nothing in her disparage, for not one in a million is gifted with all the requisites necessary to constitute a first-rate singer: even Pasta and Malibran—women with whom it would be folly for a moment to compare Miss Da Ponte—have deficiencies. In the literary world it has become a settled rule, that every new novelist, possessing a sprinkling of talent, should receive his praise in the form of being set down as inferior only to the author of Waverley; and in this city it has also become a settled rule, that every fresh vocalist is the legitimate successor to "the Signorina." This is certainly a short critical cut, and saves a vast deal of trouble, as it requires neither judgment nor discrimination to simply make the assertion; but unfortunately there have been so many "legitimate successors," that this convenient phrase is getting into bad repute. We ourselves recollect some half dozen who have, according to the papers, filled this vacancy, to wit, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Austin, Miss George, Madame Feron, Miss Phillips, and Signorina Da Ponte. But it is only with the claims of the latter that we have at present to do. Her voice by some is thought to be a *mezza soprano*, by others a *soprano*. It certainly possesses considerable compass, but it is by no means equal or of the first quality. It is what is technically termed a "head voice;" that is, the upper notes are formed in the upper part of the throat instead of coming full from the chest. The lower notes are formed in the chest, and have considerable power, but some huskiness; the middle ones are inferior in mellow richness to those of Miss George; the upper ones superior to that lady's, which become thin as she ascends the scale. But again, Signorina Da Ponte's upper notes are inferior in clearness and distinctness to those of Mrs. Knight, and in force and flexibility to those of Madame Fe-

ron. Her style is good. She has evidently been well taught, and has profited by her instructions, though she as yet sings rather with the diffidence of a pupil than the confident reliance on her own powers of an accomplished professor. The deficiencies of her voice may for ever prevent her rising to the top of her profession; but by close study, and above all, frequent practice, she may attain a high degree of excellence. To do that, however, she must not be flattered into quiet satisfaction and self-complacency with what she has already acquired, but by honest candour made sensible that she has yet much to learn. Those who pursue the latter course will eventually be found to be this interesting young lady's true friends.

We have frequently expressed our opinion of Mrs. Austin, but a few observations on the quality of her voice, and a peculiarity in her manner, may not be out of place. Nature has gifted this lady with a voice that, with the exception of Madame Malibran's, has, in many respects, never been equalled in this country. It reminds us more of that of Miss Stephens than of any other European vocalist. It is of great compass, including usefully two octaves and a half, and may possibly reach three octaves, though not with the ease necessary to render all the notes effective; but it is not so much for this that we admire it, as for its remarkable purity and sweetness. The most acute and practised ear would probably find a difficulty in detecting a particle of harshness in its whole range, and its liquid tones come as softly upon the sense of hearing as snow upon the water, or dew upon the flower. In the words of the poet, they

"fall as sweet
On the listening ear,
As the odours on the sense,
When the summer's close is near."

These tones have the true "dying fall," and for them to make "most sweet music" in the utterance, is just as natural as for the rose or woodbine to fling its fragrance on the summer wind—neither can help it. We do not believe more delicate sounds can be borne upon the air, than are breathed forth in some of her cadences, those she executes for instance, in the song of "Oh father, since that fatal day." The flexibility of her voice is equal but different from that of Madame Feron's. The one is a rapid and quivering succession of sounds, while the tones of the other fade away, and melt and blend together like the lights and shadows of an harmonious picture.

Mrs. Austin, favourite as she is, has not had justice done her on one point—the peculiarity we before alluded to. She relies too much upon the goodness of her voice, and lacks judgment, or rather dramatic tact, in the management of it; and this is the reason why she does not oftener produce what is termed a "sensation," but remains content with being uniformly delightful.

To those who have paid much attention to theatrical singing, the meaning of this will be very obvious. As Puff observes in the Critic, there is a great deal in hinting to the audience when to applaud, and herein Mrs. Austin is deficient. We have heard singers go through a song miserably, but towards the conclusion gather their whole strength for what is termed a *coup de force*—they approach the foot-lamps with evident marks of preparation about them, look the audience in the face, as much as to say "I am going to do something wonderful!" they then do it, and afterwards look at them again as much as to say "I have done it—why don't you applaud?" and ten to one but they do get applauded to their heart's content. Now we have seen Mrs. Austin execute the most difficult passages, but with so much ease and facility, that the audience looked upon it as a matter of course, and thought there was nothing particular going on: they fell into the very common but erroneous belief, that in singing, what is done easily can be easily done. We know it is the perfection of art to conceal art, and so far Mrs. Austin is right; and in a room filled with consummate judges this would be quite proper, but it is bad policy before a miscellaneous audience, who never sufficiently appreciate delicate and unobtrusive beauties. We have even seen singers with rather harsh voices gain credit for much sweetness, merely by managing skilfully to contrast a few soft tones with the surrounding harsh ones; they went upon the principle that "every thing is by comparison," and succeeded, while voices of far more natural and uniform sweetness passed unnoticed. So true it is, that in this world of ours, putting what is called "a good face upon the matter," is half the battle, and real merit often fails, while empty but bold pretension is triumphant. As long as things are as they are, a little of this stage-effect in singing is not only admissible, but necessary, and we advise both Mrs. Austin and Signorina Da Ponte to pay some attention thereto.

GENEROUSITY.—To be truly generous, is never to make a boast of the actions you have done.

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clock in the tower, which is considered an excellent time-piece, and a fine-toned organ in the front gallery. The rector is the Rev. James Milnor, who is now absent, having gone to London, as a delegate from the American Bible society, and will probably return in September. In the meantime his place is supplied by the Rev. Mr. Henderson.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

This is a neat stone edifice, situated in Cedar-street, between Nassau and William streets; is eighty-one feet in length, and sixty-six in breadth, with a quadrangular tower rising from the roof, and surmounted with a handsome cupola. The sessions-room is in the rear, and the interior is commodious and tastefully finished. This edifice was erected in 1807, and was several years under the pastoral charge of the late Rev. Dr. Romeyn. The present pastor is the Rev. Cyrus Mason.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE SPECTRE OF THE WOOD.

A COURTSHIP OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

"You must decide before the moon goes down, Mary," said John Hageman to his lady-love, as he sat by her side in the hall door of her father's mansion, of which she was the sole inheritor. "You must positively decide before yon moon goes down!" said John, emphatically; and the maiden raised her lovely countenance towards that luminary which a single sentence had coupled with her destiny.

It was at the close of a summer evening—at the time when the air is fragrant with the perfume of early flowers, and the opening buds of the apple and the grape, and when the earth is fully crowned and smiling with new verdure. The moon was scarcely more than a crescent, but even thus it was at moments so transcendently beautiful, that a pope might have bent his knee in admiration before it, and deemed it no crime. Unsullied by cloud or vapour, it was descending gradually towards the bed of the ocean, that lay extended far in the distance like a dark shining mirror. Not a wave was curling amid that vast expanse of waters, for the wind seemed to sleep, and only murmured in its slumber as an infant in its happiest dream. The landscape around was in perfect harmony with the quiet of the ocean and the beauty of the heavens. A sloping lawn, and field, and meadow, in front of the mansion, extended to the white sand-banks that girded the sea. On one side a wood, deep and sombre, arose—on the other were airy hills, covered with cattle and the bleating herd. And this enchanting domain must one day, sooner or later, descend to Mary; but John's eye had not looked to that circumstance alone when he dedicated his heart's devotedness to the maiden, for she was herself the fairest lily of that beautiful valley. So all readily confessed, and many a rival swain sighed for the possession of such an union of wealth and loveliness.

Mary's features were of the Grecian cast, to which a profusion of bright chestnut curls and a pair of fine eyes, gave a most perfect expression. Her form was of symmetrical beauty, but the simple girl was not sensible of this advantage; she had never been told so, and therefore had cultivated no grace of art to heighten her pretensions. Modesty is innate in the female breast—this, in its purest light, shed a lustre over all her actions. She had long been loved, and ardently pursued by John Hageman, the bravest and blithest of all the swains; but he had received no definite answer—he could boast of nothing beyond a smile or a tear; yet, from those harbingers of feeling, had the youth drawn the favourable conclusion that his affections were fully requited. He resided in a village of Long Island, not far distant from the habitation of Mary, as did many other of the youths whose tender minds also cherished with enthusiastic affection the one loved name.

John Hageman had every advantage of face and person, yet he knew less of it than any other man—for a toilette or mirror were things almost unknown to him; therefore he had very rarely contemplated those features which every female in his vicinity could with more certainty attest to than he himself. As I have said before, there was a deep and sombre wood adjoining the beautiful valley, and those persons who came from the village, two miles distant, were obliged to pass that way. About midway of this compact forest of trees is a dell, or hole, of small circumference, but very deep. This, by the good people of the country, was usually called Buttermilk-hollow. There was a legend attached to this spot; the story ran thus: During the old French war an unfortunate prisoner fell into the hands of some semi-barbarians, who, without a feeling of remorse, decapitated the wretched man, and left him in the wood to tell his own story as he might to tardy passengers who were obliged to pass that way at a late hour, and to such as were lovers of beauty and the moon. The

headless spectre had several times been seen by different young men of the village, and more than once by the aged inhabitants, whose veracity could not be doubted. These reports, so well authenticated, together with the loneliness and dreariness of that part of the forest, impressed the stoutest hearts of all the clan (towns-people of Long Island are very clanish) with such feelings of terror, that, whenever they had to pass the place after night-fall, they would slouch their hats over their eyes and urge their horses to full speed, that they might not encounter the dreadful phantom, who usually took his stand near the road side with his withered arms extended, and his headless trunk exposed to view. It must not be supposed that his spectreship was visible to common eyes every night in the year—far from it—it was never known to appear unless the sky was perfectly cloudless, and the moon (being in its first quarter) had gained a certain position in the western horizon; therefore, it may easily be imagined that very few of those who dreaded, had had the honour of beholding, the sad visitant, who had for forty long years presented himself, in the vain hope, as it was supposed, that some generous being would overcome his fears so far as to draw near and make the usual demand in those cases—"What seekest thou, fair ghost?"

John Hageman, as I observed before, was one of the bravest, as well as one of the gayest of all the youths of the village; and as fond of listening to a good story on a Sunday evening as any one, but not being possessed of the credulous organ, he would not believe one jot or tittle of the tale of the terrible apparition of the wood.

"You may swear," said he one day to old Joe Haywood, who was a way-faring man, and forlorn, and used as often to seek his bed at the hedge-side upon the moss-covered sod, as ask from the human family a cold-granted shelter from the dews of the night. "You may swear till you are black in the face, Joe," said he; "I'll not give credence to your tale until I see the thing with my own eyes, and not then if I've been drinking, which you do so often, that you see double, and then it is no wonder that you should conjure up a thousand things equally strange and fanciful, and I fear that you will die some day of a drunken fit."

"Good, now, friend John; that puts me in mind of the epitaph I have been making."

"Epitaph! for whom, Joe?"

"For myself, to be sure—who else would do me that kindness, think you? Why not a creature, from the king to the beggar, who have shaken hands with 'honest old Joe' in the day when his eyes stood out with fatness, and his cheeks were rosy with the juice of Newtown pippins. No, no, master John, not a stone, nor a bush will mark the spot where the idler is laid. Therefore have I written mine own epitaph—a mere impromptu, but nevertheless true."

"Here lies one! Who do you think?
'Tis old Joe Haywood—give him some drink.
Drink for a dead man! The reason why?
When living, he was always dry."

"Go, get you to the cellar, Joe, with a flagon. Now, what a good Falstaff that fellow would make, if he were a degree more drunken, or less brave;" and John Hageman mounted his gray pony and cantered off to pay his accustomed visit to the girl of his heart, it being Sunday evening.

When he reached the haunted spot in the wood—"The moon is in its first quarter," thought John, "and the night promises fair. Now I am determined upon knowing two things this night before I sleep. Firstly, whether Mary, the idol of my fancy, will marry me, or no—and, secondly, who the spirit can be that plays his gambols hereabouts. I'll find him out, or he is a cleverer ghost than I take him to be; and Mary must make up her mind before the moon goes down. On its curved horn one might hang a halter, forsooth—a fair promise for a hay making season." And John was soon seated by the side of Mary, where we left him a few periods since, listening in breathless silence for her final response to his startling proposal.

"You must indeed, Mary," he said, in a voice scarcely audible.

The maiden gazed in earnest attention at the splendid crescent as its pearly light gave a less distinct view of objects around the nearer it approached the western horizon.

"I can wait no longer," cried John, and he pressed the hand of Mary as if it were for the last time.

"I am thine, John Hageman," uttered the maid in her own sweet tone, and she hid her beautiful face in the bosom of her lover, who imprinted a kiss upon her fair temple.

"Adieu, my own Mary," he said; "one week more, and I will not have to pronounce that hated word which now separates us for a season." And John had reached the wood ere the sound of his adieu had ceased to vibrate on the ear of Mary.

A few moments more brought him to the haunted spot, but the beloved object of his heart had so completely occupied his mind that, notwithstanding his resolves respecting the discovery of the apparition, he would have passed the hollow without giving a thought to it; but it was not so ordained, for so suddenly did the gray pony stop, that if John had not been the best horseman in the world he must have been thrown to the earth. He cast a look forward to find what had so alarmed the animal, which was trembling with dread and terror.

"By my faith, yonder it is, sure enough!" cried John, and with a feeling quite new to himself, he slowly dismounted and cautiously approached the object of his astonishment—the headless phantom! For a minute he stood before it and contemplated its figure with a full and careful survey, during which his imagination was wrought up to the highest pitch.

"Speak, I pray you, speak, unhappy shade!" he exclaimed. "Why haunt you thus this solitary nook? Have you ought to reveal? If so, say it, I entreat of you, and depart in peace to the lone and dark recess to which those murderous hearts condemned you."

Here he paused for a reply, but heard no sound except the heavy breathing of the affrighted pony, and the "wood-pecker tapping the hollow beech tree."

"There can be no harm in touching it," thought he; and he extended his hand and grasped—instead of the withered arm—the dry branch of a small decayed oak! John immediately recovered his presence of mind.

"There, I told Joe it was all a cheat; the light of the moon shining obliquely on this insignificant stump, has effected the singular deception that went well nigh to shake my fortitude."

Hageman mounted his pony and rode gaily home, to forget the "spectre of the wood," and dream of his Mary.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

THE lovers of music were gratified by a rich treat on Monday evening. A good deal of excitement prevailed, occasioned by Mrs. Austin and Signorina Da Ponte coming in contact on the same evening, for the first time. It was certainly a bold step on the part of the latter; and though it would be unfair to institute a minute comparison between a comparatively unpractised singer and one of established celebrity, we can safely and with pleasure say, that Signorina Da Ponte acquitted herself in a manner calculated to sustain the opinion entertained of her powers by her more moderate admirers. The way in which this young lady was brought before the public was, to say the least of it, extremely injudicious. Extraordinary expectations were raised, which only extraordinary powers could satisfy; and such powers, either natural or acquired, we believe it will now be pretty generally allowed by musical men, Signorina Da Ponte does not possess. This is, of course, saying nothing in her dispraise, for not one in a million is gifted with all the requisites necessary to constitute a first-rate singer: even Pasta and Malibran—women with whom it would be folly for a moment to compare Miss Da Ponte—have deficiencies. In the literary world it has become a settled rule, that every new novelist, possessing a sprinkling of talent, should receive his praise in the form of being set down as inferior only to the author of *Waverley*; and in this city it has also become a settled rule, that every fresh vocalist is the legitimate successor to "*the Signorina*." This is certainly a short critical cut, and saves a vast deal of trouble, as it requires neither judgment nor discrimination to simply make the assertion; but unfortunately there have been so many "legitimate successors," that this convenient phrase is getting into bad repute. We ourselves recollect some half dozen who have, according to the papers, filled this vacancy, to wit, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Austin, Miss George, Madame Feron, Miss Phillips, and Signorina Da Ponte. But it is only with the claims of the latter that we have at present to do. Her voice by some is thought to be a *mezza soprano*, by others a *soprano*. It certainly possesses considerable compass, but it is by no means equal or of the first quality. It is what is technically termed a "head voice," that is, the upper notes are formed in the upper part of the throat instead of coming full from the chest. The lower notes are formed in the chest, and have considerable power, but some huskiness; the middle ones are inferior in mellow richness to those of Miss George; the upper ones superior to that lady's, which become thin as she ascends the scale. But again, Signorina Da Ponte's upper notes are inferior in clearness and distinctness to those of Mrs. Knight, and in force and flexibility to those of Madame Fe-

ron. Her style is good. She has evidently been well taught, and has profited by her instructions, though she as yet sings rather with the diffidence of a pupil than the confident reliance on her own powers of an accomplished professor. The deficiencies of her voice may for ever prevent her rising to the top of her profession; but by close study, and above all, frequent practice, she may attain a high degree of excellence. To do that, however, she must not be flattered into quiet satisfaction and self-complacency with what she has already acquired, but by honest candour made sensible that she has yet much to learn. Those who pursue the latter course will eventually be found to be this interesting young lady's true friends.

We have frequently expressed our opinion of Mrs. Austin, but a few observations on the quality of her voice, and a peculiarity in her manner, may not be out of place. Nature has gifted this lady with a voice that, with the exception of Madame Malibran's, has, in many respects, never been equalled in this country. It reminds us more of that of Miss Stephens than of any other European vocalist. It is of great compass, including usefully two octaves and a half, and may possibly reach three octaves, though not with the ease necessary to render all the notes effective; but it is not so much for this that we admire it, as for its remarkable purity and sweetness. The most acute and practised ear would probably find a difficulty in detecting a particle of harshness in its whole range, and its liquid tones come as softly upon the sense of hearing as snow upon the water, or dew upon the flower. In the words of the poet, they

"fall as sweet
On the listening ear,
As the odours on the sense,
When the summer's close is near."

These tones have the true "dying fall," for and for them to make "most sweet music" in the utterance, is just as natural as for the rose or woodbine to fling its fragrance on the summer wind—neither can help it. We do not believe more delicate sounds can be borne upon the air, than are breathed forth in some of her cadences, those she executes for instance, in the song of "Oh father, since that fatal day." The flexibility of her voice is equal but different from that of Madame Feron's. The one is a rapid and quivering succession of sounds, while the tones of the other fade away, and melt and blend together like the lights and shadows of an harmonious picture.

Mrs. Austin, favourite as she is, has not had justice done her on one point—the peculiarity we before alluded to. She relies too much upon the goodness of her voice, and lacks judgment, or rather dramatic tact, in the management of it; and this is the reason why she does not oftener produce what is termed a "sensation," but remains content with being uniformly delightful.

To those who have paid much attention to theatrical singing, the meaning of this will be very obvious. As Puff observes in the Critic, there is a great deal in hinting to the audience when to applaud, and herein Mrs. Austin is deficient. We have heard singers go through a song miserably, but towards the conclusion gather their whole strength for what is termed a *coup de force*:—they approach the foot-lamps with evident marks of preparation about them, look the audience in the face, as much as to say "I am going to do something wonderful!" they then do it, and afterwards look at them again as much as to say "I have done it—why don't you applaud?" and ten to one but they do get applauded to their heart's content. Now we have seen Mrs. Austin execute the most difficult passages, but with so much ease and facility, that the audience looked upon it as a matter of course, and thought there was nothing particular going on: they fell into the very common but erroneous belief, that in singing, what is done easily can be easily done. We know it is the perfection of art to conceal art, and so far Mrs. Austin is right; and in a room filled with consummate judges this would be quite proper, but it is bad policy before a miscellaneous audience, who never sufficiently appreciate delicate and unobtrusive beauties. We have even seen singers with rather harsh voices gain credit for much sweetness, merely by managing skillfully to contrast a few soft tones with the surrounding harsh ones; they went upon the principle that "every thing is by comparison," and succeeded, while voices of far more natural and uniform sweetness passed unnoticed. So true it is, that in this world of ours, putting what is called "a good face upon the matter," is half the battle, and real merit often fails, while empty but bold pretension is triumphant. As long as things are as they are, a little of this stage-effect in singing is not only admissible, but necessary, and we advise both Mrs. Austin and Signorina Da Ponte to pay some attention thereto.

GENEROSITY.—To be truly generous, is never to make a boast of the actions you have done.

the first indications of his early genius, must have been greatly increased by the unfavourable situation in which he was placed in a new country, and attached to a sect whose religious scruples do not admit of the cultivation of the fine arts. Still we find nature and genius triumphed over every impediment. At the early age of seven it is recorded of him that he made a drawing in red and black ink of an infant niece, of whose cradle he had charge, though he had never seen a picture or engraving! With this infantile attempt his mother was so delighted, that some encouragement was given to his pictorial tastes, and we find him as a school boy, making rapid progress in the art of drawing birds, flowers and animals, with pen and ink, all of which were added to his juvenile portfolio, and kept with care as proofs of his precocious talents. A remarkable circumstance at length befell him, which perhaps decided his future greatness. He learned from a party of straggling Indians the art of preparing colours, such as they use in painting their bodies, and in ornamenting their belts and weapons; these with a piece of indigo furnished by his indulgent mother, composed the first pallet of the future president of the Royal Academy; the tail of a black cat, furnished brushes for the youthful artist, and his painting materials were thus complete.

At the age of sixteen he obtained the consent of his relatives, to allow him to embrace painting as a profession, which he studied at Philadelphia, and subsequently practised successfully at various places in his native country until 1759, when his enthusiastic love of the art induced him to embark for the classic shores of Italy, to study the works of the first masters. On the day he attained his twenty-first year, he sailed from Philadelphia, and, in due time, landed at Leghorn, and proceeded to Rome, where he was greatly befriended by Mr. Wilcox, the author of *Roman Conversations*, and Mr. Robinson (afterwards Lord Grantham,) who promoted his interests both by procuring him access to the best models, and by finding employment for his talents. Devotedly attached to his profession, it is not to be wondered that he sacrificed his health in the arduous and continued occupations in which he was now engaged. Describing this period of his life, he would say, "he saw nothing but sublime pictures; they were his wonder by day, and by night the visions which equally haunted and hindered his sleep!" The sea coast and relaxation restored him, and he quickly returned to his delightful task, and succeeded in making himself familiar with the *chefs d'aurres* at the principal collections in Italy; several of which he copied, laying the foundation of that finished excellence which he afterwards so pre-eminently exhibited.

After four years spent in this manner, Mr. West finally quitted Italian studies, and went to London by way of Paris, where he examined the galleries and museums, and reached the British capital in August 1763. The principal collections in England received his speedy and eager attention, and a combination of circumstances led him to give up his purpose of returning to America, and to resolve on settling in the mother country.

About the period Mr. West made this resolution, the well known association of artists, established in London, in 1760, had formed a new era in the arts in England. Mr. West furnished for their exhibition in Spring Gardens, two pictures painted by him at Rome, together with a portrait of General Monkton, which obtained for him a very prominent share of public notice and distinction. The artists were incorporated in 1765, and Mr. West was made a member and director of the newly constituted body. In the same year he married a lady to whom he was engaged before leaving Philadelphia, and who was conducted across the Atlantic by his father. In 1768, George III. established the Royal Academy, and in its first public exhibition, appeared West's picture of *Regulus*, painted expressly for the royal founder, in which the artist was so eminently successful, that it not only procured him popular applause, but also the countenance and friendship of his sovereign, as long as he retained his conscious faculties. On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1791, Mr. West was elected president of this institution, a situation which he filled with a brief interruption until the time of his death in 1820. From the period when our distinguished artist first arrived at celebrity to his decease, he successively filled the honourable and important stations of historical painter to the king, surveyor of the royal pictures, a member of the Dilettanti Society, a member of the Society of Antiquaries and of the Society of Arts, a governor of the Foundling Hospital, and a member of the Royal Institution. Numerous other distinctions were heaped upon him by eminent foreign ladies and princes. The preferment of knighthood was also offered to him by George the third, but was respectfully declined.

We cannot pass over the enumeration of the public honours

awarded to this great artist, without narrating an anecdote, given on the authority of a personal friend of Mr. West's, which we believe has not met with general circulation. During the short peace of Amiens in 1802, when Buonaparte was first consul, the president of the Royal Academy was amongst the crowd whom curiosity prompted to visit the gay metropolis of France. His fame was then spread over the civilized world; and, in a country so devoted to the arts as France is, it may be supposed that he met with universal attention. Mr. West had determined before leaving England, for some private reasons of his own, to decline any presentation at the court of St. Cloud, to which he was given to understand he would have been a welcome visitor, and in pursuance of this resolution, he remained inflexible to all the solicitations made to him on the subject. While at breakfast one morning, he was surprised by a visit from one of the directors of the Louvre, who came to invite him to be present at the gallery of the institution that day, to inspect some busts which were about to be erected. Mr. West accepted the invitation, and they proceeded together to the gallery, where the artist was quickly surrounded by the members of the institution, all of whom were attired in their official costume. Presently a bust in the antechamber announced some unusual occurrence; in a moment the doors were thrown open, and Napoleon entered in his little cocked hat and simple uniform, surrounded by a splendid cortege of thirteen generals. "Where is the president of the arts in England?" was the abrupt interrogatory of the first consul. The president made rather an awkward appearance thus taken by surprise. "Well, Mr. West, you would not come to visit me, and therefore I am compelled to come to visit you." Some complimentary discourse succeeded this first address of the future emperor, and they proceeded through the Louvre, conversing on various topics. At length Buonaparte, paused before a bust, folded his arms, and turning to his English visitor, "Mr. West, if I had my choice, I would sooner be the original of that bust, than any man I ever heard or read of." "I was burning," said Mr. West, while relating this anecdote, "to tell him, that he had it at that moment in his power, by sacrificing his ambition, and establishing the liberties of his country, to be the very man." *It was the bust of Washington.*

It is impossible even to enumerate the many noble productions of his pencil during his long and laborious life; the detail would fill a volume. He claims the honour of emancipating the art of painting from the mannerism of imitation, and of founding a school drawn from the fountain head of nature. His celebrated picture of the death of General Wolfe afforded a splendid proof of the theory he had sought to establish, that the dress and fashion of the day might be bent to every purpose of pictorial representation, without the accessories of Greek or Roman costume and mythological deities, which before were crowded into the canvass, to impart a dignity to the subject meant to be commemorated. The powers of Mr. West appear to have grown with his growth and strengthened with his years. His *Christ Healing the Sick*, *Death on the Pale Horse*, and the splendid picture of *Christ Rejected*, lately exhibited in this city, are all the productions of his advanced years, and are sufficient proofs of his vigorous and improved talents.

In public and in private life he was alike worthy of admiration and esteem. His biographers all unite in this eulogy on his character. He is also described as being entirely free from mercenary motives in his pursuits. His memory is untainted with the slightest odium of traffic in print selling or picture dealing, or any of those trading jobs which degrade the noble profession he was devoted to.

In his disposition Mr. West was calm and cheerful. There was a certain even gravity in his manners, which ever inspired respect. His appearance also was mild and placid, and a great simplicity marked all his habits, modes of expression, and principles. He died on the tenth of March, 1820, at the advanced age of eighty-two. His remains were interred with great pomp and ceremony in St. Paul's cathedral.

INEQUALITY OF GENIUS.—Even Homer sometimes nods, and no writer is uniformly the same. The true poet Homer is always great if compared with others; not always, if compared with himself.

MODESTY.—Individuals who practise a discreet modesty, never placing too high a value on their services, will prevent the envy of the world, and essentially promote their own interests.

LETTER WRITING.—The great secret in epistolary correspondence is to make your letters the complete transcript of your thoughts, as in conversation, without the affectation of wit, or a mawkish parade of sentiment.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MR. VANDERLYN'S PAMPHLET.

"THE sciences, letters, and the fine arts do not always enrich those who cultivate them, and it should be the pride of government to render them assistance." The truth of these remarks (recently made by a distinguished member of the French legislature on the subject of pecuniary appropriations) will be probably acknowledged even by those very individuals who, urged by private interest, or some impulse of a political nature, care as little for "the fine arts," as a hunter in full pursuit of the fox does for the modest flower which spreads its gentle beauties in his way. What does alderman B. of this ward, or assistant alderman C. of that, care for the fine arts? Suppose some young artist, with a mind whose enthusiasm had caused him to neglect his pecuniary affairs, his personal comforts, and even his health, should go up into the feasting apartment of the honourable common council on the fourth of July, just as the turtle soup was placed steaming upon the table by the side of the sirloins of premium beef peculiar to such occasions—suppose just as the worthy city sage should have tucked a napkin under his chin, and settled all his other preliminary arrangements, the slender and intellectual aspirant after ideal beauty should interrupt him in his useful and interesting operation, in order to direct his attention to some beautiful work of Rembrandt or Corregio—with what emotions would he be received? Judging from the interest generally displayed by that enlightened body, and by the protection which they have lately extended over one individual, we should deem such a mistaken intruder very lucky if he escaped without a visit to the house of refuge or the lunatic asylum. What? Is it to be conceived that amid the vast pressure of business, the deep designs, the profound calculations of the corporation, the putting up and tearing down of houses, the cutting away of dirt banks, the opening of streets, and the erection of pumps, fire-engine houses, and wooden fences, they can spare time to attend to "the fine arts?" And yet Napoleon occasionally had something to occupy his time and attention. A trip to Malta, a jaunt over the Alps, a peep into Palestine, a bath in the Red sea, a few days in Africa, a descent upon England, a step over to Moscow—but these were mere trifles, which did not prevent that sensible and industrious young gentleman from cherishing the arts and sciences by judicious pecuniary appropriations, and frequently by personal investigation and interference. Poor fellow! if, instead of perishing upon his lonely rock, he could have been transplanted by some magic into our common council, we question whether all the old wooden hovels in the city would have so absorbed his faculties as to have allowed him to inflict upon Mr. Vanderlyn, and through him upon the character of the city, the useless injury which that individual has lately suffered in the loss of the Rotunda. Mr. Vanderlyn is well known to the community as an artist of merit and fame. He has contributed much to impart to foreign countries a knowledge of the progress effected by this nation in the fascinating art to which he has devoted his talents; and his "*Ariadne*," a sweet picture, universally and deservedly admired, obtained the prize from the Academy of Arts at Paris.

It has been complained of Washington Irving that he has quitted the country of his birth, and by residing abroad, and identifying himself with foreign nations, he has, in a corresponding degree, lost his individuality as a citizen of his own, and forfeited his claim to our regard. Silly as this idea certainly is, let us see how bright it shines in the light reflected upon it from Mr. Vanderlyn's history.

He did adhere to his country. Praised and patronised abroad, he hastens home; and has in the pamphlet before us published a brief account of the manner in which his confidence has been sustained and his hopes realized. From this it appears that in 1817 the city authorities granted him the privilege of erecting a building for panoramic exhibitions upon the public ground at the corner of Cross and Chambers streets; that is, they granted him a lease of the lot, we believe, for ten years. In this lease he entered into no obligation to construct a durable edifice, but was at liberty to run up any temporary tenement; and if the slightest idea had been entertained by him that there would be any difficulty in effecting a renewal of the lease, as the house was to be built at his own expense, he would not certainly have incurred the cost of any thing permanent or very valuable. The profits would thus have gone towards the completion of his own designs, instead of being swallowed by the claims of the builders. But no, with a generous confidence destined to be lamentably betrayed, he laid out twelve or fourteen thousand dollars in the ornamental and expensive building called the Rotunda. The demands of the builders

are yet unliquidated; but the prospects of the projector were never more flattering. With great labour and expense a number of splendid panoramic views had been already exhibited, among which were the city of Paris, and others. Arrangements had already been entered into by which the public were insured of a succession of the panoramas of St. Petersburg, Naples, Venice, the disinterred ancient city of Pompeii, the city of Lausanne on lake Lemane, Cadiz, Edinburgh, Sir J. Moore's retreat from Corunna, Rio Janeiro, &c. Nothing was wanting to ornament the city with a source of amusement as instructive as it is innocent and delightful, but the renewal of the lease, when the present common council, without inquiry either into the situation of Mr. Vanderlyn, or the appropriateness of the building for the purpose for which they designed it, unceremoniously ordered the occupant to quit the premises, and thus wrecked at once his hopes and the advantages which resulted from his long perseverance, and ruined a laudable and growing institution sanctioned by the public approbation and founded on the exertions of one individual and his friends! We are at a loss to determine the cause of this proceeding; whether it emanates from a narrow and ill-timed spirit of economy, or has been brought about by personal animosity, or the fraud of interested persons, the public seem to have formed the almost unanimous opinion that the measure is unjust, and as circumstances have occurred, bordering on the ridiculous. The unfortunate temple of the muses was stripped of its decorations. In place of the silent repose, and the rich shadowy light which give a charm to a gallery of paintings, we were now to hear the interesting assembly who congregate to be edified by the example of poor wretches caught in petty larcenies, bigamy, and the like. But it seems that Apollo had no intention of submitting tamely to the insult, but employed some mischievous imp of a spirit to perplex all the proceedings. The court assembled. "Old Hays" hallooed "hats off" and "silence," to the obedient mob; the jury were impanneled, the lawyers mended their pens and cleared their throats, and a gentleman, whom the chances of life had apparently plunged into some considerable embarrassment, both of a pecuniary nature, and also others calculated to diminish his respectability among his fellow-citizens, was placed at the bar and ordered to "hold up his right hand," and then to "take it down," after the grave and dignified solemnity of court ceremony; but when the trial commenced the naughty devil also began to execute his abominable plans without any fear of being committed for contempt, and taking the character of an echo, mocked with indiscriminate and unrelenting insolence, the claims of the plaintiff for justice, the prayers of the defendant for mercy, and the eloquent arguments of the worthy magistrate who held the scales. As this unexpected, invisible, and unwelcome intruder would neither listen to reason himself nor let other people listen, and as moreover it was discovered that neither constable nor marshal could lay hands upon his shoulder, but that not contented with ridiculing all the pithy arguments of judge and counsel, he even proceeded to the desperate extremity of mocking "old Hays" himself, replying to his startling demand of "silence!" with a repetition in a tone of absolute impertinence and disrespect; therefore it was determined to abandon the premises to the insulted muses, who will, we sincerely hope, be allowed to resume their old domain, and under the auspices of Mr. Vanderlyn flourish for many a long year to come.

THE FINE ARTS.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THIS interesting exhibition is now open, and is well worth the attention of the public, not so much because it is a display of native talent, as because it is a display of genuine talent. The people of all countries, and of this particularly, are often made to pay pretty dearly in a variety of ways for their patriotic feelings, by the skilful use of the word native, and therefore it is not on this account we would call attention to the Academy of Design. We cannot conceive any thing more pleasurable for our fashionables to diversify their monotonous stroll in Broadway than by spending an hour or so in a gallery of pictures, where young gentlemen may pass, with the utmost ease, for men of *vertu*, and fair ladies lip forth bad criticisms in the most bewitching manner. It is, however, to be feared that the living skeleton, Mr. Calvin Edson, will prove a formidable rival to the two Academies, it being a much more pleasing and interesting sight to look upon a living anatomy than to contemplate the embodied conceptions of genius. Our visits heretofore to the Academy of Design have been but brief, and our remarks must consequently be the same, not being possessed of the great quantity of talent, and

matchless quantity of impudence, requisite for criticising a room full of paintings, by half an hour's glance at them. Among the most attractive in our eyes are, "A view of lake Windermere, England," by Cole. It is a fine transcript of one of those glorious scenes to be met with amid the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland; scenes which afford no bad illustration of the point of union between the sublime and beautiful. "Dr. Caius, Simple, and Quickly," from the Merry Wives of Windsor, at the time when Caius finds Simple concealed in his closet, by Weir, is admirable; and "The Antiquary introducing Lovel to his womankind," by the same artist; this is a picture peculiarly agreeable, both from the skill with which it is painted, and the associations connected with it. The face and figure of our old friend, Jonathan Oldbuck, and his sister Griselda, are both very good; but still we like those of his niece, Mary McIntyre, better than either. The countenance of the young lady in particular is strikingly national, and no one at all acquainted with the Scottish physiognomy could possibly mistake the country to which she belonged. The figure of Lovel appears too full, formal, and mature for that of the elegant young officer. It is a great pity that this species of composition is not more encouraged. What an infinite variety of bold, striking, picturesque, humorous and pathetic subjects would the Waverley novels alone furnish! There are a number of delightful landscapes, by Doughty, C. V. Ward, Wall, and others. We were a good deal struck by those of a young artist, J. C. Ward; they give high promise of future excellence. There may be slight faults in the colouring and mechanical execution of parts of his pictures, but the delightful repose, and almost loneliness of some of his scenes, show that he possesses that poetical temperament and delicate perception of the loveliness of nature, which cannot be taught. There is a spirited portrait of a "Child with a Dove," by F. S. Agate. We have received the following lines, from the pen of an unknown correspondent, designed to illustrate it:

With fairy dreams and thoughts of joy
Hope wakes to life the slumbering boy.
With early morn he is up and away,
With a spirit as light as a cloudless day.
The birds are awake, for out the grove
Comes many a chirping note of love;
The flowers are tipp'd with a golden hue,
And shake from their folded leaves the dew.
The sky is bright with the morning light,
The earth is gay with the blossoms of May;
But earth nor air cannot compare
To the joy of the boy with the golden hair.
He tosses his locks in the balmy breeze,
As he hastens away to the forest trees;
He has chased the butterfly down the dell,
His winding path he knows full well;
The winding path and the tangled way
He has bounded through in his sportive play;
He has wandered through places untrod by men,
Where echo sleeps in the silent glen;
Where objects are seen in the twilight gleam,
Like the vision of hope in a painter's dream.
He has tamed the wild doves from the forest shade,
As through the gathered gloom he stray'd;
He brings them forth to the glorious day,
And they follow him on his winding way;
Around they fly with wavering wings,
Or flutter near like fairy things;
Or poised amid the ambient air,
Like guardian angels hovering there;
Then sailing away till they're lost to the sight,
In the gorgeous glow of the morning light.

In the morning of life the heart beats free,
And the soul is stirr'd with an ecstasy;
Then our pleasures are innocent, pure, and bright,
But filling and thrilling our soul with delight;
For in after years we account it a joy
Even to dream of a happy boy;
To live o'er again, and again to dwell
Near the scenes that our childhood loved so well;
For the morn of our childhood still charming appears,
Though dimly seen through the mist of years;
And nothing is nearer allied to bliss
Than the scenes of youthful loveliness.
And when the poet for heaven prays,
He means but the scenes of his early days.

The great fault of the exhibition, or rather defect, for it is not the fault of any one connected with it, but that of the egotistical particles which make up the public, is the great number of portraits. Portraits of ladies and gentlemen meet the eye in every direction; and not even the splendid talents of Inman and Ingham, principally exercised in this branch of the art, can reconcile us to the undue preponderance of "the human face divine" in the exhibition, though it is rather amusing to mark the quantity of fierce intelligence which many gentlemen with whiskers, and some without, have studiously thrown, or tried to throw, into their faces, as the painter was about to transfer them to the canvass. The portraits painted by A. L. De Rose evince a decided improvement in the style of this artist. Notwithstanding, however, the drawback to be made on account of the great number of faces, most of whom, with the exception of the ladies, are of no interest to any but the owners, the time will be well and pleasantly employed that is spent at the Academy of Design. It deserves, and it is to be hoped will meet with encouragement.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Columbia College Alumni.—The foster-sons of this venerable nurse of classic and scientific lore, assembled once more on the fifth instant, and renewed, under the shade of their loved sycamores, those pledges of attachment and union which they had formed in the earlier and happier periods of their existence. The orator chosen for the day was Judge Irving, well known to the public for the extent of his learning, the purity of his life, and the suavity of his disposition. These qualities were strikingly illustrated in the eloquent and appropriate discourse delivered to a highly select audience. The judge took a rapid survey of the progress of learning in this country, warmly applauded the patronage which had been so liberally bestowed by the constituted authorities of this state on elementary education, and deplored with equal justice, the unpardonable neglect and indifference shown to classical studies and the higher branches of learning. The transition to a zealous defence of the utility and beauties of the studies taught at college was natural and easy, and most happily introduced. The life of President Samuel Johnson furnished a fruitful theme for the display of the speaker's attachment to the industry, amiability, and extensive learning of his teacher. He then closed in a pathetic peroration, pertinently addressed to the fond associations and renewed friendships of his assembled brethren. The discourse was throughout chaste, manly, and impressive—marked with good sense, lofty feeling, and amiable retrospections of the past.

In the evening, the alumni partook of a social repast, which was graced by the presence of some of our most eminent scholars and clergymen, appropriate toasts were drunk, and the day closed in harmony.

House of Industry.—Seldom have we been called upon to record the foundation of any institution which promises more permanent, as well as direct benefit to our population, than that of the House of Industry. On Thursday last, a highly respectable concourse of citizens assembled at the City-hotel, and after selecting his honour the Mayor as their chairman, proceeded to pass resolutions in favour of establishing a society for the purpose of erecting an edifice in which the poor who are out of employ, might at all times find opportunities to exercise their industry profitably to themselves and to the institution. Such a one has long been wanting in this city, and its successful operations cannot fail to remove one of the most fruitful sources of pauperism, and its endless and harrowing train of sufferings. The assistance to be afforded by it comes not in the questionable shape of charity, which too often creates demands upon itself by its very liberality; but it strikes at the root of the evil, and thus extirpates it altogether. The common council will be applied to for co-operation in this practically benevolent project, and their aid, almost indispensable, will surely not be withheld. The public voice will support a liberal appropriation in behalf of so great and good an object.

Biographical Mania.—The eagerness with which every species of biography is read in the present day has led to the adoption of this phrase, and ridicule has not been sparing of its lash to the furnishers of this much sought for information. The taste may, however, be defended.

"The march of intellect," so called, has rendered nearly every man of only limited acquirements a thinker and an observer, and the result of this improvement is, that public characters are scanned with a minuteness and a severity unknown to our progenitors. We are not now contented merely to see the senator enveloped in his toga, fulminating his philippics, or pouring forth his eloquence in the forum; nor are we satisfied with the more public exhibition of the judge or the counsellor, surrounded with the insignia of office, and supported with the reverence attached to a court of justice. We delight to follow them into the privacy of domestic life, and see how they act, divested of those appurtenances which claim respect from "vulgar minds."

The divine must be disrobed of his band and cassock; and the soldier shorn of his plumed helm and mailed front, is required to appear in his private character, to stand the scrutiny of their fellow men. Authors and artists also are not exempt from the general unveiling; but must be content to withdraw from the bright halo of fame and splendor with which they are usually surrounded; and, arrayed in their "dressing-gown and slippers," are compelled to stand the test of the universal gaze. And is there not an advantage in thus denuding public men of all the pomp and mystery of office and situation? Most assuredly there is; more especially in a republican government, where the ruling men of the times should be known as they really are.

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

AN ORIGINAL SONG, COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, BY WILLIAM WOOD, JUN. OF THIS CITY.

MODERATO.

From the cot in the vale where my fa-ther was born, A-
round which the wood-bine in love-li-ness twines, I come with the ear-li-est blush of the morn, While the dew on the flow-ers in pu-ri-ty shines, To gain for my mo-ther, and
yet in-fant bro-ther, An hum-ble sub-sis-tence to pas-sers, I cry, "Ripe straw-ber-ries, ripe! ripe straw-ber-ries, ripe! Oh! my ripe straw-ber-ries, buy, pri-thee buy."

SECOND VERSE.

In yon humble grave, near the lightning-struck tree,
My father reposes in sleep with the dead;
And my mother has none, save my brother and me,
To cheer fleeting life, and supply her with bread.
Then, oh! for my mother, and yet infant brother,

With a heart light and innocent, cheerily I cry,
"Ripe strawberries, ripe! ripe strawberries, ripe!
Oh! my ripe strawberries, buy, pri-thee buy!"

THIRD VERSE.

I feel not the toil, for 'tis sweeten'd by duty,
I heed not the taunt which oft reaches mine ear,

For I oft tell my tale to compassionate beauty,
And solace receive from the heart-gushing tear.
Then still for my mother, and yet infant brother,
With a heart light and innocent, cheerily I cry,
"Ripe strawberries, ripe! ripe strawberries, ripe!
Oh! my ripe strawberries, buy, pri-thee buy."

VARIETIES.

BENEVOLENCE AND GRATITUDE.—The manner of conferring a benefit, is of much more importance than the intrinsic value of the favour bestowed. If the obliged party be made to feel too sensibly the weight of the obligation, the term *malevolence* is more appropriate than that which commences this paragraph. Some benefits (as they are called) are so loaded with the donor's manner, that the weight of the burthen smothers the flame of gratitude, and virtually cancels the obligation. It has been justly observed, that "if patrons were more *disinterested*, ingratitude would be more rare." A person receiving a favour, is apt to consider that he is, in some degree, discharged from the obligation, if he that confers it derives from it some visible advantage, by which he may be said to *repay himself*. Ingratitude has, therefore, been termed "a nice perception of the causes that induced the obligation;" and Alexander made a shrewd distinction between his two friends when he said that Hephaestion loved Alexander, but Craterus the king. Rochefacault has some ill-natured maxims on this subject; he observes "that we are always much better pleased to see those whom we have obliged, than those who have obliged us; that we confer benefits more from compassion to ourselves than to others; that gratitude is only a nice calculation whereby we repay small favours in the

hope of receiving greater," and more of the like. By a certain mode of reasoning, indeed, there are very few human actions which might not be resolved into self-love. It has been said that "we assist a distressed object, to get rid of the unpleasant sympathy excited by misery unrelieved," and it might, with equal plausibility be said, that "we repay a benefactor to get rid of the unpleasant burthen imposed by an obligation." Butler ridiculed this kind of reasoning, in the following observations:—"He alone is *ungrateful* who makes returns of obligations, because he does it merely to free himself from owing so much as thanks."

SACRED MUSIC.—It is difficult to account for the neglect generally displayed in the families of this city respecting sacred music. It can scarcely be that it possesses less intrinsic beauty than the lighter and more popular melodies of the day. Handel, Mozart, and Haydn are above the reach of common praise. It speaks much for the taste of our Boston friends, that on the sabbath morning the piano is not condemned to silence, but the productions of those eminent composers are practised, in order to be correctly sung in the congregation, or for the no less agreeable purpose of family worship. We all know how music,

"dear music! that can touch,
Beyond all else, the soul that loves it much,"
contributes to promote the mental tranquillity so favourable to devotional exercises. We recommend it to the considera-

tion of our lady readers, with the assurance that the admirers of rich vocal harmony will find the interest of the sabbath much enhanced by so delightful an employment.

INFLUENCE OF THE DRAMA.—That the drama has lost much of its influence over the public mind, is a fact incontrovertible, and may be referred more to the deteriorations of dramatic composition than from any want of power it possesses in forming the taste or correcting the morals of a community. Satire may wield its shafts with unerring aim through its medium, and the follies of the times, embodied by its representations, can be reflected with an accuracy and fidelity which will render them perceptible to the dullest capacity or to the most inveterate self-blinded egotist.

DANGEROUS WEAPONS.—The most dangerous of edge-tools is a talent at *repartee*, in conjunction with a vindictive spirit. How many *speak daggers*, who dare not use them. An old proverb says, "banter but never crimson the cheek." Strong and sharp as our wit may be, it is not so strong as the memory of fools, nor so keen as their resentment. He that has not strength of mind to forgive, is by no means so weak as to forget.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

"*Ek sibi terra levis, puella dignissima vita.*"

HERE will I pause—to view the hallowed spot
Where thou, young loved one, dost in silence sleep;
Ah! well I feel thou canst not be forgot,
While sighs are left, or tears are mine to weep;
For this lone heart will mourn thy hapless lot,
Long as its core one saddened thought can keep:
Thou wert so good, affectionate and fair,
I thought not death would aim an arrow there,
'Twas sweet, when day's tumultuous toils were done,
To join the circle round our social hearth;
To meet thee there, the gayest, fairest one,
And lose awhile our cares in harmless mirth.
'Twas sweet with thee in gladsome mood to run,
In early spring, along the verdant earth.
Well I remember with what sylph-like tread,
And buoyant breast, thy form our path-way led.
Such scenes are past! and months have fled since I
Followed thee, fair one, to this cold, cold tomb;
Then many hearts stood clothed in mourning by,
And many eyes were sunk in sorrow's gloom,
To see a bud just opening, fall and die,
Ere they might gaze upon its ripper bloom.
Oh! it was hard—when thou wert torn away,
And death's dark cloud hid virtue's dawning ray.
Here, 'neath this stone, all lonely thou art laid—
Sunken and death-sealed are those bright eyes now;
Those raven curls are left in dust to fade,
While grave-worms revel on that spotless brow:
And that fair form, where once the graces played,
Has lost its action, and that breast its glow.
The hopes—the charms that early youth just gave,
All, all are quenched, and blighted in the grave.
All? No, not all—a soul like thine may dare
The monster death, and triumph o'er his might;
For virtue cried, and virtue's God was there,
To bear thee victor near his throne of light.
I'll weep no more! but only seek to share
A sleep so calm—a destiny so bright.
Thou' welcome, grave—thou'lt be a tranquil home,
O'er whose dark portal sorrow cannot come. C. C. V.

TO THE EDITOR.

Excuse me, that the Mercury
Who carries letters off for me,
I, in my haste, the other day,
Forgot to charge the post to pay;
Nay, I forgot to give the *needful*,
(Another time I'll be more heedful.)
I am ashamed of this neglect,
Because I never could suspect
That my offences (not a few)
Have e'er provoked a hint from you.
I know politeness must belong,
Of course, to every son of song;
Yet I'm aware that editors
Are forced to add the saving clause
Which says "all postage must be paid"—
It was a rule in wisdom made,
Or else no office could be got
Half large enough to hold the lot
Of wisdom, wit and sentiment,
Which would from every part be sent.
Their weight would burst the groaning mail.
Post-horses in their speed would fail;
The price of spectacles would rise,
And editors would spoil their eyes.
I am aware that poetry,
However welcome it may be,
However spirited and fine,
Won't help an editor to dine,
Or pay his bills, or e'en produce
Once every year a Christmas goose,
Or feed the grate, or light the taper,
Or pay for printing or for paper.
All this experience bids me know,
And from her school what lessons flow!
So I, (the truth I must confess)
My fine effusions oft suppress,
Because I've not the ready shilling
To pay the postage, though I'm willing.
But, pshaw! I hate apologies—
A word's sufficient to the wise,
'Tis for the sake of rhyme, not reason,
I send you this excuse in season.

LYDIA.

MARGARET.

While others sing of war's alarms,
The hero's worth, the patriot's duty,
My strain shall tell the sweeter charms
Of innocence and beauty.
And how, when Margaret is the theme,
Could I refuse to weave the song?
Who e'er heard music in a dream,
Nor would that dream prolong?
She bade me write. I can't forget
The witchery of that little minute;
That silvery tone—I hear it yet—
Persuasion's self was in it.
And then those eyes, that downward sent
Their diamond splendour!—that was kind;
Had they on me their lustre bent,
I surely had been blind!
The faultless form, the winning grace,
The bounding step, and airy glee,
The pure mind speaking in the face,
Ah! they have charms for me.
Long live that little fairy flower,
Blooming and blushing like a rose;
It graces well its native bower,
And round a gladdening freshness throws.
And never may the storms of care
Bow down that modest floweret's head;
But gentle dew, and genial air,
A constant, kindly influence shed. CONWAY.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER IV.

ONE night the Genius came to me with sadness in his face; for, although he is a spirit, he seems endowed with human affections. He hates the bad and loves the good, with the fervour of the young and enthusiastic among my own fellow-creatures. When he bids some delicious scene of nature spread itself out before me, as the dim mists of the mirror change into the ruder outlines of the picture, as the forest stirs its mass of luxuriant beauty to the breeze, and the river comes winding in among the rich clover fields and around the lonely hills, I have seen his face lighten up with rapture, as a painter's does while he flings in the finishing touches of light and shadow upon some favourite landscape; and then, when these warm, sweet images fade away, when the silver stream disappears in the darkness, and its sleepy music is hushed, when the green earth vanishes, and the light of heaven passes from the clouds, and it becomes necessary in his illustrations of human life to conjure up some unhappy object, some wretched captive in the gloom of his dungeon, the hushed chamber of death, beauty withering beneath the poisoned breath of disease, or capable and lofty genius bent down and broken-hearted by misery or guilt, I have marked the expression of sorrow steal over his radiant countenance, as the shadow of a cloud darkens the bosom of a sunny hill. It must be this resemblance in our nature which has brought him from his spiritual world to visit so insignificant and unassuming a student as myself; and I love him more for those tokens of human feeling than for his power over mind and matter, and his freedom from the laws of time and space.

I had been thinking of internal improvement, and what course my beloved country should now pursue to ensure her future safety, and expedite her career to glory and happiness. The Genius knew my thoughts, and smiled.

"It is sometimes right for you, young student," he said, "to exchange the contemplation of personal hopes and fears for that of the prospect of the world around. He who has never endeavoured to make others happy can never be truly so himself. In one without power to control great passing events this is a harmless and useful indulgence. It prevents the selfish feelings from obtaining a too powerful mastery over the heart, because it discovers to us the relations of things with each other, as well as their relation with ourselves. But if thou hadst authority to regulate the actions of the millions of thy countrymen, an accurate understanding of the subject would be as requisite as a wish to serve."

"My country," said I, "could not be much benefited by

any individual, however clothed with wealth and honour. The cup of its happiness is filling up to the brim as fast as the nature of human affairs will permit. We are at peace with all foreign nations, and blest with prosperity at home; our public debt will be speedily extinguished; the people relieved from taxes, the comforts of life will flow in abundantly, and every common labourer can enjoy his share: palaces and temples are rising around us, roads and canals enrich the land, institutions for instruction and cheerful recreation are growing up, and all is peace."

"Alas," said the Genius, "that the highest state of prosperity, the most liberal laws, the best constitution, cannot meet the wants of the people—still there will be poverty and wretchedness. Still there may be grinding oppression, which they can neither relieve nor prevent."

"I cannot see," said I, "how this can be. Our country is free; we have no privileged classes, no nobility, no aristocracy."

"It is true," he replied, "you have no nobility, who receive the direct sanction of your laws, but wealth forms a nobility almost equally well defined, and with it come power and privileges."

"Every one," said I, "cannot be rich, but the way is open to all. Industry, talent, good fortune, must always obtain advantages, and the materials of society will arrange themselves according to these after any convulsion, as the waters of a turbid stream when they have been agitated settle down again into tranquillity. Poverty must exist in every community. Some are idle, some sick, and others extravagant or unfortunate. It is so in every nation, and cannot be helped."

"Thus," said the Genius, "the pampered children of luxury and ease smother up their sympathies for the wretched, or they who are too weak or too careless to contemplate the abuses which might be redressed, compromise with their feelings by ascribing them to necessity. You mortals are selfish beings. Misfortunes make you miserable, and that is an excuse for the cold neglect of others. Prosperity fills you with rejoicing, and what time have you then to go out among the dwellings of the obscure and unhappy, or to study and act upon any subject relating to their interests? Statesmen are busy with their own schemes of narrow avarice or personal ambition. The young and the fair go forth in the haunts of fashionable pleasure, and will the youth turn away from a sweet bright face to labour in the cause of humanity? and will beauty withdraw from the gaze of admiration to waste her silvery voice on the ear of age and affliction? Perhaps there are within the circuit of your boasted city instances of anguish as acute as your nature is capable of enduring. Beautiful young children are flung upon the world, mere victims of ignorance, idleness, and guilt; fine intellects are wasted; and many a female who, with the factitious aid of dress, would lead all hearts captive, perishes in the protracted agonies of poverty, guilt, disease, and death. And it is not that this is unknown, but that it is not seen. So long as the gushing tears of female misery are not falling in your sight, so long as the dying shriek is not ringing in your ears, your heart is at rest. To a certain extent this is a blessing, for it guards you from the pain of dwelling continually upon what you cannot alleviate. But when any relief is to be afforded, what in the former case would be weak and unmanly sensitiveness, becomes deep and active benevolence. It pervades the feelings, it flings a charm and a chivalry around the character, it expands and elevates the mind with enlarged views, and pure and generous ambition, and imbues multitudes with the spirit of true charity. And when a being inspired by it starts forth alone from the thronging crowds who are pressing on to gorge their appetites and sate their passions, he beholds scenes to which other eyes are blind, and if the discovery of much sorrow shades his mirth with sadness, his heart enjoys an ennobling satisfaction in the endeavour to relieve it which never thrilled through a common heart. But look in the glass."

There was a neat country house in the midst of a grove. The scene had a bright look. The luxuriance of the foliage, the bursting forth of the fruit, the height of the clover, with its modest fragrant flower fraught with sweets, and the strength of the honeysuckles, which had wound their wreathing tendrils around the columns which supported the piazza, disclosed the summer, and the sun's expanded disk and horizon

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.—NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

MORALITY—HORSE-RACING.

THERE is a kind of people who, instead of finding
 "Sermons in stones, and good in every thing,"

are gifted by nature with a peculiar quickness in perceiving and detecting vice and wickedness in every variety of form and complexion. They have an aptitude in raking and scraping together all the bad which is generally mixed up with worldly pursuits and amusements, and of overlooking whatever of good may be mingled therewith. Whether this intimate acquaintance with evil habits and feelings—this familiarity with the obliquities of human nature, is to be accounted for upon the principle embodied in the shrewd proverb of "set a thief to catch a thief," ought to be left to people more charitable in their constructions than themselves, or the verdict would not be at all flattering. The worst of the matter is, that they claim this sharp perception of the vile and vicious as a sort of merit, and account it pure stern morality harshly to censure what they dislike in the conduct of others. They take a one-sided view of all things, try them according to their own standard of propriety, and so decide that they are altogether right or altogether wrong: they cannot bring themselves to see that "the web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together," that "our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues." This is rather too reasonable and philosophical a view of the question for them, and in reason and philosophy they profess to place but little faith. These very infallible personages have seen or heard that there are such things as foolishness and frivolity in ball-rooms, and therefore, without taking into account the innocent mirth and harmless gaiety which predominate, they set down balls as very foolish and frivolous affairs; they have seen or heard that there are specks of immorality and dissoluteness to be met with in a theatre, and therefore set down a theatre as a concentration of all that is dissolute and immoral; they have seen or heard that blacklegs, vagabonds, sharpers, &c. attend race courses, and therefore set down all that go as blacklegs, vagabonds, or sharpers. They are great generalizers, and account a man who stands and looks at one full-blooded horse running against another as a species of monster, incapable of discharging the moral and social duties of society.

There has always been a particularly large quantity of cant abroad on the subject of morality; and the foundation of this cant appears to be laid in an erroneous belief of the extreme susceptibility of human nature to impressions of either good or evil. Men's morals, like their constitutions, are more permanent and durable than is frequently imagined, and neither so easily destroyed or mended as mental and medical hypochondriacs would have us believe. A man beholds a discreditable action or hears a questionable speech, and is no worse for it; or he sees a virtuous action and listens to a lecture containing the most excellent advice, and is no better for it. This is the case ninety-nine times out of a hundred; and it takes a long familiarity with either good or evil to make a permanent impression on one with any pretensions to stability of character. Nothing can be more childish than to hear the advocates or opponents of the stage, for instance, endeavour to settle its general tendency by picking out little speeches and sentences either for or against morality; and the mistakes to which this habit of looking at details and neglecting the sum total have given rise, are very curious. Many a play, like a man, has acquired a good character by sounding words and lip-professions only. An author will make a well-meaning peer or potentate declaim upon vice or virtue in the abstract, or in cases far removed from common life and every-day occurrences, and gain much credit for the excellent tendency of his drama; while Gay's "Beggars' Opera," which exposes in plain language the disgusting selfishness and utter want of feeling and principle in characters and amid scenes which take place under our very noses, has been more than once hissed off the stage for its immorality! So much for consistency.

For my own part I always loved horse-racing, and even when a child, and the qualities of horses were totally unknown to me, exhibited an incipient propensity for betting by making tiny wagers on the colours of the riders. Since that I have seen many a race, and never found my health, morals, or temper any thing the worse for so doing. It is a fine sight at all times to look upon a good horse; but to see one of the noblest of a noble species led on to the race-course previous to starting, his polished skin glancing and glistening in the sun as he moves gracefully along, is as glorious a picture of animal

nature as a poet or painter would wish to behold. What fire and expression are in his eye! what a union of strength and beauty in his finely moulded limbs! How light and elastic is his step—it seems as if it would scarcely crush the young grass on which he treads. And then to see him matched with another, or others, like himself. The anxiety you feel about the fairness of the start—the quickened pulse and rapid circulation of the blood during the race, and the all-absorbing interest of the final struggle, are indescribable, and I am sorry for those who have never experienced them. But then, cry your cold, fish-blooded moralists, this occasions betting, and betting is gambling. Such a consequence by no means follows; but admit it for the sake of argument. What is this to the gambling that is carried on in Wall-street or other high places of Mammon? Is not the cotton trade gambling? Are not manufacturing speculations gambling? And is not the banking system gambling, or something worse? Yet who ever hears of the immorality of those grave concerns? And as for betting, men will bet on some subject or other, and a horse-race is perhaps the very best thing they can exercise their talents upon.

"Most people, till by losing rendered sager,
 Will back their own opinions by a wager,"

is true enough, and accordingly men bet on all things—on the death or marriage of their friends—on the election of their magistrates—on the reconsideration of Mr. Noah's appointment—on their own weight, height, or circumference, or the weight, height, or circumference of their neighbours. Then again the consistency of some very good people who look with horror on the betting of a dollar whether one horse runs faster than another, yet who I know invest large sums in lottery experiments—the worst, because the most foolish species of gambling. But the truth is, the world is made up of people who, as Butler says,

"Compound for sins they feel inclined to,
 By damning those they have no mind to."

A volume composed of the lives or anecdotes of celebrated race horses would be an interesting study to the naturalist, the physiognomist, the craniologist, and the philosopher. A race-horse is an intelligent being, and not a mere machine urged forward by a man upon its back. Some of them are as capricious and fanciful as a fine lady, and some as obstinate and self-willed as a doctor of laws; while others again are equally as sensible and intelligent as those who bestride them. I was intimately acquainted with a horse of this latter description, well known to all who interest themselves in such concerns, by the name of Doctor Syntax. On many accounts this animal was more remarkable than either the English or American Eclipse, and there were perhaps more romantic and eventful incidents in his life than in that of any animal that ever started. A horse is termed aged when it is above six years; eight or nine years are looked upon as a very long time for him to continue on the turf, and twelve are accounted a wonder. This horse continued running until the remarkable age of sixteen; and had from his natural good sense, and long and extensive experience, acquired a fund of practical information and intelligence on racing subjects that was quite remarkable. It was curious to observe the coolness and composure with which, when winning, he would turn his head and look at his straining competitors. Among his other feats he had for a great number of years in succession won the principal prize at one race-course, (Lancaster.) His owner, who was immensely rich, and to whom the pecuniary gain arising from his winnings was as nothing, had at last determined to withdraw him from the turf, but against his better judgment was prevailed upon to let him run once more over his favourite course, at the same time publicly announcing that, beat or beaten, this was to be the last of his races. An intense interest was excited. All the knowing ones, who considered him too far "declined into the vale of years," bet against him, while the ignorant country people, who used with affectionate familiarity to term him "the old Doctor," were his supporters. Several fine young horses, many of which had not seen the light of day, and others were not thought of when the venerable Doctor was in his prime, were entered to contend with him. The race began, and though he could have left them, or such as them, far behind in his best days, time had evidently done its work upon him. He kept the lead, however, until near the winning-post the last time round, when his strength began to fail him and the others were evidently gaining ground; one in particular was within a head of him; the noble creature saw this and exerted himself, of his own free will, to the uttermost—for he was a high-minded horse and stopped on the instant if either whip or spur was applied to him—he would not run "upon compulsion." Of the vast multitude assembled every man held his breath, and not a sound was to be heard—

even interest was unthought of, and betters bawled no longer. The struggle was short but decisive, and the Doctor once more passed the goal a winner, though by the veriest trifle. Then were the tongues of the multitude unloosed, their mouths opened, and forth

—"One universal shout there roared,
 Louder than the loud ocean; like a crash
 Of echoing thunder!"

while the animal staggered, or went forward a little way by the force of his impetus, and then fell to the earth! He was immediately bled, recovered, was decorated with ribbons, and led off the course as much an object of universal attention, and as deservedly so, as Alexander the Great, when he entered Babylon. Best of quadrupeds! long and gratefully will he be remembered by his backers and admirers. He now passes the remainder of a green old age amid the rich park scenery which Washington Irving so well describes. I hope this long episode will be forgiven by the readers of this paper. Let them not look down upon it, because the subject of it was a horse. In numerous qualities, not only physical but mental, he was infinitely superior to many a biped, whose memoirs are obtruded upon the public in two volumes octavo.

In the accompaniments of horse-racing the courses here are yet far behind those in England, that is, in the neatness and cleanliness of places of refreshment. It is really a pleasant sight over the water to see a race-course, with its rows of white tents and fluttering colours, almost like the encampment of a small army. Each of these tents is divided into snug compartments, and its occupiers are concealed from the general gaze by linen as white as snow; and tea and coffee, and all sorts of refreshments, are comfortably provided, instead of swallowing bad spirits or worse wine, standing at a dirty bar, and jostled on all sides by others making their demands. One great cause of the difference is, that here respectable females generally do not go to races—there they do. A person bent upon drawing inferences would make this out to be a good or bad sign of the state of society, either one way or the other. It is no such thing, but a mere difference of custom. There a lady goes to a race-course just the same as one here goes to Niblo's or Castle garden, and is as comfortably accommodated. It is perhaps to be regretted that this is not the case here, as their presence materially contributes to preserve that order and decency, which are apt to be infringed when a large body of men get together, with no such check upon them. The distance of the Long Island course from this city perhaps occasioned their absence in the first instance, and its being now looked upon in the light of an impropriety, will very likely perpetuate it. C.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

THE RIGHT REVEREND REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

Late Bishop of Calcutta.

IN presenting to our readers this brief sketch of the life and labours of this truly christian prelate and accomplished scholar, it is our design to draw their attention to the extremely interesting particulars of his life, coupled as they are with his short but arduous exertions in his pastoral capacity in British India, a copious and authentic account of which is now preparing for the press in this city, written by Mrs. Heber, and to which our imperfect notice may afford some preparatory information as to the engaging and edifying materials which are at the disposal of a biographer so well qualified for the task as the lady is represented to be who has undertaken the office.

Reginald Heber, second bishop of Calcutta, was the son of the Rev. Reginald Heber, of Marton, in Yorkshire, England, and was born April twenty-first, 1783, at Malpas, in Cheshire, where his father was then possessed of a living. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Allanson, of Yorkshire. He may be said, therefore, "to be of Levitical descent." From his earliest childhood he gave promise of those christian graces with which he was afterwards so richly endowed. The Bible was the book which he read with the most avidity, and from this early application of his powers he laid the foundation of that masterly knowledge of the scriptures, which he afterwards possessed, and to which nearly all his future reading was made directly or indirectly to contribute. At the grammar-school of Whitechurch he received the elementary rudiments of a classical education, from which he was removed to the care of a clergyman, who took charge of a select number of pupils, for the purpose of preparing them for college. In the year 1800 he was admitted into Brazen-nose College, Oxford. After pursuing his studies at this ancient seat of learning for one year, he obtained the chancellor's prize for a Latin poem

"Carmen Seculare," which, as the production of a youth of eighteen, raised the highest expectations of his future success, anticipations which were more than realized by his splendid "Palestine," produced in 1893, written for the prize poem of that year. The success of this production was unprecedented. It was not merely read at the college, rewarded by a medal, printed for the benefit of admiring friends, and then forgotten, but it was set to music by an eminent professor, by many it was committed to memory, and it was generally read. An English essay on the "Sense of Honour," for which he also received the prize, completed his academic honours, and he quitted the university, retaining all his native modesty, and bearing with him the love and esteem of his contemporaries. "From that moment to the day of his death," says Sir Edward West, the chief justice of Bombay, "his course was one track of light, the admiration of Britain and India."

From Brazen-nose College he was elected to a fellowship of All-souls, and soon afterwards went abroad, to visit such parts of Europe as were at that time open to the English traveller. Accompanied by a friend, he made the tour of Germany, Russia, and the Crimea, keeping a journal, which was submitted on his return to that distinguished traveller, Dr. Clarke, who urged its publication. The modesty of Mr. Heber would not yield to this request, and Dr. Clarke availed himself of several of its passages, which were appended as notes to the doctor's own travels; the entire journal, however, will be published in the forthcoming life of Bishop Heber, which we have before alluded to as being prepared by his widow.

Having returned to England, he was presented to the living of Hodnet, in the county of Salop. He married Amelia, the daughter of Dr. Shipley, the late dean of St. Asaph, and thenceforward willingly devoted himself to the duties of a parish priest, a charge he faithfully performed, assiduously visiting his parishioners, and endearing himself to all ranks of society by his affectionate and truly charitable disposition. The poor at Hodnet were his especial care; he was their adviser and their friend; and no better proof of his excellence can be offered, than in describing the general grief which pervaded this little parish when the news of his premature death reached them, which is said to be "as if each inhabitant had again lost their friend and director."

Active, however, as the life of Mr. Heber was, it was still a studious one. Though his congregation were for the most part unlettered, his sermons are represented as being peculiarly rich, flowing, and metaphysical, conveyed in appropriate language to suit the capacity of his auditors, and full of that scriptural knowledge which ever formed one of his chiefest attainments.

From 1808 to 1815, he became known to the reading public by some critical essays, furnished to the Quarterly Review, both theological and literary, and an admirable ordination sermon, printed at the request of the late bishop of Chester, before whom it was delivered. In 1822 he published the life of Jeremy Taylor, with a review of his writings; a work which is alone sufficient to carry his name to posterity. About the same time he was called to fill the eminent post of preacher at Lincoln's Inn, an office never conferred but on acknowledged talent. This appointment necessarily brought him to the metropolis for a portion of the year, and afforded a wider field for the display of his abilities; the result was his nomination to the bishopric of Calcutta, which had suddenly become vacant by the death of Dr. Middleton. Yet not rashly nor unadvisedly did he assume the functions of this high episcopal office. He at first declined the proffered elevation; at length, after the deliberation of a week, he accepted the great work, from an imperious sense of duty alone, and determined to enter upon the arduous and dangerous situation he was called upon to fill, with the fullest sense of its responsibility.

On his arrival at Calcutta every demonstration of kindness and respect was shown him, and the happiest results were anticipated from the influence and exertions of such a character amongst the mixed population of that extensive country. He succeeded in conciliating the affections of all classes, and produced a reverence for his sacred calling not usually awarded to the christian minister in this seat of luxury and splendour. We cannot trace him through the multifarious occupations which now engaged his attention, rendered more arduous by the infant state of the episcopal establishment there, and the general laxity of religious principles even amongst the European settlers. It will be sufficient to say that they were performed with a zeal and fidelity which produced the most beneficial effects on those to whom his labours were directed. In 1824 he performed his first visitation to the upper provinces; a journal of this long and interesting pilgrimage is already before the public, written with the pen of a poet, and the

piety and truly christian philanthropy—characteristics which eminently distinguished Bishop Heber through his short but useful career.

In 1826 he again departed from Calcutta for the visitation of Madras and the south of India. He reached Trechinopoly on the first of April of the same year, having performed a greater part of his intended visits; on Easter Sunday, on the third of the same month, he preached, and afterwards held a confirmation in the fort church. Having returned home warm and exhausted with his labours, he took a cold bath before breakfast. The attendant thinking he remained longer than usual in the bath, entered the apartment and found him prostrate in the water. The alarm was given, and medical aid immediately procured, but the vital principle was extinct. A vessel had burst upon the brain, attributed to the sudden plunge into the cold water in his then excited state.

He was buried on the north side of the altar of St. John's church, at Trechinopoly, and every demonstration of respect was shown to his memory by the three presidencies of India. Sepulchral monuments were erected at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, and it was determined to found a scholarship for the last named presidency at the college in Calcutta, to be called Bishop Heber's scholarship. H.*

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF GENIUS.

THE term genius, in its general acceptation, has been defined "as being the talent or aptitude we receive from nature for excelling in any one thing," a definition we shall adopt in our remarks on the subject, confining ourselves more particularly to the influence it exerts over the individual possessor of the faculty.

The ramifications of genius are as diversified as is the nature of the beings in whom we see it embodied. We find it in the dark ages illuminating the confined circle of human knowledge, enlarging the orbit, and spreading by its influence every useful and ornamental art. In more refined periods we see it combining the *known* with novelty, and producing by such combination the most pleasing and elevating knowledge the mind is capable of attaining. With the ancients its influence spread (like the orb it may be compared with) light, and life, and vigour over all their undertakings. Embodied in its favoured possessors of those periods, genius gave energy to the statesman, courage to the warrior, and magnanimity to the patriot.

In literature and the arts, it raised for itself shrines at which succeeding ages have offered up the incense of fervent admiration and devotion, which will remain as splendid monuments to attest its power, until language shall be extinct, or intellect cease to be the God-like attribute of man.

While cursorily noticing its general advantages, the *inventive* powers of genius may well claim our attention. What a vast and luminous field is here opened for our admiration and eulogy! The catalogue of inventions in science and in art, which owe their sole existence to genius, would fill volumes in detailing. We cannot turn to the most trifling minutiae of necessary comfort, nor to the refined enjoyments of luxury and of taste, but all are the results of this creative faculty, enriching and enlarging the resources of civilized man.

Thus connected as genius is, with every pleasurable feeling and with all useful acquirements, it is not surprising that its effects have been so highly valued. The ancients awarded to genius divine honours and unfeigned devotion, and the later ages of the world have not been deficient in their acknowledgments to the bright emanations from the same glorious faculty.

We now proceed to trace its effects on the individual possessor. The proud depository of genius rises above his fellow-men, sublimated by the ethereal qualities of which he is composed. He

"Glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth,
The forms of things unknown," his mighty power
"Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

A mind thus endowed appropriates the whole world and its productions to its own especial use, and entering into the vast arena of "nature's God," it discovers beauties which do not strike inferior minds. It clothes in the fervid colours of its own imagination every scene it witnesses, every circumstance with which it is attended—thus creating for itself an existence more elevated and more exquisite than is allotted to the dull and senseless individual who toils out his meed of days in uniform monotony, uncheered by the bright illuminations of this splendid gift. If devoted to the exclusive pursuit of sciences

gratification when its inventive powers have solved some hitherto undiscovered mystery in the phenomena of nature, wherewith to enrich the stores of science, or has perfected some mighty undertaking which will rank his name among the illustrious benefactors of the whole human race!

Before closing this portion of the subject, we may notice the distinction between *true* genius and that false and glittering assumption of it, the prevalent characteristic of our age.

These pretended claimants to the aspirations of true genius have indeed some of the brilliant traits which distinguish the legitimate possessors of the faculty, and which are well calculated to dazzle and beguile the "million," but like imitations of the purer metals, they cannot pass the analysis of proper tests without discovering their alloy. They have, it is true, their scintillations, but like the meteoric track, which sometimes illumines the northern horizon, they glitter but for the moment.

"And leave not a rack behind."

We now proceed to consider the disadvantages attached to the possession of genius, more particularly when coupled with an enthusiastic imagination, or when not regulated by those strong principles of moral government which every man is called upon to exert in his intercourse through life.

The subject is a painful one, and the propositions we are about to adopt are at variance with generally received opinions on this head; but convinced of this melancholy truth, we venture fearlessly on the task, referring to *facts* recorded in the imperishable pages of history in support of the principles we shall endeavour to substantiate.

Shakspeare, with his usual felicity, has beautifully said that

"Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues; nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use."

Were such effects the constant attendants on genius, we need not expend much matter in illustrating the disadvantages attached to the character.

The possessor of this faculty we have already endeavoured to depict. Imaginative in the highest sense the term is capable of bearing, he revels in the indulgences of his own creative fancy with unrestrained indulgence. Forming for himself an existence of his own, he cannot, during the delirium of enthusiastic feeling, descend to mix with those grosser materials which compose this sublunary state of things. "Shrinking with fastidious delicacy from the common transactions of life, unless as far as necessity may compel him, he contracts a morbid sensibility of feeling, an excited irritability of temperament, so at variance with the equable tenor necessary to the holding our just position in society, that we may use the simple but expressive language of Burns, and say, "It is not easy to imagine a more helpless state than his whose poetic fancy unfits him for the world, and whose character as a scholar gives him some title to the *politesse* of life."

Another disadvantage attendant on genius is the constant danger there is of the possessor's soaring at every thing with in the reach of thought or action, however unqualified he may be, by the want of preparatory education or deep reflection; his rashness, like the fabled Phaeton, incites him to attempt the most daring tasks, exposing him not unfrequently to similar defeat and contempt. Hence the absurd theories, which mystify rather than enlighten science; hence the visionary and multifarious creeds which distract the calm inquirer after truth, and from hence too frequently occur those mental aberrations, the melancholy attendants on wild and unrestrained genius! It is also liable, from its pruriency of imagination to overrate its actual value; measuring itself by an inflated standard, and viewing things only through one distorted medium, it assumes an altitude of perfection or of consequence, which only renders its foibles and its follies more glaringly defective. While mounted on this self-elected pinnacle, scorning the trammels of society, and maintaining its own misanthropic superiority, it becomes a mask for ridicule to aim its shafts at, and an object on which morality may apply its well-deserved censure.

The frequent immorality of genius, unless prevented by the strong *counteracting principles* we have before named, is well deserving of a passing notice. With imaginations heated to excess, and judgments perverted, it surely cannot be argued that the moral temperament of the man can be equally cool as those calm, steady individuals, who pass tranquilly through life, unvisited by its brilliant irradiations, unmoved by its seductive powers. The mere fact of the contempt which genius, not *duly regulated*, most generally feels for received opinions,

It may be contended that the mind, which is constantly employed in the contemplation of every thing beautiful in nature and valuable in art, cannot but be touched with the sublimity attached to such subjects, and will be restrained from, rather than incited to, any dereliction from virtue. The arguments we have before adduced are here equally applicable, only viewing these objects with enthusiastic ardour and attachment; appropriating them but to one studied end, and considering them only as the works of supereminent excellence, or as fertile sources for developing the faculty it possesses, there is great danger of losing sight of any reference to that almighty power, which has created, and from whom is derived the pre-eminence of perfection so admired; looking also too frequently to natural causes, and straying amid a multitude of ingenious, yet wild theories, the revealed author of all things is neglected, and a reverence is consequently lost for the observance of those laws which have been accepted as the divine guide for all mankind.

The characteristics we have already traced as attached to genius are also at variance with that prudent and orderly attention to our interests in this life, which is indispensable alike for the preservation of integrity of character and independence of mind. Its poverty is proverbial.

"Genius is praised, but hungry lives and cold,"

is the melancholy truth described by Gray. "Wits live men know not how, and at last die obscurely, men know not where," is the sarcastic remark of the sage Roger Ascham. Unaccustomed to sober calculation, or to a just appreciation of the gifts of fortune, the possessor of genius is either heedlessly extravagant when fortune smiles upon him, or oppressed with disgust and disappointment when deprived of the advantages which wealth bestows; he becomes consequently overpowered by a morbid inactivity, and sinks under the weight of these combined feelings, the victim of his own weakness and imbecility. To all these may be added the contumely and neglect, to which even the most acknowledged geniuses have been exposed; a glance at the lives of a few celebrated men, in various ages, will fully establish this melancholy fact.

Homer, we are informed, was an itinerant ballad monger. *Plautus* turned a mill for his subsistence. *Terence* was sold as a slave. *Paul Borghese*, the Italian poet, knew fourteen trades, yet was starved to death. *Tasso* struggled through a life of poverty, and laboured at times under mental aberration. *Camoens* ended his days in an almshouse. *Cervantes* suffered imprisonment and numerous slights, and at length died of want. *Corneille* endured all the ills of poverty and neglect. *Racine* left his family in such distress that they were afterwards supported by a pension. *Milton* has only been appreciated by the age which succeeded him. *Spenser*, the admired *Spenser*, died neglected and in want. *Ben Jonson* suffered numerous hardships. *Fletcher*, a cotemporary author, says of him,

"Poorly poor man he lived, poorly poor man he died."

Crichton (the admirable) lived on the supply of a day, and died in a midnight brawl. *Butler* was never master of fifty pounds. *Dryden* struggled through a life of indigence. *Lee* was confined four years in a mad house. *Deccan, Cotton*, and *Lloyd*, all suffered much from want, and all died in a prison. *Savage* is a striking example of ill-directed genius. *Churchill* died a beggar. *Bickerstaff* fled for debt. *Collins* passed most of his life in want, and died reduced to mental imbecility. *Smollet* suffered innumerable privations, and died neglected in a foreign country. *Goldsmith* gained but a precarious subsistence. *Paul Hifferman* died of a jaundice, brought on by want. *Chatterton* committed suicide, supposed to proceed from censure and neglect. *Kirk White* fell a martyr to the same refinement and sensibility. The fate of *Burns* is well known. We will not extend the catalogue further; the life of nearly every man of genius would furnish materials to support the proposition we have adopted. In the present day there is not, perhaps, so much neglect and apathy exhibited towards struggling genius as formerly, yet how few, even in this boasted age of liberality, attain the eminence they aspire to. Viewing, then, the manifest disadvantages attached to the possession of this faculty, it may perhaps be asserted, that mere rational intellect is a higher blessing than the gift of genius, however splendid. D.

A NOBLE REPLY.—The cardinal Dubois once sent for Boudon, an eminent surgeon, to perform a very serious operation. The cardinal on seeing him enter the room, said to him, "You must not expect, sir, to treat me in the rough manner you treat those poor wretches at the hospital." "My lord," replied M. Boudon, "every one of those poor wretches, as your eminence

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE METAPHYSICS OF MUSIC, AND THEIR ACCORDANCE WITH MODERN PRACTICE. IN THREE PARTS—PART THE FIRST.

"I say silver sound, because musicians sound for silver."

WERE you ever at a concert? If you ever were, the lines of your expressive physiognomy must have been "worth the marking." As you observed the nimble bows of the musicians dance, and quiver, and bound, upon the tortured strings, the conceit of the player, the affectation of the amateur, the nonchalance and lassitude of the fashionable loungeur, the men with pale stone faces, looking half asleep, like busts, the ladies attentive by starts, and then, ever and anon, relapsing into chit-chat; until vainly trusting for impunity to the noise of a "tutti," in some pitiless overture, they are at once betrayed, by some sudden pause of a bar, which the composer (who cannot himself tell why) has interposed at so inconvenient a juncture. As you gazed upon all these things, I suspect your countenance must have discovered some distinguishing signs of lurking scepticism as to the merits of so strange a scene. Do not be alarmed—the matter is between ourselves. Far be it from me to attempt to seduce you into putting your imprimatur upon any set of unfashionable opinions. That is not your way—still one cannot help thinking, that had doubts and difficulties not been sticking like a remora to the bottom of your understanding, you would ere this have put forth an unanswerable exposition of the sublimities of modern music. You must own it is strange, that the admirers and cultivators of modern science have not invented any thing like a consistent theory of musical expression—nay, that the vague ideas of most writers on music, with relation to its expression, embody the very principles, which in their full extent are most inimical to modern practice. Nor will it be less odd, if musical reasoners, as well as composers, have just admitted into their works meaning enough to show their abuse of those laws upon which it is naturally founded. To come, however, to the point.

Music may be briefly defined to be the poetry of sound. It seems to be agreed on all hands, that its province and end is to express poetically, by means of inarticulate sound, certain passions and feelings incident to human nature. This is involved both in the practice and phraseology of all musical people. From the earliest times, the lover has interested his mistress, and the general excited his troops, by means of music and song; and composers have, from time immemorial, affixed to their compositions, words and expressions of direction, which imply that the pieces to be played either have, or pretend to have, some connexion with the feelings of the auditor. We have as many marginal hints as in a German tragedy, and much to the same purpose, and generally quite as much needed. Now if a tune is to be "amaroso," or "maestoso," or "agitato," or "pastorale," or "spiritoso," in plain English, if musical sound is to express sentiment or passion, it can only do so in one of these two ways. Either the notes singly, or in some known combinations, must, as words are, be understood to be arbitrary signs of the things to be expressed by them; or else they must express passions and feelings by copying so nearly, that the likeness may be recognised, those sounds which nature has appropriated to the expression of those passions and feelings. The first of these modes has never, I believe, been contended for. Arbitrary significations have indeed been attempted, by fanciful individuals, to be affixed to the peculiarities of the tones of different musical instruments; but these fancies have not been generally received. To the notes or divisions of notes of the musical scale, however, meanings of this sort have been never attributed. Crotchets and quavers have never been invested with the powers of letters; neither have they been made to stand for whole words, like the characters of the Chinese alphabet. It should seem then, that if melody is expressive at all, it must be so by imitation—and by imitation of that which is sufficiently familiar to the minds of men in general, to render likely a general recognition of the resemblance. That peculiar intonations of voice, in the expressions of certain passions and feelings, are common not only to whole nations, but, with some varieties, to mankind in general, is a fact that experience teaches. It is observable, too, that of all others, the people whose language has least variety of natural intonation, have been the least successful in music—I mean the French. The tones as well as the looks of love, jealousy, anger, revenge, joy, or despair, need only to be exhibited by the actor, to be at once felt and known. Tones, in fact, are of as great consequence as words, inasmuch as by varying them, a sentence of praise may be turned into one of irony, love into ridicule, and rage into hu-

mour. It is by a reference, then, to these well-known intonations of passion, that the meaning of a combination of musical sounds is to be ascertained. But the imitation is not a servile one. The musician, like the poet, is to preserve a rhythmical regularity; he is to conform to certain laws and limitations; and, above all, to impart a poetical heightening to his euphonic delineations, without overstepping the modesty of nature. He is to marry the poetical to the natural in sound, neither dividing the substance nor confounding the persons; a delicate task, and one which exalts the original musician into a poet. He is a bard who expresses himself in musical instead of articulate sounds; and, to read his compositions, we must learn to sing or play, or else have them read to us by those who can.

It is this poetical imitation of the natural tones of passion, which is the origin and essence of musical expression. Other imitations have indeed been introduced into modern composition; but they do not deserve the name of expression, and are of a nature totally dissimilar. They, in fact, depend, for the most part, upon the peculiar tone of the instrument employed, and not upon abstract resemblance, as the poetical imitation of the rises and falls of passion must do. Thus we have storm-pieces for the piano-forte, in which the lower keys are rumbled into a sort of thunder, and the higher "tipped" to resemble drops of rain or hail. We have shrill fac-similes of the whistling of birds, and battles, in which the great-drum is thumped for cannon, and the kettle-drum rattled in the manner of galloping of horses; but to what do all these peculiarities amount? Why, to a proof that a piano-forte can rumble something like distant thunder, and "drip, drip," as Mr. Coleridge would say, like "water-drops;" that an octave-flute is not very unlike the whistle of a bird, and the percussion of a double-drum nearly as bad as the "report of a cul-verin." They delineate no passion, nor can they excite any, excepting indirectly, and by chance. The curiosity they gratify is trifling, and it can only be once gratified. One reason certainly, why compositions of this sort must please a certain class of hearers, is their artful and complicated mechanism—but more of this by and by.

Harmony is, or ought to be, the handmaid of melody. It cannot be denied, however, that it includes in itself the power of pleasurable excitement. For proof of the existence of this excitement we may appeal to facts. The sound of an *Æolian* harp, for instance, is pleasing, merely from the chords. The order in which they are produced is the work of chance. The excitement would seem to be direct, and to act strongly upon the nerves as a stimulus. Indeed, sounds produced simultaneously, for the most part, act strongly upon the nerves. The excitement caused by discords, however, is disagreeable, and with some persons so violently efficient as to induce that nervous affection, called "teeth on edge." In Mozart, when a child, it produced convulsions. That chord and discord are only varieties of nervous vibration, seems pretty evident, in the fact, that those who are incapable of pleasure from the one, are also nearly, in a like degree, insensible of pain from the other. The excitation from harmony has likewise, in some instances, been known to have brought on fainting and stupor, with persons of an irritable temperament. From all this it appears to follow, then, that the pleasure arising from harmony, be it as intense as it will, is a bodily rather than a mental pleasure. It is a dram taken by the ear, only the exhilaration is transient like that of the nitrous oxide. It does not act through the intellect, but goes directly to the nervous system. We must be allowed, therefore, to conclude, that the pleasure of harmony is inferior in its nature to that of melody; and that melody ought not to be sacrificed to it, nor put beneath it, as has long been the case. The invention of counterpoint has so far been the bane of melody. The mathematical has over-run the poetical. The mechanical has overlaid the intellectual. Nor is this to be wondered at. The thing is capable both of explanation and excuse.

It is asserted somewhere by Rousseau, no mean judge of such matters, that the musical world may be divided into three classes—Those who are capable of feeling the intellectual part of music, who are generally men with something of a poetical temperament, and no very correct ear for harmony;—Those who have an ear for harmony, and a taste for harmonious arrangement, but whose feelings are not excited by expressive melody, and who are, for the most part, men deficient in imagination; and lastly, Those who unite these two qualifications—a class, says Rousseau, rather rare. In this judgment of the celebrated citizen of Geneva, I must own that my limited observation, as far as it goes, strongly inclines me to concur. Now, if this idea be founded in truth, the consequent changes in the world of music are of natural occur-

rence; nor is it easy to conceive how they could have been materially different.

Before the discovery of counterpoint and of the present accurate system of musical notation, the science (if science it could be called) of music was limited to the composition and repetition of a few simple airs. The harmonies, when harmony was attempted, were mean and monotonous, and the composer or performer possessed little means and less inclination to improve this branch of his art. Indeed, if the date of many of the finest old airs be as modern as some contend, the indifference of the bards who composed them, to harmonious accompaniment, is almost incredible. They must of necessity have been aware of the improved arrangement of harmonies, and of the passion for that arrangement, which had then been spread, chiefly by the ministers of religion, over all Europe. Yet so little have the minds of the poets, who conceived those melodies, condescended to invest themselves in the trammels of science, that of those exquisite remains, there are few which do not violate some of the rules of composition, and scarcely any which, without injury to the melody, admit of a moderately full or scientific accompaniment. Be this, however, as it may, it is clear enough that the number of the individuals who lived either by the composition or performance of those airs, could not have been great, and in all likelihood was small. The whole of the known music about that period would, perhaps, not equal in bulk the thousandth part of the composition of the last ten years; and probably not one of the composers was the author of as many of those imperishable melodies as would fill a modern folio second page. The religious music of the ages prior to the invention of counterpoint, would seem to have been very deficient. It was necessarily simple; and where all passions save that of devotion were forbidden, melody naturally became either monotonous or unimpassioned; at last, probably both.

In this state of things counterpoint and the phrenzy for complete harmony, which to this hour is only subsiding, effected a radical and total change. A new order of men, that is to say, Rousseau's second class, became, from their numbers, and from the endless variety of which the description of music they cultivated is susceptible, the lords of the ascendant. The power of employing a multiplicity of voices and of instruments in chapels and cathedrals, was immediately turned to account. The church was omnipotent; and the "Maestro di Capella" was only another name for the best musician in the place. The expressive but simple airs of the obscure bards, who in all countries have composed what is called "national melody," were at once buried under an avalanche of motets, canons, masses, requiems, anthems, hymns, psalms, and chorusses. To these were quickly added fugues, symphonies, sonatas, duettos, quartetts, quintetts, and all the varieties of what has been called "chamber-music." It is a mistake to imagine that the complication of harmony has been a taste gradually acquired. It was a phrenzy sudden and irresistible, both from its novelty and from the real effects it is capable of producing. Those with the truest feeling of musical expression were naturally more or less captivated, like others, by the excitement of harmonious accompaniment. Those whose feelings were in the ear alone, rushed forward to claim pre-eminence for the elaborate and injurious additions which excited with such effect their grosser sensations. Science too was formally enlisted in the service; and mathematicians, with neither ear nor feeling, eagerly caught at consequence in a department where they had never dreamed of shining. The elegantly turned sentiment of Heinsius, "*Harmonie pater est numerus*," was carried to its full extent. Some of the wonderfully elaborate movements of the early harmonists show the extremes to which this mania carried them. Doubtless these harmonies were crude and harsh, and often barbarous, and later science has done much in sweetening their discordant chords, and refining their awkward modulations. Still as the knowledge of harmonics has extended, it is undeniable that harmonious composition has, upon the whole, been simplified. Hasse, Vinci, and Sebastian Bach, and then Handel, began to improve and polish the melody so neglected by their predecessors; and, as Dr. Burney expresses it, to "thin the accompaniments," that, like untrimmed underwood, choked up and smothered what they were meant to adorn.

When Godfrey de Bouloign, the great champion of the crusaders, was inaugurated king of Jerusalem, he was offered a crown, which he meekly declined, saying, that he would never wear a crown of gold in the place where his Saviour had worn a crown of thorns.

An ivory turner in London has just made his fortune in a singular manner: in sawing in two the tooth of an elephant, he found in the centre of it a diamond worth 13,000*l.* sterling.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Newspapers.—There is not an engine wielded by human hands which can, in extent of power and certainty of execution, compare with the public press. The abstract speculations of philosophy, the unerring deductions of science, the wily declamations of politics, as well as the grace and majesty of eloquence, the fanciful creations of poetry, and the sober realities of life, are all, by its sole agency, converted into tangible and perceptible forms, impressed upon durable materials, multiplied at will without number, distributed through whole populations, scattered far and wide to every corner of the earth, and even handed down to ages yet unborn. But that we are rendered familiar with this potent instrument, and come to regard it with the same indifference as, in ordinary moments, we gaze upon the spacious sky, the boundless ocean, and indeed upon creation entire, we would start in astonishment at the immense influence which it exercises upon ourselves, and mankind in general. There are some individuals, and those public men, who have professed to disregard the newspapers, and to be careless of their contents—of their praise or censure. Such professions are either false, or the result of conceited stupidity and self-deception. No man can or should be insensible to assertions which go abroad to thousands of his fellow-men, and which must, more or less, operate on their minds to his benefit or his injury. It is true that these vehicles of varied information and endless novelty are frequently made subservient to the advancement of the basest objects, and exhibit levity of the most disgusting character, ignorance the most unblushing, and virtue not the most unquestionable. But this is an abuse—and to its toleration we must submit rather than to a censorship, or entire suppression of so generally useful and necessary an organ of the body politic. These evils will, in most cases, produce a re-action sooner or later, and thus destroy themselves. The good, however, remains; it is felt in the diffusion of useful information, in the general spirit of active intelligence which it creates and fosters, and in the more noble interest in public affairs, which, when ably conducted, it will never fail to inspire. Deep must be the regret of those who perceive—and who can fail to perceive?—the frequent abuses which creep into the press, even in this enlightened country; the low scurrility, the unpardonable levity, the indiscriminate and parasitical sycophancy, the bare-faced ignorance and even illiterate vulgarity, which too often deface and disgrace some of our largest sheets. We cannot conceive a situation more trying and responsible than that of the editor of an extensively circulated diary. It is in his power to deal forth good or ill to the community, to infuse a spirit of virtue, morality, and a love of knowledge, or to pamper the spirit of detraction, lend his countenance to the most debasing immorality, diffuse a depraved taste in letters, encourage laxity of conduct, and even open violation of the laws. Is this picture overstrained? It is easy to point out the proofs. But ours is not the painful task. The judgment of the public may slumber for a while, but it must overtake the guilty.

Benevolent and Religious Societies.—The anniversaries of a great number of these institutions are wisely celebrated about the same period; an opportunity is thus given for the mutual interchange of opinion, and for friendly intercourse between a large body of individuals united in a common effort to ameliorate the condition of their fellow-men. Amicable discussions thus arise, which often elicit fine specimens of oratory, and diffuse a knowledge of the purposes and the views of the representatives of different and far distant sections of our country. And as long as the friends and founders of these societies cherish a truly humane and universal spirit of toleration, and condemn all exclusive dictation or unwarrantable interference with the consciences of their fellow-citizens, so long shall public opinion befriend and support their efforts. We have not space to notice the different meetings in detail, and shall therefore content ourselves with a slight glance at some of the most prominent.

The "American Bible Society" held their annual meeting at their house in Nassau-street, on Wednesday the 12th inst. Delegates appeared from Maine, New-Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Ohio, and Indiana. From the report of the board of managers it appears that the receipts of the last year were one hundred and seventy thousand and sixty-seven dollars and fifty cents. The total number of Bibles issued, two hundred and thirty-eight thousand five hundred and eighty-three. The total number printed, three hundred and eight thousand copies.

The "American Tract Society." The whole number of tracts printed during the last year is upward of five millions and two hundred thousand, and since the formation of the society twenty millions and three hundred and forty-one thousand. Whole number of pages printed, one hundred and eighty-six millions and a half!

"American Home Missionary Society." This society has assisted five hundred churches during the last year, and employed three hundred missionaries. Two or three hundred Sunday schools have been established.

"School Societies." These presented an unusual display of infancy and childhood, slowly ripening under the foster care of education and morality. The number of pupils was immense, and offered a delightful prospective of future usefulness and intelligence.

"General Union for promoting the observance of the Sabbath." Resolutions were passed inciting the members to continued exertions in behalf of the cause for which they had united. The Rev. Dr. Cox submitted the following additional resolution:

"That the members of this society being conscientiously opposed, as citizens of a free country, and as Christians, to any union of church and state, and to all laws for the observance or the desecration of the Sabbath, will continue to recommend its sanctification only by the influence of personal example, of moral suasion, with arguments drawn from the oracles of God, from the existing laws of our country, appeals to the consciences and the hearts of men, and fervent supplications to the Lord of the Sabbath."

Steamboat Competition.—Competition is the soul of business—the life of trade. It awakens ambition, stimulates industry, and elicits improvement. To its kindling spirit are we indebted for the splendour and refinement of modern art, for the development of skill and the inventions of ingenuity in the luxuries and conveniences of life. Our matchless packets which fly on the wings of the wind, and defy distance—our lofty warehouses vying with each other in the richness and beauty of their fabrics—our commodious, ample, and splendid edifices—the products of the arts—in short, all the artificial blessings which we so abundantly enjoy, undoubtedly emanate from that spirit of competition which incites men to excel each other for profit and fame. It is only however when the spirit is kept within proper bounds, that its effects are thus salutary. So long as the object of labour, traffic, or commodity is improved, the public is necessarily benefited. But it often happens that competition is carried on, not in attempts to improve, but to lower the value, in other words, to cheapen the price. And then the public are sure to suffer. They may at first be caught by the attraction of low prices, but they assuredly will be disappointed in the equivalent which they receive. Such it appears to us has been the case with the steamboats. We do not intend to assert that the original prices charged for conveyance on board of these useful, nay, necessary transports, was not extravagant. It may have been so: but then the convenience and safety, and even luxury of a conveyance on board, was tenfold what it is since the prices have been so immoderately reduced. There surely is a medium rate which might be agreed on, consistent with the remuneration of the owners on the one hand, and the interests of the public on the other. To encourage reduction below this rate is to court danger, and tempt to imposition. Less careful and skilful crews will have to be hired; less strong and durable materials employed in the construction of the boats and the machinery, if the money to be reimbursed to owners, is to fall short of the cost necessary to have a good boat with safe machinery and well manned. It were folly to expect sacrifices from owners when the public refuse to make any in their own behalf. We say therefore that all those who have the general good at heart, and who would obviate the recurrence of disasters, too often occasioned by the very causes which we have pointed out, should discountenance all steamboat competitions for low prices.

As to competition in speed or racing, that is fortunately forbidden by law, and all impositions should carefully be noted and reported by every conscientious man.

Rakeby, a Tale of the Civil Wars.—This new opera, which has been twice received with the most enthusiastic applause, by full and fashionable audiences, will be repeated on Tuesday evening next, together with a great variety of other entertainments, for the benefit of the author—our facetious and singularly-gifted correspondent C. As an evidence of the very high estimation entertained of the piece by the managers themselves we may cite the fact, that they have produced it in a style of splendor with which few dramas are presented to public notice. The scenery and dresses are entirely new, the music effective, and eminently successful.

THE HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY.

COMPOSED BY J. BARNET.

ANDANTINO.

I hae wan-der'd mony a night in June, A-long the banks of Clyde, Be-neath a bright and bon-nie moon, Wi' Ma-ry at my side.

A sum-mer was she to mine ee, And to my heart a joy, And weel she loved to roam wi' me, Her high-land min-strel boy.

SECOND VERSE.
Oh! her presence could, on ev'ry star,
New brilliancy confer,
And I thought the flow'rs were sweeter far,

When they were seen with her:
Her brow was calm and sleeping sea,
Her glance was full of joy,
And oh! her heart was true to me,

Her highland minstrel boy.
Oh! her presence, &c.
THIRD VERSE.
I hae play'd to ladies fair and gay,

In mony a southern hall,
But there was one far-away,
A world above them all;
And now, tho' weary years have fled,

I think, wi' mournful joy,
Upon the time when Mary wed
Her highland minstrel boy.
I hae play'd, &c.

VARIETIES.

SONG.

She died in beauty!—like a rose
Blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty!—like a pearl
Dropp'd from some diadem;
She died in beauty!—like a lay
Along a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty!—like a song
Of birds amid the brake.

She died in beauty!—like the snow
On flowers dissolved away;
She died in beauty!—like a star
Lost on the brow of day.
She lives in glory!—like night's gems
Set round the silver moon;
She lives in glory!—like the sun
Amid the blue of June!

"As brief as woman's love."—Shakespeare.

THIS is one of the few axioms which have grown into general use, without being strictly correct in their application. It conveys in fact a libel on the sex, wholly unworthy of their character. A few striking exceptions to the fervency and constant devotedness of "woman's love" may be found on record, and are doubtless within every man's experience; but test the firmness and the endurance of affection in woman, and they will be found to exceed the same passion in our sex to a very great extent. Speak, ye mothers, whose fond and attentive care has watched over the infancy of your offspring, whose untiring zeal has tended the helplessness of childhood, curbed the follies of youthful inexperience, and checked the exuberant recklessness of ripening manhood; who have seen with anguish your fondest hopes and wishes blasted in the bud, yet still have clung to the cherished object you have doted on, through the progressive steps of folly, perhaps of guilt, and when tainted and dishonoured by his vices, cast off by a frowning world, and bereft of every other support, has he not found a mother's heart unchanged still? A sister's love, is also lasting,

"Nor time nor circumstance,"

can chill this affection. Daughters, too, have been found, who would brave every peril, endure every scorn, rather than forsake their parents.

But shall this reflection on "woman's love" for a moment be indulged, while the sacred affection of a wife is the hallowed blessing which thousands can attest as being the most "sovereign man?" Who has not felt in the darkest hour of

sorrow, the beaming rays of hope proceeding from the unchanged and deep-rooted affection of the partner of his woes, the soother of his cares? Let us not, then, adopt this fallacious axiom, but rather say "firm as woman's love."

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.—Every one must have found how difficult it is to eradicate early impressions, or to overcome prejudices acquired later in life. Our first impressions cling to us with a tenacity which no change of place nor situation can destroy. The home of our childhood, the friends and associations of our youthful days, form images in our remembrance which can never be wholly obliterated. The wanderer from his native country may in his adopted home meet new associations, and acquire more wealthy connexions, and a higher standing in society than he held in the land which gave him birth, still the humble dwelling in which he was reared, the partners of his early joys and sorrows, the habits he was accustomed to in youth, are all "green spots" in his reminiscences, continually watered from the fount of never-failing memory.

INTEGRITY.—Integrity of character comprises more than the mere punctual discharge of pecuniary engagements, or an honest dealing in our worldly transactions. There is a *morale* in this qualification which spreads itself over every action we perform, and regulates the whole man. The failings of humanity crouch before its sway, the passions of our nature are subdued by its presence, censoriousness, lying, littleness of mind, and duplicity are all subjected to its rule, while the baser passions cannot find a resting-place in that heart which is occupied by integrity.

This world cannot explain its own difficulties without the assistance of another.

THE PREMATURE WHITE HAT.

I met a man in Regent-street,
A daring man was he;
He had a hat upon his head
As white as white could be!
'Twas but the first of March!—Away
Three hundred yards I ran—
Then cast a retrospective glance
At the misguided man.

I thought it *might* be possible
To do so foul a deed,
Yet not commit the murd'rous acts
Of which too oft we read;
I thought he *might* have felt distress—
Have loved—and loved in vain—
And wore that pallid thing—to cool
The fever of his brain

Perchance he had no relative—
No confidential friend

To say when summer months begin,
And those of winter end;
Perchance he had a wife, who was
Unto his side a thorn,
And who had basely thrust him forth,
To brave decorum's storm!

But no—a smile was on his cheek!
He thought himself *the thing!*
And all unblushingly he wore
The garniture of spring!
'Twas evident the man could not
Distinguish wrong from right!
And cheerfully he walked along
Unseasonably white.

'Then unperceived I followed him,
Clandestinely I tried
To ascertain in what strange spot
So queer a man *could* hide:
Where he *could* pass his days and nights,
And breakfast, dine, and sup;
And where the peg *could* be, on which
He hung that white hat up!

He paused at White's—the white capot:
Made all the members stare!
He past the trav'lers' smoky club—
He had no footing there!
He stood a ballot *once*, (alas!
There sure was *pique* in *that*)
'Though they admit *light-headed* men,
They black-ball'd the white hat!

But on he went, self-satisfied,
And now and then he'd stop
And look into the looking-glass
That lines some trinket-shop;
And smilingly adjusted it!
'Twas *that* which made me vex—
"If this is borne," said I, "he'll wear
His nankeen trowsers next!"
The wretched being I at length
Compassionately stooped,
And used the most persuasive words
Entreaty could adopt:
I said his hat was premature—
I never left his side
Until he swore most solemnly
The white hat should be dyed.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

REMEMBRANCES.

REMEMBERED sorrow! darkly art thou sending
The weary spirit to the pangs of past;
And feelings crushed, and shaded prospects blending
With hopes that smiled but to deceive at last.
The pang, the throb, the thrilling sense of pain,
Come in their former keenness back again.
Remembered gladness! seraph-like thou'rt flinging
Thy robe of light o'er the dark present hour,
Like the oasis of the desert, bringing
Thy far-seen beauty, with its fresh'ning power,
And still green loveliness the heart to bless
Though drooping 'neath its load of wretchedness.
Remembered harshness! from the friends we cherished,
Fain would we all its agony forget;
Alas! though many a pleasant thought has perished,
The bitterness of this will haunt us yet!
Unkindness from the loved—oh! what can wring
The heart with such a pang as this doth bring?
Remembered kindness! dear the recollection
Of each sweet proof is to the grateful heart!
The soothing, calm attentions of affection,
The sympathy that in our griefs took part;
The cordial pressure of the friendly hand,
The lip which smiled a welcome sweet and bland.
Remembered tenderness! the eye that brightened
With joy at our approach, the conscious cheek
Which with the sudden blush of gladness lightened,
The lips that faltered as they strove to speak,
Whose whispered tones of tenderness were dear
As music's mellowest breathings to the ear.
How sweet, though mournful, is the vivid vision
Which memory lingers o'er with fond regret!
But ah! how dark and chilling the transition
Which brings us back to all we would forget!
And forces us oft sadly to contrast
The darkened present with the cloudless past. **THYRA.**

TELL ME, GENTLE ZEPHYR.

Tell me, gentle zephyr! tell,
Roamer of the hill and dell,
Tell me if thou'st met a maid
Wand'ring through these bowers of shade.
She hath eyes like night in hue,
But with all its star-light too;
Cheeks where love and gladness bring
All the youth and bloom of spring,
And where summer's hand unclothes
Rays to ripen beauty's roses;
Ringlets that unloose their brightness
O'er her shoulders' dazzling whiteness,
Giving now and then a glance
Of its Phidean expense;
Lips so like a parted rose,
Where the glittering dew repose,
And love may banquet when he wills
On the nectar heaven distills;
Such a small, white, velvet ear,
'Twere a bliss to whisper there,
Fondly, timidly revealing
Some soft tale of secret feeling;
And a bosom rich as June,
Round and modest as the moon,
When she vainly would conceal
The moving magic with her veil.
These are certain signs for thee,
If thou see'st as I can see;
If thou feel'st as I can feel,
Half the passion, half the zeal;
Or one throb of that wild pain
Firing soul and racking brain,
Which the absence hours awake,
As bigots fire the martyr-stake;
Zephyr! thou wouldst lead me where
Lesbias' breath embalms the air.

Flown! the trait'rous zephyr's flown,
And again I walk alone.
Like that zephyr is the earth,
Hears and makes your grief his mirth;
Listens to your words of sorrow,
Keeps them for his laugh to-morrow.
Oh the world is false indeed,
Falsest still is friendship's creed;
Heart of weakness, chain of gold,
Are its haven and its hold.

Give me one of Lesbias' kisses,
Richer than all other blisses;
Wisdom's word or warrior's steel,
Poet's fire or patriot's zeal;
One life's safety-lamp may hold,
But her path is dull and cold;
One may fill your land with spoil,
One may sing your hours from toil;
And the patriot's hand may cast
Tyrant's bondage on the blast:
Still what are they? dark they seem
In the light of beauty's beam;
They for mortal path were given,
This to light the path to heaven.

Let me then my Lesbia seek,
Draw to mine her softer cheek;
In her eye so safely bright,
See my journey's beacon light;
And gladly meet my final doom,
If it shine above my tomb.

ALPHA.

TALES.

THE UMBRELLA FIEND.

When shall we two meet again?
In storm and tempest, hail and rain.

Few of my readers have forgotten the remarkable thunder-shower which took place in the summer of 1825. It had been a sultry day with very little air stirring. Towards evening a singular dark cloud came edging out of the west. It grew larger and blacker, and by degrees covered the whole horizon. For a space there was an unusual stillness in the air! suddenly, the rain poured in torrents. The drains and sewers were choked, and the flood rushed through the streets like a mill stream at the spring freshet.

I happened to be at the time in Market-square. The waters swept down Elm-street and Cornhill, bearing oyster-benches, market-women's stalls, and hand-carts. The cellar under the old three-cornered mansion was filled in an instant. So rapid was the inundation, that the occupants had to run for their lives, leaving behind all their money and papers.

As the people stood gazing at the scene, their attention was attracted in a singular manner. A person appeared crawling out of one of the cellar windows, like a huge wharf-rat, routed by a high tide. He was dressed in the fashion of the olden time, and seemed altogether to belong to another generation. There is something peculiarly impressive in the velvet breeches, taffety waistcoat, and broad-skirted coat of the ancients. His appearance was striking, and the crowd stared at him with wonder. The proprietors of the cellar were absolutely amazed. They had never seen his visage before.

For a moment the stranger stood shaking himself like a large water-dog, when one of the spectators addressed him with, "Where in the name of heaven did you come from?"

The old man gazed vacantly around at the question. It was repeated. He became puzzled. At length his eye fell on my umbrella, as I stood in the crowd, and advancing a few steps he inquired, "It rains fast; my friend, will you lend me your umbrella?"

I was stupefied at the request. To have granted it would have exposed me to the pelting of the storm. Lend my umbrella at such a time! I couldn't think of the thing.

The people marvelled greatly at the appearance of the man, and still more at his ill-timed request. At length an occupant of the cellar approached, and demanded in an authoritative tone how he got into his premises, and what he was doing there. The stranger turned to him with a bewildered look, and then replied as before, "Will you be charitable enough to lend me your umbrella? I am wet through and through!"

This remark drew our attention to his clothes, which, to every body's amazement, were perfectly dry. The rain which drenched every thing else seemed to have no power on his wonderful vestments.

The fact was appalling, but it explained every thing. There was but one personage who could stand such a storm without a wet skin. The people began to draw back. As they retreated, the old gentleman continued to call after them, in plaintive accents, "Will none of you lend me an umbrella? I shall be drowned in the rain."

Perceiving his cries unheeded, he turned down Ann-street,

and slowly disappeared. But I observed he accosted every person he met, all of whom stopped and looked back at him until he was out of sight. I judged from their movements that he made some singular request, which they were not disposed to grant, but which excited their curiosity. Presently one of the persons came up.

"That is a strange man," said he.

"Why so?" I asked.

"Because he stopped me to beg I would lend him my umbrella. Could he think I would give it up to a man I never saw before, and trudge through the rain myself? Lend my umbrella? I wouldn't do it to my own father!"

I saw the man was in a passion, and did not prolong the conversation, and he passed on. I afterwards heard of the old man in almost every quarter of the town. Without being affected by the rain, he was continually seeking to borrow an umbrella. A few individuals, moved by his piteous supplications, granted his request; but, instead of making any use of the article, he carried it under his arm, and went on begging for more. Old Captain Coney, for many years commander of the Winnisimmet ferry-boat, met him in North-square with three umbrellas, and yet he had the assurance to ask for the captain's. The old tar was so affronted that he couldn't speak plain. For thirty-nine years he told me he had followed the seas, but never fell in with such a fresh water shark in his life.

Colonel Canteen, of the militia, was also stopped in the street as he proceeded to the place of parade, in full regimentals. The colonel drew his sword, and if the umbrella-fiend had not speedily retreated, it might have become a bloody business, as the colonel told me with his own mouth.

Deacon Daisy was accompanying the widow Whisper one rainy Sunday from church, and the umbrella-beggar had the impudence to follow them all the way, importuning the gentleman to give up his umbrella, and let the lady wade home in the shower.

But I will not multiply incidents. These transactions made a great talk, both in the market and down at the north end. A few persons on the Neck also talked about them; but the other parts of the town were too much occupied by business or pleasure to notice anything. How that old man came into that cellar unknown to the occupants, puzzled all. Why the rain did not soak his clothes as well as other people's was still more perplexing; but above all, was the question who he was, and what he did with the umbrellas? None of these could be satisfactorily explained, except by supposing old Father Long-legs had come down in that shower, and was swept into that cellar with other rubbish. People puzzled about it until their brains got entangled in an inextricable knot. If a man wants to become master of a subject, it is highly injurious to think upon it. Money-diggers seldom find gold!

After committing several depredations, the umbrella-beggar at length disappeared. I had now heard nothing of him for several months, when sitting in my shop one wet afternoon, who should suddenly pop in but the old gentleman himself.

"I come," said he, with a heavy sigh, "to borrow your umbrella," and his eye fell on it in a corner. "I will return it precisely in fifteen minutes."

Before I had time to object, he had seized it and departed. I flew to the door, and caught a glimpse of him striding down the street with the umbrella under his arm, although it rained profusely. This was not the worst; as night came on, I stepped into a neighbour's to beg the loan of his for the evening.

"I shall have to go home in the rain myself," was his peevish reply. "An old gentleman borrowed it for a few moments, and has not brought it back."

"No, nor never will," said another neighbour, who came in whilst he was speaking. "I think that rascal lives by borrowing umbrellas; they say he has been into every shop in the street."

"Yes," said another sufferer, who came in wet to the skin, "in this street and many other streets; there is not an umbrella to be had on all Long-wharf!"

The fact was incredible!

Some days afterwards I called on a celebrated manufacturer in Court-street, to get a new umbrella. Perceiving his assortment to be unusually small, I noticed the circumstance.

"Sir," said the dealer, "I have never had such a call for

the article in my time. I have sold a hundred within a week. Pray how did you lose yours?"

"An old gentleman in snuff-colour borrowed it and forgot to bring it back."

"I thought so. This has been the story of nearly every purchaser within a fortnight. Who can the knave be?"

"That is what I should like to know. Some say it is a man employed by the dealers to put them in a way of getting off their stock. Others declare it is a speculator picking up the article. Others believe it is the devil himself. What is your opinion?"

"I incline to the latter suggestion, more by token, that the rogue came here and walked off with the best one in the shop whilst I was engaged."

"Your suspicion is certainly plausible. What the deuce can any other person want of so many umbrellas when he is as impervious to wet as an india-rubber over-shoe? Well, well, if he gets this one from me it shan't be without a struggle." And so I departed.

Not long afterwards I saw the old gentleman scouring through Washington-street in a smart shower. Every body that had an umbrella turned across the street as soon as they saw him coming. That same day he was seen driving down Hanover-street with an umbrella under his arm. It was an old fashioned one, with a ring in the end. He had wheeled it from an elderly lady, who valued it as her last tooth, under the pretence of holding it over her during her walk! Subsequently I beheld him at his vocation in the news room of a Sunday, at the theatre, and also in the auction rooms and taverns. The number of umbrellas borrowed must have been enormous. All classes of people suffered from his rapacity. After he could neither beg nor borrow he would steal. Frequenting every public walk, attending every place of popular resort, obtruding into every dwelling, assailing every traveller, his depredations were incredible. In vain the police strove to arrest him. He always appeared when least expected, secured his booty, and eluded their vigilance.

He had now been missing for several months, and people thought he would never return. Possessors of valuable umbrellas began again, like rats, to poke their cautious heads from their holes, but they were soon compelled to scamper back again, like the afore mentioned vermin at the sudden spring of a snap-trap.

One Giles Gaper, a noted watchman, was walking his midnight rounds, wrapt, as usual, in a kind of cat sleep. It was an awful night—the wind piped high in the air, and the rain fell in torrents. The lengthening row of lamps shone in the dark sky like a string of bright buttons on a morning garment. But Giles did not see them. His dreaming thoughts were gambolling far away. Up Washington-street he trudged with the unerring instinct of a sea-bird through mist. When nearly opposite the Old South Church, down came a drum, thundering on the pavements a few yards from his feet. If it had been a blow on the drum of his own ear it could not more have startled him. He jumped full six feet. Looking up with fearful expectation, the dreadful umbrella fiend met his view. The wretch had clambered to the top of the window of Mr. Lane, the umbrella seller's shop, and was tearing away the large umbrella which, with the fallen drum, constituted his professional emblem. Giles Gaper staggered back; he was bewildered. It seemed as if a great water-wheel was turning round in his head! He could not believe himself awake, and attempted to paw open his eyes, like a singed bear, with his fists. Just then a terrible gust of wind swept through the street; it took the umbrella fiend high into the air, and Giles caught a momentary glimpse of him aloft, sailing far away with the umbrella like a balloon!

Gaping Giles spread his shocking story through the whole town. It frightened every body out of their wits. The teeth of his brother watchmen chattered as they dozed in their boxes, the dram-drinker shook his shoes as he wended his solitary way from the ale house, the lamp-lighter's hand trembled as he trimmed his evening lamp, and he slid hastily down his lamp like a spider, the barber could hardly hold his brush to lather a customer—in fine, for a time nobody could talk of anything but the umbrella fiend, although to mention his name nearly frightened them to death. Still they talked and trembled! At length the thing settled away into forgetfulness, like a bubble on the surface of the stream. The umbrella fiend was never seen, and people grew certain that he had ceased to trouble this "distracted globe" and was busy at mischief elsewhere.

A few weeks ago I was walking up Washington-street in a drenching rain. In front of the Marlboro' Hotel stood an hourly coach on the point of starting. It was the famous

coach which runs to Roxbury with the great red umbrella on its top. The driver was on the box and about drawing the reins, when a piercing cry was raised—"Stop the coach! stop! stop the coach!" Immediately turning the corner of Franklin-street, the hated appearance of the umbrella fiend burst on my view. He was pale and agitated and out of breath.

"The umbrella!" he cried, pointing to the one on the coach, "the umbrella! oh lend me the umbrella!" He rushed distracted and sinking to the wheels of the coach. "Oh lend me that umbrella!"

"I can't spare it," said the driver.
"Only for fifteen minutes—oh lend it—do lend the umbrella!"

"I can't," said the driver, "it is attached to the coach."
"You must! you shall!" returned the fiend. "I must have the umbrella."

"I tell you it is fastened to the coach," said the driver angrily.

"In mercy let me have the umbrella! I implore, I beseech you! Do not refuse me! I am an old man perishing in the rain! I insist on having the umbrella—I will have it."

"Drive on, coachman!" said a voice inside.

He cracked his whip, the horses sprang forward, away they dashed, and away sped the fiend in the rear, shouting constantly,

"Stop! stop the coach! lend me the umbrella—I will have it—stop!"—until they were out of sight.

Last Saturday, in coming from the south end, I met the Roxbury coach in a gallop with the red umbrella still on the top. "A race!" cried a boy in the street. It thundered past with terrifying speed, and close behind still followed the umbrella beggar, shouting as before, "oh lend me that umbrella!" The sound is still in my ears—the piercing cry—"oh lend!"

If people shake their heads at this story, they can still see the fiend chasing the Roxbury umbrella coach on a rainy day.

Boston Commentator.

LITERARY NOTICES.

POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF JUNIUS.

To which is prefixed an Inquiry respecting the Author; also, a Sketch of the life of John Horne Tooke.

A work, bearing the above title has lately been published in this city by G. & C. & H. Carvill, which we have just perused with great pleasure. The writings of Junius, contained in this volume, consist of his private letters to Mr. Woodfall, his printer; his confidential correspondence with John Wilkes, and a number of miscellaneous letters, under different signatures; all tending, more or less, to explain the causes of his severe attacks on members of the administration of the British government of that day.

About one hundred and forty pages of the work are appropriated to a sketch of the life of John Horne Tooke, which is full of incident and interest. No man in England in the last century, not in power, occupied so large a share of the public mind as Mr. Tooke. He was the prime mover and actor, at the risk of his liberty and life, in all measures of opposition to the arbitrary proceedings of government.

But what renders this volume peculiarly interesting is the satisfactory manner in which the compiler has settled the long disputed question respecting the author of Junius's Letters; which he has shown incontestably to be no other than this same John Horne Tooke.

Although other works written in England had before asserted the same fact, they do not appear to have fully convinced the public in general.

Mr. Philip Thicknesse published a volume in 1789, entitled "Junius Discovered," in which he attributes the letters to Mr. Tooke. This, we are informed by an English gentleman now in this city, was bought up and destroyed. Great pains had been taken to procure a copy of the work. Messrs. Carvill had written repeatedly to their correspondent for it, and various persons going to London had been engaged to search for it, both in the book-stores and stalls, but all to no purpose.

This circumstance, tending to confirm the statement of the above gentleman, induced a request to be made to him for a written communication, giving an account of the manner in which he obtained his information, which he complied with as follows:

"About the year 1793, in a large town in England a discussion took place respecting the author of Junius's Letters. The prevailing opinion of the party was in favour of Mr. Tooke, and the work of Philip Thicknesse on the subject was alluded to; upon which some of the gentlemen expressed a wish to obtain a copy of it, but were informed that it could not be

procured, having been suppressed. That this was the fact, no one of the company doubted at the time, and being so, it is certainly a strong presumptive evidence that Mr. Thicknesse had named the real author."

Another work has been published in England, advocating the same side of the question, which is taken notice of in the Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1813, in a note by the editor, appended to an article attributing the letters to a Dr. James Wilmott, as follows:

"A pamphlet, by the Rev. J. B. Blackeway, of Shrewsbury, has just been published, professing to disclose the long-concealed secret of Junius's Letters. A correspondent, who has read it, speaks of it as a very elegant and satisfactory performance, which he thinks will set the question completely at rest, by proving that Junius was John Horne Tooke."

Had the compiler of the volume under consideration seen these two works, he would, no doubt, have been saved much trouble in the arduous investigation. It is, however, the more satisfactory, that a number of writers on this abstruse subject should have come to the same conclusion, without knowing the arguments made use of by either.

The acquirements and abilities of Mr. Tooke pre-eminently qualified him for the task of writing those letters, and his principles and character would naturally prompt him to the undertaking. There is, moreover, a chain of events connected with the history of Mr. Tooke so exactly coinciding with the circumstances and causes inducing many of the letters of Junius, as must convince every attentive reader that they can no otherwise be accounted for but upon the supposition of the identity of the two characters. The two first letters, with which Junius commences, under the signature of Poplicola, carry conclusive evidence that the writer must have been absent from England for at least four months previous to their date. Mr. Tooke had been travelling on the continent for nearly two years, and had arrived at Paris probably but a short time previously to the date of the first letter. Here he found Mr. Wilkes in exile and an outlaw, for causes which Mr. Tooke considered connected with the public interest; and in fact he deemed the conduct of the government towards him to be an outrage upon English liberty. It was natural, therefore, that he should espouse his cause.

Mr. Wilkes had published a severe attack upon Lord Chatham for the part he had taken against him, in a letter to the duke of Grafton, which had been replied to by a writer, under the signature of W. D., attributed to Sir William Draper. These were printed in the Public Advertiser, under date of December, 1766. Junius's second letter, which is in answer to W. D. is dated the twenty-eighth of May, 1767, addressed to the editor of the Public Advertiser, and commences as follows:

"Your correspondent C. D. [mistaking even the signature] professes to undeceive the public with respect to some reflections thrown out upon the earl of Chatham in Mr. Wilkes's letter to the duke of Grafton; without undertaking the defence of that gentleman's conduct or character, permit me to observe that he was the instrument, and a useful one to the party, therefore should not have been sacrificed by it. He served them, perhaps, with too much zeal; but such is the reward which the tools of faction usually receive, and in some measure deserve, when they are imprudent enough to hazard every thing in support of other men's ambition."

Here is a communication, evidently written under the influence of Mr. Wilkes, five months after the one to which it is an answer, and commences as though it were in reply to a correspondent of the day before. This can only be accounted for from the hurry in which the writer was at the time, which exactly meets the case of Mr. Tooke. He left Paris for England on the twenty-sixth of May, three days previously to the date affixed to the letter, which is the day of its appearance in the Public Advertiser, none of the communications of Junius to that paper bearing any date, as is fully proved by the work under consideration. This letter, therefore, was probably forwarded before Mr. Tooke departed from Paris. Mr. H. S. Woodfall, as well as the readers of the Public Advertiser, were, no doubt, confounded at this abrupt address, for the communication alluded to by Poplicola must have been forgotten. Mr. George Woodfall, who published this letter in 1812, in conjunction with the whole political works of Junius, takes no notice of this absurdity, for this plain reason, he knew the author of Junius, and feared to make any explanation or conjecture respecting this gross blunder, lest it might lead to a discovery.

The severe attack of Junius upon the duke of Bedford is shown to have arisen from motives of revenge for a personal insult offered to Mr. Tooke by the duke, at an election for choosing freemen of the borough of Bedford. No substantial

cause of a political or public nature can be adduced to justify this attack.

The identity of Junius and Mr. Tooke is rendered extremely evident from the dispute between the latter and Mr. George Onslow. Junius in his private letters upon this occasion to his printer, Mr. Woodfall, shows great solicitude in his inquiries respecting the intentions of Onslow in regard to his threat of prosecuting for defamation; and when this threat was actually put in execution, and Mr. Tooke was cast, through, as he conceived, the partial conduct of Lord Mansfield, who presided at the trial, in his charge to the jury, &c. Junius issued a most bitter philippic against his lordship, in which he says, "When you invade the province of the jury in *matters of libel*, you in effect attack the liberty of the press, and with a single stroke wound two of your greatest enemies. In some instances you have succeeded, because jurymen are too often ignorant of their own rights, and too apt to be awed by the authority of a chief justice," which evidently alludes to the conduct of Lord Mansfield on the aforesaid trial.

Since there are so many circumstances tending to prove Mr. Tooke to be the author of those celebrated letters, it may be asked, how it happens that they have not been more generally attributed to him? To which it may be answered, that the cause originated in one of the most fortunate incidents, in this respect, that could have occurred to Mr. Tooke. Although this happened fortuitously, it was no doubt afterwards managed with a secondary view of screening himself from suspicion of being Junius.

Mr. Tooke (or rather John Horne, for he had not then assumed the name of Tooke) and Mr. John Wilkes were acting in concert against the administration of that day, and were both members of a society, established by the former, for the support of the Bill of Rights. A misunderstanding taking place caused a violent contest between them, which was carried on in the Public Advertiser. Mr. Wilkes, by means of the populace, with whom he was a great favourite, finally prevailed over Mr. Horne, and became elected high sheriff of London. He then in a letter to Mr. H. observed, "Whether you proceed, sir, to a *thirteenth* or a *thirtieth* letter is to me a matter of the most perfect indifference; you will no longer have me your correspondent." Mr. Horne addressed his thirteenth letter to Mr. Wilkes, dated July 10th, 1771; but being mortified at the result of his contest with the latter, was determined still further to expose his real character to the public; and, as a plausible pretext for so doing, he made apparently a severe attack on himself, under the signature of Junius, in a letter addressed to the duke of Grafton, July ninth, the day previous to the date of his last communication to Wilkes.

It was necessary that this attack should be high-seasoned, in order to appear to be in earnest, and in point, to admit of a positive and unequivocal answer. Accordingly, Junius charges Horne with "a new zeal in support of administration," and with "endeavours in the support of the ministerial nomination of sheriffs." Accuses him, also, of harbouring the "vindictive malice of a monk;" and says, "now let him go back to his cloister. The church is a proper retreat for him. In his principles he is already a bishop." And to cap the climax, he adds, "*The mention of this man has moved me from my natural moderation.*"

To suppose that Junius, if he had been any other than John Horne, would have made use of this language, is preposterous. The gun is overloaded and bursts with the discharge. If Junius was not Horne, and if there was any man in England to whom he owed pre-eminent respect it was to the latter. They had fought bravely together against the government up to this time. Horne in the open field and Junius covertly. No misunderstanding had occurred between them; both despised John Wilkes, the ostensible cause of their quarrel, and had attacked him in the most violent manner.

These specific charges, however, enabled Horne to meet them fairly; and, utterly denying a "connection of any kind, directly or indirectly, with any courtier or ministerial man, or any of their adherents," or that he ever used any "endeavours in support of the ministerial nomination of sheriffs," he then calls upon Junius to prove his allegations. It is probable that the partisans of Wilkes had promulgated by insinuations the charges made by Junius, and therefore it became desirable to Mr. Horne to have them categorically stated that he might answer in like manner.

Junius, in reply, modifies his direct charge of Horne's supporting the ministerial candidates, to his neglect of rendering aid to Mr. Wilkes, which was notorious, and expected by Wilkes himself, three lists of candidates being canvassed for at that election. "To exclude Wilkes (says Junius) it was not necessary you should solicit votes for his opponents. We

incline the balance as effectually by lessening the weight in one scale as by increasing it in the other."

By a strict examination of the whole correspondence of Junius and Horne it will appear evident that the object of it was to clear the character of Mr. H. from the aspersions thrown out against it, and to exhibit Wilkes to the public in his true colours, as an unprincipled demagogue; and it is very apparent that but one hand had any concern in the transaction.

The open rupture between Horne and Wilkes took place January 1771, although Mr. Horne accused his adversary with having made anonymous attacks upon him previously. The election for charter officers for the city of London occurred in the latter part of March following, and terminated in favour of the Wilkites. Mr. Horne, having lost the ascendancy among what were called whigs, and being of course, extremely odious to the court party, thus writes to Wilkes, May, 1771:

"But whatever may be the opinions of any persons concerning my conduct, I shall not alter it; their uninformed opinions affect me little; I know my own situation; I must ever remain a poor and a private man, and can never be a candidate for the favour or confidence of the public. The voice of the people is not the voice of God to me, though (in the fair meaning of the word *people*) I have never thought it wrong; but it is the voice within me that shall ever be the guide of my actions." And, in July, in a letter to Junius, he says, "In the infinite variety of business in which I have been concerned, where it is not so easy to be faultless, which of my actions can he arraign? To what danger has any man been exposed which I have not faced? Information, action, imprisonment, or death? What labour have I refused? What expense have I declined? What pleasure have I not renounced?"

In another letter to Junius he says, "Singular as my present situation is, it is neither painful, nor was it unforeseen. He is not fit for public business who does not, even at his entrance, prepare his mind for such an event. Health, fortune, tranquillity, and private connexions, I have sacrificed upon the altar of the public, and the only return I receive, because I will not concur to dupe and mislead a senseless multitude, is barely that they have not yet torn me in pieces."

Contrast the above with what Junius says in a letter to Horne:

"As for myself, it is no longer a question whether I shall mix with the throng and take a single share in the danger. Whenever Junius appears he must encounter a host of enemies. But is there no honourable way to serve the public without engaging in personal quarrels with insignificant individuals, or submitting to the drudgery of canvassing votes for an election? Is there no merit in dedicating my life to the information of my fellow subjects? What public question have I declined? What villain have I spared? Is there no labour in the composition of these letters?"

Here Junius accurately describes himself as John Horne; who having become unpopular with the two parties into which the nation was divided, could not appear to take a part in public affairs without encountering a host of enemies; and he compares his present occupation with what it had been when canvassing votes for Wilkes, contending with Onslow, &c. In a private letter to Wilkes, Junius says, "A man who honestly engages in a public cause must prepare himself for events which will at once demand his utmost patience, and rouse his warmest indignation. I feel myself, at this moment, in the very situation I describe; yet from the common enemy I expect nothing but hostilities against the people. It is the conduct of our friends that surprises and afflicts me."

But if any doubts could remain respecting the identity of Junius and Horne, they must be dispelled by the exordium of Junius's forty-fourth letter, dated April 22, 1771, addressed to the printer of the Public Advertiser. This introduction has not the least connexion or relation to the subject treated of in the letter, and appears to be lugged in merely with a view of explaining his situation and feelings at the time; which was very soon after the (to Mr. Horne) unfortunate termination of the city election. It is as follows:

"SIR—To write for profit without taxing the press, to write for fame and to be unknown, to support the intrigues of faction and to be disowned as a *dangerous auxiliary* by every party in the kingdom, are contradictions which the minister must reconcile before I forfeit my credit with the public. I may quit the service, but it would be absurd to suspect me of desertion. The reputation of these papers is an honourable pledge for my attachment to the people. To sacrifice a respected character, and to renounce the esteem of society, requires more than Mr. Wedderburne's resolution. But, in truth, sir, I have left no room for an accommodation with the

piety of St. James's. My offences are not to be redeemed by recantation or repentance. On one side our warmest patriots would disclaim me as a burthen to their honest ambition, on the other, the vilest prostitution, if Junius could descend to it, would lose its natural merit and influence in the cabinet, and treachery be no longer a recommendation to the royal favour."

Junius had probably been accused of mercenary motives in writing, which explains the opening of his letter. With regard to Mr. Wedderburne, Mr. Woodfall observes that he had deserted the principles of whiggism, and had, a little before, received the appointments of solicitor general and cofferer to the queen. Junius, though illy treated by the whig party, in the person of John Horne, was determined not to follow his example. And, moreover, was sensible that it could be of no use for him to do so, on account of his great disrepute with the existing cabinet. He had gone such lengths against them that there was no room for retreating. But this could not apply to an anonymous writer except in the predicament of John Horne; and no other man in the kingdom could probably be pointed out whose situation would exactly meet the case but he. Mr. Horne had in a great measure sacrificed his character with both parties, and he had forfeited the esteem, by the part he had taken, of some of his best friends, family connexions, particularly that of his brother-in-law, Dr. De-mainbray, a man of considerable influence at court. The condition of Junius, therefore, as given by himself, accurately describes that of John Horne Tooke.

ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA.

It is, or should be known to most readers that Messrs. Carey and Lea, in conjunction with the Carvills, have undertaken the publication, under this title, of a popular dictionary of arts, sciences, literature, history, &c. brought down to the present time. The work is formed on the basis of the great and popular German Conversations Lexicon, but is modified and improved with additions suited to the urgencies of the American reader. These additions are chiefly composed of biographical notices of our distinguished countrymen, and will be found generally interesting. The edition is beautifully executed, and from its cheapness and great value will deserve a place in every family library. The present volume commences with the articles "Catholic epistles," and ends with a notice of the life of "Cranmer." It contains six hundred and sixteen pages closely printed in double columns, and equals in important matter the preceding volumes.

LOCKHART'S HISTORY OF NAPOLEON.

The untiring press of the brothers Harper presented, during the last week, two new works to the public, of one of which, the title stands at the head of this notice. We have read it and do most heartily concur in the praises that have been lavished upon it by the English press. It is, in our opinion, decidedly the fairest, most correct, and best arranged biography of that extraordinary man that has yet been written; perhaps, also, it is as fair and honest as can be expected from any Englishman—any subject of that dominion which was so long and so inveterately hostile to him and his authority. The work of Sir Walter Scott is more elaborate, and perhaps more full, but it is too long for every day readers, and, with hesitation be it said, too strongly tinged with prejudice for impartial history. We anticipate an immense popularity for Mr. Lockhart's work, and a speedy sale of the first, second, and third editions. This work forms the fourth and fifth volumes of the Family Library, a collection which we have already taken an occasion to recommend to our readers, and of the value of which we are now more strongly confident than ever.

PUNCTUATION.—When Lord Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport, wrote his famous book, entitled "A Pickle for the knowing Ones," there happened to be many heresies, schisms, and false doctrines abroad in the land regarding punctuation; and as many diverse systems appeared for the location of commas, semicolons, periods, dashes, &c. as there were works published. To obviate this difficulty and to give every one an opportunity of suiting himself, his lordship left out all marks of punctuation from the body of his work, and at the end of the book had printed four or five pages of nothing but stops and pauses, with which he said the reader could pepper his dish as he chose.

A PEDAGOGUE'S FUN.—A youth, who had not long emerged from scholastic trammels, having been smitten with a pretty face, consulted his former preceptor whether he would advise him to *conjugate*? "No," replied the pedagogue, "I should say, by all means, *decline*."

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.—NUMBER NINETEEN.

TOBACCO.

IN all countries, Christian, Mahomedan, Jewish and Pagan, some foolish abomination or other has, in the dark ages, sprung up amongst the people, no one knows how, and been perpetuated, no one knows why. It is not my intention to illustrate the art of spinning-out in writing, and impose upon the public by entering into minute details, and citing grave authorities from cyclopædias, to show how the followers of the Prophet first came to eat opium, the inhabitants of Cochin China *wang-te*, or any other parallel case, but confine myself closely to the subject more immediately under consideration—a subject which, it may be said, is in every man's mouth, and "comes home to the bosom and business of all."

It is strange what a strong propensity nature has implanted in the human species, from infancy to old age, to convey all sorts of substances into that orifice which serves as a port of entry for the stomach. Even the small weeping and wailing babe, no sooner grasps with its tiny and unsteady hand any thing eatable, than its cries are stilled, and it carries it instinctively to its mouth; while, beyond all question, a mother's most infallible recipe for assuaging the grief of the hardy urchins around her is a substantial slice of bread and butter. It is pleasant to note the sudden transition from grief, or rather mechanical crying, to joy, which takes place in a little fellow as soon as a pacifying piece of victuals is placed in his hand. How his face lightens up, and his bright eyes sparkle and glisten through the moisture which overflows them, while ever and anon the "big round tears" unconsciously leave his silken eyelashes, and

"Course one another down his innocent nose."

It is a pretty study for a painter. The capacities for eating possessed by young children at a tender age seem to be immense—many of the young rogues will continue stuffing from the rising to the going down of the sun, with a *gusto* calculated to excite the astonishment of an epicure and the horror of a valetudinarian. The swallowing capabilities of a man, however, are by no means so great, though his early objections to letting his jaw-bones remain in a quiescent state continue equally strong; he has, therefore, adopted various ways for indulging this propensity without danger to himself, and among these, masticating tobacco stands strikingly conspicuous in this section of the globe; nay, to such an extent is this carried, that not only are thousands of acres of fertile land devoted to the purpose of raising it, but ships are fitted out and sent across the wide ocean, and men, esteemed by statesmen and philosophers of an inferior order on account of their colour, are torn from their home and wives and children, in order to cultivate a weed for other men of another colour to put into their mouths and then take out again!

At the best, tobacco appears to be a very unodoriferous and anti-poetical substance. To rebut the latter charge it may be urged that Byron, the greatest poet of the age, was partial to it; but it must be remembered that Byron used it only as a medicine—an antidote to rotundity—in small round balls, in order to allay the pangs of hunger when his lordship chose to fast, in order to prevent his growing, like Falstaff, "out of all compass—out of all reasonable compass." No—tobacco is death to poetry and poetical associations wherever it comes in contact with them. Suppose you fancy for an instant, a fine clear Sabbath morn in some of the snug, sheltered villages on the Connecticut river, the bell from the simple spire summoning the hardy yeomanry, far and near, unto the house of prayer. Fancy a venerable man trudging along the narrow pathway that runs winding through the sweet-scented meadows which lie between his home and the spot consecrated to the service of his Maker, with his smiling happy family tripping gaily at his heels: he feels the benign influence of nature in the balmy air, and is glad, though he almost deems cheerfulness a sin at such a time, while the rising generation find their hearts leaping with frolic glee within them as the delicious southern breeze, laden with the merry music of birds and the breath of flowers comes sweeping over the bold hills and beautiful valleys of Connecticut. There is poetry, deep and pure, in such a sight. But suppose, for an instant, that the old man, or any of the male part of his progeny, "*chew*"—fagh! what a jar it gives the feelings to think of such a thing—it is like a discord in a strain of heavenly music, or a blot from a sign-painter's brush on one of Turner's rich, harmonious landscapes. It brings you at once from the poetry of life to the harsh prose—the scurvy reality—and you see nothing but an old farmer and his tobacco-munching sons lounging along, employed in transferring large quantities of that detestable weed from one side of

their mouth to the other, and ever and anon staining the bright young grass and pretty wild-flowers with their impure squirts as they pass on their way. Horrible! I wonder if there is any truth in the story of the men at the eastward, who are too decorous to masticate in church, and too prudent to throw any thing away, using the tomb-stones which cover the bones of their ancestors as fitting places whereon to deposit portions of the Indian weed, from which the sweets are but half distilled; and then, after the psalm is sung, the sermon preached, and the prayer prayed, resuming the pleasing process of extraction. Be that as it may, certain it is that the stones nearest the church door, in many of their villages, have diverse stains, which no rain can wash away.

Much is said of the influence which females exercise in this country, but it is to be feared that it is over-rated. Powerful as may be their commands and entreaties, and strong as may be their charms, it is reasonable to suppose that the charms of tobacco are still stronger, or they would doubtless have banished it from civilized society long ere this. It is shocking to think of a delicate creature with lips "like two young rose-leaves torn," having them at any time come in contact with those attached to what out of courtesy is called the mouth of a man, but which, in reality, is nothing better than a damp tobacco-box. Yet there is much kissing going on in the world for all this.

It is curious what strange and childish notions will perpetuate an evil. Drinking, gambling, &c. are enticing in the first instance, but all agree that the use of tobacco is dreadfully disagreeable to the young beginner; but boys will imitate the actions of men, and unfortunately it is considered manly to swear, drink mint juleps, eat tobacco, and smoke cigars; and thousands of beardless, puny creatures are led away by the desire to appear older than they are. Poor children! Why do not their parents whip them and put them to bed early for doing such naughty, dirty tricks? Solomon says, "he that spareth the rod spoileth the child," and it would be better for themselves and offspring if the worthy inhabitants of this city would pay a little more respect to Solomon's sayings; though, alas, with what consistency can a man correct his son for the very abominations he himself indulges in? It must be left to that indefinite power of education which it is the fashion of the hour to set forth as a remedy for all disorders and irregularities. One thing is clear; so much exhortation must be highly injurious to half-grown boys, and many of them, with wasp waists and the mere outlines of a face, look as if the liquor they are so fond of extracting had mingled with the current of their young blood, and was the cause of their light tobacco-coloured complexions. When it is considered that for all the nuisances of which the use of this substance is productive, the only good arising from it is the effectual laying of the dust in the streets in summer, and thus saving the public funds by superseding the use of the corporation water-carts, it is to be hoped that men will learn to pause before they "put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their saliva." We are very sorry for Messrs. Lorillard, but, as small political editors with seventeen bad subscribers say—"our duty to the public imperatively commands us to speak out."

noxious qualities. This fact he made known to the celebrated Dr. Beddoes, who was then actively employed in endeavouring to establish an institution at Bristol for the relief of consumption, in which he intended experimentally to test the power of gas as applied to the cure of human diseases. Dr. Beddoes was so much pleased with the information, that after some preliminary correspondence he invited Davy, then under twenty, to join him, to which the latter consented, stipulating, however, that he should have the entire control of the laboratory, a privilege that was conceded to him by Dr. Beddoes.

At Bristol the young philosopher contracted an intimacy with many excellent individuals, whose friendship materially aided him in his further progress through life; from one of whom, Mr. Cottle, the poet, we learn that Sir Humphrey was a poet of no mean talents, being a large contributor to the Poetical Anthology, a work now discontinued.

His time at Bristol was indefatigably employed in the pursuit of his favourite science, and during this period he gave to the world the result of his labours in a work entitled "Researches, Chemical and Philosophical." This work introduced him to the notice of Count Rumford, whose influence shortly afterwards procured him the professor's chair in chemistry at the Royal Institution. From this period we find him in the very centre of scientific information, with ample facilities to extend his inquiries.

His first experiments in the Royal Institution had relation to the discoveries of the celebrated French chemist, M. Segurier, on the process of tanning and to the phenomena of galvanism. In 1802 he commenced a series of lectures on the practical utility of chemistry as applicable to the common uses and necessities of life. These lectures raised his reputation materially, and subsequently led to the delivery of the important courses he gave for three successive years before the board of agriculture.

In 1803, although he had not yet made those discoveries which have since spread his fame over the whole world, he was chosen a member of the Royal Society, and two years afterwards he was made a member of the Royal Irish Academy, in 1806 he became secretary to the Royal Society, and consequently was in correspondence with the most eminent chemists and literati of both hemispheres. During the same year he was appointed to deliver before the Royal Society the Bakerian lecture, at which time he communicated his grand discovery of the compound nature of the two fixed alkalies, potash and soda, which he found were formed of metallic bases in composition with oxygen; after which he demonstrated that oxymuriatic acid was not, as it had been supposed, a compound, but a simple substance, which he called *chlorine*.

The increased celebrity which Mr. Davy obtained by these discoveries may be inferred from the fact that he received, in 1810, the prize from the French Institute, although England and France then waged an inveterate war. Bonaparte also forwarded him a sum of money with the offer of free passports through the dominions under his control—a splendid instance of the supremacy of genius and of science.

In 1812 he was knighted by the Prince Regent, being the first individual on whom his royal highness had conferred that honour. A few days afterwards he married Mrs. Apreece, a widow lady of considerable fortune. In 1814 he was chosen vice-president of the Royal Society, and a corresponding member of the French Institute. The following year he made one of his most important and brilliant discoveries, the invention of the *safety lamp*.

In consequence of the innumerable accidents which arose from the explosion of fire damp in coal mines, a committee of gentlemen was formed at Sunderland for investigating the causes of these destructive disasters. At their particular request Sir Humphry Davy examined most of the large collieries in the north of England, to provide, if possible, a remedy. It was at one time thought that a new mode of ventilation might be adopted—this was, however, found impracticable. In the course of these experiments he was led to conclude that the object might be attained by a lamp of peculiar structure, and the celebrated safety lamp, after a short time, gave security to hundreds of labouring men, who, before its invention, were every instant subjected to the peril of an instant and frightful death.

The coal owners on the Tyne and Wear presented him with a magnificent service of plate on the occasion, estimated at the value of two thousand pounds sterling.

In 1817 Sir Humphrey was created a baronet, and elected an associate of the Royal Academy. During the two following years he travelled in Italy, where he analyzed the colours used by the ancients in painting. He also examined the manuscripts found in Herculaneum, for the unrolling of which he invented a process, which has been used with par-

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

Late President of the Royal Society.

THE distinguished object of this memoir was born at Penzance in Cornwall, England, December 17, 1779; at the grammar schools of which place, and of Truro, he received the rudiments of his education, and gave early proofs of those powers which have since procured him an imperishable reputation in all quarters of the world.

Having originally intended to pursue the medical profession, he resided some time at Penzance with a surgeon of considerable eminence at that place, from whom he derived both intellectual and professional improvement. But intending to graduate at Edinburgh, he was articled at the age of fifteen to W. Borlase, a respectable surgeon at Penzance, under whose care he steadily pursued a methodical system of reading, until at the age of eighteen, he became familiar with every branch of study connected with his professional pursuits; but chemistry was the science that more particularly engrossed his attention, and the ardour of his pursuit was shortly rewarded by a discovery of importance. Having made several experiments on water-weeds, he ascertained that these plants rendered the air contained in water pure by the same agency that vegetables deprive atmospheric air of its

tial success. On his return to England, the death of Sir Joseph Banks left the presidency of the Royal Society vacant, and Sir Humphrey was elected to fill that honourable station, by a majority of nearly two hundred votes.

He continued to discharge the duties of this high office until 1827, when increasing ill health obliged him to resign it, and again seek relief from the mild air of Italy. In his retirement he communicated the results of experiments on various electrical combinations, which were intended to prevent the corrosion and decay of copper used for lining the bottoms of ships; and he received, in return for his communication, the royal medal.

In May, 1829, this distinguished man was seized with a sudden and fatal attack of paralysis, at Geneva, which terminated in his death on the twenty-ninth of the same month. The highest respect which private friendship and public esteem can bestow upon the dead attended his remains. No man in Europe has done more for science, both morally as well as physically, than Sir Humphrey Davy; his genius and his learning were devoted to the interests of his fellow-men, and his last efforts were consecrated to the advancement of pure and rational religion, founded on a philosophical exposition of its truth. In the little work, *Salmonia*, which occupied his hours of sickness, are the following passages; and as coming from a man who had penetrated far into the *arcana* of science, they are alike worthy the attention of the sceptic and of the believer in revealed religion.

"In my opinion," says he, "profound minds are the most likely to think lightly of the resources of human reason; and it is the pert, superficial thinker, who is generally strongest in every kind of unbelief." And again—"I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing." H.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

LORD BYRON.

It has often been remarked that the greatness or worth of very few illustrious men has been foretold at the commencement of their career. Nay, it often occurs that their entire character is misunderstood even by those who are in the main the most competent judges. Of this fact a pointed instance occurred in the life of the noble bard whose name is prefixed to this article. A gifted and acute critic in the Edinburgh Review actually advised "the minor" to abandon poetry and devote his talents to other pursuits! How gratifying this admonition, with its accompanying censures of his earliest efforts in verse proved to Byron, may be seen in his immortal satire—"English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." The error of the Edinburgh censor was so far fortunate that it furnished a most happy opportunity for the development of latent powers which might have else slumbered or been even crippled by a fawning adulation. As a literary curiosity not familiar to many readers at the present day—indeed we doubt if the review has ever appeared in any of our lighter periodicals—we have extracted it bodily into this number.—*Ed. N. Y. Mir.*

Hours of Idleness: a series of Poems, Original and Translated. By George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor. 8vo. pp. 200.

The poetry of this young lord belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level than if they were so much stagnant water. As an extenuation of this offence, the noble author is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. We have it in the title page, and on the very back of the volume; it follows his name like a favourite part of his style. Much stress is laid upon it in the preface, and the poems are connected with this general statement of his case, by particular dates, substantiating the age at which each was written. Now, the law upon the point of minority we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron, for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry, and if judgment were given against him, it is highly probable that an exception would be taken were he to deliver for poetry the contents of this volume. To this he might plead minority, but as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he hath no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable. This is our view

of the law on the point, and we dare to say so will it be ruled. Perhaps, however, in reality, all that he tells us about his youth, is rather with a view to increase our wonder than to soften our censures. He possibly means to say, "see how a minor can write! This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one of only sixteen!" But, alas! we all remember the poetry of Cowley at ten, and Pope at twelve; and so far from hearing, with any degree of surprise, that very poor verses were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college, inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences; that it happens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron.

His other plea of privilege our author rather brings forward in order to waive it. He certainly, however, does allude frequently to his family and ancestors—sometimes in poetry, sometimes in notes; and while giving up his claim on the score of rank, he takes care to remember us of Dr. Johnson's saying, that when a nobleman appears as an author, his merit should be handsomely acknowledged. In truth, it is this consideration only that induces us to give Lord Byron's poems a place in our review, beside our desire to counsel him that he do forthwith abandon poetry, and turn his talents, which are considerable, and his opportunities, which are great, to better account.

With this view we must beg leave seriously to assure him, that the mere rhyming of the final syllable, even when accompanied by the presence of a certain number of feet; nay, although (which does not always happen) those feet should scan regularly, and have been all counted accurately upon the fingers—is not the whole art of poetry. We would entreat him to believe that a certain portion of liveliness, somewhat of fancy, is necessary to constitute a poem; and that a poem, in the present day, to be read, must contain at least one thought, either in a little degree different from the ideas of former writers, or differently expressed. We put it to his candour, whether there is any thing so deserving the name of poetry in verses like the following, written in 1806, and whether, if a youth of eighteen could say any thing so uninteresting to his ancestors, a youth of nineteen should publish it.

"Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

"Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes with the same emulation;
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

"That fame and that memory still will he cherish,
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decayed, may he mingle his dust with your own."

Now we positively do assert that there is nothing better than these stanzas in the whole compass of the noble minor's volume.

Lord Byron should also have a care of attempting what the greatest poets have done before him, for comparisons (as he must have had occasion to see at his writing master's) are odious. Gray's ode on Eton College should really have kept out the ten hobbling stanzas "on a distant view of the village and school of Harrow."

"Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied;
How welcome to me, your ne'er fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied."

In like manner the exquisite lines of Mr. Rogers, "On a tear," might have warned the noble author off those premises, and spared us a whole dozen such stanzas as the following:

"Mild charity's glow,
To us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt,
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a tear.

"The man doomed to sail,
With the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave,
Which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a tear."

And so of instances in which former poets had failed. Thus, we do not think Lord Byron was made for translating, during his nonage, Adrian's Address to his Soul, when Pope succeeded so indifferently in the attempt. If our readers, however, are of another opinion, they may look at it.

"Ah! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more, with wonted humour gay,
But palid, cheerless, and forlorn."

However, be this as it may, we fear his translations and imitations are great favourites with Lord Byron. We have

them of all kinds, from Anacreon to Ossian; and, viewing them as school exercises, they may pass. Only, why print them after they have had their day and served their turn? And why call the thing in page seventy-nine a translation, where *two* words (*δύο λέξεις*) of the original are expanded into four lines, and the other thing in page eighty-one, *μικρονομία* *πρό* *ἰ* *εἰς*, is rendered by means of six hobbling verses? As to his Ossianic poetry, we are not very good judges; being, in truth, so moderately skilled in that species of composition, that we should, in all probability, be criticising some bit of the genuine Macpherson itself, were we to express our opinion of Lord Byron's rhapsodies. If, then, the following beginning of a "Song of Bards," is by his lordship, we venture to object to it, as far as we can comprehend it. "What form rises on the roar of clouds, whose dark ghost gleams on the red stream of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder: 'tis Orla, the brown chief of Othona. He was," &c. After detaining this "brown chief" some time, the bards conclude by giving him their advice to "raise his fair locks;" then to "spread them on the arch of the rainbow;" and "to smile through the tears of the storm." Of this kind of thing there are no less than nine pages; and we can so far venture an opinion in their favour, that they look very like Macpherson; and we are positive they are pretty nearly as stupid and tiresome.

It is a sort of privilege of poets to be egotists; but they should "use it as not abusing it;" and particularly one who piques himself (though indeed at the ripe age of nineteen) of being "an infant bard"—("The artless Helicon I boast is youth;") should either not know, or should seem not to know, so much about his own ancestry. Besides a poem above cited on the family seat of the Byrons, we have another of eleven pages, on the self-same subject, introduced with an apology, "he certainly had no intention of inserting it;" but really, "the particular request of some friends," &c. &c. It concludes with five stanzas on himself, "the last and youngest of a noble line." There is a good deal also about his maternal ancestors, in a poem on Lachin-y-gair, a mountain where he spent part of his youth, and might have learnt that *piobach* is not a bagpipe, any more than duet means a fiddle.

As the author has dedicated so large a part of his volume to immortalize his employments at school and college, we cannot possibly dismiss it without presenting the reader with a specimen of these ingenious effusions. In an ode with a Greek motto, called *Granta*, we have the following magnificent stanzas:

"There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes,
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

"Who reads false quantities in Seley,
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
Deprived of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous Latin doomed to wrangle.

"Renouncing every pleasing page,
From authors of historic use;
Preferring to the letter'd sage,
The square of the hypothenuse.

"Still harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compared with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent."

We are sorry to hear so had an account of the college psalmody as is contained in the following Attic stanzas.

"Our choir would scarcely be excused,
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended;
In furious mood, he would have torn 'em."

But whatever judgment may be passed on the poems of this noble minor, it seems we must take them as we find them, and be content; for they are the last we shall ever have from him. He is at best, he says, but an intruder into the grove of Parnassus; he never lived in a garret, like thoroughbred poets; and "though he once roved a careless mountaineer in the highlands of Scotland," he has not of late enjoyed this advantage. Moreover, he expects no profit from his publication; and whether it succeeds or not, "it is highly improbable, from his situation and pursuits hereafter," that he should again condescend to become an author. Therefore, let us take what we get and be thankful. What right have we poor devils to be nice? We are well off to have got so much from a man of this lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but "has the sway" of Newstead Abbey. Again, we say, let us be thankful; and, with honest Sancho, bid heaven bless the giver, nor look the gift horse in the mouth.

The three years' imprisonment to which the two Wakefields were sentenced, the one in Newgate, and the other in Lancaster castle, expired on the fourteenth of May.

THE METAPHYSICS OF MUSIC,
AND THEIR ACCORDANCE WITH MODERN PRACTICE.
IN THREE PARTS—PART THE SECOND.

We have heard many complaints of the modern rage for musical accompaniment. Men of more refined taste have joined Mr. Cobbett in vituperating that indiscriminating thirst for sound, which would send honest farmers' daughters "to make a villanous noise on the piano." But this is comparatively nothing to the extent to which musical education was carried during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. The class through which it was possible to extend it was, of course, at that period, much smaller than at present. But where it did form any part of education, and it did so of that of every gentleman, it seems to have been pushed to a great extreme. Few persons of a certain rank were then to be found who could not play, and with superior execution, on at least one instrument; and, where nature permitted, take a part in vocal compositions; the awkward and forced complexities of which certainly did not tend to diminish their difficulty, however they might detract from their real merit. This fever of harmonies had subsided in England, until the establishment of the Italian opera, and the celebrity of Handel, in some sort revived it. The quarrels of the furious partisans of Faustina and Cuzzoni, and the homage paid to Nicolini, and afterwards to Farinelli, are strong symptoms of what is called the revival of music in England. A great step, however, was gained. Throughout the musical world, melody, forgotten and despised so long, began again to be attended to. Corelli and others are known to have been so far sensible of the excellence of some of the old airs, both of their own and of other countries, as to have made them the ground-work of many of their sonatas. From about this period the national melodies of Italy, of Scotland, and of Ireland, may, it is said, be traced in the compositions of the best masters. Some of the most celebrated operatic songs now known have the same origin. And if a single instance may suffice, I may mention that the far-famed "Nel cor piu" is taken, almost note for note, from an old Sicilian ballad. The success of the opera was an acknowledgment that songs are essentially dramatic; and it is confessed, in words at least, that, to the finished musician, feeling and expression are as necessary as science.

If such be a tolerably correct sketch of the progress of this art; and if, as the course of events has seemed to indicate, the hypothesis of Rousseau be founded in truth, a key is afforded to the explanation of the many anomalies which music, in its modern practice, presents. That natural melody should be both neglected and depraved, appears to have been inevitable. The difficulties against which it has to struggle are immovable and overpowering. It is a most unequal conflict, to set Mr. Coleridge's "blind boy," with his "pipe of sycamore," be his "notes as strangely moving" as they will, against the crash of a whole orchestra. Expressive melody must ever be in danger of being overwhelmed by mere harmony; and they who essay to rescue her from the depths of thorough bass, must, like Hotspur, dare

"To dive unto the bottom of a sea
Where fathom-line did never touch the ground,
And pluck up drown'd melody by the locks."

It is a question whether one air, during the last hundred years, has been composed by a professed musician, with any direct and intentional reference to any principle in nature, upon which musical expression can be founded. Strong as the assertion may seem, the chances are, that he who embraces music as a profession, and goes through an elaborate musical education, is less likely than other men to produce a naturally expressive combination of sound. This is no paradox, whatever may be thought of it. The fact is, that the harmonists have exterminated the melodists, as the great misall thrush does the common mavis. The race of bards, half-poets, half-musicians, has disappeared, because it is next to impossible that such a being should continue to exist; nor, if he could, would he dare to bring forward one original composition.

Ranking amongst the profounder studies, constituting a lucrative branch of trade, and giving employment to thousands, harmony must go nigh to overturn melody, by its very weight and momentum, if by nothing else. It is all-pervading. Now, who does not know how difficult it is for the greatest poetical genius to free himself, in any considerable degree, of those common-places and idioms which long custom and eternal repetition of versifiers have made a habit almost as inevitable as a natural tendency. In music this is ten times worse. The common-place "musical phrases," as they are styled, which have spread themselves every where through the medium of the voluminous and endless compositions of science, have of necessity become almost a part of the nature of every one who is possessed of a musical ear. They fly abroad

"upon the wings of the wind," like the feathered seeds of the thistle or dandelion. There is no avoiding them. We hear them by day and by night; in the theatre, in the street, in the church, in the ball-room. Like Pharaoh's plagues, they follow us into our very chambers. The difficulty of original composition is thus increased a hundred-fold, and the most determined cultivator of simple, expressive melody, will find himself, at every step, sliding into some of the innumerable artificial turns or modulations with which constant custom has indelibly impressed his imagination. Should a composer of expressive airs, in a style similar to that of the old melodies, exist at this moment, he would be denied the very name of musician. He would be hooted at by nine out of ten, and for three or four different reasons. He would be told that his music required no execution; he would hear it called simple stuff, that a child might play or sing; he would be twitted with monotony of key; he would be reproached with not concluding upon the key-note, and with a score of other offences against rules of which he and nature knew nothing. He would be accused, as every musician who has dared to verge towards simplicity has been, of want of science. This was the fate of Piccini, of Pleyell, and of Shield. The constant craving for variety and for difficulty—the superior extent of the class of those who are affected by harmony only—and the consequent multiplicity of its professor's publications, exhibitions, and gains, must probably always give scientific music a preponderance. He can only be celebrated who either distinguishes himself in elaborate composition, or in the performance of almost impossibilities of vocal or instrumental execution.

That no alteration can take place in the present state of music, it would be presumption to say. That, since the invention of counterpoint, it has altered materially, though slowly, cannot be doubted. The advances, too, towards natural expression, however faint or sophisticated, are such as prove some recognition of that principle of poetical imitation which seems to be the foundation of musical expression. That much of modern practice is totally inconsistent, and at direct variance with that principle, is true. It may be difficult to imagine how it has happened that, admitting so much, the whole has not followed—but the fact is so.

If we look over a collection of modern music we shall find that, in the management of the time, the principle of natural imitation has been, upon the whole, adhered to. As in nature, grief expresses itself slowly, and joy rapidly; so in modern compositions, as well as in the old airs, the *vivaces* are played quickly, and the *affettuosi* more slowly. As in nature, we find that passion hurries particular words and tones, although the general effect is plaintive and slow, so in the old pathetic airs we find that semiquavers to the extent of two or four at once, are generally and judiciously used. In modern music the same principle seems to be decidedly admitted; but pushed by a love of novelty and of execution to an excess which, far o'erstepping the modesty of nature, of course totally mars the effect originally intended. To the exaggerations of the stage may be traced many of the corruptions of musical expression; and it seems to be probable, that the introduction of long hurried hubbubs of passages into airs essentially slow, has been too much encouraged by theatrical performances. Be this as it may, it would be an easy matter to point out a score or two of scientific adagios and largos which a person, unable to read music, and not having the real notes as written, and the divisions of the bars in his mind's eye, would never discover to be in essentially slow time. The only effect of such composition upon unlearned hearers is to surprise and confound them. As to touching the finer feelings, the thing is out of the question; indeed, the evident intention of the composer is to take advantage of the slowness of the time, in order to exhibit his own skill and that of the performer, in running through divisions and sub-divisions. In the management of piano and forte the same principle of imitation may be traced, however faintly. All natural "discourses" of passion are alternations of softness swelling into loudness, and loudness dying into softness, as the gusts of feeling rise and fall. In expressive pathetic airs the imitation is accordingly true to nature. But in modern compositions, especially of the "lengthy sort," though the practice remain, and in full force—the reason for it is gone. Ask a musician why such a forte and such a piano are marked, and he only answers you with some vague and indefinite appeal to taste or to precedent. He calls it "*light and shade*;" but what rule is there for the distribution of light and shade over a surface where no intelligible form, no natural picture, is delineated? We may indeed "*marble*" such a surface; and if the lights were shadowed and the shadows lightened—if the *ffs* were turned into *pps*, and the *pps* into *fs*, what difference could it make? It is easy to give

emphasis to that which is destitute of meaning, just as a boy reading Latin "nonsense-verses" at school, applies to them the same intonations that he is taught to give to a line of Virgil. This is only a trick, however, to make that look something like sense, which in reality is devoid of it, and if the emphasis were reversed, it would do just as well. The most glaring instance, perhaps, of the united use and abuse of imitation in modern scientific musical expression, is the "shake." The shake is in reality a poetical heightening of that tremulous effect of the voice which is always produced, especially at the close of a sentence where the tone begins to drop, by intense feeling. In accordance with this law, in all music the shake is introduced towards the close of a passage, which usually descends. That natural shake is any thing but that which musicians call a perfect shake. It is a tremulous imperfect vibration, and not a violent and distinct oscillation between two tones, which is a matter of most difficult vocal acquirement. In nature it rarely occupies more time than would be required for a crotchet in a common-time andante movement. In modern compositions, however, it is no unusual thing for it to occupy a whole bar of four crotchets—nay, two such bars—and upon exaggerations like these composers pride themselves.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE MUTATIONS OF FASHION.

THE despotic and ever-changing laws of fashion have afforded themes for the moralist, and subjects of ridicule for the satirist, yet still the goddess holds her sway with even increased power; and daring indeed must be that individual who presumes to question her legitimate right to universal rule. Dress, manners, tastes, politics, laws, may even religion, are all subjected to her dominion, and vary in their respective features at her sovereign nod. What changes may be traced in these several particulars during the last century, both in Europe and America? Let us examine a modern fashionable party, with its expensive decorations, its profusion of ornaments, and crowds of *elegantes*; the squeezing, the crushing, the frivolity, and the display of the skipping modern quadrille or cotillon; contrast it with the description of the formal sober assemblages, where our grandmothers moved straight and erect, like the Chinese figures which decorated their mantel-pieces, rustling in flowered silks and satins, that needed no other support than their own solidity and richness to sustain them in a perpendicular position—with what majesty they floated through the grave minuet, with its interminable evolutions and continued courtseyings. The beaux also were an entirely different race from the gallants of modern times, although the dandies and "exquisites" of our period may be traced in the *petit maitres* and "jessamies" of those "by-gone days;" their privileges, likewise, were regulated by the same rigid ideas of decorum which fashion then prescribed for dress. To touch the tip of the favoured fair one's finger, or to indulge in the innocent flirtations of the fan, was the utmost liberty allowed the sexes during the period of early courtship, which on the male side might be compared to a regular siege, so many obstacles had he to encounter before the fortress capitulated. "But we have changed all these things;" and now, thanks to the freedom of modern manners, an unrestricted intercourse of the sexes enables the fair one to coquet without restraint, and the gay Lothario to urge his claims free and uncontrolled. While the distinctions of dress no longer mark the gradations of society, and it is now extremely difficult from mere externals to distinguish the mistress from the attendant, the lord from the lord's gentleman.

Eating and drinking, visiting and sleeping, have all undergone their several mutations. We dine when our forefathers supped, and hasten to the crowded assembly at the time our sober ancestors prepared to take their nightly rest. Etiquette and acts of courtesy vary in like manner; formality and stiffness are banished from good society, and a dashing freedom supplies their place. The folding of a letter and the form of a visiting card change almost monthly, and a want of knowledge in these particulars will infallibly ruin the most promising youth in town; while the tie of a neckcloth, the sit of a coat, or the form of a book, will at once serve either to ruin or raise the character of an aspirant in modern fashion.

Literature is not untainted by these ever-changing rules. The prosing essay is no longer read; the sentimental effusions to Delia, Amaryllis, or Celia, would not be glanced at—even by cook-maids. Sparkling anecdotes, or got-up articles in the most showy and seductive style, must supply the place of laboured disquisitions on morality; and the wild strains of Byron, and the brilliant *morceaux* of Moore, have driven the

whole host of sentimentalists out of the field. Even novels have entirely altered their character and appearance. The fair devourer of these "time honoured" vehicles for amusement will now turn with loathing from the delicate distresses of some persecuted heroine, ingeniously carried through eight or nine volumes, until at length all ends in a happy marriage, and will only read your historical tale, or a work descriptive of manners and real life, dished up with *piquant* taste and fidelity of execution; while periodical miscellanies, if they wish to be supported, must adopt the customs of the times, and be as variable and as showy as are the mutations of modern fashion.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

SINCE our last notice a new opera, entitled "Rokeby, or a Tale of the Civil Wars," has been performed several times at this house. The piece, in the flowing phraseology of the play-bills, is styled a "grand romantic opera," which, in plain English, we have always found meant a collection of improbable impossibilities, where the most strange events occur amidst crotchets and quavers, and songs are sung in extremely unlikely situations. In fact, nature and common sense took leave of opera long ago, and we be to the unhappy man who attempts to bring about a re-union. The only pieces of this description in the English language which can in any way lay claim to the above qualities, are Gay's glorious satire and Sheridan's Duenna, neither of which is popular, but stand as beacons to warn future operatic writers against such unnatural coalitions. The French go a step beyond the English, and commit the most desperate musical outrages on probability with impunity. It is no uncommon case for their operatic heroes to have a small-sword pass through their body, and then sing a solo, and their heroines frequently terminate their mortal career while warbling an *affettuoso* passage. In a French opera, taken from Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*, the death of Lucy Ashton is one of the queerest affairs that ever took place—even on the stage. In despair for the loss of her lover, the lady takes corrosive sublimate, or something of that kind, and instead of dying as other people do after swallowing such noxious substances, she commences singing; and here it is that the astonishing skill of the composer is shown. When the poison begins to work violently, she bursts into a bravura; as nature fails, she softens down to a more plaintive strain, and finally her woes and sufferings and a delicate cadenza are finished together, and her pure spirit takes its flight in an extreme flat seventh. Now this is making a "swan-like end," with a vengeance. The author of Rokeby has succeeded in bringing together a goodly number of unlikely, and consequently striking incidents: they are such as occur in the poem from which the piece is manufactured, it is true, but without the intermediate explanations which are there furnished, to give them coherence; but this is of little consequence—and when we state, which we safely can, that the scenery was beautiful and appropriate, the acting generally excellent, and the music not only delightful in itself but delightfully executed, it will be seen that it required an uncommon quantity of retrograde ability on the part of the dramatizer to spoil the piece, and we are happy to state, that in the opinion of the public he has only partially succeeded in doing so. Barry as Bertram was energetic and animated, and gave great effect to several alarmingly long speeches by his spirited declamation; while Placide and Hilson did their best for two comic characters, which are grafted upon the main stock. Mr. Jones, a clever vocalist, new to the boards of this theatre, had a very water-gruel part allotted to him, in which he did his best to injure the reputation of the author by enunciating the whole of his speeches in a loud and distinct manner; while Mr. Richings, on the contrary, had the good sense to partially conceal what was set down for him, by speaking in a gruff, stage-ruffianly, intoxicated tone of voice; he was dressed in red, and looked admirably ferocious. It rather surprised us to see Mrs. Sharpe give such interest to the trifling part of Matilda. This lady invariably looks well, and acts well, and, as a stock performer, is of very great value to the establishment. She is too good an actress to turn tragic star, which has become a very common and discreditable line of business. Mrs. Austin, as a light-hearted, coquettish damsel, looked provokingly pretty, and warbled with the sweetness and facility of a bird. The band played wholly together, were vigilantly prepared to cover any defect on the stage, and accompanied the singers in a beautifully subdued manner. The efficiency of the orchestra is most material to the success of operas, and yet its merits or demerits are invariably passed over in silence. We at one time thought this arose from the want of a writer competent to the task of pointing them out; but we should

think this cannot now be the case, as there are one or two papers published in this city expressly devoted to musical subjects. What more can be said, except that the piece was what is technically termed exceedingly well *got up*. Castles blazed and battlements fell crashing to the ground just when the music hinted to them to do so, and soldiers and robbers were slain at the precise demi-semiquaver which gave most effect to their deaths. On the whole, the drama had every advantage that it was possible to call to its aid, and it is to this that its success is to be attributed. The author ought to be very thankful for his present fortunate escape, and see and write better plays for the time to come.

The following epilogue, written by one of our best native poets, was received on Tuesday evening, by a full and fashionable house, with the most rapturous applause. It was spoken with great point and effect.

EPILOGUE TO ROKEBY.

SPOKEN BY BARNES, PLACIDE, AND HILSON.

Barnes.—O, spare your hands—'tis useless, all this blarney, The play can't live, without a word from Barney: 'Tis like a patient—quacks to death may steam him, And he is damned, if science don't redeem him. Grappling with fate 'tis I alone can part 'em, Barney will save the piece, *secundum artem*.

Go on, that's right, your smiles are what I'm after, The best prescription is a roar of laughter; One hearty laugh, no matter how excited, May save a life when every hope is blighted.

'Tis true, Placide has got an epilogue, But 'taint the thing—it don't "go the whole hog;" So, while he's back there, spelling out each line, I'll give you an *extrumpery* of mine; Original throughout—no one has read it— So, if you have a tear, "prepare to shed it:"

A certain fair one—once, in days of yore— Caught a bad quinsy, and her throat was sore; She could not speak, nor swallow, chew, nor sup, She scarcely breathed—the doctors gave her up, Her weeping friends, in silence, breathed their sighs, And stood prepared to close her fading eyes! 'Twas at this awful crisis, mid the gloom, Her favourite monkey stole into the room; With doctor's formal air approached the bed, Seized hold her wrist, then gravely shook his head! The droll manoeuvre called a smile from death, And one convulsive laugh restored her breath; Broke her disorder, let the fair escape, Who owed her cure alone to Dr. Ape:

Dye take? or must I give your wits a jog?

Stay—here comes Harry with his epilogue.

Enter Placide speaking the epilogue.—"In ancient times, when plighted vows were broken—"

Barnes.—You're too late, Hal, the epilogue is spoken.

Placide.—Spoken! By whom?

Barnes.—By me.

Placide.—By you!

Barnes.—'Tis certain.

Placide.—Why, 'tisn't a minute since they dropt the curtain,

And my address a good half hour employs.

Barnes.—"I've done the deed—dixit thou not hear a noise?"

If you attempt, you'll find yourself mistaken;

I made them laugh—that saved the author's bacon.

Placide.—And who, pray, bade you show your monkey capers?

The sun requires no aid from farthing tapers— I saved the piece, sir.

Barnes.—You!

Placide.—My humble talents

Secured the thing's success and turned the balance,

Or, as Prince Rupert says—"alone I did it!"

It's true, I pledge my honour!

Enter Hilson, speaking.—Heaven forbid it!

To put so mean a trifle "up the spout!"

Placide.—Hilson, be quiet! I know what I'm about.

Hilson.—That tone, my boy, smacks sharply of the acid.

Barnes.—Placide, by name, but not exactly placid, You're somewhat wroth.

Placide.—I am, and shall be wroth.

I'll speak my speech!

Hilson.—Not if you love the author.

Since I have saved his opera, 'twere wrong,

To jeopardise it with a speech so long.

Placide.—You saved the opera!

Barnes.—You saved it!

Both.—You!

Hilson.—Yes, I myself alone—you know it's true;

I hit it on the head—but lest it fail,

Here's a short epilogue to clench the nail:

"When erst the muses, on Parnassus' top,

"In mazy dances—"

Barnes.—Prithee, Tommy, stop;

Throw poetry and physic to the dogs,

Nor bore our friends, here, with dull epilogues.

Hilson.—Agreed, old Barney! and to end disputes,

The readiest way to harmonize our flutes,

Is to admit—so be it understood,

To please our friends we've all done what we could.

If we have failed—

Placide.—Why then—

Barnes.—What then, Placide?

Placide.—They'll take "a good intention for the deed."

Hilson.—I'll answer for't—I know these generous folks,

They're always laughing at us, or our jokes;

But what of our young author? Jest's nor wit

Won't add a penny to his benefit.

Placide.—His benefit is safe.

Barnes.—What then of Rokeby?

Hilson.—Should that be damn'd, it would a serious joke be.

But see! there's mercy in each judge's eye—

The bard's acquitted!—Rokeby shall not die!

Placide.—Egad, their plaudits make old Drury shake.

Hilson.—It's just the thing!

Barnes.—I say—"there's no mistake!"

[Exit.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Water.—We chanced some time since to alight upon an old edition of Morse's Geography, published in 1788, and felt forthwith curious to know what was indited in those ancient days respecting this goodly city which we now inhabit. All that we encountered there we shall not now promulgate, wishing to retain certain very interesting items for future articles. With one fact stated we shall however acquaint the reader forthwith, and if it do not strike him with amazement it is no fault of ours. Among sundry deficiencies laid to the account of the city of New-York, one of the most prominent is the want of good pure water! so that *forty-two years* ago was this evil publicly felt, and made part of the history of the times; and strange to say, even now it exists in all its unmitigated force! Many changes have since taken place. The city has long since left its stockaded barrier in Wall-street, and gone a walking most furiously up-town, making sad havoc with the farms and domains of the Bayarda, the Delanceys, the Stuyvesants, and Lispenards. The old village of Greenwich, which was then stated to be three miles distant from New-York city, has now become an integral wedded part thereof. The ancient solid tenements of Rotterdam brick, with their gable ends, tiled roofs, and iron clamps, representing the Anno Domini, have all vanished, with the exception of a solitary one in Broad-street, of which too the remembrance will soon be lost, unless we transfer it bodily into a plate for the Mirror. We have now a splendid city-hall, which, by the way, appears to be growing loftier since it has been deserted by Justice. We have city-hotels too, and American hotels, and theatres too, and Tattermalls, and Caroussels, and Vauxhalls, and, in short, all the good things, or at least the good names which we can borrow from London and other similar Babels. But we have not as yet any good water—not even enough, in fact, of the indifferent to perform the necessary ablutions upon our streets, which resemble so many depositories of filth, and glad the watchful eye, and fill the newspaper themes of our envious neighbours. Did not his honour, the present mayor, at his inauguration, call the attention of the competent authorities to this subject, and were we not promised relief? And wherefore has it been withheld? We are wrong, perhaps, to indulge in badinage on this subject, because the wants of the people loudly call for the adoption of some efficient measures. It were well, therefore, for those gentlemen who love to sip laced tea in a certain marble palace, and drink champagne once a month on the banks of a noted bay, to look well to it. They have, it is true, a whole year yet before them, but it will have soon elapsed, and then their constituents—. Only give us pure and wholesome water, and drench and clean our streets, and we shall not end the sentence.

The Fulton box.—This is the name given to a box to be deposited, by the consent of the owners, on board of every steam-boat in the United States for the reception of a single cent from every passenger. The sum which may be accumulated by these simple and humble means will form no inconsiderable fund, and will be devoted to the laudable, the long and shamefully neglected object of giving support to the widow and heirs of the immortal Fulton. An indelible stain has already been left upon the escutcheon of the national legislature, and of the people of this state in particular by the cold-blooded indifference which has been so religiously and systematically maintained by them towards this object. Even at this late day the origin of this excellent scheme is to be traced not to New-York, a state which has more immediately and extensively profited by the invention of the steam-boat, but to Virginia, where a few spirited individuals have boldly and magnanimously stepped forward to adopt this dernier resort in behalf of the suffering offspring of genius, industry, and science. May their philanthropic views not be fated to encounter a galling and disgraceful disappointment.

THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

A POPULAR MELODY, COMPOSED BY W. TURNBULL.

ALLEGRETTO.

I am a mer-ry moun-tain boy, And when at eve I seek my home, There's n

greet me ev'-ry step I come, For gay-est of the vil-lage throng, I'm

with my mer-ry moun-tain lay I charm the cares of life a-way.

VARIETIES.

EXTRAORDINARY POWER OF WHISTLING.—MR. DOVASTON, the friend of the celebrated artist and engraver on wood, Thomas Bewick, in a biographical article published in the Magazine of Natural History, gives the following account of his extraordinary faculty for whistling. "As he sat at work, I enjoyed his more deliberate and sound conversation, accompanied by strains of his most extraordinary powers of whistling. His ear (as a musical feeling is called) was so delicately acute, and his inflexorial powers so nice and rapid, that he could run, in any direction or modulation, the diatonic or chromatic scale, and even split the quarter notes of the enharmonic; neither of which, however, did he understand scientifically, though so consummately elegant his execution; and his musical memory was so tenacious that he could whistle through the melodies of whole overtures; and these, he said, he could obtain, having once heard them from the orchestra of a play-house, or a holiday band, in both of which he took extreme delight. In proof of this I tried him to some extent, by flinging on his pianoforte several wild airs I had taken down from pipers in the Hebrides and Highlands, of difficult and intricate evolution, which he completely repeated the first time. Lest he might have heard these before, I farther sprinkled at him (without of their originality) several private imitations of various national melodies, which he not only whistled, but when sauntering with him amid the same, he would reproduce them with perfect fidelity."

The following remark ought to be every American patriot. "The

very mention of disunion of these states is a public injury. It goes to unhinge the tone of the public mind. It makes men acquainted with the possibility of the thing, and once admitted into their breasts they will not contemplate it with that abhorrence in which it ought to be held by every true patriot."

EFFECT OF EARLY EDUCATION.—Lady Raffles, in her memoir of her husband, Sir Stamford Raffles, mentions the remarkable fact, "that two young tigers and a bear were for some time in the children's apartments, under the charge of their attendants, without being confined in cages; and it was rather a curious scene to see the children, the bear, the tigers, a blue-mountain bird, and a favourite cat, all playing together; the parrot's bill being the only object of awe to all the party."

A FAIR ANSWER.—The following is from the Boston Commentator:—In the trial of a case to-day a sweet son of Erin, upon the question whether one of the parties did write, or not, a certain instrument important to the case, or whether he could write, Pat honestly replied, "Whether he did right or wrong is for your honour to judge, but I have told you the truth, any how; right or wrong, I have not lied at all, at all."

A schoolmaster said of himself, "I am like a *hone*, I sharpen a number of *blades*, but I wear myself out in doing it."

Men must have public minds as well as salaries, or they will serve private ends at the public cost.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.—A nameless exquisite, of our city, at an evening party, a short time since, attempted to be witty. After playing off his jokes for some time, uninterruptedly, to his own apparent satisfaction and the no small annoyance of the company, a lamp, half-filled with oil, attracted our wits

NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

CHANGES.

A FRESHNESS hath gone from the field and the fountain,
From the glade and the glen where I wandered so long;
Where the fancy of youth clothed in light the far mountain,
And the vale and the hill-side resounded with song.

From the meadow's sweet bosom the smile hath departed
Which to childhood's glad vision in beauty it wore;
And the sky, like the brow of a man broken-hearted,
Is darkened with clouds that have coloured it o'er.

And the gleams are all faded which garnished each vision—
When painting all nature in gladness, I strayed
Where the woods seemed to wave with a verdure elysian,
And the newness of Eden around me still played.

But the music hath died, whose full cadence had power
To pour o'er my pathway the spell of delight;
And the heart's autumn whirlwinds have blighted each flower,
Where fragrance and beauty were wont to unite.

Many friends are asleep on earth's desolate bosom
That thronged in affection about me of yore;
They have gone! like the spring-gifts of bud and of blossom,
They have gone, and their arms will enfold me no more.

And with them lie buried the innocent laughter,
The smile, and the kiss that were dear to me then—
Ere I knew the cold changes that soon followed after,
The hollow and heartless—the shadows of men.

The mysterious glow of the spirit hath faded
Which awoke in my breast the emotions of song;
The heart is unquiet, the brow is o'ershadowed
As the current of being sweeps turbid along.

But amidst all the changes that mark my existence,
As I look back in memory's dream on the past,
The gay future still stretches its measureless distance,
And hope's golden sunbeams around it are cast. EVERARD.

EVELEEN.

In the halls where the young smile of beauty is brightest,
And hearts are the fondest, and feet are the lightest,
And the eyes' sinless beams are as brilliantly tender
As the morn sun as yet unpossessed of its splendour;
And bosoms are beating with secrets unspoken,
And looks are a language, and sighs are a token,
There first she attracted my spirit's devotion,
As calm, yet as strong, as the zephyrless ocean.

Few, winningly few, were her smiles and her glances,
But oh! they were brighter and sharper than lances;
And the musical words, full of mildness and meekness,
Reflected the heaven which gave them such sweetness.
And I heard some dark spirit repeating "Alas!
"How soon will the dream of her innocence pass!"

I saw her go forth when the flowers were asleep,
With a figure more full and a bosom more deep;
And the lute of the minstrel was strung to her name,
But she blushed not to hear it so full of her fame.
Oh where were the roses which modestly nursed,
As a mother her infant, her sinless, her first?
And where were the looks that were born of the sky,
But more tenderly bright, and more brilliantly shy—
The looks that unconsciously claimed their dominion,
And plundered the soul of its heavenward pinion?
More fleeting and false than the dew of the morn,
That freshen at once and illumine the thorn,
Are the light of her eye and the beam of her heart,
And the empire of nature is yielded to art.
And again that dark spirit repeated, "Alas!
"How quick does the dream of her innocence pass!"

I saw her! alone and deserted she lay,
Her limbs' marble roundness was wasted away;
The breast which the slumber of angels may pillow,
Convulsively heaved like a wind-beaten billow;
The wing of the tempest dishevelled her hair,
And the fire of her eye was the hell of despair.
How sudden! how strange! Can the time-spirit speak
Its curse to the mind as it does to the cheek?
Is the temple of virtue alone undefiled,
While her ægis is borne by the hand of a child?
And as with the brow must it be with the mind,
And Eden with childhood be still left behind?
No—no! let me wander the universe round,
Be my circle of action undimmed as unbound.
Yea—yea, let eternity through his vast track,
But call for a moment his multitudes back,
And I trace all the innocence-wrecks I may see,
Man, boasted defender of beauty, to thee.
Too truly that spirit repeated, "Alas!
"How soon will the dream of her innocence pass!" ALPHA.

MIND.

"Happy the feeling, from the bosom thrown
In perfect shape, whose beauty time shall spare—
Through a breath made it, like a bubble blown
For summer pastime into wanton air!"

Should the soul pass neglected, when the brain
Girt in its narrow and unbreathing cell
May coin deep, burning words, which, through the air
Can lose their echo in a moment's space,
Yet, when in full recorded numbers poured,
If genius prompted them they may out live
The destinies of nations! Temples, thrones,
And cities, laden with the orient's spoil,
May sink in indistinctness and decay;
The worm may coil where once that busy brain
Evoked its images of lofty thought;
And the proud heart that stirred when they were wove,
Throbless and pulseless, in the dust may sleep;
The eye, which glanced with fervour spirit-born,
Lie veiled and dull beneath the unfeeling clod;
And yet, some stirring thought, aroused by stream
Or hurrying cloud in storm, or summer sky,
Or midnight's shadow, sunset, morn, or even,
Recorded, may outlive them all, and be
Upon the lips of millions yet untold—
Yea, generations yet to come may tell
Of one who breathed and lived in ages past,
Who, moved by dreams of inspiration's hour,
Wrote their deep sense into enduring life. W. G. C.

ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

THE RIVAL MOTHERS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

EMULATION!—source of all that is bright and dark in our nature. In an honourable and virtuous heart, this principle leads to noble and generous deeds; but, harboured in a bosom sullied by evil passions, it is contaminated by the contact, and its spirit is changed. Emulation becomes jealousy, and rivalry degenerates into envy.

No feud between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, or Montague and Capulet, was ever productive of more malevolence or more domestic misery than that which existed between the humble but rival houses of Alleyn and Blakely. The female heads of these families were cousins, the only children of two sisters. They had been jealous of each other from their cradles. Their mothers each believed her infant eminently beautiful, each was persuaded that her own was far more deserving of admiration than its little cousin, and, eagerly wishing all the world to be of the same opinion, embraced every opportunity of exhibiting it to the best advantage. This feeling was natural enough, and not very blame-worthy if it had proceeded no farther, but it too often induced each vain mother, while pointing out the beauties and acquirements of her own child, to contrast with these the deficiencies of the other infant. "Is it not strange?" one was heard to say, "my Charlotte is only ten months old and walks quite well, while sister Helen's babe is a year old and cannot walk alone!"

While listening to the praises of her daughter's dark and glossy hair, Helen would congratulate herself that its hue was not red like her sister's little girl.

This constant comparison of their respective merits produced a strong effect on the children, and as it outlasted childhood, coloured all their future lives. As they grew up, their mutual relations and friends each selected a favourite, and supported her claims to admiration in all the discussions which continually occurred with regard to their beauty, and their proficiency in various studies and accomplishments.

The injudicious course thus pursued by their friends, soon produced its effects in the hearts of the two cousins. To emulation succeeded an eager rivalry. They were rivals in every thing. They both strove to win the heart of George Blakely, a young man possessed of wealth and distinction, who had just returned from making the tour of Europe. The dark haired Caroline was of a more gentle disposition than her cousin, and she loved George devotedly. Her affection was returned, and they were soon married. In the breast of Charlotte, ambition reigned above every other feeling; she envied Caroline more for the splendour which it was now in her power to enjoy, than for obtaining the heart of Blakely. Great was the triumph of Caroline's partisans that she had

married before her cousin, and, of course, the mortification of Charlotte and her friends was proportionally great.

Charlotte's marriage became an object of their dearest wishes, but that desired event did not take place in many years, and the connexion she made did not by any means equal their ambitious expectations. She was united to Mr. Alleyn, a merchant of good standing, neither young nor wealthy. The income arising from his business was sufficient to allow him to live in a handsome, though moderate style. This ought to have satisfied his wife; and Charlotte would have been contented if the demon of envy had not perpetually brought to her remembrance the more splendid establishment over which her cousin Caroline presided. It became her most ardent wish to excel Mrs. Blakely, who was surrounded by all the luxury and splendour which the wealth of her husband could procure. To effect this object, Mrs. Alleyn gave balls and parties, and in order to outdash her cousin, purchased the richest dresses and the most expensive furniture. Mr. Alleyn frequently remonstrated with his wife on her extravagance; told her she was expending more than he could possibly afford, and tried to convince her that she could be as happy, although she did not live in such showy style as the Blakelys. But this was not his wife's opinion; there was no happiness for Charlotte unless she could excite the envy of her neighbours, and particularly that of her cousin, by the superior splendour of her establishment. To retrench her expenses, she said in reply to her husband's remonstrance, would be a mortification she certainly could not survive.

Mr. Alleyn did not love his wife so much as to ruin himself to gratify her whims, but after having been long in the habit of granting all her wishes, he found it a hard task to oppose them. He was, moreover, a weak man, one who had not strength of mind enough to do always what he knew to be right. He also enjoyed living in style as much as his wife, and had even been inspired by her with a desire to outvie the Blakelys.

To make his income meet his new expenses, Mr. Alleyn left nothing untried. He devoted himself more earnestly than ever to business, enduring a life of perfect slavery in order to render his wife more happy. As times became pressing, Mr. Alleyn took advantage of every occurrence in the mercantile world which he thought could better his condition; yet, in consequence of constantly living beyond his means, he was frequently on the brink of bankruptcy, from which he only saved himself by the greatest exertion, and it even began to be whispered by unfair means. Still, if Mr. Alleyn was known to go to the utmost length that mercantile honour is allowed to stretch, no one had actually detected him in any improper act. But his character, which had before been that of an honest, upright man, had suffered the blight of suspicion. And for what was this sacrifice made? that his selfish wife might have the means of indulging in every luxury, and of exciting the envy of her less opulent neighbours! Was the enjoyment of either promoted? No! anxious and restless, the wretchedness of both increased—a consequence which ever follows the indulgence of any unworthy sentiment in our bosoms.

Twenty-five years of care and weariness saw Mr. Alleyn anxiously toiling on. His family consisted of two sons and three daughters. Edmund, the eldest, was twenty-one. Unlike his parents, his heart was the residence of every virtuous and benevolent feeling. His character, however, was not of that unbending, decided kind which distinguished his brother Philip; he was gentle in disposition, and of a tender and affectionate nature. Devotedly attached to his parents, while his brother was roving the world in search of fortune and distinction, Edmund's only wish was to be near them and his sisters, that he might contribute all in his power to render their lives as happy as possible. His affectionate cares seemed lost upon his father. Mr. Alleyn had appeared for a long time uneasy and troubled, and at last a settled gloom seemed to have taken possession of him, which nothing could enliven. To the anxious inquiries of his family he always answered that, "his business worried him," so that the tender heart of his son was grieved to see distress ever before him which it was not in his power to alleviate.

Mr. Blakely's youngest child was a daughter of the same age as Edmund Alleyn. Cornelia was worthy of her Roman

appellation in form as well as in character. She had a high and haughty soul, a supreme scorn of vice and folly, and a heart of manly firmness. Her manners did not generally appear amiable, but this was counterbalanced by the purity, fortitude, and disinterestedness which were the governing principles of her conduct. Cornelia Blakely was totally unlike Edmund Alleyn in every thing, and yet they loved, and had pledged their faith to each other. This measure did not meet the approbation of either house. The ill-will which had always been felt by the two cousins extended to their families, and a coolness sprung up which finally terminated all intercourse between them.

The mutual attachment of Cornelia and Edmund, circumstanced as they were, surprised all. But children of rival houses have from time immemorial given their hearts to each other, it would seem, precisely because it was the choice most obnoxious to their friends. No objection could be advanced to the lovers sufficiently reasonable to induce them to break their plighted faith. The mutual dislike of the two families was urged, and they well knew the extreme unwillingness both felt to form any closer ties. But their happiness, they contended, should not be sacrificed to such unworthy motives. An ungracious consent was at last wrung from their respective parents; the marriage day was appointed, and formal visits commenced between the rival powers.

Mrs. Alleyn, just before the wedding, was one day busily planning gay dresses and entertainments "to astonish the Blakelys," when her preparations were stopped by the declaration of her husband, that it was necessary for her to abandon all these magnificent ideas.

"The Blakelys," he said, "may incur what expense they please for the wedding, but I cannot afford a single entertainment, for I am on the verge of ruin; nothing but the strictest economy can keep my creditors in any sort of patience, and consequently my family from actual want."

This was a terrible blow to poor Mrs. Alleyn. She, however, recovered to protest,

"I will hear to no such mean-spirited proceedings. I have given invitations for a large ball and supper; two hundred acceptances have already been received; the refreshments and music have been ordered—how can I recede—what excuse can I give—what would the Blakelys say, my dear husband?" she continued; "you must keep up appearances a little longer. Do borrow of some of your friends. If we break now it will be so public; and think how the Blakelys will exult! Oh, I should die of mortification!—I am sure I should—you must let me give this ball, Mr. Alleyn."

"I tell you I have not a dollar in the world; and you know I cannot go in debt for these things as I have already such long bills at the confectioner's that they and the musicians have told our servants they will not serve us again until they are paid."

"As to giving up this ball," replied the wife, "I tell you it is utterly impossible; things have gone so far—and what would you have me send them word? That I am too poor to entertain them? Your son's marriage too! think, dear husband! our first wedding! oh, you *must* furnish the money."

To these, and equally reasonable arguments, urged over and over again, Mr. Alleyn listened in gloomy silence. At last, with a heavy sigh and an expression of agony, he rushed from the room, saying,

"Well, if you will have it, you *shall*, although ruin and shame follow!"

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

MRS. GARRICK.

We have heard that in the character of the late Mrs. Garrick there was a singular mixture of parsimony and liberality. She has been known to give fifty pounds at one time to the poor at Hampton, and on the instant deny herself the common comforts of life. Her wine cellar she did not open for years together, and a dish of tea was the usual extent of her hospitality. She always stated herself to be poor, as an apology for the ruinous condition in which the house and offices at Hampton remained. To save fuel and secure herself from damp, a room in the attic served "for parlour, for kitchen, and hall." She kept one female servant at Hampton, who resided with her many years; and to compensate the poor woman and a numerous family (for her wages were small indeed) the house and grounds were shown to visitors unknown to the old lady. The furniture of the house at Hampton was exactly as it was left by Garrick; and, except the curious old china and the paintings, worth very little. The chairs, sofas, and chandeliers in the drawing-room (the fashion of the times

in which Garrick lived) were unworthy a common tavern of the present day. Notwithstanding Mrs. Garrick's constant complaint about her poverty, and the narrowness and inadequacy of her income, she left nearly seventy thousand pounds behind her. Mrs. Garrick's letter of remonstrance against Kean's *Abel Druggier*, was brief—"Dear sir: you don't know how to play *Abel Druggier*." His reply deserves also to be recorded, and placed to the credit of his gallantry—"Dear Madam: I know it." The following, in answer to the above statement, respecting the manners of the late Mrs. Garrick, shows the venerable lady in a very superior light, and will be read with much interest. It was addressed to the editor of a morning paper, and the writer, who signs himself *Vindicator*, says—"In justice to her memory, allow me to correct some of the errors into which the editor of the *Dramatic Magazine* and yourself, as his copyist, have no doubt unintentionally fallen. That Mrs. Garrick was liberal to the poor is admitted, but that she denied herself the comforts of life is not true; she best knew what her constitution required, and that she so managed as to retain her faculties unimpaired during nearly a century of years. It would be well for the world if all the men and women in it would follow the same sensible course. The house and offices at Hampton were not in the ruinous condition insinuated in the article in question; common repairs only were, at the decease of Mrs. Garrick, wanting, and they were made good under my direction, by order of the executors named in her will. Mrs. Garrick never, within my recollection, occupied a room in the attic, either 'for kitchen, for parlour, or for hall.' Upon the first floor was her bed-room, and in that she had a fire when she occasionally visited Hampton in the winter season, at which time her principal residence was in the Adelphi; at other times she occupied the best apartments, and not unfrequently in the company of her friends. That she usually kept but one female servant at Hampton, is true, but she also kept a gardener and undergardener there, and a coachman, footman, and two female servants in the Adelphi; as to the poor woman at Hampton, as she is called, having a numerous family and small wages, neither are true; Mrs. Garrick had great confidence in her, and left her by her will a legacy of one thousand pounds. With respect to the old furniture, such as Mrs. Garrick's veneration for it, and for every thing that had been her husband's, that she prized it beyond expression; in proof, I have in my possession four sheets of plain letter paper in an envelope, endorsed in the hand-writing of Mrs. Garrick—"These belonged to my husband." That Mrs. Garrick should not have looked so fascinating when Mr. Cruikshank caricatured her as when young, ought not to excite surprise; the portraits alluded to were probably drawn at about the age of twenty—the caricature when she had attained the age of ninety and nine years. That Mrs. Garrick should be delighted when promenading her picturesque grounds, in reciting events that had occurred in by-gone times, may well be believed—those grounds were formed by one whose memory she cherished with a devotion no language can describe. The sapplings which they planted were at her decease, indeed, noble trees; one of them, a cypress, which grew near to the house, she often pointed at as having been placed there by her hand, whilst her husband dressed the ground about it; that tree, singular as it may appear, never put forth a leaf after Mrs. Garrick died. Of part of that tree, and of the mulberry-tree planted by Shakspeare, of undoubted genuineness, I have in my possession two splendid boxes, having on their lids cameos of the immortal bard and the inimitable Garrick set in wreaths of gold, intended to be presented to our most gracious king by the trustees under Mrs. Garrick's will, as soon as the forms of the court of chancery will allow of its being done. It is not true that Mrs. Garrick complained of poverty in the way described, or that she left nearly seventy thousand pounds behind her, or even a tenth part of that sum. She was frugal, she was just, she was kind-hearted, and lived and died a pattern to wives, an ornament to her sex; and long will her memory be cherished by those who had the honour and happiness to know her."

CHARLES CARROLL.

This venerable representative of a former generation—now in the ninety-third year of his age, and which he has almost completed—is in the full enjoyment of most of the faculties which appertain to the meridian of life. During a recent journey to the south, the editor was fortunate enough to fall into the company of a respectable merchant at Baltimore, a friend of Mr. Carroll, by whom he was introduced to the "time-honoured" patriot. As we entered his parlour, Mr. Carroll rose to salute us with the customary compliments, and offered chairs, with almost as much ease and firmness as a

man of fifty. His appearance indicated a high degree of health, which he affirmed he enjoyed without interruption. His under dress was of brown broadcloth, his waistcoat of the fashion of the last century. He wore no coat, but a gown of the same material as the waistcoat and small-clothes. His hair was of a silvery whiteness, his teeth apparently perfect, his eye animated and sparkling, though, as he stated, it had become too dim to enable him to read. His sense of hearing did not seem to be in the least degree impaired. He spoke with ease, articulated with uncommon distinctness, and his voice possessed all the clearness of vigorous manhood. He seemed to be pleased with his friend for having introduced a stranger, and to be delighted in answering all our interrogatories respecting the incidents and the individuals to which he had sustained an interesting relation in the earlier part of his life. He spoke often of Jefferson, Hancock, the Adamses, and other members of the congress of seventy-six; but he seemed to take especial delight in talking of Dr. Franklin, whom he described as one of the most pleasant and fascinating men he had ever known. He remarked that he and Franklin were commissioners to visit Canada, and endeavour to induce the inhabitants of that province to join the other colonies in declaring themselves independent of the mother country; and that the journey, though beset with difficulties and over bad roads, and sometimes through forests without any road, was rendered comparatively pleasant and agreeable by the wit and good humour of Dr. Franklin. He related many anecdotes of the doctor, illustrating these distinguishing traits in his character, and which made him a welcome and even a favourite companion in the politest circles of Paris. There was nothing in Mr. Carroll's manners or conversation that indicated the existence of that species of egotism which is usually the besetting infirmity of old age; and though he related in half an hour more anecdotes than we could write down in half a day, he was in no instance, that we recollect, the hero of his own story. His reminiscences were of the mighty dead, and his commendations were bestowed with unlimited generosity on his contemporaries who had gone before him to receive the "recompense of reward," and left him, as it were, "to speak their epitaph."

Mr. Carroll appeared to feel a lively interest in the ordinary topics of conversation—made several inquiries of his friend respecting political affairs, the prospect of business, and the progress of the Baltimore and Ohio rail-road; and asked of the editor many questions respecting Boston, its population, improvements, &c. He spoke more than once of the great inventions in machinery for saving labour, of the improvements in the mode of travelling, and expressed a regret that the family of Robert Fulton had not been fortunate enough to obtain a greater share of the benefits resulting from his improvements in the application of steam to navigation. He alluded several times to his great age—attributed that as well as his health to the regularity and temperance he had always observed in his mode of living—said that some people thought he would live to be an hundred years old—but added, with a smile, that it was not his desire to live so long, unless his mental and physical faculties could be retained, which he could not expect to remain much longer. When we rose to leave him, Mr. Carroll walked down the stairs with nearly as much elasticity of limb and firmness of step as either of his visitors.

Boston Courier.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

When Bonaparte was paying his court to Madame de Beauharnais, says De Bourrienne, "neither of them kept a carriage, and he, being passionately in love, and a most assiduous suitor, escorted his intended about the town, and especially on her visits to her agent. They went one day together to the office of the notary Raguideau, who, by-the-by, was one of the smallest men I have ever seen. Madame de Beauharnais, who placed great confidence in Raguideau, had come to him that day expressly for the purpose of communicating her intention of accepting the hand of the young general of artillery, the protégé of Barras. Josephine was accordingly closeted along with the notary, while Bonaparte walked in the outer office, occupied by the clerks. The door of Raguideau's cabinet, however, not being shut close, the general overheard the lawyer dissuading Madame Beauharnais from the marriage she was about to contract. 'You are very imprudent,' said the notary; 'you may have to repent this step as long as you live; it is madness to go and marry a man who has nothing but his sword to depend on.' 'Bonaparte,' said Josephine, when she told me these prior circumstances, 'had never alluded to this, and I had no idea that he heard what Raguideau had said. Imagine my astonishment, then, Bourrienne, when on the day of the coronation, as soon as he had put on the im-

perial robes, he said, 'Go and find Raguideau, and bring him here immediately.' Raguideau soon made his appearance, and the emperor said to him, 'Well, and have I nothing now but my sword to depend on?' Eight years had elapsed since the scene at the office of the notary; and Bonaparte, although he had borne in mind the discourse of M. Raguideau, had never mentioned that he was privy to it to a single soul, not even to De Bourrienne at the time when he was in the habit of making his secretary the confidant and depository of all his projects and secrets."

De Bourrienne's Memoirs.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

This ex-monarch, who now leads a philosophical life on the banks of the Delaware, not far from Bordentown, was lately visited by Sir R. Kerr Porter, on his way from South America, by the United States, to Europe. The *ci-devant* king received with great hospitality the English traveller, who found him living in a commodious and even splendid dwelling-house, constructed out of a large suite of stables, which had formerly been appended to a magnificent mansion represented as quite a palace, which had been burnt down a short time before. Many fine pictures, and other valuable property, were consumed; but enough remained, saved from the fire, to furnish the present residence in a noble manner with some of the best works of Spanish and Flemish masters.

One of the saloons is particularly dedicated to sculpture portraits of the Bonaparte family; and Sir R. K. Porter, in speaking of the collection, describes the bust of Charles Bonaparte, the father of the family, as the most impressive of them all, from the striking beauty and character of countenance: it strongly resembles that of the celebrated Antinous. Joseph Bonaparte, (who has assumed the title of Count Survilliers,) in showing these things, did it with unaffected candour of comment on the extraordinary destinies of the living or dead originals of these marble portraits; and Sir Robert remarks, that the same manly sincerity and good sense prevailed in his occasional observations on his own past and present manner of life.

He has a large domain round his house, purchased by him; and he spends vast sums of money in promoting cultivation of all sorts, agriculture, and planting to a great extent every description of tree, even from foreign countries, that can be raised in the climate. He has redeemed thousands of acres from the waste; erecting villages, and encouraging artificers, and other persons of useful talents, to inhabit them. He is universally respected; and must be, what he seems, a much happier man in his present expatriated home, the benefactor of all around him—than he could possibly have been when seated on a contested throne, however brilliant.

He is fond of literary pursuits, and having read all that has been published in the shape of memoirs relating to his brother Napoleon, he devotes his leisure hours to writing a commentary on the subject, wherein with the impartiality of strict justice between the late emperor of France and historiographers, he means to set the true statements on the one side, and the false ones on the other, and to furnish posterity with, he trusts, a really fair account of that marvellous man. This, he says, he owes alike to the memory of his brother and to the verity of his history. Whenever such a work is given to the world it will certainly be worthy of attention, and as it tells of still exist, its accuracy must be subject to the same ordeal by which he tries his contemporary biographers; and the free voice of the public, weighing all the evidence, will be the ultimate pronouncing judge of the real character of the deceased Napoleon.

Foreign paper.

FOUNDLING OF NUREMBURG.

The Journal Hesperus states, that a clue has been discovered to the family of Caspar Hauser (the orphan of Nuremburg.) His mother is said to be a Hungarian countess, St. M——, at Pesth, who, as widow, enjoys the very considerable property, which, if there were a child, would belong to him. The first discovery is supposed to have been made by an ecclesiastic, who being at an inn, heard persons in an adjoining room speak of the affair. A waiting-maid, now in the service of Count P——, is stated to have implored him, on the reports of an impending investigation, to afford her his protection, "because this affair might bring her to the scaffold;" that he promised it her, but, notwithstanding, she had lost her senses through fear.

On the other hand, a Munich journal, the Bazaar, contains, in a private letter from Vienna, the following passages on this subject:—"Already, six months ago, I had the only possible and true conjecture respecting the birth of Caspar Hauser,

and it is now fully confirmed. A few days since a governess in the house of Prince —, in Hungary, who at a former period was long in company of the great French general, was secretly arrested by legal authority. Accused of being cognizant of the birth of Caspar Hauser, perhaps even a relation, and also of the attempt to assassinate him, she pretended to be out of her mind. A physician discovered her trick by another stratagem. (The writer of the letter here enters into further details, which, however, must not yet be made public.) It appears that, in respect to Caspar Hauser, there has been no want of liberality in the purchase of daggers. The disclosure of the truth must, therefore, be attended with danger to my life if brought to light; a fact that might perhaps be felt like an electric shock throughout Europe."

London Sun.

FORESHORTENING.

Painters are not only careful to foreshorten correctly all the objects which they portray, but they often avail themselves of the principle to produce most striking effects. For instance, Martin, in many of his beautiful designs, by judicious foreshortening, has exhibited miles in extent of gorgeous architecture and of armed men, on a space of canvass that would seem scarcely more than sufficient to receive a few figures; he has made a single magnificent pillar or accoutred warrior placed in the foreground, become the type which first fills the mind with admiration, and then sends it along the retiring lines of beautiful perspective, where every tip or edge renews the first impression. A man lying on a table or a bed nearly as high as the eye, with his feet towards the spectator, is foreshortened into a roundish heap, of which the soles of the feet hide the greater part. This is the description of the painting which has been called the "Miraculous Entombment of Christ," and it is because an unreflecting spectator, moving sideways with the expectation of seeing more of the body, still sees only the soles of the feet, and may suppose the body turned round so as to front him, that the painting has received its appellation. For nearly the same reason the eyes of a common portrait may seem to follow a spectator to whatever part of the room he goes. A rifleman represented as taking aim directly in front of the picture, will seem to have in his power every spectator standing in the room; for, as in the case of the miraculous entombment, every spectator present will feel as if he alone could see the picture as all see it. To terrify young ladies, a little arch Cupid has ingeniously been represented with his arrow pointed directly at them, and just ready to let it slip from his bended bow; and oh, how they are terrified.

Arnott's Physics.

THE AUTHORESS.

We knocked at the door, which was opened by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, with a blue apron, indicating, else we might have doubted the feminine gender, a perfect model for the *Copper Captain's* tattered landlady, that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex, in the comedy of *Rule a Wife*. She, with a torpid voice, and hungry smile, desired us to walk in. The first object that presented itself was a dresser; clean, it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four coarse delf platters, and underneath a pipkin, and a black pitcher with a snip out of it. To the right we perceived and bowed to the mistress of the mansion, sitting on a maimed chair under the mantel-piece, by a fire merely sufficient to put us in mind of starving. On one hob sat a monkey, which, by way of welcome, chattered at our going in; on the other a tabby cat, of melancholy aspect! and at our author's feet on the founce of her dingy petticoat reclined a dog, almost a skeleton! he raised his shaggy head, and, eagerly staring with his bleared eyes, saluted us with a snarl. "Have done, Fidele, these are friends." The tone of her voice was not harsh; it had something in it humbled and disconsolate, a mingled effort of authority and pleasure. Poor soul! few were her visitors of that description; no wonder the creature barked! A magpie perched upon the top ring of her chair, not an unseemly ornament; and on her lap was placed a mutilated pair of bellows—the pipe was gone—an advantage in their present office; they served as a succedaneum for a writing-desk, on which lay displayed her hopes and treasure, the manuscript of her novel. Her inkstand was a broken tea-cup, the pen worn to the stump—she had but one. A rough deal-board, with three hobbling supporters, was brought for our convenience, on which, without further ceremony, we contrived to sit down and enter upon business. The work was read, remarks made, alterations agreed to, and thirty guineas demanded for the copy. The squalid hand-maiden, who had been an attentive listener, stretched forth her tawny length of neck, with an eye of anxious expectation. The bookseller

offered five! The authoress did not appear hurt; disappointments had rendered her mind callous; however, some altercation ensued. This was the writer's first initiation into the mysteries of authorcraft; he seeing both parties pertinacious, at length interposed; and at his instance the wary haberdasher of literature doubled his first proposal, with this saving proviso, that his friend present would pay a moiety, and run one half the risk, which was agreed to. Thus matters were accommodated, seemingly to the satisfaction of all parties; the lady's original stipulation of fifty copies for herself being previously acceded to.

English paper.

SINGING CONDUCTIVE TO HEALTH.

Many parents in encouraging the development of musical talents in their children, have no other view than to add to the number of their accomplishments, and afford them a means of innocent solace and amusement. It was the opinion of Dr. Rush, however, that singing is to young ladies, who, by the customs of society, are debarred from many other kinds of salubrious exercise, not only to be cultivated as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady; and states, that besides its salutary operation in enabling her to soothe the cares of domestic life, and quiet sorrow by the united assistance of the sound and sentiment of a properly chosen song, it has a still more direct and important effect. "I here introduce a fact," remarks Dr. Rush, "which has been suggested to me by my profession, and that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumptions, nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting blood among them. This I believe is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, for this constitutes the essential branch of their education. The music-master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons who were strongly disposed to consumption who were restored to health by the exercise of their lungs in singing."

Ibid.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE AND MISS SIDDONS.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was, in early life, deeply enamoured of a daughter of Mrs. Siddons, whose fate has been a source of sorrow to him for years, even though his spirits have been buoyed up by the friendship of some of the most eminent and exalted personages in Europe. When he first proposed for Miss Siddons, some objection was made on the score of his want of wealth; but Mr. Siddons, with true liberality, said that, as he was a young man of powerful and rising talent, there could be little doubt that he would be able to support his daughter in a comfortable if not in a splendid style; and, as he was known to be in embarrassed circumstances, offered at the same time to relieve him of his incumbrances, and desired him to send him a clear estimate of his debts, that he might be enabled to commence a married life unfettered by the pressure of adverse circumstances. When Sir Thomas collected his bills, he found the amount far greater than he had himself believed; and not to shock his intended father-in-law by a sum total which would make his improvidence appear intolerable, he deducted five thousand pounds from the amount, little thinking that a discovery would be made of the concealment, and prove fatal to his hopes of happiness. It was, however, discovered, and Mr. Siddons, in anger, refused his consent to any further correspondence between him and his daughter. Sir Thomas was almost frantic at the fatal effects of his own folly, and did every thing in his power to retrieve his error. Miss Siddons was in a pitiable state, but as he had deceived her father respecting his embarrassments, said nothing; she bore the blow as quietly as her feelings would permit her. In a few months, her excited and agonized feelings brought on a severe attack of illness, for which the physicians ordered her to Bristol, where her recovery soon became hopeless. Blighted affection had reduced her to the verge of the tomb, and now her parents would willingly have given up all their property to have averted the dreadful blow which was soon likely to deprive them of a fondly loved child. Mr. Siddons offered to send for Sir Thomas Lawrence, and do every thing in his power to add to her comforts, but the poor heart-broken girl only replied, "No, it is too late now;" and she very shortly afterwards perished in the prime of life, the victim of thwarted love.

Ibid.

Those who are apt to take offence are the most likely to offer it.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE OCEAN.

"There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

I KNOW of nothing in the whole compass of Byron's varied productions which equals in sublimity of conception and vividness of colouring, his portraits of the ocean. Though, for the most part, the bold and masterly touches of genius are displayed in every thing which came from his hand, yet when his imagination fixes upon the "dark blue sea," he appears to surpass all other poets. As you muse over his immortal sketches in the hush of midnight and by the waning lamp, the wild note of the sea-bird and the low murmur of whispering waters and their silvery light—or the death-shriek of the drowning mariner and the roar of billows, together with the lurid and appalling wave-flash of the reflected lightning, break in upon the silence and dimness of your chamber. Time and space are annihilated by the magic of his numbers, and you feel yourself snatched away to the far-off sea, and regaled by its fresh cool breezes as you go bounding over its glorious expanse. He was emphatically the poet of the ocean, for the proudest march of his genius was upon its "mountain waves." He appears to have possessed a delight in its wild scenes amounting almost to a passionate fondness. In his boyhood, seated on some retired crag, he hung over it hour after hour of the still summer evenings, and felt in the excitement of his glowing fancy, a yearning towards it; and when in after years the ties which held him to his country were severed, he flew to its trackless solitudes as to a refuge and a home. Like a proud vessel which, after having been becalmed and ingloriously confined in some narrow bay, has gained the broad deep and the rushing gale, the indignant bard swept forth in the buoyancy of freedom, rejoicing as the breeze freshened, and exulting in the rudest commotion of the elements. At that stirring hour he could "laugh to flee away" even from the land of his fathers, for in the thrill of his emotions there was less of sadness than of joy. I can see him in imagination as he trode the deck, now soothing the sorrows of his little page, and now sweeping his deep-toned lyre as he poured his farewell to the receding shores, and a welcome to the waves that came dashing onward from the far stretch of the seaward horizon. The void in his heart, which no father's love and no mother's endearing tenderness had preoccupied with images of parental affection, and which had been widening from his boyhood by the death or estrangement of early associates, was now filled with the beauty and stirring majesty of the great deep. The loneliness that brooded like a dark spirit over his melancholy bosom was dispelled for a season by the strange grandeur of the prospects around him; and in the romance of poetical enthusiasm, he regarded the ocean as a living and intelligent existence. As he bent over the prow in the gentle moonlight, he discoursed with it as with a friend, and in its billowy commotions he gazed upon it with mingled reverence and joy. And who has not experienced such sensations, even when far away from the ocean, while his thoughts were hovering over its azure domains? I remember what a novel and indescribable feeling used to steal upon me when a boy, whenever I fell in with Virgil's description of the sea. I had never been beyond the mountain boundaries of my native valley—never enjoyed even a remote prospect of the sublime object of his inspiration, and therefore my young fancy was introduced in those passages to a fairy world, and left free to expatiate amid the glorious imagery of the Mantuan bard. After reading of Palinurus or the sweet-voiced sirens, I have gazed at the little lake which lies embosomed in the green hills near my father's cottage till my eyes grew dim, and its rippling surface seemed to stretch away to a misty and limitless expanse, whilst the sweep of the winds among the rough crags and pine forests of the neighbouring mountains uttered to my imagination the voice of the sounding deep. But how far short of reality, both in grandeur and beauty, did I find the conceptions of fancy when I beheld the object itself some years after. My first view of it was on a clear but gusty afternoon of autumn. The winds had been abroad for many hours, and as I looked seaward from the high promontory and beheld the long rough surges rushing towards me, and listened to their wild roar as they were flung back from the caverned battlements at my feet, I felt as if the pillars of the universe were shaken around me, and stood awed and abased before the majesty of excited nature. Since then I have been on lofty precipices while the thunder-cloud was bursting below me—have leaned over the trembling brink of Niagara, and walked within its awful chambers, but the thrill of that moment has never returned. The feeling of awe, however, gradually gave place to an intense but pleasing

emotion, and I longed to spring away from the tame and trodden earth, to that wild mysterious world whose strange scenes broke so magnificently upon my vision. No wonder that our first roving impulses are towards the ocean. No wonder that the romantic and adventurous spirit of youth deems lightly of hardship and peril when aroused by its stirring presentations. There is something so winning in the multiplied superstitions of its hardy wanderers—something so fascinating in its calm beauty, and so animating in its stormy recklessness, that the ties of country and kindred sit looser at our hearts as curiosity whispers of its unseen wonders. In after years, when the bloom of existence has lost much of its brightness, when curiosity has become enervated, and the powers of the imagination palsied, where do we sooner turn to renew their former pleasing excitement than to our remembered haunts by the ocean? We leave behind us all the splendour and magnificence of art, all the voluptuous gratifications of society—we break from the banquet and the dance, and fly away to the solitary cliffs where the sea-bird hides her nest. There the cares, perplexities, and rude jostlings of opposing interests are for awhile forgotten. There the turmoil of human intercourse disquiets no longer. There the sweat and dust of the crowded city are dispelled as the cool sea-breeze comes gently athwart our feverish brow. In the exhilaration of the scene the blood gathers purer at the heart—its pulse-beat is softer, and we feel once more a newness of life amounting almost to a transport. Delightful remembrances, that lie buried up under the dross of the past, are reanimated, and the charm, the peace, and the freshness of life's morning innocence again find in our bosom a welcome and a home. The elastic spring of boyhood is in our step as we chase the receding wave along the white beach, or leap wildly into its glassy depths. In the low billowy murmur that steals out upon the ear, our ear catches the pleasant but long unheard music of other years like the remembered voice of a departed companion; and while leaning over some beetling crag, glorious visions pass thronging before our eyes, as, in fancy, we rove through the coral groves where the mermaids have their emerald bowers, or gaze at the hidden beauties, the uncoveted gems, and the glittering argosies that repose amid the stilly waters. The soul goes forth, as it were, to the hallowed and undefiled temples of nature to be purified of its earthly contaminations. She takes to herself wings and flies away to the "utmost parts of the sea," and even there she hears the voice of the Divinity, witnesses the manifestations of his power, experiences the kind guardianship of his presence, and returns cheered and invigorated to renew her weary pilgrimage. The ocean is a world by itself, presenting few analogies either in form or scenery with the continents it embraces. It seems to stand aloof from the dusty and beaten paths of human ambition in the dignity of conscious independence. Man may bring desolation upon the green earth, or dwarf its gigantic pinnacles to the stature of his grovelling conceptions, but over the beauty and majesty of ocean he has no power. He may mine the solid mountains, dig up buried cities upon which the lava has mouldered for centuries, and fix his habitation in their silent courts, but he cannot fathom the abysses of the deep, or walk the lonely streets of St. Ubes or Euphemia. He may visit the sepulchres of the first patriarchs, he may lift the caskets from the queens of the Ptolomies, but he cannot go down to the ocean grave of his yesterday's friend to close his eyes or cast the wild-flower upon his uncoffined bosom. I do not know whether we are capable of forming a true platonic attachment for an inanimate object, but I sometimes believe that we may. The shrine in which friendship has treasured up its cherished keepsakes, the ring that sparkled on the finger, and the ringlet that once shaded the brow of the departed—whatever, indeed, serves as a remembrancer of the absent, or a memento of the dead, speaks eloquently of the existence of such a passion. The home of our childhood has a spell of gladness for our hearts long after the beloved ones who formed its endearments have passed for ever from its portal. In the devotion of the idolator also there seems too much of reality to be the calculation of hypocrisy. The rivers, the hills, and the deep forests have their worshippers—the sun and moon listen to the hymn of the Gheber, who regards them with the expression of affection and reverence. With feelings akin to these, the astrologer gazes at the star, whose benignant influence, like an invisible guardian, has, in his belief, wrought out whatever there has been of happiness or prosperity in the unfolding of his destiny. Nor has the ocean lacked its admiring votaries. Byron, as I have before remarked, loved it with a poet's fondness. He rejoiced in the "*colum undique, et undique pontus*," a striking image of his far-reaching mind. The imaginative Shelley passed his brightest hours upon its waters, and at last found

a welcome grave in their hidden bosom. I once heard a romantic story of a seaman whose attachment for the ocean was peculiarly striking. He became acquainted with it when young, and after having spent many years amidst its scenes, he ceased from his wanderings and returned to his native village. The remaining companions of his early days kindly welcomed him back, while his old fond mother clung tenderly and with tears to her rough but warm-hearted son. For awhile he forgot the delights of his wild roving in the pleasing associations which filled his mind, and in narrating to the listening villagers the wonders of the deep, and his own perilous, yet congenial adventures. At length he grew silent and evidently discontented, and the expression of delight passed from his bronzed and weather-beaten countenance. All perceived the change, and all strove to dispel his hidden despondency; yet still he continued melancholy and ill at ease. At last his mother, on entering his chamber one morning, found an affectionate farewell written on an old chart and directed to herself, with the collected earnings of his years of peril. But the endeared inmate had gone. He took his way back to the ocean and wandered from port to port, but broken down by age and hardship, he could find no employ among its adventures. With a heart aching from the dull monotony, the tame, listless quietude of the land, he retired to a small hamlet on the coast, and with the assistance of some kind fishermen built him a little bark. Once more he committed himself to the guidance of the rough elements, and once more the look of gladness settled on the hard features of the old sailor. Alone, but not solitary, he went forth upon the deep, and for many years after, the floating home of the ocean hermit was seen at all seasons in the Caribbean Archipelago. No one, not even the ruthless pirate, molested him in his quiet wanderings, but all greeted him with a hearty salutation, and all received a warm God-speed in return. During the day he sailed gently along the luxuriant islands of the tropics, singing some wild old ballad of the sea as he cast his fishing lines into its sparkling depths; and at night, after having filled his can from the fresh spring and laid in a supply of fruits, he moored his little vessel in some calm bay, and slept soundly as under the roof-tree of his mother's cottage. Time passed on, and severer infirmities began to steal upon his once vigorous frame, so that it was with difficulty he could now provide the common necessities of life. At length some soldiers seeing his boat in the vicinity of their fort, went down to the beach to welcome their old acquaintance. Slowly and irregularly it drifted ashore, when they found its debilitated possessor stretched insensible in his narrow cabin. They conveyed the famished man to their quarters, and used the best means in their power for his recovery. He was restored to reason, seemed grateful for their kind attentions, and for awhile appeared convalescent. One evening, however, after one of those tremendous hurricanes so common in those latitudes, the roar of the sea swelled up into his silent apartment and fell upon his ear. In the absence of the attendant he crept languidly from his couch and crawled to the terrace which overlooked a wide extent of ocean. The winds had died away—not a cloud blotted the bright azure of the horizon, and the moon and stars were looking peacefully down upon the troubled deep. Far as the eye could reach all was one wide awful commotion. The old mariner bent forward upon the parapet as if to spring away towards the scenes he loved so well. Before him, on the strand, lay the wreck of his little shallop, and a groan escaped him as he recognised its shattered form; but he knew that his wanderings were ended, and he sent his swimming glance far out upon the waters. And there they found him, his gray head resting on his shoulder, his withered arms thrown forth upon the wall, and his eyes fixed intently upon the deep; but his spirit had passed away in the transport of that fond lingering farewell gaze. PROTEVS.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

THIS distinguished and liberal-minded senator was born in the parish of Dorish, in the shire of Inverness, in 1765, and is descended from one of the most ancient clans in the north of Scotland. The father of Sir James was an officer in the British service, whose regiment was stationed for a considerable time at Gibraltar; in consequence of which the care of his eldest son, the subject of this memoir, was entrusted to the direction of a grandfather, until he arrived at the proper age for his admission into King's college, Aberdeen, where he remained the usual period, and from thence removed to Edinburgh, to study medicine.

In the Scottish capital he had opportunities of attending the lectures of the most celebrated professors of the day, from whose instructions he made a rapid proficiency in the knowledge necessary for the profession he purposed to adopt; but with the gay and volatile temperament of youth, he is described as entering unrestrainedly into the pleasures and dissipations which courted him on all sides. Notwithstanding his occasional lapse from propriety, he obtained the friendship of many distinguished men. Adam Smith, the famous author of the *Wealth of Nations*, was his friend and companion; and the earl of Buchan had so high an opinion of his merits, as to propose writing the life of Fletcher of Saltoun, the Scotch patriot, in conjunction with the young student. In 1787 he received his degree from the university as a doctor of physic, and immediately hastened to London, where, instead of following his profession, he commenced author, and sent forth to the world a pamphlet in favour of an unlimited and unfettered regency of the prince of Wales. The recovery of George the third having foiled the politicians who had embraced the side of the question the young doctor advocated, he of course suffered in the general defeat, and we find him shortly after this circumstance repairing to the continent to pursue his studies in medicine, from whence he returned to the British metropolis at the memorable epoch of the French revolution, and entered himself as a student of Lincoln's Inn. He was called to the bar by that society in 1792, and immediately began to practise as a counsellor.

In Edinburgh he had acquired the friendship and excited the admiration of the greatest wits of the time. In London he was no less fortunate; among others, he became the favoured protégé of Charles James Fox, and was unanimously selected by that distinguished statesman, and the illustrious circle of which Mr. Fox was the head, to encounter the celebrated Burke, whose "Reflections," &c. were then engrossing the attention of all classes of the community. Young Mackintosh immediately sent to press "*The Vindica Gallica*," written for the purpose of vindicating the admirers of the French revolution against the imputations and charges so unsparingly and so eloquently cast upon them by Burke. This work raised him in the estimation of his friends; and the temper with which he treated his venerable antagonist obtained from that great man the warmest respect, which subsequently led to an intimate acquaintance between the rival politicians.

The disastrous course of the revolution in France at length disgusted the fondest admirers of the dawn of that mighty change, which they had hailed with such satisfaction; and Mr. Mackintosh, leaving the active field of politics, in which he had so ardently engaged, now turned his attention to prepare a course of lectures on the law of nations, which he delivered in the hall of Lincoln's Inn. These lectures were attended with great success. Statesmen and politicians and lawyers, of all parties and grades, heard and admired them. From that period he took his station which he has since held at the head of the international lawyers of Europe.

In the year 1802, during the short peace of Amiens, a singular prosecution was undertaken in England, at the instigation of Buonaparte, then first consul of France, who had been libelled by a Frenchman resident in London, named Peltier. Mr. Percival, the English attorney-general, conducted the prosecution, and Mackintosh was retained by Peltier. In defending his client he gave expression to his indignant regret for the defeat of early hopes from the French revolution, for the flagrant outrages perpetrated by the rulers in their sanguinary career, and for the abused success and despotic character of Napoleon, with a force of eloquence which electrified the whole British empire. Soon after this he was nominated recorder of Bombay, an office which he discharged with satisfaction for ten years. He returned to England in 1812, and took his seat in parliament two years afterwards, for the county of Nairn. His maiden speech was delivered in behalf of the little republics and independent states which had formerly adorned the shores of the Adriatic, the Mediterranean, and the German ocean. His first great efforts in parliament were directed to a mitigation of the criminal code, a bequest left him by Sir Samuel Romilly. His eloquence proved eminently powerful and successful in this cause; and many revisions have since taken place, which may be traced to the indefatigable zeal of Sir James. The restrictions of the press have also claimed his attention, with all that force of argument for which he is so eminently distinguished. In short, wherever liberal principles are to be advocated, there this truly upright senator is conspicuous for his labours. The cause of South American independence found in him a warm and able advocate, and of catholic emancipation he was a firm and active supporter.

He is now engaged in writing a history of England, which is announced for republication in this country; and from the

well known fitness he possesses for the task, much is expected from his powerful and energetic pen.

In person Sir James is dignified and commanding, and his action is graceful and manly. As an orator his delivery is described as being particularly forcible. His speeches are lessons of political wisdom, which his knowledge of the laws of nations and the principles of public liberty eminently fit him to expound; qualifications which have rendered his speeches among the most perfect that adorn the British senate. H*

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.—NUMBER TWENTY.

NUISANCES NOT INDICTABLE AT LAW.

THE common law touching nuisances is too circumscribed—"cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" to the remedying of glaring and palpable annoyances—it protects a man against the intrusive location of lime-kilns, malt-houses, and gas manufactories—against braziers, blacksmiths, and butchers—against loud noises and offensive odours, but it leaves untouched thousands of apparently petty inconveniences which fritter away the vital powers and fret the spirit of an irritable person even unto temporary madness or inconsiderate suicide; as for instance, witness the case of the unfortunate gentleman in England, last summer, who, after perspiring profusely through the course of a long, scorching day, retired to rest at an inn, for the purpose of quieting his nerves by a refreshing slumber. Unluckily his intentions were frustrated by the assiduous attentions of a class of nightly visitors by no means peculiar to that country, who persisted in amusing themselves at his expense; the unhappy man, finding resistance was unavailing, swore to his companion that he would stand it no longer, and notified his intention of performing suicide; his friend laughed at this as a joke, but when the morning dawned, the poor flea-bitten victim of sensibility was discovered suspended from the bed-post, a martyr to the uncleanness of tavern-keepers' beds on the one hand, and morbid physical and mental feelings on the other.* Indeed there is no calculating the acute temperament of some people, for another gentleman drew a razor across his jugular vein, in consequence of having to wait five-and-twenty minutes for a beef-steak when he was hungry, and then finding, when he came to cut it, that it was cooked too much. The latter instance of the over-done beef-steak, was, to be sure, to speak precisely, rather an irreparable evil than a nuisance; but this does not affect my argument, which goes to show the extreme irritability of the nervous system in some persons, and the consequent slight contingencies on which the continuation of the co-partnership between soul and body depend. Upon these grounds I submit the following nuisances, for which an aggrieved spirit can obtain no redress, to the serious attention of the corporation, before the dog-days commence.

Nuisances not indictable at law.

No. 1.—Young ladies learning to play on the piano, and gentlemen the German flute. Both cases are susceptible of great aggravation, by the former requesting you to turn over the leaves of the music, and give your opinion of the successive executions as they take place; the latter calling your attention to their slow but steadily progressive improvement in their manner of going through the "Blue Bells of Scotland."

No. 2.—An author with a good opinion of himself, and a rejected manuscript tragedy in his pocket.

No. 3.—A person who is in the regular habit of entertaining you with anecdotes of his own life, from his childhood upwards, interspersed with episodes touching his particular friends.

No. 4.—A dyspeptic next you at dinner, who narrates his digestive difficulties for the three months last past; and gives his opinions at full on the merits of the different remedies for the efficacious removal of that very unromantic disorder.

No. 5.—Being asked for your own reminiscences and opinions on said subject.

No. 6.—The unavoidable society of a very young lady, whose conversation is limited to the announcement of a fact, and the hazarding a supposition, viz. that the weather is fine, but that it may change.

No. 7.—Sitting in the theatre during the performance of your favourite opera with a man attached to pea or pig-nuts in your immediate vicinity; the said man cracking a particularly hard-shelled one just as your ear is drinking in the delicious sounds which constitute one of Mrs. Austin's cadences.

* A fact. The above is the substance of the evidence adduced in the coroner's inquest. "What great effects from little causes spring."

No. 8.—Another man, on the other side, eating hard apples in a persevering and voracious manner.

No. 9.—Mr. C. in the character of Othello, and Miss F. as Letitia Hardy, with the Mermaid song.

No. 10.—Sitting on a shady bench on the Battery in a beautiful spring morning, delightfully, though unprofitably employed in creating glorious visions of happiness in the perspective, your mind totally abstracted from all around, when a man familiarly taps you on the shoulder, and civilly asks if you have "got any tobacco about you?"

No. 11.—The importunities of that silver-toned and pure-complexioned class of beings, named hackney-coachmen, when, in a fit of abstraction, you have incautiously wandered near their stands.

No. 12.—The conversation of a newly-elected officer of a uniform company.

No. 13.—Walking the streets of New-York in a windy day, and at every turn finding yourself enveloped in a cloud of lime, sand, and finely pulverized brick-dust, proceeding from the half-demolished or half-erected house of some speculating citizen. Just as you make your way out, with "tears in your eyes and curses on your lips," your mouth choked, your optics clouded, and your garments soiled and discoloured, meeting some fair friends, in whose sight you desire to appear amiable and fascinating.

No. 14.—Paragraphs in newspapers that commence as news and end as puffs, ward nominations, and lottery advertisements.

No. 15.—Speeches in the house of representatives, mint juleps, and buckwheat cakes.

No. 16.—Good advice.

No. 17.—Scrap-books, common-place-books, and albums. These are in the three degrees of comparison, positive, comparative, and superlative. Albums belonging to very pretty and very silly young ladies, in which nothing but *originals* are admitted, may be classed in the list of double-superlative nuisances.

No. 18.—Old friends with old coats, and symptoms of borrowing money or asking a favour visible in their physiognomy.

No. 19.—A poet, who thinks it unbecoming to talk common sense, or eat and drink like other people; who listens with a strange air of superciliousness and self-complacency to the ordinary chit-chat of mixed society, and ever and anon turns to catch your eye, and wink knowingly and contemptuously at the pleasant trifling conversation carried on, as much as to say, "We are above all this!"

No. 20.—An individual with two or three paint-pots in Broadway, on a fine day, the long stream of fashionables dividing on each side, like the waves of the Red sea, for the man of paint and putty to walk through.

No. 21.—A gentleman who is an ardent admirer of Counsellor Phillips's incomprehensible speeches, and is bent upon calling your attention to the beauties of the very fine and unintelligible metaphors with which they abound.

By the way, we recollect a story, which, as it is connected with the observance of a salutary rule, we may as well tell. Some time ago the newspapers made strenuous exertions to impress upon the people the necessity of "keeping to the right" in walking. This was a good regulation, though it might have been more effectually carried into execution if they had ordered them "to keep to the left," as they then could have availed themselves of the popular old distich, which does more towards enforcing this custom in Europe than any corporate enactments:

"The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
As you carry your body along;
If you keep to the left you're sure to go right,
If you keep to the right you go wrong."

There is nothing so difficult as a beginning, and many ultra-independent people determined on walking either to the right or left, just as they thought proper, consequently they frequently came in contact with those who wished to observe the rule, and there was much swearing, quarrelling, begging of pardons, and some slight symptoms of duelling. In fact, a walk from Canal-street to the Battery, keeping to the right all the way, in a summer afternoon, appeared to be impossible; and the first person who ever performed the feat was a fashionable young gentleman, who for a heavy wager disguised himself in "apparel vile," and with a paint pot in each hand, walked down with as little interruption as if he had been treading the streets of the "city of the dead." If we recollect aright, there was a poem published about it at the time, which is now as totally forgotten as Southey's epics: certainly the name and fame of the man who first "walked Broadway to the right" ought to descend to posterity.

More nuisances will be enumerated hereafter. Unfortunately it is a subject there is no chance of exhausting. C

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE METAPHYSICS OF MUSIC,

AND THEIR ACCORDANCE WITH MODERN PRACTICE.

IN THREE PARTS—PART THE THIRD.

So thoroughly forgotten are the natural reasons upon which these monstrosities have been originally built, that in treatises on musical composition they are not even attempted to be accounted for. The reader may look in vain for any intellectual explanation of the origin of piano and of forte, or of shakes or trills, or retardations, or pauses. He is taught by experience to expect the occurrence of such things in certain places, and after passages of a certain description—but why, he is not told, and he need not inquire. In the well-known book of Avison, the foundation of musical expression is hardly once attempted to be evolved, and for the detection of the very principle on which the treatise professes to hinge, we are referred—to nature? no—but to the scores of Geminiani, Crescimbini and Corelli! Mr. Ralph, in his pamphlet, does nearly the same thing. Dr. Burney at times seems to recognise the origin of expression in melody in the imitation of nature, but generally contradicts himself in the next page, floundering between the effects of melody and harmony; sometimes speaking of them as distinct things, and sometimes confounding them together.* Both in the practice and theory of vocal and instrumental performers, the same ignorance, or neglect, of any resort to nature for the explanation of melodious meaning, is exhibited. Scientific singing and playing constantly degenerate into a display of trickery. We are called to attend to exhibitions of the voice and hand, which have as little reference to natural intonation as the twirls of a high French ballet have to graceful motion. Of the indifference of most professional singers to the meaning of the airs they sing, their indifference to the quality of the words is a stubborn evidence. They will as soon attach doggerel trash to a favourite tune as the effusions of our best poets. A glaring instance of this is the stuff which Mr. Braham and others are content to tack to the melody of Robin Adair, although the best song writers which this country, or perhaps any other, ever produced—Burns and Moore—have written beautiful and appropriate songs to this very air. Foote, in his Commissary, has admirably ridiculed this piece of ill taste. Hear Dr. Catgut's account of the approved mode of writing a comic opera: "Last week, in a ramble to Dulwich, I made these rhymes into a duet for a new comic opera I have upon the stocks. Mind—for I look upon the words as a model for that kind of writing.

First *sic*.—"There to see the sluggish ass,
Thro' the meadows as we pass,
Eating up the farmer's grass,
Blythe and merry, by the mass,
As a little country lass."
Then *he* replies.—"Hear the farmer cry out zounds!
As he trudges through the grounds,
Yonder beast has broke my mounds;
If the parish has no pounds,
Kill, and give him to the hounds."

Then *da capo*, both join in repeating the last stanza; and this tacked to a tolerable tune will serve you for a couple of months—you observe." In the same spirit of ridicule Sir Richard Steele makes Trim, in his comedy of the Funeral, sing Champley's check for three hundred pounds; repeating, "hundred—hundred—hundred—because there are three hundred;" a better reason than can be given for most repetitions in music. With indifference to expression bad taste necessarily comes in. If we criticise the practice of musical people, we shall every where find that vagueness and inconsistency which always are the result of a want of reference to first principles. Thus a celebrated vocalist of the day, in that marvellously mawkish ballad, the "Bewildered Maid," gives the word "battle" with a furious accent—"in King Cambyse's vein," although the passage in which it occurs is one of melancholy and quiet narrative. I have heard a person of reputed musical refinement laud the setting of the words, "follow, follow," in the well-known Mermaid's song, "because the notes seemed to follow each other"—a brilliant musical illustration of oratorical action, so ingeniously applied to that famous line,

"The long—long—round—of ten revolving—years."

Nay, I have been told, on inquiring why a *forte* was to be followed by a *piano* in the repetition of the two dotted crotchets in "Fly not yet," that it was an *echo*! In Bombet's Lives of Haydn and Mozart, some notable specimens of musical criticism occur. The best, perhaps, is the chuckling self-satisfied

way in which he favours us with the edifying anecdote of Mozart's composing the admired overture to Don Juan whilst drunk and sleepy. He absolutely hugs himself on the idea of having discovered, in the leading passage, a striking resemblance to the half-yawn half-snore which the nodding composer might be supposed to emit at intervals. Now what, in the name of common sense, has this to do with Don Juan? or in what way could it be a suitable overture to the exploits of that fiery hero, or, indeed, to those of any body else, unless the celebrated journal of Drunken Barnaby be dramatized and brought upon the stage?

If we inquire into the particulars of the admiration expressed for airs and songs in general, we continually discover either that the difficulty and trick of the execution, or the general smoothness and harmony of the accompaniments, are the sole grounds. They are taken for the excitement rather than for the meaning—pretty much as the Indian convert is said to have taken the sacrament, wishing "it had been brandy." Songs are often said to be good, *when well sung*; a qualification of praise which seems to mean, that the difficulty of getting through them is the real inducement for hearing any one make the attempt. With an expressive air, if the singer can give the meaning, it is nearly sufficient. In music, as in every thing else, even an involuntary exhibition of skill, which draws attention from the subject to the performer, is disadvantageous. In modern singing, however, this rule is reversed. Every convenient pause is occupied by a cadence, which is neither more nor less than a barefaced display of the talents of the performer. In the midst of the most pathetic appeal we are to break off and listen to the melodious vaulting of Madame or Signor. It is just as if Mr. Kean were to fill up the intervals of his by-play in tragedy by leaping through the back scene, because he can play Harlequin as well as Othello. Now all this goes to prove, that the gratification of what is often called musical taste, is, at bottom, that of mere curiosity; but it remains to be shown why curiosity is to be confounded with a feeling of the effects of music. Would they who flock to hear Catalani sing Rhode's violin variations, have felt the same pleasure in hearing them played upon a barrel-organ, or upon the violin even of Rhode himself? Certainly not. It was the difficulty of the attempt, then, that was the motive for listening; and curiosity was the passion to be gratified. We go to hear the human voice do what it never did before, for the same reason that we go to see human legs and arms do what they never did before. We admire him who runs highest upon the musical scale, upon precisely the same principle that we applaud the Indian jugglers twirling their balls, or Mr. Ireland leaping over a pole thirty feet high.

The observation may be fanciful; but it is an odd fact, that musicians, in the modern acceptance of the term, have failed in securing that respect and hold upon the imagination which the obscurer bards seem to have enjoyed. Shakespeare never brings them upon the stage but to ridicule them; and "a fiddler, a minikin scraper, a pum-pum!" are no unusual epithets with the older dramatists. It is remarkable, too, that of those to whom nature has allotted a share of sensibility above the common portion of mankind, very many have been known to prefer simple airs to more scientific compositions. Accustomed to delight in and to analyze the fluctuations and combinations of the passions, they have been delighted, above all others, with natural, and at the same time poetical intonation. Burns was so; so is Moore; so was Madame de Stael; so was Jackson of Exeter—at once author, painter, and musician. This last, indeed, drew upon him the wrath of the musical reviewers of his day, who accused him of attempting, in his Treatise, to include all good compositions in the class of mere "Elegies"—as they styled pathetic airs. Bonaparte had similar predilections; and was reproached by the irritable Cherubini with having no other idea of a serious opera than its being a succession of grave andante movements. The emperor, no doubt, was rather too domineering a critic. After telling the unfortunate composer that his most elaborate complications of semiquavers "had no meaning," he used to take the liberty of striking his pen through them, and insisting upon "sense."

"——— a hard
And hapless situation for a bard."

It was perhaps too much for human nature in any shape; but had Napoleon never played the tyrant elsewhere, the world would have had no great reason to complain. In pursuance of this train of reasoning, it is observable that the greatest composers have been men who, in general talent and intellectual qualifications, were below mediocrity; the conversation of Mozart was common-place; Haydn was an ordinary man; and Handel so decidedly dull, that even Dr. Burney, his admirer and eulogist, is constrained to admit it. Blackwood's Mag.

THE WIFE OF GOVERNOR HOUSTON.

The Nashville Banner of the seventh of May contains the annexed articles, introduced with these remarks:

"We regret the necessity of giving publicity to the following documents. We fear that, on the whole, no benefit will accrue to any party from the measure. But the number and high respectability of those who have promoted, aided, and sanctioned it, the prominent standing of the individual principally referred to, and the anxious expectations of the public, who are already aware that some movements have been lately made on the subject, leave us no alternative but to comply with the request of those who have transmitted us the article for publication. Where the lady spoken of is personally known we believe her reputation remains fair, and unsullied even by suspicion.

At a meeting of sundry respectable citizens of Sumner county, in the state of Tennessee, assembled at the court house in the town of Gallatin, on the twenty-sixth day of April, 1830, George Crocket of said town was called to the chair, and Thomas Anderson was appointed secretary.

The design of said meeting having been explained by appropriate remarks from Colonel Joseph G. Guild, on motion of Mr. William Howard Douglass, it was

Resolved—That the following gentlemen be appointed a committee to consider and draw up a report expressive of the opinions entertained of the private virtues of Mrs. Eliza H. Houston, and whether her amiable character has received an injury among those acquainted with her in consequence of the late unfortunate occurrence between her and her husband, General Samuel Houston, late governor of the state of Tennessee, to wit:

General William Hall, William L. Alexander, Esq. General Eastin Morris, Colonel Joseph C. Guild, Elijah Boddie, Esq. Colonel Daniel Montgomery, Thomas Anderson, Esq. Captain Alfred H. Douglass, Isaac Baker, Esq. Mr. Robert M. Boyers, Major Charles Watkins, and Joseph W. Baldrige, Esq.

And that said committee meet at the court-house in Gallatin, on Wednesday next, and report.

The meeting was then adjourned until Wednesday next, at ten o'clock.

Gallatin, Wednesday, April 28.

The citizens met according to adjournment, (all the members of the committee were present, except Colonel Montgomery,) and presented the following report:

The committee deem it unnecessary at this time to animadvert on the character and conduct of Governor Houston, except so far as they may be inseparably connected with the investigation and development of the character of his unfortunate wife.

It appears that very shortly after the marriage, Governor Houston became jealous of his wife, and mentioned the subject to one or two persons, apparently in confidence; yet the committee are not informed that he made any specific charges, only that he believed that she was incontinent and devoid of the affections which a wife ought to have towards her husband. The committee cannot doubt but that he rendered his wife unhappy by his unfounded jealousies, and his repeated suspicions of her coldness and want of attachment, and that she was constrained, by a sense of duty to herself and her family, to separate from her infatuated husband, and return to her parents, which she did early in the month of April last, since which time she has remained in a state of dejection and despondency.

The committee will close this report by observing that they are informed that Governor Houston had lately made a tour through the middle states, and had returned to Nashville on his way to Arkansas, where they understand he has located himself in the Cherokee nation; and it has been suggested that public sympathy has been much excited in his favour, and that a belief has obtained in many places abroad that he was married to an unworthy woman, and that she has been the cause of all his misfortunes, and his downfall as a man and a politician; whereas, nothing is farther from the fact; and without charging him with malignity of heart, or baseness of purpose, the committee have no hesitation in saying that he is a deluded man; that his suspicions were groundless, that his unfortunate wife is now and ever has been in the possession of a character unimpeachable; and that she is an innocent and injured woman, *there is not the semblance of doubt*.

The committee appointed to express the sentiments of this meeting in relation to the character of Mrs. Eliza H. Houston, and the causes which led to a separation from her husband, beg leave to present, that on the twenty-second day of January, 1829, General Samuel Houston, the then governor of Ten-

* In his account of the performances at Westminster Abbey, in commemoration of Haudel, he talks of the sublimity of effect produced by the multitude of voices and instruments, as if it were something peculiar to the music; forgetting that this kind of sublimity is common to all loud sounds, whether arising from shouting, from thunder, from the firing of cannon, the waves of the sea, or—Don Quixote's falling mule.

nesses, was married to Miss Eliza H. Allen, the daughter of Mr. John Allen, a highly respectable citizen of Sumner county. Miss Allen was born in the town of Gallatin, and has been reared in the county of Sumner, and is personally known to the whole of the committee, a majority of whom have known her from infancy. Up to the time of her marriage with Governor Houston no lady sustained (and the committee think justly sustained) a fairer and more unsullied reputation for all these virtues which embellish and adorn the female character.

The committee have had placed in their hands a letter from Governor Houston to Mr. Allen, written shortly after the separation, a copy of which they subjoin, without comment.

Ms. ALLEN—The most unpleasant and unhappy circumstance has just taken place in the family, and one that was entirely unnecessary at this time. Whatever had been my feeling or opinions in relation to Eliza at one period, I have been satisfied, and it is now unfit that anything should be adverted to. Eliza will do me the justice to say that she believes I was really unhappy. That I was *satisfied* and *believed her virtuous*, I had assured her on last night and this morning; this, however, should have prevented the facts ever coming to your knowledge and that of Mrs. Allen. I would not for millions that it had ever been known to you. But one human being knew any thing of it from me, and that was by Eliza's consent and wish. I would have perished first; and if mortal man had dared to charge my wife or say aught against her virtue, I would have slain him. That I have and do love Eliza, none can doubt; and that I have ever treated her with affection, she will admit; that she is the only earthly object dear to me, God will bear witness.

The only way that this matter can now be overcome will be for us all to meet as though it had never occurred, and this will keep the world, as it should ever be, ignorant that such thoughts ever were.

Eliza stands acquitted by me—I have received her as a *virtuous* and *chaste* wife, and as such I pray God I may ever regard her, and I trust I ever shall.

She was cold to me, and I thought did not love me; she owns that such was one cause of my unhappiness. You can judge how unhappy I was to think that I was united to a woman who did not love me. That time is now past, and my future happiness can only exist in the assurance, that Eliza and myself can be more happy, and that Mrs. Allen and you will forget the past, forgive all, and find your lost peace—and you may rest assured that nothing on my part shall be wanting to restore it. Let me know what is to be done.

Your most obedient, **SAM. HOUSTON.**

The report was unanimously accepted, and it was

Resolved—That the editors of the Gallatin Journal, Nashville Republican, National Banner, and all other editors who feel any interest for the character of an injured female, be requested to give the foregoing report and proceedings an insertion in their respective papers.

And the meeting adjourned. **GEO. CROCKET, Chairman.**

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The Mirror.—For the fact that the merits and character of the New-York Mirror have been steadily progressive, we refer to the past. Our arrangements for the future are far more advantageous than any we have hitherto been able to effect, and we therefore feel confidence in asserting that the eighth volume will be much superior, in every department, to its predecessors.

It gives us great pleasure to state, that this periodical will hereafter be enriched with *original communications* from the pens of

JOHN F. SCHROEDER, D.D.
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK,
CHARLES SPRAGUE,
WILLIAM LEUGETT,
JOHN INMAN,
PROSPER M. WETMORE,
JAMES LAWSON,
WILLIAM P. PALMER,
WILLIS G. CLARK,
SAMUEL WOODWORTH,
JAMES SHEA,
C. C. VAN ARSDALE,

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK,
ROBERT C. SANDS,
JAMES G. BROOKS,
THEODORE S. FAY,
WILLIAM COX.

MRS. EMMA EMBURY,
MRS. MARY E. BROOKS,
MRS. HARRIET MUZZY,
MISS ELIZABETH BOGART,
MISS SARAH AIKIN,
MISS A. WOODBRIDGE.

What we have done in the way of embellishments, is before the public; what we intend to do, we now submit to their notice. During the year, four fine engravings will be published. Subjects as follows:

I.—Street view in New-York, embracing Park Row, the Park, a portion of Chatham-street, the Brick Meeting, &c. with all the life and bustle incident to that part of the town.

II.—A view of the Bay and Harbour, studded with islands,

and covered with shipping, steamboats, small craft, &c. including a distant sketch of Staten Island and the Narrows, taken from the Battery.

III.—The City of New-York, from the Bay; the North and East Rivers, Hoboken, Weehawk, Brooklyn Heights, Village of Brooklyn, &c.

IV.—Wall-street, about the hour of three; the Exchange, the various Banks, and other public Institutions.

These drawings have been taken expressly for this work, and will be engraved by eminent artists.

In addition to the foregoing, several wood engravings, executed in the best possible manner, representing old Dutch edifices, will be given; both as a matter of curiosity, and from a desire to preserve from oblivion traces of the dwellings of the early Dutch settlers.

Each number will contain, as heretofore, a popular piece of music, arranged for the pianoforte.

The praise which the Mirror has obtained for its typographical neatness will continue to be deserved.

From the above it is obvious that our expenses must be very materially enlarged; and we had contemplated, at one time, advancing the price of this paper to five dollars; but in consequence of the unprecedented increase of our circulation, we are induced, in preference, to trust to a still further patronage for an adequate remuneration of our labour.

Greece.—The tide of our rivers does not ebb and flow with greater certainty than popular enthusiasm rises and falls. There is this difference, however, in the two instances. The former after its fall rises again, the latter seldom if ever. Once let indifference seize the public mind, which has been wrought to the highest pitch of fervour, and vain will be every effort to rekindle the spark. It is but a few years since the Philhellene mania so occupied the attention and interested the affections of our citizens, that all other business, cares, and duties were forgotten—the one inspiring theme of thought, feeling, action, conversation, was Greece. The ordinary charities of life were yielded up at the shrine of Grecian sympathy. Principal and interest of all the humanity inherent in each individual bosom was freely, nobly, and carelessly rendered to the one engrossing object of the regeneration of the Greeks. How changed the state of things at the present day! Who now thinks of that people, or even mentions their name? Perhaps the object has been attained—perhaps Greece is free! And is she so? The fetters of Ottoman despotism have indeed been broken; the Turk no longer tramples under foot the descendants of Leonidas and Themistocles, but is the inhabitant of classic Greece free? We think not. One master—and a cruel, implacable one—has indeed been compelled to give up his power, but is there not a new one, or what is worse, are there not more masters than one in his place? This question, it would appear, ought to interest those who have hitherto professed so much zeal in behalf of suffering Greece, and have anticipated the most glorious results to literature, science, and the cause of freedom from her emancipation. The establishment of an independent government in Europe, based on principles similar to those which regulated the ancient republics of Athens and Sparta, improved by the model of the constitution of these United States, was, we had believed, one of the dearest objects of the enlightened politician and philanthropist. The choice of their own form of polity, by the emancipated Greeks, was the least demonstrable evidence of their liberty that could be required by their least sanguine friends. Even this is denied—and yet not a murmur of complaint is raised. The bodily sufferings, the hunger, and thirst, and nakedness of the Greek, had elicited aid and roused a voice in his behalf which only died away amidst the thunders of Navarino. This moral, political oppression excites no attention! The very hands which proffered assistance and delivered him from his former thralldom are about to impose a new and disgraceful yoke upon his neck—and who gainsays it? Look at the condition of the Greeks—with a man of their choice at the helm of state, they learn the news that he must be displaced—that a king must preside over them—a king not of their own making, but the creature of Wellington and Polignac, whose very name will sound barbarous to their polished ears, but whose total incompetency for a station of power, whose utter ignorance of their national character and of the habitudes of their country, whose unavoidable subserviency to the artificers of his elevation and the disposers of his fortune, must render him an object of contempt, hatred, and execration. What a consummation of hopes once so bright and fair! A flock of sheep, barely delivered from the fangs of mastiffs and catiffs—such is the condition of the Greeks. And no voice is lifted up in their behalf, no arm stretched out to save them! Who could have believed this?

Infant schools.—We were invited a few days since to visit an infant school in Mott-street, which owes its foundation and support to the benevolence of the female members of one of the congregations of Friends. And it was with real surprise that we witnessed not only the number of the pupils, but the propriety of their conduct and the perfect subordination which prevailed. There were present about one hundred and sixty, many of them so young as not yet to have acquired the power of articulation. They are all the children of poor parents, whose time is spent in labour, and who must consequently, to a certain extent, neglect the comforts and interests of their offspring. Many of these children have literally been taken from the streets, where they were allowed to wallow in filth, their health and habits neglected, and the infant germ of mind exposed to the contaminating influence of vice. Here they are placed under the kind and encouraging guidance of experienced and judicious teachers, and whether their progress in the simple exercises of the school or not, their comforts are increased, and a new and beneficial bias is given to their minds. The studies, if such they may be called, are made to assume the form of amusement, and wholesome instruction steals upon them in the semblance of recreation. The charity of those who have established this school is of the most extensive and liberal kind. It embraces the children of the poor in the vicinity, of whatever sect or condition, whether their parents are worthy or unworthy, virtuous or dissolute. It looks only to the end at which it aims—the preservation from vice and misery of those helpless beings whose parents cannot or will not protect and cherish them. If they are in want of clothes, they are supplied from the funds of the society, and if their parents cannot give them food, it is provided at the school. Some of these infants displayed in our presence an aptitude and proficiency in the science of numbers, and powers of memory, which surprised us.

It is well known that the school fund of this city has from some cause never extended to the education of infants, a deficiency which cannot but be deeply lamented. Could institutions like that which we have noticed be established in the various quarters of our city, supported by a competent fund, vast good might be effected. The morals of thousands might be preserved from corruption, and juvenile delinquency lessened in an incalculable measure. To the philanthropists of New-York a vast field is now open, in which their exertions might compass important public results, and entitle them to the gratitude of thousands. If so much can be done by private charity merely, what might we not expect if higher aid were successfully invoked! We recommend to those who feel an interest in the great cause of public education, to visit the school to which we have referred. It is kept in the basement-story of the High School in Mott-street, between Spring and Prince streets.

House of Industry.—It is devoutly to be wished that the incipient efforts in favour of such an establishment will not flag, or be entrusted to the exclusive direction of the honourable corporation. That sage body possesses great power, and is imbued with strong inclination to do good, but it is not like ordinary bodies—it cannot move otherwise than with snail pace. It projects great improvements and finally effects them, but there is a proper portion of time which from its very constitutional make it must see elapsed before it can carry its resolutions into effect. Witness the removal of the jail and bridewell—remember the erection of seats on the battery—nay, look at the very cupola of the hall—who doubts that a clock will some day or other, a century hence, admonish the citizens to note the passing hours? But the formation of a house of industry must not be left to such hands. Let them assist if they will—let them endorse notes payable ten years hence, but let the institution be forthwith got up. This is the auspicious season to secure its operations in time for the ensuing winter.

The Fulton box.—If this simple project for remunerating the children of Fulton for the benefits conferred on the world by their father—and what can be more just and honourable to our country—should be carried into general effect, the income derived from it would soon be immense, and the hand of liberality itself be prudently stayed. Some idea of what so very a trifle as one cent from each passenger would soon amount to may be gathered from a single fact, in times when travelling by steam was almost nothing in comparison with what it has since increased to. The number of passengers carried by the Commodore of the old North river line, from its commencement to discontinuing the business, amounted to upwards of one hundred and eighty-six thousand!

Agents and subscribers indebted to this establishment for the present volume, are requested to settle their accounts immediately.

OH, MURMUR NOT LOVE.

A FAVOURITE MELODY, COMPOSED BY G. WARNE.

ANDANTE AFFETTUOSO.

Oh, mur - mur not, love, mur - mur not, Though clouds our sum - mer skies de - form, That e - ver thus our mor - tal lot, Should

be al - ter nate calm and storm; Ere yet the sun - ny hour was gone, A thou - sand friends seem'd kind and true, But

soon the day of gloom came on, And all for - sook me, all but you.

Ad Lib.

SECOND VERSE.

Allured by pleasure's tempting ray,
Love is, alas! too apt to roam;
The tempest gathering o'er his way,
Reminds the truant of his home;
When peace her lullaby doth sing,
The bosom may be fondly prest,
But oh! 'tis in the storm we cling
The closest to affection's breast.

VARIETIES.

MECHANICAL POWERS.—If the abilities of man were limited by the extent of his natural strength, small indeed would be his knowledge of the works of nature, and few the refinements and comforts of civilized society. We can hardly look upon any production of art which could have been obtained without the aid of mechanical contrivances. Hence we may conclude, that the construction of machines must have been long antecedent to a knowledge of the theory upon which their principles depend. The remains of Egyptian architecture exhibit the most surprising marks of mechanical genius. The stones laid upon the tops of the pyramids of Egypt are each of them equal in size to a small house! The elevation of such immense ponderous masses, to the tops of these and other stupendous fabrics, must have required an accumulation of mechanical power, which the architect of the present day cannot regard without astonishment.

MARIA LOUISA.—When Vienna was bombarded by the French, in 1809, Maria Louisa was the only member of the imperial family that remained in the capital. She was too ill to be removed. Buonaparte was informed of the fact, and he gave orders for the shells to spare the abode of the invalid. He became interested in her fate, and made constant inquiries about her. It is probable that at this moment he resolved to displace Josephine; and it so happened that soon after, at the treaty of Schoenbrunn, he stipulated for her hand. In the month of March, 1810, the espousal of the imperial pair was celebrated at Vienna, and on the first of April they were married in Paris by cardinal Fesch.

FARMER AND STORE-KEEPER.—A farmer in Connecticut,

who has occupied the same farm on lease for about thirty years past, was lately complaining that he had not been able to lay up any thing from his thirty years' labour. A neighbouring store-keeper offered to explain to him the reason, and proceeded as follows—"During the thirty years that you have been on that farm, I have been trading in this store, and the distilled spirits I have sold you, with the interest of the money, would have made you the owner of the farm you hire." On examination of the books of the store-keeper his assertion was found correct. The farm was worth about five thousand dollars.

TOOTH-POWDER.—The following is given as the correct mode of preparing the celebrated French tooth-powder, called *poudre Peruvienne*:—White sugar thirty-six grains, cream of tartar seventy-two, magnesia seventy-two, starch seventy-two, mace two, cinnamon six, sulphate of quinine (or quinia) three, and carmine five grains. All these substances are reduced to a fine powder, and mixed together with great care; then add four drops of oil of roses, and as much oil of mint.

JUDGE PARSONS.—The following anecdote is illustrative of the character of the late Judge Parsons. A gentleman had been concerned in a duel; the ball of his antagonist struck his watch, and remained there. It thus saved his life. The watch was afterwards exhibited, with the ball remaining in it, in a company where Judge P. was present. It was observed by several that it was a valuable watch. "Yes," said Parsons, "very excellent: it has kept time from eternity."

CROMWELL'S SKULL.—A person visiting the London museum of curiosities, was shown the skull of Oliver Cromwell. "It is extremely small," said the visitor. "Bless you, sir," replied the cicerone, "it was his skull when he was a little boy."

SUNDAY MAILS.—The National Intelligencer, speaking of Sunday mails, recommends those who are conscientious on the subject, to write on the outside of their communications which have to pass through the post-offices the words "not to be forwarded on the Sabbath." The postmaster would, no doubt, respect the request.

MR. HALLECK.—The following is from the London Literary Gazette of the tenth of April last:—"Mr. Halleck, one of the sweetest and most popular bards of America, is about to give the world a new poem. The subject is supposed to be the 'Minute Men,' from which it is said his lines on Connecticut are extracted."

A NEW MELO-DRAMA.—A piece called the Wigwam, founded on Cooper's novel of the Pioneers, has been produced at Covent Garden.

MADemoiselle SONTAG.—The Court Journal says, "We are enabled to state, on the authority of a letter from a lady of the first distinction in Berlin, that Mademoiselle Sontag has been undoubtedly married to the count de Rossi; but that suspicions of a most unfounded nature, on the part of the count, have caused a temporary separation, which it is probable will, after all, be of short duration."

When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign—that the dunces are all in a confederacy against him.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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J. GRIMMOUD, PRINTER, JOHN STREET.

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NEW-YORK MIRROR,

AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOLUME VII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1830.

NUMBER 49.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES WRITTEN TO AN UNKNOWN LADY.

FAIR stranger, thou hast asked a boon
Of one to thee unknown,
A lone and nameless wanderer
On life's Sahara thrown;
The boon—my humble lyre's best note—
I give without regret,
Though in the fond familiar clasp
Our hands have never met.

Yet in the mind's congenial thoughts,
By dreamy night or day—
Free thoughts, that through all space and time
Pursue their social way;
And in the heart's deep sympathies,
Its gladness or its groan,
Our spirits have full oft perchance
A sweet communion known.

Therefore whene'er thy pensive eye
My simple verse shall trace,
Though all unmeet its numbers are
This spotless leaf to grace—
Deem that a brother's kindly hand
Inscribed each humble line,
And that a brother's warmest wish
Is breathed for thee and thine.

It is, that all for whom thy heart
Feels aught of tenderness,
Through all the future scenes may be
As blest as thou wouldst bless;
And that to thee, my stranger friend,
In fulness may be given,
The solace of a spotless soul,
The peace and smiles of heaven.

PROTEUS.

A SKETCH.

I saw her when the earnest glow
Of dreams, whose home is found in heaven,
And an unearthly bliss bestow,
Was to her ardent fancy given;
And picturing all things in their ray
The world a joyous scene became,
Where hope's unfettered wing could play,
And sorrow's cloud was but a name.

And as her peerless beauty grew
And ripened in her pleasant face,
Affection o'er her aspect threw
The sunshine of unsullied grace;
And like a habitation above—
A seraph, briefly lingering here,
That being, to the eye of love
Did in her early life appear.

Years swept along—and she became
A heartless and a giddy thing;
On a false shrine's unholy flame
She pour'd her spirit's offering.
Alas! her dreams were wasted soon,
For pleasure wore her heart away;
Life's morning waned into the noon
Of restless fashion's dazzling ray.

And many bow'd, and swore, and sigh'd—
While true to none, and false to all,
Upon her charms that maid relied
To bind new followers in her thrall.
But years roll'd on—her eye grew dim;
Her brow with furrows thickly set;
Time hushed the joy of pleasure's hymn,
And she—lorn spinster—lingers yet! EVERARD.

TO ISABELLA.

Listen, gentle lady, listen,
Prithee do not turn away,
Let one glance, one only, glisten
On my humble roundelay.

I thought my rocky heart was wasted
By the tear-drops it distils;
That my soul too deeply tasted
Of the poison-cup of ills:

That the hours had gone for ever,
Like the gold of boyhood's mine,
When reason, without one endeavour,
Knelt and prayed at beauty's shrine.

I had deemed all feelings blasted,
By the lightning shaft of grief,
And their mouldering relics lasted,
Never more to shoot a leaf.

But my heart was only frozen,
Waiting some dissolving art,
Such as thou, young beauty's chosen,
From thine eye-beams canst impart.

Listen, gentle lady, listen,
Prithee do not turn away,
Let one glance, one only, glisten
On my humble roundelay.

If there's aught this heart to brighten
With the joy of younger years,
Or its pilgrim-path to lighten,
'Tis to sing while beauty hears:

And to feel the light that flashes,
When with her encircling spells
Pity lifts the silken lashes
Where the sun of beauty dwells.

Be it favour or displeasure,
I rejoice or I repine—
Let me only see the treasure
Dazzling in those eyes of thine.

Listen, gentle lady, listen,
Prithee do not turn away,
Let one glance, one only, glisten
On my humble roundelay.

ALPHA.

ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

THE RIVAL MOTHERS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

MONEY was procured, the preparations continued, when one day while Mr. Alleyn and his son were sitting together, they were surprised by the appearance of officers of justice, who entered the room, and advancing to Edmund, informed him he was their prisoner.

"Your prisoner! for what?" exclaimed the astonished youth.

"You are accused of forgery."

Too indignant to speak, Edmund turned to his father. Mr. Alleyn, pale as death and trembling in every nerve with emotion, covered his face with his hands.

"Dear father, do not let this alarm you thus; here is some mistake."

"I think not," said the constable, "for we have the checks you forged on Mr. G. and the one you presented yourself two days ago."

"That check," said Edmund impatiently, "was no forgery; it was given me by my father."

"Well, young gentleman, I do not pretend to say who did it, but take care how you criminate your father; if it was not you, it must have been he."

Edmund gazed on his father. The thoughts which darted through his mind were horrible, but they were immediately banished. Certain of his father's, as well as his own innocence, he smiled at his sudden misgiving.

"My son," said Mr. Alleyn, "I would speak with you alone. Ask those men to leave the room; I will detain you but a moment, and you cannot escape if you would."

The constable, having ascertained that this last assertion was correct, left the apartment and stationed himself near the door.

"Edmund," cried Mr. Alleyn, when they were alone, "what shall I do! what will become of me! will you save your poor old father?"

"Save you, sir! why it is I who am in danger, if any exists—it is I who am accused!"

"Alas!" said the miserable man, while drops of agony stood upon his forehead, "I can conceal it no longer!—I—I forged those checks, to save your mother from grief and mortification; but oh! how much more have I brought upon her now!"

Edmund, horror struck, unable to speak or move, sat listening to his father's dreadful confession, while every word seemed to steal strength and life away.

The officers of justice re-entered the room and terminated the agitating conference. Edmund was hurried from the house half-distracted with the agonizing and confused ideas that crowded upon his mind. Mr. Alleyn, by great exertion, obtained him bail; and now all awaited in anxious uncertainty the result of the trial. Edmund resolved in his own mind that he would not accuse himself, this he owed to truth and

honour, but at the same time firmly resolved that not a word in defence of himself should escape him which could possibly implicate his father. The trial, however, (which, notwithstanding Mr. Alleyn's sanguine hopes, must have brought the truth to light) never took place. The gentleman whose name had been forged, always respected Edmund, and now, in pity for his youth and the grief of his friends, and, perhaps suspecting who was the real criminal, withdrew the prosecution and endeavoured to hush up the affair. Mr. Alleyn communicated this intelligence in a burst of joy to his son. But of what avail was this to Edmund now? He had escaped all danger of the law for the offence with which he was charged, but that much severer punishment to a sensitive mind had already fallen upon him—his fair fame was blasted! He had been accused of forgery—the knowledge of it had gone far and wide—and although a court of justice had not tried and condemned him, he knew, in the minds of many, he was regarded as a criminal—what remained to make life valuable?

He had not seen Cornelia since the day of his accusation. Her parents, eager to seize upon any opportunity to prevent a marriage so disagreeable to them, forbade her to hold any future intercourse with one so guilty as they believed Edmund to be. Cornelia, who scorned control when about to do what she believed an act of justice to Edmund, wrote and entreated him to see her. But in vain—he continued inflexible. He had resigned her, he said, and every thing in this world which was once valuable or dear to him. He should spend the remainder of his days in solitude, and never wished to look upon the face of a human being more.

A few days after the prosecution had been relinquished, Edmund, alone, as usual, sat leaning his head upon his hand, when suddenly, with the restlessness of anguish, he threw back his head and gazed around the apartment—a figure stood before him—it was Cornelia. Her arms were folded, her eyes fixed upon him.

"What do you here?" said Edmund gloomily; "do you come to look upon a criminal?"

"No, Edmund, I come to gaze upon an innocent, although weak man."

"How know you that I am innocent?"

"My heart tells me so! you cannot deceive me. If all the world accused you, it would not shake my faith in you one moment! But this you knew before. I come not to tell you of my undiminished confidence, but to upbraid you with your weakness. Your father, not yourself, is guilty!"

"Oh hush! for heaven's sake, be silent!"

"I will not," she said, raising her voice; "I care not if the whole world hears me! Mr. Alleyn has committed a crime, and too base to bear the punishment, he has blasted the fame of his son. But let not that son think," Cornelia continued, in a tone of bitterness, "that by consenting to a sacrifice he has performed a heroic deed. He is mistaken—he has sullied the purity of his reputation—he has cast away his happiness, and the happiness of others confided to his keeping, with a vain hope of saving the character of his father—but the truth is known, the sacrifice is useless!"

"Dear Cornelia," said Edmund sadly, "even if this were true, how could I act differently? I am the victim of destiny, of circumstances."

"Of circumstances!" exclaimed Cornelia; "you are the victim of your own want of energy. Your fame and honour you allow to be unjustly sullied. Why do you not come forth manfully and declare the truth? You are just entering life—your father must soon leave it. Nay, do not turn so gloomily away—it must be done, justice demands it—you cannot tarnish your father's fame, I repeat, for that is ruined already. His character was before this event supported on so insecure a foundation, that the world now believes he was the instigator, the real criminal, and you his instrument or his willing tool. You cannot make him appear more guilty, but may rescue your own name from infamy."

"No! no—Cornelia! it is all over now—my destiny is accomplished—I will never move one step to criminate my father. Do not deprive me of the consoling hope that by the sacrifice of my own, his honour has been saved. This is all that is left me now—all but your affection. Oh, Cornelia, dearest, best beloved, do you indeed think me innocent of this dark deed? But my heart told me you would never suspect

me of such baseness—this has cheered my solitary hours, and will cheer the few remaining to me now."

"Edmund!" said Cornelia, while she struggled with the fearful foreboding which was fast subduing the firmness of her heart, when she heard his deep melancholy voice and gazed on his pale and sunken features, "do not be thus depressed; live for me, and far from this selfish spot, we may yet be happy together!"

"And shall it be said that Cornelia Blakely, my Cornelia married a felon? No! far be such humiliation from you! we are separated here, Cornelia."

"No! no!" she passionately exclaimed. "I will go this moment—I will accuse your father—he shall do you justice."

She rushed from the room. Cornelia could not succeed in bringing this affair again before the courts of justice; but the broken-hearted Alleyn, who had never known a happy moment while the dreadful consciousness of crime and injustice to his son was preying upon him, confessed every thing. But it was too late. Edmund's frame, never robust, had been so shaken by such terrible emotion, that the joy of knowing his own fame was cleared, and the anguish he felt on witnessing his father's remorse and misery, was more than he could support. He declined rapidly, and died in the arms of his wretched parents, a victim to their evil passions. Cornelia saw her exertions to save him were in vain—the object of her passionate devotion was taken from her—all that endeared her to life was gone. The Blakelys soon mourned over the loss of the pride and ornament of their family.

PLUMA.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

INDIAN CHARACTER.

THE absence of our regular historians among the Indians is, and should be, a source of much regret to those who delight to store their minds with those facts connected with the original possessors of that soil which now opens the bosom of its wealth to beings of almost another origin. Having dwelt some time with and near them, I have used considerable diligence, at various times, in endeavouring to ascertain how and in what manner, if any, they have preserved the remembrance of remarkable events among them. Whether they had traditional or legendary tales of the origin of their tribes—whether they knew the time when the country in which they resided was first occupied by them—whether, in that case, it was unoccupied or in possession of their Indians—and whether they conquered or purchased the country so occupied. My inquiries have also extended to their wars, the arts, and wiles practised by their most distinguished warriors, the nature of their pretended intercourse with the Great Spirit, how many spirits they supposed possessed an influence over their tribes, what they thought of futurity, and what their general ideas were of moral and social duties and obligations. I have seldom received, to any of these inquiries, a clear and satisfactory answer.

They have traditions, but of so confused a nature, and so mysteriously combined with men and beasts, extraordinary transformations from one to the other, and so thoroughly involved in the clouds of superstition, that they are rendered utterly unintelligible to all but the Indians themselves.

Their songs constitute their history, but as dates are entirely neglected (for they "keep no note of time,") it is impossible for the oldest man among them to fix events thus narrated upon any particular period of time. There is one source, however, of instructive amusement among them, and that is, to sit and listen to the rehearsal of the warlike achievements that have been performed within the remembrance of the narrator, and possibly by him. He often tells them with spirit and sprightliness, and can generally say how many winters are passed by since they were acted. No one but he who resided among them knows, or can know, the fund of military anecdotes, if I may so call it, in their possession.

No one knows, or can know, the surprising acts of valour performed by them, sometimes as a tribe, but more generally by individuals. Under an excitement, particularly after a little success, there are no people on earth braver or more daring, even to rashness, than they are. Once under this excitement, alone or among thousands, an Indian sees nothing but the object of his rage, if an enemy, or of his love, if a friend. In fact, they are educated for brave men. Influence and wealth are only for the brave, and the highest seat at the council fire, or the most important character in the dance, is always awarded to him who passes for the bravest man. Indians (I speak of those on the upper Missouri) are underrated. White men talk, and I suppose think as they talk, as if twenty common men, well armed, could drive the prairies for Indians

as they would beat a jungle of deer. This is idle talk. These Indians have yet to learn who are their superiors in their own method of fighting. Perfect horsemen, they know their strength, when mounted, better than the whites would have them believe. No men but mounted men can ever, except in large bodies, safely travel the country where they live or roam. Their morale (as Napoleon called the impression of strength or force on the mind) is very considerable, and, with experienced men, often creates a sudden panic or astonishment that proves their ruin before sufficient time elapses for them to recover their self-possession. Painted, almost naked, and at full speed, they rush upon their foes suddenly from an ambush, with a yell apparently of delight at the prospect of blood. The hideous expression of their countenance has, at the same time, an appalling effect to those unaccustomed to their mode of painting themselves. The first effect is intended for, and often is, an almost perfect stupefaction. Here lies their strength on the plain or where they can act with celerity, and they who can retain self-possession at the onset, with a tolerably adequate force, have nothing to fear afterwards. Without retaining that (which the main effort of the Indians is to destroy) the chances are against escape. Many a white man has gone to these prairies confident of his abilities for self-protection, and been literally cut to pieces by the tomahawk whilst on his horse with his loaded rifle in his hand. They might have been, probably were brave, but they allowed themselves to be astonished, and all from underrating their foes.

There is another strong trait of character in Indians—their singular pride. Squaws frequently cry Indians into acts of vengeance and retaliation, but they have a stronger influence even than that over them; a squaw can laugh or shame an Indian to commit the most wanton act of murder, cruelty, and inhumanity. Her jeers and taunts, after an unsuccessful "to-tong" of a war party, will send an Indian forth alone, without rest or delay, under the pledge of the most sacred oath known to him, that he will not return without a scalp or a prisoner. To redeem this pledge, and satisfy the oath, he will commit the most barbarous and disgustingly inhuman acts. It is under the influence of this feeling that he becomes what among the Indians is called foolish, that is, perfectly reckless of life. It is singular, but nevertheless true, that the Indians should look with such utter contempt upon every thing like effeminacy, and still be so much under their squaws. No greater term of reproach can be bestowed by them upon an individual than to call him a squaw. It signifies that he is a beast of burden. Squaws scarcely ever approach the council, the feast, or the dance, that is, a national or medical dance. They follow and obey their lords and masters apparently in silence. Still, these very women, as among us, manage to govern in every thing they wish. They do it by appearing not to do it. The Indian always appears the master, and, satisfied with the appearance, suffers himself to be mastered.

Indians are the most desperate gamblers in the world, considering their means. One would be astonished to witness their stakes. I have seen them sit successive hours, and sometimes days, at their games, alternately winning and losing, until one of them rose stripped of all his wealth, horses, gun, and of every thing but the rag, as we might say, of modesty. This would be called ruin by the civilized world, but it causes no despair or suicide with them, and all that an observer would perceive is perhaps a little mortified pride at his defeat. The young squaws having more leisure, are more constant gamblers than the men. I have seen a young squaw pull ornament after ornament from her arm, bead after bead from her neck, and brooch after brooch from her bosom, until she had lost the whole, and then probably pawn her clothes for another game. The greatest game that I ever heard of, however, was between a Crow and a Chayenne. It was told me as a well known fact by a man residing among the Crows, and confirmed by the Crows themselves through an interpreter. About four years since the Crows and Chayennes were, as they have almost always been, at war. In fact, I do not know that they ever met peaceably except in the single instance I am about to relate. In a state of hostility, of course war parties were continually roaming in search of favourable opportunities to strike with success, and with as little risk as possible, it happened that two hostile parties were encamped, without the knowledge of either, near each other. They had both been out a long time, and had seen no "signs" of an enemy, and of course became considerably discouraged. After a little

reflection, and within a day or two of the same time, both parties resolved to return to their respective tribes. It happened also, that one of each party refused (pledged by an oath, or afraid of the ridicule of some favourite squaw) to return. This is very common among them, and it excites no surprise, even after success, that one or two should separate from the main party and go forth alone, sometimes for a definite object, and sometimes not. These two men were left by their respective comrades in the mountains, near Powder river, and for two days following they remained near where they were left. On the third, and near nightfall, they had selected their lodging-places near each other, still ignorant of their vicinity. The Chayenne was going down and the Crow up, a ravine that gradually descended, at that place, towards the river. The former laid himself down among the rocks in the bottom of the ravine, but the latter, thinking from the appearance of the sky that it would rain, and knowing how the water rushed in torrents down these ravines, crawled up its side, and there, under the shelter of a friendly rock, arranged himself for repose. As the Crow expected, one of those sudden and tremendous showers common to that country came on; he, however, lay unmolested by it. Not so with the Chayenne—hearing the roar of the coming torrent, he hastened to secure himself from being washed away or dashed to death against the rocks, by groping out a passage up the side, hardly knowing, in the dark, whether he was going to safety or destruction. After feeling around, and managing to get about one hundred yards from where the water had driven him, he came accidentally to the rock which sheltered the Crow. In endeavouring to ascertain its position with the ground, he placed his hand upon the bare shoulder of his enemy.

As it may be expected, they both started, the one back and the other up, with their usual exclamation of surprise—"Wha!" said they, as they stood gazing and lighting up their gaze with the fire of their own eye-balls. What is very unusual among Indians on a war party, they were both taken by surprise, both unprepared, and both, too, searching for enemies. The night was very dark, the ground precipitous and uneven, and both were hesitating what to do, not knowing but each other had friends close at hand. At length the Chayenne made signs that he would lie down for the night, and that in the morning they should try their prowess. It was arranged, and two brave and mortal foes, until that instant, lay down side by side under the same rock.

I question if either slept, still they continued in their recumbent posture until morning came, and both, assured of their novel situation, laughed at its singularity: from a laugh they began their signs, and at length determined, that, as either allowed the other's tribe to be the bravest in the world, they would try their strength or skill in gambling. They commenced, and the game continued fluctuating for some time, until, after about two hours, the Crow won all the arms, provisions, and clothes of the Chayenne. After standing a few moments in thought, he arrested the progress of the Crow in packing up his winnings, by saying he would stake his scalp. The Crow, of course, eagerly engaged again, thinking probably it was a cheap way to acquire such a trophy; but fortune favoured the brave, and from that instant the Chayenne commenced winning. He continued until he had not only won back all his own, but all the Crow had, leaving him as destitute as the Chayenne was a short time before. He could now do no less than his antagonist had done. The Crow's scalp was now at stake. Both were anxious, and both played cautiously. It would not do, the Crow lost his scalp, and the Chayenne proceeded very deliberately to take it off. The operation was completed, and the Crow was pronounced the greatest bravo in existence.

After some little conversation, praising each other, (all by signs) they separated, under the promise of again playing should they ever meet, at the same time assuring each other, that they would strive to bring the tribes, or parts of each, together.

In about three months, true to their promise, they met, the Indians consenting to the meeting, for the purpose of witnessing such a game. Again they played, lost and won alternately for some time, both better guarded as to their scalps than before, the one having none, and the other having a large quantity of things to lose before his would come into the play. Luck, however, settled down in favour of the Crow, and as the scalp of the other became the stake, the anxiety of the Chayenne showed itself by the deepest and most silent attention, whilst, on the other hand, a murmur of encouragement passed along the line of Crows for their champion. The game drew to a close. Every eye was attention. Their very respiration was checked, and the dogs themselves hushed their

* I have never heard of but two squaws who have partaken in the mysteries of medicine dances of their tribes. One of these is a Sac squaw, now living near the Mississippi river, and the other was a Sioux, of the Yanton tribe. She died about two years since. These medicine squaws may always be known from the fact that they are the only ones who ever smoke or to whom the Indians on any occasion ever offer a pipe. How different with civilized women!

barkings into low growls. It was but for an instant, for an exulting shout soon announced the success of the Crow.

The same operation that he performed on the Crow was submitted to by the Chayenne, and after a little feasting, the two tribes separated for the first and last time, in peace. **

LITERARY NOTICES.

LEXINGTON, AND OTHER FUGITIVE POEMS.

We are much pleased to learn that a highly finished volume is shortly forthcoming from the press of the Messrs. Carvill, under the above title, the authorship of which is correctly attributed to a poet, the merited popularity of whose previous productions gives us warranty for the success of this effort.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

Mr. E. Bliss has in press a new work, in two volumes, with this title. From the report of those who have had an opportunity of seeing the manuscript, we are inclined to believe that it will prove an amusing production. It is understood to be from the pen of one of the editors of the *Courier and Enquirer*.

DR. PEIXOTTO'S DISCOURSE.

We have read with deep interest the impressive and eloquent Discourse delivered by Dr. Peixotto before "The Society for the Education of Orphan Children, and the Relief of Indigent Persons of the Jewish Persuasion." The objects of this association have a powerful claim on the sympathies and support of the whole community. We have only time in the present number to offer the following extract, as a specimen of the author's style:

LITERATURE OF THE JEWS.

To the interests of education the Jews have ever been attentive. This attention has varied indeed with the circumstances by which they have been surrounded, having been contracted shut out from the lights of improvement; but *ever active* whenever free scope was given to their national energies. This assertion may appear somewhat paradoxical to those who believe that the Jews never cherished a love of letters, or never had a literature of their own—a slanderous reproach, which has been heaped upon them, time after time, even since it found its ablest champion in a philosopher of the last century, distinguished alike for the versatility of his genius, the extent of his accomplishments, the number of his writings, and for his historical inaccuracy and critical disingenuousness, whenever biblical subjects were the objects of his bitter irony and pungent sarcasm. In an attempt to refute this foul aspersion, we are met and opposed by a prejudice, which is too commonly cherished, and from which a great number, I fear, of Jews themselves are not wholly exempt. The very designation carries associated with it ideas of superstition, avarice, troublesome ceremonies, and distinctions. The Bible, too, with a fidelity to truth, of which we may challenge a parallel in the historical records of any other nation, exposes the vices and corruptions of the Jews, as well as their virtues. The crimes of David are recorded as well as his meritorious and patriotic acts. Hence we connect ideas of a proneness to idolatry, of a stiff-necked and rebel disposition with their character. We should recollect, however, that this is but one side of the picture; that the Israelites were selected for great and pre-eminent purposes; and as they occupied a lofty station, so their failings necessarily cast their shadows more broad and wide. Let us compare them, however, with contemporaneous nations; ay, even with those, whom to hold in the highest veneration, seems to be the too prominent object of a liberal education—the Greeks and the Romans—and we shall find that, while the Israelites possessed every thing that was valuable in the customs of other nations, they were free from most of their defects, and only degenerated in proportion as they departed from their own simplicity, to imitate their neighbours' corruption and luxurious refinements. To place this subject in a clearer point of view, let us descend to a few particulars, which cannot be void of interest at any time.

I. The writings of the Hebrews are generally acknowledged to be unequalled for the simplicity and dignity—the strength, conciseness, and boldness of their style; the perfect truth to nature of their imagery; their animated eloquence and sublime figures. The conceits and puerile vanities which disgrace much of classical literature, are altogether banished from their pages. It may, however, be suggested that these writings were inspired. This assertion is more imposing by its speciousness than forcible by its application. The great truths and sublime doctrines which were inculcated by Moses and

the Prophets, were undoubtedly derived from immediate communication with the Almighty. It does not follow thence that every word and sentence were literally dictated to them. Where this *was* done, it is expressly stated. The great outlines were furnished, but the filling up of the canvass was left to the genius and industry of the elevated instruments of divine intercourse with man. This is sufficiently proved by the diversity of style apparent in the different authors, and by the peculiar individuality of each. Hence the nerve and chaste simplicity of the Pentateuch; the majesty and sublime elevation of Isaiah; the terrific grandeur of Ezekiel; the tender elegiac melancholy of Jeremiah; the strength and loftiness of Job; and the rich, harmonious, and varied grace of Daniel. However we dispose of this question, it is certain that the perfection of the language, and its division into prose and poetry, abundantly testify to the high state of its cultivation; and that the intellectual improvement of a nation must have made considerable advances, to whom such compositions were addressed, or who could relish the simple beauties of the scriptural style.

II. The schools of the philosophers furnish another evidence of the mental cultivation of the Hebrews. In the cities of the south, bordering upon Hebron, the higher ministers enjoyed all that could be offered by the munificent liberality of the state. Here were the means of mental culture provided for them. Copies of the sacred books, multiplied in every form and adorned with the finest skill of the pencil and the sculptor, in gold and precious stones, attested the reverence of the nation for the law, and the perfection to which they had brought the decorative arts. Nor were the works of foreign profane writers withheld; all those eminent for the learning they conveyed, or the genius they displayed, or the singularity of the subjects of which they treated, were here to be found. Here the student might relax his spirit from the sublime studies of his religion by the bold and brilliant poetry, the comprehensive and varied philosophy, or the vigorously unalloyed eloquence of Greece; or he might plunge into the mysterious metaphysics of Egypt, whose science has been aptly compared to the mummy, which preserves the form, without the living principle of man. The Hebrews became especially renowned for their intellectual culture in the days of King David, and Solomon was undoubtedly instructed in the schools to which we have just referred—"Solomon the wisest and best of kings, who spake of trees from the cedar that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; who spake also concerning beasts, and of fowl, and of reptiles, and of fishes." The very attempt to treat of natural history marks no ordinary progress in science, on the part both of the instructor and of those to whom the instruction was addressed.

Private education was not neglected among them. They were in fact the only people that instructed their children in truths capable of inspiring them with the love and fear of God, and exciting them to virtuous deeds. That their daughters were not overlooked, appears to be sufficiently proved by the songs of Miriam and of Deborah, and by the prayer of Hannah.

"While the woman of the east was immured behind bolts and bars, from time immemorial a prisoner, and the woman of the west was a toy, a savage, or a slave, our wives and maidens enjoyed the intercourses of society which their talents were well calculated to cheer and to adorn. They were skilled in the harp, their sweet voices tuned to the richest strains of earth, they were graceful in the dance, the writings of our bards were in their hands, and what nation ever possessed such illustrious founts of thought and virtue?"

III. Music, of all sensual enjoyments the most intellectual—that glorious painting to the ear, is the handmaid of poetry, and goes hand in hand with her and the other fine arts in humanizing and polishing the mind. A nation which neglects music altogether, is generally noted for its savage manners and cruelty, while those which cultivate it are generally refined and benevolent. Now no people ever cultivated music with more zeal and keener relish than the Hebrews. They insisted on having it at their marriages, on anniversary birth days which reminded them of victories over their enemies, at the inauguration of their kings, in their public worship, and when they were coming from afar to attend their festivals. We may form some idea of the perfection to which this humane art had reached in the days of David, when we recollect that in order to give the best effect to the music of the tabernacle he appointed four thousand Levites, divided into twenty-four classes, who sang psalms and accompanied them with instrumental music, the harp, the psaltery, the organ, the cymbal, the several trumpets and wind instruments, the high-gayon, the gittith, and the mahalath.

IV. It has been objected to the Israelites that they are by nature averse from mechanical and agricultural employments. No accusation can be less tenable than this. In their own country where they enjoyed perfect freedom and choice of pursuit, and, after all, it is there only that an impartial estimate of their character can be formed, they were supremely renowned for their agricultural zeal and mechanical industry. Jacob tended flocks, Moses was a herdsman, Gideon was thrashing corn when the angel announced to him that he should be the deliverer of his people; Ruth, the interesting Ruth, the heroine of a romantic narrative, which will not suffer in tenderness and simplicity of pathos in comparison with the most captivating creations of modern fiction, was found by Boaz gleaning at his harvest; Saul, though a king, was found driving oxen when he received intelligence of the danger of Jabez Gilead; David was keeping sheep when Samuel sent after him to anoint him king of Israel. That the mechanical arts thrived, we have abundant evidence in the recorded description of the beautiful architecture of the tabernacle, and in the express intimation of the fact that David at his death left many artificers in his kingdom of all sorts; masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, goldsmiths, and those who worked in stone, wood, and metals.

How ill founded then is the contumelious reproach which denies to the Israelite the very possession of intellect and industry, or the taste for their active exercise and improvement!

We have thus far spoken of our people when in their full possession of national glory. This possession was not to last. The glory of Ichabod was to depart, and Jerusalem was to become the spoiled, the desolate, the utterly put to shame; the plough was to be driven through the soil where had stood the holy of holies! The people were to be scattered to the four quarters of the earth! And should we now no more discover traces of their ancient powers, now that they have been forcibly torn by the root from the land of their inheritance, can we feel emotions of surprise? Should we not expect that when all his bright possessions had passed from before him, that Judah's sweet-toned lyre would be struck dumb, and Sion's minstrels would hang their harps on the willows, and her daughters, when urged by the task-master to sing their native melodies, would mournfully cry out—"Alas, how can we sing the song of the Most High in a strange land?"

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

TRANSPARENT door plates are now sometimes substituted for opaque ones. They are formed of painted glass, and lighted by the hall lamp. They appear exceedingly well adapted for the use of medical men who are likely to be wanted in the night, when inquiry would be unavailing, and certainly form a good substitute for the external lantern usually employed. It would contribute greatly to the safety of those buildings with a small ground bull's eye was fixed into every door with the name and number of the occupier of the office painted on it, which, during candle lighting time in the evening, would be very useful, as the name and number would be legible without the lights within. Such bull's eyes, if fixed in the doors of persons liable to be called up in the night, would be most useful, as a common lobby lamp would enable any person to ascertain the name or number.

TRANSPARENT WATCH.—A watch has been presented to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, constructed of very peculiar materials, the parts being formed of rock crystal. It was made by M. Rebellier, and is small in size. The internal works are all visible; the two toothed wheels are of metal, to prevent accidents by the breaking of the spring. All the screws are fixed in crystals, and all the axes turn in rubies. The escapement is of sapphire, the balance wheel of rock-crystal, and its spring of gold. The regularity of this watch as a timekeeper, is attributed by the maker to the feeble expansion of the rock-crystal in the balance wheel, &c. The execution of the whole shows to what a state of perfection the art of cutting precious stones has been carried in modern times.

HINGES, SCREWS.—A Boston paper says there is a mechanic in that city who possesses the secret, which has been heretofore only known in England, of constructing an apparatus to turn out screws with little labour and great rapidity. The same mechanic has invented a plan for the casting of hinges, by which half the ordinary labour will be saved, and better hinges produced. As the raw material in this country is cheaper than in England, it is supposed that seventy-five per cent. may be saved by the application of the new invention. The same paper adds, "the secret of this invention is now for sale to the capitalists of this country."

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.—NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

EATING.

He had not dined;
The veins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, ere we snapt
To give or to forgive, but, when we have stuffed
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest like fasts.—Shaks.

VERY true: and if old Menenius did not succeed in his application to the inflexible Roman to spare his country, it was not for want of a correct knowledge of the acerbity produced by an empty stomach, and the mollifying effects of good victuals upon the temper; at the same time it presents strange and mortifying images to the mind of the littleness of human nature, and the insignificant causes which are not unfrequently the main spring of mighty events. "He had not dined," reasons the old man, and to the degree of flatulency and acidity produced in Coriolanus's stomach by his not having done so, Menenius ascribes his rejection of the prayers of the grave senators and virgins to save immortal Rome. It may be that he was right; and perhaps the fate of the eternal city depended materially upon as mean a thing as Tullus Aufidius's cook! "So runs the world away." But the truth is, since the days of Adam, eating has never been, for any length of time, out of fashion; and though abstemiousness is allowed by many to be a virtue, it is one that has been always more praised than practised. For my own part I think it is rather an unamiable weakness—a phantom which haunts the imagination of nervous people, valetudinarians, and such as are continually scheming how to spin out the thread of a miserable existence after all their capabilities for pleasure and enjoyment have passed away. Besides, it is strenuously recommended by physicians, and is therefore to be distrusted, for no man perseveringly labours against his own interest. Moreover, if the looks and tables of our worthy New-York M. D.s. are to be taken as a criterion, it is quite evident that, however they may enforce abstemiousness upon others, "they never set it up to fright themselves." This is, to say the least, suspicious, and I for one conscientiously believe, that if ever water-gruels, weak broths, or vegetable diet comes into fashion, the human species will soon fade away from the face of the earth—that living skeletons will be no rarity, and a man of one hundred pounds a monster of corpulency—that the poor old world will fall into an atrophy, and that some future Calvin Edson, divested of his superfluous flesh, will personify Campbell's "last man!"

In literature, eating has always cut a conspicuous figure. The old dramatists are filled with soul, or rather stomach, felt descriptions of rich luscious feasts; and though in those days a Ude or a Kitchiner had not enlightened the world by his wonderful discoveries, our ancestors were luxurious rogues notwithstanding. Only see with what unction Ben Jonson makes one of his characters sum up now unheard-of dishes:

I'll have
The tongues of carps, dormico, and camel's heels
Boiled in the spirits of Sol, and dissolved pearl,
Apicua's diet, 'gainst the epilepsy;
My footboys shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmones,
Kuoia, godwits, lampreys, I myself will have
The beards of barbels served instead of salads;
Oiled mushrooms, &c.

and Fielding and Smollett's heroes are good for nothing without their dinner; they must have solid meat and strong drink to invigorate and stimulate them for either war or courtship. Feed them well, or they disgrace themselves—make love in a very awkward and insipid manner, and are apt to have their courage called in question.

After this, came the terrific style of writing, of which Mrs. Radcliffe was the head, and indeed, almost the only one worth reading. Novels at this time were so filled with trap-doors, dungeons, secret stair-cases, winding galleries, subterraneous passages, shrieks, and midnight assassinations, that it is presumed these horrors entirely took away the appetites of the persons concerned, for no mention is made of eating, though from the frequent allusions to "measures of wine" and "reviving cordials," there is every reason to believe that the heroes and heroines were addicted to hard-drinking, which habit is bad enough at any time, but peculiarly hurtful when indulged in without taking a reasonable portion of food, as it speedily destroys the coats of the stomach, and induces a long train of dreadful disorders. Fair and amiable, therefore, as these heroes and heroines unquestionably were, they doubtless ultimately fell victims to the horrid vice of intemperance, notwithstanding the strength of their constitutions, which, it must be admitted, was extraordinary. From all that ever I could make out in these romances, the ladies, though described

as fair and fragile beings which a summer wind would inevitably pulverize—a compound of unimaginable perfections and spiritual essences in white muslin—were able, according to the author, to endure more hardships and privations than a Highland drover, a North American Indian, or a Swedish soldier in Charles the Twelfth's time, and, like a Greenland bear, possessed wonderful capabilities for supporting nature for a long period without nutriment. In my unripe years when devouring the delectable pages of Anne of Swansea, or Francis Latham, the gifted author of "Midnight Horrors," and the "Black Forest," often have I marvelled when the young lady who was confined in an uninhabited part of the castle and had refused victuals for several days, was going to take her dinner. I used to reckon up how long it was since she had eaten anything, and draw conclusions from my own feelings, and this it was that first staggered my young faith in the truth of novels. When I had made calculations that she must be nearly starved to death, I found in the next chapter the old story over again—"an aged domestic entered and placed food before Almeida, from which she turned with loathing, and lost in a sense of her unparalleled situation, continued totally abstracted from all around," &c. Sometimes these heroines absolutely lived for a month on the smell of a boiled chicken; and when their prison doors were at last broken open, and one expected they would be found to be starved, squalid miserable-looking wretches, it was simply stated that they "never looked so lovely, confinement having imparted a delicate and melancholy tint to those cheeks which—" &c. As Hamlet says, "there is more in this than natural, if physicians could only find it out." What an invaluable wife would one of those ladies make for an Irish peasant after his potato crop had failed.

Walter Scott, (heaven bless him!) among his other worthy deeds, has revived the good old practice of eating and drinking upon paper. His personages, one and all, with the single exception of the earl of Glenallen, in the Antiquary, who made his dinner of vegetables and water! are capital feeders; they all eat with a relish, and seem to like what is set before them. There is something hearty in this, and people with good digestions think the better of them for it. Like sensible people they all do justice to good cheer whenever they meet with it; and really it is enough to give a person an appetite to read the account of honest Dandie Dinmont's attack on the round of cold beef, Waverly's breakfast in Donald Bean Lean's cave, or the description of the savoury stew prepared by Meg Merrilies in the kairn of Derncleugh, of which the worthy Donune partakes. It is characteristic of Shakspeare and Scott that they are fond of introducing familiar occurrences like these amid their most wild and romantic scenes, while feebler writers are afraid to do so for fear of destroying the effect, or rendering what is already tame or outrageous, ludicrous.

Of late there is a kind of puppyism sprung up in discoursing of eating; it was first generated by some of the *petit maitre* correspondents of the New Monthly Magazine, and has since been continued by Edward Lytton Bulwer's heroes, and others of a similar class. They discourse about the pleasures of the table in a style of superlative affectation, treat all solid joints as relics of ancient barbarism, and all who partake of them as vulgar and John Bullish, learn the names of a dozen or two French dishes, and make a parade of their love of, and familiarity with, soups, slops, stews, and kick-shaws, as weak, insipid, and unsubstantial as themselves. Puppyism in writing and dressing is bad enough, but puppyism on so solemn and serious a subject as eating, is carrying the jest a little too far.

THE PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

A worthy young lover once sought for his bride,
A dame of the blue-stocking school;
"Excuse me, dear sir, but I've vowed," she replied,
"That I never would marry a fool!"

"Then think not of wedlock," he answered, "my fair,
Your vow was Diana's suggestion,
Since none but a fool, it is easy to swear,
Would venture to ask you the question!"

THE FAIR SEX.

When Eve brought *us*, to all mankind,
Old Adam called her *woman*;
But when she *woo'd* with love so kind,
He then pronounced it *woo-man*;
But now with folly and with pride,
Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of *whims*,
The people call them *whim-men*.

The best religion is that which prompts us to a faithful and cheerful discharge of all our duties.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

This eminent astronomer was born at Hanover in 1738. His father was a musician. At the age of fourteen he was placed in the band of the Hanoverian regiment of guards. About the year 1758 he proceeded with a detachment of his regiment to England, accompanied by his father, who after a short stay returned to his native country, leaving his son in England. For several years he obtained a subsistence by his musical talents, devoting his leisure hours to the study of the English and Italian languages; he also made some progress in the Greek and Latin. The bent of his inclination during the period was, however, principally directed to mathematics and astronomy; and frequently after a harassing day of fourteen or sixteen hours, occupied in his professional avocations, he would seek relaxation, if such it might be termed, in extending his knowledge in his favourite pursuits.

Having in the course of extensive reading made some discoveries which awakened his curiosity, he commissioned a friend in London to procure him a telescope of large dimensions, but the price being above his limited means, he resolved to construct one himself. After innumerable disappointments he completed a five feet Newtonian reflector. The success of his first attempt encouraged him to fresh efforts, and in a short time he made telescopes from seven to twenty feet. As a proof of his perseverance, it is said that in perfecting the object mirror for his seven feet instrument, he finished two hundred before he produced one that satisfactorily answered his purpose.

As his love for the study of astronomy increased, he gradually lessened his professional engagements, and in 1779 he commenced a regular review of the heavens, star by star. In the course of eighteen months' observations he remarked that a star, which had been recorded by former astronomers as a fixed star, was gradually changing its position; and after much attention he was enabled to ascertain that it was an undiscovered planet. He communicated the fact to the Royal Society, who elected him a fellow, and decreed him their annual gold medal. This great discovery he made on the thirteenth of March, 1781, and bestowed on the planet the name of *Georgium Sidus*, in compliment to the king, who in consequence of his merit settled on him a handsome salary, which enabled him to relinquish his professional occupations, and devote himself wholly to the study of astronomy.

He shortly afterwards fixed his permanent residence at Slough, near Windsor, where, in the hope of facilitating and extending his researches, he undertook to construct a telescope of forty feet, which was completed in 1787. With the aid of this ponderous instrument, assisted by others of more manageable size, he continued to enrich the stores of astronomical science. In these researches he was materially assisted by his sister, Miss Caroline Herschel, who was equally devoted to the study which has immortalized her brother.

In 1783 he announced the discovery of a volcanic mountain in the moon, and four years afterwards communicated the account of two other volcanoes in that orb, which appeared in a state of eruption. Showing these apparent eruptions at one time to a gentleman, the latter exclaimed, that he not only saw the *fire* but the *smoke*!

It would be impossible in a sketch like the present, and perhaps also superfluous to detail the many important discoveries which have been made by this great astronomer; they are well known to the scientific world. By his labours he is justly esteemed as the most celebrated man of his age. Various public bodies testified their respect for his talents, and his sovereign conferred on him the honour of knighthood.

He was distinguished for great amenity of manners, and a modesty peculiarly becoming in acknowledged genius. He is described as possessing much good humour in bearing with the intrusions of the country people in the neighbourhood, amongst whom his astronomical studies created a notion that he held mysterious converse with the stars. On one occasion, during a rainy summer, a farmer solicited his advice as to the proper time for cutting hay. The doctor pointed through a window to an adjoining meadow, in which lay a crop of grass utterly swamped, "Look at that field," said he, "and when I tell you it is mine, I think you will not need another proof to convince you that I am no more weather-wise than yourself, or the rest of my neighbours."

Sir William died on the twenty-third of August, 1822, leaving behind him an unblemished reputation in private life. His name will descend to posterity as one of the greatest astronomers of the age in which he lived.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE BLACK-MOSS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE FIRST.

"'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man."—*Henry Mackenzie*.

IN summer there is beauty in the wildest moors of Scotland, and the wayfaring man who sits down for an hour's rest beside some little spring that flows unheard through the brightened moss and water-cresses, feels his weary heart revived by the silent, serene, and solitary prospect. On every side sweet sunny spots of verdure smile towards him from among the melancholy heather—unexpectedly in the solitude a stray sheep, it may be with its lambs, starts half-alarmed at his motionless figure—insects large, bright, and beautiful come ca-reering by him through the desert air—nor does the wild want its own songsters, the gray linnet, fond of the blooming furze, and now and then the lark mounting up to heaven above the summits of the green pastoral hills. During such a sunshiny hour, the lonely cottage on the waste seems to stand in a paradise; and as he rises to pursue his journey, the traveller looks back and blesses it with a mingled emotion of delight and envy. There, thinks he, abide the children of innocence and contentment, the two most benign spirits that watch over human life.

But other thoughts arise in the mind of him who may chance to journey the same scene in the desolation of winter. The cold bleak sky girdles the moor as with a belt of ice—life is frozen in air and on earth. The silence is not of repose but extinction—and should a solitary human dwelling catch his eye, half buried in the snow, he is sad for the sake of them whose destiny it is to abide far from the cheerful haunts of men, shrouded up in melancholy, by poverty held in thrall, or pining away in unvisited and untended disease.

But, in good truth, the heart of human life is but imperfectly discovered from its countenance; and before we can know what the summer, or what the winter yields for enjoyment or trial to our country's peasantry, we must have conversed with them in their fields and by their firesides; and made ourselves acquainted with the powerful ministry of the seasons, not over those objects alone that feed the eye and the imagination, but over all the incidents, occupations, and events that modify or constitute the existence of the poor.

I have a short and simple story to tell of the winter-life of the moorland cottager—a story but of one evening—with few events and no signal catastrophe—but which may haply please those hearts whose delight it is to think on the humble under-plots that are carrying on in the great drama of life.

Two cottagers, husband and wife, were sitting by their cheerful peat-fire one winter evening, in a small lonely hut on the edge of a wide moor, at some miles distance from any other habitation. There had been, at one time, several huts of the same kind erected closely together, and inhabited by families of the poorest class of day-labourers who found work among the distant farms, and at night returned to dwellings which were rent free, with their little gardens won from the waste. But one family after another had dwindled away, and the turf-built huts had all fallen into ruins, except one that had always stood in the centre of this little solitary village, with its summer-walls covered with the richest honeysuckles, and in the midst of the brightest of all the gardens. It alone now sent up its smoke into the clear winter sky—and its little end window, now lighted up, was the only ground star that shone towards the belated traveller, if any such ventured to cross, on a winter night, a scene so dreary and desolate. The affairs of the small household were all arranged for the night. The little rough pony that had drawn in a sledge, from the heart of the Black-Moss, the fuel by whose blaze the cotters were now sitting cheerily, and the little highland cow, whose milk enabled them to live, were standing amicably together, under cover of a rude shed, of which one side was formed by the peat-stack, and which was at once byre and stable and hen-roost. Within the clock ticked cheerfully as the fire-light reached its old oak-wood case across the yellow-sanded floor—and a small round table stood between, covered with a snow-white cloth, on which were milk and oat-cakes, the morning, mid-day, and evening meal of these frugal and contented cotters. The spades and the mattocks of the labourer were collected into one corner, and showed that the succeeding day was the blessed sabbath—while on the wooden chimney-piece was seen lying an open Bible ready for family worship.

The father and the mother were sitting together, without opening their lips, but with their hearts overflowing with hap-

piness, for on this Saturday night they were, every minute, expecting to hear at the latch the hand of their only daughter, a maiden of about fifteen years, who was living with a farmer over the hills. This dutiful child was, as they knew, to bring home to them "her sair-worn penny fee," a pittance which, in the beauty of her girlhood, she earned singing at her work, and which, in the benignity of that sinless time, she would pour with tears into the bosoms she so dearly loved. Forty shillings a year were all the wages of sweet Hannah Lee—but though she wore at her labour a tortoise-shell comb in her auburn hair, and though in the kirk none were more becomingly arrayed than she, one half, at least, of her earnings were to be reserved for the holiest of all purposes, and her kind innocent heart was gladdened when she looked on the little purse that was, on the long-expected Saturday night, to be taken from her bosom, and put, with a blessing, into the hand of her father, now growing old at his daily toils.

Of such a child the happy cotters were thinking in their silence. And well indeed might they be called happy. It is at that sweet season that filial piety is most beautiful. Their own Hannah had just outgrown the mere unthinking gladness of childhood, but had not yet reached that time when inevitable selfishness mixes with the pure current of love. She had begun to think on what her affectionate heart had felt so long; and when she looked on the pale face of her mother, on the deepening wrinkles and whitening hairs of her father, often would she lie weeping for their sakes on her midnight bed—and wish that she were beside them as they slept, that she might kneel down and kiss them, and mention their names over and over again in her prayer. The parents whom before she had only loved, her expanding heart now also venerated. With gushing tenderness was now mingled a holy fear and an awful reverence. She had discerned the relation in which she, an only child, stood to her poor parents now that they were getting old, and there was not a passage in scripture that spake of parents or of children, from Joseph sold into slavery, to Mary weeping below the cross, that was not written, never to be obliterated, on her uncorrupted heart.

The father rose from his seat, and went to the door to look out into the night. The stars were in thousands, and the full moon was risen. It was almost light as day, and the snow, that seemed encrusted with diamonds, was so hardened by the frost, that his daughter's homeward feet would leave no mark on its surface. He had been toiling all day among the distant Castle-woods, and stiff and wearied as he now was, he was almost tempted to go and meet his child—but his wife's kind voice dissuaded him, and returning to the fire-side, they began to talk of her whose image had been so long passing before them in their silence.

"She is growing up to be a bonny lassie," said the mother, "her long and weary attendance on me during my fever last spring kept her down awhile—but now she is sprouting fast and fair as a lily, and may the blessing of God be as dew and as sunshine to our sweet flower all the days she bloometh upon this earth."

"Ay, Agnes," replied the father, "we are not very old yet, though we are getting older—and a few years will bring her to woman's estate, and what thing on this earth, think ye, human or brute, would ever think of injuring her? Why I was speaking about her yesterday to the minister as he was riding by, and he told me that none answered at the examination in the kirk so well as Hannah. Poor thing—I well think she has all the Bible by heart—indeed, she has read but little else; only some stories, too true ones, of the blessed martyrs, and some o' the auld songs o' Scotland, in which there is nothing but what is good, and which, to be sure, she sings, God bless her, sweeter than any laverock."

"Ay, were we both to die this very night, she would be happy. Not that she would forget us, all the days of her life. But have you not seen, husband, that God always makes the orphan happy? None so little lonesome as they! They come to make friends o' all the bonny and sweet things in the world around them, and all the kind hearts in the world make friends o' them. They come to know that God is more especially the father o' them on earth whose parents he has taken up to heaven—and therefore it is that they for whom so many have fears, fear not at all for themselves, but go dancing and singing along like children whose parents are both alive! Would it not be so with our dear Hannah? So douce and thoughtful a child, but never sad nor miserable—ready it is true to shed tears for little, but as ready to dry them up and break out into smiles! I know not why it is, husband, but this night my heart warms towards her beyond usual. The moon and stars are at this moment looking down upon her, and she looking up to them, as she is glinting homewards over

the snow. I wish she were but here, and taking the comb out o' her bonny hair and letting it all fall down in clusters before the fire, to melt away the cranreuch!"

While the parents were thus speaking of their daughter, a loud sigh of wind came suddenly over the cottage, and the leafless ash-tree under whose shelter it stood, creaked and groaned dismally as it passed by. The father started up, and going again to the door, saw that a sudden change had come over the face of the night. The moon had nearly disappeared, and was just visible in a dim, yellow glimmering den in the sky. All the remote stars were obscured, and only one or two faintly seemed in a sky that half an hour before was perfectly cloudless, but that was now driving with rack and mist, and sleet, the whole atmosphere being in commotion. He stood for a single moment to observe the direction of this unforeseen storm, and then hastily asked for his staff.

"I thought I had been more weather-wise; a storm is coming down from the Cairnbrae-hawse, and we shall have nothing but a wild night."

He then whistled on his dog—an old sheep-dog, too old for its former labours—and set off to meet his daughter, who might then, for aught he knew, be crossing the Black-moss. The mother accompanied her husband to the door, and took a long frightened look at the angry sky. As she kept gazing, it became still more terrible. The last shred of blue was extinguished—the wind went whirling in roaring eddies, and great flakes of snow circled about in the middle air, whether drifted up from the ground, or driven down from the clouds, the fear-stricken mother knew not; but she at least knew, that it seemed a night of danger, despair, and death.

"Lord have mercy on us, James, what will become of our poor hairn?"

But her husband heard not her words, for he was already out of sight in the snow storm, and she was left to the terror of her own soul in that lonesome cottage.

Little Hannah Lee had left the farmer's house soon as the rim of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been long anxiously watching it from the window, rising, like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain-tops; and all by herself she tripped along beneath the beauty of the silent heaven. Still as she kept ascending and descending the knolls that lay in the bosom of the glen, she sung to herself a song, a hymn, or a psalm, without the accompaniment of the streams, now all silent in the frost; and ever and anon she stopped to try to count the stars that lay in some more beautiful part of the sky, or gazed on the constellations that she knew, and called them, in her joy, by the names they bore among the shepherds. There were none to hear her voice, or see her smiles, but the ear and eye of Providence. As she glided, and took her looks from heaven, she saw her own little fireside—her parents waiting for her arrival—the Bible opened for worship—her own little room kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the window, in which to braid her hair by the morning light—her bed prepared for her by her mother's hand—the primroses in her garden peeping through the snow—old Tray, who ever welcomed her home with his dim white eyes—the pony and the cow—friends all, and inmates of that happy household. So stepped she along, while the snow-diamonds glittered around her feet, and the frost wove a wreath of lucid pearls around her forehead.

She had now reached the edge of the Black-moss, which lay half way between the farmer's and her father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down Glen-Scrae, and in a few seconds she felt on her face some flakes of snow. She looked up the glen, and saw the snow storm coming down, fast as a flood. She felt no fears, but she ceased her song; and had there been a human eye to look upon her there, it might have seen a shadow on her face. She continued her course, and felt bolder and bolder every step that brought her nearer to her parents' house. But the snow storm had now reached the Black-moss, and the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home, was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter darkness. She saw nothing but the flakes of snow, interminably intermingled, and furiously wafted in the air, close to her head; she heard nothing but one wild, fierce, fitful howl. The cold became intense, and her little feet and hands were fast being numb into insensibility.

"It is a fearful change," muttered the child to herself, but still she did not fear, for she had been born in a moorland cottage, and had lived all her days among the hardships of the hills. "What will become of the poor sheep?" thought she—but still she scarcely thought of her own danger, for innocence, and youth, and joy, are slow to think of aught evil be-falling themselves, and thinking benignly of all living things, forget their own fear in their pity of others' sorrow. At last

she could no longer discern a single mark on the snow, either of human steps or of sheep-track, or the footprint of a wild-fowl. Suddenly, too, she felt out of breath and exhausted—and shedding tears for herself, at last sunk down in the snow.

It was now that her heart began to quake with fear. She remembered stories of shepherds lost in the snow—of a mother and child frozen to death on that very moor—and, in a moment, she knew that she was to die. Bitterly did the poor child weep, for death was terrible to her, who, though poor, enjoyed the bright little world of youth and innocence. The skies of heaven were dearer than she knew to her—so were the flowers of earth. She had been happy at her work, happy in her sleep, happy in the kirk on the Sabbath. A thousand thoughts had the solitary child; and in her own heart was a spring of happiness, pure and undisturbed as any fount that sparkles unseen all the year through in some quiet nook among the pastoral hills. But now there was to be an end of all this; she was to be frozen to death—and lie there till the thaw might come; and then her father would find her body, and carry it away to be buried in the kirk-yard.

The tears were frozen on her cheeks as soon as shed—and scarcely had her little hands strength to clasp themselves together, as the thought of an over-ruling and merciful Lord came across her heart. Then, indeed, the fears of this religious child were calmed, and she heard without terror the plover's wailing cry, and the deep boom of the bittorn sounding in the moss. "I will repeat the Lord's prayer;" and drawing her plaid more closely around her, she whispered, beneath its ineffectual cover; "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name—thy kingdom come—thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Had human aid been within fifty yards, it could have been of no avail—eye could not see her—ear could not hear her in that howling darkness. But that low prayer was heard in the centre of eternity—and that little sinless child was lying in the snow, beneath the all-seeing eye of God.

The maiden having prayed to her Father in heaven, then thought of her father on earth. Alas! they were not far separated. The father was lying but a short distance from his child. He too had sunk down in the drifting snow, after having, in less than an hour, exhausted all the strength of fear, pity, hope, despair, and resignation, that could rise in a father's heart blindly seeking to rescue his only child from death, thinking that one desperate exertion might enable them to perish in each other's arms. There they lay, within a stone's throw of each other, while a huge snow-drift was every moment piling itself up into a more insurmountable barrier between the dying parent and his dying child.

There was all this while a blazing fire in the cottage—a white spread table—and beds prepared for the family to lie down in peace. Yet was she who sat therein more to be pitied than the old man and the child stretched upon the snow.

"I will not go to seek them—that would be tempting Providence—and wilfully putting out the lamp of life. No! I will abide here, and pray for them!"

Then, as she knelt down, looked she at the useless fire burning away so cheerfully, when all she loved might be dying of cold—and unable to bear the thought, she shrieked out a prayer, as if she might pierce the sky up to the very throne of God, and send with it her own miserable soul to plead before him for the delivery of her child and husband. She then fell down in blessed forgetfulness of all trouble, in the midst of the solitary cheerfulness of that bright burning hearth—and the Bible, which she had been trying to read in the pauses of her agony, remained clasped in her hands.

A CONNECTICUT PEDLER.

There is not a more curious specimen of human nature in existence, than the genuine Connecticut pedler. He is a cheat to be sure—but he cheats with so much apparent honesty, that you never know it till he is beyond hail; and even then you hardly know whether to be angry or to laugh outright at your own gullibility. You mentally resolve never again to have dealings with gentlemen of his description; and yet ten chances to one, but that the very next travelling merchant from the "land of steady habits" will work his way into your good graces, and leave you more essentially over-reached, than even his brother in the trade had done before him.

The genuine pedler has a variety of characters in which he disguises himself like the masquers at the theatre. He changes oftener than the fabled chameleon, at least to outward appearance, while at heart he is always the same,—cool, calculating, and crafty. He invariably adapts himself to the character of those around him; and he is seldom at a loss to ascertain the nature of this character. In physiognomy he is a

perfect adept—an improvement upon Lavater himself. In acuteness and penetration he has no equal. If he finds himself among religious customers, he is the very personification of piety. Like his great prototype, the arch deceiver himself, he can "quote scripture to his purpose;" and while employed in murdering some pious and goodly hymn in desperate attempts at psalmody, he passes off with the utmost ease upon his credulous hearers, his cracked tin pails and wooden nutmegs. If he finds his next customer a boisterous son of conviviality, and a scoffer at every thing save the "good liquor" which he idolizes, the mask of religion is at once thrown off—the whine of puritanism gives place to the bold and swaggering manner, which he finds in such company is the surest passport to favour and confidence.

He has always on hand a fund of anecdote and information. He can talk on all subjects with equal volubility. He seldom or never takes up his abode at an inn, or place of public entertainment; for he always calculates on exchanging his wares for board and lodging. He delights to seat himself at the farmer's fireside. There he has something to say for the edification or amusement of all his auditors. To the old gentleman many a marvellous legend to rehearse, of enormous pumpkins, of over-grown cattle, and onions a yard in diameter. He has much important information for the good woman of the house, respecting the brewing of her table beer, the management of her poultry, and the best remedies for colds. For the younger portions of the family he has the quaint anecdote and the marvellous legend. He tells the young Miss of beaux and Connecticut fashions; and withal wins upon the confidence and good graces of the whole family. Morning arrives, and after breakfast is disposed of, the pedler unlocks the repository of his stock in trade. The lady of the house is supplied with a pair of spectacles, whose iron bows have been plated over with silver, and are in consequence passed off as entirely composed of the precious metal. The old gentleman is coaxed into the purchase of a razor, which like that of Dr. Wolcott, was "made to sell;" but which could no more answer its ostensible purpose, than a hand saw.

The pretty young Miss is flattered into a bargain for a pair of ear-rings, which conclusively prove the truth of the maxim, that "all is not gold which glitters." And then with a flattering farewell on his part, and a kind request to "call again" on the part of the family, the honest itinerant again takes up his line of march, eager to reap another harvest of gain, at another unsuspecting fireside.

Essex Gazette.

HABITS OF SHEEP.

Sheep perseveringly follow their leader wherever he goes. Of this singular disposition Dr. Anderson informs us he once witnessed an instance in the town of Liverpool. A butcher's boy was driving about twenty fat wethers through the town; but they ran down a street along which he did not want them to go. He observed a scavenger at work with his broom a little way before them, and called out loudly for him to stop the sheep. The man accordingly did what he could to turn them back, running from side to side, always opposing himself to their passage, and brandishing his broom with great dexterity, but the sheep, much agitated, pressed forward, and at last one of them came right up to the man, who, fearing it was about to jump over his head, whilst he was stooping, grasped the broomstick in both hands, and held it over his head. He stood for a few seconds in this position, when the sheep made a spring and jumped fairly over him, without touching the broom. The first had no sooner cleared this impediment, than another followed, and another in quick succession, that the man, perfectly confounded, seemed to lose all recollection, and stood in the same attitude till the whole had jumped over him, not one of them attempting to pass on either side, though the street was quite clear.

MRS. HENRY SIDDONS.

We perceive by the Edinburgh papers, that Mrs. Henry Siddons, better known to the London public as Miss Murray, bade adieu to the stage on Monday last. She appeared as Lady Townley; and at the close of the play, delivered a farewell address, composed for the occasion by Sir Walter Scott. We cannot resist the temptation of paying to her merits the passing tribute of our admiration. Her professional talents are unquestionably of the highest kind, while her manners and accomplishments would grace any station in life. Neither in tragedy or comedy can the metropolitan boards boast of an actress who approaches her in excellence. The delicacy and truth of her conceptions of character were worthy of the power with which they were embodied. Her voice is of the deepest and most touching beauty, and she knows well how to avail herself of the resources with which it invests her.

Mrs. Henry Siddons rose to celebrity at a time when the most brilliant talents graced the stage; her loss would then have been great; at present it is irreparable. At the termination of the play on Monday night Mrs. Siddons came forward, led by her brother. She was received, as may be imagined, in the most enthusiastic manner, and repeated the address, which was as follows:

The curtain drops—the mimic scene is past—
One word remains, the saddest and the last;
A word which oft in careless mood we say,
When parting friends have passed a social day:
As oft pronounced in agony of heart,
When friends must sever, or when lovers part;
Or o'er the dying couch in whispers spoken,
When the last tender thread is all but broken.
When all that ear can list or tongue can tell
Are the faint mournful accents, fare-yewell!
Yet ere we part—and even now a tear
Bedims my eye to think our parting near—
Fain would I speak how deeply in my breast
Will the remembrance of your kindness rest—
Fain would I tell—but words are cold and weak;
It is the heart, the heart alone can speak.
The wanderer may rejoice to view once more
The smiling aspect of her native shore;
Yet oft, in mingled dreams of joy and pain,
She'd think she sees this beautiful land again;
And then, as now, will fond affection trace
The kindness that endeared her dwelling-place.
Now, then, it must be said, though from my heart
The mournful accents scarcely will depart,
Lingering, as if they feared to break some spell—
It must be uttered!—friends, kind friends, farewell!
One suit remains: you will not scorn to hear
The last my lips shall falter on your ear;
When I am far, my patrons, oh! be kind
To the dear relative I leave behind.
He is your own, and like yourselves may claim
A Scottish origin—a Scottish name.
His opening talents—let the truth be told,
A sister in a brother's cause is bold—
Shall cater for your eye of leisure still,
With equal ardour, and improving skill.
And though too oft the poor performer's lot
Is but to bloom, to fade, and be forgot,
Whene'er the mimic sceptre they resign—
A gentler destiny I feel is mine;
For, as the brother moves before your eyes,
Some memory of the sister must arise;
And in your hearts a kind remembrance dwell,
Of her who once again sighs forth—farewell!

In the delivery of this address Mrs. Siddons was often interrupted by loud applause; and at its conclusion the audience in the boxes and pit stood up, and accompanied her exit by shouts and waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Edinburgh Cour.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

In my intercourse with mothers I have noticed particularly their various methods of *family government*, and the errors to which they are most liable. I believe that most of them may be traced to a want of patience. While the judicious mother is laudably anxious that her children should imbibe right feelings and dispositions, she should recollect that during the first five or six years of their lives, when impressions are always the deepest and most permanent, they are preparing their little code of morals and forming their habits of action, not so much from her precepts as her *example*. She should therefore look well to her own conduct, and while she is endeavouring to educate *them*, let her beware that she neglect not herself. Let her examine her own disposition, and if that is irritable and impatient, let her take heed that it does not betray itself in her intercourse with her children. With them all should be calmness and consistency; nothing should appear to be the result of passion or caprice. They should always be able to see that their parent has a *reason* for the course of conduct she pursues. Those parents who are always complaining of the stubbornness and ill-humour of their children, may depend upon it the fault lies more with themselves than they are aware, or would be willing to acknowledge. The mother is perhaps hurried and oppressed with the cares of her family, and a child commits some fault, which perhaps at any other time would have only elicited a slight reprimand, but now she rebukes it in terms entirely disproportioned to the offence, and the child becomes angry and turbulent, for he feels as if rebuked, not for doing wrong, but for giving his mother trouble; not for the offence he has committed, but for his mother's want of patience to bear with it; and he consequently sees not his own fault, but that of his parent. For myself I never detect a fault in a child, or have occasion to punish one, without examining myself with the most scrutinizing severity, lest there should be something in my example to foster the fault I am so anxious to eradicate from my child.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON THE COMMON MOUSE.

The following circumstance was communicated to the late Dr. Cramer of Virginia, by a gentleman of undoubted veracity:—One evening, in the month of December, as a few officers on board of a British man-of-war, in the harbour of Portsmouth, were seated around the fire, one of them began to play a plaintive air on the violin. He had scarcely performed ten minutes when a mouse, apparently frantic, made its appearance in the centre of the floor, near the large table which usually stands in the wardroom, the residence of the lieutenants in ships of the line. The strange gestures of the little animal strongly excited the attention of the officers, who, with one consent, resolved to suffer it to continue its singular actions unmolested. Its exertions now appeared to be greater every moment. It shook its head, leaped about the table, and exhibited signs of the most ecstatic delight.

It was observed, that in proportion to the gradation of the tones to the soft point, the ecstasy of the animal appeared to be increased, and *vice versa*. After performing actions which an animal so diminutive would, at first sight, seem incapable of, the little creature, to the astonishment of the delighted spectators, suddenly ceased to move; fell down and expired, without evincing any symptoms of pain.

MANNERS.

What a rare gift is that of manners! how difficult to define—how much more difficult to impart. Better for a man to possess them, than wealth, beauty, or talent; they will more than supply all. No attention is too minute, no labour too exaggerated, which tends to perfect them. He who enjoys their advantages in the highest degree, viz. he who can please, penetrate, persuade, as the object may require, possesses the subtlest secret of the diplomatist and the statesman, and wants nothing but opportunity to become "great." Pelham.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

It is stated, from time to time, in the public journals, that the taste of the inhabitants of this city in acting and music is improving, rapidly—wonderfully—astonishingly, and the said worthy inhabitants are apt to compliment each other on the strength of these good-natured, though rather warm and premature assertions. That a material change has taken place is evident, for the style of acting and singing which four or five years ago was looked upon as superlatively grand, and as something with which people must of necessity be delighted, is now regarded as worse than bad: yet cases do occasionally occur which would lead an observer to suppose that that many-headed monster the public was at times altogether devoid of taste and discrimination. Last week, for instance, that excellent comic actor Hilson took his benefit, and was as usual neglected, in consequence of adhering to the "legitimate drama," in place of resorting to the vulgar and disreputable clap-traps, commonly placed before the gaping public on such occasions. He was at the expense of reviving the "Winter's Tale," and of engaging the first singer in the country to add to its effect; yet, would it be believed, Shakspeare, Hilson, and Mrs. Austin failed to draw together more than three or four hundred people, while on the same evening the amphitheatre was crowded in every part to see the living skeleton ride round a sawdust ring on the back of an overgrown bullock? Wonderful evidences of taste, when a thin man and a fat ox are ten times as attractive as poetry and music. It is very hard indeed for Mr. Hilson to be thus unworthily deserted on his benefit night by a public whom he has amused and delighted for many years. But so it is.—We see it announced, at the time of writing this, that Clara Fisher will once more gladden the eyes of the playgoers of this city. It is to be expected that the brains of divers inflammatory young men will be seriously affected on the occasion, and that much poetry will be committed. For our own part, we will not have an opportunity of being guilty of any extravagance, as this will probably be the last notice of New-York theatricals that we shall pen for many months. Whatever our past strictures may have been worth in other respects, we can at least say that they have been made without "love or fear—favour or affection." Our conscience only reproves us for one thing, and that is, having barely done justice to the good qualities of our worthy friend Richings. He is a useful and improving actor, and Mr. Simpson might "better spare a better man." In extravagant fops, or in such parts as Finnikin in Don Giovanni, or the Hon. Dick Trifle, Richings is very amusing and superior to any one in the theatre. We were never sensible how valuable he was in these and similar characters, until we saw others attempt them. Let Mr.

Richings only eschew very deep tragedy and love songs, and beware that his partiality for sylvan colours does not seduce him into an inordinate use of green vestments, and we have no doubt that he will rise rapidly in his profession. The theatre and all connected with it have our farewell wishes for their prosperity. C.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

In addition to those stated in our last number, we have effected another arrangement which we feel the greatest pleasure in announcing to our subscribers. The inimitable essays recently published in the Mirror, under the signature of C. have excited universal admiration, and we confidently recommend them to the perusal of all lovers of good writing, with the assurance that they will amply repay perusal. We have engaged the author of these sketches, WILLIAM COX, Esq., to devote his time entirely to this publication. He will immediately proceed to London for the purpose of establishing a foreign correspondence, by which, as we shall hear from him frequently, we are enabled to promise our readers a rich fund of amusement drawn from the most interesting sources. The superior advantages which we shall hereafter possess, must be so obvious to all that we refrain from comment.

Byron, Moore, and Lady Byron.—Mr. Moore is not fortunate in his prose attempts. His Epicurean, indeed, was excellent of its kind—but after that you have said all. His Life of Sheridan was deemed too turgid, his Captain Rock too inflammatory, and his Notices of the Life of his friend Byron scarcely any one praises who has patiently waded through it. It is altogether an unsatisfactory performance—too much mystified in one place, and too palpably candid in another. The eye of the curious reader would fain glance at some object behind the curtain, some untold incident of which the narrative consigned to ruthless destruction would have afforded a deeper insight into the real character of the noble bard. It was a truly injudicious, nay, an unpardonable error, to destroy records which might have thrown light on subjects that may now remain enveloped in total and enduring darkness. It is difficult likewise to conjecture a motive sufficiently strong to excuse the act which committed them to the flames. They could not have thrown out the character of Byron into a more bold relief of infamy than has been attempted by his relentless and cold-hearted persecutors—and, if they would have implicated others now living, we are free to assert our unhesitating belief that some palliation for his alleged crimes, some mitigation of the condign punishment to which even his memory seems doomed by his foes in the award of public opinion, might have been obtained. It was due to him, and late events have fully shown would have been just conduct towards his detractors. It is not our intention to insinuate that Byron was not criminal—was not the slave of direful passions, of a sour misanthropy, and an unpardonable egotism. He was so, and that most miserably; and most keenly, most agonizingly did he pay the penalty of his crime—he was a wretch. Success the most unbounded, applause the most gratifying and soothing, nay, worship the most idolatrous of his own inimitable genius—all could not reach his heart—"I have not loved the world, nor the world me!"

Can any infliction, the most ingeniously devised of the most cruel tortures, rack, pincers and all, equal the intensity of mental suffering under which a heart of sensibility must have writhed with such a feeling ever gnawing at its core? But now he is dead—his personal example, poisonous as it may have been thought, has been withdrawn, and his spirit has fled to answer a better and more searching Judge than the wavering opinion of the world. And now the impression of his mighty intellect alone remains to witness unto posterity that he was here. And now a charitable heart would feel, and a prudent mind would hope, that his errors would have been covered by the mantle of oblivion. Those individuals more especially who are identified with his name, were called upon by every consideration of propriety for the living, and decent, however cold, regard for the dead, to spare the memory of his evil deeds. His child—his "Ada, sole daughter of his house and heart," should have been respected—but no, the slightest implication—the least doubt, is sufficient to elicit statements and exposures which, if they are dishonouring to the illustrious dead—for illustrious Byron must be in spite of his crimes—reflect no credit on the magnanimity, or the forbearance, or the sexual modesty of his living accuser. It is needless to pursue the subject farther. The public may be induced more and more to deprecate the vices of the man—the genius of his poetry will ever command their admiration and idolatry—his master mind is destined to rank in the same niche with Shakspeare and Milton, Pope and Dryden.

Ladies on Horseback.—There never was a law enacted from the days of Solon which had half the influence over mankind which fashion daily and hourly exercises. Ay—and over womankind too. A few years ago, and our ancient honest burgomasters would have started in horror at the sight of a lady gaily attired, and reining a prancing charger. Now we glow with rapture as we see the most accomplished and graceful daughters of our city riding with ease and pleasure on our most frequented avenues. As a promoter and preservative of health, and as a fashionable and becoming accomplishment, there is none that deserves general adoption more than exercise on horseback. All the medical journals and the medical practitioners of note unite in its recommendation. It is worth all the anti-dyspeptic nostrums in the world.

Franklin Buildings.—This name has been given to the lofty and spacious range of edifices lately erected in Ann-street, between Broadway and Nassau-street, to a prominent corner of which the office of the New-York Mirror has recently been removed. For beauty of appearance, and convenience of arrangement, this pile of buildings probably surpasses any similar local improvement ever attempted in this city. It is due to the enterprise of Mr. James Conner, and is a decisive evidence of the superiority of individual exertion over that of the public authorities. The corporation have been years and years intending to remove the jail and bridewell—nay, while this stupendous work has been actually accomplished, that honourable body have been engaged in deliberating about a town-clock, and they have not yet finished the cupola which is to receive it! By the way, the side of Ann-street opposite the Franklin Buildings is the property of our worthy Recorder—may we cherish the hope that his ardour will receive a stimulus, and induce him to emulate the example of his public-spirited neighbour?

Miss Sterling.—We have before invited the attention of the public to the superior accomplishments and eminent skill of this meritorious and esteemed professor of the pianoforte. Whoever has listened to her performances in public, and availed himself of the advantages of her unsurpassed method of instruction in private, has borne cheerful testimony to the unexaggerated truth of our commendation. In addition to her claims as a successful teacher, she commands herself to general admiration by her unexceptionable and amiable deportment in the domestic walks of life. A favourable opportunity will soon be offered to her friends and the public of evincing their liberal sense of her worth by patronising a concert which we understand she intends, in consequence of repeated solicitations, very shortly to announce. We give this timely notice that none may fail to attend who feel, like ourselves, inclined to encourage the efforts of industrious and meritorious artists.

Holland's Cottage.—Those who are in the occasional habit of riding out of town, will be pleased to learn that there has been fitted up in a most healthy and elevated site, on the Third Avenue, a beautiful, and well supplied retreat, with the above designation. We accidentally stopped there a few days since, and were delighted with the neatness and comfort which presided over the establishment. Even our temperance men can be accommodated, for there is plenty of exquisite coffee. The grounds are so disposed that amusements of the most delightful and varied kinds may be enjoyed, bracing the health and whiling away the time. We observed numbers of ladies recreating themselves in all the exuberance of animal spirits, and rendered still more lovely by the surrounding charms of nature and the healthful breezes sweeping up from the noble river beneath.

Repository of the Arts.—Bourne truly deserves, and undoubtedly receives extensive encouragement for his indefatigable efforts to establish in this city a valuable public repository of specimens of the fine arts. It is a treat to stroll through his rooms, richly decorated with paintings and engravings of the first class. To ladies more especially an hour's lounge will furnish ample opportunities of exercising and improving their taste in the manufacture of light articles fit to adorn the boudoir or drawing-room.

Emporium and True American.—This well conducted paper, published weekly at Trenton, New Jersey, has lately been enlarged and much improved in its external appearance. We are ever pleased to witness gradual and substantial advances made by our contemporaries. They are at once tokens of skill, talent, and industry on the part of the editor, and of liberality, punctuality, and discernment on that of the public.

Clara Fisher.—This universal favourite appeared on Wednesday evening at the Park theatre, before a brilliant audience, who received her with the warmest tokens of their continued favour. We regret she can play but two nights.

THE DAYS OF OLD ROMANCE.

COMPOSED BY J. BARNETT.

ANDANTINO CON MOTO.

"Tis sweet when twilight's parting beam, O'er ocean's breast is cast, To picture in a waking dream, The glories of the past; To see a young and gallant knight, Array'd with shield and lance, Kneel down before his lady bright, In days of old romance. Kneel down before his lady bright, In days of old romance.

2d—"Tis sweet, when countless stars appear, To revel on the main, In every fife and drum to hear, Tradition's fairy strain; And mark some ancient minstrel stand, With song illumined glance, Who struck the harp with joyous hand, In days of old romance.

VARIETIES.

FEMALE REVENGE.—During the reign of Philip II. of Spain, a gentleman had the misfortune to kill his adversary in a nocturnal rencontre in the streets of Madrid. As he was leaning against the door he perceived, to his astonishment, a brilliant light in the church. He had sufficient courage to advance towards the light, but was seized with inexpressible horror at the sight of a female figure, clothed in white, which ascended from one of the vaults, holding a bloody knife in her hand. "What do you want here?" cried she, with a wild look, and a harsh threatening tone, as she approached him. The poor man who, before she spoke, had taken her for an apparition, quivered in every limb, and related his adventure without any reserve. "You are in my power," replied she, "but you have nothing to fear from me. I am a murderer like yourself. I belong to a family of distinction; a base and perjured man has ruined me, and boasted over my weakness and credulity. His life has paid the forfeit of his guilt. But this sacrifice was not sufficient for betrayed and insulted love. I bribed the sexton—I have been down into his vault—I have rent his false heart out of his body—and thus I serve the heart of a traitor." With these words she tore it in pieces with both hands, and then trampled it under her foot.

DIDEROT.—It is related of the celebrated Diderot that, on rising one morning, he found himself without a single sou, or the means of obtaining the smallest nourishment. After wandering about all day, and suffering the severest pangs of hunger, he returned to his inn, where his illness (arising from exhaustion) becoming apparent to his landlady, she gave him a little wine and some toasted bread. "That day," said he,

afterwards, "I swore, if I ever possessed any thing, never to refuse an indigent person's request, that I might not be instrumental to their passing so dreadful a day as I had done," and which oath he is said to have most rigidly observed.

A beggar died recently at Lucca, who was known by the appellation of the *butter-pot man*, because he had nothing but that sort of earthen vessel in his hut. At his death more than seventy thousand francs in gold and silver were found in the pots!

Mr. Kellermann, a native of Mentz, has invented a machine at Moscow, by means of which he cures stammering in the space of three days. It is said the emperor has granted him a patent for six years, and made him a present of ten thousand roubles.

The following paragraphs are copied from the National Gazette.

The old Count de Segur has published a life of Louis XI. On the eighth of April, in the gallery of Diana, in the palace of the Tuilleries, the king of France washed the feet of thirteen children, who represented the thirteen apostles; and served each of them with bread and a little pitcher of wine. He was assisted, says the court paper, in his pious functions, by the Dauphin and the great dignitaries.

The first authentic account of the introduction of free masons into England as a body is in the year 674, when Hexham Church was built by the celebrated Wilfred, Archbishop of York.

John Wilson, of London, has produced a picture entitled, "carrying out an anchor," which is declared to equal any picture of its class, ancient or modern.

The Rev. George Croly has undertaken a complete history of the Jews in ancient and modern times.

The formal reception of the French poet M. de Lamartine into the Academy, took place at Paris on the second of April. Nothing could exceed the eagerness of the Parisian ladies to obtain seats.

Twelve thousand francs were lately paid by a bookseller of Paris for the manuscript of a dramatic piece, "Stockholm et Fontainebleau."

Shylock has fully succeeded as a melo-drama, in Paris, at the theatre de la Porte Saint-Martin. All Shakspeare's plays succeed every where in some shape or other.

Colonel Childs has finished a lithographic portrait of the late Dr. Godman, from a strong likeness of that lamented and celebrated person.

Virtue is no enemy to pleasure, grandeur, or glory; her proper office is to regulate our desires, that we may enjoy every blessing with moderation, and lose them without discontent.

CONUNDRUMS.—Why would a Frenchman say that an inferior singer at the opera was an indecent character? Because he is always in de chorus—indecorous.

Why is a boxer like a man who deals in flour? Because he is a miller.

Why is a man closing a letter like the top of a room? Because he is a sealing—ceiling.

Why should you never trust a little girl who can tell you how many feet she has got? Because she can count her feet—counterfeit.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES ON THE DEPARTURE OF SPRING.

Thou hast passed with all thy gifts away, thou pure and perfect spring,
As eagles vanish in the sky on sun illumined wing;
And from the earth, and from the sea, thy smiles have flown too soon,
Loved and lamented in their death, though harbingers of June,
For thou hadst sweet unfolding buds and blossoms, where the gale
Was prone to linger, and to play, on upland or in vale;
And cherished thoughts that come to bless no season but thine own,
When youth is pictured in thy reign, and in thy glance made known.

Thou hast passed with all thy vernal sprays, and with the streams unbound
That ran and leapt in gladness through the emerald-painted ground,
That wake the spirit's questioning, to which the fields reply
And tell of long-sought happiness to the inquiring eye.
Thou hast faded from our vision like a western cloud in air,
A cloud begirt with sunset—a fading thing and fair—
And with the years beyond the flood hath passed thy tender reign,
Thy smiles have vanished from the sky, the upland, and the plain.

Yet I mourn not that thy glory is made so frail a thing—
Nor that thy birds were visitants upon a transient wing;
For melting into "leafy June," thy span was like the sky
Which at the morn is beautiful, and bright when noon is nigh;
And when in golden billows the harvest fields shall roll,
And yellow corn-leaves rustle in the free wind's glad control,
I shall not sigh, when thou hast left so many scenes unwon—
So many cheerful aspects spread beneath the pleasant sun! EVERARD.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Music! thy spell is thrown
Round our dear firesides, o'er the festal hall
The house of prayer, the field of death—yea, all
Thy magic influence own!
Even in the early hour of infancy
Thy spell breathes in the mother's lullaby.

'Tis youth's enthusiast heart,
Which answers soonest to thy witching tone;
But not to animated youth alone

Dost thou thy charm impart,
Childhood, and even age bend to thy sway,
And manhood doth thy thrilling voice obey.

Hark! 'tis the trumpet's peal!
And marshalled thousands own the stirring tone,
And though it be to death, rush fiercely on;
And the harsh clang of steel,
And thrilling war-cry answer to its blast—
Thus on the battle field thy spell is cast!

List! 'tis the organ's sound!
And as it swells, hundreds of voices raise,
Blended in one rich sound, the hymn of praise;
And the same awe profound
Steals o'er each heart as swells the inspiring tone,
'Till all those various bosoms beat as one.

'Tis the harp's silver tone,
And the sweet breathings of the mellow flute—
What stills the laugh, why is each bright lip mute?

Mem'ries of days long gone
Those strains awake, a note in every heart
Is touched, and buried thoughts to being start.

One veils his drooping brow,
That strain recalls the friend of other years—
Another's downcast eye is charged with tears;
Scenes loved long, long ago
Rise now before him, when that air was breathed
By lips now cold, which then with smiles were wreathed.

Who hath not known the strain
To which, however life might change its hue,
One chord within his heart was ever true,
Which wakened joy or pain,
Or some deep feeling, strange and undefined;
Memories which flashed like lightning o'er the mind?

THYRA.

STANZAS.

To others give thy brightest smiles,
But keep thy tears for me.—*Moore.*

Yes, I have "kept my tears for thee,"
Forgetful as thou art;
Hadst thou e'er need of sympathy,
And my tears flowed not fast and free,
Warm from a faithful heart?

Perhaps they did in secret flow,
For I am not as those
Whose transient feelings briefly show
Like traces on the sun-lit snow,
Or dew upon the rose.

When I have known thy heart oppress,
Harassed, and wrung by care,
My own has bade adieu to rest,
And every sigh that heaved thy breast,
Found answering echo there.

And many an hour, when others slept,
My tears have fallen for thee,

And none have asked me why I wept,
For silence my heart's portals kept,
And thought alone was free.

And tears from feeling's fount have sprung
At friendly words of thine,
While on my lips no answer hung,
For thoughts that dwell not on the tongue,
The treasuring heart enshrine.

Hadst thou the will, or power to cast
Away all thought of me,
Thou know'st the memory of the past,
Long as the throb of life shall last,
Would keep my tears for thee.

ISIDORA.

POPULAR TALES.

LOVE AND PISTOLS.

THE winter after I took possession of my estate, I went to Bath with my mother, who introduced me to Julia Faulkner, a lovely girl with an independent fortune of thirty thousand pounds: she was extremely amiable and well informed, and I paid her as much attention as my constitutional timidity would allow me. It was evident that a more intimate connexion between us was desired by our respective parents, and I little doubt but in the course of time I should have mustered courage to propose for her, and I doubt as little that I should have been accepted. A confoundedly tall Irish colonel, however, with black whiskers, and a most ferocious aspect, appeared on the scene, and became, as well as myself, the constant attendant of Julia. But what chance had I with a fellow of his appearance, profession, and impudence? His loquacity obliged me to sit in their presence as silent as a statue: or if I ventured to make a remark, he was sure to interrupt me before I could utter a sentence. If I secured her scarf to insure myself the pleasure of covering her ivory shoulders, he would take it from me with the utmost coolness, and praise my attention to the ladies. I had once seated her in my cabriolet for a drive, and was about to follow her, when the colonel rode up on horseback, and, leaping from his saddle, entreated me if I loved him, to try what I could do to tame his animal, which, he said, was so vicious that no horsemanship but mine would have any effect upon him. Without waiting for a reply, he seized the reins, leaped into the carriage, and drove off, begging me, when I had done with the horse, to let my servant take him to the stable: thither indeed he went, as soon as I had recovered from the effects of this astounding piece of assurance.

One evening, as we were leaving Julia's house, the colonel addressed me in a very quiet, and indeed in almost a friendly tone, "Faith now, my dear fellow," said he, "this won't do at all; as only one of us can marry this girl, we must not both of us go on loving her at this rate: so we'll meet to-morrow morning on Lansdown, and decide which it shall be. Just name your friend, and I'll desire my cousin Bob, who always attends me on these occasions, to call and arrange the affair." All the warmth of my affection for Julia thawed at these words: I could live for her, but I could not die for her; so I protested that had I known his pretensions to the lady, I should never have made advances, and should thenceforward think no more of her. This, he said, was so prodigiously handsome, that he should be happy to become more particularly acquainted with me; and we parted with an engagement that I should dine with him the next day, having, he said, six elegant sisters, whom he was desirous of introducing me to. I went, and was most graciously received by the whole family, particularly by Miss O'Shane, the eldest daughter, a short, thick girl, with flaxen hair, (now, like Lord Byron, "I hate a dumpy woman," and flaxen hair is my abomination,) white cheeks, and no eyebrows. Next this lady I was seated at dinner: in the evening we went to the rooms, and with this lady it was my fate to dance. The next morning the colonel called on me, and took me with him to inquire after the ladies: they were about to go on a shopping expedition, and Miss O'Shane was handed over to my protection. In short, by the extremely clever conduct of Mrs. O'Shane, Colonel O'Shane, and Miss O'Shane, the fashionable circles of the fashionable city of Bath, speedily resounded with the intended marriage of this accomplished young lady and Mr. Tyrrel Tremington. Things had gone on in this way for a few weeks when

one morning meeting the colonel in the Crescent, he took me by the arm, and turning into the gravel walk,

"Faith, Tremington," said he, "really now I don't think you use me well in this affair with my sister; here's all the world acquainted with your attachment to Martha (I always detested the name of Martha) except her own brother, and your particular friend. Now if this concealment arose from any doubt of my consent, my dear fellow, put that out of your head, for I do not know the man with whom I would sooner trust the girl's happiness than yourself. Upon my soul, now, I'm in earnest; and she is, I must say, the best creature in the world—just suited to you—full of soul and sentiment, (a woman of soul and sentiment was always my abhorrence.) Just now, to be sure, a shade of melancholy hangs about her in consequence of Sir Thomas Liston's conduct—perhaps you have not heard of it—faith he was a great scoundrel. It was at Brighton last summer; he had been paying her attentions at all times and every where—as kind and affectionate as your own, my dear fellow—and every body said the day was fixed, as they do now respecting you, you know. He had made, too, considerable advances in her affections—not so far as you have, however, that I must acknowledge. Well, I spoke to him one morning, just as I am now speaking to you, and he had the impudence to tell me that he had nothing to do with the talk of the town, and that he had no intention of encumbering himself with a wife. You may guess the rest, my good fellow; we met the next morning on the Downs, and I settled his business completely. I never made a cleaner shot in my life—the surgeon told me afterwards that it went through the centre of the pericardium. It struck first just here," said the colonel, tapping the fourth button of the left lappel of my coat, and the blow, gentle as it was, would have prostrated me had it not been for the supporting arm of the colonel. But come, I see you are agitated," continued he, "and the sooner we get over the declaration—the *premier pas*, you know, the sooner your happiness will begin."

I stopped a moment—I thought that I also could tell him that I was not prepared to encumber myself with a wife; for a moment I considered whether it would not be better to be shot at once than to be married to Miss O'Shane; but the thought of the pistol-bullet through the centre of the pericardium came across my mind with all its dreadful circumstantiality, and I suffered myself to be led to the colonel's house, where we found the young lady solitary and melancholy. Here the colonel soon settled the business; he assured his sister of my unaltered attachment, entreated her by a sister's love to have compassion on the feelings of his friend, and when the girl hid her face in one hand, and held out the other, he placed the latter in mine with a most tremendous squeeze, and declared it to be the happiest day of his life. He then led me aside and entreated me not to hurry the wedding-day too quickly; he hoped I could wait three weeks; well, if I could not, if my ardour was so great, he must insist, for his sister's sake, that it should not take place for a fortnight. He then turned to his sister, and begged her, as she valued my happiness, she would not delay beyond the period he had named. What could Miss O'Shane reply to this affectionate adjuration? She turned up her eyes most pathetically, and vowed she valued my happiness too highly to permit her to refuse me any thing.

Thus I went home an engaged man, and announced my fate with tears and trembling to my mother. The good old lady scolded, for she could scold, and I had not outgrown the terrors of her voice; but arguments and anger were both thrown away upon me—the dreadful bullet through the pericardium rendered me deaf to the one, and careless of the other. My wedding morning arrived with a speed fearfully accelerated by my sensations of dread at its approach. Oh! that wretched morning! to complete its catalogue of miseries, it had been fixed on for the union of the colonel with my Julia. A large company was assembled at breakfast, but of the occurrences or conversation, either then or during the ceremony, I have no recollection; a sensation of utter despair overwhelmed me, and I have an indistinct remembrance of a vague desire to escape when the great door of the abbey-church was closed with a violence that sent its echoes along the vaulted aisles, and seemed to thunder in my ears the sentence of misery to which I was doomed.

English page

LITERARY NOTICES.

Clarence; or a Tale of our own Times. By the author of "Hope Leslie," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Carey and Lea, 1830.

OPEN calling to mind the pleasant hours we passed in the society of the charming "Hope," we anticipated much gratification from being introduced to another of our fair author's Promethean creations; nor have we been disappointed. All the demands of expectation have fairly and fully been cancelled. The plot, though not particularly abstruse, is sufficiently involved, to keep curiosity on the alert throughout. The scene opens in Broadway—a lone and melancholy stranger is introduced to us in that "thronged thoroughfare," where meet the mingled representatives of every nation under heaven. The gloom of misanthropy is on his brow, and the bitter smile of contempt is curling on his lips, as, "unnoticed and unknown," he holds his solitary way amid the gairish and hollow-hearted throng. This picture is admirably wrought, and no one can fully realize the graphic power of the delineation, but he who has strolled there a kinless and uncared-for being, with a heart full of hidden sympathies, which like the waters of Horeb, needed but the grasp of a warm hand or the glance of a kind eye, to call them forth bright and gushing from his desolate bosom. The stranger proves to be the youngest son of an English gentleman, who after having been robbed of his wife by the villany of an elder brother, and of his only child, by the baseness of a miserly servant, retires to New-York, with an ample fortune acquired in the West Indies, to spend the evening of a wretched existence. Here he meets with his treacherous domestic, and the lost son of his first love, upon whose bosom he is at last permitted to die. His son after having been thrown by the base menial upon the charities of the almshouse, is adopted by a Mr. Roscoe, who gives him a liberal education, and the means to acquire a competent support. To him as rightful heir, the property of the deceased Clarence descended; but a suit was commenced by an English nephew, in the detail of which the author has given the outline of a trial which occurred here some months since, and eventuated in saving a worthy and high-minded fellow-citizen from a state prison, and a virtuous family from want and infamy. Just as Clarence comes into possession of his patrimony, he meets with a severe affliction in the loss of an only son, a noble and affectionate boy, over whose untimely fate the reader deeply sympathizes. With a heart bleeding from the severity of his misfortune, the father seeks a melancholy solace in the scenes of foreign lands. On his return, he finds his patron dead, and his brother's widow and son, young Roscoe, the hero of the tale, reduced to poverty. Gratefully anxious to discharge his obligation to the family in whose house his unprotected orphanage had found an asylum, he proffers his purse to the generous survivors, which is declined. Young Roscoe however consents to accept the agency of Mr. Clarence's concerns, with a salary competent to his own and his mother's wants, and at last, after sundry crosses and mischances, becomes his son-in-law, the husband of Gertrude Clarence, the heroine of the story. Much of the interest of the tale, however, depends on a minor plot, an *affaire du cœur* between Emilie Layton, a friend of Gertrude, Pedrillo, a would-be Spanish gentleman, and a young Virginian by the name of Marion. The latter is the successful rival, and the former, after many intrigues which are conducted with much skill and "fashion of truth" by the writer, loses his life in a desperate attempt to recover his betrothed from young Marion, who had anticipated him in her "abduction" from a masquerade. The fair couple are soon after united, and the tale concludes with a letter from Gertrude detailing the domestic arrangements and felicities of both parties, and containing a beautiful and merited compliment to the master spirit of the age, Sir Walter Scott.

In the main, we have been very agreeably interested during the perusal of these volumes, and to their fair author we cordially award the humble tribute of our commendation. Were we in a spirit to find fault, we might notice a few departures from grammatical precedent, and a few improbabilities in the action; but recollecting that this is the age of improvement, not only in phrenology but philology also, and that the writer, in a fictitious sketch of the present could not throw over it the softening hues with which the dim twilight of the past alone invests the semblances of truth, we pass on, unwilling to point out any false shade, any unavoidable asperity, or puny hair which may have fallen from the pencil, while so much of beauty and perfection remains. The characters are finely drawn, carefully defined and contrasted, and, for the most part, in good keeping. There are no embodied angels like the heroes and heroines of the old school of romance: no Cains or Conrads of later times—but human passions and human

infirmities are made to pass in review before us. Our experience is not shocked by the exhibition of any marvellous qualities or unearthly prodigies of humanity; but in the record of our memories we find written many a name whose proprietor might have sat for the author's delineations.

Charles Clarence, though rarely seen after the first few chapters, is a well-drawn personage. His character may not be new to the reader, for such men are not unfrequent among us, but he will dwell upon it, as upon a good likeness of a valued friend. There is nothing striking in its conception, yet the sterling virtues displayed—contentedness in low estate, humility in prosperity, gratitude and benevolence—cannot be too often held up for our imitation. We cannot however, reconcile his want of equanimity in the breakfast parlour at Clarenceville, with his former gentleness; but as we were never subjected to the despotism of dyspepsia, we are no fair judges in this matter, and besides, we just now recollect our promise. Gertrude is a daughter who deserves such a parent. She possesses all the fine qualities of her father, with all the sweet charities and the fitting graces of woman, and is worthy to be the heroine of a tale illustrative of the unostentatious, yet not the less ennobling virtues of her fair countrywomen. Her pertinacity with regard to keeping her name a secret to her lover is a little eccentric, but the reader no doubt will pardon her. Emilie Layton differs very much from Gertrude. She exhibits none of the energy or the maturity of intellect which the latter displays, yet we are pleased with her affectionateness, her confiding innocence, and her childlike artlessness. Mrs. Layton is a little fashionable and affected piece of effeminacy, better fitted for Parisian coquetties than the sober duties of a mother, which by the way, Mrs. Roscoe so admirably graces. Gerald Roscoe, the hero of the work, is a noble character. His feelings and sentiments are those of a high-souled and ingenuous man. We like to contrast his magnanimity with the baseness and sensuality of Pedrillo, his fearlessness with the pusillanimity of Layton, and his manliness with the almost feminine sensibility of the unfortunate Seton.

The style in which this work is written, is chaste and beautiful. The vivacity and clearness that we have so often admired in the author's former productions, are not wanting in this. The language, like a perfect transparency, shows every idea in its fairest light. It abounds with pleasing images drawn from the lore of the past and the visible presentations of nature, appropriately introduced, and as clearly reflected as stars from the polished surface of a sleeping lake. A rich vein of delicate and sparkling wit pervades the gayer scenes of the work; and nothing can surpass in keenness the satire which is pointed at the travelling Englishman, whose name the reader will easily recognise. A salutary moral influence also obtains throughout these volumes. No one can read them without feeling the grasp of his darker passions loosened—his virtuous resolutions strengthened, and his whole heart improved. He may not coincide with all the author's views of religion, but he will be assured of her sincerity and the benevolence of her intentions; and even then he will rise from the perusal better than when he sat down. Unlike the false principles and loose ethics of some late novels, we should have no fears in placing it in the hands of youth, for there is not a thought in it that would sully the brightness of innocence herself. We are glad that while scepticism is multiplying her efforts at proselytism, the friends of virtue have so able a coadjutor as Miss Sedgwick.

The Valley of the Nashaway, and other Poems. By Rufus Dawes. Boston, 1830. Carter & Hendee. 1 vol. pp. 96.

The author of these poems has long been known as a writer of great sweetness. He is gifted with a nice perception of the beauties of nature, and a mind that loves to hold its converse with the gentlest and most minute philosophies. The reputation of Mr. Dawes as a poet, is not the less valuable for being an unobtrusive one. We recollect reading and admiring "Sunrise from Mount Washington" and other productions of his pen, long before his name had become familiar to us. There is a peculiarity in the writings of this gentleman which will often subject him to the shafts of illiberal criticism, and most probably will prove a bar to his attaining a very exalted reputation. We allude to a fondness for dignifying with the visits of his muse, persons and subjects so humble and unattractive in situation and circumstances, as to be wholly unworthy of such distinction. To the poet of imagination, who is endowed with a very exquisite relish for the beautiful, wherever it may be found, all things are presented through a medium too refined for visions of less delicate perception. Our meaning may be aptly illustrated by referring to the poems of "Margaret" and "Mary Hall," in the pre-

sent collection; in the first of which, much good poetry is lavished upon one who

"Was a serving maid, whose duties were
To watch the children placed in trust with her,
And wait at table for her lady's call,
Within the breakfast room, or dining hall,"

and who died of love for the son of her mistress. This romance of humble life is but another evidence that

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

The closing lines of this poem are touchingly beautiful:

"But time drank up her tears, and sorrow now,
Wept out her life blood—and her pallid brow
Grew deadly, and the hectic on her cheek
Mocked the dull roses, and her voice grew weak.
Her lips were red—but with the purple tide
That bubbled from her heart—and so she died."

In the other effusion to which we have alluded, the author is in raptures at the sound of a female voice, warbling its wood-notes wild; the occupation of the charming vocalist is thus described:

"And close beside her, o'er a blaze,
A water vessel boiling,
Told plainly how she passed her days
In solitary toiling."

These will be held as faults by the generality of readers and critics; and though occasionally a kindred mind may appreciate the fine moralities they contain, yet a severe and correct taste would lead the "streams from Castaly" through less objectional channels.

Though we do not admit that "a critic's merit is to find a fault," yet a wholesome correction of a writer's obvious deficiencies are valuable as giving the more weight to the commendations he may bestow. We turn now with pleasure to notice a few of the beauties comprised in the volume before us. The principal poem is descriptive of the author's native valley. It is in the heroic measure—the versification smooth and melodious, and some of the thoughts sweetly poetical. We quote the opening lines, which possess much grace and beauty.

"The queen of May has bound her virgin brow;
And hung with blossoms every fruit-tree bough;
The sweet southwest, among the early flowers,
Whispers the coming of delighted hours,
While birds, within the heaping foliage, sing
Their music—welcome to returning spring."

Oh, nature! loveliest in thy green attire,
Dear mother of the passion-kindling lyre;
Thou, who in early days, upled'st me where
The mountains freeze above the summer air;
Or lured'st my wandering way beside the streams,
To watch the bubbles as they mocked my dreams,
Lead me again, thy flowery paths among,
To sing of native scenes, as yet unused!"

The closing lines are likewise very pretty.

"Once more I turn to thee, fair Nashaway!
The farewell tribute of my humble lay;
The time may come, when lofty notes shall bear
Thy peerless beauty to the gladdened air;
Now, to the lyre no daring hand aspires,
And rust grows cankering on its unspooled wires,
Our lays are like the fitful strains that flow
From careless birds, that carol as they go;
Content beneath the mountain top to sing,
And only touch Castalia with a wing."

There is a beautiful thought in the concluding lines of the following stanza:

"Yes, still I love thee—time who sets
His signet on my brow,
And dims my sunken eye, forgets
The heart he could not bow;
Where love, that cannot perish grows
For one, alas! that little knows
How love may sometimes last;
Like sunshine wasting in the skies,
When clouds are overcast."

We have already occupied with our notice of this work as much space as our columns will allow, and with a kindly greeting to the author, take our leave of him by quoting the following lines, bearing the impress both of feeling and poetry; we have met with them before without knowing their parentage.

ANNE BULLEN.

"I weep while gazing on thy modest face,
Thou pictured history of woman's love!
Joy spreads his burning pinions on thy cheek,
Shaming its whiteness; and thine eyes are full
Of conscious beauty, as they undulate.
Yet all thy loveliness, deluded girl,
Served but to light thy ruin. Is there not,
Kind heaven, some secret talisman of hearts
Whereby to find a resting-place for love?
Unhappy maid! let thy sad story teach
The beautiful and young, that while their path
Softens with roses—danger may be there;
That love may watch the bubbles of the stream,
But never trust his image on the wave."

We ought to remark that the work is very neatly got up. The Bostonians do these things well. They are peerless in paper, and have a taste in typography. We commend the volume to our readers; it may be procured of the Messrs. Carvill, in Broadway.

Paul Clifford: by the author of Pelham, Derwent, &c.
2 vols. 12mo. J. & J. Harper, New-York.

The author of Pelham has put forth another effort, and, if we may judge from the praises bestowed on it, a more successful and brilliant one than all the preceding. It carries us back to the age of Swift and Bolingbroke, and "for wit, argu-

ment, pictures of real life and imagination, is inferior to no novel of the present day." So asserts the London Literary Gazette. Our own opinions touching its individual claims, shall be stated as soon as we have had leisure to peruse it. Probably before that period every reader in New-York will have formed his own estimate, so eager and intense is the curiosity to grasp at whatever issues from the pen of Bulwer.

The following description of the heroine, Lucy Brandon, may not be uninteresting to the reader.

"Never did glass give back a more lovely image than that of Lucy Brandon at the age of nineteen. Her auburn hair fell in the richest luxuriance over a brow never ruffled, and a cheek where the blood never slept; with every instant the colour varied, and at every variation that smooth, pure, virgin cheek seemed still more lovely than before. She had the most beautiful laugh that one who loved music could imagine,—silvery, low, and yet so full of joy! all her movements, as the old parson said, seemed to keep time to that laugh; for mirth made a great part of her innocent and childish temper; and yet the mirth was feminine, never loud, nor like that of young ladies who have received the last finish at Highgate seminaries. Every thing joyous affected her, and at once,—air,—flowers,—sunshine,—butterflies. Unlike heroines in general, she very seldom cried, and she saw nothing charming in having the vapours. But she never looked so beautiful as in sleep! and as the light breath came from her parted lips, and the ivory lids closed over those eyes which only in sleep were silent,—and her attitude in her sleep took that ineffable grace belonging solely to childhood, or the fresh youth into which childhood merges,—she was just what you might imagine a sleeping Margaret, before that most simple and gentle of all poet's visions of womanhood had met with Faust, and ruffled her slumbers with a dream of love. We cannot say much for Lucy's intellectual acquirements; she could, thanks to the parson's wife, spell indifferently well, and write a tolerable hand; she made preserves, and sometimes riddles—it was more difficult to question the excellence of the former than to answer the queries of the latter. She worked to the admiration of all that knew her, and we beg leave to say that we deem that 'an excellent thing in woman.' She made caps for herself and gowns for the poor, and now and then she accomplished the more literary labour of a stray novel that had wandered down to the manor house, or an abridgment of ancient history, in which was omitted every thing but the proper names. To these attainments she added a certain modicum of skill upon the spinet, and the power of singing old songs with the richest and sweetest voice that ever made one's eyes moisten, or one's heart beat. Her moral qualities were more fully developed than her mental. She was the kindest of human beings; the very dog that had never seen her before, knew that truth at the first glance, and lost no time in making her acquaintance. The goodness of her heart reposed upon her face like sunshine, and the old wife at the lodge said poetically and truly of the effect it produced, that 'one felt warm when one looked on her.' If we could abstract from the description a certain chilling transparency, the following exquisite verses of a forgotten poet might express the purity and lustre of her countenance—

'Her face was like the milky way i' the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.'

She was surrounded by pets of all kinds, ugly and handsome, from Ralph the raven, to Beauty the pheasant, and from Bob the sheep dog without a tail, to Beau the Blenheim with blue ribands round his neck; all things loved her, and she loved all things. It seemed doubtful at that time whether she would ever have sufficient steadiness and strength of character. Her beauty and her character appeared alike so essentially sexual, soft, yet lively, buoyant, yet caressing, that you could scarcely place in her that moral dependence, that you might in a character less amiable, but less yieldingly feminine. Time, however, and circumstance, which alters and hardens, were to decide whether the inward nature did not possess some latent, and yet undiscovered properties."

Mr. Bulwer has been reproached with making his heroines too poetical, too much "bright creatures of the element;" but nothing can be more exquisite, yet more true, more feminine, both in her romance and her reality, than the present heroine.

Stories of a Bride: by the authoress of the Mummy. 2 vols. New-York. J. & J. Harper.

The title-page of this new novel tells that we are indebted for it to the authoress (why not author? we should not say the makeress of a watch, or the paintress of a picture) of the Mummy. We have never seen the Mummy, and have not an idea whether it be novel, play, or poem, but there is ex-

actly the quality that it is a very clever book, (if it is a book) for the one before us is fully entitled to that cognomen. We do not just remember any thing in English satire, since Swift, or in French after Voltaire, that is better done than the lively, sarcastic touches with which the character and history of the Bride, are hit off in the introduction to these Stories; and in the conduct of the tales themselves, there is much local and general knowledge, considerable tact, and sufficient interest. The first fifty or sixty pages of the first volume are undoubtedly the best of the whole, and indeed the matter contained in them is so different in style and manner from the remainder of the work, that we could without any very terrifying exertion of credulity, believe that it had proceeded from another pen; but the whole is very fair, and like most of the novels lately republished by the Harpers, not unworthy the transplantation to the American soil which they have given it. It is consoling to reflect, that since we must have novels, so many of them are at least tolerably well worth having.

Ralph Marvyn, or the Maniac's Prophecy: by the author of "Leisure Hours at Sea."

A novel will shortly be published under this name, from the pen of that well known and popular writer, William Leggett, Esq. author of *Leisure Hours at Sea*, and late editor of the Critic. Public expectation is quite alive on the subject, and we feel bold to say is not fated to meet with disappointment. It is an honourable evidence of the industry and active talents of Mr. Leggett, that although engaged in the toilsome labours of co-editor of one of our most respectable evening papers, it is said that he is preparing for the press several publications, of which the novel just cited, and a tragedy for Mr. Forrest, are not the least conspicuous.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are happy to learn, from late English papers, that Miss Mitford is about to produce a new volume of *Country Stories*. A new edition of the *Gold Headed Cane* is announced as in the London press. This amusing collection of anecdotes of the medical profession is written by Dr. M'Michael.

Preparing for publication, a second series of *Stories from the History of Scotland*. By the Rev. Alexander Stewart, which is intended to complete the work.

A second edition, enlarged and improved, of *Historical Sketches of the Native Irish and their descendants*; illustrative of their past and present state, with regard to literature, education, and oral instruction; by Christopher Anderson, is promised.

Montgomery is said to be engaged by Dr. Lardner, the conductor of the Cabinet Cyclopaedia, to write the *Lives of the Poets*. We shall, doubtless, have some delightful reading from his well-practised pen.

The National Portrait Gallery, containing thirty-six highly finished portraits of illustrious and eminent individuals of the nineteenth century, has been published. Edited by W. Jerdan, Esq. F. S. A., &c.

Murray's Family Library, Vol. XL; containing the first volume of an abridgement of Washington Irving's *Life of Columbus*, is in the English press.

Moore is preparing a *Life of Petrarch*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PLEASING EXPERIMENT.—The following is from the Pittsburgh Gazette:—A few days ago we had occasion to visit the blacksmith's shop of one of our ingenious mechanics. While we were there the proprietor came in and showed us a small piece of silver which had once been a quarter of a dollar, but which no longer presented the slightest vestige of an impression. He told us he wished to ascertain whether it was a quarter of a dollar or a seventeen cent piece. He then laid the piece upon a bar of iron, heated to a red heat, where it was suffered to remain for a few seconds, perhaps half a minute. Upon examining it, after it had cooled, the impression was almost as plain and distinct as when it was coined—the date 1776. Being then satisfied that the heat produced such an effect upon coins from which the impression had been abraded, the question at once occurred to us, how is this effect produced? After considerable reflection upon this subject, we came to the following conclusion:—In coining money that part of the *planchet* or piece which is *sunk*, becomes more compressed than those which stand in *relief*. In the course of time the relieves or prominent parts are worn off, and the piece becomes perfectly smooth and level on its surface. When a great heat is applied, the sunken or compressed part of the piece swells out to its original thickness, and thus presents the impression very distinctly to the eye—those parts of the coin which were before *sunk* being now presented in *relief*, and those parts which were in *relief* being now *sunk*.

VALUABLE COLLECTION OF CURIOSITIES.—The French journals speak of the results of the honourable enterprises of M. Champollion the younger, who has just returned from Egypt after twenty months absence, as highly numerous and important. This traveller has brought with him a collection of one thousand five hundred designs, the greater part coloured, relating to a multitude of subjects, historical, religious, and civil. The notices they give of the domestic life, arts, and manners of the Egyptians, are said to be almost complete. Among them are views executed on a large scale, giving a just idea of the magnificence and vastness of Egyptian architecture. M. Champollion has collected a multitude of authentic facts illustrating the history of the most ancient periods. In the meantime he has not neglected the interests of the museum entrusted to his charge. Many choice articles have been added to the royal collection. Several chests of antiquities have already arrived in Paris, and the Astrolabe is to convey from Toulon to Havre the monuments of great bulk, such as the sarcophagi, the bas reliefs, and the Egyptian and Greek mummies. Among the articles brought home by M. Champollion is a bronze statue inlaid with golden ornaments. A series of zoological subjects is also mentioned, copied by the traveller from one of the most ancient tombs of Egypt.

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.—The first number of these illustrations, says a late London journal, has just been published by Mr. Charles Tilt, of Fleet-street, and if they are pronounced some what high in price, it must be added that they are of corresponding merit and beauty. Indeed, we have never seen any thing more excellent of their class; and they will form a new and most delightful feature of the works to which they address themselves. This first number consists of four engravings, executed by W. and E. Finden, in a state of delicacy, purity, and beauty, that, in one or two instances, cannot be surpassed. The first plate, for instance, a view of Arran (referring to the "Heart of Mid Lothian") is perfect, no less in brilliant spirit than its delicate sweetness. The fourth (Windermere) is equally beautiful; and the two others, though not so perfect in some of their details, particularly in the skies, are full of merit, and cannot fail to excite a lively interest and admiration.

A TOMB ADORNED WITH PAINTINGS.—A correspondent at Rome writes as follows, under date of the thirty-first of March: "At Campo Saba, a tomb, adorned with paintings in the interior, has lately been dug up. On the fourth wall, was found the tomb of Athleta. Near him were an iron quito, and his arms in bronze; the three prizes which he had gained were at his feet; also a beautiful tripod, some *prefericoli* and a cup. All these objects are in bronze, and in good preservation. Near the tripod was a vase on which Minerva is personified by a siren playing on a double flute. On the other side Hercules and Iole are represented. A gold ring was likewise found, on which is engraved a lion, the symbol of the Athleta's courage.

CURIOUS GLASS TUBE.—A French paper states that a very beautiful instrument, consisting of a glass tube, twisted into a variety of windings, was invented about six months since, by M. Prosper Lagarde, for the purpose of illustrating the principle of the circulation of the blood, which is still contested by some of the faculty. At the summit of the tube is a reservoir, filled with spirits of wine, which is put in motion by the atmospheric air, and circulates throughout the whole extent, drop by drop, till it returns again to the reservoir. Crowds of people stop to admire this ingenious instrument before the shop where it is exposed.

IRON.—An important discovery has recently been made in the manufacture of iron, which accelerates the process of converting the cast into bar iron, and at the same time has a material influence upon the quality, by decomposing the carbon and injurious substances combined with the iron, and which, in the ordinary method of manufacturing, cannot be destroyed. It likewise has the effect of separating and completely vitrifying the aluminous and siliceous earths, which destroy the tenacity and malleability of the iron. It is now ascertained that by means of this simple and economical application many ores and materials may be used for the production of iron, which could not formerly be worked. The process, for which a patent has been obtained, is now in operation.

ALABAMA SILK.—We have received, says the Mobile Register, from a gentleman residing in our immediate vicinity, four samples of silk, made at his plantation. Their colours are, as they were reeled from the cocoons, a pearly white, a pure straw colour, and a rich bright saffron. We do not profess to be judges of the article in its present state, but by persons who are acquainted with the subject, the silk is said to be remarkable for strength and fineness of fibre, and is very handsomely reeled.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.—NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

BOY-MEN AND GIRL-WOMEN.

THESE are two species of the human family which have not as yet been distinctly classed or named by naturalists, and are therefore obliged to be designated by compounds. The individuals which compose these species, are such as are hovering between the last stages of boy and girlhood, and the first dawnings of a more mature state of existence—full-grown children, or incipient men and women. They are the unfinished portions of humanity which poets and sentimentalists have, from time immemorial, sung and said so much about, though for what especial reason is more than many worldly people are able to discover. Poets are fine fellows, but a love of truth, or a desire to represent things as they really are, is not to be found in the list of their good qualities. They warp and twist their materials, to suit their own purposes, more than a theological disputant or a petty sessions lawyer, and build a towering structure on a slighter foundation than a purblind antiquary. They are much given to the use of hypothesis, and after they have once supposed that a thing can be so and so, they immediately set it down that it is so. Exaggeration is another of their little foibles:—with them a glimpse of goodness signifies perfection, and a glimmering of sin the essence of iniquity; and so it is in consequence of this, that they come to make such delightful and diabolical pictures out of nothing at all. Some of the cleverest of them have, at one period or other of their lives, met with two or three charming young girls, just "bursting into womanhood," or a few intelligent boys, and being great generalizers, they have taken it for granted that all were so; and thus it has come to pass in English poetry, that this is celebrated as the most delectable stage of existence. It is a state that may or may not be pleasant enough to those who are passing through it, but it is by no means productive of much pleasure and gratification to those with whom they come in contact; and whatever prose or poetry may say to the contrary, I think worldly experience will bear me out in upholding that boy-men and girl-women, are neither more nor less than bores of very considerable magnitude.

The girl-woman is generally a rather pretty creature, dressed in something between a frock and a gown, made of white muslin, with a pink sash round her waist. Her face has lost the free and unembarrassed expression of childhood, without having attained the self-possession and dignity of woman. The graces of her person are as yet but half developed; her shoulders are sharp and angular, and her arms look long and unpleasantly slender. She is too mature to wear her hair in a *crop*, and too childish to have it piled in towers of curls and combs on the top of her head. Indeed, let her dress be what it will, it appears alike unfit for the stage through which she has just passed, or the one on which she is about to enter. Her intellectual faculties and conversation are in an equally uncertain state, and the person who addresses her is sorely puzzled how to hit the right medium between juvenility and maturity. She has not made up her mind whether she likes Byron or skipping-rope best, but decidedly prefers Mrs. Opie to the author of Waverley. If you talk of school you offend her, and yet she knows not how to discourse about any thing else—so that all the conversation consists of an abrupt observation and an embarrassed rejoinder; and if she can be prevailed upon to venture more than six syllables at a time, she has a bad habit of speaking unpleasant truths, and afterwards looking distressingly conscious, not exactly knowing whether she has done right or wrong. She sits on her chair, holding in one hand a white pocket-handkerchief, and not a little perplexed what to do with the other; with an eternal simper hanging around her mouth, ready to be aggravated into a laugh upon the most trivial occasion. If any body tells a joke with a grave face, she looks grave too, but is mightily tickled with the hymeneal allusions and matrimonial witticisms of which the more mature part of the company are delivered. She does not understand or appreciate worldly knowledge, yet she has school learning enough to find you out if you talk foolishly. In short, she is altogether in a very unsettled state, filled with childish reminiscences and womanly aspirations, and is, when a man feels grave or low-spirited, one of the most unendurable annoyances with which he can well be afflicted.

But if your girl-woman is an undesirable individual, your boy-man is one of the greatest nuisances upon the face of the earth. There is something charming about the female sex at almost every period of their existence; and even in town a very young lady, though certainly a subject for apprehension, has some redeeming points; while in the country, after

a scamper in the fields, or a chase after a bird or butterfly, with her eyes filled with fire and animation, her cheeks glowing with health and exercise, her clustering curls dancing in the wind, and her pretty bonnet hanging loosely and carelessly on the back part of her head, she is a truly beautiful and poetical object. But your boy-man is a monster wherever you meet with him. In the country he is an "unlicked cub," a lout, a bumpkin; in town, a half made up coxcomb, an unfinished puppy, a thing with nearly all the vices and follies of a man, without his sense or passions. It is his oath that rings loudest in the tavern, and his tongue that is most clamorous in its demands for strong drink to destroy his puny constitution, merely because he thinks it looks manly. He is altogether a foolish and contemptible creature, for even his vicious habits do not afford him pleasure. He does not, like the real voluptuary, "roll sin like a sweet morsel under his tongue," but counterfeits bad habits, and will drink and smoke, though both be unpleasant to him and make him sick, merely because older people do so; and this it is which prevents him ever becoming what it is the height of his ambition to appear—a man; and this it is, that makes so many portions of the human family bear such a striking resemblance to "forked radishes" and thread-papers. Then the swearing of these grown children is perfectly disgusting. From a man, borne away by passion, or from an old sailor, to whom it has become a trick of custom, and who, moreover, seems to be a sort of person privileged to wish his eyes no good, a few anathemas do not come with so bad a grace; but to hear these would-be men repeating, like parrots, all the vulgar oaths that low blackguardism has invented and perpetuated, merely because they have arrived at the dignity of shaving, is very nauseous. These too are the small fry that swarm about billiard-rooms and theatre lobbies; that open box doors and stand in the doorways adjusting their ringlets, much to the discomfort of shivering ladies and rheumatic old gentlemen, imagining all the time that the eyes of the whole audience are turned to the particular spot which they occupy. They are, indeed, take them altogether, simply the most empty, impudent, noisy, impertinent, obtrusive set of varlets that can be imagined, and are not ashamed of any thing—except having no whiskeys.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

GIOVANNI BELZONI.

OF the enterprising subject of the present memoir, little is recorded worthy of notice in the early portion of his life. Belzoni was the architect of his own fame. The zeal and activity he manifested in the prosecution of his laborious discoveries made in Egypt and Nubia, and the success which rewarded those exertions, are the only causes which can interest the general reader.

He was born at Padua, and descended from a Roman family which resided there many years. In 1803 he visited England and married shortly after. From this period to 1812 he is described as experiencing various vicissitudes of fortune, and at one time became so reduced as to exhibit himself at Astley's amphitheatre as a performer of "Herculean feats of strength," a task he was well qualified for, from his surprising physical powers and athletic frame.

In 1812 he left England for the continent, and in 1815 we find him embarking for Egypt, "for the purpose of constructing hydraulic machines to water the fields with greater expedition and less expense than the method usually adopted in that country." This design was the result of some successful experiments in hydraulics which his enterprising talents had discovered. While in Egypt curiosity led him to visit the pyramids in the neighbourhood of Cairo; his description of these stupendous works of human ingenuity and labour is highly interesting, which our limits preclude us from noticing farther than merely mentioning the circumstance as being connected with the important discoveries he subsequently made among the tombs of ancient Thebes.

He afterwards determined to leave Cairo, and accordingly applied to Mr. Salt, the British consul, to procure him a firman from the bashaw to sail up the Nile. Mr. Salt availed himself of this opportunity to propose to Belzoni the removal of the head of the statue of the younger Memnon, which lay at Gornou, a village near Thebes, for the purpose of conveying it down the Nile to Alexandria, where it might be shipped to London, as a present to the British museum—a proposal that was agreed to by Belzoni, and faithfully executed by him after incredible difficulty and labour.

After depositing the colossal bust in the Bashaw's magazine

at Alexandria, agreeably to stipulation with his employer, he visited every place worthy the attention of the traveller and antiquary. He then returned to the scene of his former researches, and in the sacred valley of Beban el Malook, he made his grand discovery of the tomb of Psammathia, king of Egypt. He caused the earth to be dug up at the foot of a steep hill, immediately under a torrent, where no vestige of a tomb appeared. He kept the men employed at work, however, for three days, and at length discovered an entrance into the solid rock, eighteen feet below the surface. On entering, Belzoni found himself in a beautiful hall twenty-seven feet long, and about the same in breadth; this hall led to several corridors and chambers, adorned with paintings and statues representing the Egyptian gods and goddesses, in a high state of preservation, and in the last of these chambers he discovered one of the most perfect and valuable remains of Egyptian antiquity—a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, which he afterwards sold to the British government, by whom it was presented to the British museum, where it is now deposited.

Mr. Belzoni was employed for twelve months in making drawings of all the figures, hieroglyphics, emblems, ornaments, &c. in the tomb, and he also took impressions in wax of every thing worthy of notice, in all which he was assisted by an able artist, M. Ricci.

Shortly after completing his labours he resolved to leave Egypt altogether. On his arrival at Alexandria he determined, previous to sailing, to visit the Oasis of Ammon. He set off accordingly, and visited most of the celebrated spots of antiquity which lay in his route. Among other places of note he examined the tombs and fountain mentioned by Herodotus in Melpomene, and which he places near the temple of Jupiter Ammon. On his return to Alexandria he sailed for his native country, where he was presented by his admiring countrymen with a medal which was struck in honour of his splendid discoveries.

From Padua he sailed for England, where he made an exhibition of the various treasures brought by him from Egypt, which, together with a fac-simile of the tomb of king Psammathia, engaged the attention of the British public for two seasons.

In 1823 Belzoni left England for the purpose of prosecuting his travels in the interior of Africa. Accordingly he embarked in his majesty's brig Swinger, to be conveyed to Benin, which place he reached the latter end of November, intending to proceed from thence to Houssa and Tombuctoo. He, however, was destined to add another to the many victims who have perished in the ardour of attempting to gain those interesting points of African research. On the twenty-sixth of November he was seized with a violent disease which terminated in his death on the third of December. His remains were interred the next day at Gato, and were followed to the grave by the British residents at that settlement, who, together with the officers and crew of a British brig, had before shown every possible respect and attention to the celebrated traveller.

H.*

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE BLACK-MOSS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE LAST.

HANNAH LEE had lived from home for more than six months, and it was not to be thought that she was not beloved in the farmer's family. Soon after she had left the house, the farmer's son, a youth of about eighteen years, who had been among the hills, looking after the sheep, came home, and was disappointed to find that he had lost an opportunity of accompanying Hannah part of the way to her father's cottage. But the hour of eight had gone by, and not even the company of young William Grieve could induce the kind-hearted daughter to delay setting out on her journey a few minutes beyond the time promised to her parents.

"I do not like the night," said William, "there will be a fresh fall of snow soon, or the witch of Glen Scrae is a liar, for a snow cloud is hanging o'er the Birch-tree-linn, and it may be down to the Black-moss as soon as Hannah Lee."

So he called his two sheep-dogs that had taken their place under the long table before the window, and set out, half in joy, half in fear, to overtake Hannah, and see her safely across the Black-moss.

The snow began to drift so fast, that before he had reached the head of the glen, there was nothing to be seen but a little bit of the wooden rail of the bridge across the Sauch-burn. William Grieve was the most active shepherd in a large pastoral parish—he had often past the night among the wintry hills for the sake of a few sheep, and all the snow that ever

fall from heaven would not have made him turn back when Hannah Lee was before him; and as his terrified heart told him, in imminent danger of being lost. As he advanced he felt that it was no longer a walk of love or friendship, for which he had been glad of an excuse. Death stared him in the face, and his young soul, now beginning to feel all the passions of youth, was filled with phrensy. He had seen Hannah every day—at the fireside—at work—in the kitchen—on holidays—at prayers—bringing supper to his aged parents; smiling and singing about the house from morning till night. She had often brought his own meal to him among the hills—and he now found, that though he had never talked to her about love, except smilingly and playfully, that he loved her beyond father or mother or his own soul.

"I will save thee, Hannah," he cried with a loud sob, "or lie down beside thee in the snow—and we will die together in our youth."

A wild whistling wind went by him, and the snow-flakes whirled so fiercely round his head, that he staggered on for a while in utter blindness. He knew the path that Hannah must have taken, and went forwards shouting aloud, and stopping every twenty yards to listen for a voice. He sent his well-trained dogs over the snow in all directions—repeating to them her name, "Hannah Lee," that the dumb animals might, in their sagacity, know for whom they were searching; and as they looked up in his face, and set off to scour the moor, he almost believed that they knew his meaning, (and it is probable they did,) and were eager to find in her bewilderment the kind maiden by whose hand they had so often been fed. Often went they off into the darkness, and as often returned, but their looks showed that every quest had been in vain. Meanwhile the snow was of a fearful depth, and falling without intermission or diminution. Had the young shepherd been thus alone, walking across the moor on his ordinary business, it is probable that he might have been alarmed for his own safety—nay that, in spite of all his strength and agility, he might have sunk down beneath the inclemency of the night and perished. But now the passion of his soul carried him with supernatural strength along, and extricated him from wretch and pitfall. Still there was no trace of poor Hannah Lee—and one of his dogs at last came close to his feet, worn out entirely, and afraid to leave its master—while the other was mute, and, as the shepherd thought, probably unable to force its way out of some hollow, or through some floundering drift. Then he all at once knew that Hannah Lee was dead—and dashed himself down in the snow in a fit of passion. It was the first time that the youth had ever been sorely tried—all his hidden and unconscious love for the fair lost girl had flowed up from the bottom of his heart—and at once the sole object which had blessed his life and made him the happiest of the happy, was taken away and cruelly destroyed—so that sullen, wrathful, baffled, and despairing, there he lay cursing his existence, and in too great agony to think of prayer. "God," he then thought, "has forsaken me—and why should he think on me, when he suffers one so good and beautiful as Hannah Lee to be frozen to death." God thought both of him and Hannah—and through his infinite mercy forgave the sinner in his wild turbulence of passion. William Grieve had never gone to bed without joining in prayer; and he revered the Sabbath-day and kept it holy. Much is forgiven to the human heart by him who so fearfully framed it; and God is not slow to pardon the love which one human being bears to another, in his frailty—even though that love forget or arraign his own unsleeping providence. His voice has told us to love one another; and William loved Hannah in simplicity, innocence, and truth. That she should perish was a thought so dreadful, that, in its agony, God seemed a ruthless being—"Blow—blow—blow—and drift us up for ever—we cannot be far asunder—O Hannah—Hannah—think ye not that heaven has forsaken us?"

As the boy groaned these words passionately through his quivering lips, there was a sudden lowness in the air, and he heard the barking of his absent dog, while the one at his feet hurried off in the direction of the sound, and soon loudly joined the cry. It was not a bark of surprise, or anger, or fear—but of recognition and love. William sprung up from his bed in the snow, and with his heart knocking at his bosom even to sickness, he rushed headlong through the drifts, with a giant's strength, and fell down half dead with joy and terror beside the body of Hannah Lee!

But he soon recovered from that fit, and lifting the cold corpse in his arms, he kissed her lips, and her cheeks, and her forehead, and her closed eyes, till, as he kept gazing on her face in utter despair, her head fell back on his shoulder, and a long deep sigh came from her inmost bosom.

"She is yet alive, thank God!" and as that expression left

his lips for the first time that night, he felt a pang of remorse; "I said, O God, thou that hast forsaken us—I am not worthy to be saved; but let not this maiden perish, for the sake of her parents, who have no other child." The distracted youth prayed to God with the same earnestness as if he had been beseeching a fellow-creature, in whose hand was the power of life and death. The presence of the Great Being was felt by him in the dark and howling wild, and strength was imparted to him as to a deliverer. He bore along the fair child in his arms, even as if she had been a lamb. The snow-drift blew not—the wind fell dead—a sort of glimmer, like that of an upbreathing and departing storm, gathered about him—his dogs barked, and jumped, and burrowed joyfully in the snow—and the youth, strong in sudden hope, exclaimed, "With the blessing of heaven, which has not deserted us in our sore distress, will I carry thee, Hannah, in my arms, and lay thee down alive in the house of thy father." At this moment there were no stars in the sky, but she opened her dim blue eyes upon him in whose bosom she was unconsciously lying, and said, as in a dream,

"Send the riband that ties up my hair, as a keepsake, to William Grieve."

"She thinks that she is on her death-bed, and forgets me not. It is the voice of heaven that tells me she will not now die, and that, under its grace, I shall be her deliverer."

The short-lived rage of the storm was soon over, and William could attend to the beloved being on his bosom. The warmth of his heart seemed to infuse life into hers; and as he gently placed her feet on the snow, till he muffled her up in his plaid, as well as in her own, she made an effort to stand, and with extreme perplexity and bewilderment faintly inquired where she was, and what fearful catastrophe had befallen them? She was, however, too weak to walk; and as her young friend carried her along, she murmured,

"O William, what if my father be in the moor? For if you who need care so little about me, have come hither, as I suppose, to save my life, you may be sure that my father sat not within doors during the storm."

As she spoke it was calm below, but the wind was still alive in the upper air, and cloud, rack, mist, and sleet, were all driving about in the sky. Out shone for a moment the pallid and ghostly moon, through a rent in the gloom, and by that uncertain light, came staggering forward the figure of a man.

"Father—father!" cried Hannah—and his gray hairs were already on her cheek. The barking of the dogs and the shouting of the young shepherd had struck his ear, as the sleep of death was stealing over him, and with the last effort of benumbed nature, he had roused himself from that fatal torpor, and prest through the snow-wreath that had separated him from his child. As yet they knew not of the danger each had endured, but each judged of the other's sufferings from their own, and father and daughter regarded one another as creatures rescued, and hardly yet rescued, from death.

But a few minutes ago, and the three human beings who loved each other so well, and now feared not to cross the Moor in safety, were, as they thought, on their death-beds. Deliverance now shone upon them all like a gentle fire, dispelling that pleasant but deadly drowsiness; and the old man was soon able to assist William Grieve in leading Hannah along through the snow. Her colour and her warmth returned, and her lover—for so might he well now be called—felt her heart gently beating against his side. Filled as that heart was with gratitude to heaven, joy in her deliverance, love to her father, and purest affection for William, never before had the innocent maiden known what was happiness—and never more was she to forget it. The night was now almost calm, and fast returning to its former beauty, when the party saw the first twinkle of the fire through the low window of the cottage of the Moor. They soon were at the garden gate—and to relieve the heart of the wife and mother within, they talked loudly and cheerfully, naming each other familiarly, and laughing between, like persons who had known neither danger nor distress.

No voice answered from within, no footstep came to the door, which stood open as when the father had left it in his fear, and now he thought with affright that his wife, feeble as she was, had been unable to support the loneliness, and had followed him out into the night, never to be brought home alive. As they bore Hannah into the house, this fear gave way to worse, for there upon the hard clay floor lay the mother upon her face, as if murdered by some savage blow. She was in the same deadly swoon into which she had fallen on her husband's departure three hours before. The old man raised her up, and her pulse was still—so was her heart—her face pale and sunken—and her body cold as ice.

"I have recovered a daughter," said the old man, "but I

have lost a wife;" and he carried her, with a groan, to the bed on which he laid her lifeless body. The sight was too much for Hannah, worn out as she was, and who had hitherto been able to support herself in the delightful expectation of gladdening her mother's heart by her safe arrival. She, too, now swooned away, and, as she was placed on the bed beside her mother, it seemed, indeed, that death, disappointed of his prey on the wild moor, had seized it in the cottage, and by the fireside. The husband knelt down by the bedside, and held his wife's icy hand in his, while William Grieve, appalled and awe-stricken, hung over his Hannah. But Hannah's young heart soon began once more to beat—and soon as she came to her recollection, she rose up with a face whiter than ashes and free from all smiles, as if none had ever played there, and joined her father and lover in their efforts to restore her mother to life.

It was the mercy of heaven that had struck her down to the earth, insensible to the shrieking winds, and the fears that would otherwise have killed her. Three hours of that wild storm had passed over her head, and she heard nothing more than if she had been asleep in a breathless night of the summer dew. Not even a dream had touched her brain, and when she opened her eyes, which, as she thought, had been but a moment shut, she had scarcely time to recall to her recollection the image of her husband rushing out into the storm, and of a daughter therein lost, till she beheld that very husband kneeling tenderly by her bedside, and that very daughter smoothing the pillow on which her aching temples reclined. But she knew from the white steadfast countenances before her that there had been tribulation and deliverance, and she looked on the beloved beings ministering by her bed, as more fearfully dear to her from the unimagined danger from which she felt assured they had been rescued by the arm of the Almighty.

There is little need to speak of returning recollection, and returning strength. They had all now power to weep, and power to pray. The Bible had been lying in its place ready for worship, and the father read aloud that chapter in which is narrated our Saviour's act of miraculous power, by which he saved Peter from the sea. Soon as the solemn thoughts awakened by that act of mercy so similar to that which had rescued themselves from death had subsided, and they had all risen up from prayer, they gathered themselves in gratitude round the little table which had stood so many hours spread—and exhausted nature was strengthened and restored by a frugal and simple meal partaken of in silent thankfulness. The whole story of the night was then calmly recited—and when the mother heard how the stripling had followed her sweet Hannah into the storm, and borne her in his arms through a hundred drifted heaps, and then looked upon her in her pride, so young, so innocent, and so beautiful, she knew, that were the child indeed to become an orphan, there was one, who, if there was either trust in nature, or truth in religion, would guard and cherish her all the days of her life.

It was not nine o'clock when the storm came down from Glen-Srae upon the Black-moos, and now in a pause of silence the clock struck twelve. Within these three hours William and Hannah had led a life of trouble and of joy, that had enlarged and kindled their hearts within them; and they felt that henceforth they were to live wholly for each other's sakes. His love was the proud and exulting love of a deliverer who, under Providence, had saved from the frost and the snow the innocence and the beauty of which his young passionate heart had been so desperately enamoured—and he now thought of his own Hannah Lee ever more moving about in his father's house, not as a servant, but as a daughter—and when some few happy years had gone by, his own most beautiful and most loving wife. The innocent maiden was not ashamed of the holy affection which she now knew that she had long felt for the fearless youth on whose bosom she had thought herself dying in that cold and miserable moor. Her heart leapt within her when she heard her parents bless him by his name—and when he took her hand into his before them, and vowed before that Power who had that night saved them from the snow, that Hannah Lee should ere long be his wedded wife—she wept and sobbed as if her heart would break in a fit of strange and insupportable happiness.

The young shepherd rose to bid them farewell—"My father will think I am lost," said he, with a grave smile, "and my Hannah's mother knows what it is to fear for a child." So nothing was said to detain him, and the family went with him to the door. The skies smiled as serenely as if a storm had never swept before the stars, the moon was sinking from her meridian, but in cloudless splendour, and the hollow of the hills was hushed as that of heaven. Danger there was none over the placid night-scene—the happy youth soon

crost the Black-moss, now perfectly still; and, perhaps, just as he was passing, with a shudder of gratitude, the very spot where his sweet Hannah Lee so nearly perished, she was lying down to sleep in her innocence, or dreaming of one now dearer to her than all on earth but her parents. Blackwood.

TURKISH STRATAGEM.

Once upon a time there lived in Hamah a certain Turk called Mustapha, who, having accumulated some wealth by carrying on a trade in goats' hair, determined to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. His family consisted of his wife and two slaves; and as the lady insisted on not being left behind, the good man resolved to sell off his stock of goats' hair, to take all his household with him, and to shut up his house till his return. The only difficulty that presented itself was what to do with his money. He did not like to run the risk of being robbed of it in his journey through the desert, he did not like to leave it in an empty house, and there were not any friends to whom he wished to trust the secret of his wealth. After much deliberation he placed it in separate parcels at the bottom of five large earthen jars, which he then filled up with butter, and on his departure sent them to the house of one of his neighbours, a Jew, named Mousa, to keep till his return, telling him that it was a stock which he had laid in for winter consumption. The Jew, however, from the weight of the jars and other circumstances, suspected that they contained something more valuable; and as soon as Mustapha was fairly on his way to Damascus to join the caravan, he ventured to open them; when finding his expectations realised, he took out the gold and filled them up again with butter so carefully that nobody could tell that they had been disturbed. The poor Turk, on his return from the pilgrimage, soon found out the trick that his neighbour had practised upon him; but as the jars were exactly in the same apparent state as when he had left them, and as there was no evidence as to their contents, it was plain that no legal process could give him any redress. He therefore set about to devise some other way of punishing the Jew, and of recovering, if possible, his property; and in the mean time he did not communicate his loss to any person but his wife, and enjoined on her the strictest secrecy. After long consideration, a plan suggested itself. In one of his visits to the neighbouring town of Homs, where he was in the habit of going to sell his goats' hair to the manufacturers of the mashlakhs, for which that place is famous, he fell in with a troop of gipsies, who had with them an ape of extraordinary sagacity. He prevailed on them to sell him this animal, and conveying it privately to the house at Hamah, shut it up in a room to which no one but himself had access. He then went to the bazaar and bought one of the dark scanty robes and the small caps or *kalpaks*, with a speckled handkerchief tied closely round it, which is the prescribed costume of the Jews throughout the Turkish empire. This dress he took care invariably to put on whenever he went to visit his ape; and as he always carried him his meals, and indeed never allowed any other person to see him, the animal in the course of a few weeks became extremely attached to him, jumping on his neck and hugging and caressing him as soon as he entered the room. About this time, as he was walking along the streets one day, he met a lad, the son of the Jew Mousa, and having enticed him into his house by the promise of some figs, he shut him up a close prisoner in a detached apartment in his garden, at such a distance from the street and from the other houses in the town, that the boy could not discover to any one the place of his confinement. The Jew, after several days search, not being able to obtain any tidings of him, concluded that he had either been drowned, or had strayed out of the town and fallen into the hands of some wandering Bedouins; and as he was his only child, fell into a state of the greatest despair: till at length he heard by accident, that just about the time that the boy was missing, he had been seen walking in company with Hadgi Mustapha. The truth instantly flashed on his mind, and he recognised in the loss of his son, some stratagem which the Turk had planned in revenge for the affair of the butter-jars. He immediately summoned him before the *cadi*, accused him of having the boy in his possession, and insisted on his immediately restoring him. Mustapha at first strenuously denied the fact; but when one of the witnesses positively declared that he saw the boy go into his house, and when the *cadi* was about to pronounce his decree, that he should bring him into the court dead or alive,—“*Yah illah, el Allah!*” he exclaimed, “there is no God but Allah, and his power is infinite; he can work miracles when it seemeth good in his sight. It is true, effendi,” continued he, addressing himself to the *cadi*, “that I saw the Jew Mousa's son passing by my house; and for the

sake of the old friendship subsisting between his father and myself, I invited him to come in to eat some figs which I had just been gathering. The boy, however, repaid my hospitality with rudeness and abuse: nay, he even blasphemed the name of our holy prophet; but scarcely had the words passed his lips, when, to my surprise and horror, he was suddenly changed into a monkey. In that form I will produce him; and as a proof that what I tell you is true, you will see that he will immediately recognise his father.” At this instant a servant who was waiting on the outside let loose the ape into the divan, who seeing that the Jew was the only person present in the dress to which he was accustomed, mistook him for his master, jumped upon him, and clung round his neck with all the expressions of fondness which the child might have been supposed to exhibit on being restored to his parent. Nothing more was wanting to convince the audience of the truth of Mustapha's story; “A miracle, a real miracle!” they cried out, “great is Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet:” and the Jew was ordered to take the monkey and retire from the court. A compromise was now his only resource; and accordingly, as soon as it was dark, and he could go unobserved, he repaired to Mustapha's house, and offered, if he would liberate his son, to restore all the money which he had taken from the butter-jars. The Turk having attained his object, consented to release the prisoner; but in order to keep up his own credit, he stipulated that the child should be removed privately, and that his father, with his whole family, should immediately quit the place. The popular belief in the miracle thus remained unshaken; and so great was the disrepute into which the Jews fell in consequence of this adventure, that they all departed one after the other, and none have ever since been known to reside in Hamah. London Sun.

EXTRACT FROM A LOG-BOOK.

The following is an extract from the log-book of an emigrant, proceeding to the Swan river, dated Cape of Good Hope, December 10th, 1829.

“October 14, in 19 degrees, fell in with a shoal of sharks, which played round the vessel to the annoyance of the sailors, who are rather superstitious, and consider such visitors as ominous of evil, and which indeed proved too true. At mid-day, all the gentlemen were busily employed (it being a dead calm) in baiting hooks to catch sharks, and one of them soon took the bait. The fish was full eighteen feet in length, and in floundering to disentangle itself, caused so much sport that several passengers crowded into the captain's boat, which hung suspended over the stern of the ship. Suddenly they all got to the head of the boat to see the shark hauled under the stern of the vessel, struggling with the line. In a moment the quarter davit on the starboard side of the vessel broke off and let one end of the boat down, precipitating every soul in it into the sea among the sharks. Here was a scene of horror! The captain was in midship when it happened. I was busily employed at my tents under the tuition of the boatswain, but, like the rest, when the shark was caught, left my occupation to witness the sport, but Providence guided me to a point of safety. The boatswain had slung himself by a rope and lowered himself to the surface of the water, with the harpoon in his hand ready to strike the fish, at the very instant the accident happened. Young Williams followed me, but not satisfied with the view, he hastily climbed up the side of the cabin, and was the last that jumped into the unlucky boat, and made up the number of twelve persons struggling in the sea among the sharks. Our captain was almost beside himself—all hands commenced throwing out ropes, loose spars, oars, and every buoyant article we could lay hands on for them to cling to. Fortunately it was a dead calm, or every soul must have perished—our vessel only drifted by the little current of the sea. I saved one lad by throwing over a knife-board which the cabin-boy had been using; my man Hibberd threw over an Indian mat. Master Shaw, a young gentleman about thirteen got upon it, and was three miles astern of us before we could reach him with the boat, which was instantly manned and launched. I saved Mr. Earl's footman, who could swim, but was so exhausted from fear of the sharks that he was sinking, when I dragged the line the shark was attached to across him, and he had the presence of mind to put the cord between his teeth, when I hauled him within reach of a rope with a loop, by which we hauled him safe up. Mr. Peter Shadwell was also actively employed; he is in the East India company's service, and is a brother of the vice-chancellor; after half an hour's exertion, all were saved but two. I lament to say Williams was one of the unfortunates. I saw him sink to rise no more. He had hold of an oar, but lost his balance—he slipped it, and actually flung

his arms round the captured shark (which was now pulled up to the surface of the water) to save himself; but when he found out what he had hold of, he was so horror-struck that he called me by name, “Oh my God! my God! witness my end!” and down he sank to rise no more. The other sufferer was a fine healthy country boy. Thus two lives were lost to answer the confirmation of the sailor's omen, that sharks always prognosticate signs of death or some evil to the ship—thus it proved. This indeed was a tragic day. The fish, line, and all, drifted away, and we all returned thanks to God for allowing us to save the other ten.” Litchfield Mercury.

SUPERSTITION AND CRUELTY.

Whether we confine our observation to Christendom or not, superstition and cruelty will often, if not generally, be found inseparable companions. The following sketch of a horrid transaction is no fiction; but it will afford some satisfaction to the philanthropic to learn that the person who caused the death of an innocent wife (as will appear in the sequel) is gradually throwing off the trammels of superstition, and will probably introduce a policy more enlightened than that which has so long obscured and blackened the character of the Turks.

A distinguished German traveller, who spent considerable time in Constantinople about four years ago, received very kind treatment from the sultan. All the rites of hospitality, and all the offices of friendship, were bestowed with a spirit of frankness and a cordiality of feeling which would do honour to the most enlightened christian ruler. Nothing was omitted by the sultan which could contribute to the comfort or happiness of the traveller, or enrich his store of information on the various subjects to which his researches were directed; and as gratitude is one of the most pleasing emotions that warm the bosom, favours so distinguished from the sultan did not fail to awaken in the heart of the German the most lively and most grateful sentiments.

After the traveller had finished his oriental tour, and returned again to Germany, he was desirous of transmitting to the sultan some tokens of affectionate remembrance for the polite and generous attentions he had received. But it is a principle with the Turks, when they receive a present always to return one equal in value, and often one far superior. This principle the German wished to evade—he did not wish to send a present of the value of a few hundred dollars to one to whom he was under so many obligations, and receive one in return of much greater worth. He had made his arrangements to send his present by an Englishman, who commanded a brig then in one of the ports of the Baltic, and which was bound to the Black sea. The German enjoined upon the bearer of his present not to receive a present in return from the sultan.

When the English captain arrived at Constantinople, after an interview with the *reis effendi*,* he was introduced to the sultan, to whom, by an interpreter, he communicated his message from the German traveller. But so fixed is the sentiment in the mind of a Turk that presents must be reciprocated, that the sultan appeared hardly to understand it as a thing possible to receive the gift of his distant friend, without making a splendid return. But after further explanation, adverting to the many favours the German had formerly received at the hands of the sultan, he consented to accept the present, not however, without insisting that the captain who had brought it should receive one on his own account, if he could not receive one to carry back to the German. The sultan was then informed that the captain had been rewarded for bringing the present by him who sent it; still, he could not be satisfied without making some return to the captain.

As the sultan seemed to be determined that the captain should have some remuneration, the latter requested as a very important favour, to see the favourite wife, or one of the favourite wives of the sultan. With much apparent willingness the request was granted; and a female was soon introduced into their presence, her face entirely concealed by a veil, and she approached the sultan and kneeled. He extended his hand and took hers, and with the other hand raised her veil. As her eyes fell on the Englishman her countenance changed, and her whole frame trembled. This, to the captain, was altogether unaccountable; being ignorant that the sultan's wife, in the estimation of her superstitious lord, would be defiled by looking on a christian, and would forfeit her life by this act of obedience to his mandate. Well may the wife of a sultan shudder when unveiled in the presence of a christian, knowing that she will be immediately led to the scaffold to expiate the offence. Soon after the interview which cost an innocent woman her life, the Englishman had some business to transact

* Secretary of state for foreign affairs.

with the reis effendi; and when he remarked that he had just received a favour, perhaps not frequently granted to foreigners, that of seeing the sultan's favourite wife, judge of his utter astonishment and horror, when the reis effendi replied—"I knew before that you had seen her; and for polluting herself by looking on you, her head was cut off fifteen minutes ago!" Shocked with the atrocity, he regretted, but in vain, that his curiosity had led him to ask a favour which produced a result so despotic, inhuman, and tragical.*

RIDING.

Pulmonary complaints, and cases of general debility, are benefited by riding on horseback.

"To render riding on horseback effectual in a consumption," says Dr. Rush, "it should be continued with moderate intervals from six to twelve months. It should be repeated every two or three years, till the patient has passed the consumptive stages of life; nay, he must do more; he must acquire a habit of riding constantly, both at home and abroad."

We have witnessed the good effects of riding on horseback in many instances, and feel warranted to say, that if properly used, it is radically effective in cases of debility indicated by nervous affections. Riding on horseback, and sea-sickness, have cured more pulmonary affections than the whole catalogue of drugs, medicines, syrups, and panaceas.

The great majority of female complaints arise mainly from a want of proper exercise. This cannot be effected by mere muscular motion, as walking, sailing, or riding in an easy carriage. The viscera require an extraordinary degree of motion or agitation to keep them safe from the influence of slight changes of atmosphere or diet, as well as the tree, shrub, or plant does of the wind or storm that often agitates its frame to almost apparent destruction. To those who live in crowded cities, many necessary and healthy exercises are denied, and that more especially to females, who are consequently the most numerous class of victims to nervous and debilitated affections. A late visit to Mr. Blyth's riding school, at Tattersall's, in Broadway, suggested to us a remedy for this growing evil, and we cannot, in justice to humanity, forbear to recommend to our fair readers to avail themselves of this no less pleasant than healthy exercise, to give tone and vigour to their tender frames. Mr. B. seems to be perfectly master of his profession. When health can be obtained and preserved, while contributing to our own pleasure and gratification as well as the accomplishment of easy motions and elegant carriage, it is our own fault if we become nervous, dyspeptic, and hypochondriac.

Mr. Blyth's grounds are well calculated to answer every purpose for necessary exercise. It is an oblong square, (so called) or, in equestrian language, a "complete manage," quite preferable in many respects to a circle. If fathers and guardians would pay more money to educate their daughters in a riding school, and less in a boarding school, they would find more "sound minds in sound bodies," than the fact of every day's observation establishes. When the body is weak or enervate, the mind, however well disciplined and cultivated, is restless, peevish, and discontented, and becomes itself a source of diseased reaction on the corporeal system.—In short, riding on horseback is a branch of education that deserves attention in our populous cities. Medical Inquirer.

ROBERT OWEN IN ENGLAND.

During the last three or four weeks, Mr. Owen, of New-Lanark, and sundry other places, has been leading the columns of the London newspapers with "*Addresses to the British Nation*;" all setting forth his peculiar views, and containing arguments—we suppose they are at least meant to be such—in favour of his newly discovered plans for placing human beings on a par, as to moral and intellectual perfection, with the cherubim and seraphim. Most of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the nature of his air-built schemes, and some of them, perhaps, aware, that if his system of equality be not less extensive than the four quarters of this globe, he condescends to propose that an experiment shall be made upon a small scale—that at first, Great-Britain with its dependencies only, shall be submitted to his rule and governance, and that at once all distinctions of society shall be abolished, all modes of faith become extinct, all such prejudices as doctrine in religion have an end, together with some other trifling matters, such as matrimony, for example, and that mankind shall become pure and spotless, by the aid of that unerring guide, reason; beautiful and good by the help of the unsullied teacher, self-interest; and happy and immortal, because they deserve to

* For the principal facts contained in the foregoing sketch, we are indebted—says the Nantucket Inquirer—to a gentleman recently from Smyrna, where the story is well authenticated.

be so; working out their own salvation, without either fear or trembling.

What a piece of work is man! and what a piece of work does a man make of nothing, or worse than nothing. We know Mr. Owen is not a fool; yet he is vainly fancying that the world listens to his silly ravings, and that those who do not laugh are converts; and that those who openly oppose him, must become converts in the end. He is actually, at this moment, and has been for some time past, under the firm and fixed belief, that another year will not pass over his head, before his plans are universally adopted, and all his wild dreams become sober realities. The following is extracted from one of his addresses; it is the corner-stone of the temple he is about to raise. "The plan recommended is to supersede the vicious circumstances which pervade the moral, political, and commercial system now in practice, by other circumstances of more favourable character, formed in accordance with the now ascertained law of human nature, that belief and feeling are alike independent of the will of the individual. Such a combination of circumstances would at once relieve the world from all the misery entailed upon it, by the consequences arising from a contrary supposition, which supposition could only have been upheld through past ages, by reason of the ignorance which pervaded the human race, upon those all-important subjects."

British Magazine.

JONATHAN'S WATCH TRADE.

A smart young chap who lives away "down east," gives the following account of his first "venture" after arriving in Boston. "Nothing happened worth mentioning on the road, nor till next morning after I got here and put up in Elm-street. I then got off my watch pretty curiously, as you shall be informed. I was down in the bar-room and thought it well enough to look pretty considerably smart, and now and then compared my watch with the clock in the bar, and found it as near right as ever it was—when a fellow stepped up to me and asked how I'd trade? and says I, for what? and says he, for your watch—and says I, any way that will be a fair shake. Upon that, says he, I'll give you my watch and five dollars. Says I, it's done! He gave me five dollars, and I gave him my watch. Now, says I, give me your watch; and says he, with a loud laugh, I can't got none—and that kind atum'd the laugh on me. Thinks I let them laugh that lose. Soon as the laugh was well over, the feller thought he'd try the watch to his ear—why, says he, it don't go—no, said I, not without it's carried—then I began to laugh—he tried to open it and couldn't start it a hair, and broke his thumb nail into the bargain. Won't she open? says he. Not's I know on, says I; then the laugh seemed to take another turn. Don't you think I got off old Britannia, pretty well considering?"

CHARACTER OF A WELL-BRED MAN.

Some have supposed the fine gentleman and the well-bred to be synonymous terms; but I will make it appear that nothing can be more widely different; the former leaves nature entirely, the latter improves upon her. He is neither a slave nor an enemy to pleasure, but approves as his reason shall direct. He is above stooping to flatter a knave, though in an exalted station; nor overlooks merit, though he should find it in a cottage. His behaviour is affable and respectful, yet not cringing or formal; and his manners easy and unaffected. He misses no opportunity wherein he can oblige his friends, yet does it in so delicate a manner that he seems rather to have received than conferred a favour. He does not profess a passion he never felt, to impose upon the credulity of a simple woman, nor will he injure another's reputation to please her vanity. He cannot love where he does not esteem, nor ever suffers his passions to overcome his reason. In his friendship he is steady and sincere, and lives less for himself than his friend.

Letter from a Lady.

BERNADOTTE.

A Swedish peasant spoke contemptuously of the king, saying—"I don't care a fig for Bernadotte." The peasant was arrested, and under an ancient law of the kingdom, condemned to death. The king immediately pardoned the peasant, and ordered the law to be repealed. "But," said the king to the judge, "I do not like to be insulted, and therefore I cannot let this man pass off without some punishment: you will therefore please to go to his house, and say to him in my name—'Since you don't care a fig for Bernadotte, Bernadotte don't care a fig for you.'"

An itinerant preacher, who rambled in his sermons, when requested to stick to the text, replied, that "scattering shot hit the most birds."

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

In glancing over the motley mass of printed sheets with which we exchange, amid the satisfactory quantity of praise which has been freely and cheerfully awarded us by the leading journals in our principal cities, we here and there perceive a sprinkling of impotent abuse in a few papers of rather equivocal character. To this we do not object. Success will always engender envy and bad feeling in little minds, and why should we hope to escape scot-free more than others? Whatever may be the ostensible reason assigned for these attacks, we know that the real cause is the rapidly increasing circulation of the Mirror. This, and this alone, is the unpardonable offence which cannot be forgiven by decayed and decaying journals; and this being the case, we can well afford to regard with calmness those ebullitions of petty malice which the natural course of pecuniary operations will soon silence for ever: before being consigned over to the tender attentions of their creditors, the editors of those sorry affairs naturally desire, like dying reptiles, to spit their expiring venom on those who have been more fortunate than themselves, and we think they ought to be indulged in this their last gratification, as it cannot possibly harm any one. Our respectable and thriving competitors have never evinced ought towards us but civility and gentlemanly courtesy, which we have done our best to deserve; and as for those who will soon be no more, we do not desire to accelerate their latter end even by a paragraph. Peace be with them.

One of our opponents—no, not our opponents—but one of our revilers, who has gained some little notoriety by his extraordinary and Pistolonian manner of putting the English language together, is extremely desirous that we should bring him further into notice by replying to his incomprehensibilities. We really have every desire to do a good-natured turn towards an unfortunate being, but are prevented in consequence of his improper use of adjectives, we having made a resolution in the commencement of our career, never to reply to any person that used more than four adjectives per line; this gentleman averages six, so that the public will at once perceive the utter impossibility of our complying with his wishes.

Music.—We are glad to perceive that both here and in England, great exertions are making for the further advancement of this delightful science. In London, a new and magnificent institute has sprung up entitled the "Panarmonion," principally devoted to instruction in singing, but also including dancing and elocution. Such an establishment cannot fail in producing the most striking effects, as it is to be superintended by the celebrated Signor Gesualdo Lanza, a professor who has been more successful in the education of his pupils than perhaps any other, and has been instrumental in bringing forward some of the brightest ornaments of the English stage. We subjoin a small portion of the prospectus:

"The vocal department of this establishment will be composed of twenty-four ladies and twenty-four gentlemen, who will be taught by Signor Gesualdo Lanza, assisted by his professional pupils, and will be thoroughly instructed in the vocal department of the drama, for oratorio performances, and for public concerts, on the most approved and scientific principles: upon a system, the merits of which will be duly appreciated, when is considered the brilliant success of the under-mentioned distinguished vocalists, who were the pupils of Signor Lanza: Mrs. Austin, late of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, now in America; Miss Bolton, ditto, ditto, now Lady Thurlow; Miss Herbert, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; Miss Mori, formerly of the Italian Opera, now of the Opera House, Paris; Miss Stephens, of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden; Miss M. Tree, formerly of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; Mr. Duruset, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; Mr. J. Smith, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, &c."

The ballet department will be under the direction of Noble, and other eminent instructors in saltatory evolutions.

To Correspondents.—L. G. W. must at once perceive the obvious impropriety, not to say indelicacy, which would attach to the publication in this miscellany, of his well written and better meant notice of its general character and merits. We sincerely thank him for the expression of his kind feelings—and, on most other subjects, we shall cheerfully gratify our vanity by publishing any communication from his fluent pen.

Concert.—Miss Sterling's concert will take place on Tuesday next at Masonic Hall. The Misses Gillingham, Etienne, Schott, Hansen, and other distinguished professors have volunteered their services.

Orphan Asylum.—The amount received on Sunday last at St. Patrick's cathedral, in behalf of the orphan asylum, Prince-street, amounted to four hundred and seven dollars.

WHEN FORCED FROM DEAR HEBE TO GO.

COMPOSED BY DR. ARNE.

AFFETUOSO.

When forc'd from dear He be to go, What an - guish I felt at my heart, And I thought, but it might not be so, She was

sor - ry to see me de - part; She cast such a lan - guish - ing view, My path I could scarce - ly dis - cern, So sweet - ly she bade me a -

dieu I thought that she bade me re - turn, I thought that she bade me re - turn.

SECOND VERSE.

To see, as my fair one pass'd by,
Some hermit peep out of his cell,
How he thinks of his youth with a sigh,
How fondly he wishes her well;
On him she may smile, if she please,
It will warm the cold bosom of age,
But cease, gentle Hebe, O cease,
Such softness would ruin the sage.

VARIETIES.

HISTORY OF NAVAL UNIFORM IN ENGLAND.—A very curious paper was recently read before the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. Ellis. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, it appeared from this communication, the commanders were ordered to dress in scarlet, which they continued to do by royal ordinance until the Commonwealth, and from that period till the time of George the Second, naval officers dressed according to their own fancies, each commander of a vessel having a whim in costume of his own. A letter on the same subject was also read by Mr. Locker, of Greenwich Hospital, who states that the present naval uniform (blue, faced with white) was ordered by George the Second, in consequence of observing the effect of those blended colours in a riding-dress of the dutchess of Bedford. Epaulettes, it seems, are quite a modern invention, inasmuch, that Nelson, in the early part of his life, threatened to cut two of his naval friends, as intolerable coxcombs, merely because they mounted epaulettes.

THE BIRDS OF AMERICA.—We have been highly gratified, says a late English paper, by inspecting some beautiful and highly-finished engravings of the birds of America, from drawings made on the spot, by John James Audubon, a celebrated naturalist, possessed not only of science, but feeling and taste. Where a difference of plumage exists between the sexes, both the male and female birds have been represented; in many instances they are beautifully grouped in their respective avocations. The size of the work is double-elephant, and the birds are nearly as large as life. Where all are eminently attractive, it is almost invidious to particularize. To those who derive pleasure from the study of natural history, that highway to the throne of the Almighty Creator of the glorious eagle and the fairy humming-bird,

such a work is invaluable; and to those who without being scientific, love to gaze upon the works of God, and "gazing to adore," Mr. Audubon's productions must prove a never-ending source of interest and amusement. The drawings are published by Mr. R. Havell, jun. in Newman-street.

NEW SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.—A vast degree of attention has been for some time excited on the continent, to the merits of a new system of education, of which M. Jacotot, of Louvain, is the inventor and founder. He terms it "Universal Instruction," from the fact, that its principles admit of application to every subject in the universe of knowledge. This system, indeed, presents what had never before been presented, an harmonious whole, which although of remarkably simple machinery, is yet of astonishing energy. A pamphlet has just made its appearance in London, the intention of which is to furnish a complete general notion of the principles and method of this new system, from the operation of which, the most marvellous results have been undeniably obtained. If a royal road to learning be in the nature of things accessible, Jacotot has assuredly discovered it.

SCOTT'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.—The last Foreign Quarterly Review tells us, that though every one of Sir Walter Scott's novels has been translated into Polish, yet so much are the Poles and Sir Walter at issue with respect to the character of Napoleon, that not a single bookseller can be found in Poland courageous enough to advertise a translation of the celebrated Life of Bonaparte.

LITERARY CLUB.—Mr. Campbell, the poet, is busily employed in organizing a club to be composed principally of literary men, and thence to be called the Literary Club. No man of the present day could be found to unite a greater number of the qualities necessary to succeed in such an undertaking than Mr. Campbell himself.

EXTRAORDINARY AND HORRIBLE EVENT.—The following occurrence has recently thrown a family of respectability in Paris into the deepest affliction. Mlle. C. had suffered severely and long from a pulmonary complaint, which had been pronounced by her medical advisers likely to terminate in death in a few days. The eldest of her three brothers, a professor at one of the principal colleges, overwhelmed at the sight of the protracted sufferings of a sister whom he tenderly loved, formed the resolution of at once putting an end to them: and, with this wild idea, went to the house of their parents, killed her with a pistol-shot, and fled. He left a letter behind, announcing that when it was opened, he himself would be no longer living, and entreating that he might be buried with his sister. A few hours afterwards, his parents received intelligence of his having entered the house of a friend, where he executed his purpose by blowing out his brains.

MARCH OF INNOVATION.—If it be true that an Italian theatre is about to be established at Constantinople, it may lead to an important change in the opinions and habits of the Moslems. Women, not only unveiled, but exhibiting themselves on an open stage, while the rest of the sex, assembled in public, are exposed to the gaze of grave Mahometans, grinning Franks, and other dogs, who may choose to pay a piastre for a stare at the beauties of Georgia and Circassia—this is a step in the march of innovation scarcely to be credited

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

CHANGES.

We meet in the sunshine of gladness
To brighten our memory's chain,
We part in the twilight of sadness,
Perchance to meet never again.

From the hearth of our childhood we sever,
In the land of the stranger to dwell,
To the friends of our bosom for ever
We whisper the parting farewell.

And yet, o'er the stretch of the billow,
As lonely and cheerless we roam,
In dreams by our wave-circled pillow,
We hear the sweet voices of home.

Though the shroud and the green sward may cover
The fond hearts that shined us so deep,
Yet in visions their spirits shall hover,
Like angels of light o'er our sleep.

Then joy! for those visits betoken
A being o'er death's wide domain!
Be the links of affection all broken,
The future shall join them again.

Oh yes, though parted we wander
In sadness down life's farthest slope,
While darkly our memories ponder
O'er all the lost pleiads of hope.

Though chill to our coffinless bosom
The ice of the arctic shall cling,
Or flowers round our sepulchres blossom,
Where sweetly the tropic birds sing:

Yet when from their mouldering cerements
The trumpet-roused sleepers shall start,
In the thrill of remembered endearments,
We shall meet—may we meet not to part! *PROTEUS.*

VERSES,

Written among the Alleghany Mountains in Virginia.

How calm and glorious is the hour of night
In these uncultured solitary wilds,
When o'er each lowly vale and lofty height,
The full-orb'd moon in cloudless lustre smiles.

Those lofty mountains with their forests' green,
And craggy summits towering to the sky,
How proudly do they rise o'er all the scene,
And lift the thoughts from earth, to muse on high.

And yon pure rivolet that pours along,
Playing and sparkling in the moonbeams clear;
How sweet the music of its vesper song
In changeful cadence falls upon the ear.

And hark, the roar of those far-spreading woods,
Sinking or rising as the winds sweep by;
Myriads of voices fill these solitudes,
And send the notes of melody on high:

While all his works with one accord rejoice
And pour forth praises to the Great Supreme,
Shall man, unmoved, withhold his nobler voice,
Nor glow with raptures on the glorious theme?

His bounteous goodness all creation fills,
Even those wild woods where solitude prevails;
He sends his dews upon the untrodden hills,
And flowers he scatters o'er the lonely vales.

Scenes unfrequented by the feet of men
Display his goodness and proclaim his might;
He feeds the wild-deer in the secret glen,
And the young eagles on the craggy height.

His mighty hand the vivid lightning speeds,
And bursts the clouds that o'er the hills impend,
The mountain stream through distant lands he leads,
And joy and melody his steps attend.

To trace his wonders through each varying clime,
And all his mercies to the sons of men;
Fills the rapt soul with ecstasy sublime,
Beyond the efforts of the poet's pen.

Oh, solitude, how blissful are the hours
Among thy shades in heavenly musing past,
When nature leads us through her secret bowers,
And contemplation spreads the rich repast!

Amid the haunts of men the thoughtful mind,
That fain would soar above the things of earth,
Finds her bold flight on every hand confined
By care distracted, and seduced by mirth.

But in the deep and solemn hour of night
The soul luxuriates in a scene like this,

From cliff to cliff she wings her daring flight
O'er foaming cataract, or dark abyss:
Or else uplifted o'er the things of time,
By heavenly faith from all her bonds set free
Among the fields of ether treads sublime,
And holds communion with the Deity.

Oh! how transporting is the glorious thought,
That He, whose power controls yon worlds above,
Is ever nigh—and ever found when sought
To save and bless us with a father's love.

Even his chastisements are with kindness fraught,
And seal instruction on th' attentive mind;
Driven by disease, these distant shades I sought,
And all the fruitless cares of life resigned.

'Twas then He met me and in mercy heal'd
The raging fever that my strength deprest;
His love paternal to my soul revealed,
And swelled the tide of rapture in my breast.

Then oh, my heart, mayst thou continual turn
To Him whose power alone can guide thy ways;
May love divine upon thy altar burn,
And every thought and feeling speak his praise.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Oh thou lamented, absent one,
To thee my thoughts would stray,
In evening's consecrated hour,
Or mid the pomp of day.

Thine image is before me now,
Oh, would it ne'er depart!
That gentle mien, that angel smile,
Are graven on my heart.

From fancy in the festal hall
Thy fairy form recedes;
Thou art not at our trysting place,
And stricken memory bleeds.

And when thy favourite song is breathed,
In well-remembered tone,
Thy voice upon its echo floats,
But where art thou—my own?

What was the strong, though nameless spell,
That bound my heart to thee?
It was not beauty, for around
I many fairer see.

It was a meek and holy charm,
An intellectual grace,
A mind of purity and truth,
More lovely than thy face.

How oft from revelry and mirth,
My wayward heart would flee
To solitude, whose musing thoughts
Would give thee back to me.

Beloved! though this cherished pain
Now sheds its blight o'er all,
I would not from its rest above,
Thy gentle spirit call.

And yet while on life's faithless sea
My sinking heart is lost,
How could I cease to sigh for thee,
For thee, the loved and lost!

Thou'rt gone, and what remains to me?
Life's silver chain is riven—
Oh that I soon away may flee,
And reach thy home in heaven!

ELOISA.

ORIGINAL TALES.

A SKETCH.

But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And giveth every power a double power
Above their functions and their offices.—*Shaks.*

TRAFFIC was a young merchant, possessing considerable property and some personal beauty. He was well known for his steady habits, his strict attention to business, his scrupulous punctuality, his rigid integrity, and his wary prudence. He was prompt in his appearance on 'change—not a moment too late—as regular as the town clock—his word was like a covenant—his promise like a bond. With all these excellent qualities he was the most abject miser on earth; avarice was his ruling principle, money his polar star. This passion had, like a deadly mildew, blighted all the finer feelings of his

nature, and turned "the milk of human kindness" into corrosive poison. In vain did the feeble voice of distress and the soul-piercing cry of misery appeal to his adamant bosom. In vain did the forlorn orphan and the famished widow crave a morsel of his bread; they were rudely repulsed from his inhospitable door, and their importunities denounced with a bitter curse. Traffic was a grovelling niggard both in principle and practice; he never spent a farthing but through absolute necessity. No pleasure, however seducing, no amusement, however attractive, if its enjoyment cost the most insignificant trifle, possessed charms sufficient to allure him. He lived on a system of the most rigid economy, of which his personal appearance in particular, gave the fullest indications. His hat (to begin with the most conspicuous article of his dress) dated its existence several years back. Its hue had probably once been a jet black, but through excessive wear and exposure to the inclemency of the weather, it had become a fiery red; it had also apparently lost its pristine shape, and now began to exhibit the most striking symptoms of a rapid dissolution. His modest black coat had descended through three successive generations, and was by no means the least singular part of his dress; it was perfectly threadbare, and as devoid of nap, as the deserts of Arabia are said to be of verdure and vegetation; its cut was also very odd, so much so, that divers persons, skilled in the art of making habiliments, repeatedly declared that they had never seen a vestment of similar form. In addition to this, there were also in it three or four rents of divers dimensions, which had evidently been repaired by some individual not expert in the mystery of the needle. His vest, bespattered with ink of various hues, and his yellow coloured trousers, "a world too wide," laid claim to antiquity as justly as any other item of his dress. And then last, not least, his crimson stockings, unseemingly darned in some places with yellow yarn, and his ponderous shoes, well fortified on the soles with nails of uncommon size, and ornamented with a pair of huge buckles of glittering brass, completed a picture of more than ordinary interest. He also kept a half-starved servant, whose stomach was seldom or never free from a very disagreeable sensation, called hunger, and whose meagre looks bore abundant evidence of his master's thrifty management. This servant was obliged to work for bare bed and board, if a dirty mattress, a little pork and a few cold potatoes can be dignified with the name. He was a factotum in the household, that is to say, he cooked his master's victuals, cleaned his boots, brushed his clothes, cut his hair, and, in short, performed a number of other operations too tedious to mention.

Traffic was a regular church-going man. He usually listened to the sermon with the deepest attention, and seemed to have his heart engrossed with the solemnity of the subject. His keen, hazel eye, instead of roving from place to place, and amusing itself with a variety of objects, was continually riveted on the parson. One Sunday afternoon, as he was thus sitting in his pew, his eye fixed on the pulpit and his mind apparently absorbed in profound meditation, a beautiful form in white rustled by him; a rich fragrance scented the air and made it an elysium of delight! Curiosity, that all-powerful stimulus, for once kindled itself in his breast, and he mechanically turned his gaze from the parson to the fair object that flitted before him like a fairy elf. Heavens! what symmetry of form! what beauty! what perfection met his wondering eye! The icy heart of our hero was dissolved at the sight; he began to feel the influence of some strange power, and to find a passion—a feeling, hitherto new, hitherto unknown, raising within his labouring breast, and enthralling every faculty. In vain did he strive to compose himself, and collect his scattered senses; all his endeavours proved fruitless, and only tended to render his perturbation the more visible. Neither the parson nor the sermon had now any more charms for him; the recollection of both had apparently been swallowed up in the vortex of this new emotion. His eye instinctively stole another glance of the fair object, who was now seated. What soul-thrilling delight did that single glance convey! what ecstatic rapture did it dart through the frame! what angelic fascination did it impart to every sense! But why attempt to describe that which beggars description? Why attempt, with the cold monumental imagery of words, to define that which neither the tongue can express nor the imagi-

nation conceive? Suffice it to say that Traffic was in love; desperately so, for the first time in his life. The more he gazed, the more he became enraptured—every moment disclosed some latent charm and brought to view some hidden grace. Yes, reader, the omnipotent god of love had entered the citadel of his heart, had routed the host of niggard passions which defended it, and dispelled the icy chilliness which so long had frozen the "genial current of his soul." At the conclusion of the service our hero left the church, and shaped his course homewards like an automaton. He walked unusually slow, his hands lodged in his deep pockets, and his eyes intently fixed on the ground, probably musing on the events of the afternoon. In his mental aberrations he would, now and then, significantly shake his head, and sometimes accompany that movement with a huge shrug of his shoulders, to the no small entertainment of divers persons, whose gravity was very much relaxed at the sight. Upon reaching his door he gave a thundering rap, which made his little tenement shake to its foundation. Quick (the servant) having consigned himself to the arms of Morpheus, seemed in no haste to make his appearance, and it was not until Traffic preferred several vigorous applications to the door with his foot that he obtained admission. Therefore, as soon as the door opened, he bestowed sundry lusty blows and kicks upon the ribs of his servant, and exhibited various other tokens of displeasure, the effects of which poor Quick felt for many days afterwards. After having thus compensated his domestic for his vigilance, the love-sick merchant seated himself at supper; but although his appetite was exceedingly good, yet on this occasion he could not taste a morsel. His heart was so full, and his thoughts so much engaged with the fair being who had attracted his attention in church, that he loathed the very idea of nourishment. He went to bed in hopes that sleep would soon free him from the disquietude of mind under which he laboured. But in this he found himself deceived; in vain did he court repose and seek to bury his uneasiness in a temporary oblivion. The short intervals of slumber which he enjoyed were constantly haunted with the image of his charmer. He tossed himself from side to side, spent the live-long night in a state of feverish restlessness, and rose unrefreshed in mind and body, just as the sun began to show his laughing face to this nether world. He hastily dressed himself, and in so doing, committed a multitude of grievous blunders, solely incident to poor wights who are "head over ears in love." He mistook his white neckcloth for a napkin, and soiled it considerably before he discovered the mistake; he buckled on his shoes, entirely forgetting first to put on his crimson stockings, and concluded by wearing his white vest wrong side out, thereby exhibiting a figure irresistibly droll.

Quick, upon seeing his master, with difficulty restrained his laughter. Mustering up all the gravity in his power, he briefly apprised our hero of the strangeness of his dress, and suggested the propriety of rectifying it. The latter, upon viewing himself, confessed the justness of the remark with a woful grin, and began to put his exterior to rights with all possible expedition. This done, he ordered breakfast—but he might as well have attempted to swallow a camel, as to eat a mouthful of food; his appetite was gone. The fact is, reader, his distemper (if love can be so termed) was every moment taking deeper root, and gaining new strength. In despair, he sallied down into his office, opened his ledger, and began to cast up accounts; but, singular to relate, he made blunder after blunder, blot after blot, and erasure after erasure, to the great disfiguration of his hitherto clean and spotless pages. He then started for 'change, found he was half an hour too soon, and so turned back: got home, dropped into a reverie, fell asleep, and dreamt of his unknown; when he awoke, he found himself an hour too late, wondered how the deuce it could have happened, and concluded with muttering a string of curses upon his reckless stupidity.

But why do I attempt to portray the countless operations of love, step by step? It would require a much abler genius, and a far more skilful pen than mine. I therefore leave it to thy fertile imagination to conceive how much our hero was pestered with his new passion both day and night, and how many tender sighs, heart-rending moans, and doleful ejaculations (all indicative of disconsolate love) were emitted from his anguished bosom. Suffice it to say, that Traffic, in a few days became an altered man—he forgot his engagements, neglected his speculations, was not seen in Wall street, and in truth, was unusually remiss in his business. He spent the week in a state of the utmost impatience. In short, he awaited the arrival of the approaching Sunday with the greatest eagerness, and his warm imagination already pictured to itself the thrilling rapture, and the ineffable delight attendant on successful love.

He was not, however, so deeply in love as not to perceive the necessity of amending his external appearance; being well aware that a dazzling exterior, more than any thing else, was calculated to captivate the eye, and make a permanent impression on the heart of the fair. He therefore repaired to a neighbouring tailor (whose matchless skill the trump of fame had blazoned forth, both far and wide) and without any ceremony, desired him to make him a suit of clothes with the utmost dispatch. The man of the needle, with a profound bow, and a reverential scrape of his foot, intimated his acquiescence, and instantly commenced operations by measuring the dimensions of his customer. This done, the latter bid the knight of the thimble good by, and directed his steps to a barber's shop, where his hair was soon arranged in systematic order; much to the satisfaction of Traffic, who, upon consulting a mirror, declared that Quick was the most arrant bungler on the face of the earth, and was not fit to cut the tail of a mountain cat.

After passing a variety of extravagant encomiums on the barber's skill, the lover returned home, much pleased with his appearance. The remainder of the week was spent in making arrangements for the ensuing Sunday.

The "eventful day" at length arrived. He rose at the peep of dawn, full of all the eager impatience which lovers, in similar circumstances, are so apt to feel: never was he in better humour. After spending considerable time at his toilette, arraying himself in his new clothes, and surveying himself from head to foot several times with extreme complacency, he called up his servant. And now, gentle reader, you will at once perceive, that the sweet angel of love had rooted up the weeds of avarice from our hero's breast, and planted in its the genial bud of benevolence, which began to bloom in all the freshness of spring, and to diffuse around it a reviving odour. Quick came. What was his surprise and joy, upon receiving as a present his master's former apparel. The poor fellow could hardly believe the evidence of his senses: he wept for joy, and manifested his gratitude in a number of antic grimaces, which would have ruffled the composure of a saint. Traffic now set out for church, with a palpitating heart. Upon reaching it, he seated himself in his pew, anxiously awaiting the arrival of his Dulcinea. She soon made her appearance; his heart throbbed with delight; his eye met hers! they tenderly gazed on each other; in a word, their passion became mutual. Divine service being ended, the congregation left the church, and among them the fair Julia, followed by Traffic at a respectful distance. The latter in vain tormented his brain in planning a manœuvre to get an introduction. Fortune however, soon released him from his embarrassment: the sky suddenly became overcast, the clouds thickened, the rain descended in torrents. He thanked his stars, for he was luckily provided with a cane which contained an umbrella; he flew to her, tendered his umbrella, and of course his services. Julia thankfully accepted his offer, and they proceeded on their way. But, reader, to spare your time and my ink and paper, I'll be brief. Our hero, on reaching the house of his mistress, was pressed by her to step in: he was transported with joy at her request. In the twinkling of an eye, he was introduced to her mother, who was a widow of respectable fortune, and one of the cleverest old ladies in existence. She received him with much courtesy, for she knew him to be a merchant of standing, and thought him a good match for her daughter. In fine, Traffic received invitation after invitation. At last he mustered up sufficient boldness to open his heart to his mistress. She heard him with a smile, which bespoke her willingness to gratify his fondest wishes. The match was concluded; and in the short space of three weeks, fast as the priest could make them, they were one. Soon after his marriage, Traffic became renowned, both far and wide for his liberality. Every one witnessed his kindness. The unfortunate never applied to him in vain; nor did the cry of affliction reach his ear, without instant relief being administered. This, gentle reader, is the history of one of the most unfeeling misers that ever lived; and this the wondrous, thrice wondrous change, which the omnipotence of love effected in a heart, which was once steeled against every tender emotion.

C. F. B.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Chronicles of the City of Gotham. By a retired Common Councilman. 12mo. pp. 269. New-York: G. & C. & H. Carvill. 1830.

RIDICULE is a powerful weapon, whether employed against the vices or follies of the day; there is danger, however, in using it against the former, lest matters of serious importance, which should never be trifled with, should be treated so irre-

verently, as to shock even those who are pleased to see vice whipped of justice, but not to see Justice in the garb of a buffoon.

We have our doubts whether the re-action of a severe jest is not sometimes, like the recoil of a piece of artillery, more injurious to the jester and his cause than to the object of attack, since both jester and cannonier are often imprudent in the quantum of ammunition, and hence produce an explosion. Ridicule, however, when untinctured by malevolence and satire, when not prompted by personal revenge, may be beneficially brought to bear upon the foibles, and even vices of a community; and we know of no writer who more skilfully uses these arms than the author of the "*Chronicles of the City of Gotham*." We are aware that it will be urged by some that there are no such coteries as the Petticoats, Applebys, and other blue-stocking *figurantes* that are introduced in these chronicles under the soft name of "the azure hose;" but that there are substantial forms which throw out shadows like these, we are also aware. The grossness of a caricature tends to draw more attention to it; but because it is monstrous, the excellence of it is not the less apparent; as, if one were to ridicule the present grotesque poke bonnet, the surest way to accomplish that object would be to enlarge the dimensions on paper far beyond the real enormities which excite the ridicule. The writer of this work, so far from being inimical to whatever of refinement may be drawn from the literature and manners of foreign nations, is perhaps as sincere an admirer of what is really valuable in the attainments of other nations as any of our writers, and would lament their exclusion from our country as much as he justly and happily satirizes the propensity, but too common amongst us, and unfortunately becoming still more so, to neglect our own productions and indulge in a morbid appetite for every thing exotic, simply because it is so. The volume before us possesses much originality of thought, conveyed in a lively and piquant style. The satire is rather broad, and yet not too much so for the subject, more especially as through it are perceptible the disposition to elevate the minds and improve the hearts of his readers. There is somewhere a dash at the present system of education, but our boarding-school misses should see in it nothing more than a friendly hint that there is something to be learned beyond the exercises of their teen-days, however solid their lessons may be. We give a few extracts, showing the general character of the work. The story of "*The Politician*" may be read by all ladies ambitious of appearing at the court at Washington, as well as by the aspiring politicians of this Machiavellian age; amusement, and perhaps instruction may be derived from it. "*The Dumb Girl*" ought to have appeared in the annual report of some public charity, rather than within the boards of an entertaining compend of things to be laughed at *ad libitum*. But to the extracts.

The following from "*the Azure Hose*" shows the extent to which the author carries his antipathy to the "bugbear," as he terms the fancied superiority of every thing foreign, merely because it is *foreign*.

"Were you ever abroad, Mr. Highfield?"

"No, but I intend it one of these days. I wish to go there to undeceive myself, and get rid of those ignoble ideas of the superiority of every thing abroad inculcated by books, and by every thing we see and hear from our youth upwards. 'Tis worth while to go, if for no other purpose than getting rid of this monstrous bugbear."

"What," said they all, with one voice, "you don't believe in the superiority of foreign literature?"

"Not of the present day."

"Nor foreign manners?"

"No, nor morals either."

"Nor of French cookery?" quoth Puddingham.

"Nor of English poetry?" quoth Goshawk.

"Nor of Italian skies?" quoth Miss Overend, enthusiastically.

"Nor of London porter?" exclaimed Mrs. Coates.

"No, no, no, no," replied Highfield, good-humouredly, yet earnestly; "as to your Italian skies, a friend of mine assured me he was three months in Italy and never saw a clear sky. The truth is, we take our ideas of Italian skies from English poets, who, not having an opportunity of seeing the sun at home above once or twice a year, vault into raptures with the delight of sunshine on the continent. Those of our countrymen who judge for themselves have assured me that in no part of Europe have they ever seen such beautiful blue skies, such starry firmaments, and such a pure transparent air, as our summers and autumns present almost every day and every night. And as to their Venus de Medicis, I need not go out of the room to satisfy myself that there is no necessity for a

voyage to Europe to meet goddesses that shame all the beauties of antiquity;" and he bowed all round, to the ladies, who each took the compliment herself, and pardoned his numerous heresies on the score of his orthodoxy in one particular.

"I am exactly the height of the Venus de Medicine," said little Mrs. Coates, and forgot the slander on the English skies. "You mean to go to Europe, and visit Almanacks."

"For what, madam? To see a company of well dressed men and women, who look exactly like ourselves, only the ladies are not half so handsome, nor do they dance half so well? No, if I go abroad at all, it will be to learn properly to estimate the happiness of my own country."

The ladies, though they could not get over the silly and vulgar notion of the superiority of society abroad, all thought Highfield a very polite, agreeable young fellow, and Lucia found herself on the very threshold of relishing a little common sense. The party soon after separated, having spent a most improving morning.

In the same vein of satire or affected misanthropy, is the following. The poetical curse is pungent enough to have been produced by Sterne or Southey. The compliment to Miss Sedgwick is fully justified by the talent displayed in the work alluded to, which has since made its appearance under the title of "Clarence."

They found all the azures, except Mr. Goshawk, assembled at one of the drawing room windows, Mrs. Petticoats and all clamorously reading, and clamorously applauding some verses written on a pane of glass, with a diamond pencil. The reader shall not miss them. They ran as follows:

Cursed be the sun—'tis but a heavenly ball!
Cursed be the moon, false woman's planet pale;
Cursed the bright stars, that man's wild fortunes tell;
And cursed the elements! Oh! I could rail
At power, and potentates, and paupers' pelf,
And, most of all, at that vile wretch, myself!

What are the bonds of life, but halsters tied?
What love, but luxury of bitter woe?
What man, but misery personified?
What woman, but an angel fallen below?
What hell but heaven—what heaven but hell above?
What love, but hate—what hate, but curdled love?
What wedlock, but community of ill?
What single blessedness, but double pain?
What life's best sweets, but a vile doctor's pill?
What life itself, but dying o'er again?
And what this earth, the vilest, and the last,
On which the pl. nets all their offuscated?

Oh! doubly cursed—

Here it would seem, the bard stopped to take breath, overcome either by his own exertions, or finding there was nothing left for him to curse.

"I never heard such delightful swearing," cried Miss Appleby.

"What charming curses!" cried Miss Overend.

"What touching misanthropy!" cried Mr. Puddleford.

"What powerful writing!" cried Puddingham.

"What glowing meteors!" cried Mrs. Coates, determined not to mistake meteors for metaphors this time.

Lucia said nothing, but the tumults of her bosom told her nobody could write such heart-rending lines but Mr. Goshawk.

"Don't you think them equal to Lord Byron?" said Miss Appleby to Highfield.

"Very likely, madam, Lord Byron wrote a vast deal of heartless fustian."

"Heartless fustian!" screamed Miss Appleby, and "heartless fustian!" echoed the rest of the azures, with the exception of Lucia, who determined not to commence the watch-chain that evening, if ever.

"Fustian! do you call such poetry fustian? so full of powerful writing, and affording such delicious excitement! For my part, I can't live without excitement of some kind or other," said Miss Overend.

"What kind of excitement do you mean, madam," said Highfield, mischievously, "the Morgan excitement or the Stephenson excitement?"

"Pshaw! Mr. Highfield, you are always ridiculing sentiment. I mean the excitement of powerful writing, powerful feeling, powerful passion, grief, joy, rage, despair, madness, misanthropy, pain, pleasure, anticipation, retrospection, disappointment, hope, and—and—every thing that creates excitement. By the by, they say the author of Redwood is coming out with a new novel. I wonder what it is about."

"I don't know," answered Highfield, "but I will venture to predict it will be all that is becoming in a sensible, well bred, well educated, delicate woman, neither misled by a false taste nor affected sentiment."

"Pooh!" said the great Puddingham, "there is no fire in her works."

"Nor brimstone either," said Highfield.

"Nor murder," said Miss Appleby.

"Nor powerful writing," said Miss Overend.

"Nothing to make the heart burst like a barrel of gunpowder," said little Mrs. Petticoats.

"Perhaps so," replied Highfield, "but a book may be worth something without either fire, murder, or gunpowder in it."

In conclusion, we recommend this entertaining volume to all the readers of the Mirror, not doubting its power to instruct as well as amuse.

Sketches of Public Characters. Drawn from the Living and the Dead. With notices of other matters. By Ignatius Loyola Robertson, LL.D. a resident of the United States. New-York: E. Bliss. 12mo. pp. 259. 1830.

We have only found time to look through this book in a cursory manner. It is evidently from the pen of a practised writer. The style is easy and graceful. The author expresses his opinions of men and things with great freedom, and we believe them to be generally correct. Many no doubt will complain that his list of celebrated men is rather limited, and that several are placed here who have no pretensions to such an honour. We are however aware of the impossibility of comprehending all our "distinguished characters," in so small a volume as the one before us. The writer probably confined himself to those within the compass of his personal observation. The following sketches will afford our readers an opportunity of judging of his manner.

WEBSTER.—The person of Mr. Webster is singular and commanding: his height is above the ordinary size, but he cannot be called tall; he is broad across the chest, and stoutly and firmly built, but there is nothing of clumsiness either in his form or gait. His head is very large, his forehead high, with good shaped temples. He has a large, black, solemn looking eye, that exhibits strength and steadfastness, and which sometimes burns, but seldom sparkles. His hair is of a raven black, and both thick and short, without the mark of a gray hair. His eyebrows are of the same colour, thick and strongly marked, which gives his features the appearance of sternness; but the general expression of his face after it is properly examined, is rather mild and amiable than otherwise. His movements in the house and in the street are slow and dignified; there is no peculiar sweetness in his voice, its tones are rather harsh than musical, still there is a great variety in them; and some of them catch the ear and chain it down to the most perfect attention. He bears traits of great mental labour, but no marks of age; in fact, his person is more imposing now, in his forty-eighth year, than it was at thirty.

EVERETT.—Mr. Everett's eloquence is characterized by taste, sweetness, harmony, delicacy and correctness. It has the Ciceronian flow, ease and purity, and all the great Roman's accuracy and marks of scholarship. He is said to be ambitious, and to dearly love political distinctions. Of this, it is probable, he will soon get cured by the shiftings and changings of party, and in the fulness of his genius, return from the bustle of the hall of legislation to the groves of the academy he deserted. If it should so happen, it will be well; for learning should have more knowledge of the world than it generally has, and the world should have more learning than it is disposed to honour and cherish.

LIVINGSTON.—Edward Livingston of the senate, is a hale, vigorous man, past the grand climacteric. He has been active in professional and political pursuits for more than forty years. He was born in the state of New-York, and by brilliant talents, and family connexions, was early brought into public notice. As a lawyer he was conspicuous and took a high stand, at a very early age, at the bar. In 1793 he was in congress, and took an active part on the questions which arose upon Jay's treaty. He was, of course, in the minority; which is the best school for a young, aspiring politician. He can discuss measures without being responsible for them, and learns the science of attack and defence without danger of injuring his reputation. After being in congress for some years, he was elected mayor of the city of New-York; an office then next, in point of emolument, to that of the president of the United States. It is said that he was a very effective, energetic executive officer; and "that there never was a better judicial magistrate on the bench than Edward Livingston." He was succeeded by De Witt Clinton.

Mr. Livingston is one of the most learned men of his age; for he has been assiduous in acquiring knowledge, and has lost none of his acquisitions by ill health or decay of mental powers. If his style is less copious than it was in his earlier days, it has lost nothing of its vigour or spirit: even his imagination has all the creative powers it had when he first appeared before the public, as his last speech in the senate, on Mr. Foot's resolutions, will fully show.

WIRT.—Mr. Wirt you have heard of as the author of the

British Spy and several other works which have been read and admired in this country and in Europe. He is now about sixty years of age, a stout, fair, good looking man. He has been for many years a laborious lawyer, and for several years past Attorney General of the United States, which office he has filled with credit to himself and to the nation. His manners are bland and courteous, particularly, to those who seek him, tinged with a little of that Virginian trait—self-consideration, which gives a dignity to a public man when it does not degenerate into the affectation of high bred fashion without many early advantages. Mr. Wirt, in the midst of the business of an arduous profession, has made himself a fine classical scholar. His imagination is strong and refined. He sees every subject in its true light and paints it with a master's touch; some of his descriptions glow with all the colours of fancy, and are yet most admirably true to nature. Many of his intellectual portraits are of the first order of genius, and some of his narratives are wrought up to a dramatic affect.

RANDOLPH.—I have often seen this most singular man, and often heard him speak. Many of the sketches of his person have been more accurate than those given of his mind. It must be confessed that his person and dress are so unique, that a just representation of them would, to those unacquainted with Mr. Randolph, seem a caricature. He is about six feet in height; perhaps his narrow chest and long legs make him appear a little taller than he is. His head is small, his shoulders high, and all parts of his physiognomy, except his eye, altogether unintellectual. He is beardless, or nearly so, and his muscles and his skin about his face shrivelled, although he is not more than fifty-six years of age. Notwithstanding his height, his frame is so slender that his weight is not more than one hundred and thirty pounds. His long legs support a short body that is "not more than a talon in the waist." His arms are very long and small, and his fingers bird-claw-like, and in debate he makes them very expressive. His hair is dark, thin and lank, and lies close to his head. His movements are rapid and awkward. His voice is shrill and high, and perfectly soprano: latterly his voice has lost most of its power; his throat seems to be dry and husky. This is the effect of disease, for he has long been an invalid; the fine piercing and life-like notes of his voice are nearly extinct. So much for his person. His mind is still more singular than his person. His perceptions are, I speak of him as he has been, quick and his impressions strong; but it is in the strength and elevation of his imagination that he is above most men.

His judgment, from every evidence I have ever seen or heard, is either feeble or never consulted in his acts or speeches. His memory is good, often minutely accurate; but it is now somewhat impaired. His attainments are considerable, rather miscellaneous than political or professional. His knowledge of the English language is critical and extensive, and he is quite fastidious in his choice of words; and one of the best things about him is that he keeps a constant vigil over the good old English, his mother tongue. His acquaintance with English history is minute; and it may be said of him that he is well read in general history; but saving and excepting the annals of his own state he knows not much of American history. His classical knowledge has been overrated. In the common Latin classics he is quite at home, and quotes with great readiness, but his acquaintance with those less read in this country must be limited, for in his passion for display he never mentions them.

BERRIEN.—The present Attorney General John McPherson Berrien is from Georgia, but I understand that he is a native of Philadelphia. He is a most eloquent speaker. In the senate he was a model for chaste, free, beautiful elocution. He seemed to be the only man that Webster softened his voice to, when he turned from his seat to address him. There is not the slightest dash in his manner; it is as grave as it is pleasant. His views are clear, and he meets the subject manfully. In his arguments there is no demagogical praises of his constituents, no tirade of abuse against his opponents, or of the section of country from whence they came. He is said to have been a good judge on the bench, and an excellent lawyer at the bar, and surely he was a host for his party in the senate. He is now an Attorney General, and a cabinet counsellor as well as counsel for the cabinet. The public of all parties have great confidence in him, and he stands fair for higher promotion.

From the preceding specimens the reader will readily perceive that "Sketches of Public Characters" is a work of more than ordinary interest.

We had selected several other portions of this excellent volume for the present impression of the Mirror, but they have been necessarily excluded for want of room. We shall recur to it again.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.—NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.

MADNESS.

"All men think all men crazy, but themselves."

THERE is a fine instance of madness in Henry Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling." During Harley's visit to Bedlam, he was accosted by a very civil gentleman who accompanied him to the different cells of the maniacs, with many shrewd and compassionate observations touching those unhappy persons. Much wisdom passed between them, and their mutual admiration was rapidly rising to esteem; when Harley happened to quote Pope's line—

"From Macedonia's madman to the Swede,"

his companion replied—"It was indeed a very mad thing in Charles to think of adding so vast a country as Russia to his dominions: the balance of the north would then have been lost; but the sultan and I would never have allowed it."

"Sir," said Harley.

"Why yes," answered the other, "do you not know me? I am the khan of Tartary!"

It has been contended that madness is not quite so rare a misfortune as is generally supposed, but that every mind, at some time or other, takes a tinge of the visionary disease, which circumstances may either conceal or deepen into the confirmed shades of delirium. It is true, we are not all so far gone as to suppose ourselves the "khan of Tartary." We do not, like poor Tom, follow the foul fiend "through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire;" nor "ride on a bay-trotting horse over four-inch bridges," but very exaggerated opinions of our own excellence—and inaccurate calculations of what we will do and what we have done, are by no means uncommon. It is incredible what a quantity of this partial insanity there is floating about the globe. You will find people sensible and shrewd on every point but one, whose last will and testament would stand good in any court of law, and yet who are incurably crazy upon that one point. Indeed, it is so impossible to meet with a man sane on all subjects, that I for one, verily believe that nature has left a flaw in the brain of every human being, of which he is unconscious, but which is palpably visible to all the world besides. In men of imaginative minds and acute feelings, this flaw amounts to temporary insanity; while in hum-drum, stagnant, every-day people, it is merely productive of what is termed "hobbies" or "queer notions," which is no less than saying and doing things which all except themselves regard as the essence of absurdity. And the most wonderful thing is the perfect complacency with which A points out to B the flaw in C's understanding, who, as B observes is otherwise a sensible man, while all the time A wonders how B can be quick-sighted enough to perceive the deficiencies of poor C, and yet be guilty of such unheard of follies himself, and marvels and ponders very wisely on the incongruities of human nature, at the same time that his own crack is of astonishing dimensions. The world is one large Bedlam, where, as long as the antic tricks of its patients harm no one but themselves, they are quietly allowed by their brother madmen to play off their ridiculous pranks; and the reader may depend that both himself and his intimate friends have large fissures in their skulls out of which folly of a most astounding character occasionally finds vent for the amusement of the good-natured world. No person is exempt; and the only way is for a man to give up the notion of his infallibility, and set seriously about discovering and then concealing as far as possible his own especial infirmity, for he may rest assured that he has his fits of temporary insanity like his neighbours. The writer of this has devoted much time and attention to his own case, and has at last come to the conclusion that he is sane on a considerable number of subjects, but that horse-racing is not one of them. He is learned, or thinks himself so, in "Turf Registers," "Racing Calendars," &c. and is apt to indulge in long and interminable harangues on this branch of literature, with very little regard to either person, place, time, or circumstances; and he was first brought to a sense of his situation by observing an involuntary shudder in his friends and acquaintances whenever the subject was remotely alluded to.

In this city, at the present time, there are numerous infidel, education, and agrarian cracks in the heads of the citizens of the upper wards, which will doubtless enlarge considerably before and during the fall elections; and it behoves some of the leaders to take care that their insanity does not arise to a height which will warrant their being brought within the compass of a straight waistcoat. For my part, I think the crack political, or government and world-reforming crack, is

the most desperate and disagreeable that any man can possibly have in his understanding, and at once qualifies him for an immeasurable bore. In fact, the political madman is neither more nor less than a downright nuisance. He gives up the character of an honest, reputable man, forsakes his decent employments, and becomes a selfish, lying, bullying, speech-making, canvassing animal, who haunts porter-houses and oyster-cellars, to circulate the most flimsy opinions for the vilest purposes. He goes early to ward-meetings, and perchance gets appointed secretary or put on a committee, which he looks upon as one step towards a seat in the legislature or perchance the senate. Shades of the fathers of the eternal city, only think of that! Mr. — the little corpulent, red-visaged, brandy-bibbing cordwainer, a senator! Well, such a creature straightway becomes infected with conceit, ignorance, impudence, and a vast variety of other moral filth—makes himself familiar with all the little dirty occurrences, and paltry distinctions which have taken place in the ward for the last ten years; and when this valuable knowledge is put in fermentation by his usual quantity of beer, he discourses sagely and gravely of "broad and general principles"—pawns his soul for Alderman So-and-so, and then talks about measures not men! In company, at the tea-table, or in the drawing-room, he brings his porter-house talk along with him, and either bolts out boldly with a warm assertion which kindles some kindred spirit, who with him monopolizes all the conversation, or else lies in wait ready to entangle his unsuspecting victim in a political dispute. And all the time this poor creature imagines that he is discharging his duty to his country, and actually doing "the state some service," while, at the best, he is a mean tool in the hands of some juggler behind the curtain, and bears the odium of base occupation without its reward.

Then there are literary, and theatrical, and uniform-company madmen; in fact, there is no end to the strange vagaries of the insane ladies and gentlemen who dwell upon the face of the earth; and it behoves every descendant of Adam to turn his or her attention to the condition of their craniums, and if they cannot cure, to at least endeavour to conceal their infirmities from the sneers and laughter of the world. C.

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER XVI.

THERE is no pleasanter hour than the middle of a clear still summer night. The morning may steal over the world with its brilliant changes—meadows, rivers, and "skiey mountains" may sleep beneath the blue of noon—the setting sun may cover earth and heaven with rosy light, and make common objects beautiful; and the soft shadow of evening may fall like a mantle over the vanished day, yet in the middle night there is something deeper, calmer, more silent, lonely, and fascinating.

I had spent hours in a gay assemblage of belles and beaux. There had been a crowd to whom existence was all joy. The noisy merriment of fashion rung in my ears, and its bright confusion floated in my imagination. The sound of dancing feet and unrestrained laughter mingled with the lively music, and voices which rose as if they leaped from pure and happy hearts, came back pleasantly to my memory.

It was all over now, and I rambled forth through the solitary meadows with the fire-flies flashing around. I paused to contemplate the loveliness of the night.

I looked back upon the stately mansion so lately illumined, and echoing to the sounds of mirth. The merry throng were dispersed. Deep silence rested upon it: a shadow, flung from the luxuriant branches of several fine elms on the lawn, allowed only a part to be visible, with the moonlight sleeping upon its white walls and tall columns, and the greville rose clustering up around the piazza, to which some careful hand had added sweetbriar and honeysuckle. It seemed like woman's taste. Strange, I thought, this change of time and circumstance—this perpetual passing away of human scenes—these striking sudden contrasts in life; and all coming towards us and flowing by, and losing themselves in the dim distance on the lapsing tide which men call time. The dreamy past—the distinct beautiful present—the vague future—all in motion onward and onward, while we also as we muse and moralize, suffer and enjoy, are ourselves borne along by its mysterious irresistible influence. In the giddy dance, with the motley crowd—compelled to participate in the trifling circumstances which occur around, these vain reflections are excluded from the mind; but in the wide unbroken stillness of the night—where nothing moves but the leaves,

and the interminable arch of golden worlds above, and they for ever in silent order—the heart unfolds itself undisturbed—the mighty mind is unchained, and stretches itself out in idle reverie.

And this it is to be alone with nature. When the thousands who have been shuffling all day over its dusty surface, have sunk from their various labours into "the death of each day's life." I paused again and listened,

"The winds were whist, and the owl was still,
And the bat in his shelly rock was hid;
And naught was heard from the lonely hill,
But the cricket's chirp and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-wing'd catydid."

Every thing was hushed as if the aspiring race of man had been all swept away, and I left sole tenant of the globe.

Happy the man who at such a time can review his frail existence without remorse. To what purpose has he been sent upon this beautiful earth? Whom has he loved? Who has loved him? How many of these have gone down into the grave? How many are yet among the living, separated perchance in person by the sea—or near in daily communion, yet separated by barriers broader than oceans? As these pensive thoughts forced themselves upon me, I recalled to my recollection the lively festivity in which the commencement of the evening had been spent, and which contrasted singularly with the solitude and silence in which I was now brooding over melancholy reflections. Happy beings, I thought, no gloomy fancies have darkened your minds. May no painful dreams haunt your pillows. For ever may your paths be among pleasant places. For ever be your laugh as light and your hearts as careless as they have been to-night.

"Rather desire," said the voice of the Genius, "that thou, master student, mayest learn to look with more discerning observation. Light laughter and careless hearts, sayest thou? Thou hast seen glowing faces and moving forms, but the brightness of their appearance has deceived thee. Every where disappointment exists, and among the graceful group of girls whose bosoms thou hast deemed untouched by care, have been pangs deeper perhaps than thou hast ever imagined."

The mirror rose gradually before me. I seemed transported back to the circle of pleasure—the same gay, glowing, lovely girls were there.

"You spoke," said I, "of pain. Surely it is excluded from this bright apartment."

"To a slight observer," replied the Genius, "society often seems like the smooth surface of the summer sea. He knows not the rugged rocks, the gloomy caverns, the uncouth monsters which lurk beneath. I will show you a history. Have you remarked yonder maiden in conversation with that aged man?"

"I believe!" answered I, "I saw her in the evening. But her dress is so simple and her appearance so plain, that I neither sought her company nor regarded her actions."

"And which more particularly attracted your attention?"

"Can you doubt," said I, "that the sunny face and light form by her side should have proved more charming? I could gaze on those features forever. Every motion is graceful—the tones of her voice are full of sweetness—the arch and varying smile which lurks about her 'rosebud lips,' might touch the bosom of an evil spirit, with a feeling of tenderness; and her eyes—"

"And suppose," asked my companion, "I should give you the command of wealth and rank, and control over her affections, would you take her to your bosom as your companion through the world?"

"I should deem myself a blessed man to possess such an angel."

"Let me," said the Genius, "break the mere spell of beauty, and allow you to behold her real character, mind, and thoughts."

I started with surprise. The beaming lustre of her glances changed to a vacant stare. An unmeaning simper parted her mouth to exhibit the whiteness of her teeth. Sometimes she gazed down in admiration of her feet, and sometimes extended her hand to display the rings upon her fingers. "I am certainly," she thought, "the prettiest girl in the room. How well my flounce looks! With what taste I have arranged my hair! How much better I dance than any of the others! I wish some one would fall in love with me! I should so like to get married. It would be a triumph over the rest of the girls, and I declare there comes a handsome fellow! If he could only see me dance!"

"Now look at her whom you deemed unworthy of notice," said the Genius.

She still conversed with her companion. But her plain features were lighted with an expression so intelligent and lively, that I wondered how I had neglected her. I listened

to her remarks, which came from a cultivated, and perhaps lofty mind, and an affectionate disposition. Yet I could perceive through this assumed cheerfulness of manner, that her heart was agitated. Sometimes a smile of hope and expectation half parted her lips; then again, they settled into sadness, and with a strong and painful effort she checked the tears which would have struggled up into her eyes. It was evident from her hurried and cautious glances toward a youth near her, that she was cherishing an unrequited attachment in secret, against her wish—her pride—her hope.

"Yes," said the Genius, "she loves, and hers is not the transient excitement of vanity, nor the mere impulse of a romantic or capricious feeling. But accident has flung her in the way of one blessed with all the noble qualities of manhood. Wealthy, talented, destined to tread a high career, and worthy of the world's applause. She loves him for his intellect and disposition. See his commanding form moving among the nameless fops around. Is not that a face upon which woman's eyes may rest with pleasure—which her heart may cherish, and almost worship with inward devotion?"

"And yet," said I, "he regards her not."

"No," said the Genius, "she is poor and lonely, timid and shrinking from observation. I will bring back the enchantment of beauty to yonder silly and bad hearted girl, and you may mark how easily the highest of earth may be ensnared."

Again, the conscious maiden appeared in all her charms—her beautiful mouth half disclosed the smile of opening love—a modest blush overspread her cheeks, and she cast down her brilliant eyes beneath the gaze of rapture with which the youth regarded her.

As I turned with pity towards her whose faithful heart was thus afflicted with the acutest disappointment which a generous woman can suffer, she was no longer to be seen; and then, the whole vision vanished, and I was again standing alone in the hush of midnight, inhaling the sweet breath of the dewy fields and flowers, undisturbed but by the gleaming of the night-loving fire-flies which flashed among the bushes.

His father, Aaron Kean, was a mechanic, in the humblest walks of life. His mother is only known as a daughter of the celebrated George Saville Carey. Several of his relations followed the profession of the stage for a support, and the poverty of Kean's parents induced them to place their son at Drury-Lane theatre in the lower departments of pantomime as soon as he was able to walk. Here he was placed under a famous posture-master till his limbs became capable of winding themselves into the strangest contortions, and his body had acquired the greatest flexibility.

In this situation he remained until he attained his tenth year. His talents as a boy are highly spoken of, and he was generally looked upon by the actors as a youth of superior understanding and great promise. A dispute with John Kemble, the then manager of Drury-Lane theatre, occasioned the dismissal of our young hero from that establishment, and he was immediately placed at school. Stated tasks and regulated hours soon became irksome, and he shortly succeeded in stealing away from home, and entering as cabin-boy on board a ship bound to Madeira. This new profession did not agree with his utter abhorrence of all restraint, and upon the expiration of his first voyage, we find him again returning to the fascinations of a theatrical life. Through the interest of his relatives he obtained an engagement with a *troupe* of itinerant actors, who frequent the fairs held annually in London and its vicinity. He continued in this company about seven years, during which time he experienced the almost maternal protection of Miss Tidswell, an actress attached to Drury-Lane theatre—his mother, having taken to the stage, was absent from London, being engaged at some of the provincial theatres. The talent he exhibited in recitations, and the peculiar turn for mimicking which he possessed, induced Miss Tidswell to advise him to turn his attention to the regular drama, a suggestion that he eagerly embraced. He applied himself with diligence to the study of Shakespeare and other eminent dramatists, and soon acquired an extensive knowledge of their unrivalled excellence. His protectress also recommended him to the manager of a provincial theatre, where his success was at once decided. In the course of his peregrinations with this company he attracted the notice of royalty at Windsor by his admirable recitations of "Satan's address to the sun," and the first soliloquy of Richard III.; he was also fortunate enough to engage the attention of Dr. Drury, one of the masters of Eton school, who in consequence (it is said) placed him in that institution, where he remained three years. In this short time he is said to have become thoroughly acquainted with Virgil, Cicero, and Sallust—a statement that is scarcely credible. At the end of this period he returned to his theatrical occupations, under his old name of Carey, and obtained an engagement at Birmingham, where he played with success, but not with that warmth of approbation which attended his earlier efforts. At Edinburgh, where he next appeared, he performed Hamlet twelve successive nights to crowded houses. From this time until his engagement at Drury-lane in 1814, he passed through the usual routine of a stroller's life, alternately raised to the highest pitch of provincial excellence, or exposed to the hardships and privations necessarily attendant on his itinerant labours. He had, however, acquired a celebrity during these country engagements which had attracted the attention of several individuals connected with the London houses. It was to the friendship of Dr. Drury that he was at length indebted for his introduction to the metropolis. That gentleman had been a warm admirer of the growing genius of Kean from a very early period, and was not unobtrusively of the progress it was making to perfection. He had seen him perform at Exeter, in 1813, and was so impressed with his talents that he wrote to Pascoe Grenfell, the member of parliament, one of the committee of management of Drury-Lane theatre, upon the subject, stating it as his opinion, that Kean was the only man able to sustain the declining fortunes of that house. Mr. Grenfell immediately consulted with Mr. Whitbread and other members of the committee, and the result was, that Mr. Arnold, the stage manager, was dispatched to Dorchester, where Kean was then performing, to report on Dr. Drury's communication. Mr. Arnold saw him in Octavian, and afterwards in Kanko in La Perouse, and was at once satisfied of the correctness of Dr. Drury's judgment. He invited the actor to breakfast the next morning, and (although not expressly authorized by the committee) concluded an engagement with him for three years, at eight, ten, and twelve guineas per week, for each successive year. On his arrival in London, he waited on Mr. Arnold, and was by him introduced to the committee, who, it is reported, were induced by his appearance to judge so humbly of his probable powers as to lecture Mr. Arnold severely for the

additional and useless expense with which he had rashly burdened the theatre. Still the agreement was signed and could not be violated; of course, therefore, he had a claim upon the treasury, which, indeed, was admitted; but on the second Saturday, to his great surprise, it was rejected upon the ground that he had been previously engaged at the Surrey theatre by Mr. Elliston. The facts of the case were, that Elliston had been in treaty for him and spoke of the probability of giving him two pounds per week to *do every thing*, but wished a little time for deliberation before completing so extensive an engagement. Mr. Arnold had stepped in during this period of hesitation, and the result was, Kean became a member of the great metropolitan theatre. These facts were sufficiently proved, and through the active intercession of Dr. Drury, Kean was retained by the committee and advertised for the part of Shylock, in which character he made his appearance before a London audience on the twenty-sixth of January 1814. One of the first critics, speaking of this event, says, "the dreary appearance of the house, and the unknown character of the performer, made me feel considerable apprehension for his success, but from the first scene in which Mr. Kean came on, my doubts were at an end. I had been told to give as favourable an account as I could—I gave a true one. I am not one of those who when they see the sun breaking from behind a cloud, stop to ask others whether it is the moon."

This opinion was quickly echoed by the play-going populace of London. The writer of this article witnessed an early representation of his Shylock, and nothing could exceed the enthusiastic and tumultuous applause which increased with every scene, until the theatre became one scene of deafening uproar. His performance of Richard III. the twelfth of February following, completed his success; and it was admitted, that he might safely challenge competition with the most distinguished ornaments of the British stage.

It would be useless to follow him through the successive characters he afterwards personated—nor would it be interesting to describe the peculiarities of excellence he exhibited in each, most readers have probably witnessed their representations, and have decided upon their relative merits. It is sufficient to say, that in each character he exhibited new claims to public admiration, which had now reached its height. His acquaintance was courted by the rich and talented, presents were lavished on him in abundance, and the profits arising from his professional labours rose in the same extensive proportion.

His brother actors belonging to Drury-Lane theatre, presented him with a gold cross, as a compliment to his unrivalled talents; and the subscription list for that purpose, was headed by the most illustrious members of the committee of management of that house, foremost among whom stood the name of Byron. A number of gentlemen residing in Edinburgh, bestowed on him a magnificent sword, which was accompanied by a highly interesting and complimentary letter from the venerable Sir John Sinclair. During a short trip he made to Paris, he received from the celebrated Talma, the most flattering marks of attention, and by the managers of the *Theatre Français*, he was presented with a superb gold snuff box. These numerous honours are cited to prove the estimation in which his talents were held by all classes of society, and to show that he might have attained in private life, the same distinctions which marked his public career, but unfortunately such was not the case. Impatient of control, and regardless of many of the conventional rules of refined society, Kean chose rather to move in circles where he could rule undisturbed, the first of his associates. It may be supposed that these circumstances, added to the extraordinary success which attended him, procured him numerous enemies and detractors.

It is not our purpose to trace him through his subsequent career. His first visit to this country, his disputes with the Boston audience, his return to England, his disgraceful conduct there, and his subsequent appearance in America, are facts familiar to almost every one. Since his last return to his native country, report speaks of his powers having suffered a visible decay. He is however one of the candidates for the lease of Drury-Lane theatre, owing to the secession of the late spirited manager of that establishment, Mr. Price. Should he embark in this hazardous undertaking, he may be roused to a full sense of its importance, and again become what he certainly might be, the pride and ornament of the British stage.

We cannot close our brief notice of this talented actor, without referring to the equally fortunate and gifted individual, (Forrest,) who with the same rapid strides as Kean effected, has grasped the tragic crown in this country; whose genius

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

KEAN.

IN the design we have adopted of giving to our readers a series of sketches of the most eminent and literary characters of the present age, we cannot refuse a place to the individual who forms the subject of this notice, although eulogium and invective have alike exhausted their powers in blazoning forth his follies, or in claiming for him the proud titles of "the legitimate successor of Garrick," and "the only true representative of Shakspeare's heroes."

The career of this celebrated actor was, for a long time, one of dazzling brilliancy, unprecedented, perhaps, in the annals of dramatic history, except in the person of his great predecessor, Garrick. His first appearance at Drury-Lane theatre in 1814, has been compared "to the first gleam of genius breaking athwart the gloom of the stage," and certainly, when we take into consideration the declining state of histrionic talent at that period, and the still greater desolation which hovered over Drury-Lane at the time of his fortunate appearance at that house, the full force of the expression will be acknowledged and its justness allowed. Mrs. Siddons had retired, Cooke was dead, and John Kemble had "fallen into the sear and yellow leaf," while "old Drury," as if partaking in the general decline of the drama's ancient glory, presented nightly a "most beggarly account of empty boxes."

It must be obvious that a more favourable opportunity could not have presented itself for the debut of an actor of real talent in the British metropolis. It was the good fortune of Kean to appear at this period, and by the originality of his acting, and the splendour of his genius, to seize at once on the public mind—to stamp himself immediately as the first actor of his day—draw crowded audiences to witness his performances, and retrieve the "fallen fortunes" of the house to which he was attached.

It would be a pleasing task to the biographers of Kean, were his subsequent career, in private life, equally worthy of admiration as are the details of the early progress of his public one; but there are "spots on the sun;" and although some redeeming points in his character are sufficient perhaps to balance many of his defects, yet it is to be regretted that he should have tarnished his fame by acts that are censurable by a strict code of morals, and which in their effects have somewhat detracted from the acknowledged genius he possesses.

Edmund Kean was born in London November 4, 1787.

is alike the subject of pride to his countrymen, as it is the admiration of all intelligent foreigners. Let him pursue his steady and progressive course of improvement, avoiding the rocks and quicksands which wrecked the powerful talents of a Cooke, and has nearly engulfed a Kean, and he will add dignity to the profession of which he is now one of the most distinguished ornaments. H.*

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE PAD-GAUD.

THE writer of this lately passed a very pleasant day near Pensacola at a *fête champêtre*, given in pursuance of an ancient usage. For more than a week he heard much of the *pad-gaud*, but not being able to obtain a distinct explanation of the custom, he resolved to satisfy his curiosity in person. He could only learn that it resembled the annual diversion of shooting the jay, as described by Sir Walter Scott in "Old Mortality." He was also informed, that on this occasion the *fête* was given by three kings, who had at different periods obtained this privilege, by shooting down the bird. The custom was perhaps brought from Normandy to Canada, whence it travelled to Illinois, to Mobile and to this place. It seems to have been in danger of falling into desuetude, during the last three years—the public, however, at length insisted upon its rights—called upon their majesties Judge P. Alderman P. and Colonel G. to pay their debt, in a manner that could not be resisted, and accordingly these

"Three kings out o' the west"

resolved to unite, and render the day more than usually brilliant, by way of making amends for their neglect. The day fixed upon was last Saturday, which fortunately turned out to be unusually fine, a circumstance which does not always favour such rural festivals—a general ducking, sometimes terminating those delightful assemblages in the open air. Every sort of vehicle was put in requisition—stages, carriages, gigs, and horse-carts; cavaliers on horse-back, and some on foot; crowds of children, and a dusky posse of plebeians, might be seen in motion at an early hour. By ten o'clock, the streets of Pensacola were entirely deserted—there was scarcely a dog left to keep watch.

The place chosen for the amusements of the day was at the distance of a mile and a half from town, on the high land to the north, where there is a beautiful grove of spreading live oaks. On reaching this spot, rendered more agreeable by contrast with the loose sandy road through which he had to wade, the writer found a numerous assemblage of people, dressed in their holiday apparel, together with all the fashion of the town. A long table was spread under the deep shade of the trees, and near each end of it stood a wide side-board fixed against their large trunks, and well supplied with refreshments. Beyond the grove there was a "bosky dell," filled with the rich, various, and fragrant shrubbery of this climate, and around there was the close green sod of the open fields, which had formerly been cultivated. Not far off stood the untenanted dwelling, at this moment, however, filled to overflowing with the gayest of the gay. The dance had already commenced, several sets of cotillions were footing it at once to the sound of the violin, and attracted by this animating scene, he left those who were seated or moving about singly, or in groups, through the grove, to join the merry throng. The assemblage of beauty would have made a paradise of any place. Pleasure was painted on every countenance. The writer promised himself a delightful time, in which he was not disappointed.

At twelve o'clock, the important business of the day was announced—the shooting of the *pad-gaud*. Here it is proper to be a little more minute. The body of the bird was somewhat larger than that of a domestic fowl; it was made of the root of cypress or wild olive, or other spongy material, so that it might be struck by a hundred balls without being brought down. An iron rod was passed through it, which was driven into the end of a long pole. The distance from the place where the shooters took their stand, was about seventy yards. The head of the *gaudy* bird was crowned with a bunch of artificial flowers, while its spreading wings, and the sweepy curve of its tail, were adorned with one hundred ribands of every colour, and fluttering in the breeze—girts which it had obtained from the ladies during the week, while paraded through the town. Every eye was now fixed on this object—it was sufficiently near to enable each fair maiden to distinguish her gift from the rest—and many a generous cavaliero guided by instinct, perhaps by some secret intimation, panted to possess himself, if not of the whole bird, at least of the *farow* of his damsel. Eighty tickets

were drawn from a hat, and the lists forthwith opened. Rifles, muskets, fowling pieces, double or single barrelled, with common or percussion locks, were brought forth. Officers of the army and navy, citizens, the young and old; all engaged in the contest with equal earnestness, and with equal gaiety and good humour;—but the imagination must supply the rest. The shooting continued one hour and a half, until nothing remained of the poor bird but a small piece not longer than one's hand. As it diminished in size, and the aspirants grew more eager, the distance was shortened, until at last each one was at liberty to take what station he pleased. By this time the ornaments of the *pad-gaud* were transferred to the hats and button holes of the more fortunate marksmen, who seldom obtained the riband most valued by them. A lucky, or perhaps well directed shot, brought down the remaining fragment—a shout ensued, and Mr. V. was proclaimed king. Then followed a procession—his majesty elect with the bouquet in his hand, supported by the ex-kings, and preceded by music, playing "hail to the chief." The procession passed twice in review before the ladies, who were seated, but on coming round the third time, a fair lady was chosen queen of the next festival, the bouquet was presented to her, the choice was ratified by general acclaim, and by the blushes of the maiden.

The company soon after sat down to an elegant dinner—after which the dancing was resumed; the *sandango* following close on the heels of the Scotch reel. About sundown the returning population once more filled the streets, like the coming in of the tide. Any where else, it might have been worth while to add, that in the whole of this numerous collection, there was not to be seen a single instance of excess, nor was there the slightest occurrence to disturb the harmony and good humour—but here, the circumstance produced no remark. This may be ascribed to the habitual temperance of the Spanish population, and still more to the formidable influence produced by the presence of the fair. It was indeed a pleasant day—and if there should be another *pad-gaud*,* while the writer remains here, he is determined to be one of the party, perhaps an aspirant for the honours of the day.

Pensacola Gazette.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TONGUE.

A very important branch of self-command is the government of the tongue. If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man. This will not appear an extravagant assertion when we consider how numerous are the vices in which this little member takes an active part; that it is this which wears us with garrulity, defames us with calumny, deceives us with falsehood—and that, but for this, we should be no more offended at obscenity, shocked with oaths, or overpowered with scandalous abuse. Well might the apostle write, "If any man among you seem to be religious, and brideth not his tongue, that man's religion is vain."

If we consider these vices of the tongue in the order of their enormity, we shall see how easily one generates another. Talkativeness, the venial offspring of a lively, not to say an unrestrained fancy, hardly rises to a fault, till it is found that he who talks incessantly must often talk foolishly, and that the prattle of a vain and itching tongue degenerates rapidly into that foolish talking and jesting which, as an apostle says, are not convenient. Loquacity is forward and assuming, and soon becomes tiresome. The story, a thousand times told, loses, at last, its humour; and a jest, a thousand times repeated, is despoiled of its point, and palls upon the ear. Something must then be found to revive flagging attention, and what so universally interesting as slander? The faults of our neighbour are then dressed up in all the charms of exaggeration, and the interest of a description is found to be amazingly heightened by a stroke of ridicule, or a tinge of sarcasm. In a listening audience, at every new calumny passed upon another's reputation, some one is found whose fancied credit revives and rises on its ruins in all the lustre of comparison. The tongue then riots in its new privilege, till at length, "at every word a reputation dies."

All this may be done without deliberate malignity, and without violation of truth; because, to speak evil of most men, it is not necessary to speak falsehood; and to pour contempt upon another, it is not necessary to hate or abhor him. Remember, then, that the tongue must be sometimes restrained, even in uttering truth. To justify a froward mouth by a zeal for truth, is commonly to assign, as a previous motive, what occurred only as an after apology. As we may flatter by an unseasonable and lavish expression of merited appro-

* *Gaud* is an obsolete French word—signifying a male bird—*gaud* is a male turkey—*pad*, or *pap*, from *papier*, a paper bird. The word *gaudy* is perhaps derived from the word *gaud*—the male bird is almost universally more ornamented by brilliant plumage than the female.

bation, so we may calumniate by an incautious and unrestrained disclosure of real defects. A word spoken in due season, how good is it! but remember that death and life are in the power of the tongue, and the tongue of the wise only useth knowledge aright.

Thus far the unguarded talker, we observe, may have proceeded without misrepresentation, and without mischievous intention; but he whose vanity has long been flattered by the attention of an audience, will not easily relinquish the importance he has acquired in particular circles, or see, without uneasiness, that interest decline which his company has been accustomed to excite. Hence, as the stock of scandalous truths is exhausted, fiction lends her aid; and he who was before only a prater, a jester, or a tattler, degenerates into a liar, who entertains by falsehood, and a calumniator, who lives by abuse; and instances are not unfrequent of men whose moral sense, by a process similar to this, has become so entirely obscured or corrupted, that they will utter falsehoods with the most unconscious rapidity and the most unreflecting indifference. Such are the habits which follow, in alarming progression, from an unrestrained indulgence of the tongue. Is not the danger formidable enough to induce us to say, "I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress: I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue."

The catalogue of sins is not completed. Impurity and profaneness are not far behind. The first, indeed, bespeaks such grossness of vice, and the latter such thoughtless impiety that we presume it is almost superfluous to denounce them in this state of society. If for every idle, unprofitable, false, or calumniating word which men shall speak, they shall give an account in the day of judgment, what account shall those men render whose conversation first polluted the pure ear of childhood, first soiled the chastity and whiteness of the young imagination, whose habitual oath first taught the child to pronounce the name of God without reverence, or to imprecate curses on his mates with all the thoughtlessness of youth, but with all the passion and boldness of manhood?

Who, then, is a wise man and endued with knowledge? Let him show, out of a good conversation, his words with meekness of wisdom; for by thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned. Rev. Mr. Buckminster.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE SUN THE SOURCE OF HEAT.—To be assured of this, it is only necessary to think of the comparative temperatures of night and day, of climates and seasons, and to reflect that the sun is the sole cause of the difference. We need not wonder then, that to many savage nations, seeking the source of their life and happiness, the sun has been the object, not only of admiration, but of worship. The heat comes from the sun with his light. If a sun-beam enter by a small opening in an apartment otherwise close and dark, it illuminates intensely the spot or object on which it falls, and its light being then scattered around, all the objects in the room become feebly visible. Again, a cold thermometer, held to receive the direct ray, rises much, while in any other situation it is less affected, proving the heat to be like the light, widely diffused, and so to lose proportionately of intensity. Light passes from the sun to the earth in about eight minutes of time, and there is every reason to conclude that heat travels at the same rate. Human art can gather the sun-beams together, and by the intense heat produced in the focus of their meeting, produces another proof that the sun is the great source of heat. A pane of glass in a window, or a small mirror, will reflect the sun's ray so as to offend an eye receiving it at a distance of miles, as may be observed soon after the rising, or before the setting of the sun, when his ray is nearly horizontal, and the heat accompanies the ray, for by many such mirrors directed towards one point a combustible object placed there would be inflamed. Archimides set fire to the Roman ships by sun-beams, returned from many points to one; his godlike genius thus rivaling, by natural means, the supposed feats of fabled Jupiter with his thunderbolts. Again, when the light of a broad sun-beam is made by a convex glass or lens to converge to one point or focus, the concentrated heat is also there; for a piece of metal held in the focus drops like melting wax; and if the glass be purposely moved, its focus will pierce through the most obdurate substances, as red hot wire pierces through paper or wood. A hunter on his hill, and travelling hordes on the plains, often conveniently light their fires at the sun himself, by directing his energies through a burning-glass. The direct ray of the sun, simply received into a box, which is covered with glass to exclude the cold air, and is lined with charcoal or burned cork to absorb heat, and to prevent the escape of heat once received, will raise a thermometer in the

box to the temperature of two hundred and thirty of Fahrenheit, a temperature considerably above that of boiling water; and the experiment succeeds in any part of the earth where there is a clear atmosphere, and where the sun attains considerable apparent altitude. Reflecting on such facts as now recorded, and on the globular form and the motions of our earth, we have a measure of the differences of climate and of season that should be found upon it. It is evident that the part of the globe turned directly to the sun, receives his rays as abundantly as if it were a perfect plain, similarly facing him, while on parts, which, as viewed from the sun, would be called the sides of the globe, with the increasing obliquity of aspect, an equal breadth or quantity of rays is spread over a larger and a larger surface; and at the very edge the light passes level with the surface, and altogether without touching. The sunny side of many a steep hill in England receives the sun's rays in summer as perpendicularly as the plains about the equator, and such hill-side is not heated like these plains, only because the air over it is colder, just as mountain tops, even at the equator, owing to the rarified, and therefore, cold air around them, remain for ever hooded in snow. In England, at the time of the equinoxes, a level plain receives only half as much of the sun's light and heat as an equal extent of level surface near the equator, and in the short days of winter it receives considerably less than a third of its summer allowance. With respect to the sun as a source of heat, there have been two opinions among philosophers; one class believing that the sun is an intensely heated mass, which radiates its heat and light around, like a mass of intensely heated iron; and another class holding that heat is merely an affection, or state of an ethereal fluid, which occupies all space, as sound is an affection or motion of air, and that the sun may produce the phenomena of light and heat without waste of its temperature or substance, as a bell may without waste continue to produce sound; holding further, that the sun, below its luminous atmosphere, may be habitable even by such as live on this earth. Those who take the first view, are awakened to the dread contemplation of a universe carrying in itself, if its laws remain constant, the seeds of its certain decay, or, at least, of great periodical revolutions; the others may view the universe as destined to last nearly unchanged, until a new act of the will of its Creator shall again alter or destroy it.

INTERESTING PHENOMENON.—The inhabitants of Crassini-Ougol, in the government of Raisen, in Russia, have recently witnessed an interesting phenomenon. At two o'clock in the afternoon, a peal of thunder was heard, without any flash of lightning having been seen, and whilst the sky was perfectly serene. At the same time, and for several minutes, a shower of stones fell: of these stones one has been sent to the Academy of Sciences at Petersburg.

IMPROVED SYSTEM OF BORING WELLS.—The king of the Netherlands has just granted to an inhabitant of Brussels, a patent for a system of boring wells to a great depth, such as two or three hundred feet. This system is said to be more simple, more expeditious, and consequently less expensive, than that on which the Art-sian wells are conducted.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE.

MR. EDITOR.—In the unavoidable absence of your highly talented correspondent C. who, I perceive, has embarked for Europe, I beg leave to request your insertion of the following communication. Should you deem it worthy of publication, you shall hear from me occasionally, and your politeness will oblige those who feel interested in the prosperity of the drama, and who are anxious to see it properly supported and appreciated in this great emporium. I am aware of the difficulty of properly filling the office for which I am a candidate; but what I want in faculty, I will endeavour to supply by candour and industry. I pledge myself carefully to avoid wantonly wounding the feelings of either author or actor, and likewise, offering the incense of adulation at the shrine of any individual, however high his reputation, being fully convinced that some promising actors have become reckless from unnecessary censure, and more, many more, spoiled by extravagant praise. In acknowledging the superior talents of your friend C. I do but echo the opinions of the majority of our citizens, whom his excellent theatrical portraits have delighted and amused, and by whom they will be read when the subjects of some of them shall have passed to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns." If my efforts should make manager and actors more attentive, and the drama more popular, my ambition will be satisfied—my end attained. My opinions, in many instances, will doubtless be termed singular;

but they will be sincere. I shall say precisely what I think; the public is my jury, the theatre my court house, of which, until you issue a warrant of supersedeas, I shall act as judge, and pass sentence according to dramatic laws without fear or favour. A well regulated stage is an ornament to any country; a school for the old, a place of amusement and instruction to the young; where the virtues of past ages are made to live again. It is a bright and glorious vision, planting in the breasts of the rising generation the noble seeds of patriotism.—As a school of oratory alone, waiving its title to the rank of a moral instructor, it is a valuable public establishment.—There the graces of delivery are careful objects of attention, and are cultivated under a combination of aiding circumstances, which no other institution can unite in an equal degree. If this be so, and that it is, no liberal mind can for a moment doubt, the prosperity of the drama is of much importance to the well being of a free and enlightened people.—Were it possible to force back society to a state of primitive barbarism, the first step would be to discountenance the ornamental arts. Man would then retrograde until he finally subsided into a state of listless torpor, or vicious activity.

Little novelty has been produced at the Park during the last fortnight, (th nights having been principally appropriated to the performers' benefits) with the exception of a new musical romance, entitled, "Robert, Duke of Normandy," alias, "Robert the Devil;" a most appalling tissue of nonsense and absurdity. Thunder and lightning are mingled with tumble-down castles and broken hearts; and, in the end, the hero and heroine disappear through a trap-door in admired disorder—a most exquisite device of the author to rid the audience of two very dull and uninteresting persons. This was the best thing in the piece, and should have been resorted to at an earlier period.

The reign of melo dramas and stars of the sixth and seventh magnitude is nearly at an end. "The charm dissolves apace." I shall endeavor to make my next communication more interesting, if this will answer for the present. D.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Vermont Classical Seminary.—This institution, situated in Castleton, one of the most beautiful and salubrious villages in the eastern states, was opened on the twelfth of May last, under the superintendence of Professor Lewis C. Beck, and Mr. Samuel Foot. The course of instruction is arranged in five divisions, to wit:

1. Chemistry and Natural History.
2. Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.
3. Ancient Languages.
4. Modern Languages.
5. English Literature.

Each of these divisions will be under the charge of able instructors, and, from our knowledge of Professor Beck's qualifications, we are induced to form a high estimate of the competency of his assistants. This gentleman has long since distinguished himself by his numerous and valuable contributions to the stores of natural and philosophical science, and given evidence of an acute and observing mind, of the most untiring industry and successful research. His "Gazetteer of the Western States," a work, the variety and learning of which merited for it a far prouder title, justly gained for him an elevated rank among the literary and scientific men of our country, and this rank his essays on chemistry, natural history, and philosophy, which have occasionally appeared in the periodical journals of this country, have eminently contributed to maintain. His appointment as instructor in the Rensselaer school, and as professor of chemistry in the Medical College of Vermont, are decided proofs of the favourable estimation in which his talents and learning are held. His private deportment is such as will ensure to parents the most faithful discharge of a teacher's duties towards their children, for to his attainments in science and experience in the art of instruction, Professor Beck adds the most affable and conciliating manners. The building erected for the accommodation of the school stands on an eminence, and commands an extensive view of a beautiful and fertile country. It is one hundred and sixty feet in length, and forty in breadth, with projections in the centre and extremities, and is three stories high. The basement contains a large dining hall, kitchens, wash-rooms, domestics' rooms, &c. On the second story are the professors' room, a laboratory, a chapel, a public school-room, four private recitation rooms, and fifty dormitories about thirteen feet square, exclusive of a closet, all of which are provided with stoves, beds, tables, desks, &c. To the building is attached a play-ground of about six acres—a part of which is devoted to a garden. The recreations of the pupils will consist, in the summer, in collecting specimens in botany, mineralogy, &c.; during the winter, gymnastic exercises will

be taught and practised. The greatest attention will, at all times, be paid to the moral deportment of the youth. There will be two vacations every year; one in April—and another in August. Terms are only two hundred dollars—including tuition, board, furniture, washing, firewood, lights; in short every expense.

We have been thus particular in exhibiting the details of this new Academy, because we feel certain, that it offers peculiar advantages for instruction in the elementary, practical and popular, as well as the higher branches of education, which can be enjoyed but in few other seminaries. And if properly encouraged and fostered, a brilliant career of usefulness and reputation will be opened to its founders and superintendents.

Before closing this article, we must not omit to notice the fact, that, at the opening of the Seminary, a very eloquent and appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. William B. Sprague, in which the objects and most successful methods of youthful instruction were pointed out in a lucid and elevated strain of argument. We regret that we have not space to notice this address in detail, as its suggestions are generally applicable and should be generally known. It has been published and may be had at the Parthenon bookstore.

Female wages.—The philanthropist has cause to rejoice for the increase of attention which is paid to this interesting and affecting subject. On a former occasion, the utter inadequacy of the pay received by the moral, industrious, and indefatigable female labourers from their employers was detailed, and the harrowing alternative of a degradation of character, or a deplorable state approaching to starvation, was plainly pointed out. The naked truth has not failed to reach the hearts, and enlist the active sympathies of the humane in our principal cities. Measures have been adopted by the most influential inhabitants, especially of the sex more nearly interested to redeem from poverty and infamy a valuable and numerous class of sufferers. The attempt to remedy this enormous evil by provident societies and even houses of industry, although these may effect some good, is altogether idle. **Prices must be raised.** The example has been set in Baltimore and should be speedily followed in all our cities. Happy—enviable will be the lot of him who first projected this good, when he shall see the object of his benevolence accomplished.

Water.—We have been very much interested by reading the able report of the committee of the common council appointed to take into consideration the conduct of the Manhattan Water Company. It is made to appear by facts too well and too long known, that this body, appointed for purposes the most important to the health and hourly comforts of the people of this city, has failed to accomplish any object excepting that of enriching itself. The water they have furnished was not such as was promised by the terms of the charter, neither was it obtained from the sources prescribed to them, neither has it been pure or palatable. They have also committed repeated nuisances in destroying pavements—thus actually imposing burdens on the public, and lastly they have withdrawn their fire plugs. All these charges are fully substantiated—and are sufficient to destroy the charter of the company, and break up an odious and injurious monopoly. Let us hope that the subject may not be allowed to rest where it has begun. His honour the Mayor is pledged on the subject of water, and will he not redeem his pledge?

Memorial of the Manhattan Gas Light Company.—The simple and uncontradicted statements contained in this document, which is addressed to the honourable the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the city of New-York, fully establish the necessity of the adoption of decisive measures on the subject of the illumination of our streets and houses. It has been rendered sufficiently clear that the company already in operation has failed to effect the object for which they were incorporated, and, in the secure enjoyment of a monopoly, have frequently exacted inordinate charges for very unsatisfactory equivalents. The complaints have been loud and daily repeated. Public good requires that the proper authorities should interfere, and it is high time the subject was settled.

The Philadelphia Daily Chronicle.—Among the recent new exchanges with which we have reason to be gratified, that with this valuable journal is not the least. Conducted with decorum and sense, diversified by a great variety of miscellaneous, amusing and instructive matter, it deserves to hold a conspicuous rank among the daily newspapers of the United States. It adds a pleasing instance to many others of the improved style and appearance of these important chronicles of passing events.

Miss Sterling.—The concert given by this interesting young lady, on Tuesday evening, was triumphantly successful.

THE CAMEL DRIVER'S RETURN.

SUNG BY MADAME VESTRIS—COMPOSED BY L. DEVEREAUX.

ALLEGROTTTO E SCHERZANDO.

Morn-ing beams are twink-ling, lis-ten, A-bra, dear, O'er the moun-tains tink-ling, ca-mel bells I hear; With the spright-ly jin-gle, mirth and so-cial glee, Cheer-i-ly doth min-gle, wea-ry though they be.

Tin-gle, tin-gle, tin-gle, wea-ri-ly they go; Tin-gle, tin-gle, tin-gle, faint-er now and slow. Tin-gle, tin-gle, tin-gle, wea-ri-ly they go! Tin-gle, tin-gle, tin-gle, tin-gle, faint-er now and slow.

2d—While the music clinking, of the camel's bell,
Is my Sadi thinking, of his native dell?
Will he soon be greeting, her in lowly vale,
Whose fond heart is beating, his return to hail?

Tingle, tingle, tingle, wearily they go;
Tingle, tingle, tingle, fainter now and slow.
Tingle, tingle, tingle, wearily they go;
Tingle, tingle, tingle, fainter now and slow.

3d—Now the pitcher bearing, from the fountain bright;
Now the cheer preparing, with a footstep light;
Listen, Abra, listen! dost thou hear them still?
Do their trappings glisten, on the distant hill?

Tingle, tingle, tingle, weary travel past;
Smiles of welcome greeting, safe return at last.
Tingle, tingle, tingle, weary did they roam;
Tingle, tingle, tingle, sweet their welcome home.

VARIETIES.

A WEDDING PRESENT.—A curious mistake, which occurred at Paris, has afforded an interesting topic of conversation in the *salons* there. An actress, who is said to be extremely fond of lobsters, was in the habit of accompanying her friend, a titled gentleman, for a morning drive, and they generally used to alight at the well-known shop of Chevot, where the fair *gourmande* made choice of her favourite delicacy. The lobster was usually tastefully wrapped up in coloured paper, and placed in the carriage. On the morning in question, however, the lady in her hurry to get to rehearsal, forgot it when they got to the house, and it was left in one of the pockets of the carriage. The gentleman was engaged to a marriage ball in the evening, and, as it is usual upon such occasions to present a nosegay, after leaving his *cher amie*, he went to purchase one for the bride. The nosegay was put into the carriage, and in the evening, when the gentleman was driven to the house where the ball was to take place, instead of taking the nosegay, he unfortunately took the lobster, for, as they were both wrapped up in a similar paper, it was not possible to distinguish them. When he entered the room, with his supposed fragrant present, all now gaiety, for the guests had begun to "trip it on the light fantastic toe," and he advanced towards the lady, who was figuring away in a quadrille, the paper was opened, when lo! surprise and horror! it unfolded not sweet smelling flowers, but the fatal lobster, which had been forgotten by his fair acquaintance in the morning. The room, of course, resounded with the cry of mirth, and the gentleman retired, covered with confusion. Many jokes were cracked at the unfortunate gentleman's expense; and it is to be hoped that the circumstance will make him more cautious in future.

EXTRACTS FROM GODWIN'S NEW NOVEL, CLOUDESLEY.—"If we are in love we deceive ourselves; we ascribe to the favour-

ed she the most unparalleled and superhuman excellencies. But if we enter into engagements deliberately and in cool blood, we well know that it is a compromise. The creature that our exalted imagination has figured to us does not exist on the face of the earth. Of those that do exist only a small number are accessible to us, or are such as we have the smallest chance to win to favour our addresses. We contentedly give up some of the qualifications we should have desired in the partner of our life, and accept of such as are within our reach."

"The season of jubilee to those by whom a child is truly loved, is when he begins to talk. Words of love and endearment are among the first he utters. How delightful is it to them that his tongue should assure them of what they before learned only from dumb signs and uncertain gestures! It is like the first declaration between a lover and his mistress. No, there was nothing doubtful before, but articulated sounds are as the seal to the bond, and make assurance doubly sure."

"The history of the world in its various climates, the advances of mankind from barbarism to civilization, the inroads to despotism, the struggles for the profligacy and servility of some, and generous elevation of others, with all the varieties of human propensities and human character, presented to me an immense storehouse of observation and wisdom."

"What a dreadful practice is this of duelling, which seems to be so deeply rooted in the habits of modern Europe. The best and most generous of our race are more exposed to its tragical consequences than the ignoble and base. It is said to be indispensable to the keeping up the courtesies of polished society. In that case, those courtesies are bought at a high price. It is held that no man without the deepest disgrace can abstain from the receiving or even the giving a challenge. What can be more barbarous than that two men should go in cold blood to stand out as a mark, or even to press forward as to a mark against the life of a fellow creature for some unin-

telligible point of imaginary honour? We all confess this, and yet the evil is not remedied! Surely the wit of man ought strenuously and unremittingly to be applied to find out the cure for so tremendous an evil."

A CRITICISM ON STYLE.—In the account given by Sir Walter Scott of Napoleon's interment I read as follows:—"The coffin was then let down into the grave, under a discharge of three successive volleys of artillery, fifteen pieces of cannon firing fifteen guns each." Here we have three synonyms—artillery, cannon, and guns, brought into play in a manner which bids complete defiance to Swift's definition of style, "the use of proper words in proper places." Without advert-ing to the novel phrase of "volleys of artillery," I am at a loss to know how a *single* discharge of artillery produced *three successive volleys*, and not less so to comprehend how the cannon fired the *guns*. With regard to the latter point, indeed, the difficulty, like that of the martyred saint who walked several miles with his head in his hand, consists entirely in the *first step*; for, if I could understand how *one* cannon could fire *one gun once*, I should not be surprised at fifteen pieces of cannon firing fifteen times fifteen guns; though the puzzle would still remain of a simultaneous discharge of three successive volleys from two hundred and twenty five guns. As the burial of an Emperor was not likely to be an every day occurrence at St. Helena, it was a pity that Sir Hudson Lowe did not contrive to add one wonder more to this wonderful firing, by making the guns reciprocate the kind offices of the cannon."

Globe.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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AND LADIES' LITERARY GAZETTE.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A LADY.

Who sent her common place book to the author for a contribution.

And dost thou then request a lay
From one to thee unknown?
One, who without that kindling ray
Which bright inspiring eyes convey,
Could never wake a tone?

Alas! the heartless lines I trace
Will have no charms for thee;
For if Peru's untutored race
Had never seen their god's bright face,
How cold their prayers would be.

'Tis true that Fame, in brightest dyes
Her magic pencil dips,
To paint the mental charms I prize
Reflected from thy speaking eyes,
Or warbled from thy lips;

But, ah! however bright we own
The portrait all admire,
The fair original alone
Could waken feeling's purest tone,
From my neglected lyre.

When thou wouldst catch the drowdrops, shook
From fancy's glittering wing,
Let thy own hand present the book,
And with thy own bewitching look
Inspire the bard to sing.

STANZAS.

Though milder skies allure thee hence,
And smiling native scenes invite,
Where fancy to thy view presents
A glowing picture of delight;
No flow'ry vales nor verdant scenes
So sweet a fragrance can impart,
As friendship's tender ever-greens
Nourish'd by memory in the heart.
In ours those plants shall ever bloom,
Freshen'd by tear-drops of regret,
While one sweet hope will light the gloom,
The hope that thou wilt not forget.
But should new friends and joys efface
The forms of those thou leav'st behind,
O let the humble lines I trace
Recall the picture to thy mind.

POPULAR MORAL TALES.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

"Most happy metamorphosis! in which
The film of error that did blind my judgment
And seduced understanding is removed.
What sacrifice of thanks can I return
Her pious charity!"—*Messenger.*

Among the families in the neighbourhood of my residence, whom I was in the habit of attending in my professional capacity, was that of Mr. Evelyn, a retired merchant. It consisted of himself, Mrs. Evelyn, and two daughters, Mary and Eliza. The elder of the young ladies, whom this narrative particularly concerns, combined with an unusually sound understanding and quick perception, an enthusiasm of character and simplicity of heart, which rendered her more interesting, although she could not have been more amiable, than her younger sister.

Were I in need of a heroine for a romance, and were desirous of clothing her in every attribute of beauty, my recollections of Mary Evelyn should furnish me with materials for the picture. Even at this remote period, for it is some years since I first saw her, her form is floating before my mental vision in all its freshness and beauty; as when I beheld her before she became a wife. I shall not easily forget her: her slender yet exquisitely proportioned form, her beautifully arched eyebrows, her light blue eye, her round and polished forehead, her cheek, which nature had tinted so slightly; and her smile, too, that would have won a kingdom, are all within my mind's eye in the vividness of their reality.

Among the aspirants to Mary's favour, a Mr. Melvin and a Mr. Landen were most conspicuous, both as regarded their pretensions, and the terms on which they stood with her family.

The former gentleman was of an elegant and commanding figure, master of most of the external accomplishments which pertain to gentility, and, withal, possessed that encyclopedical description of knowledge, which, embracing a great variety of subjects, with little profundity upon any, gave him, in point of conversational talent, a great superiority over men of more sterling acquirements. He was most assiduous, nay, devoted, in his attentions to Miss Evelyn; watching all her looks, and anticipating all her wishes, and, from a desire to please, rather than any intention of appearing what he was not, conforming so closely to her habits in many points, where they were dissimilar in their tastes, as almost to deceive himself into a conviction that there was a perfect sympathy between them.

These advantages and his powers of pleasing, which were really of no ordinary cast, coupled with an unblemished reputation, and flattering prospects in life, might well render him the object of favour to a woman of more fastidious taste than even Mary Evelyn.

Mr. Landen, although decidedly inferior to Mr. Melvin in personal appearance, was nevertheless a very interesting young man. His complexion was pale, but his eye was dark and penetrating, and his profile I have rarely seen equalled for correct beauty; it was a perfect study for an artist. Mr. Melvin's face glowed with the hue of health, and his restless blue eye imparted to it a perpetual vivacity. Mr. Landen's, although I have seen it lit up by an animation of which it scarcely appeared susceptible, was, in its general expression, of a calmer and more quiescent kind than Mr. Melvin's. Although Mr. Landen's manners were decidedly those of a gentleman, and were distinguished by an urbanity which could not fail to propitiate all who were acquainted with him, the natural thoughtfulness of his disposition rendered him less generally observant of those little attentions to which the fairer sex conceive themselves, and by acclamation are allowed, to be entitled. Independently of this, although his admiration of Miss Evelyn was as ardent as his respect for her was deep, he possessed a sensibility of a somewhat morbid kind, which rendered the idea of a repulse abhorrent to him, and tended to check those advances in which his bolder rival anticipated him.

These circumstances will enable us, without reflecting upon the lady's discernment, to account for the failure of Mr. Landen's suit, and the success of Mr. Melvin's; to whom, with the full consent of her family, and amid the congratulations of her friends, she was united.

Mr. Landen had a mind too exalted to be reached by so grovelling a passion as envy; but the blow was too much for him, and he left the country shortly after the marriage.

That Mr. Melvin sought the hand of Mary from motives altogether unconnected with any sordid views, was never doubted. He saw her the pride and the flower of the circle in which she moved; he saw rank and riches suing for her favour, and heard every tongue eloquent in her praise; he admired her beauty, her accomplishments, and her talents; and, in thinking that he loved her, he was not, by thousands, the first person who has mistaken the passion by which he has been actuated; and, in an instance like the present, has confounded love with an ambition to possess what was coveted by so many, and thus to achieve a triumph over his competitors for the prize.

It may be inquired, who shall presume to judge between a man's actions and his heart, and decide on which of these motives has influenced him in such a matter? The test is an easy one. Love, if it be sincere, having obtained the prize, is happy in finding it all that it had imagined of its value. Ambition, equally eager in the pursuit, is limitless, and passes on from one conquest to another.

Thus it happened, that, although Mr. Melvin's vanity was gratified in exhibiting the envied attractions of his wife to the admiration of his friends, and the gaze of the world, the gratification ceased with the novelty; and a year had barely elapsed, from the time of their union, ere Mrs. Melvin found that she had not so much of her husband's society as she possessed in the early days of her marriage; that he went out very frequently without her; and, in those parties to which she did accompany him, the attentions he was wont to devote so exclusively to her, were employed in obtaining the favour, and attracting the admiration of others. She was,

however, in the course of a few months afterwards, spared the mortification of witnessing the transfer of attentions which she could not but feel were justly due to her; for he seldom or never went out with her; very rarely spent an evening at home; and, when he did, the reserve of his manner plainly indicated that it was irksome to him. He would return from his parties at all hours of the night, utterly regardless of the anxiety his protracted absence would create. In fact, his conduct at last assumed the character of cold neglect of one of the loveliest and most amiable women in creation; and he thus sacrificed to the empty admiration of the world, and to worse than idle pleasures, a being who had resigned all the world for him.

When a woman who, in the generous confidence which ever characterizes her love, has intrusted her happiness to one with whom she deemed it would be secure, finds that she has been betrayed, there is something so terrible and overwhelming in the discovery, that language is altogether inadequate to the description of her feelings.

Poor Mary felt the misery of her situation to its full extent; for there were those who took care that she should not continue in ignorance of any of her husband's faults, but entertain a due sense of her injuries. There are some parents, who, forgetting that their authority over their child ceases with her marriage, and merges in her husband, are perpetually interfering in the concerns of her family; and, as power which is usurped is usually abused, most generally augment domestic dissensions, if they do not originate them. Mrs. Melvin's parents were of the number of those "miserable comforters," and were the first to counsel her to upbraid her husband for his treatment, and to meet it with what they were pleased to designate a "becoming spirit."

Out upon such meddlers! The knowledge a woman possesses of her husband's errors beyond what she can correct, heaven knows, is superfluous; and thankless is their office that would tell her of them.

Mrs. Melvin did not fail to show a "becoming spirit" upon the occasion; but it was a "spirit of health," not the "goblin damned," whose name is legion, for it pervades, not one family, alas! but many, making a hell where there should be heaven, and producing those awful dissensions between them whom heaven has joined, by which they forfeit the respect of their children, incur the ridicule of the world, and bring scandal upon the religion they profess to venerate.

But Mrs. Melvin needed not to be reminded of her husband's errors: she had long known and wept bitterly over them. She mourned over the crushed hopes of her young heart, and she mourned also for him; but she knew that the voice of upbraiding had few charms to win him back from the perilous path into which he had strayed; and that to fill his home with complaints was not calculated to make him seek it the oftener. She did not, however, trust to the uncertain deductions of human reason as a rule of conduct. She looked to Him who is a guide and a counsellor in every difficulty, and a comforter in every affliction; and who not only points out the path in which we should walk, but supplies us with a powerful motive for pursuing it. She had pledged herself at His altar to adhere to her husband in sickness; and his was indeed a grievous sickness, for it was that of the soul. She knew that she could not extricate herself from her situation, distressing as it was, without violating the law of her Maker; and deeming that a plain indication of His will that she should suffer, she needed no other motive for patience.

But, although all her actions bore the stamp of strong religious principle, there was no parade of it. Her virtues were unobtrusive; like the lily, the emblem at once of her beauty and humility, they delighted in the shade, and needed not the stimulus of the world's gaze to bring them into action.

Mr. Melvin, among other accomplishments for which his society was coveted, possessed an uncommonly fine voice, and an exquisite taste for music; talents which, before his marriage, had, notwithstanding his devotion to Mary, led him more into company than was agreeable to her; but she had trusted that such a home as she hoped to make his, would possess attractions which would wean him from the companions of his youthful days.

But, alas! although the first year had flattered her with the appearance of success, she found, too early, that society

had regained its hold upon him; and his connexions did not improve as they extended. What is called gay, is closely allied to profligate society. Indeed, if the terms thus applied be not synonymous, the transition from the one description of company to the other is easy and imperceptible. Although he was an illustration of the proverb, "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus," the gradations of his descent were soon completed; and his ruin, which began its career in gaiety, was consummated by the race-course and the gaming table.

The result was, that in about three years after his marriage with Miss Evelyn, his affairs becoming embarrassed, and his creditors impatient, he was thrown into prison for the debts he was unable to meet. The shock, although he might have anticipated the event, was a severe one to him. Reflection, which may be drowned in the shouts of revelry, or escaped from in the whirl of dissipation, is not to be parried in a prison. It is there her mirror is held up to us, and we cannot choose but gaze upon it. He looked back upon the latter years of his life, and thought of the hours he had squandered among companions, and on pursuits, to whose utter worthlessness he was now awakened by the bitterest remorse. He well knew that not a voice among all those who had flattered him in the day of his pride, would awaken an echo in the vaulted roof which hung frowning above him: for those whom he had once called friends had dropped away from him in his adversity like the leaves from a frost-smitten tree, which are fresh and full upon its branches at evening, but, when sought for in the morning, they are scattered and gone. He looked back through the dark vista of his folly and crimes, on the happiness which was once in his power, and he thought of the blind infatuation in which he had cast it from him. He thought of the name he had lost, and the fortune he had wasted, and both were irretrievable. He thought of his wife, of his neglected, his injured Mary—of her tears, whose mute eloquence had so often pleaded with him in his own behalf—of her smile, which should have won him back to virtue; and he felt that there was not one being beside himself who would thus have

—"wandered wild and wide
With such an angel for his guide."

Poverty, imprisonment, and the world's scorn, are all, in themselves, endurable afflictions: it is the consciousness of having merited them which renders them insupportable, and it was this aggravation that had armed each with a double sting, and tortured him to madness.

He was roused from his gloomy meditations by the approach of footsteps—his door opened, he looked up, and Mary stood before him!

It is not easy to describe, nor is it perhaps possible to conceive, to their full extent, the feelings of a man whose offences have placed a gulf between him and those whose presence alone could console him, and who, while tortured by the goading consciousness of his shame, is surprised by a visit from one whom even his baseness and ingratitude could not estrange. If it be a friend, how tenaciously does he cling to him as a drowning mariner to a plank! but, if it be a woman who has thus sought him out in his misery, how does his heart, upon which pride would set a guard in the presence of his fellow man, gush out in gratitude and tenderness; and with what eagerness does he rush to hide his shame in the only bosom in the world that does not scorn or hate him, and which even the loathsome leprosy of his crimes could not repel from his arms! Oh, what a relief must it be to his bursting heart and burning brain, though his self upbraidings should flow faster than his tears!

Such were the feelings of Melvin upon meeting his wife in prison, for his heart, though lamentably corrupted, was not of adamant.

Mrs. Melvin "her soul-subduing voice applied," to moderate the ebullitions of his anguish and remorse. "My husband," she said, "all is not lost."

"Call me not husband," said the wretched man, hastily interrupting her. "I have forfeited every claim to the title. I have been the willing slave of every unhallowed passion, and the associate of profligates and fools, and you must, you cannot but despise me."

"Oh, no!" said Mary, "or you had not seen me here. I have mourned for your desertion of a home which you might have made happy, and I have wept over your aberrations from the path which you might have adorned; but, believe me, I ever loved you, and gladly would I become the tenant of this dungeon for the remnant of my days, if it would purchase back for you the happiness which you have lost; yet it may again be yours!"

"No," Melvin replied, "it may not be. Could my liberation

be effected, degradation and shame, the world's contumely, and my self-aborrence, will follow me to the grave."

Mrs. Melvin had not encouraged in her husband the hope of obtaining his liberty without good reason, for all her property, over which she had any influence, was unreservedly sacrificed to effect the object; and as soon as he was released she retired with him to a cottage which, with a small annuity, had been settled on her by her father.

Adversity had, however, wrought a change in Mr. Melvin; he was no longer what he had been; he turned with disgust from his former companions and habits, to her whom he now hailed as his guardian angel. He had, indeed, in his prison light enough to perceive his danger, but not sufficient to discover a way to escape from it. He had begun to look back upon his past life with abhorrence and fear—a crisis at which despair or a saving repentance awaited him. "Wo to him," saith the preacher, "that is alone when he falleth!" and surely if, while the waters of affliction were gathering around him, there had been none to extend the hand of encouragement when his heart was failing him, the stream had gone over his soul, and whelmed it for ever in the gulf of despair.

Mr. Melvin's constitution had been materially impaired by the irregular life he had led previously to his imprisonment, and it was not a year after his release when I was summoned to his chamber.

His illness was severe and lingering, and she who had been his comfort in sorrow, was his nurse in sickness; she attended him by night and day with the most unwearied assiduity, the most endearing tenderness.

The vigils of the sick-room had indeed blanched her cheek, and dimmed the lustre of her eye; but the smile of her affection had lost none of its sweetness, and when she smoothed down his pillow or supported his frame, it beamed upon his countenance as the smile of an angel.

To him who, in his estimation of woman's love, typifies its constancy by the breeze, and its duration by the flower, I would say, "Go to the chamber of sickness or the dungeon of the captive, and you shall behold that flower braving the bitterest blast of adversity, and perishing only with the object to which it clings."

But the voice of affection wins not upon the ear of death, who had summoned him to his home. He met the stroke with fortitude, and expressed a confident hope that, although his sins had been many and grievous, He who had given him time and grace to repent of them, would remember him in His kingdom."

Whether his confidence was a well-grounded one, and of what avail will be his repentance who, bankrupt in reputation, fortune, and friends, flies to his Redeemer as a last resource, it may by some be deemed presumptuous to determine. We know, however, that the prodigal, abandoned even by the companions of his sin and his shame, was forgiven by his father, and that they who were willing to enter into the vineyard, even at the eleventh hour, were not rejected. We know, also, that it has often pleased God, by sudden calamity, to arrest a man in his desolating career of sin, and yet he has so mingled mercy with judgment, that the benighted sinner has been guided to the rock of salvation by the lightnings of the wrath which his crimes have provoked.

Notwithstanding the sacrifices which had been made by Mrs. Melvin, her husband's affairs were so much embarrassed at the time of his death that the furniture of the cottage was given up to his creditors. Other motives than curiosity induced me to attend the sale, and, having arrived at the house some time before it commenced, I wandered through the apartments in which the furniture was disposed.

There is a propensity in our nature to identify things with the persons whom we have loved or admired, and which causes us to feel regret when they pass into strange hands. In every room I beheld something that strikingly reminded me of the amiable being whom sorrow and distress had driven from that abode. In one room was her harp, the companion of her youth, and the solace of her later years. When I first saw her, she was bending over that harp; and often have I sat by her side, as it were, spell-bound by strains so thrilling and so sweet, as almost to suggest a doubt if the hand that awakened them were fashioned of clay. It was sad to think that that hand would never wake them again; and I could almost have deemed it better that every chord had snapped with its last vibration to her touch than have yielded its melodies to the hand of another.

In many of the drawings which adorned the walls I recognised the pencil of Mary, for its touches were as delicate as the hand it obeyed. Among them I observed a miniature of herself, which she had painted at Melvin's earnest solicitation.

The cold eye of the critic, thought I, may glance over it, and discover defects which, in the original, he had searched for in vain. Her library, too, was destined to be scattered. I opened some of the volumes. Her name, written by herself, was in the title pages, and I thought that the hand that obliterated it could not write a worthier in its place. There were flowers, too, which she had planted, and with which she loved to decorate her little drawing-room; but they had missed her fostering care, and were hanging their heads, while some of them, like her own young hopes, were withering in the bud, as if they scorned to shed their blossoms at the feet of the stranger. A melancholy feeling stole over me as I contemplated the scene, and I could not endure to think that those things which, by an association of ideas I had almost deemed sacred, should be labelled by the awkward praises of the hired eulogist of chairs and tables, and become subjects of the clamorous contention and of the jests, dull as they are coarse, which make up the Babel of an auction room.

While the auctioneer was pronouncing his exordium, I observed a tall thin gentleman enter the room, and afterwards, somewhat to my surprise, compete for every lot that was put up for sale with such perseverance and total recklessness of cost, that he became the purchaser of each. The portrait of Mr. Melvin was among the things exhibited, and, as it was painted by an artist of eminence, some sharp contest took place, particularly on the part of one person, who appeared to derive a gratification from the chagrin evinced by the stranger, as he found himself outbidden at every advance by the sole remaining competitor. At length I observed a sudden flush upon the stranger's brow, and, in a tone of voice highly indicative of impatience, he named a sum which left competition altogether behind, and the picture became his. A contest nearly similar in its progress, and altogether so in its issue, occurred when the miniature of Mrs. Melvin was produced. The stranger, in fact, became the purchaser of every thing the house contained, at a price far beyond its value, and the premises were gradually cleared of those who came to the sale. I lingered almost to the last, and found myself in the room alone with the stranger. I looked up, and it was Landen, "the ghost of what he was"—"the shadow of a shade."

"Doctor," he said, "you may indeed appear surprised at meeting me in this house, as well as at the object which has led me hither. I heard of poor Melvin's death, and read in the papers that the furniture of his cottage had been destined for sale for the benefit of his creditors. You know the feelings I entertained for Mary Evelyn. We cannot bestow our affection were we please, nor will it come back to us at our beck. Her marriage did not blot her out from existence, nor her image from my mind. I will not say that the feeling I retained for her after that event was *love*. Let those who deal in terms give it what name they please. I know that it is such as may be cherished without sin, and owned without a blush. The ivy, torn from the object to which it would have clung until it withered, may be too deeply rooted to perish, though the day of its aspirations be past. The house which she has graced with her presence must not be made a desert; and I would that when she returns to it she find every thing as she left it, and therefore have I done what you have witnessed. To-morrow will see me on my way from England to visit it no more; and I leave to you the arrangement of the matter in such a way that she may never know who has restored to her the furniture of her dwelling. Simply tell her that it is her own again. I shall make but one reserve of all my purchases," added he, taking up the miniature and depositing it in his bosom; "having once possessed, I cannot summon the courage to resign it."

The arrangement was made in strict conformity to Mr. Landen's directions, and Mrs. Melvin ever remained in ignorance of the author of an act, which, while it paid a delicate tribute to her feelings and to her worth, afforded a proof, not only of the strength, but of the exalted purity of his affection.

The result of Mr. Landen's disregard of cost, and determination to purchase every article of furniture the house possessed, was that the amount produced by the sale was more than adequate to satisfy the demands of the creditors of Mr. Melvin; and the annuity, which was settled upon his widow, enabled her to continue to reside at the cottage, which, notwithstanding his faults, the memory of her husband had endeared.

MISS MITFORD'S RESIDENCE.—A writer in a late English periodical thus describes the "Mitford cottage." "It is a pretty but fairy spot. You might place it in a band-box on a shelf, or hang it like a bird-cage on a tree; it suffices, however, for the wants and wishes of a descendant of the noble house of Russell."

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Our daily contemporaries have been liberal of their praises of this terrestrial paradise (such is the appellation that by common consent has been bestowed upon it;) but after all their labours, Niblo's Garden still remains a shining example of the inadequacy of words, which are but empty wind, and of types, which, to make the best of them, are but dull-looking articles, to do justice to such unrivalled splendour and beauty as are to be found within its gorgeous walks, and among its exquisite decorations. It is a pity that Moore the poet, will not again visit our shores; there is no writer, that we know of, who could describe Niblo's Garden of delights as it ought to be described, except the author of *Lalla Rookh*: how he would luxuriate upon its bowers and temples, and shady walks, and glittering lights, and its rich music, and its unsurpassable eatables and drinkables, and yet more upon the graceful forms and sparkling eyes and delicious lips that meet the enraptured gaze, and ruin the defenceless hearts of our unhappy bachelors within its charmed precincts! What pen but Moore's could do justice to the splendours of the princial walk—the alley of the glittering arches, the extent of which by the effect of the admirable and ingenious optical deception at the one end, and the magnificent mirror at the other, appears to be without limits? or, to the sea nymphs' bowers? or to the sweet voices, that night after night, pour out such honied words of praise and admiration, as their lovely owners gaze enraptured on them? We think Niblo must be a most enviable man, at least whenever it does not rain. Praise is very sweet, no matter where it comes from; but to be praised by every body—by the learned and the witty and the lovely—by joyous youth and severe old age—by the lovers of beautiful sights and the worshippers of harmonious sounds, and the idolaters of good eating and drinking—Mr. Niblo, Mr. Niblo, you are a happy man, even though your own eyes should enjoy not, and your own ears be palled, and dyspepsia should forbid your own gastronomic organs to partake of the delights which you are so skilled in providing for the appetites of others.

We do not remember to have seen in any of the papers a history of this garden. Within our remembrance it was nothing but a square unoccupied ground, with "not a shrub or tree or bit of plant green," within its desolate enclosure. Some ten or twelve years since, it was taken possession of by a wandering tribe of vagabond equestrians and rope-dancers, who exhibited fly-flaps and somersets, and ground and lofty tumbling and feats of very equivocal horsemanship, for the edification of the enlightened public, and the guerdon of sixpence (or rhaps a shilling) per man, that being the honorarium, by the disbursement whereof admittance might be purchased to the inner side of the envious high fence which then, as now surrounded the vacant lot. In those days, we were often truant school-boy; but alas! not often blessed with the possession of the requisite amount of mammon to enable us to become a privileged spectator; and we well remember the eagerness with which we were wont to seek for knot-holes and gaping crevices in the cruel fence, through which our aging eyes might be regaled with the sight of the wonders that were going on within, and the nervous state of anxiety to which we were occasionally thrown by the suspicion it we could not but entertain, of evil from the hand of some money-taker, or prowling underling of the troupe should we be detected in this illegitimate satisfaction of curiosity; and the horrors that beset us as we hurried hewards when the performances were over, resulting from our unshakable conviction that a wholesome flogging awaited there for the "dallying dear delay" of our return from school. In process of time, the wandering troupe became regular company; a real, permanent circus was established; we grew up to the acquisition of time and money, and became the master of our own actions, so that we might gaze upon our fill upon the riders, and the jumpers, and the ablers, without any fear of the keepers or cross-grained jockeys. But alas, when the power to acquire was attained the capacity to enjoy was gone; and circuses and the dead heat are done within them became to us as things of no count. Oh the mutability—but this is no place or time to talize. Let us return to Niblo's Garden.

Years came and passed away, and found us a wanderer in foreign and far-off lands; pleasant places that had known us in happy boyhood knew no longer; and the very memory of our youthful and belated haunts grew faint and feeble in the collision of active life and the wear and tear of earnest

occupation. We returned to our native land, and the city where our youth was past, a man; and for months it was our delight to visit once more those old and almost forgotten scenes to which we had been so long a stranger, and to try to recognise familiar places amid the changes they too had undergone. Among these was the quondam circus, now Niblo's Garden. It had endured the greatest transformation of the whole: we entered and found the once waste land, now laid out in walks, and blooming with shrubs, and trees, and flowers; active and careful and attentive waiters were swiftly gliding about among crowds of happy faces, where horses had pranced and vaulters had run and bounded, and clowns with party-coloured caps and grotesque garments had lavished their unmeaning grins and coarse practical jokes upon a slender company of wondering spectators. The sweet strains of violins and flutes and horns and beautiful voices, had supplied the place of the rattling tambourine: and a creating spirit of taste and enterprise and order, had converted a den of thieves into an enchanted garden of pleasure. Our heart was full, and we retired to a shady arbour with a cream, and meditated upon the mutations of this most changeable world.

VIVA LA MUSICA.

The season of harmony and melody is now drawing to a close in that temple of Apollo, the Park theatre. The mellifluous voices of flutes and clarionets begin to experience the sharpening effects of heat, and the violins have become susceptible of a flat languor. Frequently the expressive countenance of Mr. De Luce is observed to turn a reproachful glance at the inflators of wood, giving them note A in a perturbed manner; who, in their turn, look gloomily at the "ever angry" men of fiddles, whose temper is not proof against the frequent rupture of strings which takes place. Even the human diapason becomes affected by the atmosphere; and art and nature unite in crying "hold, enough."

Before we bid a temporary adieu to the professors of this charming science, it may not be amiss to cast one retrospective glance at the progress of the lyrical drama during the season.

Three new operas have been produced with success. The first, entitled "The Caliph of Bagdad," has given us an entire work of the great master Boieldieu, an acquisition of first-rate importance in our musical annals. The second, a pleasing operetta in two acts, "Music and Prejudice," has furnished some beautiful melodies, and particularly that called "The Soldier's Tear," which has been presented to the public in a former number of the *Mirror*. This piece has likewise placed our highly gifted countryman, Placide, in a most favourable point of view, and in a line of business which he has made exclusively his own. The third, is the opera of "Rokeby," a spirited and matter-of-fact version of Scott's poem. This piece has afforded us not only an opportunity of hearing a selection of music of the best masters, hitherto unknown to an American audience, but has presented us with as brilliant a spectacle as the united talents of author, musician, and machinist could well accomplish. Such have been the novelties of the season. For the standard genus of opera, we have had "The Barber of Seville," "The Tempest," "The Marriage of Figaro," and "Artaxerxes;" but Weber's splendid "Der Freyschutz" has been missing. We trust that we shall be greeted by its witcheries and almost unearthly music next season. Mr. Jones is well calculated for the part of Adolph; but for Caspar, if we exclaim where? echo answers "where?" "Oberon," also, the beautiful and classic, but alas, the dying effort of Weber, of which the poetry is worthy of the music—composed in England, translated into German, and received with enthusiasm all over the continent of Europe—why are we not to be favoured by its reproduction? Two years have elapsed since it was coldly received at the Park. True; but two years have passed over a people rapidly improving in taste; and surely we have amateurs enough of the right sort to remove such a stain from our musical escutcheon. Before we babble about this or the other Italian composer, at least it behoves us to know and appreciate the music of our native tongue, in which the French, Germans, and Italians set us a notable example; and although we witness with pleasure the success of new pieces, and the introduction of both Italian and French opera in our city, yet we wish to impress upon our readers the fact, that we are as yet only partially acquainted with the sacred and secular compositions of great masters, whose works ought to form the basis of our musical education, and the model of our taste. It remains for us now to cast a glance at our fair singing birds. During the summer, we understand that Madame Feron and Miss George may be heard in certain trees in Niblo's cool retreat. That indefatigable person has likewise endeavoured to secure the talents of Mrs. Austin; but it appears the worthy manager of the Park

has adduced weighty arguments to prove that her exclusive services in New-York should be confined to the prima donna-ship of the theatre, with the exception of charitable concerts and oratorios. We thus lose one of the brightest ornaments of Niblo's aviary; however, in our satisfaction at discovering that the fair vocalist is retained among us for another season, and trusting that she may benefit by secession from toil, and by salubrious sea-breezes, we cease to regret a temporary estrangement. The band at Niblo's, led by Segura—unquestionably the best player in America—is remarkably strong in violins; but the wind instruments are defective, especially the horns. Mr. Boyle is the tenor singer, and Rosich is the jay of the establishment, with all that bird's vivacity and imitative qualities, and with about as much music in his voice.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

CURIOUS PREDICTIONS.

There are several predictions extant which have threatened Mahometanism a long while. Bibliander affirms, "that there is a famous prophecy among the Mahometans, which strikes a great terror both in men and women, and which says, 'that the empire shall be destroyed by the sword of the Christians.' The prophecy is expressed in the following words, which are translated out of Persian into Latin, by Georgievitz: 'Our emperor shall come, shall take the kingdom of the Gentiles, shall take the red apple, shall subdue it even unto seven years; if the sword of the Gentiles shall not rise again, he shall reign over them twelve years, shall build a house, shall plant a vineyard, shall enclose gardens with a hedge, shall have a son and a daughter; after twelve years, the sword of the Christians shall rise up, which shall beat back the Turk.' Sansovin published a book in 1570, wherein he affirms, 'that there is a prediction 'that the laws of Mahomet shall last no longer than a thousand years, and that the empire of the Turks shall fall under the fifteenth sultan.' He adds, 'that Leo the philosopher, emperor of Constantinople, has said, in one of his books, 'that a light-haired family, with its competitors, shall put all Mahometanism to flight, and shall seize him who is possessed of the seven mountains.' The same emperor makes mention of a column which was at Constantinople, whose inscriptions the patriarch of the place explained, and said that they signified 'that the Venetians and Muscovites shall take the city of Constantinople; and after some disputes, they shall choose, with one consent, and crown a Christian emperor.' This light-haired family, so fatal to the Mussulmen, puts me in mind of a passage of Dr. Spon, which I shall set down. 'Of all the Christian princes, there is none, whom the Turk fears so much as the great czar of Muscovy;—and I have heard some Greeks say, and among the rest, the Sieur Manno-Mannea, a merchant of the city of Arta, a man of wit and learning for that country, that there was a prophecy among them which imported, 'that the empire of the Turk was to be destroyed by a nation *chrysogenos*, that is, light-haired; which cannot be attributed to any but the Muscovites, who are almost all light-haired.' There is mention made of this in the 'Miscellaneous Thoughts on Comets,' on occasion of I know not what tradition, which is current, 'that the fates have promised the French the glory of destroying the Turks.' The prophecy of the Abyssinians mentions only a Christian king, who shall be born in the north. 'Mecca, Medina, and the other cities of Arabia Felix, shall hereafter be destroyed, and the ashes of Mahomet and his priests be dissipated; and that some Christian prince, born in the northern regions, shall perform all this, who shall also seize on Egypt and Palestine.' It is pretended that a book was written in Arabic concerning this prophecy, before the taking of Damietta, and that this book was found by the Christians. Willichius relates, 'that the Turks find in their annals, that the reign of Mahomet shall continue until the arrival of the light-haired boys.' Some think that this denotes the Swedes; but Antony Torquato, a famous astrologer, applies it to the king of Hungary. Bayle

FABLE FROM THE POLISH OF GASZYSKI.

Near a dew drop, there fell a tear upon a tomb, whither an unhappy female, beautiful as an angel, repaired every morning to weep for her lover. As the sun's golden disk rose higher in heaven, his rays fell on the tear and the dew drop, but glanced with double brilliancy on the pearl shook from the tresses of Aurora. The liquid jewel, proud of its lustre, addressed its neighbour: "How darest thou appear thus solitary and lusterless? The modest tear made no answer; but the zephyr that just then was wanting on the dew drop, brushed down with its wings the dew drop, and folding the humble tear of affliction, carried it up to heaven.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE RAMBLER.—NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR.

MEN OF GENIUS.

"WHAT a piece of work is man!"—What a puzzle to his species! In the mass of human beings which daily pass before our eyes, no two faces are to be found alike, and no two people with the same habits, manners, and disposition. True, the broad and distinctive features may appear the same in all; but every individual has innumerable little traits of character and ways of thinking and acting, which mark him with the stamp of individuality. This has been the case with all who have passed away from the earth, and with all who are on it, and it will be with the motley myriads that futurity will in due time bring forth; and yet there are many literary coarsers, with hard and costive brains, who are afraid that the sources of book-making will be dried up, and that future poets, dramatists, moralists, and satirists, will lack matter whereon to exercise their fancies. Let any man look upon the world with his eyes and perceptions open, and he will soon be convinced that there is no prospect of a scarcity of knaves, fools, coxcombs, flirts, pseudo-sentimentalists, mock-misanthropes, and other legitimate subjects for scorn or laughter. The most common, every-day people, now-a-days, are decidedly geniuses, though of a very peculiar genus.

Among these is the misguided youth, who, on the strength of having seen some of his effusions in print, scorns afterwards to be linked to society like a mere man. He has read that great men were eccentric, and straightway imagines that eccentricity will make him a great man: he therefore plays all sorts of pranks—disturbs sober companies with habits, conversation, and actions, totally repugnant to theirs—breaks engagements, and neglects honest industry,—but expects all this to be excused as the eccentricities of genius. And what are nine-tenths of these people? Men who spin wordy poetry, or weak prose in the shape of sonnets and paragraphs, and who in fact have not a glimmering of poetic feeling or common sense about them; and though they may be laughed at by the few, they are looked upon with more consideration by the many than if they had never exposed themselves. Let complaining authors say what they will, the faculty of putting a certain quantity of words together which may arrive at the dignity of print, is much overrated. The unthinking part of the public have a vague, undefined feeling of respect for such a person, and treat him with a consideration ten times above his merit; while at the same time they boldly laugh at another who orally makes a fool of himself; as if it were harder or more creditable to write nonsense than to talk it. The mass of inanerodomontade, in particular, which is continually appearing in respectable periodicals under the head of original poetry, is fearful. Not that it is all decidedly bad, but what is perhaps worse—too middling to be laughed at. How easily people are apt to mistake a love of poetry for a capability for composing it. Any person on earth can string "twilight shade" and "silent glade," or any other rhyming couplets together, if they give way to such habits; but to infuse any thing like thought, or feeling, or imagination into rhyme, is a very different thing indeed. Half of these productions which are praised by editors, and their authors invested with a little local fame, do not in reality amount to any thing. They are generally the production of some decently-educated and weak-minded young lady or gentleman, who has been spoiled by flattery, light reading, incipient love, and spending summer months in the country; and natural good feelings, which if fully developed and properly applied, would be the cause of cheerfulness and happiness to their owner, are twisted and exaggerated by vain attempts at "original poetry." The only excuse for this is, that now-a-days it is really looked upon as discreditable to have neither genius nor pretension to it; and pretty ladies toss their heads and regard honest, common-sense lovers in a way that is apt to drive any man who wishes for a wife, to pistols or poetry—physical or mental suicide. I once met a melancholy example of this awkward necessity for genius. An acquaintance of mine had fallen in love with a fair damsel, possessed of youth, beauty, and sixty thousand dollars; and it was understood among their friends that they were happy in what poets term "reciprocity of feeling." The important preliminaries having been duly adjusted, the expectant bridegroom bought a house for ten thousand dollars, and began to look upon himself as pretty comfortably settled in the world. Imagine his horror, when he received a brief note from his "gentle Desdemona," who stated that she found it impossible to love him with such a deep love as was described in Byron; and requested, as a personal favour, that he would look upon the tender passages which might have occurred

between them "as a mere dream." He afterwards discovered that her heart had been assailed by a young romance-reading, rhyme-making, moon-gazing son of the muses; the author of certain pieces in some nameless hebdomadal, under the modest signature of Apollo Belvedere; which have been pronounced by the best judges to be altogether superior to any thing that ever before appeared in print.

It is some consolation, however, for an ordinary human being to know, that your great geniuses are not always the most prosperous or happy men in the sequel. I knew a worthy cordwainer, whose trade yielded him all the common comforts of life; when he unfortunately imagined he was gifted with a genius for mechanics. He invented a machine to be used as a substitute for cider-mills. A few experimental agriculturists bought up his first models; and it set the poor fellow crazy. He flung his strap and lap-stone out of the window, took down the equivocal likeness of a boot and shoe, which had long informed those interested where he pursued his useful labours, and degenerated into a poor machine-making, beer-drinking, tavern-haunting vagabond; boring every man whom he could secure by the button, with dissertations on wheels, screws, pulleys, self-propelling velocipedes, and perpetual motion.

Men of real genius, as Burns and Byron for instance, are often victims to their own inwardly preying feelings, and subjects of painful anxiety to their friends; but these pseudo-geniuses, which spring up suddenly, like mushrooms, in large cities, are great nuisances; and yet, as it is the principle of a republican government to let the majority rule, the time may come, and that soon, when a mere man of sense will be ashamed to show his face in society.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THERE are few men with names inscribed on the imperishable records of genius, whose lives present a more melancholy subject for reflection, than that of Henry Kirke White. Endowed with poetical talents of the first description, and possessing that shrinking modesty and over-refinement of feeling which so frequently are the result of a poetical temperament, he had to struggle with poverty and obscurity until, in the language of Byron's beautiful description of him,

"Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel;
"He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;
"While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
"Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

This delightful poet was born in Nottingham, March 21, 1785. His father was a tradesman in that city. He early discovered a great desire for reading; and, it is said by his biographers, that when he was about seven years of age, he would creep unperceived into the kitchen, to teach the servant to read and write; a practice he continued for some time before it was discovered that he had been so laudably employed. It was the intention of his father, to bring him up to his own business; but his mother, who was a woman of respectable family and superior acquirements, overcame her husband's desire, and made every effort to procure him a good education; and with this intention, and by the request of her friends, she opened a ladies' boarding and day-school at Nottingham, in which she succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations; and by these means accomplished her wishes.

It was, however, at length determined to make him acquainted with some trade; and as hosiery is the staple manufacture of his native place, he was placed in a stocking-loom, at the age of fourteen. This employment was entirely uncongenial to his taste, and rendered him truly unhappy: his feelings at this period are portrayed in his address to Contemplation.

His mother, who was the repository of all his boyish sorrows, was extremely anxious to have him removed to some other business; and on his attaining his fifteenth year, had him placed in an attorney's office: but as no premium could be given with him, he was not articulated until two years afterwards.

The law was now the chief object of his attention; but during his leisure hours he acquired a knowledge of Greek and Latin, and also made himself master of many of the modern languages. These employments, with the studies of chemistry, astronomy, drawing, and music, of which he was passionately fond, served as relaxations from the dry study of the law.

He now became a member of a literary society in Nottingham, where his superior abilities procured him to be elected a professor of literature. He wrote occasionally for the Monthly Preceptor. (a miscellany of prose and poetical

compositions,) and gained a silver medal for a translation from Horace; and, the following year, a pair of twelve-inch globes, for an imaginary tour from London to Edinburgh.

These little testimonies of his talents were grateful to his feelings, and urged him to further efforts; accordingly, we find him contributing to the Monthly Mirror, which fortunately procured him the friendship of Mr. Capel Lloft, and Mr. Hill, the proprietor of the work. An anecdote is related of him, during his connexion with this work, which is highly interesting. His modesty prevented him from confiding the efforts of his muse to any other criticism than that of his own family. They, however, were proud of the young poet's talents, and would occasionally show portions of his works to their friends. The natural envy which genius is sure to excite, prevented these pieces from being justly appreciated, and Henry was subjected to some ridicule on their account. One friend, in particular, was extremely sarcastic on the occasion, and calling on the family one day, while the young poet was present, he produced a number of the Monthly Mirror, and directed Henry's attention to a poem which it contained, saying, "when you can write like this, you may set up for a poet." White cast his eyes over the article, and found it was one of his own performances. He informed his friend of the fact; and it may well be imagined experienced no small gratification in thus disarming the satire of his ungenerous antagonist.

At the request of Mr. Hill, he was induced, at the close of 1802, to publish a small volume of poems, with the hope that the profits might enable him to prosecute his studies at college, and qualify him to take holy orders, to which he had a strong inclination. He was persuaded to dedicate the work to the Countess of Derby, the once fascinating actress Miss Farren, to whom he applied; but she returned a refusal, on the ground that she never accepted such compliments. Her refusal was, however, couched in kind and complimentary language, and enclosed two pounds as her subscription. The Duchess of Devonshire was next applied to, who after a deal of trouble, consented, but took no further notice of the author.

He enclosed a copy of his little work to each of the then existing Reviews, stating, in a feeble manner, the disadvantages under which he was struggling, and requesting a favourable and indulgent criticism. The Monthly Review, then a leading journal, affected to sympathize with the penury and misfortune of the author, but spoke in such illiberal and acrimonious terms of the productions as to inflict a wound on his mind which was never wholly healed. Ample justice was subsequently done to his memory, through this very review, by the laureate Southey, whose "Life and Remains of White" is justly considered an ornament to British biography.

He now determined to devote himself to the church. His employers agreed to cancel the terms of his apprenticeship, and freely gave up the portion of him that remained unexpired, and further exerted themselves in his behalf. The difficulties that presented themselves were numerous. At length, with the aid of a few friends he was enabled to enter the university of Cambridge; where his intense application to study speedily brought on an alarming disease, which at length terminated in his death, on Sunday, October 19, 1806.

A generous tribute to his worthful talents has been paid to his memory by a native of this county, Francis Boot, Esq. of Boston, who, on a visit to Cambridge, caused a splendid monument, executed by Chantry, to be erected in All-Saints' church, Cambridge; and which remains as a striking contrast to the apathy and neglect with which the unfortunate poet was treated during his life.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Sketches of Public Characters, drawn from the Living and the Dead. With notices of matters. By Ignatius Loyola Robertson. LL.D. a resident of the United States. New-York: E. Bliss. 12mo. p259. 1830.

[SECOND PAGE.]

We open this volume again, and find that it improves upon acquaintance. Yet, although the author appears well conversant with his subjects, and has made some sensible remarks respecting style, language, &c. he is not himself entirely free from carelessness. His book, however, will be deservedly popular; and, as it is probable a second edition will be called for, we trust it will undergo a careful revision.

We make room for the following brief sketches of some of our favourite poets. There are, many others, of great merit, for whose names we have searched in vain.

PERCIVAL.—Doctor James Percival has devoted more of his time to poetry, than most of his brothers of the tuneful choir. He has written enough to make a very considerable volume. His Prometheus, although not so much read as

many of his other works, is full of deep philosophy and fine poetry. His smaller pieces are in every magazine and newspaper in the country. His language is copious, smooth, and well chosen. He unites much of the strength of Aken-side with the sweetness of Kirke White. His elements are all poetical; and if his whole time were devoted to writing, his country would be greatly the gainer by it; but the stern necessity which binds, and often controls the destiny of the sons of song, makes him the supervisor of the works of others, and editor of many compilations, when he should be devoted to the offspring of his own genius. He is yet young for one of so ripe a fame; and much is to be hoped from him in time to come. He is so mild, so gentle, and has so little of envy in his nature, that those who know him, love him; and he has seldom, (a rare occurrence) found even an enemy to his muse. I do not recollect a single criticism on his works that contained any acrimony.

BRYANT.—This gentleman was educated a lawyer, and has been seduced from the hard labours of the profession, by his love of letters, to become an editor of a paper, and a general writer. His poetry has been gratefully praised by those who were the best judges of literary merit. He has been more popular with scholars than with the great mass of the reading community; yet with them he holds high rank. He is natural, easy, and tasteful, and condenses his thoughts with great power over language, by having clear views of his subject. He is descriptive when his subject admits of it, but is always master of the philosophy of the theme, without which verse is nothing but a dress for moral sentiment and metaphysical reasoning.

SPRAGUE.—The muse of Charles Sprague was, like Hoole's, nurtured in a banking-house. He has long been engaged in the duties of a banker, and discharged them with the most unwearied industry and care; but these arduous labours have not repressed his warmth of zeal, or clipped the wings of his imagination. Some of his poetry is as solid and pure as the precious metals of hvaults.

DAWES.—This is quite a young man; but has written enough, that is beautiful and attractive, to place him in the constellation of poets that has lately risen to the view of the American people; a constellation that emits a mild and lovely light; but one that has shone long enough, as yet, for the observer to calculate its wide range in the heavens, or to mark the exact magnitude of the different stars that form it. Justice, in time, will be done to each and all; for the night of ignorance and superstition, in which the streaming meteor excited the wonder and astounded the gaze of nations, while the harmonious movements of the planets were but little noticed, has passed away forever, and every eye is now fixed upon the regular, the beautiful, the shining heavenly body, whether it

"Adorns the orb or ushers in the morn."

But to come down from the empyrean to which, in contemplating the subject of poetry and its authors, I am often carried; and to speak plainly of these writers, I think that they will not have occasion, in the end, to complain of the discussions of the public on their respective merits; for there is no one person, in this country, as there has been in England, at some periods in her history, who was the arbiter elegantiarum of the public, among whose judgments it were in vain to appeal.

HALLECK.—Halleck I have often before the public, in pieces of infinite wit and fancifulness. There is a flow and ease of composition, plenty in this, as in most other cases, the effect of great labour; I cannot conceive of ease being acquired in verse without, which has distinguished him among his brethren. He gathered up, or suffered somebody else, to collect a volume or two of his poems, and has not a few still floating in journals of the day. His playful scraps are not inferior to Moore's, which have lately been collected by his poetical friends. I name this to show how difficult it is to succeed in wit and satire, especially if it assumes a playful manner. He gave rebuke easily, but the ironical smile is of difficult attainment. It is a powerful and dangerous weapon, and ought to be freely used when the possessor is unconscious of its effects; but I do not know that Mr. Halleck has used it by any lawful subjects, and in a gentlemanly manner. It is at the Percys was a fair one.

SANDS.—Sands is a poet of most exquisite taste. He wrote in connexion with his friend Eastburn that beautiful Indian tale Yamyoyden. It is a specimen of poetry. Mr. Sands is now quite devoted to it, in some shape or other. His productions often adorn the annuals printed in this country, such as the Talisman, Sair, &c. Whatever comes from his pen has the marks of taste and taste about it. He is now engaged in a biographical work of some importance, which will, no doubt, receive the notice it demands from his pen.

Yamyoyden is a poem which has been admired by the lettered and tasteful, but has not yet floated into that popular current of distinction which it will inevitably, sooner or later find. Mr. Sands is a ripe scholar, familiar with all the best specimens of ancient and modern poetry, and if his muse has a fault, it is that of being too fastidious and severe in her corrections of her own inspirations; but this is so rare a fault in this country, where it must be confessed, you may find more genius than taste, that it should be forgiven for its singularity.

There are many American artists who are rapidly rising in the public estimation. Among the few noticed in the work before us, we select several at random.

DUNLAP.—Dunlap has been distinguished as an author, as well as a painter. He has figured in biography as well as in the drama. He was admired among the scholars of an age gone by, and is honoured by the present, as a man of genius and of taste, and it is no easy matter to keep up with the march of improvement at this time. He has reared a monument to Brown the novelist, to Cooke the tragedian, and to others of less note. May he be rewarded according to his deeds.

WIER.—B. W. Wier is an historical painter, he spent some time in Italy in pursuit of his art, with a most perfect devotion to it. He is delicate and elaborate in his finishings, and every thing from his pencil shows that with the elements of a great painter, he has the industry that ensures success. In colouring, he imitates the Venetian masters, and the effect is often delightful. He is yet young, and the country has much to expect from him.

INGHAM.—C. Ingham is a portrait and historical painter; he has made many fine portraits for the exhibition room. His colouring is admirable, his finishing finely minute. His female heads of taste and fashion, in high dress, have been the admiration of men of judgment, not only in this city, but in other cities, where they could not have been influenced by the social and virtuous qualities of the individual. The talents of the artist could alone have been the foundation of their opinions.

CUMMINGS.—T. C. Cummings is a miniature painter, and possesses a good share of capacity in his line; and it is a branch of difficult attainment. His sketches are full of life—mind and spirit seem to awake in his most shadowy lines.

INMAN.—H. Inman, a portrait and historical painter, is a great favourite in New-York. He is not more than twenty-four or five years old, and yet he has attained to an honourable eminence in his profession. His compositions are bold in design, and happy in effect. He never seems to think of a difficulty in his art, and seldom does he meet one. His colouring is remarkably fine, and all speak of him as full of still greater promise, while they are admiring what he has already done. This is unforced praise from them, for he has no management in eliciting admiration and praise; it comes from his labours alone.

DURAND.—A. B. Durand is a landscape painter, and would be very clever in this branch if his pre-eminent talents as an engraver did not put him, as a painter, in the back ground. His productions are in every work of standard taste and talents published in this country. I have many of his works in my mind which are exquisite, but as they are not before me, I shall refrain from my criticisms for fear of not doing justice to his merits.

BENNET.—Bennet is one of this gifted society, and uses his pencil or his graver as occasion requires with ease and talent.

We conclude our extracts with the following graphic sketch of Dr. Mitchell.

DR. MITCHELL.—In one of the rooms of the Lyceum are several large cases, marked with the name of Doctor Samuel L. Mitchell, which is as familiar to you on the other side of the Atlantic as with us, on this; for he has received academic honours from every literary and scientific institution, I believe, of note in the world; and the doctor himself is less understood than any other man living. Some have laughed at him as a credulous, rhapsodical lover of learning, but without much true science, and entirely destitute of judgment and common sense. Others, and particularly those in foreign countries, hail him as the most learned man in America; for they have received more information from him than from others, and it is natural they should suppose that he was truly at the head of our savans and literati. The doctor has analysed every thing which has been brought forward for nearly half a century past, in matter and mind; and he cannot complain if he should now be analyzed himself. In that part of his character which assures a man true respect and affection from those around him, a kind disposition and a benevolent heart, and a life of charitable deeds, the doctor has nothing to fear from any scrutiny. But to commence as the moral anatomist, upon his capacities, powers and organi-

zations, it may be said that his memory is wonderful, and he has stored up an immense accumulation of facts in every art and science, and every incident in history; not contented with this, he never suffers a fact, or circumstance, which he has taken pains to treasure in his memory, to be there alone; but he makes a minute of it on paper, and puts that in a pigeon-hole, to answer as a voucher to his memory, if that should fail him, or be doubted by himself or others. From these methods he has obtained advantages over most men, in fact, I might say, over any one I ever knew. He has not only been industrious in this accumulation of valuable materials, but his mind has been active in reasoning upon them. He is happy in great quickness of perception, and falls more naturally into a train of correct reasoning, than those who labour ever so hard for it. He describes with great ease, and often most felicitously. If his style is sometimes tainted with a little vanity, it bears no marks of arrogance. It is true that he never fears to meet a subject, however novel, and it is true, that he seldom touches one without giving it some new grace or ornament. He is equally happy in giving names as characteristics. A monster of the ocean unknown, and of course unnamed by ancients or moderns, some ten years ago was caught in our waters; the doctor saw, dissected it, and named it "the Vampire of the ocean;" and I challenge the lovers of Buffon to produce a more accurate, lively, and philosophical description in all that admired author's works, than was given of this anomaly. The doctor is called *credulous*; indeed he is; but his is not the credulity of wondering ignorance, that knowing nothing, believes every thing; whose imagination makes hobgoblins and "chimeras dire;" and fears the powers of fiends, because he knows nothing of angelic natures. The doctor's credulity, in all the wonders of creation, is like that charged by the noble Festus upon Paul—"much learning makes thee mad;" by which madness was meant an unbounded credulity in believing a newly promulgated religion, which was to the wise a stumbling block and to the Greeks foolishness. The doctor's credulity arose from knowing more than other men. He was acquainted with the laws of nature, and knew not where to fix her bounds. He saw that she was carrying on innumerable processes, in an immense laboratory, and could not say what she might not produce next. If he who knows but little is credulous, he who knows much is more so. About forty years since, a wise father, whose son had been in India, heard his accounts of certain religionists of that country, suspending themselves with hooks thrust through the flesh or the ribs, and swinging for hours in the air, "My dear son, I believe your narrative fully, because you have been taught to tell the truth; but do not repeat the story, for others will not believe you; it is too much for them to credit; wait a while, and others will tell the tale, and you may confirm it; I will assure you it is dangerous to be a discoverer;" and the friends of Fulton begged of him not to persist in his speculations on the use of steam engines. Such credulity as Dr. Mitchell possesses, has been the promoter of all that is useful in the arts and sciences. Tecumseh said to an Indian agent, "You tell me that you know how many steps it is round this earth, and you never crossed the mountains! Tell me who is the mother of all the rivers; how deep is the sea; and when the sun will grow old, and die, like my forefathers; I will then believe that you can tell me how long my arms must be to embrace my mother earth." The agent replied, "I can tell you when your moon shall hide her head, and become dark; and you will see the darkness come on; and all your tribes shall see it also." The wondering savage seized the thought, and bought the secret; foretold the eclipse to his followers; this increased their confidence in him; the eclipse happened; his fame was established; and he threatened the agent and astronomer, from whom he obtained the secret, with death, if he was not out of his reach forthwith. The moral is at hand; many a one has availed himself of the doctor's information, calculations, and conjectures, and tried to hide his own ignorance in abusing the source from whence his knowledge flowed. There is a vanity, however, in human nature, which the good doctor has a share of; that is, a desire of having a reputation for knowing almost all things; yet it must be confessed, that the doctor's manner is modest enough.

The doctor has been charged with *enthusiasm*. He is enthusiastic; but it is that ardour of mind that wishes to raise the standard of knowledge above what it is in this country, which is, indeed, a pardonable enthusiasm. Nothing good or great was ever achieved without it. It is the "divine inspiration" which swells the bosoms of the gods of knowledge, when they labour for the sons of men.

The doctor is not only *credulous*, *inquisitive*, *enthusiastic*, but *ambitious*. He wishes this country to be the first on earth, and himself the first man in the country. This is fair.

and if he fails in either, after having made the struggle to bring about his wishes, who will say that the attempt was not a noble one? Give us more such ambitious men as Sir Humphrey Davy, such credulous ones as Columbus and Fulton, and you may cover them with the names of *enthusiasts*, *dupes*, *insane men*, and every other epithet that ignorance and dulness can pick up, or mouth, after some disappointed rival has once spoken it.

There is another sin the doctor has long been guilty of; and that is, the sin of *perseverance* in attempting to enlighten mankind, after sciolists and fops have satirized him for attempting to make them wise. This is a "*grievous offence*," and one that can never be forgiven, while envy has so much sway among men.

If any one denies the doctor taste and science, let him go and view his cabinet of curiosities, and see the order and beauty of his arrangement. Every thing in its place, from the *butterfly and humming-bird, caught on the summer flower*, to the tooth of the mastodon, the horns of the elk, and the brick, coming all the way from Babylon, to the meteoric stone coming from heaven knows where, and then ask him if there is not taste, science, skill, patience, and much that should make a great philosopher in Dr. Mitchell's cabinet.

American Anecdotes. Original and Select. By an American. Boston: Putnam & Hunt, 1830.

We have just received the first volume of this work. It is a large duodecimo, containing about three hundred pages, printed on fine paper, with a clear impression, and forms a very fair specimen of typography. The remaining volume is yet in press, but is soon to be published. Though most of the anecdotes were familiar to us, yet the repurcell has afforded us no little amusement, and the editor has our best wishes for the success of his undertaking. He merits the thanks of his countrymen for having snatched so many honourable memorials of their ancestors from the perishable records of a newspaper column, and presented them in so agreeable and enduring a form. But we cannot better notice his labours than by the use of his own words:

"It is believed, that this collection of anecdotes will be found peculiarly interesting, as many of them relate to that portion of American history, and to those distinguished men for ever dear to the virtuous and patriotic bosom. Whatever tends to illustrate the principles, and to display the characters of those who achieved our revolution, will be read with pleasure, as long as the love of country shall animate the breast.

"The editor has employed the leisure hours of an active life in collecting what he has here thrown together. It has been his aim to combine instruction with amusement; nothing has been admitted into the work calculated to create a feeling of irreverence for any of the social or christian sympathies of our nature, and although the compiler lays no claim to originality of diction, care has been taken to suit the language, as well as the sentiments, to the most fastidious taste."

Paul Clifford. By the author of Pelham, the Disowned, and Devereux. Two vols. 12mo. New-York: J. & J. Harper. 1830.

We copy a notice of this "Pelham novel" from the racy pen of that distinguished scholar the editor of the National Gazette. We are induced to this by the consideration that the indiscriminating praise with which the productions of Bulwer have been noticed, even by one of our own correspondents, may receive some check—their tendency being, upon weak minds, precisely such as is ably pointed out by the Philadelphia critic.

"We have found leisure to read with attention the new Pelham novel, as it is called, (Paul Clifford) and we did the same with Godwin's Cloudesley. The impression left is that of a sacrifice of time by the perusal—but the celebrity of authors forms a temptation, and with journalists, creates almost a necessity to become acquainted with their fresh productions. The week before the last we caused a chapter of Cloudesley to be copied—the best, we think, of the work—in regard to which we may say, generally, that it is trite in its story—that it might be reduced to one-half its size with advantage, owing to great diffusion of style and repetition of thought; but that it contains eloquent passages, some striking and just views of human nature, vigorous and nice delineations of character, and cogent moral lessons.

"This morning we furnish a chapter from Paul Clifford, a lively, graphic narrative of a road robbery, which is a proper illustration of the cast of the book. The hero of this technical tale of roguery, or strange *political allegory*, is a gifted, magnanimous, daring, philosophical, sentimental, love-sick, fortunate highwayman, a predatory Apollo, who wins the heart

and finally the hand and fortune, of a high-born, beautiful, delicate, refined, exquisite, country heiress. His gang are meant to represent members of the present British cabinet, and several of the most famous legal, political, or patrician characters; and their jolly patron and landlord shadows out no less a personage than King George IV. The work is a curious medley, replete with satirical allusions and comments, which few American readers will at once comprehend. It has peculiar merits and faults, but we should not readily discover in it the hand of the author of Devereux. The scenes and the dialogues of the greater part of the two volumes are those of low and criminal life; the language requires a glossary, like Grose's Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, a collection of slang phrases, otherwise, Tyburn flash or cant, or *St. Giles's Greek*. The thieves, house-breakers, pick-pockets, and tipping landladies, utter coarse jokes and paltry puns without number; their diction and actions are characteristic, while they descant upon the vices of government and rulers, and the perversions and oppressions of the social system. There is much radical declamation and discontent; human nature and condition are almost universally exhibited in the most odious light; the villains of the patrician order are monsters; the "common cursitors," or vagabonds and trulls, have their redeeming virtues and blandishments: the comrades of the Apollo shine like Macheaths, Wilds, and Robin Hood.

"As far as moral or immoral design can be imputed to the author, we should infer that he meant to vilify all political and social institutions, and mankind and womankind; and to compound a book which should, as Schiller's play is said to have done, multiply the race of public robbers, and cause young ladies to long after them for lovers and husbands. It cannot be denied that he has pursued these ends with a certain ability, and in a way fitted to awaken more or less interest in his pages; but, nevertheless, he has introduced so much hyperbole, caricature, ribaldry, wild and improbable fiction, mawkish sentimentality, horrid guilt, spurious philosophy—that a reader who reflects and analyzes, may be surprised at the lavish and broad panegyric which has been bestowed on the farrago. Doubtless, Paul Clifford is not without occasional eloquence, deep or plausible satire, and descriptive or imaginative power, so styled, in several of the chapters; in conceding, however, such merits, we must state formally the opinion couched in our antecedent remarks—that it is a secondary performance, of bad tendencies, which, we trust, will not be imitated either by Mr. Bulwer himself, or the *servile pecus*. We have not room for an abstract of his extravagant plot, ending with the flight of the convict hero and the devoted *inamorata* to these United States, where they spend the remainder of their days in the utmost honour and felicity. We think that the British nobles, including the royal family, must now take the alarm when they see themselves drawn, in the popular novels, in the guise of plunderers and blackguards, adepts and models of the Flash Academy. This liberty or licence is carried further in Paul Clifford than in any book of similar nature and repute which has ever fallen into our hands. The ministers and the judges may tremble the more, when they advert to the measure in which romances and tales have supplanted all other literary productions, to the extent in which the manufacture is diffused and the avidity with which it is sought. On this important head there are pertinent suggestions in the dedicatory epistle of the renowned E. L. B., who well understands his game."

Camden, a Tale of the South. Two vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea. 1830.

The author of this story, connected with events of the revolutionary war occurring in South Carolina, and with Gates' defeat by Cornwallis, has wisely foreseen that it was hopeless for him to supersede Cooper in national tales. The very mention of the successful novelist's name, in his lame and halting preface, is calculated to ensure his work a very indifferent reception. One fault must be pointed out which stares the reader in every page, and is altogether unpardonable, the reiteration of the most profane curses, and shameful violation of the third commandment.

Death of Ugolina, a Tragedy. By W Featherstonhaugh. Philadelphia: Carey and Lea. 1830.

Mr. F. should have remained satisfied with the laurels he won by his accurate and spirited translation of Cicero. As a writer of tragedies, we fear he is doomed to no very enviable fame. Mr. F. has mistaken measured prose, however bombastic and fustian-like, for the dignity of verse—and this is all sufficient, to enumerate no other fault, to render his attempt abortive.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

End of the volume.—The present number completes the seventh volume of the New-York Mirror. If during the period of our editorial existence our trials have been numerous and vexatious, our labours unceasing, and frequently obnoxious to the most wilful misrepresentation; if pompous vanity and conceited affectation have sometimes sneered upon our efforts, and attempted to rob our industry of its fair reward; if envy, jealousy, and malice have frequently assailed us in our progress, and sought to dampen our zeal by enshrouding us in the dark gloom of their shadow; if we have been beset by difficulties and anxieties which only perseverance the most indefatigable could have overcome—we are, nevertheless, proud at the close of our probation thus far, that success not often experienced in the history of periodicals in this country, has slowly, but surely waited upon our footsteps, and is now secured to us by the liberal, continued, and substantial patronage of an enlightened community. Animated by the fair prospect which opens to our anticipations, we shall go on as we have begun, untiring in our exertions to render this miscellany a useful, instructive, diversified, and entertaining repository of elegant literature and the arts.

Forth of July.—To-morrow's sun will smile upon the fifty-fourth anniversary of our country's independence; and grateful should all her sons be who to witness her growing prosperity and increase among the great and powerful nations of the earth. Peace on her borders; plenty within her boundless domains; health, moral improvement, civil and religious liberty and political security; intellectual activity, ceaseless and boundless—these blessings not vouchsafed to all people, and yet these do we enjoy in their utmost fulness notwithstanding the faint lamentations of factionists and dis-organizers. On the fifth—the fourth being the Sabbath—the cannon's roar and the shouts of one multitude, the peal of bells and the light of bonfires, the devout man's prayer and the innocent child's hilarity, will attest to the glorious reality. And shall we, led away by a superficial and cold philosophy, desire to put a stop to expression of such rejoicings, to the celebration, in such these outward exhibitions of gladness, of the proudest day on the calendars of human history? Shall we join with the ascetic who advise the ordinary occupations of life to be continued, and trust for the only necessary sensation only on such an occasion, to the inward operations of the mind? Such a method might answer well in the inhabitants of other planets than this, who are pure abstractions of intellect, without feeling, passion, or imagination. Man, who fortunately or unfortunately, has these qualities of action and action; these living impulses which require outward demonstrations and embodyings for the exercise of his fit. Remove these from him, and he becomes a lifeless clod capable of a magnanimous, or generous, or patriotic. But, it is asked, is it necessary for an enlightened citizen free America to become intoxicated at the booths, to waste money, and to shout himself hoarse in order that he may evince to the world that he duly appreciates the blessings he enjoys? Such are the silly extremes to which those who would abolish all festivity on the fourth of July areduced, and to which all radical reformers must be reduced who would mould man anew in their own plastic conceits, give him a nature most akin to their own. We do not add excesses at any time, least of all on the day sacred to the collection of the glorious event which made us what we are, independent, moral, and enlightened; sacred, too, to the hallowed memory of those illustrious patriots, who, by their glory of mind and bravery of heart, had the firmness to assert rights of man against his proud oppressors; and, having asserted them, dared to undergo labour and privation, reproach and contumely, sacrifice of blood, of wealth, of all that dear to them on earth, that they might secure their posterity to us. They celebrated the success and triumph of their country, and no disgrace marked their festivals. Would it ours? It does not. It is not the conduct of a dozen vagabonds who wallow in the mire of debauch and only render themselves more conspicuous on any occasion, that is to represent the behaviour, moral and virtuous, and proverbially grave, even in the hour of rejoicing of the American nation. The very charge is absurd, and is made to swell out an annual paragraph for finical moralists.

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